

THE GLEANER:

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

Old Series]

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

[Comprised 13 Vols.

NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1853

VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Graham's Magazine for October.

TO THE NORTH WIND.

BY ESTHER CONRAD.

Thou'rt from the North—I hear thee on the moor;
The casement rattles with thy blast'ring voice,
And rudely thou assail'st my cottage door,
And fill'st my room with strange, mysterious noise.
Thou'rt like some wrathful spirit in thy maddened play,
That vents his rage on all that comes within his way.

Why come so furious? Say, where hast thou been—
Carousing at the North, icebergs among,
Covering the Polar Bear with briny shoon,
Flinging fantastic snow-wreaths o'er the Zone?
Or howling round some promontory's rugged shore,
Against which the ocean beats with loud incessant roar!

Thou'rt swept the mountains of the Northern pole;
Thou'rt fought with Hecla many a dreadful fray,
Causing the heavens to vanish like a scroll;
Recalling terrors of the judgment day—
The affrighted sea-bird screamed in concert on the main,
Her lonely way illumed by the volcano's flame.

The sons of Iceland quail not at thy storm,
They shrink not from thy cold and piercing air;
Their hardy frames in furs are covered warm,
The trophies of their conflict with the bear,
Contented, happy in those wild and sterile plains,
Where wintry desolation with icy sceptre reigns.

Not so with us, we're of more tender form,
We can't endure thy chilling breath, North Wind;
We fancy not their vestments rough, though warm,
A garb more soft's congenial to our mind,
We love a gentler wind, a milder, calmer air,
And freighted with the perfumes that our meadows bear.

'Twas thy sharp breath that blighted all our bowers,
Thy biting frost that turned the verdant leaf
To hues of yellow-red, like autumn flowers,
Charming the eye, but bringing Nature grief.
In one short hour you laid our leafy forests bare
And gnarled and naked boughs now sadly on us stare.

Then lie thee off! I bid thee far away
To the cold North, thy home and native place—
Whistle thy farewell ere the coming day
Calls forth the daring hunter to the chase.
The sporting whale awaits thee in the Northern sea,
And longs to gambol with thy spirit bold and free.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN,

BY VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

THE adventures of the early explorers of the American continent furnished to the wonder-lovers of the sixteenth century the same rich delights which the knights and dames of an earlier age found in the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, of Roland and Roncevalles, and of Amadis de Gaul. Even the old black letter men who pored in solitude over the accounts of the Argonautic expedition, or the adventurous rambles of Perseus, and believed them all, because it was impossible to prove them false, began to doubt as they heard of the dazzling conquests of the Spaniards, whether the classic age of marvel was yet passed. There certainly never was an age in which rude physical courage and energy gave more striking manifestations of their power, and we have now only to lament that the sense of justice and humanity was not at that time so fully developed as to make them subservient to the wants and happiness of mankind, instead of pandering to lust and covetousness.

In the character of Columbus himself, and in all his acts, there is everything to admire. There was in him that devout simplicity, that humble aspiration, that chastened and refined enthusiasm which animated the artists of his day, and made art not so much a profession as a religious faith. He followed out his convictions with an earnestness and single-mindedness, which were in themselves his best guarantees of success, and sought his reward, not so much in personal aggrandisement, as in the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge. It might have been said of him with no less truth than of our own great hero, that no woman ever feared to mention his name with honour, and no priest to couple it with prayer.

The men who followed in his footsteps were of a widely different stamp. They speedily took from the stories of new world

exploration all the show of noble daring and disinterestedness which gave to the earlier voyages an air of epic grandeur, and changed an Iliad of sailors into a series of marauding expeditions, full of romance, valour, and audacity to be sure, but tainted by the constant overflow of all the blackest passions of the human heart.

Spain, at the period of the discovery of America, was filled with young daring and impoverished adventurers, mostly of noble families, in whom a love of broils had been nurtured by the war which raged with the Moors of Granada during the whole of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and to whom pride and custom left no means of retrieving their fortunes, and winning honourable fame, except the profession of arms. The expulsion of the Moors threw all these idle upon the country, and the discovery of America found them fretting against their forced inactivity like an imprisoned lion against the bars of his cage.

A Spanish colony existed in 1510 at St. Domingo, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, and from it bands of adventurers issued at various times, for the purpose of exploring the interior of the southern continent, and in the hope of meeting with rich booty. One of the most daring, most romantic, and most unfortunate, was Alonzo de Ojeda, a model of fiery courage, untempered by one grain of prudence or caution. During one of his visits to St. Domingo, when full of hope and enthusiasm, but sorely pressed for money, he so dazzled the imagination of a rich lawyer, whom he there met, named Martin Fernandez de Enciso, by his glowing pictures of the riches and fertility of the forests of the continent, that he induced him to invest all his riches in fitting out an expedition, with a part of which Ojeda started directly himself, leaving Enciso to follow with the remainder. Ojeda passed through wondrous perils and hair-breadth escapes, to find himself, at the close of his strange eventful history, a ruined and broken-hearted man. It is not our purpose, however, to follow him through his romantic career. Our attention must for the present be confined to Enciso and his party, who prepared to follow his confederate with supplies and reinforcements. When he was on the eve of sailing, all the gentlemen of 'doubtful reputation,' debtors, swindlers, and other unfortunates, with whom St. Domingo already abounded, became most anxious to accompany him, finding, naturally enough, the vicinity of their creditors highly disagreeable. The latter however, getting wind of their intention, placed a close watch around the coast and harbour, and obtained an armed vessel from the admiral to escort Enciso's ship out of the port. The would-be emigrants were thus grievously disappointed, but one among them was determined not to be baffled, and we all know that where there is a will there is a way. He concealed himself in a cask, which he caused to be carried on board, as if containing provisions for the voyage, and when the vessel was fairly at sea, he emerged from his hiding place, and presented himself to the astonished gaze of the commander on deck. The latter was at first in a great rage, at the deception which had been practised upon him, fumed, shouted, and swore roundly that he would place the delinquent on shore on the first inhabited island they met with. The intruder, however, was a fine tall, muscular fellow, bronzed by the sun, and well-inured to fatigue, and there was a look of quiet daring in his eye, which made him, after all, no very unwelcome visitant to the leader of an expedition directing its course unknown and barbarous shores.

The name of this new recruit was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was a native of Xeres de los Caballeros, and of poor but noble family. He had been brought up, according to the custom of the time, in the service of a nobleman named Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, and had enlisted amongst the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his expedition to America. Peter Martyr, in his Latin Decades, speaks of him as an 'erregius degladiator,' a skillful swordsman, or, as some say, an adroit fencing-master; and gives him the character of a soldier of fortune, of loose, prodigal habits. He had for a short time taken up his abode at Hispaniola, and had commenced to cultivate a small farm at Salvaterra; but he soon found himself involved in debt, and at last made his escape in the way we have described. During the remainder of the voyage we hear nothing of him; but no sooner had the armament reached its destination, than his courage and capacity displayed themselves.

Enciso had expected to find Ojeda comfortably settled in a strong fort called San Sebastian, surrounded by treasure and lordly abundance; but alas! instead of this, he found but a howling wilderness, the fort a heap of blackened ruins, and its garrison gone he knew not whither.

The Indians were timid or hostile, and, to add to his misfortunes, his vessel was wrecked on the coast, and the crew escaped with difficulty. His supplies were soon exhausted, but where to seek assistance he knew not. In this dilemma, Vasco Nunez, the contraband passenger came to his aid, by informing him that he had formerly sailed along the coast, and knew an Indian village on the banks of the river called Darien, where they would find plenty of everything they needed, gold and food. They followed his guidance, attacked the village successfully, and found an immense booty. The soldiers were delighted; their hardships were over. Enciso here fixed his headquarters, assuming the title of alcalde mayor, and Vasco Nunez became a general favourite.

But the first edict of the alcalde forbidding all trafficking with the natives for gold on private account, upon pain of death, produced general dissatisfaction. It was in accordance with the king's command, to be sure; but men who had risked their all for gold were not to be balked in the acquisition of it by any squeamish loyalty. They murmured openly, and Vasco Nunez encouraged them in their murmurings; and at last a powerful party of which he was the head, denied Enciso's right to the position he had assumed, and at last formally deposed him from his authority. In his place, Vasco Nunez and one Zamudio were elected joint alcaldes, and a cavalier named Valdivia, regidor. Nunez was now in his element, in the prime of life, tall, well-formed, and vigorous, and with an open prepossessing countenance, and in possession of an authority all but supreme. He determined to carry matters to the extreme against Enciso and therefore summoned him before him to answer the charge of usurping the powers of alcalde mayor. As might have been expected, he was found guilty, thrown into prison, and his property confiscated. By the intercessions of his friends he was soon liberated, and permitted to return to Spain. As Nunez knew well, however, that he would plead his cause ably before the king, he sent out one of his own friends to argue his own cause against him.

(To be continued.)

From Harper's Monthly Magazine for October.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

We find this exposition of the value the merit, almost the piety of 'A Cheerful Heart,' in one of the compartments of 'The Drawer,' and regret that we are not enabled to assign to some nobler heart the honor of so true a sentiment:

'I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

'Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.'

'A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There was some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy, in spite of himself.

'The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but goes buzzing on, selecting his honey, where he can find it, and passing quietly by the place where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and to find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard, uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies we may walk therein with comfort, and and come to the end of our journey in peace.'

THERE seems to be good reason for supposing that the man who wrote the following must have experienced 'bad luck' in his choice of a wife:

'A man who marries now-a-days marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman; but to a laboratory of prepared chalk a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee-bags (for shirts), four baskets of cheap novels, one poodle-dog, and a set of weak nerves, which will keep four servant girls busy flying round the house the whole blessed time.'

Whether the fun pays for the powder, is a matter of debate. One would think it was!

ONE of the best illustrations we have ever seen of the great power of overwhelming vanity, is contained in the following anecdote from a late Parisian journal:

Two gentlemen were walking together through one of the most crowded streets of the 'Gay Capital,' when one remarked to the other:

'You see that man before us?'

'Yes; what of him?'

'Nothing but this: I will leave you, and go immediately up to him and kick him!'

'For what purpose? Has he offended you?'

'Not at all; I shall do it to illustrate a principle. I shall kick him, and what is more, he will neither resent it, nor be at all angry at the act.'

He immediately left the side of his friend walked up to the man of whom he had been speaking, and administered to him a tremendous *coup de pied*.

Astonished and indignant, the man turned upon the aggressor, who met his furious gaze with a face beaming with regret and sorrow:

'I beg your pardon, Monsieur,' he said, 'I have mistaken you for the Duke de la Tremouille, who has grievously wronged me!'

The Duke was the handsomest man in Paris, and the envy of all the beaux in town; whereas the man who was thus unceremoniously kicked, was a miracle of ugliness. But instead of being offended, he was flattered and gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered; so he simply smiled, bowed, and went on his way!

THE following specimen of original criticism, from a country journal, evinces a knowledge of logical disputation that would do credit to the most rabid controversialist:

'A discussion had arisen in a stage-coach upon the apparent impossibility that a perfect man, like Adam could commit sin.

'But he *wasn't* perfect,' said one of the company.

'Wasn't perfect?' ejaculated the other, in great amazement.

'No, sir; he *wasn't* perfect,' repeated the commentator.

'What do you mean?' asked his interlocutor.

'I mean what I say,' was the reply.

'He was made perfect, I admit; but he didn't stay perfect.'

'How so?'

'Why, didn't his Maker take out one of his ribs? He wasn't perfect after losing one of his ribs, was he?'

'His antagonist was silent; and candidly confessed that "Woman was the cause of man's original imperfection!"'

THERE'S a good deal of Dr. Frak lin's 'Poor Richard' style about the ensuing paragraph, upon 'Making Auger-holes with a Gimlet.'

'My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet? I asked of a little flax-headed urchin, who was labouring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

'Trying to make an auger-hole,' said he, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two-thirds of the world—'making auger-holes with a gimlet.'

There, for example, is young A—, who has escaped from the clerk's desk behind the counter. He sports a mustache and imperial, carries a rattle, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies he is really a great man; but every body round him sees that he is only 'making auger-holes with a gimlet.'

Miss C— is a 'nice,' pretty girl; she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough; but she must be the 'ton.' She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why, she is endeavouring to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.

HOW PARSON F--- SAVED HIS FLAX.

BUT the Parson must have a name; for this trick of setting the letters of the alphabet to masquerading has a shocking air of unreality about it, 'whereas this story's actually true'; yes, as true as the story about Captain Hugh Northrup and his steamboat, Lucifer (the *chef de œuvre* by the bye, of its excellent author's tales)—yes, true.

Well, it won't do to give the parson's real name, because his son has been a Governor and M. C., had a fort named after him, and all that; so we'll call him Parson Flinskind.

To say the parson knew a dime when he saw it would be an anachronism, for there were no dimes in his day; but he knew a four-pence-half-penny as well as the shrewdest of his parishioners. He was not fully versed in the art of catching them, but he made up for that by never letting them go. When his saddle wore out, instead of appropriating any of his savings to buy another, he rode to meeting on the pad appertaining to his gig-harness; and when his horse expired he transferred his *vice-saddle* to an ox. He moved off the public road, to keep out of the way of his brother clergymen, who would call on him in travelling; and many other like things he did—and he did them pretty well, when no particular management was required; but as to knowing how to go about things, he was as innocent as a child.

Parson Flinskind had a man named John, that staid with him for no reason that we could ever ascertain (for all these things we have by authority—you must suppose that we lived in the times when there were no dimes; we got along through 37, 8 and 9, but you don't call that living—); and so we have come to the conclusion that he was too lazy for any body else to put up with him, and he had to stay with the parson. John pleased the parson; for he never grumbled at any thing, or tried to pass himself off for being smarter than his master, but always did just what he was bid to do.

Parson Flinskind stood one Sunday evening looking at his field of flax, and trying to recall the appearance of other flax-fields at the time the crop had reached maturity, as he believed that his had.

'John,' said he to that worthy, who had approached, seeing the parson apparently in a quandary from which his assistance might be needed to rescue him, 'is it not time this flax was mowed?'

'I should think it was, if you ever mean to mow it,' replied John in a drawling tone.

'Well, John, you may go to work to-morrow and mow it.'

On the morrow John went to work and mowed the flax, cured it and made it up into hay-cocks in due form. After the work was completed Parson Flinskind came to inspect it, and, after taking a good look at it, observed—

'Why, John, this don't look right.'

'No, sir,' said John, 'it ought to have been pulled; but you told me to mow it.'

'Ah, John, you ought to have told me of that. But never mind, John; put it in the barn; it will do to feed ministers' horses on.'

FOOD OF THE CHINESE.

THEY have domesticated the horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog, the cat, the pig, and all other animals which have been domesticated in Europe, together with some creatures with which we have failed. They eat, indiscriminately, almost every living creature which comes in their way; dogs, cats, hawks, owls, eagles and storks, are regular marketable commodities; in default of which a dish of rats, field-mice or snakes, is not objectionable to. Cockroaches, and other insects and reptiles are used for food and for medicine. Their taste for dog's flesh is quite a passion.

Young pups—plump, succulent and tender—fetch good prices at the market stall where a supply is always to be found. A dish of puppies prepared by a skillful cook, is esteemed a dish fit for the gods. At every grand banquet it makes its appearance as a hash or stew. A young Englishman attached to our Canton factory, dining one day with a wealthy Hong merchant, was determined to satisfy his curiosity in Chinese gastronomy by tasting all or most of the numerous dishes which were successively handed round—One dish pleased him so well that he ate nearly all that was put before him.

On returning homeward, his companions asked him how he liked the dinner, and how such and such dishes; and then began to imitate the whining and barking of half a dozen puppies. The poor young man then understood for the first time that he had been eating dog, and was very angry and very sick at the stomach. Other Europeans, however, have been known to declare that they succeeded in conquering a prejudice, and that a six weeks old pup, properly fattened upon rice, and dressed a la Chinoise, was really a *bonne bouche*.—Extracted from a *New Work on China*.

Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed: 'Bonaparte must now be in funds, for he has received a check on the banks of the Elbe.'

FANNY Kemble is reading Shakspeare, in Paris.

THERE is no safe path besides that of duty.