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COMMUNICATIONS.

Another Strange Dream.

The republication in the GLEANER of the wonderful dream of the Rev. Mr. Thomas recalls another startling vision of the night, which came to a youthful dreamer many years ago. And what is very remarkable in this other dream, the distinguished person to whom it referred sleeps his last sleep in the same "God's Acre" with the Rev. Mr. Thomas, and only a few feet from him. It is hardly necessary to say that that distinguished person was the Rev. John Todd Brame. In Cedar Grove Cemetery in Newbern, within a radius of fifty feet, are silently awaiting the resurrection the bodies of Gaston, Manly, Charles Shepard, Brame, Thomas and Brent, men who, in the forum and the pulpit and on the bench, were noble and powerful spirits in their day.

The Rev. John Todd Brame was stationed by the N. C. Conference in the town of Washington in the year 1844. In the preceding year Featherstone, a very zealous and holy preacher, had fallen at his post there of yellow fever. He was succeeded by Brame, a scholarly young evangelist, who was intensely intellectual, combining with a keen, clear, logical nature a highly imaginative temperament, and who drew every heart to him by his manliness, his chivalry and his warm, generous impulses. The writer has seen many gifted men, with very sweet and attractive characters, but such a man as Brame has never again clasped his hand along the cedar alleys of this world. Living in the town of Washington at that time were two boys, studious and ambitious, the elder fourteen and the younger thirteen years of age. They both took their first Latin lessons from Brame, and were almost continually with him in his study. The younger, who has grown up to distinguish himself throughout the State, both as orator and physician, was Brame's pet, constantly with him by night and by day, and participating in all his thoughts, plans and opinions, his criticisms on books, his dream-world of imagery and hopes, and his grand ideals of beauty, usefulness and greatness. After a successful year's work, Brame was returned to Washington for the year 1845. It was some time during that year, I think in the summer, that the elder of these boys, sleeping by himself at home while his brother was spending the night with their mutual friend, was thrilled and startled by the following dream:

It seemed to him that the whole population of Washington was gathered together at the Academy, to celebrate some wonderful event, he could not tell what. But the great crowd was there, filling and overrunning the building above and below, and even thronging the campus on the outside. There seemed to be through the whole crowded company a strange repression of feeling, though every face was intent, every mind aroused, and every heart beating wildly with excitement and anxious interest. The dreamer could not tell what startling occurrence or strange mystery had drawn the concourse together, but he could see distinctly every face and knew the form and name of every citizen present. The hours of the afternoon wore quickly away amid the evolutions of whirling figures, the low whispers of excited spectators, and the earnest greetings of neighbors and friends. At last the shadows of evening fell, and as the first drapery of darkness began to settle upon the scene, there was a long, wild cry went ringing from the people without, and instantly every foot within the building was turned toward the doors, and rout, confusion and dismay took possession of every soul. The dreamer well remembers, thirty-eight years afterward, the impression made upon his mind, as pressed around by the boiling, seething crowd, he stepped from the front door of the Academy, and looked upon the scene. Every eye was turned upward, and the loud, universal shriek that thrilled every heart was, "The judgment! the judgment!" The dreamer has dreamed many times of the coming of the "Great Assize." But such a spectacle as this broke upon his gaze, the slumbers of no couch have ever brought to his vision before nor since. The frame of the whole material universe, distinctly mapped before him,

with its sun, moon and stars, was aflame. Through stratum after stratum of atmosphere he could see, and an ocean of fire raged and stormed everywhere. No shocks of artillery from all the batteries of Gettysburg, Sedan and Leipsic could shake the earth as it then trembled under his feet. It was all the excitement and paralysis of life condensed into a moment. In the midst of this wide-spread terror and amazement, the attention of the surging, pallid multitude was drawn to another strange object. Almost immediately over the ground where the people stood, there came out of the regions of flame and heat burning above something like a throne sublimely canopied, and on it sat a Majestic Presence, whom every one instinctively felt to be the Judge of quick and dead. And now the strangest thing of all happened. This throne paused in mid air; a beautifully carpeted stair seemed to be let down from it to the earth, and while the youthful dreamer, surrounded by the stricken, sobbing multitude, was gazing in speechless awe upon the wonderful throne and its royal stairway, Brame, whom he had not seen before during the evening, pressed his way to him through the crowd, and, taking him by the hand, with a pathetic voice and seraphic manner, said, "Farewell, my boy. I must go and leave you." He then trod the first step of the stairway. It rolled up behind him as he ascended, and throne, King and preacher passed away from the scene.

Meantime, in the rear of the Academy another cause of horror and astonishment had seized upon the excited fears of the multitude. A wide, deep pit, fringed with the very blackness of darkness, and pouring forth billows of sulphurous vapor, had opened in the midst of the people. Around this gathered hideous figures, dark, grim and ghastly, who ran hither and thither among the multitude, seizing victims for the furious flames of the terrible pit. The youthful dreamer saw plainly every aspect of this appalling spectacle, and marked every incident that transpired before him. He knew the names of neighbors and friends who were pursued and captured by these fearful demons, as well as of those who escaped. The dark, sinevy forms, the wicked, scowling faces, the desperate, reckless expression of these fiends, and then the lost, hopeless manner of their victims, as well as the triumphant appearance of those who escaped, were all vividly portrayed upon his soul. At last, under the terrible pressure of this dream, which neither the faculties of mind or body could withstand any longer, the power of consciousness returned, and the dreamer sprang from his couch, bathed in sweat and trembling with fear.

A few weeks after this, the distinguished minister, scholar and gentleman, who figured so conspicuously in this vision of the night, was dead, and by the loving hands of kind friends was laid out in the calm majesty of death's repose upon the very cot where this dream banished slumber, although at the occurrence of the dream he was in perfect health. And before the close of that year, at least three, if not more, of the persons seen prominently in the dream had passed from earth also. Such a visitation of the night, which is utterly impossible to describe, would under any circumstances have made a vivid impression upon the imagination, but followed as it was by the death of so gifted a person and devoted a friend, and the death of others so intimately known to the dreamer, it stamped itself upon the brain in a perfection of remembrance which nothing could ever obliterate. The leading facts in this dream were published in a tract called "Dies Irae," issued in Raleigh in 1863.

We often look upon Brame's tomb in Cedar Grove Cemetery, which already needs the cunning hand of the statuary or the mason to restore it, and think of his genial face and brilliant talents. An honor to Newbern, to the illustrious annals of his own Church, and to the forgetful State which gave him birth, his memory should be kept fresh and green forever, and a noble tomb should mark his final resting place.

Frugality may be tedious, the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.

SELECTIONS.

A Queer Old Lady.

How different people appear at different times; as when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since I met an old lady who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name lest I should miscall it. She looked old and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam, but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you doing with those small, thin ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not this cold, wet season! Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have overshoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"O, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me."

"And those little half-dresses hanging on your arm?"

"They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in; naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoarhound candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What have you in that bundle, madam?"

"This? Why, a few knick-knacks which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath-schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent them from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison. And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation-powder."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those? They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know; but I do want to know what you have in that bag thrown over your shoulder."

"A great variety of valuables; such things as 'late suppers,' in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing and expensive dressing, things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings, just the things to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and frown and com-

mand, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now I have stopped to talk with you a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered around me? Low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me; and when I move, you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. Oh, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Truly, madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"

"Name! FASHION, sir! My name is Mrs. PREVAILING FASHION. I thought everybody knew me."—Dr. Todd.

The New Scholar—For the Boys.

A new scholar came to Rackford school at the beginning of the half-year. He was a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked.

There was a set of boys at this school who immediately invited him to join their "larks," and I suppose boys know pretty well what that means.

They used to spend their money in eating and drinking, and often ran up large bills, which their friends found hard to pay. They wanted the new scholar to join them, and they always contrived by laughing at him or reproaching him, to get almost any boy they wanted into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. This new scholar refused their invitations. They called him mean and stingy—a charge which always makes boys very sore.

"You are real mean not to go with us," they said.

"Mean!" he answered; "where is the meanness in not spending money which is not my own? And where is the stinginess in not spending money which is not my own? And where is the stinginess in not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which they would not approve?"

"He talks like a minister," exclaimed one of them.

"After all," he continued, "our money must come from our friends, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it. No, boys, I do not mean to spend one penny that I should be ashamed to give an account of to my father and mother, should they ask me."

"Eh! not out of your leading-strings then?"

"No, nor am I in a hurry to get out of them."

"Afraid of your father, eh? afraid of his whipping you? Afraid of your mother? Won't she give you a sugar-plum? What a precious baby!" they cried, in mocking terms.

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of you," said the new scholar boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. And which, I should like to know, is the better sort of fear—the fear of my school-fellows, which would lead me into what is low, or fear of my parents, which will inspire me with things noble and manly? Which fear is the better? It is a very poor service you are doing me, to try to set me against my parents, and to ach me to be ashamed of their authority."

The boys felt that there was no headway to be made against such a new scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all bad boys, I mean. The others gathered around him, and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their champion and friend.

"The new scholar is a champion fellow," said the principal, "and carries more influence than any boy in the school. They study better and play better where he is. You can't pull him down. Every thing mean and bad sneaks out of his way."

"THAT CRYSTAL SERMON."—An unconverted young woman stands by the bedside of a dying Christian. They have loved each other like two sisters. Unable to articulate, the dying one speaks through her eye. Catching the eye of her friend, and looking upward, she silently but significantly says to her, "Meet me up there." A single tear slid out from under the eyelid and paused on her pallid cheek, and remained there after her spirit had fled. To the survivor that crystal sermon was the most effective one ever addressed to her. No rest could she find, though she struggled for months, till she opened the door, and let Christ in. For twenty-five years that individual has been the companion and helper of a minister of Jesus.

SACRIFICE FOR DUTY.—In our late war a little drummer boy, after describing the hardships of the winter campaign, the cold, the biting, the pitiless wind, the hunger and the nakedness which they had to endure, concluded his letter to his mother with the simple and touching words, "But, mother, it is our duty, and for our duty we will die."

Temperance Talk.

ABSTINENCE FOR BOYS.—"Put down my name, if you please, sir, I want to join the Cold Water Army." "Why do you wish to join it, my lad?" "Because," he said, with a very serious look, "I do not want to be such a man as my father is."

"GOOD IN ITS PLACE."—Bishop Asbury was a guest of a family where brandy was placed on the table, and he was invited to partake, but he declined. The lady blushed and said, "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place." "So do I," said Mr. Asbury; "if you have no objection I will put it in its place;" so he put it in the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner of the room, saying, "That is the place, and there let it stay;" and there it did stay, never to be brought on the table again.

MR. GREELEY'S ABSTINENCE.—Horace Greeley was once met at a railway depot by a red-faced individual, who shook him warmly by the hand. "I don't recognize you," said Mr. Greeley. "Why, yes, you must remember how we drank brandy and water together at a certain place." This amused the by-standers, who knew Mr. Greeley's strong temperance principles. "Oh, I see," replied Mr. Greeley, "you drank the brandy, and I drank the water." Mr. Greeley once wrote an account of a wine dinner, and said that the party had indulged in Heidsieck and Champagne, these both being names for the same kind of wine. His associates laughed at his mistake, which they pointed out to him. "Did I write it so?" said he, with a good-natured smile. "Well, I reckon I'm the only man in this office who could have made such a mistake."

WAIL OF A DRUNKARD.—The brilliant Charles Lamb wrote, "The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise—to bear about the pitiable spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

THE CONTRAST.—An active temperance man was assailed in a public place by a drunkard, with the taunt, "There goes a teetotaler!" He retorted in hearing of the crowd, "There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a sum of \$400; now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot; I challenge him to do it; for if he had a penny he would be at a public house. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard; and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the better of it?" The chagrined drunkard slunk away, while the crowd cheered the temperance lecturer.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Photographic Notes.

BY R. FRANK PETERSON.

How to Dress.—Avoid black or brown velvet as much as possible, and all goods with large spots or stripes. Silks, brocades, satins, alpacas, &c., drape nicely and take artistic folds, and reflect light well, so that you get the details out well, which adds much to the effect of a photograph. Alpacas trimmed with satin are about the best for black. Trimming of beads, fringe, &c., give excellent effect. Avoid too much white about the neck. Such colors as crimson, dark blue and green give a fine dark gray in a picture, and light red, light blue, gray, light drab, slate, &c., give a light gray photograph. Goods that are soft and black or brown do not give much detail, but look very black and flat in the picture, and are therefore very objectionable. Jewelry is no great help to a picture. Be sure to fix your hair just like you want it to look in the picture. My thoughts while posing as a sitter are all concentrated on lighting the face and adjusting the figure to the position; therefore, I am inclined to overlook any little defect about the hair or dress. So you must look out for that yourself. White, if of silk, satin or other nice material, and well made, with suitable trimmings, gives most beautiful effect. The most elegant style of photographs gotten up are the Panels, which are of two sizes. One is 4x8 inches, which is worth \$5.00 per half dozen, and the other is 5x10 inches, \$7.50 per half dozen.

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