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Old Series]

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

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NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for November. ONLY A QUICK TEMPER.

BY MARION HARLAND. Lucy's parents died; and sons and daughters grew up around Russel Har-vie's table, and filled his home with gladvies table, and filted his home with gladness. He was a proud father, and the fine-group who called him by his name justified the sentiment. Julia, the eldest bore a striking resemblance to himself. His flashing eyes; mobility of feature; quick, strong intellect; and alas! his unquick, strong intellect; and alas! his ungovernable temper—each found its facsimile in her. He watched the rapid development of mind and character with exultation—the mother with apprehension. In the paroxysms of fury that were the invariable consequences of contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a mixture of the contradiction in her earliest infancy here. tradiction in her earliest infancy, he hailed a spirit as fiery as his own; and while the mother wept and prayed, and tried to inculcate lessons of meckness, he spoke of self-command, of the triumph of holding in check an unbroken, imperious disposition; to feel that it was there in all its native fierceness, but subject to higher native fierceness, but subject to the might of will! Then came Lucy, soft and affectionate as her whose name she bore; at times overlooked or ruled down, but rising, as the bent flower springs from the pressure, with a rich fragrance that it has been bruised. Edward, the eldest boy, was not so easily understood. Cold in seeming, his mother held the key to be the of faciling fethered by a consider depths of feeling fathomed by no one else. He was a thoughtful, studious boy, living in his books, but with a look in his grey eye that made those who observed it shun a scrutiny, penetrating far into men's minds and motives. Next to Julia, bis father admired him most, and loved him least of all. There was no tie between them beyond the slender bend of natural affection. Emma was light-hearted and merry, with more varsatility of talent than profoundity of mind; never troubled long about anything, and on this account, perhaps, she manifested more love and less fear towards her father than the others. Willie, the pet and play-thing, a frail child, inheriting his mo-

was the youngest.

It was a rainy afternoon, and the children were in the nursery; Julia, a tall girl of fourteen, drawing by the window; Lucy dressing Emma's doll; Edward reading; and Emma and Willie building

ther's violent eyes and pensive expression,

card houses in a distant corner.
'Lu,' said Julia, abruptly, 'did you ever wish you had been born without any feelings?'

"No' said her sister, laughing; 'what put that queer idea into your brain?'
'What is the use of them? they give us so much annoyance!'

'What trouble does my loving you or papa or mamma give me? If I had no feelings, I should not care for you all,

and then you would not love me because I was heartless, and I could not live unless you did,' answered Lucy, with childish reasoning.

'I had much rather trust your head than your logic,' said Julia affec-tionately; 'but I do doubt whether the pleasure we draw from our affections is not counterbalanced by the sorrow. In nine cases out of ten, we see the finest feelings exposed to the roughest handling. It is hard to believe that the Providence who ordains this can be wise and benevo-

Oh, sister! what would mamma say

if she heard you? 'Tell me how wicked these thoughts are, I suppose; but her preaching does very little towards converting me to her way of thinking, when she is, herself, a living example of my theory,' said Julia sarcastically. 'When she dies she ought to have a single text for an epitaph, ' Made perfect through suffering.' as well speak as think it-if her match was made in heaven I shall respectfully decline a similar interference in my af-

She snapped her pencil.
'What is the matter, sister?' inquired Edward, lifting his head for the first

I am fretted.'

fairs.

You need not say so; what has gone

wrong.'
'I was in mamma's room awhile ago, when who should come in but papa, wet

floor, and went on with his search. Mamma got out dry clothes for him and spread

them before the fire.

'They are not to be found,' he said, presently; 'Just what I expected! nothing is taken care of in this house unless I

attend to it myself! "What have you lost?' asked she

again.
' 'Those deeds I brought up last week.'
' 'Didn't you put them in your desk?' said mamma opening it.

'There they were, safe enough, and what do you think he said?
'Why couldn't you tell me they were there at first?

'She did not reply, and I put in:
''You did not tell her what you want-

ed, papa.'

When you are asked for your opinion, you can give it, Miss Pert!'

'Must you go out again?' You will change your clothes first,' entreated mam-

"No, a man cumbered with a wife and a house full of children cannot afford to

comfortable.

"Where is your umbrella?"
"Stolen or lost, like overything else."
"Here is one in the entry; is this

" Yes; if one of you had the sense you were born with, you would have sent to me when the storm set in. I shan't take it now; I'm as wet as water can make

'Yes, and she is our mother! We must shut our hearts against her, if we justify him.

Edward's large eyes were full of strange light, and his teeth were locked. Lucy glanced at the little ones, who were in-

tent upon their game. of doors, that he did not mean all the hard words he spoke; he had not been taught to control his temper when he was a boy; this showed how necessary it was

to guard against our evil passions.'
The tears blistered Julia's paper.

'I wish I were dead!' exclaimed she, passionately; 'I can never learn to be a hypocrite; to choke back my words, and caress, and obey, when I can neither love nor respect. Mother does this, and she is teaching you. If to be feminine one must bury self-respect, I will not be a

She quitted the room, and Lucy wept silently, wiping her eyes only when the tears threatened to fall upon the garment she pretended to sow. Edward neither wept or moved. If Mr Harvie designed to punish himself by keeping on his damp garment, the penance was assuredly dispropertioned to his demerits; but he knew-and his wife understood that he did-that her uneasiness was greater than his discomfort. He could vent upon her with impunity the spleen engendered by those whom he dared not retaliate. Not that he took this view of the case; he would have scouted the suspicion of such baseness; he did not think or reason; he felt and acted. He was sufficiently uncomfortable all the afternoon to keep up the requisite amount of irritation. Julia's comparison of the thundercloud was as apt at night as at his former entrance. He sulkily complied with his wife's prayers, and with grumblings and when who should come in but papa, wet to the skin, altogether not a bad representation of a thundercloud. Mamma was so frightened she could just ask what the matter was. He did not utter a syllable, but walked straight to his drawer and began to rummage among the papers.

'What are you looking for? Can I help you, my dear? said she.

'He answered by pulling out the drawer and turning it upside down on the:

"William, come to me, sir!"

The child, startled, by the unexpected summons and rough tone, hung back.

Mr Harvie had just recollected a toy he had purchased that morning, and was willing, now that his fit was going off, to bring about a more pleasant state of things, previded this could be done with
The child, startled, by the unexpected sometimes, he is so fond! but then I down, and ponders on the principle of primogeniture.—London paper, June 17.

EXAGGERATION IN LAN
GUAGE.

The habit of exaggeration in language chould be sometimes, he is so fond! but then I down, and ponders on the principle of primogeniture.—London paper, June 17.

EXAGGERATION IN LAN
GUAGE. out a compromise of dignity. Willie was generally the peace-maker, and Lucy would have urged him forward, and covered his momentary hesitation; but Julia still chafed at her own and her motherise compromes. ther's grievances. There was a sensation of satisfaction at the pain she knew the conduct of his darling gave her father.

'He ought to suffer she said inly.'

He was hurt but he was angered also.

'Do you hear me sir?' he vociferated.
The little fellow advanced a step, trembling in every limb, then ran back to his sister with a loud cry,
His father dashed down the paper.

'You your meater?'

who is your master.'

'Oh, papa! please! he did not mean to disobey—he will mind!' cried Lucy, clinging to his arm.

He broke from her.

Julia placed the screaming child behind her, and confronted him with a brow as

dark as his own.

Stand aside, he commanded.

You may kill me first!

He dashed her to the earth as if she had been a feather, and seizing Willie, shook and beat him until he could not stand. it now; I'm as wet as water can make me.'

'' But my love, you will be sick; for my sake take care of yourself.'

'All fal la!! Much difference it makes to you, or anybody here, whether I live or die. You would think it a good riddance of bad rubbish if I were to be taken. Never mind, you will see your mistake when it is too late.'

'' When, papa?' I could not help saying. He glared as if he could have eaten me alive, and I laughed in his face.

'Leave the room Julie,' said mamma, sternly. ever spoken, 'Are you not satisfied with killing me?, He reeled, as if he had been shot. Edward took charge of Willie, and sternly.

He went out directly afterwards, and as I passed her door on my way hither, I heard her crying. I tell you, Lu, if I had a husband who took every opportunity to insult me in the hearing of my children and servants, I would kill him or myself.'

'Sister! hush! Remember he is our father.'

'Yes, and she is our mother! We must chut our hearts against her, if we so howed down did he appear. And Inc. so bowed down did he appear. And Julia, when she saw his brimming eyes, and careworn countenance, forgot everything except that he was suffering, and that she could console him, and sprang to his bosom with the warmest assurances of for-

sunk back into their old train. The Harvie family had much to make them happy, wealth, personal accomplishments, and mutual affection; but they lived as do the inhabitants of the slopes of Vesuvius, amid beauty and pleasure, with the volcano fires sleeping beneath. As the children grew older, the mother observed an inclination to swerve from the blind obedience to which she had tutored They saw that the frequent storms that swept over them were as unnecessary as violent; and their respect diminished as they detected unjustice and tyranny. Julia, particularly, was a source of maternal solicitude. Her quick sympathy with the oppressed, her fearlessness and impetuosity, made her the conductor which attracted the most heavily-charged

'I wish to get used to it, mamma: I am strong and unconquerable. You have tried submission; I prefer to fight him with his own weapons, with the superior advantages of a cool head and a good

language towards a father to whom you owe everything, one who has never denied you a pleasure! As you value my at the same time, but would not venture love, Julia, banish these thoughts, they to say publicly, about prominent public

that instant may my heart cease its beating! But I pay him for every fevor he grants, pay him with my heart's blood; he never forgets to demand it. For eighteen years yours has been a hopeless servitude, and what has been your reward? Scoffs and humiliation and maltreatment are poor incentives to the performances of filial duty. 'Oh, mother!' hiding her face in her parent's lap,' is it not terrible for a child to struggle with her affection for a father! I cannot help loving him

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL made a speech for the

ballot which would justify a revolution; but Sir Robert's orations are only amusing, not important; he is a droll, not a statesman. Proprietor of Tamworth, he despises corruption; and he thinks that the landed interest need not be afraid of the ballet, because ' Property, sir, will always have its influence. In other words you bring up a place, and every voter is your tenant, you're to have a majority. But that's not altogether Sir Robert's point of view about the ballot; he knews that his demure brother—it is the fraternity of Duke Robert and Henry Beauclerc—votes against the ballot, and that is enough to ensure Sir Robert's vote for.—As Coleridge said to Don Quixote and San-As Coleridge said to Don Quixote and Sancho Pinza, that each was the half of a perfect man, so it may be said that if the natures of Robert and Frederick Peel were con-joined, we should have a perfect statesman. Separated, each is afflictingly incomplete: Frederick all reason;—some one asked once if he was the head of the family, and was answered, No, he is only the brains—and Robert all passion; the steam-hoiler in one place, and the cho Pinza, that each was the half of a the steam-boiler in one place, and the wheels and cranks in the other, motionless and resultless for want of connection with the steam. Sir Robert is the greater success of the two in the house; he is a 'character,' and has a recognized posi-tion, succeeding, in some degree, to the nowsilent place of the decaying Sibthorpe. He is an 'independent member;' that is, no one knows now he'll vote until they see him in the lobby. He occasionally joins the standard of the Early of Derby: but he has no particular rule in politics, beyond that of balancing the Peel interest by always plumping against his brother. He is a Liberal Conservative; and he understands that to mean—voting to-day with the Whigs, and to-morrow with the Tories; occasionally digressing in favor of Radicalism, as on Tuesday. He was in favor of the ballot; and described the ballot as preferable to open voting, because it is 'a free and easy, and effective system;' but the first two adjectives sufficiently explained his hopes; he would ciently explained his hopes:—he would have the country 'free,' but only on condition that it's 'easy' as well. Sir Robert represents the free and easy interests; that is his high style of thought and talk. sister; many a night I have cried myself to sleep, because I could not forget the unkindness of the day. Mamma found me sobbing once, and insisted upon knowing the cause. After some time I told her and she put her arms around me, and cried, oh! so bitterly! and begged me not to love him less for his harshness. She said that men could not be as gentle as women, they had so much to bear out of doors, that he did not mean all the warmest assurances of for that is his high style of thought and talk. He's the free-and-casiest orator in Parliament: he stand with one hand in his pocket, and he twirls a cane in the other sometimes varying the gesture by twirling his mustache. He gives solemn advice to the country gentlemen—a sagacity he derives, perhaps, from studying his father's career—to give way on the ballot now, gracefully or not, they would be certain to have to do in a few years. He said the ballot was sunk back into their old train. taken as a mot, and Sir Robert grinned heartily with the grinning house; and he particularly advised Sir James Graham —the Philip Van Artevelde of the woyage —not to make such a fuss about this, as having swallowed every other political nostrum, surely he needn't stick at this dose? that is Sir Robert's fun; and he mistake. He was very funny on Lord as a lord. John—some people thought it was sheer impudence—but the House didn't stop to inquire if it was respectful, and laughed unreservedly; a noticeable sign that Lord John is going down. Sir Robert's position has been obtained in this way; long the attic was too good for metric to has been obtained in this way; long the strict was too good for metric to have the position has been obtained in this way; long the strict was too good for metric to have the position has been obtained in this way; long the strict was too good for metric to have the position has been obtained in this way; long the strict was too good for metric to have the position and the position has been obtained in this way; long the strict was respectful. tion has been obtained in this way; long resident abroad, he has no party connexions here, and no party training, and has apparently quarrelled with his family, and is thus not under the necessity of consulting any one, and accordingly gives full swing to his whims; and manages always, when he gets on his legs and cane, 'My child! shame on you to use such to blurt out without 'the slightest arrier pensee, exactly what he thinks, which is usually what other people are thinking to say publicly, about prominent public are horrible.'

"Mother!' and the girl's eye glittered, and her cheek blanched, 'I will hear of my duty to you. If I ever fail in this, that only Sir Robert dare say—is to be expected; and his words are hung upon But I pay him for every favor he is, pay him with my heart's blood; aver forgets to demand it. For eighyears yours has been a hopeless sere, and what has been your reward?

should be guarded against; it misleads the credulous and offends the perceptive; it imposes on us the society of a balloon, when a mederately sized skull would fill the place much better; it begets much evil in promising what it cannot perform, and we have often found the most glowing and we have often found the most glowing declarations of intended good service end in mere Irish vows. Those who, when we ask a favor, affirm they will do it, 'cost what it may,' and though they may have to 'move heaven and earth,' are never found by us to be so likely to confer it as a certain steady person we could name, who says he will 'do it if he can.' -Strong exaggeration in every day language should be avoided, we think, as being mentally unhealthy and conversationally in speech is as grateful to associates as well ordered dress, and we feel as much doubt and dislike in talking to one who, with very inferior intellect, flings all sorts of loggerians reast in our cars as we of loquacious yeast in our ears as we should in grasping an unwasked course hand, covered with paste rings.—Eliza

THE SUDDEN RISING OF AN

AFRICAN DESERT STREAM. ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon, About four o'clock in the atternoons there was a cry in the encampment—
'El waddy lace!' 'the Waddy is coming!'
Going out to look I saw a broad white sheet of foam advancing from the south between the trees of the valley. In ten minutes after, a river of water came pouring along and spread all around us, converting the place of our encouragement into an isle of the valley. The current in its deposit was the converting the deposit of the valley. into an isle of the valley. The current in its deepest part was very powerful, capable of carrying away sheep and cattle and uprooting trees. This is one of the most interesting phenomena I have witnessed during my present tour in Africa. The scene, indeed, was perfectly African. Rain had been observed falling in the south; black clouds and darkness covered the zone of the heavens; and an hour afterwards came pouring down this river of water into the dry, parched-up valley. This incident of Waddy Tintoghoda explains the scriptual phrase, 'Rivers of water,' for here, indeed, was a river of water appearing in an instant, and almost without notice. —Richardson's Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa.

RESISTANCE OF REDICULE.

LEARN from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of redicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of learning the iffer if laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death.
If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, in a few years. He said the ballot was not for insolence, but seriously, and grand-the Cape Horn of politics—and that was years a man who were a soul of his own ly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was beatled into him by the breath of fashion, Sidney Smith.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.

'I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Blest if I don't emigrate to Kamschatka to dig gold. Money scarcer than wit brusqueries it is laughing with him, and Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots in no degree at him, which is surely a for three cents, and went home rich mistake. He was very funny on love

persecutes me, I don't do society no harm as I knows on. I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I aint got no neighbors; and the fact is, I don't own any bottles, Couldn't fill'em if I did.

'I am an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say, If ever hurt 'em; nobody, and yet I haven't a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady hated me—why? I coulden't pay, and I left. Cause why? aint it better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling weman in a wide house I ain't got a house-top; and if I had, a corner would't be safe, would it ?