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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY.

A respectable dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-seat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened, as the short October's day drew near to its close and broad slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass plot, upon which she looked out fixedly. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment—which she declined—came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have overlooked: one of those times of general bustle, preparation, and delightful confusion, when everybody seems to be busy helping somebody else; and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasant relaxation.—The family were going abroad.

Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly duenna—with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress—were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them proud, pleased, and important; for she was one of the travelling party; my young lady's own woman, who had waited upon her from childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently; for it carried her fortune; and, had she ever heard of Cæsar, she could have made a very apt quotation. As it was, she unbent a little stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect of an old, privileged retainer.

'Well, Mrs Jenkyn,' he remarked, 'I cannot but say that I wish you were well across the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with among the Mounseers—for I reckon you will come to Chedbury, and so perhaps with my lord, and so Mrs Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the Park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I've heard of foreign parts; so good and so pretty; with so many acres at her back, that they'll let her away from among them so easy.'

'Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you're going they'er as thick as blackberries at Martinmas—will take and marry her whether she likes it or not.—Besides,' he added, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper, 'old stories'll be left on this side of the salt water.—They won't cross it after her.'

The stranger in the window-seat started with a quick uneasy movement.

'This side or the other side,' returned Mrs Jenkyn. 'It's not for them that eat the family's bread to be raking up what's past and gone and out of people's minds. And before strangers to,' she added with a sly glance in the direction of the window seat.

'You're always so touchy. Mrs Jenkyn returned the old man, speaking, however, in a submissive tone, 'just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what's the use of minding the women who's sat there for mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She's either deaf or stupid.'

'I'm not so sure of that,' replied the discreet Mrs Jenkyn; and, at this moment the woman as if to justify the old lady's observation roused herself from her deep pre-occupation, and said abruptly: 'Will any one take a second message from me to Mrs Moreton? I have come many miles to speak with her. It is now getting late, and I want to be upon my way home.'

Mrs Jenkyn answered her very civilly: 'I will give and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose she added,' smiling, 'nothing goes quite straight at a time like this.'

At this moment a bell rang. It was Mrs Moreton's bell—she wished to see the person who had been waiting so long.

'Here, William,' said Mrs Jenkyn, 'show this woman into the stone parlour. Mrs Moreton would speak to her there.—And Ma'am,' she added good-naturedly, 'you can take a look at the pictures on the grand staircase as you pass the foot of it.'

The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steadfast-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the servants' hall with a hound which

had stealthily strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlour there were several intricate windings, and he expected to find the woman just exactly where he had left her. Without his guidance, however, she had proceeded him to the door of the stone parlour and waited for him, with a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet had brought her to that threshold of their own accord.

'So, Mistress,' exclaimed the old man, 'you are not quite so much of a stranger in this house as I thought.'

He bent on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrassed by it, and replied quietly, 'I have been here before.'

While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs Moreton—half governess, half friend to the heiress—was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing-room. They too had been very busy. This splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady was immersed in accounts; the younger one had placed a little table within the embrasure of the deep old-fashioned window, so as to give her drawing—upon which she was very intent—the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingenious-looking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy brown eyes.

'I think I shall have time to finish this,' said she musingly; 'it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not, dear Mrs Moreton?'

'My lord will think that you have made great progress,' replied that lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of figures.

'I do think it is like old Chedbury—like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place when we are away. Although, after all, there is nothing here that I shall much miss. You and papa and good old Jenkyn are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yes,' she went on, thinking aloud, 'if I had some one to leave behind; some young companions who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away. I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange—she looked up, at Mrs Moreton—that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But of course,' she added, after a pause, 'he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother had lived!'

Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. 'Is it possible,' said she self-reproachfully, 'that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to speak to me four hours ago?'

Mrs Moreton entered the stone parlour with some kind words of apology; and seated herself in her accustomed chair, prepared to lend her best attention to the visitor. But the woman—is she the same who sat out those four hours so patiently in the window seat; who followed the old servant through the long passage with such a face of blank unquestioning apathy? Her looks of settled pre-occupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her real features, now revealed, wore a scarcely less fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all, were never removed from Mrs Moreton's face. She held to the table for support. She trembled in every limb; not from timidity: but from anxiety; eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face.

Mrs Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with the business of to-day and to-morrow. 'Well, my good woman,' she said mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlour, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury. 'What can I do for you?'

'There was no rejoinder. My time, to-day,' she went on, in the same gentle yet rather magisterial tone, 'happens to be rather valuable.'

'I am sorry,' replied the stranger, 'to have to trespass upon it. Mrs Moreton, struck by something peculiar in the woman's tone, looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes—earnest, imploring, sad with an unspoken history—that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much less of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown, 'You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?'

'You can—you, and no one else in this world can.'

'I—surely we have never met before,' replied Mrs Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity. 'Pray tell me your name.'

seemed to be slightly convulsed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered, 'It is one that you have heard—it is, or was, for I now bear it no longer, Elizabeth Carton.'

Mrs Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but a shade, like the sudden falling of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She arose, and said coldly, 'In that case I am not aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr Andrews my lord's agent, he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate.' She then moved towards the door; but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door she tried to pass the stranger, sad woman, and could not.

'Listen to me, madam,' exclaimed the visitor, 'and then you will not mistake my errand. It is not Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it was this great house itself, that I want. It is you—you only, that can help me—you must.' She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in a tone of deep and touching submission. 'You are a good lady, Mrs Moreton; you have every one's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart—God himself has promised to listen to it.'

Mrs Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. 'I do not feel harshly towards you—forgive me if I appear harsh—but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own situation in life, far above any kind of want.'

'I am settled comfortably,' returned the woman; 'above want—above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home, and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins.—That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert—he was Lord Robert then—would have sunk in the past long before this. Like a dream—except for one thing—O! Mrs Moreton my daughter, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother can forget her child; but since I heard you were all going beyond seas—perhaps for ever—I know not what it is that has come over me; something that will not let me rest day or night—it is a fire in my heart.—Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her—not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother, need not know that there is such a person in the whole world. All I ask is to see her—only to see her—my daughter, only to see my daughter.'

(To be continued.)

LITTLE THINGS.

'Tis little things that make the sum
Of the hopes and fears of men;
'Tis little moments speeding on,
Makes three score years and ten.
In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetness lies;
And most of mischief oft lurks hid
Within the smallest eyes.

An scorn cup is very small,
Yet from it springs the oak;
The ind-harp breathes the sweetest tones
That ever zephyr woke.
And most of meaning oft is found
In little words, you know;
How happy 'Yes,' will make some folks,
How miserable 'No.'

A single thought will sometimes turn
The current of our lives,—
For thoughts the springs of action are;
Who thinks right, is wise.
A glad smile is a little thing,
Yet how it cheers the heart;
A tear drop's small, yet speaketh much
When friends and loved ones part.

The mock-bird and the nightingale
Are small, with tiny wing,
Yet sweeter, clearer music make
Than all the birds that sing.
The smallest flower has brightest hues
And most of fragrance brings;
Our earth is made of particles,
And oceans come from springs.

FACTS ABOUT CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

In his Chinese lecture, Dr. Bowring said the last census of China, taken forty years ago, reported an aggregate of 360,000,000 of human beings, all subject to the same laws. Great doubt had been thrown upon these statistics; but those who had seen China—the teeming population, not only within China itself, but the extent which it penetrates into every part of the world, could not acquire a

of available land in that vast region that was not cultivated—the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence so great, that their was not a species of food from which nutriment could be derived that was not consumed by the people—rats, cats, and dogs being publically sold and generally consumed by the least opulent of the community—those who had an opportunity of seeing these things would probably believe the estimate to be not greatly in excess; and therefore we might suppose the present Emperor of China to be the sovereign of nearly 400,000,000 of human beings.

With respect to the extent of territory it was from east to west nearly 5000 miles in extent, and from north to south it measured nearly 2500 miles. China proper, without including the surrounding country, (subject to the Emperor's sway), was 1200 miles from west to east and about the same from north to south. Speaking of our own commercial interest in China, he said that not less than £30,000,000 of British capital was embarked in the trade, giving £10,000,000 of net revenue to Great Britain and British India.

China was now now exporting 100,000,000 lbs. of tea annually, although, when the East India Company monopoly was destroyed, it was predicted that China could not produce a single pound more than the 32,000,000 lbs. then exported. She sent between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 worth of raw silk annually to our manufacturers. The consumption of cottons and woollens in China amounted annually to many millions of pieces, and that too, when we had access to only five small points of that vast empire—the ports open to Great Britain by the treaty of Nankin. Every thing in China was, in fact, stupendously great. The great wall, bounding the eastern and northern provinces of China, is 1500 miles in length.

It was calculated at the time of Lord Macartney's visit, that all the masonry of every building in England and Scotland would not have sufficed to erect that stupendous piece of architecture; and that all London itself would not have supplied stone and brick enough to erect the towers and towers which decorated the great wall of China. The Great Canal was more than 1000 miles long; and the rivers of China, called the 'Son of the Ocean,' the Yang-tsekiang, and the Yellow River, were by far the largest in Asia.

BLANKET HUNTING.

I started off one day by myself after a large herd of buffalo, about three miles westward of the fort, adopting the novel expedient of carrying with me a white blanket in order to stalk them. I took such a course as not to give the heard my wind, and, with the cover afforded by the timber on the point, succeeded in getting within a couple of hundred yards of them I crept forward on my hands and knees, covered by the blanket, which prevented them from distinguishing me amidst the surrounding snow, and enabled me to approach until I came within shot. I continued creeping about and around them, singling out the best and fattest of the cows, for upwards of an hour, and it was not until I had laid five of their number low that they smelt a rat, and bolted off unanimously, tossing their shaggy heads and ploughing up the snow.—*Fal-liser's Solitary Rambles of a Hunter.*

THE GOORKA TROOPS.

We had three irregular corps of men called Goorkas, natives of the hills forming the kingdom of Nepal. Bravest of native troops, they at the battles on the Sutlej displayed such conspicuous gallantry as to place them for courage on a level with our Europeans; and, certainly, they have a high military spirit, so fierce in war, of unsurpassed activity, and possess great powers of enduring fatigue. Very low of stature, they have short limbs, but with enormous muscles and vast strength, and their chests are both broad and deep.

These hardy soldiers, profess an extraordinary attachment to our men, and are, like them, given to strong drink; but are said to have a dislike to the Nepoos amounting to contempt. In the Nepoos war of 1814, with inferior numbers, they defeated the British troops more than once; and acquaintance with them under arms in no way tended to diminish my opinion of their high character as soldiers.—*Indian Misgovernment, by Sir C. J. Napier.*

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been attempting to spin a mountain top.

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Daily News.
THE THREE QUEENS.

It seems but the other day that there were three little princesses destined to support a large part of the royalty of Europe—little girls who wrote letters to each other—letters which all English children would have liked to see, in order to know how people felt who were to sit upon thrones. There was the Brazilian princess, who had a cruel uncle; and the Queen of Spain, who had a cruel uncle too; and our own princess, Victoria, who was thought at one time to have a disloyal uncle also, but who was too well guarded and too much beloved to be in any danger from him. There were French princesses also, who were correspondents of the three Queens—the Princess Maria, who won all hearts by her virtues, as infallibly as she commanded respect by her talents; and her sister, the late Queen of the Belgians. It was a remarkable group; and so it remains in our memories. And where are they now? The Princess Maria of Orleans died first, and the universal regret for her loss was unmingled with any of the bitterness of disrespect. Some years later died the Queen of Belgium; and her children are already preparing for sovereignty and its perpetuation. A worse fate than death seemed to have overtaken the two Iberian princesses—the peril of the loyalty of their people, and the loss of the interest of Europe. Remaining children in temper and understanding while charged with the duties of mature life, and with the very heaviest of human responsibilities, they have not been equal to their position and their fortune, and have suffered much themselves, and inflicted much suffering on others. What a contrast is all this with the lot of the one remaining member of the group!—How unlike, in every way, is the destiny of our English princess to that of all the rest? Living in the prospect of long and happy years, blest in her domestic relations, honoured and loved, without doubt or question, by all her people, and safe while every throne in Europe but her own is shaken, how would she and the young correspondents of her youth have wondered if her lot could have been foreshown with theirs! We may even say, knowing her kindly heart, how agast would she have been as well as they!

It is not difficult to see why her chances of welfare were so much better than theirs. There were many reasons.—While the Spanish and Portuguese princesses were passing their childish days in alternations of alarm and self will, of hardship and indulgence, the English princess was living in a happy home, receiving a careful and regular education. Her health was invigorated by bracing exercise, and her mind entertained and enlarged by intercourses with travelled and scientific men, and by journeys which were rendered educational by the use which was made of them. The Queen of Portugal lost the husband she really loved after a marriage of a few weeks. The Queen of Spain was violently separated from the lover whom she preferred, and married in a way which will excite the disgust and horror of generations to come, and the consequence is a present position which is painful and precarious beyond all others; even in these days of jeopardy of thrones. Our Queen married as she chose; and, as far as regards the qualities of her husband, she married to the lasting satisfaction of her whole people.—The natural consequence has followed—that no word of question of the soundness of the royal home, and its domestic peace, is ever uttered or imagined.

This is much but not all. The tenure of royalty is the main circumstance to be considered in appreciating the influences which have made the lot of our sovereign lady what it is. It was the precariousness of the fate of both the Iberian princesses which, united with the unconstituted temper belonging to royalty in their race and country, unsettled their minds and fortunes, and ruined their childhood. They were in fast suffering in hood. They were in fast suffering between the despotic and the representative principle which has since agitated every country but our own, and will agitate all Europe till constitutional government, in one form or other, is generally established. In our country there was no perturbation during the birth of our Queen but such as attended the due attention of the representative principle and method. The presumptive heiress of the throne witnessed such struggle as there was, without being personally affected by it, directly or indirectly. Her course was clear; her career unembarrassed, her dis-