

MORPETH GLEANER,

OF LITERATURE, POETRY, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL NEWS.

Not Bound to Swear or Speak According to the Dictates of Any Master.—[HORACE.]

VOL. 1. G. W. VERRALL, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. MORPETH, C. W., FEBRUARY 1, 1860. TERMS: \$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE; \$2 IF PAID OTHERWISE. NO. 5.

THE "MORPETH GLEANER,"

Published every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON,
by the Proprietor,
GEO. Wm. VERRALL,

at his PRINTING OFFICE, Talbot Street,
MORPETH, CANADA WEST.

TERMS, \$1.50 per annum, in Advance; \$2
if paid otherwise.

Terms of Advertising:
Six lines and under, first insertion, 80 50
Each insertion thereafter, 10 00
From Six to Twelve lines, 1 00
Each insertion thereafter, 9 25
For each line above twelve, first insert, 15
For every line thereafter, per line 6 00

TO YEARLY ADVERTISERS:

The following greatly reduced rate of advertise-
ment is offered to parties advertising by the year.
Parties so advertising can have the privilege of
changing their address whenever they wish.
One Column for one year, 850 00
Half a Column one year, 425 00
Quarter of a Column one year, 212 50
The above rates will extend to advertisements
entered in for 6 m.
Cards of 6 lines inserted for 24 per annum.
All advertisements with which definite instruc-
tions will be inserted until forbid, and charged
accordingly.
Communications addressed to the Proprietor
to receive attention, must be pre-paid.

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to
the contrary, are considered as wishing to con-
tinue their subscriptions.
If subscribers order the discontinuance of their
papers, the Publisher is responsible to send them
all their arrears as paid.
If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their
papers from the Office to which they are directed—
they are held responsible until they have set-
tled their bills, and ordered their papers to be
discontinued.
If subscribers remove to other places without
informing the Publisher, and the paper is sent
to the former direction, they are held responsible
as a newspaper published from a Post Office, or
sent by mail, and leaving it uncollected, is prima
facie evidence of intentional fraud.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MR. WITTRICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHAN-
cery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., &c.
Office, Main Street, Morpeth, 1 pof. x

J. J. DAVIS,
FURNITURE AND CHAIR DEALER, MANU-
facturer of Bureau, Bedsteads, Common, Card
and Centre tables. Also, Undertaker. Col-
ours will be furnished at the shortest notice.
Talbot Street, Morpeth, Jan. 2. 1 pof. x.

G. C. WOOD,
VETERINARY SURGEON, Morpeth. Cures
warranted, and charges low. The wildest
horses tamed or broken in a shorter time than
in any other place in the Province. 1 pof. x.

SECOND DIVISION COURT
OFFICE, MORPETH. Office hours from 10
A. M. to 4 P. M.
Morpeth, Jan. 2. **GEORGE DUCK, Clerk.** 1 pof. x.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY HOTEL!
BY J. BENNETT, TALBOT STREET.
Morpeth, C. W. Keeps on hand all the
times fresh Oysters, Lobsters, Scallops,
&c. Good Stabling attached to the premises.
Morpeth, C. W. 1 pof. x.

DR. SUTHERLAND,
SURGEON OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSI-
cians and Surgeons, Glasgow, Scotland.
Residence Talbot Street, Morpeth.
Morpeth, Jan. 2. 1 pof. x.

DR. J. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
and Conductor for the County of Kent. Resi-
dence, opposite J. J. Davis' Cabinet Shop, Mor-
peth.
Morpeth, Jan. 2, 1860. 1 pof. x.

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

Kept always on hand by **M. SCOTT.**

FIRE INSURANCE.

State Fire Insurance Co. of London, England,
Agents at Morpeth. **M. SCOTT.**

COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.

In Court of Chancery, Queen's Bench, &c., &c.
Morpeth, C. W. 1 pof. x. **M. SCOTT.**

John Cottier,
Merchant Tailor

JOHNSON,
AND
JOHNSON,

MORPETH, C. W.

A GOOD FIT GUARANTEED

ON ALL GARMENTS made out of his shop.
Morpeth, Jan. 2, 1860. 1 pof. x.

Poet's Column.

REMEMBER ME.

When on life's tempestuous coast
They are tossed in wild commotion,
And thy brow with fear is pallid—
Remember me.
Is thy faith in friendship shaken?
Have the trusted ones forsaken?
Are the hopes thou'st fondly cherished
Lying in their ashes—perished?—
Remember me.
Art thou weary with the wrestling?
Like the wounded dove, art nesting
For some quiet spot to rest thee?
Where some kindred heart hath blessed thee?
Remember me.
And when restless thou art sleeping,
'Tis the watch that memory's keeping,
Bending o'er thee like the willow,
I will sooth thy troubled pillow.
If thou'lt remember me,
—Dark Sybil.

WOMAN.

She was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which shone—though wandering earthward
now—
Her spirit's home is in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
—Moore.

LOVE.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds;
The feet enlighten, and the eyes he blinds.
—Dryden.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The voice of joy was hushed,
And sorrow reigned around,
When we laid away our darling
'Neath yonder grassy mound.
O, gently came the angel,
Wandering in quest of flowers,
To twine a beautiful garland
To deck celestial bowers.
He gathered from our garden
A bud of promise fair,
And took our infant darling
To realms of purer air.
That here in this cold world of ours
He said it ne'er could bloom;
And told us of a better land
Away beyond the tomb.
Here we are left to watch and pray,
For soon he'll come again;
Peace, troubled heart, and meekly bear
A Heavenly Father's reign.
O, suffer it to go to him—
Of such his kingdom is;
For that beautiful spirit there
Our choicest gem is his.
—Mary Percival.

A GIRLDE.

A narrow compass—'and yet these
Dwell all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
And take all else the eye goes round.

MY SISTER.

The pale rose droops its lily buds
Above her lonely grave,
And the mourning weeping-willow
Slowly above her wave.
There my brown-eyed sister sleeps,
'Tis the cold and our her breast,
'Tis her white hand meekly folded,
'Tis peaceful happy rest.
We rob our darling in snowy white,
Twined bright blossoms in her hair;
And press a long kiss on her brow—
So young and fair.
Her merry voice is hushed in death,
We ne'er shall hear it more,
Until we meet with the blessed throng
Upon the promised shore.
The breeze murmurs round her last home,
While the pale rose bends its head;
And the wild birds chaunt solemnly
A sad requiem to the dead.
Though I may wander to other climes
Far away on the ocean deep,
I will ne'er forget the mossy grave
Where my brown-eyed sister sleeps.
—L. B. Phillips.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

BY A STRAY WOLF.

'Not lost! Not lost! We shall meet again
Where love exalts in eternal spring;
And our spirits, freed from earthly pain,
Repose amidst the angel wing.
No more, oh joy! will the parting grief
Fall on our hearts with its withering grief;
As bitter winds shrivel'd flower and leaf,
That clustering cling to our desolate bower.

EMMA'S BLACKBERRYING.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

What a mellow golden glow
It was! Just such an one
us involuntarily wish to
from crushing the worm in our path—
life, even worm-life, is so beautiful!
Just such a day as seems to have
wandered away from our cold climate
to some pet region of the sun, and
then come back after a while with the
yellow tan of travel on its face, and
the hot blood of the tropics throbbing
in its veins—come back, as we have
seen men, who, went away pale, fair-
faced youths from their mother
sides, return after years of wandering,
to the old homestead, with bronzed
brows and bearded lips.
The sun throbbed like a great heart
of fire, orange-red in the heavens,
myriad golden arteries streaming down
to the earth, tremulous with intense
heat. The country roads were white
with dust. The trees stood motion-
less in the sultry glow of the sunshine.
There was not wind enough astir to
turn the silver lining of the poplar
leaves to the light.
There were enough to grumble at
the weather on the particular day of
which I write. Enough to sneer, of
course, at the idea of rhapsodizing out
of doors over such poor material as
clouds and crickets, when the tempera-
ture was at boiling heat. Many a
sweltering exquisite, no doubt, put
up his wilted dicky, and thrust his
fingers languidly through his scented
curtains, with the emphatic exclamation
of "dooped hot." Many a peasant
belle inwardly breathed feminine
maledictions on her flounces anfar-
belows, wishing that fashion could be
a more merciful mistress, at least, in
hot weather.
But one little lady—and a belle—
pronounced it a beautiful day. Per-
haps she said it because she really ap-
preciated the fact and believed what
she was saying. Then, again, perhaps
she didn't. It might have been be-
cause somebody else had asserted
directly to the contrary, declaring that
if the earth had taken cold, and was
undergoing a Thompsonian steam
bath to cure it, the weather could be
more disagreeably uncomfortable.
He was her lover, and women like
quarrel with their lovers, you know,
always did with mine.
Not an ounce less than one hun-
dred and thirty pounds weighed my
round-waisted, rosy-cheeked heroine
Emma Edgerly, though perhaps by
the romantic interest of my story
might as well have omitted this item.
Well, there she sat, looking and
her white muslins and laces as cool as
an animated icicle. And there, to
(I don't mean in the same rocking
chair,) sat her lover, Alonzo Guppy,
the same individual who hazarded the
remark about the weather. I wish
for the poor fellow's comfort I could
say that he looked as cool as his com-
panion. But candor compels me to
admit that there were huge drops of
perspiration beaded on his handsome
forehead, and that he switched in
white cambric handkerchief through
the air in a desperate attempt to
take the compressed and provoked
with which Emma swayed.
His face couldn't have been more
than the heat made it, had he been
popping the question—which, by the
way, he hadn't. On the contrary,
they had been quarrelling, as young
people of opposite sexes are apt to do
(sometimes) when left alone together,
especially when they care a little for
each other, just enough to make a re-
conciliation agreeable.
Then they stumbled accidentally
upon that poor, abused scape-goat
conversation—the weather.

He had quarrelled with Emma be-
fore. He knew that the soft eyes,
brilliantly gentle in expression, would
gladly have annihilated him with
single withering glance of indigna-
tion, had it been in their power; that
the dainty snow-flake of a hand was
even then tingling to box his ears;
that the seeming amiability was no-
thing but a pretty show; a golden
mist of smiles and pleasant words
hung between him and the little tem-
pest of anger which would soon break
sharp and thick about him. Any one
less observant would have declared
Miss Emma in one of her sweetest
and most bewitching moods. It took

AN EDITOR

OR
SKATES.

The "local" Editor finally recovers
his senses.

After reading a glowing descrip-
tion of life on skates, we prepared for our
first attempt, and sallied forth to join
the merry crowd. We had on a pair
of Stoga boots, trousers legs tucked in-
side, a Robert-tailed coat and white
hat. We went down on the ice, and
gave a boy two shillings, in good coin
of the realm, for the use of his imple-
ments. We have confidence, even
as great as Peter's faith. We, with
the assistance of a friend, fixed on the
skates, and stood erect, like a barber's
pole. Encouraged by the sight of
the ladies on a bridge looking at the
skaters, we struck out. A slash to the
right with the right foot—a slash to
the left with the left foot—and just then
we saw something on the ice, and
stopped over to pick it up! On our
feet again—two slants to the right
and one to the left, accompanied with
the loss of confidence. Another stride
with the right foot, we sat down with
fearful rapidity, and very little, if any
elegance! What a set-down it was,
for we made a dent in the ice not un-
like a Connecticut batter-bowl! Just
then one of the ladies remarked, 'Oh!
look, Mary, that fellow with a white
hat ain't got his skates on the right
place!' Ditto thought we. Just then
a ragged little imp sang out, as he
passed us; 'Hello old timber leg!
we arose suddenly and put after him.
Three slides to the right—two to the
left, and away went our legs—one to
the east, and the other west—caus-
ing an immense fissure in our pants,
and another picture of a butter tray in
the cold—oh how cold!—Yes! Then
the lady—we know she was one, by
the remark she made—again spoke
and said: 'Oh look, Mary, that chap
with a white hat has sat on his hand-
kerchief, to keep from taking cold!'
We rose, about as gracefully as a swe-
her, when Mary said: 'Guess 'taint
a handkerchief, Jane!'—and Mary
was right! It wasn't a handkerchief
—not a bit of it! Just then a friend
came along, and proffered his coat tail
as a 'steadier.' We accepted the con-
tinuation of his garment, and up the
river we went about ten rods, when
a shy to the right, by the leader, caus-
ed us, the wheel horse, to scoot off on
a tangent, heels up! But the ice is
very cold this season.
We tried it again. A glide one
way—a glide and a half the other,
when which came our bump of phi-
logenitiveness on the ice, and we saw
millions of stars dancing around
our eyes, like ballet girls at the Bow-
ery theatre. How that shock went
through our system, and up and down
our spinal column. Lightning could not
have corkscrewed it down a greased
sapling with greater speed or more
exhilarating effect. Boarding house
batter, or warranty deed could have
felt stronger than we did—and a doz-
en ladies looking at us—and our 'fi-
sured' pants!
'Hallo, old cook,' sang that ragged
imp again, and we there helpless!
Soon we got up, and made another
trial, with better success. Perhaps
we had skated in our peculiar style
fifteen feet, when a blundering chap
came up behind, and we sat down
with our tired head pillowed in his lap
—and he swearing at us, when it was
all his own fault! How cold the ice
was there, too! Every spot where
we made our debut on the ice—oh!
how cold it was! Our Bear skin
drawers were no protection at all!
We tried again, for the papers all say
its fun, and down came our Roman
Greecian nose on the cold julep mate-
rial, and the little drops of crimson
ran down our skirt-bosom, and on
to the cold ice. Once more we tried
skating—made for shore—sat down
and counted damages. Two shillings
thrown away. Seven lateral and one
'frontal' bumps on the ice. One im-
mense fissure, in as handsome a pair
of ten-dollar cassimeres as a man ever
put his legs in! One rupture in the knee
extending to the bone. Four buttons
from our vest; a 'fragmented' watch-
crystal; and a back-ache big enough
to divide among the children of Israel.
If you catch us on the smooth, glossy,
chilly, freezy, treacherous, deceitful,
slippery, slip-up-pery ice again, they
will please draw on us, at sight, for the
bivalves and accompanying docu-
ments. We have got through skating.
It's a vexation of spirit, of business,
of flesh, and a terror of trousers! It's
a head-bumping, back-aching, leg
wearying, dangerous institution, and

we warn people against skating.

We tried it, and shan't be able to walk for
a month. Skating clubs are a humbug,
and all the rascally youngsters wish to
get the ladies at it, that they may see
—if they, too, don't say the ice is
too cold! It's nothing to us,
skating alone, unless they are younger
and more elastic than we are. Oh!
how cold the ice is—we can feel it
yet!

"SHE WON'T HEAR ME."

"I wish that you would talk to my
daughter, sir. You know 'all the cir-
cumstances of her case, and perhaps
you can have some influence for good
over her. She won't listen to any-
thing that I can say." What words
were these to be wrung, by a daugh-
ter's conduct, from the lips of a moth-
er! "She won't hear me." Alas! whom,
then, will she hear? She will not lis-
ten to her whose eyes were the first
that watched over her infancy, and
which have grown dim with many
tears shed for her sake; she will not
listen to her whose heart never heat
one throbb that was not true to her
and her real interests—to the mother
whose bosom was her cradle and home
in her helpless years, and which years
over her now with unutterable love,
pity, and anguish; will not listen to
her who labors for her by day, and
dreams of her by night—who prays
for her with one unceasing prayer!
This is the friend to whom the in-
fatuated girl will not listen: And why
not! What being has she found that
is to be regarded in preference to her
mother?

A REPENTING SUBSCRIBER.

One of our subscribers, says the Buf-
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A day or two ago we received the fol-
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him that we re-sent the paper with
all possible dispatch. May peace and
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ily! He writes:
DEAR SIR:—Please send the Advo-
cate to my address. Please send the
last week's No. I wish you would
send both immediately, for, as you
know, I have been two weeks with-
out it, and it seems as if everything
had gone wrong end to ever since.
Even my wife, who under ordinary
circumstances is one of the most am-
iable creatures in the world, scolds and
frets, and it's next to an impossibility
for me to please her; and she says it's
owing to the fact that she has not got
the Advocate to read. If you have
any sympathy for me please send
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Livery and Livery Stables.—Livery,

i.e. delivery, is from the French liver
—to deliver. Chaucer has "the
consistence of my livery to all my
servants delivered." Spenser, in his
work on Ireland, says: "What liv-
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know well enough, namely, that it is
allowance of horse-meat, as they com-
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keep horses at livery; the which word,
I guess, is derived of liverying or deliv-
ering forth their nightly food. So, in
great houses, the livery is said to be
served up for all night, that is their
evening's allowance for drinke. And
liver is also called the upper weed,
which a serving-man wears, so
called (as I suppose) for that it was
delivered and taken from him at plea-
sure."

WHATSOEVER YOU DO, DO WITH ALL YOUR

might.—Work at it, if necessary, early
and late, in season and out of season,
not leaving a stone unturned, and de-
ferring for a single hour that which
can just as well be done now. The
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which is said to increase the combus-
tible power of coal seventy five per
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coal will become equal, with the li-
quid, to four tons, and that French coal
will last twice as long as it now does.
Salt or brine in pails and walks
will be found very useful in checking
the growth of weeds.
There is healing in a smile, and
laughing is medicine to the mind.
It's the last ostrich feather that
breaks the husband's back.

we warn people against skating.

We tried it, and shan't be able to walk for
a month. Skating clubs are a humbug,
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