

# MONTHLY GLEANER.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C. DECEMBER, 10, 1894.

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## HIS EXPEDITION OF A LOVER.

The trees as they were moving above  
his head  
Looked down upon him and said:  
Are you going to be feed?  
Oh no, said the youth, I am going  
To see my father, who is dead.  
Stand your guard and beware,  
Take care or you be dead.  
Yes, said the youth in responding air  
I am looking for my lover  
Beware, take care;  
Come no more for she too, is dead.  
Ah! I listen above my head  
I cannot have this sir, she said,  
For one's reasoning above my head  
As I am my own miss, she said  
And you say this to a miss.  
I come, I come to a world as this  
Look at me closer and take me home  
For I have nothing to eat but a bone  
Beware you see  
To a tavern or town or Mockery  
Watch me carefully  
And guide me inderecely  
For I am an orphan  
And live in Mockery  
But before we go further on,  
Let me have you say word to come  
Ah, listen lad my tale of woe  
We have but one own soul  
And in that soul is one I love  
It is the ond God in heaven above  
I admire our taste of the realms of love  
But I cannot grant you things above.  
I am going home to one that I love  
But where? Oh where, but above?  
Woman in white, I love to see  
But are not like gems of constancy.  
I have traveled this world far and  
wide,  
But have yet to look for a coming  
bride.  
His expectations are far and wide,  
But does that prevent one from get-  
ting a bride?  
She looked at him with wanting care  
But with caution fell in despair  
And arose to feet with a great air,  
While humming a song, I'll take care.  
His expectation was coming such  
And grasped her with an ungentle-  
manly touch  
Just as though she knew as much  
Leave me alone, the maid replied  
And dowl she sat with awful cry  
To him who comes and takes and cried  
My maid, are you my only bride?  
Not I, in laughing tones she cried,  
But I am right here by your side.

ASHEVILLE, NOV. 5, 1894.

MR. NYE,

Dear Sir:—

It is with pleasure for me to note  
your kindheartedness to a young Ed-  
itor of distinction of character, ease  
and composure notwithstanding other  
youths just as good as I but are not  
willing to take such an important step  
for fear of being laugh and exposed to  
public notice the same as you and I  
will be if not already or if you wish  
compare us to some of the late ed-  
itors who now dead, and what are we  
among so many? I answer in the  
affirmative nothing but footprints

trodding where others trod one step  
nearer than the last editor that in by-  
gone days of time when the first news-  
paper was issued from the hand of  
Horace Greely and all papers down to  
time the only two distinguished ed-  
itors are you and I. What is more  
astonishing that a person much  
younger than yourself should be fol-  
lowing your footsteps and placed be-  
fore the public and the New York  
World Newspaper a place I never ex-  
pected to fill or that the public would  
take notice of me.

This is the second time I have been  
in your paper sir and with your idea  
as pay I take it as such. As to the  
idea of the Gleaner and your com-  
ments upon them than sound judg-  
ment and one of the best advertise-  
ments I ever had allow me to thank  
you as an editor and stranger and  
maybe in years to come I can be so  
developed that many beautiful words  
of expression that will stamalize us  
both to such an extent it will be a  
question as to how will the two ed-  
itors of this generation to be com-  
pared? Simply by reading the fol-  
lowing poem:

AS FOLLOWS:

This letter to Mr. Nye I commend  
As from my writings from the pen  
He may think he has reached the end  
While writing articles of unknown  
men.  
Have we not seen him in the World  
of late?  
Nye's writing too hard to estimate?  
When looking fully in the estate  
For profits and rewards we calculate.  
Upon a head so noble as his  
Is simply a mystery of adjectives  
Having known Nye but a short time  
back  
Have simply traced on an inside track  
But Nye knows Fuller are two of a  
kind  
And he will chase him up sometime  
On the road in fortune of time  
We will see both men up on time  
The one riding a horse  
The other a mule  
But ah too late in time for school  
Mr. Nye will enquire within  
But as for Fuller will not fall in  
So gathering their steed  
On they fly  
We will meet you all bye and bye  
I have a verse on Fuller says Nye  
But as to reverse so will I on Nye.

The pen of man is incomplete  
But as to the writing we have some  
check  
When with Fuller with ready wit  
Mr. Nye has not a bit  
The taller of these two men  
To hear each other I commend  
One writes poetry rich and racing  
The other writes prose rare em-  
bracing  
To wars they cry!  
To arms said he!  
It was Bill Nye in consistency  
To write upon a man of heart  
Who has given to the world his part.  
I say sir! I take no part

From anyman who has such a start  
But to be silent in the dark  
And listen to a manly man's remark  
But don't you dare to complain  
And make remarks I'm insane  
For surely there will an out come un-  
der window pane.

As to your letters to the compassing  
World  
I am not left in a whirl  
For many papers are as good as we.  
It is the gleaner!  
Ah! Let me see!

## HIS TRIP TO MAINE IN 1883.

Taking steamer for Boston from  
New York with Grandfather, and ar-  
rived in Boston at 5 P. M., Saturday  
morning. It was a fine day and I  
took great pleasure in sight seeing  
till about noon, and Grandfather and  
I called on some friends of his and  
no doubt spent the rest of the day  
with them. A few days later we  
continued our trip and went to Port-  
land by boat, and arriving there Sun-  
day morning about 7 a. m. Passing  
a day or so here, we then went to the  
Falmouth Hotel, had breakfast and  
got ready for church at 11 a. m., as  
Grandfather was a great Methodist  
and to this church he would go, and  
as he was getting a long in years, I  
had to go take care of him.

Not knowing who the minister  
was, I was very much struck with  
his text, which said: "There is a  
time to laugh and a time to cry."  
But I was so worked up, I could  
neither laugh nor cry. It being Sun-  
day after having such a discourse as  
that, for my mind was two upset to  
see what we would do next, and un-  
till I became at home in a new place,  
I can do nothing.

Church was out at the usual time  
and we went to dinner after which  
Grandfather laid down, and I went  
out for a walk and used up the day  
the best way I could. On the follow-  
ing Monday morning, we started for  
Cape Cod; we remained at Saint  
Ann's Cottage which is five miles  
from Portland, on the Bay, and such  
sport in Cod fishing I never did have  
and caught quite a mess. It was  
rough out at sea and Grandfather  
was not able to do much and became  
very sea sick, but yet he made a mas-  
ter of himself for my enjoyment and  
we were well repaid for I had caught  
a big mess. The next day I gave a  
careful examination back to Portland.  
While my Grandfather was at the  
hotel resting I took in the situation  
which in brief I'll describe.

Portland in population is 38,000 in-  
habitants, her name was taken and  
founded in the year 1833 by a man  
named Portland who must have  
lived there about that time, and  
since his death a monument has been  
placed on the ground in which he  
called his own during his his life in  
1886, three years afterwards.

On July 4th 1886 the city of Port-  
land was burned by fire crackers

which injured the city very much  
for a long time, but in later years the  
city of Portland has revived up with  
great growth of rapidity and has  
more large stores and commercial  
houses all of brick.

Portland has many hotels as well  
and very nicely kept. She also has  
been thrown in with commercial men  
of business who stop there on short  
intercourses. As to socialism, ladies  
are scarce and as men who are in the  
habit of seeing them in many of the  
hotels or boarding houses after our  
day's work was certainly a great dis-  
appointment.

As to some of the principal names  
of the hotels were known as the Com-  
mercial, the Union, the United States  
and Palmsouth. Many others I can-  
not recall and each one seems to be  
on good footing. As to the drives in  
Portland are fine for having taken one  
myself.

I was placed in a tandem and with  
a driver and footman. The steed  
was drawn by two black horses. The  
driver and footman were dress in  
high livery and all the most stylish  
manner. I was seen while driving  
through the city of Portland and its  
suburbs. Everyone looked at me as  
an editor or statesman or some high  
nobleman; notwithstanding I heard  
some one say as they passed: "Do  
we know him in that carriage?" "No,"  
was the answer and then comments  
would passed by who I look like.

"Where is his grandfather all this  
time?" we asked as it seems they have  
started together but since his arrival  
in Portland we hear of nothing of the  
grandfather. He was left in his  
dotage while his grandson was out on  
pleasure riding and when I returned  
he found me in good spirits after hav-  
ing a very nice ride.

My next trip was taken to Pine  
Hill, this is a forest of woods densely  
settled but in course of time it will  
be laid out into parks and building sites  
and drives which are fast being laid  
out. I saw one summer-house and  
many nooks and corners that would  
do for a lover's retreat if it ever came  
in his way. My return now I pass on  
to one of the sights of the Ocean  
House and the hotel front overlooks  
the ocean I took dinner here with my  
grandfather as we were both hungry.  
After dinner we both rested awhile  
and the next day took one more look  
at Cape Cod all day. At night I was  
favored by some music by one of the  
boarders where I put up at and en-  
joyed it very much so by the end of  
the week we all return homeward via  
Portland thence took steamer to Bos-  
ton and the train to Stonington  
where we change cars for New York.  
It was a fine trip and I seem to enjoy  
every moment of it.—By J. M. F.

It is reported that the Massachu-  
setts Cotton-Mills company are to  
build a \$600,000 cotton mill some-  
where in the South.