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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art for July.
JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

An hour afterwards, the old chief was sitting moodily smoking his calumet. His daughter, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was bitterly reproaching him with what she conceived to be his neglect of the duties of hospitality. Love lent an earnestness to her arguments, and the twitchings of the old man's face—a rare thing in an Indian—showed that he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct. Large whiffs of smoke rolled into the air, and followed each other in more rapid succession as Nasaki dilated on the virtues of the chief they had lost. For a moment the chief's hand grasped the handle of his tomahawk with nervous energy, and he seemed to meditate reprisals; but his sense of right prevailed, and, casting a reproachful glance at his daughter, he exclaimed:

"The white man must obey his chief: Donnacona cannot stain his honour by resisting his rightful authority." Nasaki fell prostrate at her father's feet. At that moment a shout was heard outside, a sudden noise of feet followed, and, with a single bound, De Morny stood before them.

He had escaped from his captors, and was now, as he exclaimed in broken Indian, no longer De Morny the Frenchman but Nagagin the Indian.

His countrymen soon abandoned the pursuit after him. The recollection of their narrow escape was sufficient to deter them from further expeditions of a like nature, and they frequently told Cartier that he must send his whole force, or renounce all hopes of recovering the deserter. Their commander reluctantly adopted the latter alternative. He had, in truth, other motives besides fear for shunning an outbreak with the Indians.

Meanwhile De Mornac was at the point of death. Every day since his removal, Tenera, his late hostess, had visited the ship with fruits and herbs for the sick man: her earnest solicitations had overcome the strict quarantine established by Cartier, and she alone was suffered to infringe the rule of seclusion adopted against her tribe. Much romance there was in her visits in the eyes of the Frenchmen. Though her lips were sealed, her deep affection for De Mornac was plainly enough apparent in her eyes and her gestures; and the sentinels who watched her depart, told strange tales of the Indian who frequently met her on the ice, and treated her with a savage brutality which might very possibly be the fruits of jealousy. Their surmise was soon to be confirmed. Early in January, Cartier ordered the rule of exclusion to be rigidly enforced against the pale Indian woman. When she met the sentinel next morning, she was gruffly given to understand by signs that she could not be admitted to the ship. For a moment she stood paralysed with astonishment and despair. Light soon breaking in upon her, she acted with a vigour and promptitude peculiar to her race. With a stick she carried to assist her in crossing the cracks on the ice, she struck the Frenchman a heavy blow before he had the least suspicion of her design; he fell heavily on the ground, and flat as a deer; she passed him, reached the cabin, flew through the astonished sailors, and clasped De Mornac in her arms. All the efforts of the gentlemen to detach her from the invalid were unavailing; and partly from compassion for her, and partly in compliance with the entreaties of De Mornac, she was suffered to remain on board. Cartier consented to grant permission, on the distinct condition that she was not, under any circumstances to return to Stadacona.

That day, Wakausa, with several warriors, advanced to the side of Cartier's vessel, and demanded that his wife be restored to him. He was told by the interpreter that she preferred remaining where she was, and that the white men would not suffer her to depart. As he appeared dissatisfied with this reply, a couple of guns were discharged over his head, his companions took to flight, and he reluctantly followed their example.

He carried his grievances to his chief, and implored the assistance of the whole tribe to avenge his wrong. The warriors were eager to attack the Frenchmen whose conduct had effectually effaced all kindly feelings from their hearts. De Morny, or Nagagin, as we should now call him, volunteered to go singly to Cartier, and pledged his faith that he would drag the Indian Helen from the arms of her Paris. But Donnacona would not hear of any such rash enterprise. He called a

council of his warriors, and in the picturesque language of his race (which we regret that we cannot reproduce), gave his calm opinion on the matter. "Tenera was gone," he said, "she had deserted her husband and her home; and were she to return, she would assuredly be put to death. Was the justification of Wakausa's revenge on this poor woman worth the bloody encounter they must expect with the white men? 'And oh, believe,' he said, 'the great spirit would avenge the Indian's wrongs. If, when summer came, they were still living, it would still be time to wreak their vengeance on the perfidious strangers.'"

This temperate council prevailed. Wakausa rose moodily from the council, and was followed by a few of the younger chiefs. The elder portion of the assembly though with clouded brows, concurred in Donnacona's sentiment.

The Indian spoke too truly. The piercing cold had already paralysed the Frenchman. The snow rose in height around their vessels until they could no longer see the shore from the deck. Every thing which was not close to the stove became solid and hard as a stone. The clothes of the sailors were a contemptible protection; and, one after another, the best men were laid up with frost bites.

To complicate their misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among them with unusual virulence. Jean Truchy lay helpless in his hammock. Both the brothers M'Evreux were unable to crawl on deck; most of the crew of the Emerillon were dead. Before January, no less than thirty men were attacked. Instead of diminishing, the disease increased in proportion to the attempts made to check it. All Cartier's sailor experience, and the medical science of a quack named Fieit, were at fault. Twelve men died in January, and were buried at night under the snow. Cartier himself was attacked and disabled. The little squadron was a hospital without physicians or nurses. An easy prey they would have been, had Wakausa's sanguinary designs been carried out by the Indians.

In total unconsciousness of the lamentable condition of the foreigners, Wakausa and a few of the warriors were meanwhile laying a profound plot for revenge. It created no surprise, therefore, among the Indians, when Wakausa announced to his friends his intention of punishing the seducer of his wife, and wreaking his vengeance on the whole party of white men. A large number of warriors promised to join him in the attack, and emissaries were sent to tribes at a distance, requesting their aid. It was resolved to postpone the attack till the month of May, when the hunting season would be over.

Donnacona was not informed of these plans, but, as might be expected, they came to his ears. His authority, as we have said, did not extend far enough to prevent them; and he was penetrated with dismay when he thought of the certain issue of the conflict. His son-in-law Nagagin, shared his fears; and after an anxious consultation, it was resolved that the old chief should make one decided effort to save the Frenchman. To appeal to Wakausa they knew would be fruitless: Donnacona resolved to visit Cartier.

He set out at night alone with the interpreter. When he reached the vessel, he was struck by the death-like silence which prevailed. Taigoagny, the interpreter, called Cartier, but no answer was heard. He called a second time and a faint groan issued from the cabin. Donnacona advanced at once in that direction, and the French commander staggered out, more like a spectre than the handsome stalwart sailor Donnacona had seen only a few months before. The Indian chief lost no time in conveying to Cartier, by means of the interpreter, the object of his visit. He warned him of his danger, and pointed out, in noble manly language, that it was the just retribution of the crime of his crew. If Tenera were sent back at once, he thought the impending catastrophe might possibly be averted; but if the white man persisted in retaining her, no earthly power could save them from the Indian tomahawk.

"They must lose no time, then," replied Cartier, bitterly: "a few days hence there will be no more lives here to take. Disease and cold have destroyed my crew. Twenty-six brave fellows lie frozen in the snow; eight others are dying in the hole. Let the Indians hasten their work, if they would have our scalps. And learn," he added, standing himself with both hands that Jacques Cartier will never give up a woman who has sought his protection to be butchered by savages. The red men may come when they like: we know how to die."

(To be concluded.)

From Illustrated Magazine of Art for August.

HOPE ON.

BY DOUGALL CHRISTIE.

Is ever fortune's sunny face,
Hath smiled upon thee for a space,
But frowned when clouds began their race,
Look not back!

If ever Joy's soul-cheering smile
Hath lighted up thy fate awhile,
But gloomed at last with treacherous gull,
Look not back!

If ever Happiness' pure ray
Hath glinted on thy opening day,
But sorrow tinged thy noon with grey,
Look not back!

If ever dreams of well-won fame,
To weave a garland round thy name,
Should wake in woe but not in shame,
Look not back!

Oh! look not back with fruitless pain
Nor hug remembrance' torturing chain;
What's done is done, and must remain,
Then look not back!

Stoop not to profess despair,
But hope; the haggard cheek of care
May yet a smile of comfort wear,
Forward look!

Trust to the Fount of peace and power,
To soothe the miseries of the hour;
Man's help is but a withered flower—
Trust in God!

AND THEN.

A story is told of a very good and pious man whom the church of Rome had enrolled among her great saints on account of his holiness. He was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him what he had long been wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; thereupon he had come to the law school at his university on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pain or labor in getting through his studies as quickly as possible. In this way he ran a long time; and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said:

"Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," replied the young man.

"And then?" inquired Philippo Neri.

"And then," continued the young man, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain reputation."

"And then?" replied the holy man.

"And then, why there can be no question; I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated Philippo.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortable and honorable in wealth, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And then?" asked the old man.

"And then," said the student, "and then I shall die."

Here Philippo lifted up his voice and again asked:

"And then?"

Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last, "And then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul and he could not get quit of it.

MRS GRUMBLE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FANNY FERN.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr Jones been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, love letters, cigars and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the foot, he is contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her doudoued dresses, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a bench to put her foot on, and a little rocking chair and a big looking-glass, and a pea-green shade for her gas burner. She would like breakfast about ten minutes later than the usual hour; tea ten minutes earlier, and the going which shocks her nerves so, altogether dispensed with. She can't drink coffee because it is exhilarating; bromine is too insipid, and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa. 'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage that agrees with her delicate spinster organization. She don't digest a fried fish; she might possible peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came

which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil; or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk or saleratus, she decidedly rejects. She is constantly washing out little duds of lace, collars, handkerchiefs, chemisettes and stockings, which she festoons up the front windows to dry; giving passers by the impression that your house is occupied by a blanchisseuse; then jerks the bell-wire for an hour or more for re-lays of hot smoothing irons, to put the finish stroke to her operations. She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen-fire has gone out and the servants are on a furlough. O! nobody knows but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have got to do is, to wind them up in the morning, with a powerful cup of coffee, give them *certe blanche* to smoke, and a night-key, and work is done."

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to leave this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "it is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it. I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "an other man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

BREACH OF PROMISE POETRY.—In a recent breach of promise case, somewhere down East, the following evidence was put in by the plaintiff against the defendant:

"Rebecca Crocker, my dear, I love you, dear, true and sincere; I cannot express my mind, but my heart is truly thine. Tell you as plain as a man can speak, I love you as true as my life; And I shall never be easy, my dear, 'Till you become my wife. If you object to me, I will never ask woman again. For one year, two, or ten."

The writer of such poetry as this had to pay 1,500 dols. damages. Served him right.

He wore a flashy waistcoat, on the night when first we met, with a famous pair of whiskers, and an imperial of jet. His hair had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman worth forty thousand dollars all his own. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, with a very flashy waistcoat, and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow, no flashy tile sat there, but a shocking bad 'un was his hat, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment—methinks I see him now, charged by the worthy officers with kicking up a row.

The "State of Matrimony" has at last

been bound and described by some out-

West student, who says: It is one of the United States. It is hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broom sticks and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find out a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house keeping, when the squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against.

ICE IN THE SOUTH.—A gentleman who had been in the ice trade at St. Thomas, relates some funny anecdotes about the natives there, and the idea they have of the "Boston hard water." He once sold a lump to a gentleman, who sent a colored servant for it, with directions to have it kept for the dinner table. The servant took it home, and enquired of the cook how it was to be prepared. After considerable discussion in the kitchen cabinet, it was decided to have it boiled. At dinner the gentleman called for it, and was in high glee, for he had drunk iced Champagne in the States, and he felt a mighty hankering for a second trial of the same beverage. Soon Sambo made his appearance, with eyes rolling on the outside and grinning like a frightened monkey.

"Where is the ice, Sambo?" demanded the gentleman.

"O! gorry, massy!" replied Sambo, "I put um in de pot and boil um more'n half an hour, and when I went to look for um, he wasn't dar."

The other day a small boy came tearing round a corner with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper box, who stood near a quarter of a mile down the street. "Oh, Bill, Bill! get as many boys as ever you can, come up the street, round the corner as soon as ever you can, for there's a great big, large hogst of 'lasses-busted on the pavement—busted all to smash."

A SICK BACHELOR.—The New York Times thus heads a long article on the subject:—

A sick bachelor! a dying camel in the desert! A sailor on a hen-coop in the middle of the Atlantic! All the same. The same incident from different points of view. If there is a preponderance of misery on any side, it is on the side of the sick bachelor. The camel however unintelligent it may be, is still sensitive as the human sufferer, and the sailor is spared the misery of knowing there is help within call. The sick bachelor is the *ne plus ultra* of human misery.

A person who was very near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were to fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling of a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person; and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk line it was to go for nothing.

ONE OF THE WATCHMEN.—A "feller" coming home from California, had a monster rattlesnake in a wicker cage, which he deposited with his other plunder under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunk and sick "fellars;" during a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding his critter gone, yellows out—

"Everlastin' misery! who's seen my watchman?"

Many heads popped up from the flea-inflicted, dirty beds, but nobody had seen his missing article.

"What was he old feller, you're inquiren' for?" says a bald-headed man.

"Why, my watchman; all my dust is under my bed here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone!"

"Guard!—was he a nigger or a white feller?"

"No! he was a California rattlesnake nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles on his tail. Have any of you fellars seen the eternal critter crawlin' round here?"

"They had'n't—but all able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so, in a bunch."

VILLAGE DRUGS.—One of the "Spirit of the Times" is chargeable with the following:

"Doctor! that 'ere ratsbane of your's is first rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary.

"Know'd it! know'd it!" said the