

from one to the other his shrinking eyes were turned, and then, with one wild struggle, he forced a passage into the crowd.

GUILTY!—That fearful word has sealed the death sentence of two human beings. Three weeks after the trial the prisoner was found dead in his cell. A paper of powdered opium, which was found in his bosom, was all the explanation of his death that ever reached the public. A week after, the judge received a funeral card, which surprised him not a little, for the bereaved family, though wealthy and in high standing, were total strangers to him. But a private note which followed the card, informed him that after she was taken with the brain fever that terminated her life, the young creature who had so suddenly left her home desolate, had earnestly requested that he might be present at her funeral.

He went, and there, whiter than the satin which lined her coffin, lay his midnight visitor—the seeming boy, whose mournful face had troubled him in the court room, and whose cold, pale beauty haunted him many an hour in his after life.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

BY MRS. CHAPONE.

It is observed that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn: it is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young lady from giving way to it: for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by passion as by intoxication, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disagreeable sights in nature.

It is plain from experience that the most passionate people can command themselves when they have a motive sufficiently strong—such as the presence of those they fear, or to whom they particularly desire to recommend themselves. It is therefore no excuse to persons, whom you have injured by unkind reproaches, and unjust aspersions, to tell them you was in a passion: the allowing yourself to speak to them in passion is a proof of an insolent disrespect, which the meanest of your fellow creatures would have a right to resent. When once you find yourself heated so far as to desire to say what you know would be provoking and wounding to another, you should immediately resolve either to be silent or to leave the room, rather than to give utterance to anything dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured that you are then unfit to reason or to reprove, or to hear reason from others. It is therefore your part to retire from such an occasion of sin; and wait till you are cool before you presume to judge of what has passed. By accustoming yourself thus to conquer and disappoint your anger, you will, by degrees, find it grow weak and manageable, so as to leave your reason at liberty: you will be able to restrain your tongue from evil, and your looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Who ever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger.

In the case of real injuries, which justify and call for resentment, there is a noble and generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing sinful or degrading. I would not wish you to be insensible to this; for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat you ill without provocation, you ought to maintain your own dignity. You must also weigh every circumstance with candour and charity, and consider whether your showing the resentment deserved may not produce ill consequences to innocent persons—as is almost always the case in family quarrels—and whether it may not occasion the breach of some duty or necessary connexion to which you ought to sacrifice even your just resentments. Above all things, take care that a particular offence to you does not make you unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for what is estimable, nor does it destroy good-will to the person of its object: it even inspires the idea of overcoming him by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness; it is always placable and ready to be reconciled as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past obligations which had once been forgiven.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

While we value the praise of our friends, we should not despise the censure of our enemies; as from the malice of the latter we frequently learn our faults, which the partiality of the former led them to overlook or conceal.

A POSER.

As a teacher of the 'young idea' was employed in his 'delightful task' of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on a slate, the young

philosopher put the following question to his instructor—'Where dis a' the figures gang till when they're rabbit out?'

From Graham's Magazine.

THE SUMMER STORM.

'Tis coming fast, 'tis coming fast,
The cooling summer storm!
The big black clouds fly fleetly past,
And the air is murk and warm
All still! all still! yet see afar
How the pine-tops bend and wave,
And the winds that storm their emerald bar
In the dim distance rave.

Creeping, creeping, through the wood,
O'er the green and unshorn grass,
With rustling sound and voice subdued
Sprites of the tempest pass.

And lo! afar a silvery veil
Drops down to earth from heaven;
With murky edge and tassels pale,
By lightnings wildly riven.

The big bright rain comes pattering now
To the earth through swaying leaves,
And leaf or flower, with upraised brow,
God's benison receives.

There are tiny circles in the brook,
And its wavelets dance and flash,
As the boughs that on its bosom look
A mimic shower dash.

There's music where the rain-drops fall,
On the wet roof pattering thick;
On the hollow tree, with its mossy pall,
They are beating loud and quick.

But see, there gleams a yellow light,
Faint on the shrouded west,
And the rain falls soft, as it grows more
Bright,
And the rack to the east is pressed.

And over wood and dripping hill,
On the low brook's sandy bed,
Aslant on the waves of the gentle rill,
A mellow tint is shed.

And through the lids of the snowy cloud,
Like the glance of an angel's eye,
It breaketh out from its airy shroud
The blue and lovely sky.

The sunbeams slant in silver bars,
Down through the flying wreath,
And bright as the blaze of a million stars
The rain-drops flash beneath.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis past and gone,
The gentle summer rain,
And bright and warm on his western throne
The sun smiles down again.

New Works.

Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes. Second edition, with numerous additions.

SMUGGLING IN SPAIN.

Spain is, of all European countries, the most helplessly exposed to contrabandist operations. With an ill paid and sometimes ragged army, and with revenue officers directly exposed to temptation by inadequate salaries, she has 500 miles of Portuguese frontier, and near 300 of Pyrenean; and with a fleet crumbled into ruins, and no longer of the slightest efficacy, she has 400 miles of Cantabrian and 700 of Mediterranean coast. Four hundred thousand smugglers are constantly engaged in demolishing her absurd fiscal laws, and some 1,600,000 pounds weight of cotton goods alone are every year illicitly imported.

The quantity of limestone and potatoes which goes in the small country boats up the Guadalquivir, is enough you would suppose to build another Seville annually, to found a duplicate Cordova, and choke the inhabitants of both cities with the nutritive Hibernian plant. Some dogged folks contend that it is a thin layer on the surface, and that all beneath is crammed with contraband. Large wooden cases are often cleared without paying duty at the Sanlucar, Seville, and Cordova customhouses, the inspector 'being informed and verily believing' that they only contain potatoes, packed thus tenderly for greater security; and huge canvass bales are likewise cleared, and reported to be indubitably filled with the said potatoes, the softness of the packages to the touch arising probably from the fact of their being boiled!

The rapidity with which a cargo is run, when there is any particular occasion for expedition, is truly wonderful. Long practice gives to the contrabandist a mastery facility in the dexterous pursuit of his profession, and the division of labour, which accomplishes such miracles, from pin heads and points to the complicated details of a steam-engine, attains to equal perfection in the art of eluding the treasury. Upon the Spanish coast, indeed, no very extraordinary capacity is required, so general is the range of corruption; yet it is not to be supposed that there are not bull-dogs of exchequer vigilance, and

dragons of fiscal purity, even amongst the needy and complacent Carabineros de la Hacienda, who turn up the nose at a bribe, and growl at a smuggler's generosity, as if it were felony or treason. One such man there was near Vejer, whom naught could silence—an implacable Cerberus, whose contempt for dollars could on no ascertained principle be accounted for. A cargo of Tobacco from Gibraltar was upon a certain night to be run upon this carabinero's beat, and a square-built and determined contrabandist, named Juan Puig, resolved, as he phrased it, to *taparle la boca*, or 'cork his mouth,' which was accomplished in the following fashion:—The Cerberus of the coast was very well and dangerously armed with a short stout sword buckled round his waste, and a brace of long Spanish pistols, fastened by *ganchos* in the same belt, not in front, but behind; according to the fashion prevalent in Spain, which may be witnessed on the municipal police in towns. Puig and two others of the contrabandist party had secreted themselves behind a tuft of spear-looking aloes on the carabinero's beat, the night being dark, when, as he passed them, they rushed forth with the quickness of thought, and the two assistants pinioned his arms, Puig drawing the man's sword from its sheath, tripping up his heels, and with a powerful blow on the chest felling him to the ground. The two other men seized his pistols, and all three threatened him with his own weapons—but in vain: Cerberus was not to be silenced. Puig flourished the naked sword over his head, but he only screamed the more, to the imminent risk of alarming the whole carabinero detachment. Now, I doubt whether there be many other contrabandists in Spain who would not have slit his obstinate windpipe: but for this Puig was too generous; and remembering his promise to *taparle la boca*, he seized a handful of pebbles and stuffed them into his mouth: a treatment which Demosthenes voluntarily inflicted on himself, a long time ago, to cure defective utterance. It certainly cured Cerberus's utterance for the time, for it stopped it altogether!

I was amused on one occasion by their mode of proceeding. We left Gibraltar at first gunfire—a quarter to seven p. m., when at that season it was dusk. Twenty minutes secured two heavy luggers at our stern, and in twenty minutes more we were near Tarifa. We took two passengers on board at the instant of parting who had more luggage than ever fell to the lot of a passenger before. They were small, slight, mean-looking men, of the class of petty commercial travellers, but each had some forty trunks and boxes ranged upon the deck, and during the whole of the evening and night they were incessant in their fidgety attention to see that none of these went astray. I went below at eleven o'clock, and was told to keep a sharp look-out about four in the morning. I rather overslept myself, but shortly after that hour I heard a noise on deck, and going above I found the planks cleared of every trunk and parcel. I went to the stern: the hawsers were taken in, and the luggers we had been towing were no longer within view. I looked over the gunwale, and witnessed a most singular sight—the trunks, boxes, and packages, which figured as *ci-devant* luggage, were floating all over the bay to the extent of some seventy or eighty. All had been made water-tight, and small smuggling boats were picking them up as fast as they could, and rowing ashore.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. An old gentleman felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in coming up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reisig, the German critic, wrote his Commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.—*Monthly Journal.*

Communications.

For the Gleaner.

TEMPERANCE.

According to previous notice, a Meeting took place on Thursday evening, the 13th inst., in Mr Crocker's School House, Upper Nelson, for the purpose of organizing a Temperance Society in that neighbourhood. At 7 o'clock, Mr Benjamin Hosford, of William's Town, was called to the chair, who very ably explained the object of the meeting.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr W. Wilson, who spoke at considerable length on the evil tendency of intemperate habits; and after relating some interesting anecdotes, submitted a few Rules for the approbation of the meeting, to be in future observed by the Soci-

ety. The meeting was then addressed by Mr Wm. G. Crocker, who, after having slightly apologized for his youth and inexperience, spoke with great energy on the degrading nature of ardent spirits, when used immoderately. He then very ingeniously examined the drunkard in all his diversified appearances, and with much eloquence stamped the venders of such deadly poison as the object of God's displeasure; at the same time proving his position by the many recent victims of intemperance. The speaker resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

The Temperance Pledge was then exhibited and read, and as a proof of its being approved, was signed by 23 persons.

Mr John Dogherty, from Chatham, after signing the pledge, addressed the meeting in a very neat and appropriate speech; as did also Mr Joseph Tweedy, Jun., of William's Town.

The chairman having been requested to leave the chair, and Mr Stephen Smith having been called thereto, some other routine business was attended to, and the thanks of the meeting given to Mr Hosford for his able and gentlemanly conduct while in the chair. The meeting then adjourned at 9 o'clock, well satisfied that they had not spent their time in vain.

AN OBSERVER.

Upper Nelson, 16th March, 1846.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

Sir,—I observed with much surprise, in your paper of last week, a communication, to which some person, seemingly anxious to attain Newspaper notoriety, has taken the liberty to append my name; and which, from its very sarcastic and vituperative allusions to several individuals in this community, may be of serious detriment to me in my public capacity, and engender feelings of enmity against me from persons with whom I have been on terms of the most friendly and social intercourse. I think it will be readily admitted by all who know me, that during my residence in this locality, I have not been a man remarkable for obtrusive habits, or for any desire to intermeddle in political affairs. Unlike my renowned progenitor, "Mickey," of Charley O'Malley celebrity, I have no taste for literary fame. It is much more congenial to my disposition to lead a life of quiet retirement, free from party strife and bickerings. I have at all times endeavoured to pursue "the even tenor of my way," and as far as in me lies, to be "all things unto all men;" and although occupying but a humble station in society, do not feel disposed to permit such unwarrantable freedoms to pass unnoticed. As I look alike to all classes of the public for patronage, it would be highly injudicious in me to act the part of a political partizan, and asperse my neighbours, be they tinkers or turners, tailors or cobblers, as your correspondent designates them, or be they what they may. I trust, therefore, Mr Editor, you will in justice permit me, through the medium of your columns, to disclaim any knowledge of the article above alluded to; and at the same time to admonish the author of it for the future to select some other signature when he wishes to appear in print. Although *Free* by name, I am not so very free by nature, as to allow it to be made a common stalking horse, behind which every scribbler can ensconce himself.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN FREE.

Bathurst, 18th March, 1846.

Mr Pierce,

We have read the notice taken by "One of the People" in the Gleaner before the last, of the Newcastle young Gentlemen driving to Chatham on Sunday afternoons, and were glad to see that somebody had, at length, taken the subject up. We have also seen the reply of "Patronus" in the last week's Gleaner; and must say that we differ with him in opinion, and think that he must be either uninformed or insincere in his defence. We cannot think that the young men went to Chatham for the purpose of attending places of worship, judging from the time when they used to pass down and to return; and we do not think they were always quite steady on their return; if they had been, we do not think they would have acted as they have done on some occasions in passing through our settlement on their return. They themselves, and we also, know how. And we further do think that the reproof was not undeserved, and that it might have been as well to have let it pass without taking any further notice of it in the way of a defence.

DOUGLASTOWN.

Monday Morning, 23rd March, 1846.