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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"When you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."
"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"
"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow and who pass their lives in agonizing those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves—and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but, after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours?"

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said, sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me!"
The frank, joyous husband, was, as he expressed it, "shut up for the evening." And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the family kill-joy.

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel's whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit; yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equaled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love, as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth her life was one long weak wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die! What sin had she committed to be so sorrowfully tried?

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifle with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day, come into my study."
Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in another her lover's despair.

the affair settled. What do say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage?"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.
"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"
"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma" (her head sorrowfully bent down.)

"That is the trial of life, my child," said Mr. Gray, in a low tone; "his face full of that quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We can not expect to keep you with us always; and although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell: what answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said smiling, and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half sighed.
Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said: "There, go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose two toys. You do not know which to leave and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"
"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me, and meanwhile go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunken an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from the terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but sighed the lady, 'no man ever loved as much as woman loves!'"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk? Can you not understand the duty of silence? Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland. They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon."

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble, too—much more than was necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long, which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold, and her grief, and her weariness made her the most painful companion, especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations, plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savored less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half-distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting fits performed by her mother.

"It wanted only a week now to the mar-

riage when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.
"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Dr. Melville if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time; but she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger?" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door, and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly about the room, expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; send for your father." A new nature seemed to be roused in Isabel. Agitated and frightened as she was, a womanly self-possession seemed to give her double power, both of act in vision, and to bury forever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell, and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face gently; and without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then as her father entered, she drew back the curtain, and opened the window, saying softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that everything was already done which could be done without professional advice; and giving his wife's pale face a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying, simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man would have done it, was at Doctor Melville's door.

(To be continued.)

From Godey's Lady's Magazine.

QUACKERY.

"The great success of quacks in England has been altogether owing to the real quackery of the regular physicians."—What does that mean? Just this, that the mortality of many legalized practitioners, even of the highest grade, is not one remove above that of the Morisons and St. John Longes, whose dishonest practices they are so constantly decrying! Now this, you will say, is a startling statement—and much will doubtless depend upon the character of the person making it, whether you treat it with a laugh of contempt, or listen to it with something like respectful attention. The man who deliberately put that on paper (and I quote him to the latter), was no less a person than Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations!" If such, then, was the certain and settled conviction of that very keen-sighted observer of mankind, will any assertion, any asseverations on the part of individuals interested in declaring the contrary, weigh with your own sense, against the evidence of that you are a man, when you choose to examine this matter fairly and fully for yourselves? So far as my own experience goes—that is, from what I have seen of the profession in London and the English county towns—eminence in medicine is less a test of talent and integrity than a just reason of suspecting the person who has attained to it, of a complete contempt for both! I say suspecting—for I have met with exceptions, but not many, to the rule. Could you only see, as I have seen, the *farce* of a medical consultation, I think you would agree with me

that the impersonation of physic, like the picture of Garrick, might be best painted with comedy on one side and tragedy on the other. In saying this much, not only have I acted against everything like medical *etiquette*, but I shall be sure to be roundly abused by the medical profession for it. The truth, however, I maintain it to be, but not the whole truth! for the world must have its eyes a little more open before it can believe all I happen to know upon the subject. By and by, I shall tell the English people something that will make their ears tingle!—*Dr. Samuel Dickson's Fallacies of the Faculty.*

THE TEXAS TARANTULA.

This Texas of ours is an astonishingly prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded, so that it can scarce wave under the breeze, with corn or sugar, or wheat or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white-haired children.—Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie hens and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie and too little forests for a multitude or variety of birds; but in horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes, we beat the universe. Everybody has horned frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the levee at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas to fair ones in the old States. The fair ones receive the neat package from the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerreotype, perhaps jewelry, open the package early, and faint as the frog within hops out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned frog is simply a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns. It has horns because every thing in its region—trees, shrubs, grass even, has thorns, and nature makes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon the air, and can, if desired, live I am told, for several months even without that.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster exactly, only not more than three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are less poisonous than the scorpion of the East; in fact, none except new comers dread them at all.

But the tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air that time you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiling in your path. You were frightened, through every fibre of your body. Very probable the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, as utterly frightened as possible, when you avoid stepping on a tarantula. Filthy, loathsome, abominable, and poisonous, crush it to atoms before you leave it! If you have never seen it, know henceforth that it is enormous spider, concentrating all the venom, and spite, and ugliness of all other spiders living. Its body is some two inches long, black and bloated.

It enjoys the possession of eight long, strong legs, a red mouth, and abundance of stiff brown hair all over itself.—When standing, covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage—and if it bite into a vein the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the saloon, it came hopping up the saloon, driving the whole body of passengers before it, it almost drove the whole company, crew, and all overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall, meditating murder upon the children playing in the room. Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it imprisoned in a glass jar, unharmed. There was a flaw in the glass jar, as well as a hole in the cork by which it could breathe; but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! Soon after, I killed three upon my place, crawling upon ground trodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month after, I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family circle under a door step, upon which the forehead of a little boy played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would, of course, have picked it up as a promising toy; and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the

woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to kill him I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It, too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognised it as a foe, and throwing itself upon its hind legs breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomous jaws, and threw its long and hairy legs about in great rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile, and escape. After the sixth stab the tarantula actually fell over on its back, dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off, happy in having done a duty assigned it in creation.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE BIBLE.

There are in all sixty-six books that comprise the volume of the Holy Writ, which are attributed to more than thirty different authors or writers of the whole. Half of the New Testament was composed by St. Paul, and the next larger writer is the gentle and beloved St. John.—With the single exception of Paul, neither history nor tradition has testified that those powerful thinkers and writers ever enjoyed the benefit of education, or that they were trained to scholarship and learning; yet, how ably have they written what eminent characters have been chronicled by them, and what great events recorded, both for time and eternity.

Jeremiah is sorrowful; Isaiah sublime; David poetical; Daniel sagacious; Hezekiah and Haggai terrible and denunciatory; but they all seem to have exercised their natural gifts under the influence of Divine direction and inspiration. Moses with his vast knowledge, and profound intelligence—the legislator, the reformer, the deliverer, commenced the work; and John with his depth of feeling and exquisite tenderness and simplicity, completed it.

And what do we know of the lives of all those, or even of the two last mentioned.—Nothing that human vanity might exult in.

Moses was rescued from the oozy rushes of the Nile, and John died in his old age an exile on the same Island of Patmos.

THE MERCY OF GOD IN ICE.

In the languor and exhaustion of a recent illness, my mind dwelt much on the mercy of God in ice. As it quenched my panting thirst, or cooled my burning brow, I came to the conclusion that, to the sick, it was the queen of comforts. I rejoiced that I had outlived the ancient prejudice against its use in sickness. I wished I could writ a psalm like David's in its praise. And I thanked the Holy Children, that, in their *Benedictio omnia opera Domini*, they had remembered ice. O, ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever; I then remembered that, to the sick poor, this great comfort was a luxury, rather than an impossibility, and the thought occurred to me, that if I were rich, I would found, in one of our great cities an ice-house for the sick poor.

As I am not, and never expect to be, the next best thing is to suggest it to those who are, and if any of them have felt, as I have, the mercy of God in ice, they will hasten to show forth their gratitude in providing for these his brethren. And whoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward!

MARRY.

JEREMY Taylor says if you are for pleasure, marry—if you prize rosy health, marry—and even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

A PROMISING YOUTH.

"What can you do?" asked a traveller of a country urchin who he saw in front of a farmer's house, tacking a toad with a straw.
"Oh, I can do mor'n considerable. I rides the turkeys to water, cards down the