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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for November.

ONLY A QUIET TEMPER.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Lucy could not listen with a semblance of composure. All that was womanly in her recoiled at the sacrifice of her beautiful and gifted sister. She hated Frederick Staunton, the innocent cause of her sorrow.

'No Lucy,' said Julia calmly, 'he is not to blame; censure, if it must fall, rests upon him who drives me out, not upon him who offers me an asylum.'

'If you loved me, Julia! if you but loved him!'

'Did I not say, and the cold fingers stiffened upon hers, 'did I not say my mother loved, and it killed her?'

Lucy was deaf still. She was sure her sister did not understand or do justice to their surviving parent; and, regarding the portentous knitting of her brows, she went back to their childhood; and putting every disagreeable reminiscence in the background, recounted his thousand indulgences, his gifts, his cares and labors; appealing to her in the name of their dead mother, to consider ere she took the irrevocable step. Julia was agitated. What her present home might be, were its one curse removed, and the certain wretchedness of the unloving wife rose to her view. Lucy finally won, her to a startling proposition.

'I will stake everything upon a single issue. I have given him no just cause of offence. I will meet him to-morrow kindly, affectionately. If he receive me in like spirit, I will embosom myself to him as I never have done; will tell him of Frederick's proposal, and my resolution, and leave the result to him. If he rejects my overtures, he will never have another opportunity of accepting them.'

The words were scarcely uttered before Lucy would have given worlds to have them revoked, but the fiat had gone forth. She arose at daybreak, pallid and restless. The breakfast-room was put in order by her hands; she could not trust a servant to dust a chair or fold a napkin. The least omission would offend her father's critical eye. Emma was instructed to be very guarded in her speech, and Willie, neatly dressed, despatched to summon 'dear papa.' He came, and Lucy watched his face in agonized suspense. He did not smile at her greeting—he rarely did in the morning—all might go right in spite of that. Julia entered by an opposite door just as he reached his place. Without a moment's wavering, she crossed over to him. It was clear she had summoned all her resolutions for the effort.

'Good morning papa,' she said, smiling faintly.

As she spoke, her hand rested on his shoulder, and her lips were offered for a kiss.

'What cajolery are you up to now?' he demanded, sneeringly. 'Out with it! I hate fawning.'

'Not more than I do, sir!' retorted the girl, drawing up her stately figure; and Lucy could have laid down and died.

Mr. Harvie's words belied him; he was not well, and a button or two had come off in his nervous jerk, while dressing; a cup of coffee, and half an hour's time set him right again, but it was half an hour too late. Young Staunton waited on him in the course of the day. Julia had prepared her lover for a storm, and he was not disappointed. Her father would have resented a proposal of this kind from any one, unless the way had been paved with consummate tact. Frederick Staunton stammered and insinuated, until he worked him into a passion by his ambiguity, then threw a blazing fusee upon the prepared train, by bluntly starting his business. He left the merchant's sanctum with all his manliness roused, by the uncalled for abuse, the insulting vituperations dealt out from what seemed an inexhaustible magazine. Julia was apprised of the interview immediately, and marvelled at her father's silence towards herself. Paternal love was working mightily; he could not have broached the subject then if his life had depended upon it. He shrank from hearing her say she wished to leave him. So two, three days passed in cowardly delay, and on the fourth she was gone! as he could not help suspecting them—as he knew afterwards—not for love of the partner of her flight, but to get away from him!

Lucy's lot was harder than ever. Whatever her father thought, he always spoke of Julia's marriage as evidencing a depth of duplicity and ingratitude for which he was no way answerable, and positive-

ly forbade their intercourse. In this Lucy could not be obedient. Her sister had been to her a second mother, and she went by stealth to see her, lest her example might awaken her father's influence with the younger children. Frederick Staunton, with his obtuse perceptions, could not help thinking that, albeit his intentions were the best in the world, he failed to make his wife happy. Refined to fastidiousness, her love for the beautiful and delicate only equalled by her disrelish for whatever lacked these qualities, her life was a perpetual series of discord. We need not dwell upon her fate; it was such as inevitably succeeds a union without affection or affinity, a violent conjunction of two entirely dissimilar beings, where fondness from one elicits disgust from the other, and time shows new differences instead of harmonizing. Lucy did not envy her—had she known everything, she might have deemed her own situation more profitable—as it was, she resolved to struggle on uncomplainingly. Edward had grown very near to her since Julia left. He asked no questions, made no threats against the author of her disquietude. When she came, tired and heartsick to pillow her head upon his breast, he held it there with more, than brotherly kindness, and soothed her with tender words he had caught from his mother's lips, and repeated in his mother's tone; but when she did not see it, the old light burnt in his deep eyes, and a smile, as of one who sees fulfilment not a long way off—stirred the rigid line of his mouth. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky fell the announcement—made in a letter bearing the postmark of a distant city, when his sister believed him on a visit to the country—that he had sought another home.

'It has been the purpose of my life, dear Lucy,' so he wrote, 'to free myself and you, when I should have the strength and years requisite for the task. When a mere infant, I said to my mother, 'Mamma, when I am a man, you shall live with me, and papa shall not scold you.'—This was the theme of my childish dreams, strengthened by each act of oppression or outrage. I never tried to love him, and I found indifference easier, because I was not a favorite. Still, I am his oldest son; he looks forward to my career with hopeful anticipations. He is proud of my talents. I have cultivated them that I might be the sooner independent of him. I renewed my vow of emancipation upon my knees, by my mother's corpse—that mother whom he had literally spurned in the sight of her offspring! Lucy! my pen cuts through the paper as I recall that scene! I am free! not in the eyes of the law—he may drag me back to the house of bondage, if he sees fit—but he dare not do it. I have written him a letter that will be an effectual quietus to such desire. I have had this situation in view for months. I am qualified for it. I will keep it, and it will keep me—will make a rich man of me before many years go by. My first object shall be a home, where you can find a reward—tardy though it be—for your self-denial and long suffering. There shall be room for Emma and Willie, too, if they will come. Then, sweet sister, your life shall begin.'

The resolute boy had not reckoned upon the filial piety, cherished as sedulously in her bosom, as he had tried to uproot it in his. He might have learned this from her letters, learned that to be true to her God and to herself, she must be true to her father—her charge—but his was his interpreter, and he would not believe they could deceive him, until a man, he came to invite her to the promised home—the Canaan of his boyish longings and manly strivings. She was altered—beautiful still—yet not with the fresh loveliness of early years. One had only to look into her face to know that she had suffered, and its mild thoughtfulness told the chastening had not been vain. Emma was married, and Willie at school.—The prematurely old man, his querulousness increased tenfold by grief and sickness, and his devoted nurse were the only occupants of the homestead. The former wept at sight of his son, and in the next breath upbraided him for his ungrateful desertion, prophesying that he would 'come to a bad end—all of his children did—a worthless, thankless set! and to think how much he had done for them.'

'Lucy, this is a living tomb! the grave of your youth and beauty, and hopes! urged Edward, as she reiterated her refusal of his offer.'

'Of my earthly hopes, perhaps, brother, but the cradle of others,' and the serene eyes looked heavenward.

'My mission must be accomplished.'

He visited Julia, and from her he heard a tale that almost drove him wild. The 'chum' of his boyhood, a noble, warm-hearted fellow, had wooed Lucy, and won her heart—but not her hand. 'She could

not leave her home; and when the generous suitor would have shared with her the burthen she had borne so long, she told him, with tears and blessings for his disinterestedness, that it must not be.

'You could not live with my father. The sight of your disagreement would kill me. Forget that you have asked it, and be happy in the love of another.'

He did marry, for he was a man, and knew that years might elapse before he could call Lucy his. She was a woman, and no one could tell how this event affected her. It was remarked that her attentions to her infirm parent were more assiduous, and her manner gentler (if this could be!) after the severing of the last tie to the outer world; but this was all the change.

The snow of winters was white upon Russell Harvie's head, before his hot blood grew cold 'neath the frost of death; and to Edward's hospitable roof there came another inmate—a pale, meek woman—soon the 'Aunt Lucy' of the household; loved and honored; winning hearts by her unselfish virtues, and leading them to the attainment of like precious qualities, not by the thorny paths she had trodden, but by the smoother ones of patience, forbearance and love.

From the Editor's Drawer, of Harper's Monthly Magazine, for November.

"THEY SAY."

There is a good deal of scandal always going on in small villages; that every body (he or she) doesn't mind his or her business. This may not be so; for "THEY SAY" himself is a great scandal-monger, and has done a great deal of mischief in his time, by insinuating what he dared not distinctly charge or assert.—But if there be any impertinent persons, male or female, married or single, in the thousand villages whither our Magazine finds its way, who do not find it convenient to "mind their own business" we commend to their careful attention the following lines:

"Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, too speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?"

"Is it any body's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves that lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?"

"Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?"

"If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether grant, or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?"

"The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it any body's business
What another's business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 'tisn't,
We should really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so."

"If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart:
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better, in the future,
To mind his own concerns!"

PULPIT ECENTRICITY.

The first settlers of Peterborough were Scotch, as were their ministers. Of one of these it is recorded that he commenced a sermon thus: "This is a stately house; who meet here? The folks, they meet here; and the de'il he meets here too; and he's among the foremost and fattest of ye. An' he's pecking out at ye, like a wee mouse in the wa'; ye donna see him, but he kens ye. An' now where's the gun to shoot him wi'? Here it is," said he, lifting up the Bible, and taking aim, "here is the gun—too—too! he's dead! he's dead!"

Love will not pay house-rent, line a hungry stomach, or satisfy the tailor. It is, however very good in its place, and season. Like soda-water, white pants, conference meetings, almanacs, (or corn-huskings?)

Love, like the plague, is often commu-

The Politician.

From the New York Tribune.
THE POWER AND RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

The following Letter from Mr. Hennessey to the Secretary of the Ingraham Committee, upon the power and resources which Russia can bring to bear in a contest with the Turks, completes the subject treated of in his former letter on Turkey, published in the Weekly Tribune of Nov. 5:

To COL. FORBES, Secretary to the Ingraham Committee:

Sir: Unable personally to attend your meeting, I am encouraged by the indulgent reception given to my last letter, to obtrude again on its attention, a few remarks to which the growing importance of events to which they refer, may probably give interest. War, if not begun before this time cannot easily be avoided, while in every likelihood Turkey, will before long, be struggling side by side with liberal Europe against their common enemy. Turkey has already, on the one hand, declared to Austria, that unless the Austrian Cabinet observes a real as well as a pretended neutrality, by recalling from her frontier troops which the Porte is obliged to watch, she (Turkey) will at once invite into her service all the Italian and Hungarian refugees; while on the other hand, the attempt, coercion into submission of the Porte, by the Embassadors of Great Britain and of France, was rebuked by the remark, that war with the Russians or their withdrawal from the Danubian Provinces, was the alternative of civil war, and that civil war the Sultan was determined to avert, even if necessary at the price of war with all the powers in Europe. Now Russia will not permit Austria to withdraw these troops from the frontier, even if her fears of insurrection would allow her, and the baneful influence of British and French diplomacy—the incubus which has weighed so long on Turkish policy, and which has been so studiously exerted to isolate Turkey from Hungary, Italy and Poland, her natural allies, appears to exist no longer. So that all signs and portents indicate the approaching contest to be the decisive struggle so long expected of adverse principles, and that the instinctive conviction of its being so widely spread is attested by the crowd whom, wrong endured, or sympathy with the right, are collecting on the Danube's bank, to constitute a gathering such as the world never even saw at the period of the first crusade, and may never see again till the day of judgment. Men, not only from nearly every State in the Union, but even from California and Australia, are waiting with impatience for the signal to hurry to a scene where Arabs sent by the Sheriff of Mecca, Moors under the great Emir, Abd-el-Kader, and Circassian Chiefs, will be already assembled with Anglo-Indian officers, and Italian, Polish, Hungarian and German exiles.

I pointed out in my last letter the influence of Russian diplomacy as one of the reasons why Turkey was so thoroughly misunderstood. Every one, I think, must admit that the public, both in the United States and in Great Britain, was utterly taken by surprise, at the recent attitude of Turkey, at the unanimity and energy displayed by its Mahometan population, at the imposing forces set on foot in that country, at the number of volunteers, at the moneyed resources of the Empire, at the extent of voluntary offerings, and at the tendency of the Turkish Christians rather to sympathize with the Turks than with the Russian invaders.

To understand fully the significance of these facts, we must consider that at least 120,000 volunteers have enlisted under the Sultan's standard, whilst in France, which can furnish ten volunteers for one with all the continental powers in Europe put together (except Turkey,) could muster, the premium paid for volunteers is upwards of \$300. We must consider that the sum of \$36,000,000 offered by the Turkish population as a spontaneous gift, amounts to a sum much larger than the loan which the Austrian government has twice since the Hungarian Revolution, vainly tried to raise on terms of usurious interest—nay, I speak advisedly in asserting, far exceeds the amount which, on any terms, the Emperor Nicholas, pledging all the resources of his Empire, could now obtain in all the money markets of the world. How reconcile these palpable facts with popular impression as to the prevalence in that Empire of misgovernment, decay and apathy—impressions derived from statements so industriously and perseveringly circulated, that I believe that the very diplomatists (Russian and other,) have been caught in some measure by the echo of

their own lies, and that the Emperor Nicholas, himself, is not the least astonished in having unexpectedly to confront that majestic figure of armed and angry Islamism which his provocation have evoked.

But all strength and weakness is relative. To form a truthful estimate of Turkish power it is not enough to know that it has hitherto been grossly misrepresented; but we must also form a tolerable correct appreciation of the value of its assailants. So well has this been understood by the Russian Cabinet that the first and paramount object of its secret office, "for the direction of public opinion in foreign countries," has been to spread exaggerated notions of its own resources; the next being the systematic depreciation of Turkey; and, the third and fourth, the fostering in every imaginable way of national prejudices and ill-feeling between the populations of Great Britain and of France, and of Great Britain and the United States.

For twenty years at least this has been the chief occupation, and sometimes the sole business of Russian diplomatists and secret agents, and until the events of 1848 I doubt whether Mr. Bodisco ever seriously had any other in this country. To carry out this object the Russian government (which stints and starves its overgrown establishments and armies with a parsimony which forces its officials and officers to live by wholesale speculations,) has always placed unlimited credits of secret-service money at the disposal of its confidential agents, and it is a maxim of its Cabinet that, although all means are to be used to attain the desired result, covert means are to be preferred, and especially its duped political opponents made use of, unwittingly to further its designs. I would beg my readers to observe how universally in the United States and Great Britain any statement calculated to influence public opinion in this direction is sure to be copied, not only into conservative or retrogressive papers, pamphlets, and writings, but into those most hostile to Russia, most liberal in their view and often so occupied in juxtaposition with a harmless diatribe against the power whose views the editor or writer is innocently forwarding.

And in this course Russia has been singularly successful. It is seldom that the material power of a Government is brought into play, but frequently that the moral effect of that power, or supposed power, is made to operate. It was cheaper and easier to spread exaggerated belief than to attain the reality of colossal strength, and before that belief the world has hitherto given way. It remains only to be seen whether, when Turkish courage, and the daring of those determined to assert their right of oppressed Europe, come to measure this phantom at sword's length, Russia will not lose more by the reaction of opinion than she gained by having so long spell bound it in the prestige of unwarranted apprehension.

It is popularly believed that the Russian Government is in advance of the Russian people; that it is a despotism adapted to their condition, progressive as fast as circumstances will admit, and tempered by opinion which controls the Czar; that within the last quarter of a century, its power has alarmingly increased: that the masses of the people are eager for a crusade of religious and political extension; that Russia can bring prodigious armies for offence into the field while unassailable at home, and that if it be not desirable that Russia should extend toward the more civilized West, that it has the great mission before it, which it may advantageously fulfill, of civilizing and ameliorating the southward and westward races.

These are all specious fallacies which facts disprove. The Russian Despotism is the most oppressive in the world. The Russian territory is as fertile, its climate healthier than that of the United States, its water communications only second to those of this Northern Continent, its facilities for making roads and railways infinitely greater. It was settled centuries before the States of this Union were redeemed from the waste, by a vast population, industrious in disposition. Yet what is its condition, nor by contrast with the United States, over which it had so many advantages, but with other countries of Europe? Statistics show us that the great bulk of the people live upon a poorer food, consume fewer luxuries, trade less, and contribute less per head though most severely taxed, than any population in Europe, while the average of human life in consequence of these privations is scarcely half what it is in western countries.

The most wretched portion of the population in the Turkish Empire is better