

Fresh Gleanings;
OR,
**A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of
Continental Europe.**

FRESH GLEANINGS;

OR,

*A NEW SHEAF FROM THE OLD FIELDS
OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.*

By E. Marvel.

'Τα δέ ἄλλοι δυ κατελάβοντο, τούτων μνήμην ποιήσομαι.

HEROD., lib. vi., cap. 52.



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PREFATORY LETTER

To M. W. G.



EAVEN bless you, Mary, with richer sheaves than this !

You know that I had learned to use the sickle on our farm-land in the valley, before I went away ;—and could bind up the ears at harvest, with the stoutest of my men. Now here, I bring back these Gleanings from beyond the Waters :—I have plucked a grain-head here, and a grain-head there ; but only since I have come home, and only at your request, have I bound a few together in a Sheaf.

Here it is, homely and rude as our pastures upon the hills : but it has a fragrance for me—dare I hope it can have as much for you ? In the binding up, it has made scenes come back, and stir my soul, as I thought it could not be stirred twice.