

# THE GLEANER:

AND NORTHUMBERLAND, KENT, GLOUCESTER AND RESTIGOUCHE  
COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

Old Series]

NEC ARANEARUM SANAE TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR, QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC NOSTER YLIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBANUS UT APES.

[Comprised 13 Vols.]

New Series.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1853

VOL. XII.

## LITERATURE.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

#### I WAIT FOR THEE.

The heart is sweet—the fire is bright,  
The kettle sings for tea;  
The cloth is spread—the lamp is lit,  
The white cakes smoke in napkins white,  
And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, my love, thy task is done,  
The clock ticks listening,  
The blinds are shut, the curtain down,  
The warm chair to the fireside drawn,  
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come; his deep fond eye,  
Looks round him wistfully,  
And where the whispering winds go by,  
As if they welcome stop were nigh,  
His brows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,  
And turns his glance on mine,  
So earnestly, that yet again,  
His arm unto my heart I strain,  
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;  
Where'er thy footsteps roam,  
No heart will speed such kindly cheer,  
No beating heart, no listening ear,  
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk, fast,  
That well-known step doth come;  
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,  
The babe is wild with joy at last—  
A thousand welcomes home!

#### From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

#### FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

#### WHO CAN DESCRIBE THE CHANGING

#### CLOUDS?

A beautiful sight is, to stand and gaze on the clear blue firmament above. It is charming to watch the light feathery clouds, as they seem to come into being before our eyes, and then rapidly change their forms, and pass away; or to behold the dense white vapours gather in masses of ever changing form, assuming the most fantastic shapes, or seeming to grow up into lofty snow capped mountains. We have doubtless gone abroad into the fields on a lovely autumnal evening, when all is calm around, and the feathered tribes are seeking their repose. The setting sun is illuminating the earth with its last rays—the clouds above with golden edgings glow—and all the western sky is lighted up, in the most brilliant manner, in colours that are nowhere else to be seen. Have you not admired such a sight as this. Have you not sometimes asked—Who can paint so glorious a scene? Now, all this beauty, and this ever-varying picture, is caused simply by the sun's rays falling upon those clouds aloft, as they are constantly arranging themselves in new and fantastic groups. It is a great pleasure to all who are lovers of nature to watch their changing forms. The clouds, indeed, appear the most fleeting objects in nature. There seems to be no order or regularity in their motions or their shapes. And it may appear to you a hopeless task to attempt to describe them. Nevertheless they have been described; and the task is less difficult than you may imagine.

We have already explained to you, in our account of rain, the way in which the clouds are formed. They are generally believed to be composed of an immense number of hollow globules collected together. Each one of these very much resembles the soap-bubbles, you may blow with a tobacco pipe; only so exceedingly small that they are not visible to the eye, except when collected in masses. In this condition the clouds are capable of floating aloft in the air.

But, if, from any circumstances, such as a change in their electric state, they become more closely compacted together, they are then too heavy for the air to support, and therefore must fall to the earth. The more widely the particles which form the cloud are separated from one another, of course the lighter the cloud is, and the higher it will float in the air. Generally, however, they are observed to be not more than one mile from the surface of the ground; though very little fleecy clouds have occasionally been seen as high as five miles, or even more. If you have ever ascended mountains and been overtaken by a storm, you have no doubt observed the clouds rolling in large dark masses below your feet. You have perhaps, witnessed the fine sight of a storm raging below, while all have been calm and sun-light above.

Clouds, as you are aware, present the greatest possible variety of form. Yet still they have been classified, or arranged in several classes, according to the different shapes they appear to us to take. All the varied forms which they assume are reduced to six or seven different kinds, which, with a little attention, you may readily learn to distinguish. These various kinds have received different names. They are taken from the Latin language,

but we will mention them, in the hope that, by the aid of the explanation we shall give, you will be able to recognise them, and call them by their right names.

The first kind is called cirrus, or feathery cloud. Clouds of this description usually appear like a number of fine white threads, painted upon a clear blue sky, or like the feathers of a quill. They exhibit the utmost variety, yet always appear of a feathery, or thread-like form. They are the lightest of all the clouds, and are therefore generally seen very high in the sky. They are usually regarded as a sign of wind, and are frequently followed by a storm. No doubt you have noticed the long streamers which often stretch out from this kind of cloud; and have learned, that when they point upwards, they are a sign of rain, and when downwards a sign of fair weather.

The second kind is called the cumulus, or cloud which appears in heaps, accumulated one upon another. These, in consequence of their dense character, are generally near the earth. Clouds of this kind often indicate fair weather. In this case, they begin to form soon after sunrise, and continue to increase till the hottest part of the day. They then gradually diminish, and disappear entirely about sunset. Such clouds are sometimes exceedingly beautiful. As the mass gradually increases, and heap is added to heap; the edges become tipped with the most brilliant white. They grow up into mountains, whose tops seem clothed with the snows of ages, or hang down in festoons of rich drapery. No wonder the poet speaks of the surpassing beauty of 'those hanging snow-white palaces,' for certainly they almost seem to be creations of some fairy hand.

You have often been in the country, and walked abroad, it may be, as the shades of evening were coming on; if so, you cannot fail to have noticed, on a calm evening, the rising of the gentle mist from the lower ground, and from the surface of the river or the lake. You have watched it as it seemed to rise out of the earth. You have seen it, as the sun was setting, slowly stealing along, till it has spread over the entire country, and covered the fair landscape with its somber veil. It gradually becomes thicker, and more properly a cloud, as midnight comes on. Frequently it lasts through the whole night; rising, towards morning, higher in the air, when it is dispersed by the rising sun. This is the third kind of cloud. It is called the stratus, or cloud that is spread out into a widely extended sheet. It is the lowest of all the clouds, since it rests upon the surface of the earth or water. At sunrise it is frequently turned into the cumulus. It then may be seen gradually rising in those heaps which are so well known to you, and which have so long been regarded as a sign of fair weather. In November as the winter's frosts are coming on, this kind of cloud is not changed into the cumulus. It hangs over the earth for some time after sunrise; and is well known as the morning fog, which passes away as the sun's rays become more powerful.

These are the three principal varieties of cloud. But, besides these, there are four other forms, which consist of different modifications of those already described. There is, for instance, the cloud which gives a mottled or drappled appearance to the sky; the kind of cloud you so often see in summer, during fine weather. This is the cirro-cumulus. It partakes partly of the character of the cirrus, and partly of the cumulus. It is generally seen in small roundish patches, arranged in regular order. Frequently, too, it appears in distinct layers at different heights in the sky; the beautiful semblance of a flock, at rest. It is not only pleasing to the eye; it is pleasing also as a sure sign of fair and warm weather. It is usually formed from the cirrus, by the feathery threads of the latter becoming collected in small round masses, and taking a lower position in the sky. There is also the cirro-stratus; which consists of thin streaks of cloud lying regularly side by side, sometimes in a horizontal direction, sometimes slanting across the sky. They will often call to your mind, the appearance of a vast shoal of fish, pursuing their course in the deep. Often, too, it exhibits a thick mass in the middle; passing off at the edges into horizontal streaks along the sky. This cloud is almost always followed by wind and rain. It forms a very beautiful sky, especially when mixed with the cirro cumulus, but is one which, no doubt, you often regard with distrust, on account of the signs it bears. Very often the cirro-stratus and the cumulus become united into one. They then form a large dense cloud, called the cumulo-stratus. This cloud seems to swell up into an enormous overhanging top or crown. It often puts on the appearance of mountain scenery;

varied only by darker patches here and there. This is the thunder cloud, and hence is of course the forerunner of a storm.

None of the forms of clouds we have yet mentioned discharge rain upon the earth. Before they can do this, they must be changed into the nimbus, or rain cloud. This is a cloud whose upper part, presents the light feathery appearance of the cirrus while the lower part is in the act of being condensed into rain, and from it rain is falling. Yet the upper part is generally unseen, except in partial showers, for its base most commonly spreads out into one continued sheet, and obscures the sky. When this sheet breaks, and the sun's bright rays dart through the opening, our hearts grow more light, and nature seems more beautiful than ever; for this, as you well know, is the sign that the rain is about to cease. This breaking up of the sheet of clouds is not entirely caused by the sun's power, as you might perhaps imagine, but by the clouds ceasing to arrive in sufficient quantities to keep up the condensation of the vapor into rain. On the gathering of a storm, the cumulo-stratus often presents a magnificent bank of clouds. This in different parts become converted into the nimbus. From the latter the lightning flashes frequently causing it to appear in one blaze of light, from the base to the crown. Such is the case in storms. But showers are often caused without the different kinds of clouds uniting in one. Whenever there are two layers of clouds spreading out, one above the other, condensation may take place; the rain cloud may form, and a shower of rain descend upon the earth.

The course of the clouds is as fleeting as the wind; for it is the wind that bears them along. You have often seen one layer of cloud moving in one direction, through the sky, while, above this, another layer is moving in just the opposite direction. They are wafted along by the currents of the wind and these blow from all parts of the sky. Whenever they strike against the summit of the mountains, they become condensed, and fall as rain. And it is because the presence of mountains favours the condensation of the clouds, by changing the direction of the currents of air, that mountainous countries are so subject to rain.

Thus we have endeavoured to describe to you the various forms which the clouds assume. Although they exhibit every possible variety of shape, and scarcely keep the same form for five minutes together, they can still be arranged, as you see, in a few classes. We have doubtless said enough to enable you to distinguish the different kinds, and to form some idea of the sort of weather that may be expected from the character of the clouds. When you walk abroad, do not forget to give a look now and then upon the clouds. But think not merely of their beauty, and the fantastic forms which they assume; sometimes, at least, let your thoughts dwell upon the wonderful manner in which they are formed, and the blessings they diffuse around, when they pour forth their gentle showers upon the earth.

#### THE MECHANIC, OR BEING SOMEBODY.

BY ELIZA A. CHASE.

'Come, William you will go with us this afternoon,' said James Grey to his cousin.

'No James; and I have already given you my reason for refusing,' was the reply.

'A fig for such reasons! You can't afford the time! Why, man—or boy, rather, for you will never be a man—what is one afternoon, that you are so afraid of spending it?'

'Much, very much, James. I have a difficult plan almost completed, and wish to finish it while the idea is fresh in my mind.'

'That everlasting plea again. Some old machinery, enough to puzzle the brain of Archimedes himself. Are you going to invent perpetual motion? I do declare, William Grey, you are enough to provoke the patience of a saint. For ever musing over plans, diagrams, and models, and heathenish machinery, that would make one think your room a pagan temple. I expect you will apply for a patent for an improvement in the car of Juggernaut. But it is of no use to talk to you, for you are joined to your idols.'

'I would try to be somebody,' he patently continued, as he turned toward the door.

'Would you, James? That was the quiet reply of William. 'Well I am trying to be somebody.'

'You have a strange way for it, though. Here you are shut up in this dismal room, night after night, never enjoying a harmless trick with the rest of us, or giving yourself any of the indulgences that make life pleasant. Even a holiday makes no

difference with you. One would think you loved the very sight of the tools and workshop, for you have them forever before you.'

'Don't get excited, James, said William smiling. 'Come be serious now. Do I not perform as much labor and succeed as well in my trade as any of you?'

'And as for enjoyment, no one loves pleasure better than I do. I should enjoy a sail with you this afternoon very much, but I cannot indulge myself, for my means of improvement are limited, and but little of my time can I call my own.'

'James, we are machinists, causing gross, material substances to assume shapes of beauty and fitness, under the mysterious supremacy of our wills. Some call this a low, a common business, a mechanical operation; but it is not so. There is a mental power to which matter must bow, and there is nothing higher than to elevate and enoble our conceptions, so as to make this plastic matter subservient to the best interest of man. It is thus improvements are made. First, the ideal, then the corresponding outward form. Now in my mind there is shadowed forth, though but dimly—

'Save me from such learned inflictions,' exclaimed James 'I have no taste for what I cannot understand. Well William, be a dreamer if you please. I am for active life and its pleasures. Hurrah for our sail, and good-by to the second Fulton!'

'Poor James! A mere hewer of wood and drawer of water,' said William, as he closed the door and resumed his employment.

'Where's Will?' cried several voices, as James joined his comrades in the street.

'Oh, in his room, of course, calculating how much beetle power it will take to draw an acorn up an ant-hill.'

'Couldn't you prevail on him to come? He is one of the best rowers we have.'

'Prevail on him? You might as well try to prevail on an oyster to leave his shell! I was really vexed with him, and gave a short piece of my mind. I told him, at length, I would try to be somebody,' said James lighting his cigar and twirling his cane after the most approved fashion.

'Good!' said Harry Gilbert, 'I am glad you showed your spirit. William is a good hearted fellow, if he is as full of oddities, and it may perhaps start him from his burrow. But what did he say?'

'Oh, after arguing the matter awhile he went off into a learned dissertation, in the midst of which I made my escape. His 'conceptions' and 'ideals' were too much for me. He will never be anybody in the world, that's the long and short of it.'

James and William Grey were cousins, and were both apprentices in a machine shop, where the various kinds of machinery were made. James as may be inferred by the foregoing conversation, looked upon his employment as a necessary evil. To him it were mere manual labor, a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat, a certain expenditure of strength—in a word, it was toil in its most literal sense.

William on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be moulded into some uncared-for machine, but, as he had told James, a plastic material assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore, not only the mechanical part of his trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaptation of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested various improvements.

All his leisure time was employed in the construction of models; and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at a close, and William had not only improved but had invented several useful designs.

Looking over a paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of a thousand dollars for the best model for a peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.

'Why should I not try?' said William.

He understood what was wanted, and day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was the model of this upon which he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.

Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and round him sitting at the table, a sealed package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.

About a week after this a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James who was then alone.

'I wish to see Mr Grey,' said the

stranger, glancing with a smile at the peculiar decoration of the room.

'My name is Grey,' returned James, placing a chair for the guest.

'Allow me to congratulate you on your success. Mr Grey,' said the gentleman pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.

'My success! I do not understand you sir,' said James.

'Are you not Mr Grey, the inventor of this delicate and important machinery?'

'I am Mr Grey, but I am not an inventor of anything,' returned James somewhat bitterly. 'Here is the fortunate person, my cousin, William Grey,' he continued as William entered.

'I rejoice in your success, young man,' said the stranger to William. 'Your plan has met the entire approbation of the committee, of which I am one. My name is Wilson, and I am authorized to pay you the thousand dollars, and also to advance you another thousand on condition that you superintend the erection of the work to be established.'

William was astonished, overwhelmed, and after expressing his thanks, added, 'I am yet an apprentice, and my time will not expire within some three months. After that I will except your offer, if you will wait till then.'

'An apprentice! said Mr Wilson. 'How then, let me ask you, have you obtained such a knowledge of mechanics?'

'By saving my leisure moments, joined to a love of my business as involving some of the best interests of man. Six months from that time saw William in a responsible office, with a high salary, and the patentee of several useful inventions while James was a journeyman laborer with twenty-five dollars a month.

'Well James,' said Harry Gilbert, a short time after, 'William is somebody after all!'

'Yes,' returned James, 'I think we judged him wrongly once. I would give all I had in the world to live over my apprentice life. These leisure moments are what make the man after all Harry!'

#### A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

The morale of the following laughable incident, which we take from an English paper, may amuse and instruct at the same time:—

The best Rowland for an Oliver that ever these ticket fellows received, was from a witty Hibernian a few weeks ago. Pat had just arrived in London, and wandering about one day, perceived a blanket in a window marked thus: 'This superior blanket for half price, the very thing he wanted; for he was an economical soul, and yet found the luxury of a warm and comfortable snooze. In he quietly walked, and addressed the shopkeeper on the subject. 'I want to buy that blanket, sir,' says Pat. It was instantly placed before him, with numerous recommendations to the buyer's notice.

'Please to tell me the price of it, sir,' says he.

'Five shillings,' replied the seller.

'By my soul, and chape enough, too; and as I need it, I will buy it,' says Pat; and so, after folding up the blanket and putting it tightly under his arm, he coolly put down half a crown, and was respectfully taking his leave, when the active shop-keeper leaped over the counter and intercepted the customer's passage into the street, demanding two shillings and sixpence more.

The Hibernian gentleman insisted that he had advertised the blanket in question at half price, and says he. 'Didn't you say your price was five shillings? consequently, half price is half of that: so the Devil burn myself and the blankets if I give up the bargain.'

A little scuffling followed, but they found Pat rather a rough customer and therefore called for the aid of a constable. All would not do—the blanket would have, and to put an end to the dispute, all the parties adjourned to Bow Street, when, after a patient examination before the worthy magistrate, Pat was permitted to retain his purchase, and the blanket seller warned never more to tinker his goods in the window for sale at half-price.

A new anecdote of John Randolph of Roanoke is always welcome, this is given by the Norfolk News:—He was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt, one of the first families of the old dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation but failed in all his efforts. But in the