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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book for October.

"THE WONDERFUL GIFT THAT ALL MAY GIVE."

BY MRS THOMAS P. SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a beautiful day in summer. The sun shone brightly, and everything looked gay outside; but in the little dwelling of James Rodgers there was gloom, for there was sickness. James had been to his day's work; the sick child, the eldest, had been nursed and bathed, and fretted over, till Mary, the mother, hardly knew which felt the worse of the two. Then the baby was teething, and very cross; and just before it was time for James to return from work, Mary sat down for the seventh time during the day to try and make 'that baby go to sleep,' and burst into tears. Do not blame her: married young, babies came fast, household cares increased, and with all, strength did not. No wonder that Mary, as she now saw the fire out, and nothing but a few chips or a large log at hand; a sick child in one corner, a wee one at her feet, and a cross, biting one at her breast—no wonder she yielded to 'woman's weakness,' or sought relief in 'woman's comfort.' Soon however, drying her eyes, she went to the cupboard, and with the baby in one arm, brought the tea-things in the other, and set the table; for Mary was a niece, cheerful housekeeper, and it was seldom that James did not find a pleasant home, and all things ready for him.

Soon his step was heard, and he entered, bringing the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' and, as one glance was sufficient to tell him exactly the state of the case, he penetrated it at once. And at once it chased away the tears on Mary's face, and placed smiles there instead; and when he came up from the cellar with chips for a fire, the baby had caught the look of Mary's face and clasping its little hands, cried out 'Papa! Papa!' while the sick one held up her little pale face, and said, faintly, 'Oh, papa, I am glad you are come!' In a twinkling the fire was made and the tea ready, and truer was the joy and comfort around that little table, with the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' than around many a splendid tea equipage with gold and silver garnished. And many a husband has spent five, ten, twenty or fifty dollars to bring a present home to his wife, that did not please her as much as the 'wonderful gift that all may give' would have done, which costs not one cent.

Husbands, would you like to now what this 'wonderful gift' is that all may give? Read on, and you shall know.

CHAPTER V.

At the close of a spring-day, a fine looking man whom you might still call young, might be seen tracing his way through the streets of Boston. The hour being near about the ordinary tea hour, would seem to indicate that he was going home; but neither his gait nor his countenance would seem to indicate it; for the one was tardy and lingering, the other was overcast with clouds of thought and anxiety. A shrewd business man, he had looked forward to this day as the consummation of several business plans and negotiations of great value; instead of this, however, he had been ohagrined and irritated by their non-fulfilment, lost his whole day and several precious ones in fruitless endeavors, and was now going home wearied—yes, I might well say it, cross as a bear.

The thought of a wife and six children is not peculiarly pleasant to a man who, instead of making \$500, has lost all hope of it. The thought of all those six children still eating and drinking, and wearing and tearing, and the long bills the new year will bring in, does not operate as a sedative to a man in that condition. So he opened the door slowly, and alas, a child was crying.

'Those children are always bawling,' he exclaimed, and, banging the door to, he proceeded to take off his outside garments.

'What a family broil!' mofhinks you say, 'there'll be now!' How the young ones will be cuffed round, and how the wife, the poor, meek wife, will have to go off up stairs and cry! or, if she is a 'woman of spirit,' as they say, how they will spat it.

No such thing happened; and why? for he was all ready for it. Because the moment he entered the room his wife saw the thunder clouds on his brow, and the children saw it, and elunk out of the room, and immediately presented the 'wonderful gift that all may give.' At

first he took no notice of it, but, turning away from her, sat moodily down, and wondered why tea was never ready (it always was) when he wanted it. But she attracted his attention again and again to the 'wonderful gift,' and finally he received it; and then he spoke cheerfully, and the children came bounding in, and the one that cried cried again; but he did not seem to hear it this time, but played bo-peep with a curly headed little chap, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.— And, after the children were put to bed, they sat down and played backgammon; and then a friend dropped in, and they had some music, and the evening passed off delightfully—all owing to the effect of the 'wonderful gift' that every wife may have ready when her spouse comes home cross and tired.

Is it not worth while to have a talisman on hand to bring back a husband's smiles, and smooth the wrinkles on his brow? I think it is. If you think so, read on, and you shall know how to have it.

CHAPTER VI.

A young girl lay dying in an upper chamber of an obscure boarding-house. She was a stranger in a strange land; a violent cold brought on a rapid consumption, and she was fast passing away. The last rays of the setting sun were glancing across the dying child's face and exhibited plainly the working of her mind. One might see that the remembrance of home, mother, sisters, and brothers, was stealing in and crowding this young Christian's hope of a happy death. A few tears struggled down her hollow cheeks, and, clasping a little Bible tightly in her emaciated hands, she exclaimed,

'My dear, dear mother! But I trust we shall meet again in Heaven.' She next took a little miniature from her breast, and gave a long, earnest gaze, but one of extreme anguish. One could quickly see there was a tender tie that even that of mother and child that bound her to her far-off native village.

Just then a kind lady, who had been sent for, came in. The dying girl, at first, did not seem glad to see her—seemed to shrink at that solemn hour, which she knew was her last on earth, to have a stranger by. But in short time she reached out her already cold hand, clasped it in that of the lady, and exclaimed, 'Thanks, thanks to you, lady! You have soothed my dying pillow; you have comforted a poor friendless girl! May God bless and reward you!' Her countenance was lighted up as if with the immortal joys upon which she was so soon to enter and a sweet smile played around her mouth, shewing peace and hope within.

Reader, it was the 'wonderful gift that all may give' that that lady bore to that dying bed; and had you been there and heard that lady receive, in return for it, that little Bible; with the gratitude and love of a soul almost in the spirit world, you would have said it was precious pay for what cost nothing; for the 'wonderful gift' does, indeed, cost nothing: We are all in the possession of it. If we will but use it. Would you use it if you knew? Then I will tell you what a powerful medium of happiness God has bestowed upon you—it is KIND, CHEERING WORDS.

It was kind, cheering words that made Aunt Jane, in the first chapter, so happy Mrs Jones told her of little sayings of the children about her, and that she must hold up her head for Aunt Jane was quite a personage in the village. And then she remarked how pleasant it was to find an aged couple spared to each other so long, and such other cheering things as she thought of.

It was kind, cheering words, and nothing else, that animated the little discouraged, worn heart of Alice, and put joy there in place of grief, a clean face in place of a dirty one, and mended the ragged little dress. It was kind, cheering words that blessed the little orphan, and benefited her body and soul more than silver or gold or costly raiment could have done, for they cannot bind up a bleeding heart.

It was kind, cheering words that Squire Cheerful spoke to old Jacob that turned his sourness with the world, and the rich part of it in particular, into good nature. The Squire told him the rich were not the best off always, that a contented mind was a continual feast, and with a few light sayings and jokes, just the thing to please old Jacob, he stirred up all his pleasant feelings, allayed his ugly ones, and we have seen 'the result in happiness and actual pecuniary benefit to himself and wife; for, if old Jacob had gone home as he was before or not gone home at all till dinner, poor Meggy would probably have lain there most of the forenoon, instead of going to Mrs Dogoods and getting money and meat; and, if Jacob had not been happy and sung, he would have

lost the quarter dollar sent as a tribute to his good-nature.

It was kind cheering words that James Hodges carried home to his young, over-taxed wife that lightened her load; and, as he spoke of the future when those children would be grown up their pride and joy, Mary looked at the 'little treasures' as he called them, with an inchoate feeling of that same pride and joy. And when he said, 'These little creatures are links that bind us very tenderly to each other,' she was quite herself again, and baby and all, went and sat upon his knee, and said, with her former youthful, girlish enthusiasm; 'Oh, I am so happy!'—Ah, if husbands and wives only knew and acted out more this beautiful philosophy of life—to try and please each other in little things, little kind, cheering words—how much more happiness there would be!

It was this that cheered Wm. Eldridge as he came to meet his family after a day of disappointment and trial. It was his wife's kind cheering words that won him over, and made for them a pleasant evening. No wife needs a homily read here.

It was these kind cheering words of faith and love and Christian sympathy which were as a polar star to guide that dying girl to another world; they spoke of a Saviour's love; of a friend better than an earthly friend; of a meeting with loved ones hereafter; of a heaven of glory—an immortality of blessedness beyond the grave.

Oh, remember the 'wonderful gift that all may give.' Bestow it as you meet the ragged little urchin in the street, for thereby you may foster some genius, or raise some desponding 'nobleman of nature,' who may, through this simple means, become a bright star in the galaxy of learning or art.

Wonderful, indeed, are the effects and results of this precious gift of kind words. Let us prize it more, and present it more frequently.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

HOME BINDINGS.

It was a fine Whitsunday, and the bells were ringing for divine service. Merrily sounded their chimes over the old city, and unfeelingly they rang in the heart of a young girl, who was busily arraying herself in pure white preparatory to setting out for the old cathedral. At length, her pleasant occupation being ended, she stepped forth from her little chamber, looking as pure and saint-like as Faustus's Margaret. Prayer-book in hand, she went into an adjoining apartment, to say good-by to her bedridden mother. She found her querulous and full of complaints, tended to accuse an elder sister of neglect and unkindness.

'Dear mamma,' she said, leaning affectionately over the bed-side, 'I thought you would manage to spare me just this once, I have so often been prevented from attending church. Susan has promised to do her very best, and though she does not know your ways so well as I, yet perhaps you could bear with her for a couple of hours, dear mamma, for my sake.'

'Ay, ay,' grumbled the fretful invalid: 'it is always so. Young people must take their pleasure, whatever old ones go without.'

The young girl, with her gentle voice, tried to combat this idea, so unjust in its application as far as she was concerned, but in vain; and at length, with a half sigh that quickly merged into a smile, and a regretful glance at her white raiment, she sacrificed her own wishes, and sweetly and cheerfully went to tell her sister that she was at liberty to go to church instead.

'Thank you, Ella,' said Susan, gladly; 'thank you, dear. I hope you are not much disappointed.'

'No, Susan dear, Ella replied—and it was true; for at that moment there shone through her heart the sunshine that ever gilds a sacrifice for love's sake.'

On the same day, some three hours later, a party of young ladies who lived in the same town with Ella and Susan were returning from church, apparelled in their gayest spring attire.

'I thought, Emily,' said the eldest to one of her younger sisters, 'that papa could not have managed without one of us, and it was your turn to stay at home. How did you contrive to follow us?'

'Oh! I just got ready, and then went and told him I was going to church. He did not say a word, and I did not mind his looks.'

And Emily, a pretty but pert girl of seventeen, laughed as she related her triumph over her poor, nervous father.

'I don't think it quite right to leave my uncle alone,' said another of the party timidly. She was a cousin, who resided with the family.

'Nonsense, Maria,' replied the eldest sister. 'You know it is a duty to attend church, especially on her holy festivals. Papa could manage very well with John for a companion, only he is so dreadfully nervous.'

'I cannot think it a duty,' said Maria again 'to attend church, when we are needed by sufferers at home. As for uncle being nervous, you know it is a real malady; we read about it only the other day. Then John is so rough and careless, he is not to be depended upon.'

So they found when they reached home. Mr Burton, the nervous gentleman alluded to, was reclining on the sofa, in a mood of despondency pitiable to behold. John had first excited him by contradiction, and had then set out to visit a friend, leaving his ailing parent nearly two hours of loneliness to endure, while waiting the return of his daughters and niece from church.

Which felt the happier—the young ladies who neglected a greater duty to fulfil a lesser, because the lesser happened to be more agreeable to their feelings, or the loving daughter who sacrificed her own wishes to those of her sickly parent?

Found.—That, though we are not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, there are other duties more binding even than this; and that happy are they who can discriminate between the greater and lesser obligation, and regulate their actions accordingly.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY IR MARVEL.

CLOUDS weave the Summer into the season of Autumn; and youth rises from dashed hopes into the stature of a Man.

Well, it is ever so, that the passionate dreams of youth break up and wither. Vanity becomes tempered with wholesome pride; and passion yields to the ripper judgment of manhood; even as the August heats pass on, and over, into the genial glow of a September sun. There is a strong growth in the struggles against mortified pride; and then only does the youth get an ennobling consciousness of that manhood which is dawning in him, when he has fairly surmounted those puny vexations which a wounded vanity creates.

But God manages the seasons better than we; and in a day, or an hour perhaps, the cloud will pass, and the heavens glow again upon our ungrateful heads.

ETERNITY.

BY LADY MORGAN.

A collection of opinions and desires of individuals, respecting eternity, would afford good food for meditation. The desire for existence beyond the grave is an almost inevitable consequence of the organic desire to live in the flesh; yet few would relish an eternity of the life they now lead, or even consent to retrace the past. Horne Tooke was among these few, and was so satisfied with his mortal career, as to wish its repetition in a perpetual recurring series. One day at dinner, he said, 'A little Brentford election—a little trial for high treason'—though on another occasion, he said he would plead guilty, rather than undergo a second speech from the Attorney-General—a little contest with Junius—a little everything, down to the hare upon the table.

This, however, was the sentiment of a man refreshed by good cheer, and enlivened by good wine; and the philosophy of the dinner-table is always suspicious.—One must appeal from 'Philip drunk to Philip sober,' to come at the real opinion of the individual.

'L'esprit que tient du corps, Et bien mangeant, remonte ses ressorts;' but the tones of an overstrained instrument are always false; and the proverb of 'truth in wine' fails in its application to the instance in question. To judge with sang froid of existence, the party must be neither full nor fasting.

AN INTREPID CHAMBERMAID.

GALGANI'S Messenger, a French paper, tells the following curious story:—Annette, a young chambermaid of Marne, had kept the rooms of two wealthy bachelors for several years. She wanted to get married, but her lover was poor she dared not venture. These bachelors were brothers; and one day they had sold some property which they had owned jointly, and the money, amounting to 100,000 francs, was paid in bills of the Bank of France, too late to take it to Paris that afternoon. At night a noise was heard in the house. Annette ran and rapped at her master's door, saying that robbers were at work below. 'You have a gun,' says she, 'take it and shoot the villains!' Both the bachelors were much frightened.

One began to barricade the door, while the other removed a tile from the hearth to secure the bank bills.—'Fools,' said the girl, 'they will murder us all—give me the gun!' She seized a double-barrelled gun which laid upon the shelf and started down the stairs, the two frightened men watching her movements without saying a word. Presently bang went a gun and a groan was heard—bang went the second barrel, and now a screech of pain resounded through the house. Annette soon came tripping up stairs and asked for powder and ball to reload. The astonished bachelor gave her the requisite charge, but soon steps were heard retreating from the house.

All three then went cautiously down stairs when lo; a pool of blood showed that one robber at least had paid the penalty of his rash attempt. In the morning it was plain to be seen that the body of the unhappy victim had been dragged by his companions to the river. Blood marked the whole distance, and the police were instantly on the alert for the arrest of the living thieves, and the discovery of the body of the dead one. All was vain however, but the intrepidity of the poor girl was discussed far and near.

The grateful bachelors, knowing that Annette wanted to marry, prepared to give her a dowry. 'Ah, Monsieur,' replied she, 'how can I leave you? You may again be attacked by robbers.' 'But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness; here are thirty thousand francs; you saved our lives and richly deserve the money. If you choose to live in this house with your husband, we shall repair the lower part for that purpose, and you can then be paid for keeping our rooms neatly as at present.' Annette did not hesitate to accept the dowry and the house. It was many years before the real facts relative to this midnight attack of robbers came to light. The rich bachelors were then both dead, and had willed Annette another thirty thousand francs. The robbers, it appears were not of plural number, but only Annette's lover alone. The blood was from a lamb that had been killed for the occasion. Indeed, the whole was but a ruse by the two lovers to open the hearts and the purses of the two bachelors.

A THRILLING SCENE.

A few days since as the express train for Baltimore was passing the vicinity of Naaman's Creek, at the rate of forty miles an hour, a horrifying sight was witnessed by those having charge of the train. A man, apparently a fisherman, inhabiting one of the shanties close by, who was labouring under mania potu, had thrown himself upon the rails for the purpose of self-destruction; but two females having drawn him off, were engaged in a dreadful struggle to prevent his again throwing himself before the train. One had a deadly grip of his legs, while the other was kneeling on his breast as the iron horse went thundering by, just grazing her clothing; indeed so close was she, that her own escape from instant death was most eminent. The whole scene occupied but an instant, and scarcely any of the passengers were aware of the calamity that had been impending. Those who witnessed it were horror struck, knowing the impossibility to prevent the destruction of all three, if the maniac succeeded in struggling only a few inches nearer the rail.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABOARD.—The following is a literal transcript of an advertisement on the Hoboken (N. Y.) ferry-house:—

To LET.—A half house a hausum Loo-casim near West Hoboken school house countin 6 rooms with sitting Room. Will be Let Low to A Good tament any parson Wanting suck apply on the pramsys.

'WELL Patrick,' asked the doctor, 'how do you do to-day?' 'O, dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health, intirely This rhumatis is very distressing, indade. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night; and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's hen's egg; so whin I stand up I fall down directly.'

An avaricious landlord threatened to turn a poor widow out into the street for non-payment of rent. After beseeching him not to expose herself and 'fatherless children' to the peltings of the pitiless storm, and finding that her supplications had no effect to move his stony heart, she ejaculated: 'Have you no bowels of compassion?' 'No, ma'am,' he replied, 'not a bowel.'

ANECDOTE.—One day, a loving husband took his wife's best pitcher to draw some cider. As he was going down the steps he slipped, and in order to save the crockery, injured himself considerably. While he was rubbing his shins very