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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.
FOUR SIGHTS OF A YOUNG MAN.

THIRD SIGHT.—Continued.

AND yet, he told me, he saw that father whirled by him in the splendid chariot or riding along upon a magnificent horse, with his gayly dressed groom behind him; he heard of him spending thousands upon luxuries, or upon amusements, or sometimes upon vices. As he dwelt upon all this there was a bitterness in his tone—a fierce indignation mingling with his grief and his despair that had something very painful in it.

At length the tale came to its close in what might be expected. Step by step—or rather by waves and pulsations, sometimes tossed up and sometimes cast down, but sunk lower and lower at every fall, he had left into utter destitution. When I met him, he had not tasted food for four-and-twenty hours; the next day was his rent day, and then he would be homeless as well as penniless. There was nothing left for him but a lodging on the steps of a house or of a church, a beggar's pittance, or the Thames. Bitter and terrible was the telling of the tale, and it ended with a groan which spoke anguish of spirit more strongly than any thing I ever heard at a galloping foot or in prison cell.

My task was to come; but it seemed neither a very painful nor a very hopeless one. I had to console and to offer relief. I did the first as best I might. Where mistakes and misfortunes have gone together it is the worst plan in the world to preach, and I therefore made it my first business to see if I could not stir up the embers of the undying fire—hope, in the bosom of the afflicted man, and warm him into exertion and activity. I found this not so easy as I had expected. He seemed quite crushed, saying gloomily that there was no return for him, and quoting the line of Dante on the fate of those who pass the gates of Hell, as if he really believed that he had entered the place of the condemned.

I did not give up the task, but I thought it better to hold out something more substantial than mere philosophical argument upon the folly of despair. I assured him that I would do the best I could to serve him; that if he liked I would see his father and attempt to mediate; but I strongly advised him to go to his father and personally entreat forgiveness.

"Put away all pride, my young friend," I said "submit yourself to his will, and even hear his reproaches without reply. The sight of a son's face must have an effect upon a father's heart if it be not of stone."

He shook his head, gloomily, murmuring, "it might be dangerous—it might be dangerous!"

I did not clearly understand what he meant; but I still pressed him to what I believed to be the right course, and starting up as if to go, he said "I will write to him first and ask permission to wait upon him—oh, he is a very punctilious gentleman, and may not find it convenient to receive his own begotten beggar.—No one was ever admitted to his presence without an appointment. His dearest friends never ventured to take him unawares."

There was an angry sarcasm in his tone that I did not like, and though I would not give up my good offices, yet there might be something reproving in my manner when I replied, "You know your father best; but depend upon it the least sign of unsubdued pride on your part, will harden his heart against you."

He grasped my hand tight in his, and answered in a low, earnest tone, "Don't mistake me. There shall be no pride.—I have drunk the cup of degradation to the dregs. I have acknowledged to him my faults, my follies, and my vices. My next letter shall be merely a humble request that he will see me once again. I will disguise my hand that he may open the letter, and I will try to move, him by the most abject entreaty."

"Stay, stay," I cried, as he turned toward the door; "you forget you must have some temporary assistance till we see how this plan answers."

"I know how it will answer," he said, in a harsh, grating voice, "but it is the last act, and it must be done."

"No, no," I replied, "there may be many other resources. But in the mean time, let me supply you with what money you may want at present."

He started, gazed full in my face for a moment or two, and then casting down his eyes remained silent for some time, while his face worked with many emotions. Oh that I could have read his

countenance what was going on in his heart. At length he looked up saying in a mild, sweet tone but with a very strange expression upon his handsome countenance.

"You are very kind—very kind indeed. I cannot, indeed, be a dependant upon any man's bounty. If you will let me have two guineas, I will take them. If I can ever repay you I will. If not, you have done an act of charity. Two guineas will be enough."

"Take more—take more," I said "you will be able to repay it some day. That I will answer for."

"Well, make it another guinea," he answered with a ghastly smile. "That is one-and-twenty days' life at a shilling a day."

I urged him, but in vain. He would only take three guineas, and promising that I should bear the result of the letter to his father, he left me to think over what could be done for him if that plan failed, I regard to which in had some misgivings.

FOURTH SIGHT.

For a whole week I heard nothing of William Hardy; when whenever an interval of business gave me time for thought in regard to his case, I went on meditating and planning. The more I revolved the circumstance and the peculiar character of his father, which I had easily divined, the less probability I saw of his application succeeding. I almost regretted that I had advised it. Colonel Hardy's vice was intractable pride. That was clear enough. Was there any chance that that one who had brought disgrace upon his name, who had set his authority at naught, should obtain any compassion in misery and distress. Could William, have gone to him in splendor and success he might have obtained pardon for sins much more heinous than any he had committed. I doubt not in the least if he had cut a friend's throat, or insulted a benefactor, or seduced a lady of high rank Colonel Hardy would have forgotten it all. But to have his name on the Police-sheet as a common gambler for mere bread was unpardonable.

Such was the conclusion in which all my meditations ended. My plans were rather more satisfactory to myself at least I determined to offer the young man a seat in my office; to give him his articles and to pay him a salary. I entertained no doubts of him—no suspicions. His were not faults which would render such confidence dangerous, and I only waited to see him to make the offer.

I had settled the matter in my own mind and dismissed the subject from my thoughts, when just one week after he had dined with me, to the very day, I was walking quietly to my chambers thinking on other affairs, and had taken my way through a short but wide street, principally consisting of fashionable lodging houses, leading from the great square.

There was but one shop in the street; that of a wax-chandler with whom I dealt, and who knew me well; a man of the name of Shepherd. I walked along on the same side of the way as that on which his shop stood, and had met nobody till I reached it; but just as I was coming near, I saw a servant in a striped morning jacket run across from a house opposite, and call Shepherd to the door. They were talking eagerly, and apparently anxiously; but I was passing on when Shepherd called me by name, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; but I am afraid something serious has happened over there. This man, William, sir, tells me he has heard two pistol shots in his master's dwelling-room, where he was at breakfast, and he and the people of the house are afraid to go in, for the gentleman is very stern and severe, and never suffers any one to come unless he rings the bell."

"Nonsense," I said, "people do not fire pistols in their drawing-rooms without cause which should be inquired into, and if they do they should be taken care of.—Who is your master, my man?"

"My master is Colonel Hardy, sir," he answered with a very anxious look; and his word seemed to send all the blood in my body to my heart in a moment.

"Was any one with him?" I asked in a shaking voice; "was your young master with him?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, "the housemaid says he walked past her when she was cleaning the steps, and up stairs straight, about half an hour ago."

I walked across the street at once, followed by the servant and the wax-chandler and ran up the stairs without ceremony. "Which is the room?" I cried: but before the man could speak, the question was answered by my sight. There were two doors on the first floor; one apparent ly leading to a bedroom at the back, and one to a front room facing the street.—From underneath the latter, as I put my foot upon the top step, I saw coming a

small dark red stream of blood. I instantly tried the door, but it was locked, and I called loudly for admission.

There was no answer.

"Colonel Hardy! William!" I exclaimed, "let me in."

All was silent.

Shepherd, who was a stout man and a famous pugilist, stepped forward, turned the handle of the door and put his shoulder against it. It gave way suddenly; but then caught against something. The violence of the first push, however, had forced it open sufficiently for a man to pass. Shepherd went in first with an exclamation of horror, and I followed him closely.

Never shall I forget the sight. There before me stretched upon the hearth-rug, lay the stern father with his right arm bent underneath him, and the left stretched out as if it had been grasping at something—the bell perhaps. He was dressed in a broad silk dressing-gown, with slippers on his feet, and his coffee-cup stood half full upon the table near. His face was somewhat distorted but not disfigured; but it was the face of a dead man; and the blood that stained the rug and splattered his dressing-gown told the manner of his death, though the wound being in the side of the head, and rather towards the back, was not at first apparent. He was deadly pale, of course: the flush of passion, if it had been there, was gone; but the brow was still knitted in one of the fiercest frowns I had ever seen.

Not far from him lay on the carpet a discharged pistol; but I stopped not to look at it, for after having given one glance at the first object which struck me, I turned to another still more horrible.

That which had prevented the full opening of the door was the body of William Hardy and it was his blood which had trickled underneath. He had fallen partly against the door, and lay on his side with his head towards the window. Oh! what a frightful sight that head presented! The temple was blacked; the beautiful curling hair was singed, and dabbled with the spouting blood, and the ball passing through from side to side had splattered the brains against the wall; and yet his face was perfectly calm.

Agony, anguish, despair—there was no trace of either. It looked far more like his countenance as a boy than I had ever seen it between my first and last sight of him. A pistol was grasped firmly in his right hand—so firmly indeed, that we had difficulty in removing it; and hanging to the guard of the trigger was still the shop ticket bearing the words, "Second-hand, Egg's best made. Only £2 10s."

Good Heaven, how he had applied the money that I gave him!

There he lay, that bright warm-hearted energetic, willful boy—a paricide—a suicide!—Was it altogether by his own fault he had become that thing? No, no! sin breeds sin, and crime begets crime; and every guilty human being has to answer not only for his own offences, but for a share of all those to which his offences lead, or tempt or drive another. No one ever accurately knew what had passed in that dreadful chamber before we entered it. The housemaid had heard high words; and after they had gone on some time two pistol shots, with the intervals of about a few seconds between them. And that was all. I trust that the poor lad was mad; but that was my last sight of William Hardy.

OUR LORD'S LOVE OF NATURE.

No one ever loved nature with a purer, intenser love than the Saviour himself. We delight to contemplate this feature in the Saviour's character; there is so much of childlike and pure humanity about it. When he walked by the sea of Galilee, as he often did, and felt his jaded spirit soothed by the refreshing sight of its clear waters, and the musical murmur of its waves—when he pointed his hearers to the trooping ravens that hovered above him, or to the lilies of the field that decked the sides of the mountain—or when we follow him to the lone mountain where he loved to retire at the close of the day when his spirit was wearied and broken down by the wickedness of his age—we feel that we are in fellowship with one who, though Divine, has the purest human sympathies; and not the least attractive and prominent of these is his intense love of nature. His frequent walks by the seashore, and on the quiet road, skirted with trees, leading from Jerusalem to Bethany, his wanderings upon the mountains, and all his many beautiful allusions to familiar but never-to-be forgotten objects in nature, bore witness to the ardent love with which he looked upon the heavens above and the green earth beneath. His spotless spirit was in

harmony with every thing that was good and beautiful and true. Hence some of his most striking and appropriate illustrations were taken from the mountain flowers, or from the moorland birds, or from the varied forms of placid beauty or towering grandeur which the scenery of Judea daily brought before him. He loved the quiet, sequestered, rural retreat. His sympathies for man—and everything that was human—were of the purest, the strongest, and the most enduring character; but he loved the solitude and the calm of the mountain summit, or the woody slope, or the margin of the murmuring brook, or the lone shore of the lake, or the peaceful hamlet nestled in the forest shade and sheltered by the towering hill, where there was little or nothing to disturb the uniform process of social life. Hence we find him oftentimes on the mountain or by the sea shore, or in the shady walk, or in the midst of the fruitful corn-fields. His love of nature was intense, but not by any means ascetic nor selfish—not leading him to overlook the great interests of congregated masses in the towns and cities of his country.—He who was thrilled with the beautiful landscape of mountain, lake and valley, of richly cultivated fields—where heart had done its utmost, or where nature was left in all its wild and native grandeur—that bursts upon his view as he descended the slopes of Mount Olivet, he descended in deepest anguish of spirit to weep over the guilty city that lay at its base.—*The Bible and the Working Classes.*

GOD MADE THE MIND TO BE FREE.

Free is the Eagle's wing
As it cleaves the sun's warm ray;
Free is the mountain spring
As it rushes forth to-day;
But freer far the Mind—
Priceless is liberty;
No hand must dare to bind!
God made it to be free.

You may fetter the Eagle's wing,
No more through clouds to soar;
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more;
But the Mind let none dare chain;
Better it ceases to be;
Born, not to serve, but to reign;
God made it to be free.

Free is the summer's breeze
Floating from airy heights;
Free are the flowing seas;
And free heaven's golden light;
But freer than light or air,
Or the ever-rolling sea,
Is the mind, beyond compare;
God made it to be free.

Guard well the gift divine,
Than gems and gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine,
No foe must enter there.
Oh, let not error bind,
Nor passion rule o'er thee!
Keep the freedom of the mind!
God made it to be free.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The Cedars of Lebanon have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field," the rest of the trees of his forest are so few that a child may write them. The Cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space equal to two acres of ground. But Lebanon is a faithful field; the mulberry tree yields its luscious fruit, and its more useful leaves, with graceful luxuriance; and in its valleys the harvest wave spontaneously in autumn.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, AMMON.

I was really standing amidst the ruins of a temple wherein rites were once performed as ancient in origin as those of Dodona, perhaps on the very spot where Alexander first heard himself assented of his divine parentage. A found me all was ruin and decay. One fragment only of this vast building was uncrushed beneath the heavy foot of time. Tablets in an unknown language stared at me unmeaningly from crumbling walls. Figures of almost forgotten races—probably of unrecorded dynasties—developed themselves in stately files.

I should have liked to come after darkness had descended upon the earth, and the sun's too powerful glare no longer revealed all the mournful devastation around; what time by the moon's uncertain beam in the heavy shade of the palm-woods, that would keep up an incessant murmur of as spirits talking in the air, I might have built up again in imagination this antique fabric.

The young man who "once saw the day" when he wouldn't associate with mechanics, is now acting as book-keeper to a manure-wagon. Querer reverse of fortune, that.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Willmer & Smith's European Times, December 10.
EUROPE.

It seems very evident to us, that whatever wants either the Russians or the Turks may make about carrying on the war, during the present inclement season, the force of circumstances and the elements will be too much for them, and operations in the field are in fact virtually suspended. Omer Pacha, or rather that division of his army which occupies Kalafat, not only maintains its position, but up to the 30th ultimo the Russians had made no advance against Kalafat.—Indeed it was said that the Russian General Fishback had been ordered to fall back upon Bucharest, where Prince Gortschakoff is concentrating the whole of his troops, with the front of his army turned towards Silistria. The Turks, up to the last accounts, had renewed their attacks upon Giurgevo; but we presume these offensive operations are more with a view to harass the enemy than with any chance of obtaining the command of the road to Bucharest. Of the Russians who had been wounded at Oltinitza no fewer than 420 had died within the last ten days, and amongst them fifteen officers and three colonels. The Russian general who was killed in the chief encounter at Oltinitza was a Baron Posen. The Turks quartered at Kalafat are relieved every other day by fresh troops from Widin, whilst the Russians at Giurgevo, not being relieved in the same considerate manner, suffer grievously. We have no doubt that very severe measures are adopted by the Russians to keep their men up to the mark. In Asia, the Turks continue to gain great advantages. The Russians, under Generals Nesselrode and Argutinski, have been defeated near Achalzik and Achirka, which latter we suppose, is Achalkalaka, on the ill-ascertained line of frontier between Turkey and Georgia. It seems very apparent that the deserters from the Russian legions are so numerous that three Poles, Major Wierzecki, Segismund Jordan, and Jagonier, are organizing a legion to be composed of Russian deserters. The celebrated General Klapka, the hero of Comorn, is also gone to Asia to form a Magyar-Italian volunteer corps. Wysocki, a Pole, is also forming a corps of his countrymen. Of the Russian recruiting we hear very wonderful accounts; but as they are of so vague and uncertain a character it is useless to repeat them.

From all we have learnt we shall continue of opinion that a formal convention has been entered into by France and England, fixing the eventualities by which it is declared at what period we shall interfere to maintain the integrity of the Turkish dominions. We further believe that Austria and Prussia have been invited to become partners thereto; and we still further declare that these powers, with all their vaunted moderation and neutrality, will not dare to hold off, but have virtually acceded to this treaty; which is, in fact, one guaranteeing mainly the territorial declarations of the treaty of Vienna. We care very little what the Viennese papers say upon this subject; all we know is, that there exists no power in Europe more interested in the maintenance of peace than Austria; or we may add, with equal truth, Prussia. These powers, evade it how they may, must do as France and England bid them. It is in fact on this condition that the Sultan, upon receiving General Baraguay d'Hilliers, says: "I have always relied on the material and moral support of my ancient allies, France and Great Britain. France and the rest of Europe have a right to insist on peace. I, too, desire peace, but only if it can be had without prejudice to my sovereign rights and the independence of Turkey. At present no arrangement is possible without the entire renunciation of the pretensions but forward by Russia, and without the immediate and complete evacuation of the Principality, which are part of my empire." This brings us back at once to the original cause of the dispute, which we have kept in view all along. The question arises now as it did months ago will the Czar of Russia renounce in explicit terms all pretensions to a protectorate, and still further evacuate the Principality? If he would not do this before his armies were worsted on the banks of the Danube will he do it now, after Omer Pacha has decimated his troops at the battle of Oltinitza. Journalists may put the question how they please, but all must allow that if the Czar relinquishes his "material guarantees," the Principality, without