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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

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

By MARION HARLAND.

'ONE short week! I cannot realize that I must leave you so soon, mother. I am as sad as happy at the near approach of the eventful day.' The daughter's sigh was echoed by a heavier one. 'I am a selfish creature, prating of my woes to you who will be left as lonely by my departure,' continued the girl, cheerily. 'After all, there is nothing very dreadful in the prospect: I shall be in the same city with you; it is not as if I were going to a distance, under the guardianship of a comparative stranger, or one whom you disliked. You do love Russell, do you not, mother?'

'I have known and loved him from his childhood. There is but one cloud that seems to me to menace your happiness.—I have told you this many times, Lucy. Only his quick temper! Let me say, mamma mine, that you have shorn this danger of its terrors by an admission I have often heard you make, that you, the most peaceable of women, had in youth a fiery, arbitrary disposition.'

'And know, therefore, more of the misery it entails upon its possessor. I have acquired self-control by sore teachings; have passed through trials Russell never dreamed of. I doubt, indeed, whether trouble has the same effect upon men as upon us: oftentimes it hardens rather than melts. You have been a petted child; I have had many misgivings of late, as to the wisdom of our system of education. Perhaps sterner trainings might have been a fitter preparation for the actualities you will meet hereafter; but you were our only daughter, and your uniform docility and dutifulness afforded no occasion for harshness had we felt inclined to use it. I would not damp your hopes, my child; but you should know that the kindest husband yet lacks a mother's intuition a father's experience.'

Lucy smiled trustingly. We have talked of all this—Russell and I. He is willing to hear with my childishness, my ignorance, in a word, my inferiority. It would be strange if I could not overlook a single weakness in him. He is fully aware of this fault; he will try, for my sake, to conquer it. He cannot be angry with me, he loves me too well; and I will make him forget the crosses the world puts upon him, and reconcile him to mankind through my mediation. There is no malice, no vindictiveness in his wrath, better a generous passionate temperament than the sullen phlegm of one who, slow to arouse, never forgets or forgives an injury. Hark! there he is! and, with a hasty kiss, she bounded away. The smile faded from the mother's cheek as she disappeared, and darkening shadows of thought rolled over the usually placid face. It was not merely the sadness a parent feels at giving up a beloved one nearer and dearer than self; she was reading in the magic mirror the Past held up, something of the evil garnered in the future.

Almost everybody said that Russell Harvie had 'done well' in marrying; for sweet Lucy Crenshaw was a general favorite; and everybody also thought that she had drawn a prize, Russell being handsome, intelligent, in a good business and very much in love. One or two wise heads may have wagged, as a hint was dropped of petulance and intemperate heat upon small provocation; but her amiability was unquestioned, and must, in the end, quench the flame. The honeymoon—two honeymoon, the second more delightful than the first—had passed, and Lucy began seriously to wonder if such unalloyed bliss were lawful in this sinful life, and to fear lest, should it last (and she saw no reason why it should not), she would cease to care for anything better or higher.

'There can be but one Paradise, and mine must be here!' sighed the Prophet, at the gates of Damascus; 'and mine is surely here,' thought the young wife; 'can there be two?' They had removed at once into their own house, furnished under the joint superintendence of Messames Harvie, Sr., and Crenshaw; sufficient guarantee for its neatness and comfort. Lucy had been thoroughly instructed in housewifery, and Russell was lavish of his encomiums upon her skill.—'How blind he was to many deficiencies he must see, although they were not obvious to her! Was this the man people called irritable?'

'It is beautiful; but what have you done with the one you bought when you were married? not thrown it aside surely?'

'While walking day before yesterday we were caught in a sudden shower.— Luckily, I had not worn my best bonnet, but my cloak was ruined. I could have cried heartily, but Russell laughed, and comforted me by saying that he had never admired the color, and did not care to have his wife's clothes last forever. Yesterday he sent this home. Ah, Janet! when you can get a husband like mine, marry. You will never be quite happy until you do.' A note was brought to her. 'From Mrs Barnes,' said she, with evident pleasure, 'an invitation to her soiree this evening.'

'Shall you go?'

'I hope so, that is if Russell is not engaged or disinclined to attend.'

'In either event you will stay dutifully at home, I suppose?'

'Certainly, I should not enjoy myself without him.'

The round of visits was completed, and as it had happened once or twice that Mr Harvie had not come up to dinner, Lucy deemed it prudent to call at the store to consult him. Janet left her at the door, and she felt a slight flutter, and an unpleasant sensation of strangeness, as she wended her way, between boxes, and bales, and bundles, to her husband's desk in the rear of the establishment.— The sight of him did not tend to tranquillize her. His hat was pushed back from his forehead in fatigue or vexation, and his scowl seemed to wither in his boots a crest-fallen clerk, who was tearing into bits an incorrect invoice.

'You forget! no excuse, sir! no excuse whatever! I had rather you omitted it intentionally. I am sick to death of this style of business. I will not be ruined by you, or any other blundering jackanapes. Another such offence and you leave this house, I have done with you; see that you remember your duty in future!'

He must have seen his wife approach, and that she had stood at his side during this harangue, yet he dashed down a column of figures before he spoke.

'What do you want?' he said, curtly his pen in his mouth.

Embarrassed and frightened, she gave him the note. He read it, and wrote on a sum total.— WELL?

Lucy cleared her throat.

'What answer shall I send?'

'Just what you please.'

'My pleasure is not the question,' said she, trying to speak playfully. 'Can you go with convenience to yourself? will it be agreeable to you?'

'Your pleasure has been the only consideration heretofore: it is late in the day to speak of my convenience; and as to its being agreeable, I am not in a frame of mind, to participate in any amusement. It is bad enough to be worried all day, without being dragged about at night, as I have been for two months. You had better go; I will call for you in time to see you home.'

Something must be said, if only 'good morning,' but the power of speech was wanting. Mr Harvie put a period to the silence after another impatient row of figures.

'I shall not be at home until supper-time; I am exceedingly busy. Is that all you have to say?'

The long green veil was tightly drawn as she threaded the business labyrinth, and doubled when she reached the sunshine without.

Dinner was not served that day; Mrs Harvie had a headache, the closed shutters and locked door of her apartment attested its severity. To the scarred veterans in matrimonial skirmishes, this little encounter will appear a trifle unworthy of note, a few harmless shots upon the outposts. To Lucy, it was a bombardment of the citadel of hope and life. Truthful herself in word and look, she did not suspect the falsity of all that her husband had said. She had yet to learn that a man in a rage is possessed of a Devil, and if he does occasionally betray a real opinion, hitherto concealed, the proportion of falsehood to truth is nevertheless as a thousand to one. Let him plead a hasty nature, the excitement of circumstances, fasten as much as he can upon the being he insults by the double guilt of murder and lying; his punishment is not yet. The sufferer is the innocent victim of his wrath; but in the day of final account against whom shall arise the sighs that break the tears that leave dry a true and trusting heart?'

Late in the forenoon Lucy arose from the bed where she had cast herself on her return. She had wept until the tears would no longer come, and, faint and sick, her hand could hardly trace a line to regret that Mrs Harvie's indisposi-

tion prevented her accepting Mrs Barnes's polite invitation.'

It would have softened any one except an angry husband to see the patient sweetness with which she prepared for her lord's coming; bathing her swollen eyes, arranging her hair as he liked to see it, and adjusting her dress to show to advantage the figure he praised. She had thought, as well as grieved. Although as severe to herself as charitable to others, she could not see in her past conduct any intentional selfishness. The stinging sentence, 'Your convenience has been the only consideration,' smarted as undeserved wounds will smart; but she did not doubt his sincerity. He had mistaken the overflow of her love for him for enjoyment of the admiration and society of others.

'It must have grated upon his feelings to see me so smiling, so intent upon my gay schemes, while he was tired and perplexed. He shall know better; I will show him that I am happier in soothing his disturbed spirits than in contributing to the amusement of fifty people who will scarcely inquire the cause of my absence to-night.'

There was the least touch of consciousness in Russell's manner as he received, rather than returned, her 'welcome' kiss; not of repentance, oh no! he had not quite made up his mind to forgive her for having been the witness of and accessory to his humiliation. His magnanimity gained upon his pride under the influence of the bright fire, and more beaming smiles that shone upon him, and a choice delicacy at tea completed the work.

'Now for the dressing-gown and slippers,' said Lucy wheeling his arm-chair to the rug.

'Why I thought you were going to Barnes's?'

'I have had a bad headache this afternoon,' said Lucy, coloring; 'and I thought you were too tired to go, so I sent an excuse.'

'There certainly can be no end to a woman's whims!' ejaculated Russell, pettishly; 'I met Bares to-day and told him we would go. Charles Grainger, an old friend of mine, is to be there; he is passing through the city, and this is my only chance of seeing him. When did this important headache come on? you were on tiptoes about this party in the forenoon. I told Barnes you were well, and had just been in; he will think one of us a story-teller.'

'Cannot we get ready now, since you desire it so much?' ventured Lucy.

'Go now! A pretty question, after sending a regret! for patience sake, Lucy, be consistent in your follies! Confound it!' as he struck his ankle against a rocker in his strid across the room.

'I thought I was doing right, Russell!—Lucy began, with a desperate resolve to be calm, but she broke down. The strained nerves would bear no more. Like most irascible men, there was nothing Mr Harvie hated more than to see a woman cry; a ferocious 'bang' of the front door ended the scene. There was a lonely, weary evening for the miserable wife.— She did not dare to sit up; the sight of her pale cheeks would annoy him; and hour after hour, her throbbing temples pressed to the damp pillows, she watched, and longed, and dreaded to hear his step upon the stair. He came at last, his hair and whiskers redolent of cigar smoke, and his breath heavy with the fumes of a deadlier poison. This first interruption of her conjugal felicity was not the herald of a separation, nor did further exhibitions of his violent temper deaden Lucy's attachment to him; she had sworn to 'love, honor, and obey,' a vow of awful import, which would be more frequently violated, did not their Heavenly Father give strength to the feeble ones, who have taken it upon themselves in His fear.— There was much that was loved about Russell—upright and honorable in his dealings; generous to a fault; affectionate and indulgent. Lucy always reproached herself, in his sane intervals, that she had ever admitted a recent thought.— He spoke, too, of his infirmity, bewailed the want of early self-control, and listened quietly to her representations of the good he might derive from undertaking the task even now; with no word of what she had borne.

'His self-accusations were enough; besides, it was over; he was sorry for it; and perhaps the like might not occur again.'

The like did occur, and each time there was less outward emotion on her part; but the pain was the same. Some wounds must be kept open; death and decay follow their healing; and we to the wife in whose heart the one made by his hand ceases its flow of agonized tenderness! To others, their life was unmarked, save by the ordinary changes time brings.

(To be continued.)

Love your friend so as to hate his faults.

From the "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Monthly Magazine for November
INDIAN SUMMER.

It is still a popular dispute whether the Indian Summer belongs properly to the end of October or the beginning of November. But there is no doubt that about this season a dreamy haze veils the landscape, a summer softness touches the air, and the clouds at sunset cluster in the west with a gorgeous affluence that paints upon the sky the splendors of the tropics. The distant hills dissolve in the golden mist; the crimson maple flames with a softer fire; the tarnished golden-rod and cold blue asters steal an unhopd-for charm;—and a new Adam, lost in the luxury of reviving summer, might well dream that the year's circuit was completed, and that it would now ascend again toward St. John's Day and August. How cruelly would the winds that herald the unhappy year down the steep of winter shatter that dream! Scarcely is it begun ere it is over. It is the parting, hurried kiss of Nature upon the dying year. It is a rainbow arching the avenue by which it passes away. It is a moment of warm, regretful tenderness, in which, by mystic alchemy, the proud pomp of summer foliage is transmuted into beauty more brilliant, and is then hurled into the opening grave of the year, as King Cyax threw handfuls of jewels into the tomb of his daughter.

It is not easy to discover why the season is so called. Is it, perhaps, a name derived from early colonial experience? Is the brief, bright cluster of days called 'Indian' Summer because they are a delusion, a vain promise, the smile of the painted savage? Is 'Indian,' here, synonymous with treachery, as in the case of gifts among children, where a present made, and then revoked, is called an 'Indian gift'? This is, to our fancy, the reasonable explanation of the name. For you must remember, that in no other country is this season so remarkable and brilliant as with us;—and the early settlers, at first enchanted by the exquisite apparition, and then bitterly grieved at the evanescent mockery, would, surely, name it from their type of whatever was the most delusive, and call it the Indian Summer—Winter masking as Summer—the fiercest foe as the truest friend.

Yet we remember to have heard Mr Webster give a different account of the origin of the name. According to his story, the settlers believed the haze and heat that mark these days to proceed from the prairies which the Indians were accustomed to burn at this season. The westerly winds prevailed at the same time; and thus the great mass of smoke, and the fervor of endless reaches of fire, drifted over he plains and forests, and incalculated with June, despairing October.— Perhaps the early settlers may have believed this story; but certainly we, later ones, need not give much heed to it. For in other countries where there is no Indians, and have been none within historical knowledge, there is yet the same season, although known under other names. The French call it the summer of St. Martin; and the French novelists who are always able to say difficult things delicately speak of women who have reached that sadly-certain 'uncertain' age, as just entering into the *ete de St. Martin*—the Indian summer of their fascination.

There is no more poetic strain in all seasons. And it seems to have its correspondence elsewhere, in the decay of individual and of national life. After acute agony come often moments of serenity and self-consciousness, when all the mental powers are in perfect play, and mortal pains disappear. It is a brief interval—the line of a clear sky between the cloud and the horizon, along which the sun blazes for an instant, illuminatingly glorious—then sinks forever. So, too, after years of ruin, the splendors of Imperial Rome revived, for a season, in Papal pomp. The culmination of the Roman Catholic rule in the world was the Indian Summer of the Rome of the scholar and of history. Twice that city has given laws to the world; but the decline from its second power to its present comparative imbecility was no less sudden than the fall of the year, from the warm beginnings of November, to the sharp frosts of mid-winter.

In the country, the season, however splendid is necessarily sad; for the pilgrim of the year understands that these bright days are the last green points of the pleasant summer along which he has been idly coasting, and that he must now stretch straight away into the barren winter. He gazes wistfully at the landscape; but its crimson gleam is only the hectic of disease. He steps into his boat, and floats far up into the hills, and out into the open meadows, upon an inland stream. Along its shore the maple burns, leaning far over to see itself below, until the fall-

tered river crimson and stops, like a towering lover, into whose face his superb mistress gazes until he blushes. In the meadows beyond, the cranberries glisten—coarse, sour cranberries, not fulfilling the promise of their brightness; and the pickered-weed and lily-pads move with the sluggish stream. The harvest are gathered from the fields beyond these meadows. There have been heavy wagons, overlaid with the rustling dry shocks of corn, creaking along the roads under the spreading apple-boughs, and huskings in the barn, at evening, with the lantern, hung upon the pitchforks, stuck into the hay-mow. There are piles of apples heaped under the trees—good works of the summer, smelling sweet unto the Lord—and Canada crook-necks and pumpkins lie fat and yellow in the fields, precious deposits of the receding year.

But over all, like an 'atmosphere of sleep,' lies the dreamy haze. Nature gazing upon the stripped fields, and the paled fruit, and the falling leaves—or hearing the crack of that wagon in the afternoon, and the rustling of the corn husks as they pass, has fallen into a pensive reverie. We follow her; and as we gaze from the hill-top, or saunter by the river, we close the detail of the landscape in its spirit, and seem to find in the aspect of the world a vague sadness, harmonious with that which lies deep in every heart. It is only a mirage that we behold, only the *fata morgana* of a season, sunk behind us in Time. Yet, as we gaze at the glittering phantom of summer and recognise the form so familiar and fair, what wonder that we believe it has not deserted us, and refuse to allow that to-morrow will be winter? The air is fresh, and we rejoice. But we mistake the frosty kindness of age for the eager sympathy of youth.

Hear what Goethe says: 'The year is dying away, like the sound of bells; the wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life.'

Yet in the city no such sadness attends the declining year. You, gentle reader, and your friends, are all returning to town where we have been so busily working for you, while you have luxuriated in the arms of the sea or the mountains. A constant stream of fresh health, energy, youth, and beauty sets toward the metropolis, from the end of the first hot September weeks until December. You have all been renovating your minds and hearts and bodies—every thing but your purses—at the pleasant places of summer resort. We, who set in our city chairs while you are gone, are quite ready—have indeed been long anxious, for your return; for we have no doubt that you are going to do us a great deal of good.

To tell the truth, it has been so very warm, so uncommonly hot, this summer that our tongues have taken unwanton license, and have occasionally betrayed a state of mind which our influence will be sure to correct. You were going away, we think you said, in July, for your health. You needed change of air, relaxation, quiet and regular habits; the city excitement had quite worn you down; you must breathe a bit of salt air; you must fish, and shoot, and drink a glass or two of Congress water. Well it was a good thing to do. Now, welcome home! Of course, at Newport, and Saratoga, and Sharon, and Niagara, and wherever else you may have been, you have been quiet and temperate. You haven't been extravagant—in wine, for instance, or summer cravats. You have never, of course, sat up beyond eleven o'clock, nor smoked more than two cigars a day. You haven't—we insult you by the mere suggestion—been drinking cobbler in the morning, and brandy-bitters before dinner, or a little absinthe; nor did you order some of that 'ratherish' expensive Bordeaux at dinner. Of course not; people never do so at Watering Places. Then, at evening, you have undoubtedly been admirably discreet. What a privilege it must have been to watch your career. You dance quietly until ten or eleven, and then you saunter calmly home, escorting your favorite Fanny—and her mamma to their hotel. You did not encounter any of the 'fellows' upon the piazza of your hotel, nor did they ask you to join them in some kind of beverage, and to take it rationally over a cigar. The fellows at Watering Places never do so at night.— And then, not having smoked and drunk, you went betimes to bed, slept the sleep of virtuous innocence, and awoke with the lark, and arose with the sun—singing.— No headaches and opaque sensations for you! Not at all! You went into the country for recreation and health, and to invigorate your constitution by care and