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Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

UNITED STATES.

AWFUL TRAGEDY IN BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore Patriot gives the following dreadful narration of crime:

Our city was thrown into excitement this morning, by the perpetration of one of the most awful tragedies we have ever been called upon as journalists to record. The location of the dreadful affair is in Maiden Lane (a small court running from East to Aisquith streets), between Baltimore and Fayette streets. The facts, so far as we can ascertain, are as follows:

About half-past five o'clock this morning, fire was discovered issuing from the upper story of a small brick house in Maiden Lane, one door from East street, occupied for some time past by a man named James White, a boot-maker. The firemen and police were promptly on the ground, and succeeded in confining the fire to the part of the house where it originated. No one appearing in the house at the time of the fire, and it being known that it was occupied, some uneasiness was felt as to the fate of the inmates, and after the flames were subdued, some of the police ascended to the upper story, where a most awful and horrid spectacle met their sight.

The body of White was found lying upon the floor, with his head nearly severed from his body, his throat being cut from ear to ear; and a few feet from him, near the hearth, was found the body of his daughter, about fifteen years of age; the body of his little son, about two years old, was lying on the bed. The throats of the children were also cut, and their bodies blackened and burnt almost to a crisp by the fire! The scene was most appalling, and those who first gazed upon it started back with horror! The bodies were still warm and smoking from the effects of the fire, and, as soon as circumstances would permit, were removed to a stable adjoining. It was found upon examination, that the little boy, in addition to having his throat cut, had his brains also blown out by a pistol!! The whole affair seemed almost too dreadful for belief, and had not the evidence been before them, the spectators might well have doubted if any one could exist, so hardened as to perpetrate a deed so horrible.

Coroner Hooper was called on to hold an inquest on the bodies, and from the evidence elicited, the jury returned a verdict that the deaths of the deceased were caused by having their throats cut with a shoe-knife in the hands of James White, while probably laboring under an attack of delirium tremens—he having previously, it is supposed, set fire to the house. This appeared to be the only conclusion to which the jury could arrive. The knife was found lying upon the floor, and was shown to the jury. A pistol was found afterwards, which was used, it is supposed, upon the boy, the back part of his head being greatly fractured.

This is a most horrible affair, and is another warning against a too free indulgence in intoxicating drinks. White, it appears, had been what is called a "free drinker" for many years, and while under the effects of liquor, would abuse his wife and family in a bad manner. To such an extent had this been carried of late, that his wife, being on the eve of confinement, was induced to leave him about two weeks ago, and went to reside with her grandmother, where she now lies, not expected to live. The girl was left with him, in order to take care of him and cook his meals. The mother, it is said, on leaving him, took with her the youngest child—the boy—and yesterday White went to see his wife, and induced her to let the boy return home with him, promising to take care of him. He was probably at the time meditating the deed which has filled every one with horror. White was about 35 or 40 years old.

The scene of the tragedy was visited during the morning by hundreds of citizens, who were attracted to the spot. The bodies were taken in charge by the brothers of White, and will be interred in Baltimore Cemetery.

DESCRIPTION OF KOSSUTH.

We find the following letter from Pittsburgh in the Cleveland Democrat, which is the most perfect description of the Governor of Hungary that we have yet seen:

I have seen and conversed with the Magyar, and I hope you will allow me to tell you how he impressed me, and what I think of him.

No portraits which I have noticed, give the faintest idea of the man. He is much smaller than I supposed him to be; less robust; more care worn. Every feature in his face tells of anxiety. Every tone of his voice reminds you of sorrow. I think, meet him where you might, you would say, that his body had been racked both by disease and trouble.

The prominent qualities of the man are, earnestness and simplicity. He tells his story as a child would repeat its last tale of wonderment. His language and look, the tone of his voice, the deep and quick eloquence of his expressive eyes, are all in harmony, and you feel that you are in the presence of an honest man. His speech is that of a foreigner; it requires close attention to understand him; but you listen, afraid lest he should pause, and anxious, only, that he would talk on. No matter with whom he may be—with scholar or laborer—divine or statesman—with women or with children—he appears, and is the simple, honest man; honorable in heart, forgetful of self, and bold only because he would bless his country and his race. His all he gives, and gives freely, to the cause.

And that cause! Kossuth is opposed to all show and parade—banquets; to display which will waste a dollar. His own habits are exceedingly simple; the wonder is, that he can live, and accomplish so much, upon his very spare diet. He does not eat as much as a hearty child. You may imagine, then, how he dislikes dinners and suppers, or any festival where money is wasted in drinks and eatables. No! no! He is for saving every dollar he can, and he said, in my hearing, "if only so much money as had been spent in these displays had been given my poor country, my mission had well nigh been accomplished."

And here I must make an explanation. Letter-writers and others have sought to hurt the Magyar and his cause, by representing his suite as wine-bibbers, and by parading bills of expenditure in this regard, charged to them. I believe the whole thing a lie. There are, on all occasions of this kind, men—Americans we mean—who are ready to tap a bottle, or try a glass, and who, in their excitement, do so freely, and at the public expense—or the expense of those who have to pay the bills of the Magyar and his suite. Let any committee anywhere, stop this class from drinking, and no libertine in the New York Herald, or any other paper, will scatter his smut any longer on this subject.

THE BATH OF BLOOD.

From the proof-sheets of the History of Hungary, now in press, we have the following thrilling tale of romantic interest:

About the year 1610, Elizabeth Bathori, sister to the king of Poland, and wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the most singular and horrible tragedy mentioned in history. She occupied the castle of Csejta, in Transylvania. Like most other ladies of that time, she was surrounded by a troop of young girls, generally the daughters of poor but noble parents, who lived in honorable servitude—in return their education was cared for, and their dowry secured. Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition, and her handmaidens led no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished with most merciless tortures.

One day as the lady of Csejta was admiring at a mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning away, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited, perhaps, by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and struck her unoffending maid with such force on the face as to draw blood. As she washed from her hands the stain, she fancied the part which the blood had touched grew whiter, softer, and, as it were, younger! Imbued with the credulity of the age, she believed that she had discovered what so many philosophers had wasted years in seeking for.

She supposed that in a virgin's blood she had found elixir-vitæ—the fountain of never failing youth and beauty.

Remorseless by nature, and now urged on by irrepressible vanity, the thought no sooner flashed across her brain than her resolution was taken—the life of her luckless handmaiden was not to be compared with the precious boon which her death promised to secure.

Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of the rock on which Csejta stood, was a small cottage, inhabited by two old women, and between the cellar of this cottage and the castle, was a subterranean passage, known only by one or two persons, and never used but in time of danger. With the aid of these old crones and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage. No less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity and superstition.

Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and no suspicion of the truth was excited, though the greatest excitement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many. At last, however, Elizabeth called into play, against her, two passions even stronger than vanity and cunning. Love and Revenge became interested in the discovery of the murderer. Among the victims of Csejta was a beautiful virgin who was beloved by and betrothed to a young man in the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress, he followed her traces with such perseverance that in spite of the hitherto successful caution of the murderess, he penetrated the bloody secret of the castle—and burning for revenge, flew to Presburgh, boldly accused Elizabeth Bathori of murder, before the Palatine in open court, and demanded judgment against her.

So grave an accusation brought against a person of high rank, demanded the most serious attention, and the Palatine undertook to investigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Csejta, before the murderess or her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl whom they had been destroying as he approached, and had not time to dispose of before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment, but her assistants were burned at the stake.

Legal documents still exist to attest the truth of this apparently improbable circumstance. Paget, a distinguished English traveller, who visited Csejta about twenty years ago, says—"With this tale fresh in our minds, we ascended the long hill, and gained the castle, and wandered over its deserted ruins. The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley—the bare walls stood up against the red sky, the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene, and as two ravens, which had made their nests on the castle's highest towers, came towards it, winging their heavy flight, and wheeling once round, each cawing a hoarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret, I could have fancied them the spirits of the two crones, condemned to haunt the scene of their former crimes, while their infernal mistress was cursed by some more wretched doom."

THE NEW MINISTERS.—WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

The Prime Minister, the Earl of Derby, was born in 1799, married a daughter of the first Lord Skelmersdale, was called to the upper House of Parliament in his father's barony of Stanley in 1844, has been Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Secretary of the Home Department, Spencer Horatio Walpole, M. P. for Midhurst, is the second son of the late Thos. Walpole, Esq., of Staghury Park, Surrey, and Lady Margaret, youngest daughter of the 2nd Earl of Egmont, was born in 1806; married in 1835 Isabella, 4th daughter of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval. Was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained the first English declamation prize, and the prize for the best essay on the character and conduct of William III. Was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, in 1831. Is a conservative, and in favor of

protection to agriculture. He was first elected for Midhurst in 1846.

Foreign Department, Earl of Malmaesbury (James Howard Harris), created in 1800, was born in 1807, married a daughter of the 5th Earl of Tankerville, 2nd title Viscount Fitzharris, (Peerage conferred for diplomatic services) sat in the House of Commons in 1841 as Viscount Fitzharris.

Colonial Department, Sir John Somerset Pakington, Bart., M. P. for Droitwich, is the son of Wm. Russell, Esq., of Powick-ct., Worcestershire, by the daughter of Sir Perrot Pakington, Bart., of Westwood, born at Powick-ct. in 1799, married first 1822, only child of M. A. Slaney, Esq., of Shiffnal, Salop, (she died in 1843); secondly in 1844, Augusta Anne, 3rd daughter of Bishop Murray, of Rochester. Assumed the name of Pakington on becoming heir to his maternal uncle, Sir J. Pakington, Bart., 1840. Educated at Eton and Oriel College, Oxon. Chairman of the Worcester quarter sessions since 1834. A conservative, voted for agricultural protection in 1846, and has sat for Droitwich since 1837.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Algonon Percy, D. C. L., F. R. S., 4th Duke of Northumberland, was born in 1792, married eldest daughter of the Marquis of Westminster. Appointed Constable of Launceston Castle, May 1817, 2nd title Earl Percy. Became a Captain in the Royal Navy in 1815. (The Duchess Dowager was Governess to the Queen.)

President of the Board of Trade, Joseph Warner Henley, M. P. for Oxfordshire, son of Joseph Henley, Esq.; born in 1793; married in 1817 a daughter of the late John Fane, Esq. A conservative; voted for agricultural protection in 1846. First returned for the County in 1841.

Post Master General, (Earl of Hardwicke,) Charles Philip Yorke, D. C. L., created 1754. Born 1799, married a daughter of the 1st Lord Ravensworth, 2nd title Viscount Royston, (1st peer a Judge.) Formerly a Lord in Waiting. Is one of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster. A Captain in the Navy. Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, Cambridgeshire. Sat in the House of Commons in 1834 as Captain Yorke.

Secretary of War, William Beresford, M. P. for North Essex. Is cousin to the Marquis of Waterford; born 1798, married in 1834 daughter of G. F. Heneage, Esq. Is a Major in the army, and served 11 years in the 9th and in the 12th Lancers. A conservative, and voted for agricultural protection in 1846. Was a second class man at Oxford. Contested Waterford unsuccessfully in 1837; sat for Harwich from 1841 to 1847, when he was returned for Essex, North.

The Under Secretary for Ireland, Lord Naas, is only celebrated, as far as we can ascertain, for his unsuccessful motion on the want of confidence arising out of the Clarendon and Birch affair.

SCREW THREE-DECKER FOR THE BRITISH NAVY.

We are glad to find that the Admiralty have ordered the Windsor Castle, of 120 guns, now building at Pembroke, to be cut in two amidships, in order to introduce about 23 feet midship body, and also to be lengthened abaft to receive the screw and engines of 780 horse power, made by Mr Robert Napier, of Glasgow, originally for the Simoom; and we hope to see a similar operation performed on many more of the ships now building. The Royal Albert, 120, building at Woolwich, it is said, is also to be adapted for the screw, to be propelled by the engines of 620 horse power, made by Seaward for the Euphrates, thus bringing into use some of the engines of large power now lying on hand.—Morning Herald.

IRELAND.—The remains of the late Mr Shiel were deposited in their last resting place, at Long Orchard, in Tipperary, yesterday week.

The judges' opening charges at the various assizes continue to describe the state of the country as highly satisfactory, so far as the prevalence and enormity of crime are concerned.

Baron Leffroy has received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Mr Greene will probably be his successor in the Exchequer.