

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 LIBANUS UT APES.

[Comprising 13 Vols.

NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1853.

VOL. XII

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godsey's Lady's Magazine.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A WORLDLING.

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN WEALTH. SCENE FIRST.

It is vain to urge me, Brother Robert. Out into the world I must go. The impulse is on me. I should die of inaction here.

You need not be inactive. There is work to do. I shall never be idle.

And such work! Delving in and grovelling close to very ground. And for what? Oh no, Robert. My ambition sores beyond your quiet cottage in a sheltered vale. My appetite craves something more than simple herbs and water from the brook. I have set my heart on attaining wealth; and, where there is a will, there is always a way.

Contentment is better than wealth. A proverb for drones.

No, William; it is a proverb for the wise.

Be it for the wise or simple, as commonly understood, it is no proverb for me. As a poor plodder along the way of life, it were impossible for me to know content. So urge me no farther, Robert. I am going out into the world a wealth-seeker, and not until wealth is gained do I purpose to return.

What of Ellen, Robert?

The young man turned quickly towards his brother, visibly disturbed, and fixed his eyes upon him with an earnest expression.

I love her as my life, he said, with a strong emphasis on his words.

Do you love wealth more than life, William?

Robert?

If you love Ellen as your life, and leave her for the sake of getting riches, then you must love money more than life.

Don't talk to me after this fashion. I cannot bear it. I love Ellen tenderly and truly. I am going forth as well for her sake as my own. In all the good fortune that comes as the meed of effort, she will be a saviour.

You will see her before you leave us?

No. I will neither pain her nor myself by a parting interview. Send her this letter and this ring.

A few hours later, and the brothers stood with tightly grasped hands, gazing into each other's faces.

Farewell, Robert?

Farewell, William. Think of the old homestead as still your home. Though it is mine, in the division of our patrimony let your heart come back to it as yours.

Think of it as home; and should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to it again. Its doors will ever be open, and its hearth-fire bright for you as of old. Farewell!

And they turned from each other, one going out into the restless world, an eager seeker for its wealth and honors; the other to linger among the pleasant places dear to him by every association of childhood, to rest to fill up the measure of his days—not idly, for he was no drone in the social hive.

On the evening of that day two maidens sat alone, each in the sanctuary of her own chamber. There was a warm glow on the cheeks of one, and a glad light in her eyes. Pale was the other's face, and wet her drooping lashes. And she that sorrowed held an open letter in her hand. It was full of tender words; but the writer loved wealth more than the maiden, and had gone forth to seek the mistress of his soul. He would "come back"; but when? Ah, what a veil of uncertainty was upon the future! Poor stricken heart! The other maiden—she of the glowing cheeks and dancing eyes—held also a letter in her hand. It was from the brother of the wealth-seeker; and it was also full of loving words; and it said that, on the morrow, he would come to bear her as a bride in his pleasant home. Happy maiden!

SECOND SCENE.

Two years have passed. And what of the wealth-seeker? Has he won the glittering prize? What of the pale-faced maiden he left in tears? Has he returned to her? Does she share now his wealth and honor? Not since the day he went forth from the house of his childhood has a word of intelligence from the wanderer been received; and, to those he left behind him, he is now as one who has the final bourne. Yet he still dwells among the living.

In a far away, sunny clime, stands a

stately mansion. We will not linger long to describe the elegant exterior, to hold up before the reader's imagination a picture of rural beauty, exquisitely heightened by art, but enter its spacious hall, and pass up to one of its most luxurious chambers. How hushed and solemn the prevailing atmosphere! The inmates, few in number, are grouped around one on whose white forehead Time's trembling finger has written the word "Death." Over her bends a manly form. There—his face is towards you. Ah! You recognize the wanderer—the wealth-seeker. What does he here? What to him is the dying one? His wife! And has he, then, forgotten the maiden whose dark lashes lay wet on her pale cheeks for many hours after she read his parting words? He has not forgotten; but been false to her. Eagerly sought he the prize, to contend for which he went forth. Years came and departed; yet still hope mocked him with ever attractive and ever fading illusions. To-day he stood with his hand just ready to seize the object of his wishes, to-morrow a shadow mocked him. At last, in an evil hour, he bowed down his manhood prostrate even to the dust in mammon worship, and took to himself a bride, rich in golden attractions, but poorer as a woman than even the beggar at her father's gate. What a thorn in his side she proved! A thorn ever sharp and ever piercing. The closer he attempted to draw her to his bosom, the deeper went the points into his own, until, in the anguish of his soul, again and again he flung her passionately from him.

Five years of such a life! Oh, what is there of earthly good to compensate therefore! But, in this, last desperate throw, did the worldling gain the wealth, station and honor he coveted? He had wedded the only child of a man whose treasure might be counted by hundreds of thousands; but, in doing so, he had failed to secure the father's approval or confidence. The stern old man regarded him as a mercenary interloper and treated him as such. For five years therefore he fretted and chafed in the narrow prison whose gilded bars his own hands had forged. How often, during that time, had his heart wandered back to the dear old home, and the beloved ones with whom he had passed his early years! And ah! how many, many times came between him and the almost hated countenance of his wife the gentle, loving face of that one to whom he had been false! How often her soft blue eyes rested on his own! How often he started and looked up suddenly, as if her sweet voice came floating on the air!

And so the years moved on, the chain galling more deeply, and a bitter sense of humiliation as well as bondage robbing him of all pleasure in life.

Thus it is with him when after ten years, we find him waiting, in the chamber of death, for the stroke that is to break the fetters that so long have bound him. It has fallen. He is free again. In dying, the sufferer made no sign. Suddenly she plunged into the dark profound, so impenetrable to mortal eyes, and as the turbid waves closed, sighed, over her, he who had called her wife turned from the couch on which her frail body remained, with an inward "Thank God! I am a man again!"

One more bitter drug yet remained for his cup. Not a week had gone by, ere the father of his dead wife spoke to him these cutting words—

You were nothing to me while my daughter lived—you are less than nothing now. It was my wealth, not my child that you loved. She has passed away. What affection would have given to her, dislike will never bestow on you. Henceforth we are strangers.

When next the sun went down on that stately mansion, which the wealth-seeker had coveted, he was a wanderer again—poor, humiliated, broken in spirit.

How bitter had been the mockery of all his early hopes! How terrible the punishment he had suffered!

SCENE THIRD.

ONE more eager, almost fierce struggle with alluring fortune, in which the worldling came near sleeping his soul in crime and then fruitless ambition died in his bosom.

My brother said well, he murmured as a ray of light fell suddenly on the darkness of his spirit: "Contentment is better than wealth." Dear Brother! Dear old home! Sweet Ellen! Ah, why did I leave you? Too late! too late!

A cup, full of the wine of life, was at my lips; but I turned my head away, asking for a more fiery and exciting draught. How vividly comes before me now that parting scene! I am looking into my brother's face. I feel the tight grasp of his hand. His voice is in my ears. Dear brother! And his parting

words, I hear them now, even more earnestly than when they were first spoken. Should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to your home again. Its doors will ever be open, and its hearth-fires bright for you as of old. Ah, do the fires still burn? How many years have passed since I went forth! And Ellen? but I dare not think of her. It is too late—too late! Even if she be living and unchanged in her affections, I can never lay this false heart at her feet. Her look of love would smite me as with a whip of scorpions.

The step of time had fallen so lightly on the flowery path of those to whom contentment was a higher boon than wealth, that few footmarks were visible. Yet there had been changes in the old homestead. As the smiling years went by, each, as it looked in at the cottage window, saw the home circle widening, or new beauty crowning the angel brows of happy children. No thorn in his side had Robert's gentle wife proved. As time passed on, closer and closer was she drawn to his bosom; yet never a point had pierced him. Their home was a type of paradise.

It is near the close of a summer day. The evening meal is spread, and they are about gathering around the table, when a stranger enters. His words are vague and brief, his manner singular, his air slightly mysterious. Fugitive yet eager glances go from face to face.

Are these all your children? he asks, surprise and admiration mingling in his tones.

All ours. And, thank God! the little flock is yet unbroken.

The stranger averts his face. He is disturbed by emotion that it is impossible to conceal.

"Contentment is better than wealth," he murmurs. "Oh that I had earlier comprehended this truth!"

The words were not meant for others; but the utterance has been too distinct. They have reached the ears of Robert, who instantly recognizes in the stranger his long wanderings, long mourned brother.

William!

The stranger is on his feet. A moment or two the brothers stand gazing at each other, then tenderly embrace.

William!

How the stranger starts and trembles! He had not seen, in the quiet maiden, moving among and ministering to the children so unobtrusively, the one he had parted from years before, the one to whom he had been so false. But her voice has startled his ear with the familiar tones of yesterday.

Ellen! Here is an instant oblivion of all the intervening years. He has leaped back over the gloomy gulf, and stands now as he stood ere ambition and lust for gold lured him away from the side of his first and only love. It is well both for him and the faithful maiden that he can so forget the past as to take her in his arms and clasp her almost wildly to his heart. But for this, conscious shame would have betrayed his deeply repented perfidy.

And here we leave them, reader. "Contentment is better than wealth." So the worldling proved, after a bitter experience which may you be spared! It is far better to realize a truth perceptively, and thence make it a rule of action, than to prove its verity in a life of sharp agony. But how few are able to rise into such a realization!

TYPHUS AND CHOLERA.

AN ECOLOGUE.

SCENE—A Lodging-house. Typhus hovering over a Crowd of Sleepers.

CHOLERA (without).

Sister! Sister!

Doing my work for to-morrow's bar.

Nine and seven by each in a row—

Two are gone and two will go.

CHOLERA (enters).

Sister! sister! you work too slow;

For here, where the tide has left its flimsy

To mix with the filth of a hundred drains,

And the hovels are rotting in damp and grime,

While the landlord is counting his daily gain,

And his slaves are groaning with chronic

pains,

You linger about, till famine and gin

Must finish the work which you begin.

TYPHUS.

Chide me not sister! My work is sure.

The days are many since last you came;

But you pass away, and your fearful name

Was soon forgotten; but I endure.

CHOLERA.

Ag! in I come.

The knell shall be tolled,

But not for one;

Ere the set of sun

Some work shall be done;

For a hurried grave shall these sleepers hold,

And the proud shall then think of the earth's

poor scum.

TYPHUS.

No meddling spies disturb my ga

The black ditch creeps in the populous lane;
In the mouldy cellar the infants huddle;
The alley is dank with the filthy puddle;
And the breath of heaven ne'er visits the den
Where the poorest dwell. Leave, leave me here.

I make no noise, and the well fed men
See my victims die,
And pass quietly by
With no vain lament and no idle fear.

CHOLERA.
Me they shall fear.

TYPHUS.
But stay not long.
Take a few away that are wholly mine;
My pleasant places are willingly thine,
But go not the rich and the happy among.

CHOLERA.
I'll take thy leavings, with nobler prey.
Shall wretches pine beneath thy sway,
And those escape who have known the wrong?

TYPHUS.
Leave me, rash sister, leave me here,
To fill the graves from year to year;
For our trade shall go to a swift decay
If you gather the crop from day to day.
Then the hovels will fall and houses rise;
The rich and the poor will both get wise;
And the law will open its hoodwinked eyes.
No more shall we ride on the tainted gale,
Where foul trades flourish and men grow pale;
Where the slaughter-house floods the slippery

stones,
And the reek is heavy of boiling bones.
They will drain their streets, and build their
schools,
And hunt us out.

CHOLERA.
Twice warned, the fool:
Still keep us here, and they still will keep;
For the justices wink and the vestries sleep,
And red taps ties the willing hand,
And laissez-faire still rules the land.

VELVET RELIGION.

UNDER this rather quaint title, the Cleveland Plaindealer makes some particularly plain remarks on one of the accompaniments of fashionable church-going. The perusal thereof will, at least, do those for whom they are intended no particular harm, and we give them a place in our columns for the perusal of all whom it may happen to concern.

Every time the golden gates of a new week open, and usher in a fresh-born Sunday, many a man who has his thousands and coach and two, repair to the fashionable church. Entering the sanctuary with an air of reverence he treads the soft carpet of the aisle of the pew, and seats himself upon the velvet cushion, opens the guilt-edge, morocco-bound hymn book, and goes through the entire service to the inward satisfaction of himself and the admiration of all. How majestically he walks out as the last prayer has been uttered! As the voluminous notes of the organ swell upon his ear, his heart beats with a throb of pride and he mentally ejaculates, "what a good man am I!"

All this while, (in a bitter cold day in winter remember,) the driver of his coach and two has been busily employed at the church door in self flagellation, and numerous ill-natured stamps on the carriage floor in order to keep up the circulation of his blood. There he must wait and wait thinking the sermon is very long, and wishing he might enter the precincts of the temple, if only to warm his feet.

He cannot help thinking—for that red-nosed half-frozen inanimate has a mind—that his master has precious little religion, and less kindness. Soon he is inclined to believe that he has none of either. Finally by a logical deduction, he arrives at the conclusion that he has something worse than either—he has hypocrisy, pride, cruelty and heartlessness—and the driver stamps his feet unusually hard, perhaps as much to give vent to his indignation, as to drive the frost out of his boots. Without endorsing the sweeping denunciation, we must say we agree with him; that it does not look exactly Christian; and it is a sight to behold every Sunday. Perhaps it is a necessary evil, and perhaps not. Perhaps he loves to be frost-bitten, and perhaps not. At all events it looks very singular, those twenty or thirty carriages in a row before the church every Sunday. It speaks to us of velvet religion?

There is a firm in New York, under the mild and soothing title of "Snap and Byte."

Those sheets devoted to "spiritual rappings" are now termed "wrapping papers."

A Bookseller once informed the public that all the scarce books, out of print might be had by applying at his store.

When a person is afflicted with a cold, he generally assures you it is a bad one. Did any person ever hear of a good cold? Eh?

Some run headlong into danger because they have not the courage to wait for it.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is sat in.

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars? Because they live by hook and by crook.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times.

October 1.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The Bank of England has given the screw another turn this week, by raising the rate of discount to five per cent, which makes, since the opening of the year, a positive increase of three per cent. in the value of money,—a state of things which cannot be viewed without concern in the present position of our foreign, domestic, and commercial relations. Contemporaneous with this great change, the funds are feeling the effects of the present depression; the value of railway stock is becoming seriously depreciated and the spec in the East is daily becoming larger and more ugly, if we are to credit those who desire war at any and all hazards.

This condition of things is seriously to be deplored, because it is affecting the value of all property, and is influencing, more or less, every kind of industrial production. At the present time the public mind is in a very nervous state, and it becomes necessary to inquire whether the existing evils are transitory, and may be removed by the causes which produced them; or whether they are such as arise naturally out of the almost uninterrupted prosperity which we have enjoyed during the last five years, and which cannot disappear until we have passed through such a panic as will purify the commercial world, in the same way that storms do the physical atmosphere. The least reflection we think, will serve to show that there is no legitimate ground for the present uneasiness; and although prudence, at all times a virtue, is especially necessary now, in this time of transition, yet, as far as we can judge, there is nothing on the cards to justify the extraordinary fluctuations in the value of the public securities, still less for the belief entertained in some quarters that matters will become worse before they mend.

The three primary causes of the present derangement are—the state of affairs in the East, over production, and a deficient harvest. It is asserted that the main inducement on the part of the Bank of England to raise the discount to five per cent. this week is to check, as far as possible, the gambling in the corn trade which is now going on, and which is rapidly raising the value of the cereal products in all the markets of this country, and relatively in those of other countries. If this be the motive, the directors will naturally take credit for very patriotic feelings in thus acting. But patriotism has, in reality, very little to do with the business. The directors deal in gold, they find an increased demand for it, and they may stand excused for obtaining a higher price for its use when the opportunity presents itself. This demand, whether caused by gambling in corn or otherwise, is merely the effect of a cause, and it appears to us worse than useless to be heaping odium on corn speculators because they take advantage of a deficient season in order to serve themselves; for with their interest is bound up the interest of the millions who will consume the corn which they bring to our shores. Corn, now that we have free-trade in it, is like every other article of commerce—it will not command more in the market than it is worth. The price, it is true, may be temporarily enhanced under the fear of scarcity which now prevails; but if the scarcity is fallacious, or exaggerated, the persons who will ultimately suffer most are the speculators themselves. Competition will always bring prices to their natural level, and anything like a general conspiracy to buy up an article like corn beyond its intrinsic value is out of the question.

But of the three primary causes to which we have referred, as combination in themselves the origin of the present monetary derangement, undoubtedly two of them are very intimately blended. The present apprehended scarcity would have been less dreaded had the misunderstanding between Turkey and Russia not had an existence. The rapid rise in the corn markets of England, during the present week, may be traced to the rumours so industriously propagated that the combined fleets of England and France had actually entered the Dardanelles,—that diplomacy was at an end,—and that war had commenced. This startling intelligence, for which there was not the shadow of truth, may possibly have been the doing of some clever knave, who set the continental wires at work in order to operate on the markets of this country; or the news may have been forwarded in the belief that it was true, for the entrance of the two English and two French frigates in the Dar-