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NEC ARANEARUM SANE TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR, QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC NOSTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBRAMUS UT APES.

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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine for July.
HESTER.

THERE was very little to be learned about the history of the woman who had died. Mr Thurnell—such was the name of Hester's new friend—made all enquiries that were possible concerning her, but who she was, except that she had called herself Mrs Ingram or where she had lived before her arrival at this house, he was quite unable to ascertain. During the two years she had lived there, she had always been miserably poor, the woman of the house said; but it had got worse and worse toward the end, until every article of furniture in their wretched cellar had been sold, and they were sometimes for days together without food.

Hester herself had faint recollections of living once in a large house, and of some one she called 'Papa,' but who was never kind to her or to her mother. Everybody she thought, was very miserable, and the house seemed often in great confusion; and one night, she remembered, as if it had been a dream, that her mother came crying bitterly, and snatched her in passionate haste from the little bed in which she was sleeping, and carried her in her arms out into the dark street, sobbing and weeping wildly. And from that night she did not think she had ever seen her father, or the house where she had lived, again; but she and her mother had staid always together, going about from place to place, and getting ever poorer and poorer, until they came here at last. She did not know how long they had been wandering, but it seemed to her a very, very long time.

And this was all Mr Thurnell could learn about the previous history of his adopted child.

The sun shone very brightly, and the air was very soft and warm for an April morning, as little Lily Thurnell stood at her father's gate, watching for her father's coming home. It was a rustic gate of twisted boughs, between two of which Lily's curly head looked out upon the road, for Lily was a little thing, not four years old, and there was quite room enough between the bars of the garden gate for such a little head as hers to insert itself. So now looking through the wide bars of her prison, now gayly running through the winding walks of the great old garden, with the soft spring breeze blowing back her golden curls, and singing all the time all kinds of merry little songs, Lily spent an hour of that bright April morning before her father came.

But at last, from far away, her quick ears caught the sound of carriage-wheels, and flying to the house, she called aloud for some one to unlock the gate; then, standing in the open entrance and clapping her little hands with joy, she waited with impatience for her father to alight.

'Well my little pet, so you're all ready for us?' cried Mr Thurnell's strong cheerful voice; and in another moment Lily was caught up from the ground, and raised high in the air in her father's arms, and for two or three moments there was a mingled sound of hearty kisses, any merry laughter, and glad childish words of welcome; and then, without further prelude, Lily was on the point of launching forth into an account of everything that had happened since her father went, when he laughingly stopped her with—

'Wait a little bit, Lily! We'll hear all about that presently, but there's something else to be done first. Don't you know I've brought you a little friend? Hester, my dear, give me your little hand. There, Lily, down with you—down on the step. That's right! Now my dears, kiss one another.'

But Lily, standing on the carriage-step hung her pretty head, and even showed a decided inclination to put her finger into her mouth, and Hester, from within, colored very deeply, and looked very timidly and distressfully on the ground.

'Come now, what is it?—what's the matter? Can't you look at each other? Lily, behave like a lady! Why Lily, I'm ashamed of you!'

Upon which poor Lily's eyes began to fill with tears, and there seemed less chance than ever of her conducting herself like a lady; but, fortunately, upon Hester the rebuke had a better effect, for she raised her eyes for a moment to Mr Thurnell's face, then dropped them upon Lily, and finally, hesitating a moment, moved a little nearer to the door, and took Lily's two hands into hers.

'That's right, Hester! that's a good girl, my dear!' said Mr Thurnell, approvingly.

Then, blushing a good deal, Hester knelt down, for Lily being such a little thing, and standing on the carriage-step

she was far below Hester, and stooping forward she gave Lily a very quick, tremulous kiss upon her soft, round cheeks, and whispered very gently and timidly.

'Sister Lily!' And then Lily at last looked up. There must have been something in the quiet, gentle, sad little face to take away fear, and inspire confidence and love, for as Lily looked at her suddenly all her shyness passed at once, and gazing for one moment on her, all at once, with a few murmured childish words, the little arms were raised, and the soft hands clasped around Hester's neck, and a little shower of kisses came down on her pale cheek. But while Lily laughed, tears gathered fast in Hester's eyes, although she dropped their lids, and with her long, dark lashes hid them, smiling the while as Lily kissed her. And then they walked together, hand in hand into the house, and from that day—from that that very hour, they grew to love each other.

Such a merry, light-hearted little creature was Lily Thurnell, that it seemed that if nothing like pain and sorrow could live near her. Sad as Hester was when she came to her new house—sad, not only on account of her mother's death, but because for so many years sorrow and poverty had been her daily companions—not many days had passed before a strange, new feeling of joy began to put fresh warmth and life into her half-frozen heart—before the slow, weary, unelastic step began to grow so light and gay that she herself was full of wonder at it—before the heavy-glided eyes began to beam with a clear, hopeful light—before the pale, hollow cheek, grew touched with rose, and the sad and sickly smile changed to a merry laugh, and the low, timid, tremulous voice grew strong, and sweet, and clear. It was a strange and touching thing to see how, in the light and warmth and happiness around her, the stunted life at last began to expand.

She had suffered so much almost without knowing it—she had lived for so long so miserably without joy or hope—that gradually and unconsciously she had grown accustomed to her wretched life—had ceased ever to think that any change would come—ever almost to wish for it: all that was childlike in her had withered away—had been starved out of her; a listless torpor had by slow degrees crept over her, deadening the little life that still remained—day by day making her more insensible to the misery and poverty that was around her; every thing that was beautiful in her—every thing that was natural—had been, as it were, frozen up; new, at last, in this new warmth the ice began to melt, the sluggish blood began to flow again, the almost forgotten hopes and feelings of her early childhood began once more, after their long sleep to come to life. She was like one who had been blind receiving her sight again; and blind she had indeed been, living in ever deepening darkness, knowing and seeing nothing of all the beauty that was in the world around her, forgetting even the little she had once known.

She grew to be so happy in this new, kind home; not happy altogether as Lily was, for Lily seemed to live in sunlight and laughter, and to be herself a very embodied joy—a thing that never could know pain or grief; and Hester, changed and beautiful as all things were around her, could never forget what her life once had been, and thus she did not grow gay and laughter-loving like Lily, but had a grave, still look about her, very unlike the laughing sunshine of Lily's face, which never passed away, but grew ever more deeply sweet, and gentle, and calm. A smile lay always hidden in the dimples round Lily's rosy lips, a world of merry thoughts was always looking out from Lily's deep blue eyes; her voice was full of softest laughter, her step like that of one who ever hears some hidden music, her every movement was so full of grace, and joy, and love, that one might read all that was in her heart only by silently looking at her.

It was not in Hester's nature to be so very glad. Happy as she was, having almost every thing in the world that she could wish for, for herself, she kept always in her heart so deep a memory of all she once had been, that her joy, if it was not clouded, was at least subdued, and calmed by thoughts of others' griefs. With a pale cheek, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, she would listen to all tales of poverty and suffering, bursting sometimes into wild weeping, as though the poor and sorrowful were all her friends; and often meeting some poor child with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the impulse of her love and pity would become so strong, that she would throw her arms about it sobbing so bitterly, as though she was the sufferer—trying to speak childish words of comfort to it—comforting it with all she had of more substantial things than words.

Even when she was young there was a strangely thoughtful look in her large grey eyes, which deepened still more as she grew up. Not but that they could look bright, too—both bright and gay, and could laugh almost as merrily as Lily's own; but in their ordinary expression there was a little touch of sadness, or perhaps, rather of gravity than sadness; yet it passed mostly away when she raised the long-fringed lids that often, when she was silent or alone, threw a soft shadow across their clearness. It was very natural that she should be a little grave and thoughtful, for as her childhood passed away it could not be but she must often think about her unknown father—often long to hear some tidings of him—still more often sorrow over her mother's sufferings and death. Happy as she was, it was most natural that, as she grew up to womanhood, this thought, that she had no one in the world to claim her, no one who owned her love, should weigh heavily upon her. Mr Thurnell was as a father to her, Lily like a sister, and as a father and sister she loved them; but yet, in many silent hours, an unutterable longing would come upon her to know something of her own people: cruel as she could not but believe her father was, her loving heart yet yearned so strangely toward him.

This was the one sorrow that she had, and she kept it a secret in her own bosom. Perhaps it was not hidden there from Mr Thurnell's eyes, but if he guessed it, he guessed, too, her wish to hide it, and so hid from her his own knowledge. Most kind and good he was to her, and kind and good he was to all; for, beneath his rough exterior, there beat a noble, warm and generous heart. He treated Hester like his own child, and almost like his own child he loved her, and she returned his love so eagerly, so warmly, and with overflowing and unspeakable gratitude for all that he had done for her. Her gratitude from the first almost oppressed; she had tried once or twice to thank him, and the thought of what he had saved her from always moved her so deeply, that tears only came instead of words; but he well understood her, and ever tried to make her feel that she far more than rewarded him for his kindness to her.

And it was true, for as she grew up she became the good angel of the house. Lily was a bright little spirit, gay, and beautiful, and lovable, whose use in the house was to be a beam of sunlight, to make every body glad who looked at her, and listened to her merry voice and silver laughter; but, to tell the truth, sometimes Lily hid herself, as the sun himself does, for a little while, under a cloud. For Lily was a petted child, and just a little spoiled by petting; but so joyous and so beautiful, that every body loved her at first sight, and continued, too, with rare exceptions, to love her always, forgiving and half forgetting her faults, for the sake of all that was noble and lovable in her, and of all her friends, none loved her half so dearly as Hester did, none admired her so warmly, none was so good and true a friend, though perhaps she, too, helped a little now and then to spoil her. And Lily loved her with her whole warm heart, and looked up to her, and, in a docile mood, would let herself be guided by her, and sometimes, when she was very humble, as she could be at times, she would even wish that she was as sensible, and as useful, and as even tempered as Hester, and throwing her arms round Hester's neck, would ask her to forgive her all her willfulness and naughtiness, and to love her always, receiving such an answer—'pretty, spoilt Lily!—as would put at once all her humble thoughts quite to flight again.

And so the two girls grew together, loving each other dearly, until Lily was eighteen and Hester two-and twenty.

It happened in the early summer, about that time, when Lily was just past eighteen, that she went for a fortnight's visit to a country house, some twelve or fourteen miles from Mr Thurnell's. Such visits were of very frequent occurrence, for both the girls were extremely intimate at this house of the Gilberts', and were, one or the other of them, continually running away to their friends there for a few days during the summer; but this particular visit of Lily's was a far more important one than she, or Hester either, had ever paid before, and brought very important and unexpected consequences after it—for in the course of it Lily fell in love. So, at least, everybody said but Lily herself, who contended stoutly for months afterwards that it was only Mr Staunton who fell in love with her, and that she had nothing at all to do with it, until long afterwards, when simply out of pure compassion for him, she was induced to follow his example. But whether Lily's account of the matter was the true one or not, about one thing there was no doubt at it—and even she herself was too happy to deny it—that when his ex-

ample was followed, it was followed with her whole warm, true, loving heart. And in truth, Mr Staunton was worthy of all the love she gave him.

He was the nephew of a gentleman who had very recently settled in the neighbourhood, a Colonel Staunton, of whom however, little was known besides his name, and the fact that he was a wealthy man, for he was a confirmed invalid, and rarely or never left his house. He had been Mr Staunton's guardian, and being still his nearest living relation, his consent was in due time asked, as a matter of courtesy, at least, if nothing more, to his nephew's marriage, with Lily, and very cordially given; a little as it seemed, to Mr Staunton's relief. Besides signifying his approbation to his nephew, Colonel Staunton also addressed a courteous note to Mr Thurnell, apologizing for his inability to call on him and his daughter, but warmly inviting them to visit him at his own house. The invitation was of course accepted, and they all went.

They reached the house early, for they were to spend the day there; and, while Hester and Lily had retired to remove the out-of-door portion of their dress, Mr Thurnell, at Colonel Staunton's request, was at once ushered into his presence. In half an hour afterwards, he returned to fetch Lily, and she, with Hester, for Lily was a timid little thing, and would not go alone, accompanied him to Colonel Staunton's room.

(To be continued.)

HELP YOURSELF.

Beg, borrow, seek office, fish for place, trust in patronage, wait for old men to die, worship fortune, who does not one or other of these? Who does not expect to rise by the help of others? Help yourself, and God will help you.—Nine-tenths of the world will live and die infidels of this truth. So destitute are most people of the knowledge or belief of this truth, that give them the slightest indications that they may rely on you, eat you, clothe themselves out of you, and they will do it without mercy. They will drop their tools and their labour and do it. This is that makes the world so hedge-hoggy. The self-helpers know, that in common run, if they help others they may help and be taken up. This is that spoils most, if not all, the experiments to apply the science and economy of association to practical human life. Take people as they rise, and put them together in a beehive community, and half of them will turn drones and live upon the rest, because they have not been educated to rely upon themselves, but just the reverse. No wonder that the swarm should be eaten up by these drones, or exhaust itself in an effort to turn them out. Yet men are naturally self-reliant. The moment a baby can go along, it goes itself, and imitates all kinds of work, proud to be doing something. But this disposition is not encouraged, but discouraged. The rich are ashamed to have their children do anything menial, as if menial and mean were the same word. The poor cannot be bothered to teach work to babies, and when their babies get to be old enough, they overload them with it untaught.—Hence the child comes to maturity educated to sloth, 'bad health,' and reliance on others, or to hate the burden which crushes him, and longs to be relieved entirely from it. Self reliance is destroyed every way—in work, thought, and opinion. Whole classes, we say races, of men are taught to feed upon others, without returning any fair equivalent. They even think themselves generous to leave a little which they don't eat.—Chronotype.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

A spring-tide of talk has prevailed for a few weeks past, and has not yet begun to ebb, so ample are its sources. The Art-Union have made their annual report, and drawn their annual lottery, which sends a few pictures to some fortunate individuals, and thousands of blanks to the unfortunates. The Exhibitions have opened, and painters, whether in 'oil or water, are receiving their average amount of praise and dispraise; and some of the pre-Raphaelites have found out that crochets are not principles that ugliness is not beauty, to the manifest improvement of such of their pictures as, in auctioneers' phrase, are now 'on view.' It is clear that a love for pictorial decoration is, year by year, widening its influence, and adding to the number of those who appreciate paintings or good engravings, and every year it seems that the new want is to be satisfied by the further cheapening of objects of art. Artists who are artists, and not mere imitators, need never fear a lack of customers, even although they may not have visited Rome. Then there is the Panopticon,

is no longer a mere name, but a real local habitation, as may be seen in Leicester Square, where its two tall minarets overtop the surrounding buildings. It is a handsome edifice, in the Saracenic style of architecture; and on entering the spacious interior, with its lofty star-decked roof, gorgeous decorations, horse-shoe-arches, and glittering columns, you immediately begin to think about the Alhambra, and all that authors tell us of the cunning of Moorish architect. The managers have made the most of their space; and as they purpose to show how science is applied to useful arts—how industry achieves its results—how history, science, and literature contribute to enlightenment, and to inspire the million with a love for all these things—there is reason to believe that it will become a favourite among metropolitan exhibitions. The Crystal Palace, too, is beginning to shew its vast proportions on the top of the hill at Sydenham, where its mighty arches present an imposing sight. Some 2000 men working in and around the building, and the noise of closing rivets is in itself a sufficient proof to the visitors of the activity that prevails.

Government proceedings, too, have been largely talked about, and not without reason, for there is in them a recognition of some of the true principles of national progress. Our enormous burden of debt is to be made somewhat lighter, trade is to be further relieved of some of its restrictions, and industry of some of its fetters. Let the 'great unwashed' rejoice, for the sope-duties are abolished; and let the promoters of public health take courage in their work of sanitation. The advertisement tax is to be lowered, with the result, doubtless, of multiplying advertisers three fold; and receipt stamps for any amount are to cost no more than a penny. Who would go to Australia now? An additional turn of the screw next year will perhaps make the chancellor abolish the paper tax, and leave writers and publishers free to shew whether literature will really be made better and cheaper thereby, to say nothing of relieving our 700 paper-mills of the present vexatious Excise regulations. These mills turn out 15,000,000 pounds of paper every year, worth £4,000,000 sterling—no inconsiderable amount of trade to be produced out of rags, straw, and old ropes! It is a matter in which education is also interested; and there is promise of another advance in the educational movement. Lord John Russell is shaping the way, and if White, Brown, Red, Green, Blue, &c., will only remember, that the prismatic colours, instead of shining each for itself, must all combine to form real light, we may fairly hope that a national education is at length a possibility and a reality.

In another matter, much satisfaction is expressed that government intend to act in earnest—the great oceanic survey. This is a work which the Americans have been carrying on for a few years past with most praiseworthy zeal and highly satisfactory results. By systematic observations made in all frequented parts of the ocean, the Naval Department at Washington have been enabled to construct charts of extraordinary value to mariners. As Lord Wrottesley said in his speech on the subject to the House of Peers, the observations on the winds have led to the finding of shorter routes from North America to Brazil, while the voyage from New York to San Francisco is shortened one-third. Besides which, 'a system of north-westerly monsoons in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, and on the west coast of America, has been discovered; and a vibratory motion of the trade-wind zones with their belts of calms, and their limits for every month of the year, has been determined. The course, bifurcation, extent, and other phenomena of the great Gulf-stream have been more accurately defined; and the existence of almost equally remarkable systems of currents in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of China, and on the north-west coast of America and elsewhere, has been ascertained.' These are great results, and yet they are but the commencement of what may be hoped for when two such naval powers as America and England combine for so grand an object as the survey of the ocean. It is one in which we islanders are especially interested; and there is no doubt that we greatly prefer to see money spent for such a purpose, than in the subsidizing of mail steamers.

As a propos of sea-borne mails—the authorities are at last going to try whether private enterprise is not equal to the work without an enormous retaining-fee, and at the same time to refrain from imposing absurd and vexatious conditions. A most wholesome project this—one which, if carried into effect, will give the Australians a steady instead of an intermittent supply of mail-bags. It is pretty clear that the days of huge mail-contracts are numbered and so much the better, if