

THE GLEANER:

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

Old Series]

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

[Comprised 13 Vols.

NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

Vol. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for November.
ONLY A QUICK TEMPER.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THAT mother's lot is replete with caring care who has a confidant and a counsellor in her husband; but when her weightiest burdens are pressed upon her by his hand, the spring of life will wear out before its time. There is but one haven for her weary spirit, and over the vexed billows the lowly Christian was slowly approaching that rest. Those who had not seen her for some time remarked a change when they met, and her acquaintances suggested that her cold might take an unpleasant turn if she did not attend to it. At home these symptoms of declining health were not understood. The girls, indeed, took upon them nearly the whole charge of the house. 'Mother wanted them to learn, and she was not so young and strong as she had been.' Mr Harvie ceased to wonder at finding her constantly in her chamber; there was nothing for her to do elsewhere. She never complained, and how was he to know that she only got up from the lounge, her resting-place during most of the day, when she heard him in the hall below? His equanimity was oftener disturbed than usual that winter—he remembered it afterwards with vain remorse; and her look—so mournfully tender at her childings.

A banquet was to be given to a distinguished statesman, and first upon the committee list was the name of Russell Harvie. His post of honor involved toils, and perplexities which would have tried a more equable temper. It wanted but an hour of the time for the festivities to commence, when he hurried home to dress. Mrs Harvie had spoken the previous day of a troublesome influenza, and this afternoon she was reclining on the couch, very pale, and labouring for breath. Lucy, the nurse of the family, was administering some simple remedy for a cold.

The quiet household was soon in a ferment. As invariably happens when one is in a flurry, everything went exactly wrong. Poor Mrs Harvie saw the turmoil in helpless distress; her feeble tones were drowned in the bustle. He husband had never displayed less self-command; he turned drawers topsyturvy; kicked the servants; stormed at Julia and Emma, who endeavoured to do his frantic bidding; and setting his feet against her lounge, sent it against the wall with a shock that nearly threw her off.

'How was a man to move in a room cluttered up with would-be invalids and their lumber?'

She arose and walked steadily across the room, sent the girls away, and without a word, put the last touches to his toilet. Her unearthly look quieted, but did not subdue him. As she handed his hat, she spoke: 'I hope you will have a pleasant time. Farewell, Russell.' He turned contemptuously away. The ceremonies of the dinner were protracted until many of the guests manifested a decided disinclination to seek any other place of abode than the banqueting-hall. Among those to whom the power of locomotion was among the things that were, was a personal friend of Mr Harvie's, a man of considerable eminence in the political world, who had to go out of town that night, to the house of a relation, five or six miles in the country. His carriage and horses were ordered, but his driver was found to have followed his master's example. Leaving him where he lay, Harvie assisted his 'honorable friend' into the vehicle, and with characteristic impetuosity placed himself upon the box.—The stars were paling in the East as he reached the city after a drive of a dozen miles. The heat of passion and wine had cooled in the night breeze; and the angel of repentance came down upon his ears with her shadowy wings. He thought of the frank gaiety, of the unsuspecting nature of the bride he had brought to his home, contrasted with the drooping form whose plaintive 'farewell' haunted him.

He felt to-night as he had never felt before, that the furrows in the once lovely face were not the work of time and ill-health; he would recompense her for her lifetime devotion; he would humble himself, man as he was, to sue for forgiveness—would conquer the evil one who had reigned over him so long—she should be happy—he could make her so. He smiled in contrite fondness as he marked her lighted window, 'awaiting a truant husband!' His bound upon the staircase was as light as it was twenty years ago.

'Watching still, beloved!' as a slight figure arose from beside the bed. She shrank from him. His arm was fiercely grasped by his son, who, throwing back the sheet, revealed features well known, yet awfully strange in their still ghastliness! The boy's hollow accents were a fearful explanation, 'Your work is done at last!'

When he could bear it, others—not his children—they avoided all mention of her name—told him that they had found her dead; no one knew when or how she died. Julia had been too uneasy to sleep and, stealing to her mother's chamber at midnight, met Edward at the door. They made the harrowing discovery together. Medical aid—no aid in this case—was summoned—and the neighbours aroused. Mr Harvie could not be found; the search was still in progress when he arrived. It would be hard to picture a more desolate home than was his for long and darksome months. Yielding and unobtrusive as she had been, she had been the element of peace, the one pure link that kept the domestic chain from corroding and separating. Her namechild exerted her best power to walk in her steps, but her position was different, her influence less. Julia considered her inferior in firmness and experience; and the fearful persuasion that sometimes swayed the stubborn Edward, because her eyes then were like her mother's, had but a transitory effect upon the volatile Emma. It was destined for the latter to call forth the first token of her father's displeasure after the event which had lulled the demon for a time. Her elastic nature sprang soonest from the burden that weighed his to the dust, and the incongruity of their feelings forced from him the sole expression of pain which he understood—a frown and a taunt. Julia was by, and her significant glance at Edward was not unnoted. If he had never chosen to understand his wife, it was now his turn to be misunderstood. Lucy, alone, had a glimmering consciousness that his moroseness and fretful outbreaks of a stung spirit sprung from their common bereavement. Emma disgusted by her attempt to divert, and Julia and Edward, rejected Lucy's interpretation of his moodiness with indignant scorn, so firmly persuaded were they that his love for the departed had been poor and selfish.

Julia was ripening into early womanhood, sought after and admired by many, idolized by none as by the father she had so cruelly misjudged. The defiant silence or the biting sarcasms with which she heard his approaches of her heartlessness, goaded him to fury. A tear, a deprecating word, at these seasons, would have opened the door of reconciliation; but the time for these had passed, and the two proud hearts ached on.

As soon as they were out of mourning, the Misses Harvie were indulged with attentions and invitations. The family seldom passed an evening together.

'Where is Julia?' enquired her father one night seeing Lucy at the tea-board.

'In her room, papa, dressing for the party.'

'The party! very explicit! However I am laid by—have no right to be consulted in your arrangements!'

'I might have been more definite, certainly,' said Lucy, with her mother's trembling smile; 'I thought you might remember our telling you of the grand affair Mrs Thomas was to give, in honor of her niece's marriage.'

'I have enough upon my mind without such nonsense.'

'Are not you going?'

'I think not; I have a touch of the toothache, and am afraid of the damp air.'

'Oh, Lu,' interposed Emma. 'Papa, I heard her tell sister that her toothache was most apropos. She did not like to leave you at home, you looked so blue at dinner time.'

'Blue-black, you mean?' said her sister, 'and I must say I agreed with her.'

'She would have been at a loss to designate the shade that overspread his face at this mal-apropos remark.'

'I regret,' said he wistfully, 'that pity for me should tempt any one to a violation of truth. It is well for my own children to teach me how I have fallen. Nothing more was said until Julia came down.'

'How pretty!' exclaimed Emma.

'Your dress is very becoming, dear,' said Lucy. 'See papa, she is really queenly.'

The luckless Emma prevented any demonstration of paternal pride.

'You need not deny your likeness to papa again, sister. You never looked as much like him as now, and never half as well. I should take it as a compliment!'

'And so do all of us,' interrupted Lucy, frowning at her.

Her father read a different language in

the handsome orbs that threw back the angry flash of his.

'I assure you, Miss Harvie, that I am not disposed to regard our unfortunate resemblance with more complacency than yourself. At his moment I certainly do not feel flattered that it should be detected.'

He resumed his paper and read in sullen taciturnity until bed time.

Lucy sat up in the parlor for her sister. She had no heart for study or work, and sat gazing into the fire with a hopelessness in her moist eyes that was heart rending.

'It is a weary, weary road,' she said at length, 'and I can see no turning.' A book lay upon the table beneath her hand. A mechanical movement is often no accident, it opened at these words: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'

The fair head sunk upon the page. She might then endure to the end; distasteful as was her daily draught, she would not rebel; those who 'had come out of great tribulation' wore the whitest robes. She knew that her trials would not be called 'real troubles,' but she felt, and the Searcher of hearts knew that they were as heavy as she could bear, and she reflected with sublime confidence upon the promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

A carriage stopped, just as, reverting to the present, she began to wish for Julia's return.—She came in flushed with excitement, and apparently in the finest glee.

'My little darling, you are paling your roses, counting the 'sma' hours away twal! Fie on me for allowing it! How cozy you look by your warm hearth, and my fingers icicles!'

She stooped to the grate and pulled off her gloves. Lucy regarded her with solicitude as she divested her of her cloak and furs. The strained laugh stopped as Julia met her look.

'It is useless, Lucy,' said she drawing her to her breast. 'When I see your pure face, I must despise myself, and speak the truth! Darling I am to leave you soon—soon!'

'Julia! dear sister!' cried Lucy, alarmed at her vehement grief. 'What do you say? Leave me! why?'

'Why,' returned Julia, releasing her, 'because I will not submit longer to this intolerable thralldom. I have tried to forget that he was my father, to hate him as he does me, to hurl back taunt for taunt, and I cannot! I appear not to regard it; I smile in the midst of his transports of rage and detestation; but I feel it all! It is eating out my life! I love him still! I could tear out my heart when I say it! I went out to-night, desperate and despairing, with but one thought defined—I would escape!—I laughed and danced, but the gall and fire were there through it all. And then—then—Frederick Staunton asked me to marry him, and I have promised!'

'Frederick Staunton!' was all Lucy could say. She would have needed nothing but her sister's reluctant enunciation of these last words, to convince her that the thought was obvious to her; but she knew already that she did not love him. Julia went on.

'Frederick Staunton! I anticipate your objections. He is my inferior in mind and education; there never can be congeniality of taste or sentiment. I have no warmer feeling for him than esteem for his amiable qualities, and appreciation of the compliment he has paid me; but listen, Lucy!—Our father seemed to love our mother! And he killed her, because she loved him in earnest!'

'My purpose is fixed. I am accessible only through my affections, and this vulnerable point has been assailed until I will endure no more. My husband shall not have it in his power to touch me there; my pride and will will bear me out in everything besides. Revivings and rebukes are part of the vernacular of men; if they must come, it shall be from one for whom I care nothing! Oh!' continued she, wringing her hands, 'it is base and dastardly, and unmanly thus to trample upon a feeble, loving woman! to make her throw away her heart, her only wealth, to secure her peace and quiet such as it is.'

(To be concluded.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN AMERICAN.

It is utterly impossible to mistake an American for any one else, en route; he has either his feet upon the car next to him, which he turns over for the purpose, or if it be occupied, he sits with his knees 'let in' to the back of it; he either sucks a piece of sweatmeat, bites a piece of wood, or chews a bit of tobacco, keeps on continually spitting, and invariably reads a newspaper.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
Whose image charms, to lift, thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old dominion land,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altar'd world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hear;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely coast,
When God proclaims his own.

Six days my Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall—
Thy seven the Father open the door,
And holds His feast for all!

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BEGGARS.

The difference between the beggars of America and England seems to us to amount to this: theirs would not object to knocking your brains out if they caught you by any chance in a by-alley, but they would not solicit alms of you in the open streets; while ours would be afraid to commit murder, but would follow you a mile to get a half-penny out of you. In every county of every state of the Union there is what we used to call the poor or work house, and what we now, to speak more fashionable, call the "union," (in some counties we believe there is more than one such house,) erected and kept up for the reception of the poor; but, Jonathan having a "notion" that it will never do to be poor and seem poor at the same time, has christened these buildings "County Houses," and hundreds of his fraternity would rather die in the deepest distress, than become an inmate of any such fearful establishment.

There is a certain dread the poor entertain of these places, no matter what the name you give them, or what the style you build them in, that is not to be overcome; they have an impression that the olden cells of Venetian torture could not be worse, that they present alike scenes of doling life out by slow degrees, in which operation the agony of the mind very frequently prevails over that of the body.—*Alfred Bunn's Old England and New England.*

THE PALACE OF DELHI.

On the 9th of November I entered Delhi and sighed over its misfortunes, its magnificent palace, its degradation, ill-usage and dirt. Of the last, the worst is the puppet-king who dishonors it with his base court; for, if physical filth reigns amongst those gorgeous ruins in all disgusting forms it is surpassed by the moral filth. The palace of Delhi combines all that is horrible, disgusting, and melancholy, with everything that was grand, and beautiful!

I beheld with admiration that seat of empire, that throne of the Moguls, imperial until the insulting spoiler came in guise of Lord Wellesley's 'ignominious tyrants,' when royal splendour passed away. Nought now remains but ruin and the cherished scum of Eastern debauchery and crime within the great and beautiful palace of Delhi.

THE BOUNDARY OF OUR INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

THAT the Sutlej ought to bound our Indian possessions until they are better governed, has always been my opinion. The hostility of the Sikhs rendered that impossible; but there is no impossibility of taking the Indus as a boundary. It seems however, a law of nature that civilization shall encroach upon barbarism.—The American 'Go-ahead' is not indeed our cry in India, we have a modulated sound, and meekly we borrow in jest but decline repaying, and so creep on with humble expanding operations.—*Indian Misgovernment, by Sir C. J. Napier.*

A CROSS WALK.—To take a stroll with a girl who has got the sulks.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the Liverpool Albion.
FIGHTING CHANCES OF TURKEY.

SIR CHARLES SHAW has published a letter on the military power of Turkey and Russia, in which he discusses the question whether a common opinion, that the Turks, if single-handed, have little or no chance of success against their powerful adversaries, be well or ill-founded. Sir Charles says:—This opinion of the weakness of Turkey has been produced to a very great extent by a certain part of the European press, under the control of Russia, writing in such a manner, not only to frighten the Turks, but also to influence other governments to imagine that, through her internal weakness, the fate of Turkey was doomed, and that the Mussulmen must be driven from Europe. To combat this general opinion of the immense and overwhelming power of Russia is difficult; but in spite of this I shall endeavour to show that Russia by her former acts is not entitled to be considered invincible. In speaking of Russia we must never lose sight of the fact that all depends on the Emperor Nicholas, and the query may be made—have his former acts shown that he is the noble, magnanimous character the European press have tried to prove him?—What have the successes of the Russians in the field been during the last sixty years? True, the rush into the centre of Europe of the barbarian Suwarrow, with his bloodthirsty crew, still reeking with the blood of the 30,000 women and children of Ismail, threw a temporary eclat on the Russian arms. But what did the Russian army accomplish during the revolutionary wars of France? Although they with great courage stood steady to be shot down or sabred, what success did they gain? Did he not by sheer hard fighting drive them to the other end of Moscow? After doing this in less than twenty-four hours Napoleon lost 30,000 of his horses by the severity of the weather, and eventually, through the same means, the finest army the world ever saw assembled. But Russia claimed, and Europe accorded, the credit of this defeat of Napoleon's army to the superiority of that of Russia; while every impartial man this distance of time must allow that the destruction of the French army and Napoleon's power would not have occurred at that time except through the instrumentality of Providence, almost independently of the Russian army. But upon this basis of ice and snow has the terror of the Russian arms been built, and the question is now about to be solved if this basis is sufficiently strong. The success of Alexander, even though owing to a severe winter, covered many iniquities, and induced him to think himself more than human, and I believe on only one occasion did he ever find a human creature bold enough to speak to him as a man.

Although Nicholas has peace and mercy in his mouth, and attempts to cover his misdeeds with the mantle of religion, can it be expected that a man whose despotic will is of twenty-eight years growth will hesitate in entering upon a bloody war with any nation who attempts to make him digorge his long coveted booty? But the Turks, though Mussulmen and Pagans, as Prince Gortschakoff calls them, are a brave, and not a stupid, unthinking people. Nicholas ascended the throne in 1825, and even then he was such an adept in diplomacy that he contrived in 1827 to use the British and French fleets at Navarino to weaken that country, which he had resolved sooner or later to possess. In 1828 and 1829 the Russian army was successful against the Turks. But under what circumstances? Turkey appeared at that time fair game for every one to attack, and the moral courage of the nation was weakened, not only by the loss of her fleet and by her own intestine divisions, but by seeing almost all Europe combined against her. Let a comparison be made between the Turkish and Russian armies of that day. Shortly before this the Sultan had disbanded and destroyed the Janissaries, who were considered the flower of the Turkish army, and those whom he brought into the field in 1828-9 were either recruits or the old regiments which had been newly modelled, and consequently, unfit in a great measure for actual warfare. The Russian army, on the contrary, were composed chiefly of those men who had been in actual warfare against the French army from 1803 to 1814. The Russian soldier is not entitled to his discharge until after twenty-five years' service; so many of the private soldiers, and the greater part of the non-commissioned officers, and a large