

# THE AMERICAN GLEANER.

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NO. 28.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**JAS. E. BOYD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Greensboro, N. C.  
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. (Sep 16)

**J. D. KERNODLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Greensboro, N. C.  
Practices in the State and Federal Courts with facility and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

**DR. G. W. WHITSETT,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro.

**JACOB A. LONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
May 17, '88.

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**CONSUMPTIVE**

**WINDROONS.**

## JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York. We Publish the Following Extracts from this Book by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL, JR.," etc. This book is his latest production; the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

### CHAPTER I.

The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonials.  
If the earth is small, America is large, and the Americans are immense!  
Yes, sixty million—all alive and kicking! From east to west, America stretches over a breadth of more than 5,000 miles. Here it is well to put some readers on their guard, to warn them of a favorite question: "Where is the center of America?" I myself imagined that, starting from New York and pushing westward, one would reach the extremity of America on arriving at San Francisco. Not so, and here Jonathan has you. He knows you are going to answer wrongly, and if you want to please him, you must let yourself be caught in this little trap, because it will give him such satisfaction to put you right. At San Francisco, it appears you are not quite half way, and the center of America is really in the Pacific ocean. Jonathan more than doubled the width of his continent in 1867, when for the sum of \$7,000,000 he purchased Alaska of the Russians.

In America, everything is on an immense scale; the first pride of the citizens of the young Republic is in the grandeur of its rivers, mountains, deserts, canals, its suspension bridges, its huge cities, etc.

Jonathan passes his life in admiration of all that is American. He cannot get over it. I have been through part of the country, and I cannot get over it either. I am out of breath, turned top-sy-turvy. It is pure conjuring, it is Robert Houdin over again—occasionally perhaps Robert Maguire too—but let us not anticipate. Give me time to recover my breath, and set my ideas in order. These Americans are reeking with unbridled ideas. I can tell you that to begin with, my ideas are all jostling in my poor old European brain. There is no longer anything impossible, and the fairy tales are children's play compared to what one may see every day. Everything is prodigious, done by steam, by electricity; it is dazzling, and I no longer wonder that the Americans only use their adjectives in the superlative.

As an illustration of what I advance, here is a letter that I received from an American, in the month of May, 1887, and which finally decided me to go and see America. It is dated from Boston:

"Dear Sir—I was on the point of taking the boat at 12 today, to go and have a talk with you about an idea which occurred to me yesterday; but as I have already been across three times, and in a month or six weeks shall have to set out for St. Petersburg and Japan, I am desirous, if possible, of arranging the matter I have at heart by correspondence."

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed, "this is a man I must make the acquaintance of; I must go, and see Jonathan as home one of these days."

And as soon as circumstances allowed, I packed my trunk, took a cabin board one of the brave "White Star" lines, and set out to see Jonathan and his continent.

### CHAPTER II.

When a man of average intelligence returns home after having made a voyage to a foreign land, he cannot help having formed a certain number of impressions, and he has a right to communicate them to his friends. They are but impressions, notes taken by the way, and, if there is an error committed by any one, it is by the critic or the reader, who either of them looks for a perfect picture of the landscape and surroundings; the people the author has visited, instead of simple impressions as voyages. Certainly, if there is a country in the world that it would be impossible to judge in six months, that country is America, and the author who, in such a little space of time, allowed himself to fall into the error of sitting in judgment upon her would write himself down as an ass. To form a really exact idea of America one would need to live twenty years in the country, nay, to be an American, for I may add that, in my opinion, the best books that exist upon the different countries of the world have been written by natives of those countries. Never has an author written of the English like Thackeray, never have the Scotch been painted with such fidelity as by Ramsay, and to describe Tartaria is needed not only a Frenchman, but a Frenchman, almost a Tartar himself.

It must be allowed that Jonathan has good reasons to mistrust his critics. Most books on America have been written by Englishmen. Now the English are, of all people, those who use the least easily get rid of their prejudice in speaking of America. They are obliged to admit that the Americans have made their own masters, but John Bull has always a meddling consciousness, when he looks at America, of the day that the Americans must him about his business, and his love seems to say to Jonathan: "Yes, yes, you have not done all this badly—for you, but just think what the country would have been by this time if it had remained in my hands."

The Englishman, to his side, has not satipally whatever in the Americans. For that matter the Englishman has no authority for any one. He despises, but he does not hate, a fact which is irritating to the last degree to the objects of his attention. When a man feels that he has more worth, he likes to be liked or hated; to be treated with indifference is galling. John Bull looks on the Americans as a parasite, and smiles with irony when you see that American society is not only brilliant and witty, but quite as polished as the best European society.

It is this haughty disdain which separates Americans.

Jonathan has forgotten that the English have once his opponents; he forgives them for the war of 1812, without forgetting, he believes them for having, during the civil war, sided with the slave country, but he would not pity the parson, and the matter would go no further.

### CHAPTER IV.

The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and energy, and in this mainly consist their attractiveness. The features are bony, the forehead straight, the nose sharp and often pinched looking in its thinness. At times one seems to recognize in the face something of the Indian type, the temples tinged, the cheek bones prominent, the eyes small, keen and deep set.

As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the east, in New York especially, they might perfectly well be taken for French women. It is the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same pretensions, the same amplitude of proportions.

The beauty of the American women, like that of the men, is due much more to the animation of the face than to form or coloring. The average of good looks is very high, indeed. I do not remember to have seen one of those plain women during my six months' ramble through the States.

American women generally enjoy that second youth which nature bestows also on numbers of French women. As they bloom out into a more majestic beauty, the eyes retain their fire and luster, the skin does not wrinkle, the hands, neck and arms remain firm and white. It is true that in America hair turns gray early, but so far from detracting from the woman's charms, it gives her an air of distinction, and is often positively an attraction.

The New Yorkers and Bostonians will have it to be that Chicago women have enormous feet and hands. I was willing to believe this up to the day I went to Chicago. I found the Chicago women, and those of the west generally, pretty, with more color than their eastern sisters, only, as a rule, quite slight, not to say thin.

That which is lacking in the pretty American faces of the east is color and freshness. The complexion is pale, and it is only their plumpness which comes to their rescue after 30 and prevents them from looking faded. Those who remain thin generally fade quickly; the complexion becomes the color of white paper, and wrinkles freely.

If American women went in for more out door exercise; if they let the outer air penetrate constantly into their rooms; if they gave up living in hot-houses, they would have some color, and their beauty need perhaps fear no competition in Europe.

### CHAPTER V.

Jonathan admires all that glitters, even that which is not gold. In his eyes the success of a thing answers for its quality, and the charlatanism that succeeds is superior to the merit that vegetates. The dollar is not only the unit of the monetary system; it is also the unit of the material system.

I was chatting one day with an American about the famous Col. Robert Ingersoll.

"His is your greatest orator, I am told," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "Ingersoll can fill the Metropolitan opera house any day, and have five thousand dollars in his pocket."

Certainly that is a curious way to speak of a great orator, a great writer and a great thinker.

I need not say that I am now speaking of the average American, not the litterateur or the man of good society.

It would be quite possible for an actor to attract large audiences all through a tour from New York to San Francisco, not because of incontestable talent, but because she traveled in a magnificent palace car of her own.

I saw, in an American paper, the appearance of Miss Minnie Palmer spoken of in the following terms:

"Minnie Palmer will wear all her diamonds in the third act."

The booking office was besieged all day, and, in the evening, money was refused. An amusing detail was the arrival of a good fourth of the audience at 10 o'clock, to see the diamonds in the third act.

### CHAPTER VI.

Man has been perpetuated to expiate the transgression of his first parent by hard labor. Jonathan is a proof of it. He labors, he toils, and the sweat of his brow crystallizes upon the arms and neck of his beloved womanhood in the form of diamonds.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her lace before an American woman would go without diamonds.

If good style consists in not doing what the vulgar do, good style in America ought to consist for one thing in wearing no diamonds—unless democracy should demand this sign of equality.

When you see diamonds in the cars of shop girls and factory girls, they are shewn gems bought with badly earned money, or real ones bought with badly earned money.

Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man services on her in the United States. America is not the only country where man is devoted to woman and ready to satisfy her caprices. The Frenchman is as heavily alive to her influence as the American, if not more.

The luxury of the American woman must be explained in another way. Money is easily earned in the United States, and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce in the proper sense of the word.

Jonathan, then, is in a position much like that of a man who saw give a hundred franc note to a beggar one day in the streets of Monte Carlo. "If I was at Monte Carlo," said he to some one who asked him how he could do such a foolish thing, "what are a hundred francs to me? I can afford to be generous to a poor fellow creature of his kind; if I was in Monte Carlo the crookedness will not get me." Well, Jonathan covers his wife with diamonds, he says to himself, "If I was in Monte Carlo, I could afford to be generous to my wife without incurring censure; if I am, it is so much saved from the fray."

This is not all. If the American thrives after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in America. Jonathan does not amass gold for the pleasure of adding pile to pile and counting it. He prefers to spend to improve his position in life, and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He spends his money as a party to be pocketed, especially when it is a question of gratifying his wife or daughters, who are the objects of his most ardent attention. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is as absurd as his, but he is good humored, and says: "Since they like them, why should they not have them?"

### CHAPTER VII.

The large cities do not constitute the real America. To gain a correct idea of the country one must go and see those hundreds—had almost said those thousands—of flourishing little towns which spring up day by day on this immense continent.

It is no use looking in New York for monuments in the sense which we attach to the word in Europe. There are massive buildings, a few handsome churches, but nothing which arrests your gaze. The houses in the best part of the city are built of brown stone in the English style. In the populous quarters many are of red brick, with green shutters on the outside.

The streets are horribly ill paved. From my windows, which looked on Madison square, the carriage appear to rise and fall as if on a troubled sea. Drunks have had to drop their barrels; they could not reach home from the beer saloons.

Three squares alone break the monotony of all these parallelograms of streets: Washington square, Union square and Madison square.

That which strikes the visitor to New York is not the city itself, but the feverish activity which reigns there.

Overhead is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, on the ground a network of tram-car rails. It is estimated that there are more than 15,000 miles of telegraphic wires suspended over the heads of the passers by; about enough to go half round the world.

The whistles of the boats that ply between New York and Brooklyn on the East River, and between New York and Jersey City on the Hudson, keep up, day and night, until 1 in the morning, a noise which is like the roar of wild beasts. It is the cry of Matter under the yoke of Man. You fancy you are living in a menagerie.

In almost every street tram cars pass every few minutes. It is an incessant procession. In Broadway alone there are more than three hundred. The cars, as they are always called in America, are magical, like everything American. Built to carry twenty-four persons inside there are no seats on the top, they are made to hold sixty and more. In fact, no matter how full they are, there is always room for one more. The conductor never refuses to let you go on board. You hang on the rail beside the driver or conductor, if it is not possible to squeeze your self inside and hold on to the leather strap provided for the purpose; you grasp for breath; it is all you can do to get at your pocket to extract the five cents which you owe to the car company; but the conductor cries, in his imperious nasal drawl: "Move forward, make room."

In Third avenue and Sixth avenue, you find the overhead railway called the "Elevator." It is supported on iron pillars, and the trains run along on the level with the upper windows of the houses. This company carries every day the fabulous number of 500,000 passengers.

All the existing means of transit are acknowledged to be insufficient, and an underground railway is talked of. There will come a time when the traveler, on the ground, and in the air. Poor Hercules, where are you with your "Napulitron"? You had reckoned without your Yankee.

The streets, ill paved and dirty, are dangerous in winter. Conduen do not check their horses for foot passengers, but neither do they try to run over them. They strike the middle course between the London coachman, who avoids them, and the Parisian one, who aims at them.

The populous quarters, such as the Chinese quarter, the Italian quarter, the Jewish quarter, with their tenement houses, their barracks of the poor which I visited one day in company with a sanitary engineer, remind one of some of Dante's descriptions; it is a descent, or rather an ascent, into hell. I spare the reader the impressions which that day left upon me. Horrible! A populace composed of the offshoots of all nations, the dirtiest, roughest one can imagine.

Hard by this frightful square, Fifth avenue, with its palaces full of the riches of the earth, is the street of the large cities. They strike the middle course between the London coachman, who avoids them, and the Parisian one, who aims at them.

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The Capitol, you see, built of white marble, with a superb dome and majestic flights of steps, is one of the grandest, most imposing looking edifices in the world. The souvenirs attached to it and the treasures which it contains render it dear to the American; it is a monument which recalls to their minds the glories of the past, and keeps alive the flame of patriotism.

A general, who served through the great civil war, told me he had seen strong men, soldiers brought up in remote states, sit down and weep with strong emotion at seeing the Capitol for the first time.

Washington is wholly given over to politics. When congress is not sitting, it is dead; when congress is sitting, it is delirious. Little or no commerce is done.

Philadelphia, formerly the capital of the United States, is a city of eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and is built, like New York, in parallelograms. Its town hall is next to the Capitol at Washington, the finest edifice in America. I do not know anything to compare to its splendid park, unless it be the Bois de Boulogne in Paris.

The alleys of this park, if put together, would cover about sixty miles in length. Soon after New York or the busy western cities, Philadelphia strikes one as slow, even monotonous—except on the Clover club annual banquet evening.

This quiet city of quiet streets and sober people is, however, full of all kinds of manufactures.

On the shores of Lake Michigan there stood a town, built of wood, and peopled by some hundred thousand inhabitants. This was called Chicago.

On the evening of Oct. 8, 1871, a cow kicked an old woman was milking in a barn which over a lamp and set fire to the structure. The flames spread, and on the morning of that terrible night the whole city was level with the ground. The Chicago people today show, as a curiosity to the visitor, the only wooden house which escaped the flames.

At the present time this city, the living and gigantic emblem of the phœnix, stands rebuilt in heavy stone, and holding 800,000 inhabitants.

Such is America. In less than twenty years Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis will be so many Chicago. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville will rival her in five.

Chicago is, in my eyes, the very type of the American city, the most striking example of what Jonathan calls "go-aheadism."

The streets are twice as wide as the Parisian boulevards; the houses of business are eight and twelve stories high. Michigan avenue is seven miles long; the numbers of the houses run up to 5,000 and something. The city has parks, lovely drives by the lake-shore, including a splendid one of Abraham Lincoln, public buildings imposing in their massiveness, fine theatres and churches, luxurious clubs, hotels inside which four-footed Parisian cats could dance a quadrille, etc., etc.

Michigan avenue and Prairie avenue are extremely handsome. Pictures to yourself the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, prolonged for seven miles in a straight line, and imagine the effect, the beautiful vista, when this is lit up at night, or when the trees, with which both these grand roads are planted, are in all their fresh spring beauty.

In these avenues, American eccentricity has been allowed free play. The houses are built in all imaginable styles of architecture; some of them are Florentine, some English, others Moorish, others a mixture of all three; others again look like Greek temples, while here and there you come across what looks like a little Gothic church, and close alongside medieval castles in miniature, or imitation mosques; some have the look of villas in the Paris suburbs, some have been modeled upon Swiss chalets, others upon the residences of some pasha on the borders of the Bosphorus. There are styles for all tastes.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous. Enter one of these houses, and you will see handsome furniture, not only rich, but in good taste.

I was not astonished to find Chicago society genial, polished and well read. It was a day that will be long remembered for its simplicity.

You find here still more warmth and much less constraint than in the east. You feel that you have quit the realm of New England Puritanism. No frigidly here; people give free play to their sentiments. If I had to name the most sympathetic of my American audience, the warmest and promptest to seize the significance of a look or gesture, I should name the one which I had the honor of addressing in Chicago.

At 11 in the morning every man is astray and at work, whether he be millionaire or poor clerk. Only the idle are outside the pale of respectability in Chicago.

I do not think it is possible for a European to imagine the activity which reigns in Chicago without seeing it.

"You will soon be traveling," I said to a railroad man, "a machine that will take a five mile rail at one end and turn out a chimney pot at the other."

"We have done something very like it already," he replied.

And next morning he took me to see the famous pig killing and pork packing premises of Philip Armer & Co.

Pictures to yourself a series of rooms connected. In the first, 5,000 pigs a day are killed; in the second, they are scalded as they come out of a salldron of boiling water; in the third, the heads are cut off; and so on, and so on. The process is somewhat sickening, and I will not enter into any more details. At the end of the establishment the poor pigs are presented to you under the figure of ham, sausage, gelatin, etc. The various processes take place with all the rapidity of conjuring.

CHAPTER VIII.  
American houses are furnished very luxuriously, and for the most part with exquisite taste. Here you see the influence of women in the smallest details of life; indeed, at every step you take, you see that woman has passed that way.

The luxury displayed at receptions, dinners and dances surpasses European imagination. At a ball given in New York in the month of February, 1888, the walls were covered with roses, which did not cost less than \$10,000. When one considers that the supper, and everything else, was on the same scale, it becomes doubtful whether such luxury is to be admired. I was present at an evening of a dinner given in the large dining hall at Delmonico's restaurant, in New York. We were eighty-seven guests at an immense

round table. The center of the board was covered with a gigantic star of flowers; roses, carnations, lilies, etc. As the dinner progressed, the star of flowers was cut up, and all through the winter the price of food was from a quarter to two dollars apiece, according to kind. The Americans at this feast estimated the star of flowers at six or seven thousand dollars.

At a dinner party given recently at Delmonico's, I heard that each man had a chair attached, consisting of plate and diamonds and valued at \$5,000.

In houses, by the way, in offices you cannot help admiring the magnificent thoroughness, the wonderful care with which the smallest wants and the slightest conveniences of life have been studied; it seems as if there were nothing left to desire.

It is impossible, however, in speaking of American interiors, to pass over in silence a certain species, which meets your sight at every turn.

The most indispensable, it appears, the most conspicuous at any rate, place of furniture in America is the spittoon. All rooms are provided with this object of prime necessity; you find one beside your seat in the train, under your table in the restaurant; impossible to escape the sight of this ugly utensil. In the hotel corridors there is a spittoon standing sentinel outside every door. In public buildings the floors are dotted with them, and they form the line all up the stairs.

The Americans, used to these targets from the tenderest age, are unscrupulously adroit, as the use of them; they never miss their aim. I saw some really striking facts of mercenary ship, but perhaps the best of all at the Capitol, in Washington.

The supreme court of judicature was sitting. As I entered an advocate was launching thunders of eloquence. "All at once he stopped; looked at a spittoon which stood two yards off, aimed at it, and Kerron—crash!—put right in the bull's eye; then on he went with his harangue. I looked to see the seven judges and the public applaud and cry bravo! Not a murmur, the incident passed completely unnoticed. Probably there was not a man in the hall who could not say to himself: "There's nothing in that, I could do as much."

### CHAPTER IX.

A word about American aristocracy to be got with. What American aristocracy? Yes, certainly.

I assure you that there exists in America social sanctuaries into which it is more difficult to penetrate than into the most exclusive mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain or of Mayfair and Belgrave.

There are in Philadelphia, in Boston street, Boston; in Washington square north side, New York; in Virginia, in Canal street right side, New Orleans. Americans who look upon common mortals with much more pity and contempt than the Montmorency of France or the Howards of England.

The Americans, not having any king to give them titles of nobility, have created an aristocracy for themselves. This aristocracy consists as yet of clubs, societies, clubs, or houses, but the blue blood is there, it appears—Dutch blood as a rule—and that is sufficient.

When a European nobleman arrives in the States, the American aristocracy have cards upon him at the hotel where he has alighted. He may perhaps be personally known to none; but all nobilities are kindred everywhere, it is an act of international courtesy, as it were. The European nobleman, who often goes to America for a dowered wife, is much obliged to them, and returns all the while paid him.

A New York lady, who is quite an authority upon such matters, told me one day that society in New York was composed of only four hundred persons. Outside this company of club, all Philadelphia, all Boston, all New York, all New Orleans, Americans who look upon common mortals with much more pity and contempt than the Montmorency of France or the Howards of England.

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