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

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NEW SERIES.

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VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine, for November.

HISTORY AND INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE Board of Health commenced its operations about the 1st of August. Daily reports were then published of the interments in all the cemeteries of the city. Commencing on 1st August with 106 deaths by Yellow Fever, 142 deaths by all diseases, the number increased daily, until for the first week, ending on the 7th, they amounted to 909 deaths by Yellow Fever, 1186 of all diseases. The next week showed a continued increase: 1288 Yellow Fever, 1526 of all diseases. This was believed to be the maximum. There had been nothing to equal it in the history of any previous epidemic, and no one believed it could be exceeded. But the next week gave a mournful refutation of these predictions and calculations: for that ever memorable week the total deaths were 1755, of Yellow Fever 1346. But the next week commenced more gloomy still. The deaths on the 22nd of August were 283 of all diseases, 239 of Yellow Fever. This proved to be the maximum mortality of the season. From this it began slowly to decrease. The month of August exhibited a grand total of 5122 deaths by Yellow Fever, and nearly 7000 deaths of all diseases. Slowly the disease continued to decrease, only for the want of victims, until on the 6th of September (at which time these notes are transcribed) when it reached 65 death by Yellow Fever, and 95 deaths of all diseases. Looking back from this point we find that the whole number of deaths by Yellow Fever from its first appearance on the 28th of May were 7189—deaths from all diseases 9941. But there are 344 deaths the cause of which is not stated in the burial certificates. At least three-fourths of these may be set down in the Yellow Fever column—which would add 250 more, and make the deaths by Yellow Fever 7439.

But do these figures include all the deaths? Alas! no. Hundreds have been buried of whom no note was taken, no record kept. Hundreds have died away from the city, in attempting to fly from it. Every steamer up the river contributed its share to the hecatombs of victims of the pestilence. Nor do these return include those who have died in the suburbs, in the towns of Algiers and Jefferson City, in the villages of Gretna and Carrollton. But even these figures, deficient as they are, need no additions to swell them into proofs that the most destructive plague of modern times has just wreaked its vengeance upon New Orleans. Estimating the total deaths at 8000 for three months, we have ten per cent. of the whole population of New Orleans. At this rate it would only require two years and four months to depopulate the city.

But only the unacclimated are liable to the disease, and so we must exclude the old resident acclimated population, which with slaves, and free colored people, embrace at least two-thirds of the summer population of New Orleans. This would reduce the number liable to Yellow Fever below 30,000. Of the number one fourth have died in three months. There is scarcely any parallel to this mortality. The great Plague of London in 1665 destroyed one out of every 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ of its population. That of New Orleans in 1853 destroyed one out of every ten of its total population, and one out of every four of those susceptible of the disease. This exceeds the mortality in Philadelphia in 1793, when it was estimated that one out of every six died.

But let us pass from these details and estimates, to phases and incidents of this melancholy visitation, which possess more interest, and may indeed serve to infuse some light into these gloomy records.

In the histories of pestilences, which we find in our libraries, human nature is usually represented in very repulsive and disgusting aspects. The laws of society and of nature are outraged. Fear and selfishness hold rule over the conduct of men. All the sanctities of life are trampled upon. The affections no longer control or influence the minds and conduct of men. All is confusion, terror, panic, desertion, misery, death, disorder, vice, wickedness, and blasphemy. The graphic pen of DeFoe has presented us with such sketches of the conduct of the people and authorities during the Plague of London in 1665—a less virulent and afflictive visitation than the Epidemic of 1853 in New Orleans—as may not be read without shame and disgust for the selfishness and debasement of human nature. Turn from these re-

volting pictures, and view the conduct of the people of New Orleans, amid the appalling terrors of the pestilence. Where in history can you find a more noble display of courage, fortitude, humanity and true nobility of soul? View the people at the very height of the epidemic, when Death loomed up, overshadowing the whole city, and obscuring all other objects. Grief, sorrow, distress, for some departed or departing friend may be discerned in the faces of that brave population. But there is no fear, no weak cowardice, no nervous timidity, no sneaking or skulking in their expression or action. All stand to their duties, to the calls of affection, of friendship, of humanity. Business and family are forgotten; stores and dwellings are closed. The rich spend their nights by the humble cot of the sick poor, and the poor watch at the downy couch of the rich. Masters tend unceasingly their sick servants, and employers perform the most menial duties for their employees.

The delicate forms of females flit, spirit like, in every direction, to and fro—visiting their sick friends, relieving the poor, smoothing the pillow and ministering to the wants of the sick, and providing for the numerous orphans who had frequently to be taken from the bosom of dead mothers. Not a few of the ladies of the city who had left, to spend the summer at some of the fashionable resorts on the sea-coast, returned as soon as they heard of the violence of the pestilence, to look after their unacclimated friends. Nor was this heroic devotion confined to the acclimated. The fear of contagion produced but little effect in deterring the truly charitable from performing the duties of humanity and affection on this distressing occasion.

Of course there were exceptions to these remarks. The week, the selfish, the base and cowardly exist every where. Occasions of great peril are certain to develop these qualities, as well as the virtues of which they are the antipodes. There are illustrations of both sides of human nature in the annals of the pestilence, a few of which may be worthy of record as lessons to the weak and timid. One of them is the case of

THE WEAK MOTHER.

A lady in affluent circumstances had gone up the coast to spend the summer, leaving her young son, a clerk, in the city. Hearing that he was seized with the fever, the fond mother took a boat and came to the city to see him. She rode up in a carriage from the wharf to the house in which her son boarded. On her way, she encountered several hearses and funeral processions. The sight of these melancholy symbols of mortality naturally added to her alarm and nervousness. Finally the carriage stopped before the Boarding-House of her son. There was that dark vehicle of the dead, with its plumes and the sleepy negro, drawn up at the door.

'Who is dead here?' asked the lady, in a tremulous, choked voice.

'It is a young man, a clerk in a store,' replied a servant at the door.

'My son! my son!' exclaimed the agonized and half-fainting mother. But even at that time, with the instinct of a mother, remembering that she had other children to live for, she ordered the coachman to drive back to the boat, upon which she left that evening for her country residence. Now a strange result followed. The son recovered. It was another young clerk who had died in the same boarding house; the agonized and frightened mother had omitted to mention her son's name. But, alas! the unhappy lady, who could not bear to look upon the corpse of her dead son, returned to her country residence only to die of the disease the fear of which prevailed over her natural affection. A more revolting case is that of the

UNBURIED DAUGHTER.

A young girl about sixteen years of age was seized with the fever in a house where she lived with her father, mother, and other relatives. She was neglected and deserted in the early stage of the disease. At last a cab was called to take her to the hospital. Wrapped up in a blanket, she was placed in the cab, and the driver was ordered to proceed as rapidly as he could to the hospital. But the cabman loitered on the way, and even stopped at a cabaret to take a drink.—Thus it was two hours before he reached the hospital. When the cab arrived in front of the clerk's office, the usual questions were called out to the patient:—'What is your name?—where are you from?' There was no reply from the object rolled up in the blanket. The questions were repeated in a louder tone.

No reply.

'Roll her out, cabman,' called out the clerk.

The cabman pulled off the blanket, and

a stiff, staring corpse fell heavily on the seat.

'She is dead,' exclaimed the clerk; and turning to the next cab called out, 'Drive up, and let us see what you have got.'—With pencil in hand, he had recommended his eternal queries to a new patient:—'What's your name, age, country?'—When the unfortunate carrier of the corpse, having recovered from the alarm naturally excited by the discovery of the character of his burden, asked the clerk of the hospital what he should do with his load. 'Take her home and make her friends bury her,' was the curt reply.—The cabman cracked his whip and dashed off in the direction of the house where he had received his load. He found the windows and doors of the house tightly closed, and a tar-barrel burning in the yard. Rapping for some time violently at the door, he at last discovered an upper window-shutter slowly moving, and a pale, frightened countenance peeping through the small open space.

'What do you want?' nervously inquired the person from the window—as if it were midnight, and he feared the attack of a robber.

'Here is your daughter dead in my cab, and I want you to take her and bury her.'

A deep groan and noise, followed by a violent slamming of the shutters, were the only responses to the solicitation of the cabman. Now the latter began to be alarmed. What could he do with the corpse? They could not receive her at the hospital; her parents refused her—and he could not afford to bury her. At last it occurred to him to take her to the nearest cemetery. Away he started as fast as his wearied horse could drag the cab. Arrived at the cemetery, the sexton was asked to receive a corpse.

'Where is the certificate?'

'I have none.'

'It can't be done.'

'Here she is!' and the cabman unrolled the blanket.

'What! not even coffined—and no certificate! I'll have you arrested.'

'Oh lordy!' exclaimed the now thoroughly frightened cabman; and, jumping into his cab, drove rapidly back to the house of the dead girl's parents. Here he took the corpse out and laying it on the steps of the house, drove away. Some charitable citizens, passing by, observed the corpse; and, after vainly trying to arouse the persons within, sent off for a corporation coffin, in which the body of the unfortunate girl was inclosed, and duly buried. In a week afterward the house, which was barricaded against the fever, as the hearts of its inmates were against all human and natural feeling, was emptied by the grim destroyer, and as it appeared in the case, avenger and punisher.

MATRIMONIAL DEVOTION.

In contrast with these instances of human weakness and cowardice, many noble and inspiring examples of devotion, courage, and affection crowd into our memory. Never shall we forget a scene described to us by a friend who witnessed it. A poor couple were seized with the fever about the same time, and lay in the same bed in a damp uncomfortable house or shanty. A doctor was called, who directed that the man should be sent to the hospital—adding that the woman was too low and weak to be removed. Hearing the direction of the physician—the poor patients clung to one another with all their strength, and declared that they would not be separated, but would die together.

Force had to be used. Several strong men were called, who by main strength, tore the unfortunate husband from the arms of his wife, who fell back on the bed in violent convulsions. The man was placed in a cab, which was ordered to take him to the Charity Hospital. On his arrival there he was in a dying condition, and the next day his body was in the dead house. His poor wife quickly followed him to that home where they can no more be separated, and where their affections may bloom forever, without the blight of disease or sorrow.

(To be continued.)

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the walls of a country village:—'A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses.'

FRIENDS.—'Father,' said a little boy, what are friends?'

'People who come to you in distress and relieve you,' was the reply.

'Yes, I remember,' said the boy, 'when the horse was dying in yonder field, a heap of big black birds hovered around him. They were friends, I suppose.'

'People who fall in love,' generally injure themselves for life. Injuries to the ribs are perpetual.

From the Boston Transcript.

WILLIE--DEAD.

To the gentle Angel Death,
Yielding up his quiet breath,
Softly now his eyelids close,
In a peaceful, calm repose,
Pain and sorrow all are o'er,
He will wake on earth no more.

Very still our darling lies,
All the light gone from his eyes,
With hands together prest,
Folded on his snowy breast,
And the cheeks so cold and white,
All the roses faded quite.

Mother's love cannot beguile
From his little mouth a smile,
Though upon his lips she press
All a mother's tenderness;
No'er again his prattling voice
Shall her loving heart rejoice.

Bring the Lily, snowy pale,
Fragrant Lily of the Vale;
Wave amid his golden hair
Pallid rosebuds, frail as fair:
For at Life's fresh dawn of day,
Like a flower he passed away.

Bear him to his quiet rest
On the green Earth's ample breast;
Circled by her loving arm,
Nothing rude our babe can harm,
Very sweet his sleep shall be
'Neath his gentle ministry.

There her loving hands shall bring
All the fragrant flowers of spring,
Flocks of May-bloom thickly set,
Buttercup and violet,
Violet like Willie's eyes,
Azure-tinted with the skies.

There the golden sunlight falls,
Birds shall sing sweet madrigals,
Singing soft and ever low
To the sleeper far below;
Low as ring dove's brooding cry,
Soft as mother's lullaby.

There our steps shall often stray
Through the balmy summer day,
While we speak with gentle tone
Of the sweet babe who is gone,
Grateful that his soft feet stand
Safely in the spirit land.

And his memory we will keep
In our fond hearts, treasured deep,
Patient waiting for the day
When we too shall pass away,
And upon the heavenly shore
See our dear child's face once more.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE NEWLY MARRIED,

OR, A GOOD LESSON.

By Mrs. Emeline P. Plumer.

'Oh dear! this weather is cool enough for November,' said Mr. Ashton; 'I wish, wife, you would order some fire made; I cannot keep a limb of my body still.'

'Well,' said his wife, 'I think that would be superbly ridiculous to have my grates soiled after they have been cleaned so nicely, and my summer blowers up.'

'Oh nonsense! what are grates made for but to use? If they are so very nice, why cover them up with these blowers?'

But the wife remained immovable and inflexible.

'Say, Emily, may I ring the bell and order a fire?'

'No, no,' quickly interposed his wife; 'I have just got my rooms cleaned for the summer, and I won't have them touched.'

'Cleaned for the summer! I wish I could live in a place where it was considered a crime to clean house more than once in twelve years!'

'Then I should be more particular than I now am,' said Emily, 'for fear I might be poisoned before my time came. Men seem to have no perception of dirt. It is fortunate somebody has.'

'I don't care; it is unreasonable to close up the fire-frames so soon,' muttered her husband.

'What! at this season of the year, almost the middle of June? We ought to expect summer weather by this time.'

'Suppose we should have callers to-day?'

'No one will call to-day, I should not readily imagine. I think the clouds predict a storm.'

'In doors or out?' inquired her husband, reguishingly.

Just at this moment the door bell rang, which betokened something more than an errand-boy or peddler. Presently a visitor was ushered in.

'Ah! good morning, Mr. Norris,' exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ashton; 'when did you arrive?'

'About an hour ago,' replied the visitor. 'This is singular weather for June,' he continued; 'it's more like November.'

'It is indeed. I have been telling wife that we ought to have a good coal fire. Emily, dear, don't you think I had better ring the bell and order a fire?'

Emily frowned, and cast an impatient look at her husband. Mr. Norris quickly read the answer.

fire built for me. I have called rather early I am already aware—hope you will excuse me—but as I had some particular business with you, Mr. Ashton, I concluded you might be at home at this hour.'

'I am glad to see you,' said Mr. Ashton.

After a short time Mr. Norris took his leave.

'Small favors received, acknowledged, and gratefully accepted, and larger ones in proportion,' said Emily, 'as soon as the visitor had closed the door. I gave orders to the servants this morning to say, if any one came and enquired for us, that we had gone into the country.'

'For my part, I was glad to see Norris,' said Mr. Ashton, 'as well as mortified at the cold reception we gave him. Poor fellow! he had the blue shakes when he went out. I must ask him to tea to-morrow. Say, sha'n't I, Emily?'

'Well, if you must, why, you must, I suppose; but—'

'But what? Have you any objection?'

'Nothing, only I have just got my table-service nicely cleaned and polished, and my tablecloths all put away with the exception of those we have for our own use.'

'Capital!' said Mr. Ashton. 'How proud I shall feel to have things look so nice! I don't doubt if Mr. Norris takes tea here that he will be a married man in less than a year. What do you think Emily, eh?'

At this pleasant turn of affairs, Emily did not make much reply. Mr. Norris was invited to tea; everything to all appearance, passed off well; and Mr. Norris concluded that if he could get married and get such a wife as Mrs. Ashton, it would not be such a dreadful thing after all. Everything looked so nice—the tea-service and tablecloths especially.

Emily took things hard. Everything in house-keeping appeared burdensome to her. She trusted nobody; she was continually finding fault. Servants were a continual thorn in the flesh; flies a source of irritation, moths were horrible, and the daily vexations of life tended to make this a world of tribulation and anguish.

She had been married about two years, and wanted to be considered an excellent housekeeper. So she was, so far as neatness and punctuality were concerned; but when we consider comfort and happiness in another point of view, she missed it decidedly. When her husband came home, she would commence repeating in detail all her little trials with her domestics during the day, with which she would generally conclude with the sorrowful reflection that she should not live long, and he might see whom he would get that would keep things in as nice order as she did.

'Well, why don't you dismiss them?' said Mr. Ashton, impatiently.

'What would be the use of that? I cannot do the work. I did not get married to make a slave of myself, or to put my hand out of shape by doing housework. There was Tom—he came with a recommendation full a yard long; and Susan did the work for one family thirteen years; she too came to me highly recommended; and another thing; she will come and go when she pleases.'

'She is punctual to duty, is she not?' inquired Mr. Ashton.

'Oh, yes, she always does her work quickly and neatly; but she will not allow me to give her any advice about it—she is even saucy enough to tell me sometimes that if she were to follow my directions in cooking she would have nothing fit to set on the table.'

'I am very sorry that you have so many trials, my dear. I have a great many in my business, and have secretly hoped that you might be spared all these little trials, that you might feel like diverting my mind in an agreeable chit-chat when I return home weary and dispirited.'

'Have you seen Mr. Barre to-day?' enquired Emily.

'No, I have not,' replied Mr. Ashton, glad to turn the conversation.

'Come, tea is ready,' said Emily.

They both sat down in silence, and appeared to be wrapped in their own thoughts.

Soon after tea the door-bell rang, and visitors were announced. The evening passed off in lively conversation. The hour for retirement came. Both went to bed with the resolution that nothing should occur to cloud the sky over their matrimonial life. For many times, our young wife had contrived to feel sad, and make her husband as gloomy as if some real misfortune were hanging over them.

'What say you, Emily, to give up housekeeping and going out to board?' said Mr. Ashton, after another chapter of the servants' deficiencies, and shortcomings, and overgrown ideas as to what was their place, and what was not.