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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

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THE BALLET-DANCER.

Mabel shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

'I am glad to see you again, sir,' said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

'Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?' he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

'The poor never forget their benefactors,' said Mabel.

'Pshaw! what a foolish expression!'

'It is a true one, sir.'

'Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?'

'Yes,' said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

'Well, how have you been getting on?'

'Badly at first, sir—better now.'

'Better! Come, that's well! What are you doing?'

'Dancing at the Theatre,' said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. The look was caught and understood.

'A hazardous profession,' he said gravely, but very kindly.

'A disgraceful one. I know it,' she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

'Disgraceful! No, no!'

'It is thought so.'

'That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you any thing else.'

'Woman don't look at it in this light,' said Mabel.

'Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent.'

'Yet we live by the opinion of women,' returned Mabel.

'Tell me what you are alluding to.—You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?'

'My new profession, undertaking for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—as my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it.'

'Tell me the particulars.'

'The three old ladies at the villa—'

'Ha, ha!' said the stranger.

'They have been long kind to me.—They were to give me some work to do, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took away the work.—'

'I can not blame them. They are particular, innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them.'

'And their nephew?'

'Oh, I don't know anything about him. I never saw him,' she answered carelessly.

'Indeed!' muttered the stranger.

'He has had nothing to do with it.'

'That I can swear to!' he said below his breath.

'But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work.'

'The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

'The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart—untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just oppo-

site to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her; she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally toward her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her; his counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him 'when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it.'

And again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect; he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her the subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her 'Mabel,' 'my child,' 'poor girl,' &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him 'sir'; but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clew was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of fondness, to which his concealed name gave additional coloring. She did not know if he loved her in marrying her he would, as the world call it, honor her; she did not know their positions, nor had he given her a hint as to his 'intentions.' Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her: then, again, his cold, calm, fartherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial probabilities for her—all said in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself—'He can not love me!' Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down; the rein of months were broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to accord with her fresh youth as to make her life sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, lying fortune and untarnished name in her lap; and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to bear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face, all trembling on his shoulder, she said: 'But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me?'

'As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!' And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was pleasing to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognize her. It was years before they forgave her; not until poor little Nelly died, just as she was entering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; their woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though she had

been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies. But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thronton had said to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure.—The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the 'pure all things are pure,' and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

BY VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

Vasco Nunez now (1511) strained every nerve to distinguish himself in his new government, and thus remove any unfavourable impression regarding his proceedings which the home government might be disposed to entertain. His first object was to collect as large a quantity of gold as possible, and for this purpose he instantly sent out exploring parties into the neighbourhood. One of these under the command of the famous Pizarro, then a subordinate in the army, met with a severe reverse in a conflict with the Indians. Nunez, at last set out himself at the head of his men, and attacked a place named Coyba, surprised the cacique, made him prisoner, and plundered his village. The unfortunate chief finding himself a captive in the hands of his enemies, implored mercy, offered to supply the Spanish troops with provisions, and to reveal the riches of the land, and as a pledge of his good faith gave his daughter in marriage to Nunez. The prayers and tears of the cacique might doubtless have knocked in vain at the door of the conqueror's stern heart, but the beauty of the Indian maiden quite vanquished him. He released the prisoner, entered into an offensive alliance with her father, and on receiving a supply of provisions, started on his march for the chastisement of some of his father-in-law's enemies. From some of them whom he awed into subjection, and from whom he extorted vast sums of gold, he first heard of a great ocean which lay beyond the mountains to the westward. He continued his explorations for some time with varied success, suffering terrible hardships from cold, hunger, fatigue, and watching; nightly harassed by vigilant enemies, and daily worn out by toilsome marches through trackless forests, and across precipitous and dreary hills. In the midst of such difficulties any but 'men of iron,' who carried with them nothing of civilization but its ingenuity in destruction, and whose sole hopes lay in their valour, must have sunk down in despair. But such spirits as Vasco Nunez had at command were daunted by no perils, and dismayed by no difficulties, and he was advancing from conquest to conquest, when news arrived from Spain, and for the moment paralysed and unnerved him, and seemed to blast every one of his hopes for ever. One of his private friends informed him by letter that Enciso had lodged his complaint before the king and after a long trial had obtained the condemnation and deposition of Nunez, who was at the same time sentenced to pay costs and damages, and that he would in all probability be shortly summoned to Madrid to answer other criminal charges in person. This was a heavy blow, and Nunez's ancient firmness seemed to have deserted him. But it was only for the moment. He had as yet received no official intimation of the result of the trial, and until that arrived, he was still his own master, and might still hope for exonerated from his perils. His only safety lay in the achievement of some striking exploit which should atone for all his past offences, and restore him to the king's favour. Now or never! The choice lay between glory and a prison, and there was little time for deliberation. A thousand men, it is true, would have been necessary for such an expedition as he contemplated, but where were they? Vasco Nunez was not the man to be balked by unpro-

pitious circumferences; so when a thousand men were not to be had, he determined that one-fifth of that number should do their work. Of the hardy and reckless crew that surrounded him, he chose 150 of the most daring, and devoted, to whom danger, mystery, unknown and frightful hazards, were sweet as women's kisses, and arming them with swords, targets, crossbows, and arquebuses, informed them that he was to put their and his fortunes on the cast, and set forward in search of the great unknown ocean beyond the hills, accompanied by a large number of bloodhounds, long trained in Indian warfare.

On the 6th of September, 1513, he took solemn leave of the main body of his forces and after a prayer, suitable to the occasion, struck into the wilderness with his little band of explorers. For ten days they pursued their way amidst almost incredible hardships and fatigues, suffering intensely from hunger, torn by briars in thickets, half drowned in the swamps, and daily exposed to the fierce attacks of the Indians, who hung on the march in great numbers, and every hour threatened to overwhelm them. Often the Spaniards had to fight their way for miles in the face of the most fearful odds, but their unconquerable valour, their firearms and blood-hounds, generally brought them unscathed through every encounter. At last they arrived, laden with booty, at the foot of the great mountain range, beyond which they were told lay the object of their search, and after resting here for one night, Vasco Nunez prepared to ascend in the morning early, to get the first glimpse of his new discovery. But of all his followers sixty-seven only were strong enough to climb the mountain to gaze upon the object of their toils and struggles.

When the day dawned, they set forth from the Indian village, in which they had passed the night, and by ten o'clock, by a toilsome ascent, through thick forests, they emerged upon the bare and rugged region, which lay below the summit. The Indian guides here pointed to a craggy eminence, from which the first view of the ocean might be obtained. Nunez commanded his men to halt, and now proceeded alone. With a throbbing heart he ascended the bare mountain top. The crisis of his fate was come, and he trembled with anxiety. At last he stood upon the summit and gazed eagerly westward. Below him lay a vast chaos of rock and wood, and pampa, and roaring torrent, and, oh, joy unutterable! away in the distance, the long sought ocean danced and glittered in the morning sun.

'Adeus, O desiderabilis, Queen petebamus in tenebris!'

Vasco Nunez fell on his knees on the spot and poured forth his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had so abundantly blessed him. Here was the great Indian Sea, which washed the isles of spices and of gems, where there the golden dreams of the old world poets were living, palpable realities, and Vasco Nunez was the happy discoverer. His followers soon joined him, swore to follow him to death, and having chanted a *Te Deum* on the spot, they made preparations for descending to the sea coast. The way was long and difficult, and the tribes through whose territory they had to pass were fierce and hostile, and before he reached the end of the journey, Nunez was forced to leave behind most of his men to take rest after their fatigues, and advanced himself at the head of a small band of the bravest and best armed, accompanied by the cacique who reigned over the adjoining district, and some of his chosen warriors. The thick forests which covered the mountains descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays which penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man. They had arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays to which he gave the name of St. Michael, the saint on whose day it was discovered. The tide was out, and so gradual was the incline of the strand, that the water was full half a league distant. Nunez seated himself under the shade of a tree until it should come in. At last it came dashing on his very feet with great impetuosity. He started up, seized a banner on which were printed a Virgin and a child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon. Then drawing his sword he advanced into the sea until the water was up to his knees, and waving the standard exclaimed with a loud voice,—

'Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arrogan, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed,

and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, and by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall present any right to these islands, or seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indian seas, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind!'

His followers hailed his pompous declaration with loud acclamations, and declared themselves ready to defend his claims against all comers, and advancing to the brink, having tasted the water, and found it salt, they returned thanks to God once more. When these ceremonies were concluded Vasco Nunez drew his dagger, and cut three crosses on trees in the neighbourhood, in honor of Three Persons of the Trinity, and his example was followed by many of his soldiers.

The after history of Nunez was melancholy in the extreme. After going through unparalleled hardships and dangers in exploring the coast of the Pacific, he once more crossed the isthmus, and returned to Darien laden with treasure. During his absence a new governor had arrived, who was animated by the bitterest enmity against him, and although the magnitude of his discoveries had restored him to favour at Madrid, his foes in the colony were numerous and determined. A trumped up charge of treason was brought against him, and he was arrested in the midst of his glory and prosperity; tried hastily and condemned, and executed in the square of Acla, amidst the tears and lamentations of the soldiers and people. He died as he had lived, with undimmed courage in the day of death, yet in his age, and in the prime and vigour of his life, and Spain long mourned him as one of the bravest, the most intrepid, and most enterprising of her great captains.

ADVERTISING.

'The world has grown considerably wiser since the honest folks of Boston were notified that they might have their houses, lands, &c. to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, inserted in the Boston News Letter, at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed.' In those days—we are speaking of a century and a half since the philosophy of trade was so ill understood that the rich alone durst embark in commerce; to the poor man it was almost inevitable ruin. He who had coffers well filled with gold and precious stones might lend, on usurious interest and safe mortgage, to spendthrifts of good family; and the owner of half a dozen portly argosies might double his funds by a fortunate venture in the produce of the Mediterranean or the Indian countries. A Shylock might enhance the wealth of his house by recreating crown jewels in pawn; and a high born Antonio might reap golden treasure from his monopoly of the trade with Barbary of Mexico. But 'petty traffickers,' who 'curtsied reverence' to the leviathans on 'Change were devoutly to be pitied.—Crushed by vexatious exactions which the wealth of his rivals enabled them to escape, hampered by restrictions which were absurdly supposed to protect trade, and overpowered by the superior facilities, enjoyed by more powerful competitors, the young merchant of the seventeenth century had many reasons for envying the condition of the mechanic or the husbandman. His talents might be far greater than those of his next-door neighbor, Cressus; his enterprise might enable him to undersell all his rivals; his tea might be the most fragrant Pekoe, his broadcloth of finest texture, and his ruffles of richest Valenciennes—all their claims to preference were valueless, from being unknown. He had no means of appraising the world of their existence. Thirty housekeepers lived and died in ignorance of the cheapness of his sugar or the merits of his calico. The crowd passed him in silence to flock to the emporium where they had been accustomed to deal. Loud talking in taverns, exertions of friends, and even the bellman could not reach every ear. To the majority of those who might have been customers, it was the work of years to convey an intimation of his claims to patronage. Hence grew the advertisement. Not without many struggles, much contempt, and often repeated sneers, did it infancy ripen into adolescence. A sad tale is told in the appeal 'To all Persons who Love a Public Good,' which honest John Camp-