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. WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31, 1853. VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine for August.

MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

THE dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man; his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state, he is one of the most formidable of animals; but when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favors; he is not easily driven off by unkindness; but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him. He knows a beggar by his voice, his clothes, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guardianship of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful sentinel, goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty.

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is 'treated as one of the family;' with a marvelous sagacity, he recognises the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person.

His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals, and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveller has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

The dog does not disdain to become the blind mendicant's assistant, conducting him through the streets of our cities and large towns, with the hat in his mouth, supplicating alms of the passers by. We have seen the dog take portions of bread or even copper coin into his mouth, and place it in his master's hat; nor has the creature, though sometimes much tempted to do so, even tasted the bread till given to him by the hand of his employer.

'An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once his curiosity was excited and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade, of dirtying gentleman's boots as they came on the bridge.'

The following instance of sagacity, which is well authenticated, reminds us of some of the companions of our childhood who, when ill-treated, have threatened their oppressor with the vengeance of their 'big brother.' A gentleman in Staffordshire was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Alban's, till his return. On one occasion calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. 'Alas, sir,' said she, 'your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog, larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has hardly since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans.' The gentleman, however, on arriving at home, found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home, and had coaxed away the great house-dog; who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

The dog, however, is not devoid of affection and sympathy for its fellows. Two dogs, near New York, were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself; he remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavoured to induce him to follow him. At length, the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, 'Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?' The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition on his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The benevolence of dogs has excited universal admiration. But the Newfoundland dog particularly is justly celebrated for this quality. Children and adults have frequently been rescued from danger by these faithful animals. In 1792, a gentleman went to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was conducted in one of the machines into the water; but being unacquainted with the steepness of the shore, and no swimmer, he found himself the instant he quitted the machine, nearly out of his depth. His alarm increased his danger; and, unnoticed by the attendant of the machine, he would unavoidably have been drowned, had not a large Newfoundland dog, which providentially was standing on the shore, observed his distress, and plunged in to his assistance. The dog seized him by the hair, and conducted him safely to the land, but it was sometime before he recovered. The gentleman afterward purchased the dog at a high price, and preserved him as a precious treasure.

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than 'the fireman's dog,' as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in London. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would not stay with neither of them for any length of time. The policeman's dog,' as he has been named, may also often be seen following the officer on his beat in Paternoster-row. The writer daily, on his way to the city, sees a dog begging for his breakfast before the house of an inhabitant of the Blackfriars-road; and so well does he act the part of a mendicant, that the boys are often heard to say, that he 'is coming the "old soldier."'

The animal has frequently been sent on errands, which he has performed with fidelity and safety. A person who kept a turnpike near Stratford-on-Avon had one trained, that he would go to the neighbouring town for grocery or other articles of provision that were wanted, and returned with them in safety. A memorandum of the things required was tied around his neck, and the articles were fastened in the same manner.

The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse, in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and in pursuing the reindeer, the seal, or the bear. The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveller benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some days ago a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered his book to him.

Remarkable instances of sagacity are on record respecting the friend of man. Sometimes he has proved a defense to his keepers in a manner which would scarcely have been imagined. Take an example. 'In 1781, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under a pretense that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening the trunk arrived, and was carried into his bedroom. As the family were retiring to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the chamber-door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room but in vain. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to open the box, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it.'

From Dickens's Household Words.

HOUSE-TOPS.

PISISTRATUS CAXTON, in one of the philosophical moods which he had inherited from his glorious father, thus apostrophises the house-tops of London:—"The house-tops! What a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind! But a great many requisites go towards the detection of the right point of view. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must unequivocally be a back attic. Secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours. Thirdly, the window must not be slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that laden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapet of that fosse called the gutter. And lastly, the sight must be so humoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavement; if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of the world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open the window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene that spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below." One feature in the prospect especially strikes Pisistratus:—"What fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting and fuming, and worry and care which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, endured before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours. You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down like a wolf on the fold, full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamation of the mistress (perhaps a bride-house newly furnished), when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads called, vulgarly, *smuts*. . . . All this might well have been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now, perhaps, that long-suffering family now the happiest house in the Row."

Pisistratus is right. There is much to be learned in the house-tops; much that reveals the habits and customs of the people; much that depends on the temperature and moisture of the climate. Shall our house-top be flat or ridged; shall it have chimney-pots or not? The answer to these questions depend not so much on ourselves as on the position of the country which we inhabit; and the house-top thus becomes an indicator of natural characteristics.

Let us call up the old Romans, or, at least, their house-tops. These house-tops, according to the evidence yet left at Pompeii, were very odd house-tops indeed, judged by English habits and English wants. In the best mansions was a central hall call the *atrium*, usually the most splendid apartment in the house, in which the host received his morning visitors. This *atrium* was open to the sky overhead—not entirely, but so far as regarded one square compartment called the *compluvium*, in the middle of a richly decorated ceiling. There were no windows in this *atrium*; and the light was there admitted through this aperture. But, even in Italy, rain falls sometimes; and when rain *did* fall, it rattled through this aperture into the *atrium*; it was not allowed, however, to splash about the marble pavement of the hall, but was caught in a kind of tank called the *impluvium*, sunk below the level of the floor just underneath the aperture. The roof of such a house was not flat, but inclined from all sides towards the edge of the *compluvium*.

The house-tops in Asia, and in many parts of Turkey and northern Africa, are living-rooms, which we can only envy and do without as well as we may. The climate being fine, the weather warm, the sky clear, the terraced roofs become the most acceptable part of an eastern house in the evening; and our travellers have given us abundant descriptions of these very pleasant house-tops. These flat roofs are generally covered with plaster, and surrounded either by low walls, or balustrades. Beauteous ladies and lazy smokers lounge on these roofs; linen is there hung up to dry; figs and raisins are there sun-dried; and the roof is also a frequent oratory or place of devotion. In Asia Minor, and many other parts of Asiatic Turkey, the inmates of houses are very much accustomed to sleep on the terraced house-tops, so genial are the sky and climate of those regions: and thus two open-air bed rooms are only separated by a wall between two adjoining roofs. The European dwellers in those cities do not often thus go to bed *al fresco*, and they, therefore, have no such urgent need of screening walls between the roofs of adjacent houses. There are often doors of communication in these walls, and thus an inhabitant might roam over a wide area of the city on the flat roof of his neighbours' houses. These Orientals take great care of their flat-terraced roofs; they employ tar, ashes, sand, lime and straw—some or all of these—and endeavour sedulously to make of these a mortar or cement, which shall bear the weight of walkers, and shield the room beneath.

(To be continued.)

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

ABOUT half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday, a human leg enveloped in blue broad cloath 'might have been seen' entering Deacon Cephas Barberrey's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally, by the entire person of Joe Mayweed, attired in his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. He it was, who thus burglariously won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

'Wonder how much the old Deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?' soliloquized the young gentleman. 'Promised him I wouldn't but did'nt say anything about *winders*, I'm afeared to move about here, cause I might break my shins over somethin' or nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O' here comes Amanda.'

The maid decended with her pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a card of Lucifer matches. She made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in Barbarrey's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe who was just making up his mind to treat himself with a kiss was started by the voice of the Deacon shouting from his chamber door.

What are you getting up in the middle of the night for Amanda?'

'Tell him it's most morning,' whispered Joe.

'I can't tell a fib!' said Amanda running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner she set it at five.

'Look at the clock and tell me what time it is,' cried the old gentleman up stairs.

'It is just five—according to the clock,' said Amanda.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

'Goody gracious it's father.'

'The Deacon, by thunder!' cried Joe, 'Hide me.'

'Where can I hide you?' cried the distracted girl.

'O I know,' said he. 'I'll squeeze into the clock case.' And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew the door behind him.

The Deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking, deliberately and calmly.

'Five o clock, eh!' said he. 'Well I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I will go out and feed the critters.'

'Hadn't you better feed the the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards?' suggested Amanda.

'No—smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up,' answered the Deacon, who seemed not a whit to hurry his enjoyment.

Burr-r-r-r-r—whiz—ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously.

'Tormented lightning!' cried the Deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove, what in all creation is that, Amanda.'

'It's only the clock striking five,' said Amanda.

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously.

'Powers of marcy!' cried the Deacon. 'Strikin' five! It's struck a hundred already.' 'Deacon Barberry!' cried the Deacon's better-half, who had robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, 'what is the matter with the clock?'

'Goodness only knows,' replied the old man. 'It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before.'

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! bang! went the clock again.

'It'll bust itself.' cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, 'and there'll be nothing left of it.'

'It's bewitched,' said the Deacon, who retained a leaven of superstition in his nature. 'Anyhow,' he said, after a pause advancing resolutely towards the clock, 'I'll see what's got into it.'

'Oh, don't,' cried the daughter, affectionately, seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other. 'Don't,' chorussed both the women together.

'Let go my raiment!' shouted the old Deacon. 'I ain't afeard of the powers of darkness.'

But the women would not let go; so the Deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand upon the door of the clock case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp.

The old Deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend of distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost at the Deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp.—The Deacon, the old lady and Amanda fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the manner in which he had entered.

SAM SLICK ON COURTING.

'COURTIN' a gal, I gess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pastur. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and manches a little, looks around to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for to go if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time; so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawn away, as much as to say, hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; the chance is, you would have caught it. Well, what's your play, now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now, what do you then? Why, shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pasture and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slip the halter on.'—*Mr. Slick's Wise Saw.*

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the seals of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.