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## LITERATURE.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godley's Lady's Book for October.

#### "THE WONDERFUL GIFT THAT ALL MAY GIVE."

BY MRS THOMAS P. SMITH.

##### CHAPTER I.

An aged couple sat in their poor little hut; scanty was the furniture and poor, but clean and neat. A frugal repast was spread, but neither of the two seemed inclined to eat; the man spoke of 'rheumatiz,' and the woman grumbled out something about 'no appetite for the same sort of food all the time,' and both seemed to be dissatisfied with their lot. 'Aunt Jane,' as she was called in the village, got up, and, going to the window, looked over across the road, where, through the light windows of Mr Jones's kitchen, might be seen his large family of boys and girls seated round the table, laughing, and talking, and looking quite merry. This did not increase her good nature; though her husband, noticing which way her attention was turned, said—

'Mr Jones is a lucky fellow; but then, you see, that broken leg of mine made the difference in our lot.'

Despite the broken leg, Aunt Jane was just going to say something cross, when she saw Mr Jones's door open, and Mrs Jones comes out and come right over to Aunt Jane's door. Hastening to open it, she welcomed the cheerful, kind woman, and she came in, and sat down a while with them. Noticing the plain repast set out, she said—

'Well you have got rayther a poor supper there. If I had a knowint, I would have brought over a few doughnuts in my hand; but they are all eat up now.'

After sitting a while, she went away; not, however, without bestowing the 'wonderful gift that all may give.'

The effect of this gift was immediate, and quite apparent in both Aunt Jane and her husband, for they both sat down to the little table and appeared to have a nice appetite. The old man had forgotten his 'rheumatiz,' and Aunt Jane said, 'This last butter we got is very good, and this tea tastes uncommon nice.' And they were so animated and pleased with each other. The cross, sour looks had all vanished; they talked cheerfully and quite fast; and, if you had looked in, you would have said, 'La, what a funny old couple!'

Now this change in them, as I said before, was caused by the 'wonderful gift that all may give.' Wouldst thou like to know what this was? It was not money, neither did it cost money. Read on, and thou shalt learn what it was.

##### CHAPTER II.

A little girl sat in an attic; she had evidently been crying; but now she sat sulkily looking on the floor, and her face showed the working of bad passion within. She was tattered and dirty; her hair did not look as if it had been combed for a week; and, with the dirt and tears mixed, she had managed to make her face look like the streets of Boston after a thaw in January. She was a little servant-girl in a large boarding-house.

This boarding-house was kept by a woman who had kept one all her life, since quite a young woman; and, as she knew very well where grinding could be used to best advantage, and be least known, she every year took a little girl to 'bring up,' as it is called, but really to bring down; for there were none that did not descend lower in the scale of creation when they entered Mrs McGuire's cellar-kitchen to do her dirty work. And the poor pittance of victuals and clothes, both neither in quality or quantity sufficient to afford any pleasure, left nothing to the poor little orphan to think of but work, work, work.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' or girl, was a saying in her case literally true, for she was dull and dispirited as she well could be; and as she now, after a scolding from Mrs. McGuire, had slunk up to her miserable attic, she looked the personification of hopelessness, and one would hardly have known the dirty-looking, sulky child sitting there for the neat little Alice who was, in her mother's lifetime, the delight of every passer-by for her beauty and good-humor.

The bell of one of the rooms now rung, and Alice went slowly down to answer it. It was from the room of a young lady who had not been long in the house, and had a kind heart for the down-trodden, as she quickly saw little Alice was by all in the house, servants as well as served. So she called her in, and asked her some particu-

lars about her childhood and her mother's death, presenting her, at the same time, with the 'wonderful gift that all may give.' Alice brightened up at this, thanked her, and told her all about her poor mother; and the lady's goodness, and her recollection of her mother, seemed to bring to Alice's mind her culpable neglect of her looks, and she said, looking down at her torn and soiled frock and apron—

'I never was so dirty and ragged before, Miss; I certainly never was.'

After some more talk, little Alice was dismissed; and, running up stairs with the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' she sat down to think about it. That she was delighted, every feature of the little dirty face showed, and looked like an illuminated ash-hole. She said if it was clean she would perhaps teach me to write, did she? And up sprang Alice, as elastic as children of eleven always are, if not ill treated, and went to the table. Soap and towels were not allowed there; but a little water stood in a brown jar. Dipping a corner of her apron in it, she washed her face, scrubbing it hard, she said, 'in place of soap,' then her neck and hands; then, with an old bit of a side-comb somebody had given her, she laid her hair neatly in place. Just then, the young lady's bell rang again; and, this time hopping and skipping down, she went to the room with a sweet smile upon her face.

'There are some needles and thread for you, Alice,' said the young lady, 'in case you felt as if you would like to mend your dress.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' said Alice; 'the very things I was wondering where I should get.'

Up she flew and mended her dress; and at tea-time all the boarders remarked how neat Alice looked, and Mrs McGuire puckered up her mouth and said, very triumphantly—

'Yes I scolded Alice for her looks this forenoon, and I see she has taken warning; for I told her that I should turn her away unless she did.'

Crestfallen indeed, would Mrs McGuire have felt, if she had really known how down-hearted Alice was after that scolding, and how determined she was to run off and go anywhere; she could not be worse off. No, no; it was the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' that did it all, and more, it made a neat, hard-working girl of Alice, and probably saved her from utter, remediless ruin; for, had she then absconded, what might have been her fate!

Young lady, wouldst thou like to know what this 'wonderful gift of nature is that all may give,' that thou mayst go and do likewise? Read on, and thou'lt find the secret.

##### CHAPTER III.

A WOODSAWYER rose one cold, dark morning very early, and went to Squire Livewell's to saw a load of wood, as he had agreed to do. Although usually neat and comfortable, yet now his wife was sick at home, and had been for some time, and his clothes were full of holes, which let in the frosty air this cold morning; besides the time had been rather unprofitable to him lately, and a sick wife is a great drawback in any case, but particularly so to a poor woodsawyer. Added to this, she had become impatient and discouraged at being sick so long, and was somewhat peevish and fretful; so when old Jacob went out this morning, he did not feel the happiest nor the pleasantest; none the more so for the morning's job either, for Squire Livewell was was one of those who never pay on the spot.

He always said, 'Well, saw it so and so, and you may call any evening for your pay; or, if the man ventured to say something about 'sick wife, necessity,' &c., the Squire would say, 'Oh, well, ask Mrs Livewell for it, then, when you have finished.'

But Mrs Livewell did not consider it her business to pay, and either never had any money on hand, or it was otherwise appropriated; so that poor Jacob had to call evening after evening, till he caught the Squire at home, to get his pay.

The streets were all deserted and dreary, and somewhat in accordance with his own feelings just then. A light or two glimmering from kitchen or attic windows alone broke the gloom, and the sound of his own saw was the only interruption to the silence. Soon the maid opened the shutters of Squire Livewell's breakfast-room, and the light of a bright fire gleamed up upon the windows, and sparkled on the silver service on the table, and the gilt picture frames, till the gold and silver looked as if they were dancing a jig in mockery of poor Jacob's empty pockets. Leaning upon his saw, he looked in, and, as dish after dish steaming hot was brought in, and the flames

of the coffee even found their way out to his olfactories, he thought of his poor sick wife at home, who had once been cook in this very house, and he thought she would have perhaps been better off if he had not taken her away, at least she would be having some of those good things and now she was sick and destitute; and he groaned, and inwardly grumbled at the difference between the rich and the poor. Now old Jacob seldom did this, for he was a sensible old man, and of a contented spirit; but who can blame him this morning? Besides cold and hunger, the very best feelings of his heart even, love for his wife, had made him discontented; and, as he again plied his saw, no whistle accompanied it, nor song, as was usually the case, but he doggedly went on with his job.

Just then, Squire Cheerful was seen turning the corner on his way to market, as was his wont before breakfast. Now, Jacob was very partial to Squire Cheerful, and was always glad to see him; but this morning he did not want to see anybody, and wondered what sent him there, though he knew very well that he always went that way to market; but, in Jacob's present state, it was enough that a man was rich to make him quarrel with him; so he made believe not to see him, and kept on sawing, sawing; and it was not until the Squire had halloed right into his ear that he would answer him.

'Well, Jacob, you are really growing old and deaf,' said he, when at last he stopped his squeaking saw.

'We are all growing old,' said Jacob, in reply; 'but I suppose the poor get old faster than the rich.' And he turned quickly round and took up his saw again.

'Now stop, friend Jacob,' said the Squire; 'you are in a bad state of mind, and I must deal with you.' So he reasoned with him, and made him tell the why and because of his present evil feelings, and then presenting the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' trudged on to the market.

Old Jacob looked as if electrified; the 'wonderful gift,' had acted like magic upon him; his face was one broad grin from ear to ear, and, as his eye followed Squire Cheerful, you might hear him say 'Blessings on the old fellow! There, if all rich people were like him, I shouldn't envy them, except for their goodness. Well, I guess as how I'll run home now and tell Maggy all about it, and make her up her fire.' So he went to Squire Livewell's door and said, 'My wife's sick, and I must go now; but I shall come back soon.' He was turning away, when the cook ran to the door—

'Meggy sick still, Jacob did not say? La, the poor soul! Here carry her this warm coffee and these hot biscuits; I just fixed them for myself, but I'm sure they'll do her more good.' So she slipped them into his hand, and he went home.

The first thing he said when he opened the door, however, was not of these, but of the 'wonderful gift that all may give.'

'Meggy, who do you think has been talking to me about half an hour? It was not more than half that, but it seemed so to poor Jacob. 'And I have so much to tell you. Here I'll make the fire and then you get up,' said he, in an animated tone, that quite revived her, 'and I will tell you all about it.'

So he made up the fire in a twinkling set out the little table, and then ran and got her shoes and warmed them—a thing she was very fond of, for, being a delicate creature, the cold shoes gave her a chill; but a thing he and every other man, I believe, thinks the very essence of shiftlessness. And then she was so pleased at it, he put them on for her, and they sat down to the table and he told her about Squire Cheerful and about the 'wonderful gift that all may give,' and, after breakfast, Meggy said she, 'really felt better than she had for many a day, and she felt able to take that work up to Mrs. Dogoods, and, as she was sure to get her pay she would stop and buy a knuckle of meat for a soup.'

Old Jacob went merrily to his work and he whistled 'Oh poor Miss Lucy' so loud, the servant-maids came to the window, and were happier by sympathy, and worked the better for it, and declared 'old Jacob was growing young again.' With that he sang 'Old Uncle Ned,' with so much harmony and vivacity, that a lady visitor said, 'There, do carry that old fellow this quarter, for I have not been so amused this long time.'

Jacob finished his job, and though, as usual, he got no money for it then, yet the wonderful gift that all may give' had made him above-board that day, and he did not care, he was about as happy, and care-free as anything, and independent as the old saying, 'a woodsawyer's clerk is.' Now, is it not a pleasant thing to be

able to make so many hearts glad, and those, too, who have so few joys? Wouldst thou like to know the secret of this 'wonderful gift that all may give.' Read on, and thou shalt know.

(To be continued.)

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

### TRAVEL.

Not only from the life it imparts to previous knowledge, but on account of the actual teaching it affords, the experience of travel is invaluable. It speaks not so much of detached facts as regards population, manufactures, and the statistics of political economy; these may often be gleaned from the pages of an encyclopædia. There is a species of information scarcely to be gathered in the study, or if so attained, but inadequately realised, and therefore without effect. It is that series of facts and impressions, those general ideas which go to form what may be called philosophy of life. The standard by which the untravelled measure their destiny is generally local. With them, the world of books and the real world are totally unconnected. It is only by throwing ourselves, as it were, into the ocean-tide of humanity, that we can obtain a glance at the great laws of life. When we have wandered into distant lands, and seen the same mysterious destiny shared by millions of similar beings; when we have heard the prayers, joined and festivities, witnessed the loves, and shuddered at the crimes of different nations, we gain, as it were, a new conviction, of the universality of the system of things under which we live. We perceive that our lot is not peculiar. We recognise, with new sensibility, a power sustaining and guiding this immense community of spirits, and we fall back upon this primitive truth with an unwonted trust and a profound reverence. Those who surround a man in his own country are, as it were, but repetitions of himself. Familiarity renders him blind to the characteristics of his nature which they teach him. In strange communities, however, the traits of character are so modified as to be striking. And thus it often happens that a traveller is indebted to his absence for his most valuable self-knowledge. Abroad, too, he feels perhaps, for the first time, that 'he is a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.' And in this experience there is permanent advantage. The will acquires new force, for its exercise is necessary to maintain his position and prosecute his purposes. The perceptive powers are called into more intense action, for he is required to observe where novelty excites and information must be rapidly acquired. The great lesson of self-dependence is learned in travel, if it is learned at all; for, however friendless a man's position may be in his own country, the very familiarity of things will yield him no little support.

But, when all accustomed props are withdrawn, and the scene is changed to a far-off land, to his own mind must the traveller look for the means of success; to his own capacities of self-government and social influence, for those aids and appliances essential to rational enjoyment. What latent energy and heroic perseverance did travel call forth in such men as Mungo Park, Bruce, Ledyard, and Belzoni! If a man's past education has been neglected, his energies previously untasked, travel will surely make the misfortune felt. The lesson spread before him in an unexplored volume of nature and man, will present but a confused or blank page, if there is no reflective habit to unlock its stores, no generous sympathies to give interest to its details, no well-considered principles to illumine its obscurity. As the unfortunate Casper Hauser was incapable of motion or speech when released from his long imprisonment, so the unformed and weak can neither enjoy personal progress nor elevating communion, when ushered unattended upon the highway of the world.—*The Optimist, by Trueman.*

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

### EDITOR'S DRAWER.

'THERE is nothing which strikes an American traveller in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashion, and form everywhere visible. She guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig, with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welsh-women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and open imaginary lines, divide kingdoms, nations

and tongues. On one side of a river you find one set of customs; and on the other a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, or a patois peculiar to the people. The British channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion, on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx languages. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is, that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grist, speaking our language, Americans and Protestants.'

That this world is not all flowers and sunshine, even to the happiest, is forcibly set forth in the following passage which, when, or how, or whence, we know not, has found its way into our receptacle:

'Ah! this beautiful world! indeed I scarcely know what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine; and Heaven itself seems not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and lowering, and clouds shut out the sky.— In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrows, which the world knows not.'

We scarcely know why, but in reading the above, there came to mind those beautiful lines of Shelley's, written at Naples, on one of the most glorious days, and under the most beautiful sky that hangs over any part of the universe of the Almighty.

'The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The sunny noon's transparent light.'

But amid all this brightness, this carnival of nature, look in upon the poor poet's heart.

'I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away this life of care,  
Which I have borne, and still must bear,  
Till Death, like sleep, should steal o'er me,  
And I could feel in the warm air,  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea,  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.'

'Some might lament, when I was gone,  
As I, when this sweet day is done,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grow old,  
Insults with this untimely moan.'

Inexpressibly sad, and sweet, and touching! 'Some days will be dark and dreary,' as Longfellow sings, how brightly and sweetly soever Nature may smile around. 'We make the weather in our hearts,' says a French writer, 'whether the sun shines out, or the heavens are black with storms.'

A late American paper has the following:—

A gentleman travelling in a region of country which shall be nameless, stopped at a house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him 'Moreover.'

'Is not that a strange name?' enquired the gentleman.

'Yes,' said the pious old lady 'but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible.'

'Found it in the Bible! quoth the gentleman. 'Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?'

The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and, turning to the text, read as follows:—'Discover the dog, came and licked his ears.'

'There,' said she triumphantly, 'have I not the highest authority of the name!'

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.—There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; one way of obtaining publicity advertisements; the newspaper is the fly wheel by which motive power of commercial enterprise is sustained, and money the steam by which the advertising is kept going.