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. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1853 VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE BALLET-DANCER.

BUT she rembered her adventure a long long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealized and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed to him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings, and the ten dollars from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably? What to do, so that Nelly might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and held up her head with the best of them.

Little did Nelly think of the bitter toil, and patient, motherly care it took to keep her at school and clothe her so prettily; little did she know how dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her 'darling Mabel,' and tell her how she was in Fenelon and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favorite was in the sunshine. If Nelly sorrowed, Mabel would have drooped.

'What to do?' This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter school-bill. Tears were running down her cheeks, as she thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, 'to borrow some coals.' She saw that Mabel was crying; and, seating herself by her, she asked: 'What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?'

Mabel after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful, contemplative air.

'You can do better than this,' she said after a pause. 'Can you dance?'

'Yes,' said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favorite with the old French dancing-master.

'Then come with me,' said the woman.

'Where?—what to do?'

'To the —— Theatre.' Mabel started.

'Does this frighten you?'

'Yes, a great deal.' She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and round a subject, of which a fiction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

'Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself, that degrades.' Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute, honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expression seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

'You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny,' added the woman; 'but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I dare say you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will have many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder—any thing, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humor. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing. Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer you must, necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good-morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, and that is a respectable age enough.'

And so she left, smiling, half-sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal-time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say? She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying: 'Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer?' sealed in her own mind her happiness and respectability forever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said: 'She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day.'

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the ordinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her: for she could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty woman behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Captain John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

'Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?' asked old Miss Wentworth, sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

'Very well lately, ma'am,' answered Mabel, turning rather red.

'What have you been doing, child?'

'Working, ma'am.'

'What at, Mabel?' asked Miss Lilias.

'Needle-work, ma'am.'

'Who for, Mabel?' asked Miss Priscilla.

'A ready made linen warehouse, ma'am.'

'Did they give you good wages, child?'

'Not very,' said Mabel beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

'Ugh! So I've heard,' growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. 'Wretches!'

'What did they pay you, Mabel?' Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

'Six cents a shirt, ten cents for a dozen collars, and so on,' answered Mabel.

There was a general burst of indignation.

'Why, how have you lived?' they all cried at once.

Mabel coloured deeper; she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into these three maiden heads. 'Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?' they cried all together.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading jam, and Miss Lilias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: 'I am a ballet-dancer,' she said, modestly, and courtesied.

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

'A ballet-dancer!' cried the eldest.

'With such short petticoats, Mabel!' said Miss Lilia, reproachfully.

'Dancing in public on one toe!' exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly, in a dark closet by the stairs, with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking, and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlour in procession.

'We are very sorry, Mabel Preston,' began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched—'we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings—'

'Yes, consulted our feeling,' interrupted Miss Lilias.

'And asked our advice,' said Miss Priscilla, sharply.

'You would not have done such a wicked thing,' continued old Miss Wentworth considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. 'However, it is too late to say anything about it. The thing is over and done. But you cannot expect *us* to countenance such proceedings. We are sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We cannot have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts made by a ballet dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example.' (Captain John was past forty, but still, 'our boy' in his old aunt's parlance).

Mabel courtesied, and said nothing. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

'Here,' said Miss Wentworth thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, 'take this: we won't part in unkindness at any rate.'

Mabel kissed the shrivelled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. 'She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining,' she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!'

(To be continued.)

TOUR TO THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE

METIS, Lower Canada, July, 1853.

A queer, queer place indeed is this to spend the night in, (the house of Jonathan Noble,) after a journey of nearly twelve hundred miles in pursuit of pleasure. It is called the half-way house between the Restigouche and St. Lawrence, but one might fancy it to be the half-way house between the outskirts of civilization and oblivion. It is a mere log cabin, containing two divisions upon the first floor, with a pair of closets honored with the name of bed-rooms, and one spacious garret, the usual herding place at night of Sir Matapedia Noble and his extensive family; mellowed to a rich vandyke brown by the smoke of untold years are all its rafters and rough wall, and so feeble is the whole building from the effects of the stormy winds of this northern land that it has to be propped up with massive timbers to prevent it from tumbling into the neighbouring stream. A small but poorish farm surrounds this cabin, bespeaking a kindred poverty in the proprietor, and we learn with pleasure therefore, that he receives a pension of some twenty-five pounds (for he could not otherwise survive) from the provincial government to keep open house for strangers, and to facilitate the weekly progress of the post. We attempt a twilight reconnoitre of our location, but are soon driven into the house by the black flies, or, as the Indians call them, '*Bite-um-no see-um*,' as well as by the smoke from burning chips, intended to keep them off, but even harder to endure. We ask for water wherewith to refresh our faces, and receive it in a dish which is yet warm from performing very recent duty upon the table; we ask for a towel, and receive a dingy pillow-case; we ask for a little supper, but so dubiously is it placed before us that the salmon goes untasted, and even the eggs and potatoes are looked upon with many doubts, and we rejoice with extreme joy that we still have left a portion of our Athol House supplies; we ask for beds and do receive them, but with accessories, numerous, magnificient, minute, and venomous beyond the power of common language to describe; and then, as if to increase the pleasure of our condition, our ears are all night saluted with the wolf-like howling of two dogs, and the natural emanations of a midnight brawl between our hostess and her lord.

But now the day is breaking, and our broken slumbers are at an end. The ladies rush forth, and, in something like a frantic mood, inquired how soon we can possible resume our journey, to which I very coolly reply—just as soon as I can make ten casts of a fly in a deep pool, just below the cabin, at the junction of the two streams. I expect only to kill a few trout, but nevertheless I take my biggest Conroy rod, and put on a Gillmore fly. My companions followed me, and also one of the Noble boys. I stand upon a gravelly point, and in a very few minutes seven one and two-pound trouts are skipping upon the green sward. The ladies have wet their feet, are also tired, and have started on their return to the cabin, when they are summoned back again by a pretty nervous shout, accompanied with the word *salmon*. Just where the waters of the two streams come together, I have hooked a splendid fellow. With one single rush he carries off two hundred feet of line—one, two, and three leaps high into the air, and another rush of fifty feet or more—now he is quite docile, and allows me to reel him almost to my feet—another rush, and he has sought the bottom, and is trying apparently to break my hook upon the rocks; he fails—another rush, and then he comes gently to the shore; my attendant obeys instructions, wades into the stream, makes one good sweep with the gaff, and the vanquished salmon reaches a bank of luxuriant clover—a fit place to breathe his last—just in time to receive upon his silvery side the first kiss of the uprisen sun. Weight, a fraction over *twenty-six* pounds; length, *forty-two inches*; and the Matapedia lives in my memory as the paragon of streams.

The miseries of the night are partially forgotton; we breakfast upon trout, pack away our salmon, and continue our journey—slowly as before—up hill and down, but over a more rocky and uneaven road. I question friend Dickson about the Matapedia Inn. He tells me he has done all in his power to make it a respectable and comfortable place, but without success. He has threatened to report the inn-keeper to the government, and frightened him into the propriety of keeping on hand a ham, a little flour, and some white sugar and tea, for the benefit of travellers? but the travellers have not come, and in self defence the poor man and his family have eaten up the dainty fare—the last assortment, probably, while entertaining for a holiday week the organ player and his boy. We now pass in review three or four most lonely lakes, through which the Matapedia runs, and where it is said the salmon come to spawn in immense quantities. Anon, we come to a cabin only about four feet high, where a courageous young lady, named Ritchie, accompanied by her father and Mr Dickson, once spent a night at midwinter, while journeying on a sledge drawn by dogs from Metis to the Restigouche; and then a wooden cross surmounting a grave attracts our attention, and we are told that here repose the ashes of a man who led on the party which first surveyed the route for the Kempt road, and who was drowned in a deep pool only a few paces from his resting-place.

The day is nearly spent; twenty-nine miles have been accomplished; we are all fatigued, and, of course, arrive with joyful hearts at the upper end of the larger Metapedia Lake, and in a cabin, kept by one Bruchet, and located on a pleasant, grassy point, we spend the night in a comparatively comfortable manner. The lake in question is about two miles wide, and a dozen long; near its centre is a single island, said to be a fine breeding place for loons; its immediate shores are flat, receding into highlands, and entirely uncultivated, abounding in blocks of limestone resting upon a sandstone formation and containing fossils of many varieties; and the principal fish which it yields are trout, taludi, and a small species of white fish. Like his neighbor Noble, Bruchet is a pensioner upon the government, but fulfils his obligations in a more creditable manner. Another dawn is welcomed; we breakfast upon a portion of our royal salmon, and onward do we journey.

The same rough, and now exceedingly monotonous, road continues, for no new plants can be discovered, and the eye becomes weary with the excess of deep green foliage, and we compass the remainining distance of twenty-seven miles to Metis without meeting more than two human beings—the famous postman, Noble, with his mail and three dogs, who tells us that he had just seen a bear upon the road, and a French hunter coming out of the woods, who joins our party, carrying upon his back a small assortment of peltries and a few common birds. The summit of our last hill is attained, and we come in full view of the great St. Lawrence, with ships gliding over its bosom like the spectres of a a dream, and the far off Alpine land of Labrador, and the ocean-like Gulf of the St. Lawrence blending with the blue of the sky, while the foreground of the picture is composed of the parish of Metis, with its cultivated fields and white houses reposing quietly at the foot of the declivity, down which, to a comfortable inn, we rapidly descend, sincerely thankful that we have escaped the dangers of the great portage, and are once more permitted to enjoy the blessings of civilization.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Dr Porter, in a recent address at Albany said:

'I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education—Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We don't want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty, and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a sitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our practise of sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home, and on the continent in every sort of situation. I never saw one spit.

I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in any unbecoming manner. So long as the state shall feel itself obliged to provide 'spittoons' for its legislative halls—so long as the direcctors of our railroads shall find occasion to attach to the inside of their carriages, printed requests, to the passengers to 'use the spittoons' and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised, not angry, if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the meantime, let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined.'

FALSEHOOD IN CHILDREN.

Perhaps there is no evil into which children so easily and so universally fall, as that of lieing.

The temptation, too, is strong, and therefore the encouragement to veracity should be proportionally strong. If a child breaks anything, and honestly avows it, do not be angry with him. If candor procures a good scolding, besides the strong efforts it naturally costs, depend upon it, he will soon be discouraged. In such cases do not speak till you can control yourself. Say "I am glad you told me. It was a very valuable article, and I am truly sorry it was broken; but it would have grieved me much more to have my son deceive me." But having said this, do not reproachfully allude to the accident afterwards. I was about to say that children never should be punished for what was honestly avowed: but perhaps there may be some cases where they do wrong, from the idea that an avowal will excuse them; in this case they tell the truth from policy, not from conscience, and they should be reasoned with and punished. However, it is the safe side to forgive a good deal, rather than run the risk of fostering bad habits.—*Mrs Child.*

THE SEA.

WHILST engaged in watching the sea, the mind never becomes weary. Each successive wave, as it curls its silver foam and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it. There is no monotony in the motion of the waves, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and of foam finding in all an inexhaustible found of amusement, excitement, pleasure, and wonder. It is not less true than remarkable, that the ocean is the only substance which, in its movement, has not a wearying effect upon the gazer. All other forms, animate or inanimate, may amuse for a moment, a minute, or an hour; but their charms is quickly gone.

LAST week a gentleman in Anglesey wrote a letter to his servant, desiring to have one of his horses *shod* immediately. The man, ignorant of English, had the epistle read to him, and, after hearing the injunction, lost no time in obeying it, according to the best of his understanding, by having the poor horse *shot*. This may be taken as an old Joe Miller, but it is true notwithstanding.

LOVE is of the nature of a burning glass, which kept still in a place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing.

THE reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp, is this—vanity gives us no assistance in supporting them.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.