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. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1853. VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY.

MRS. MORETON was deeply agitated. 'It is impossible, and it is cruel in you,' she said, 'to ask it—cruel to yourself, cruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury; cruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made his house his own. You know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal unkindness towards yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentlewoman of rank. She has as yet seen little of the world and knows nothing of its evil. She left you at three years old not more innocent than she still is, now.' Mrs Moreton paused a moment and went on with emotion, 'That opening life—that young unsullied mind, what should I—what would you—have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught to believe her mother dead. My poor woman,' she went on solemnly, 'you must be dead to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her for your own.'

'I must see my child now, that I may know her in Heaven,' exclaimed the woman wildly. 'I must see her, that she may comfort me in my thoughts, and be near me in my dreams. Do you,' she exclaimed, suddenly, 'yon talk to me so wisely, know what I, the mother of a first born child, am talking about? Did you ever feel a child's arms clinging around your neck, and find the little being growing to you day by day as nothing else can grow; loving you—whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst—as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things came between its little heart and yours?'

Mrs Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and wept. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs Moreton. She kissed the hands in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very gown, and covered it with tears.

Mrs Moreton, withdrew within in severe colloquy with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communicated with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attrition with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid thraldom to convention had impressed her outward aspect.

There was a pause of a few moments.

'Even if I am doing right in this'—so she reasoned with herself—'the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong God will forgive me.' She arose from the chair. 'Get up,' she said, 'My poor Woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?'

The woman made a gesture of passionate asseveration; for at that moment she could not speak,

'Swear then,' said Mrs Moreton, 'swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting without either word or look that can betray you.'

She rang the bell. 'Send Mrs Jenkyn to me.'

'Jenkyn,' she said, when the confidential servant appeared, 'this good woman's business with me is over; but, as she comes from a distance, I should like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms; as much as there is time for before dark.'

'And the great drawing-room, Ma'am?' insinuated Mrs Jenkyn.

'Certainly; it will not disturb your young lady in the least.'

It was rather an extensive orbit that the two had to traverse; and the old housekeeper, who had revolved in it so many years, moved so slowly—at least, so it seemed to her companion—from point to point, from picture to picture, that, by the time they reached the great drawing-room, the sunlight had almost faded from it.

Almost; for there was still a strong slanting golden beam, that played and flickered about the picture-frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm-chair—a few moments, and it would be gone. The girl—who, sitting in the window, rejoiced in this after-thought of the sun, which gave her a little more than time to finish her drawing—did not know how lovely it made her; kissing her innocent young forehead, and resting, like a benediction, upon her smooth, shining hair. She went on quietly with her sketch. Mrs Moreton (who had returned to see that faith was kept) persevered with her accounts. Mrs Jenkyn and the woman walked around the room very slowly. When they reached the door that lead into an inner apartment, Mrs Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said, 'And this used to be the favourite sitting-room of my lady, my lord's mother.'

She held the door open; but her companion still lingered.

Mrs Moreton looked up from her accounts and said impressively, 'I think you have now seen *all* in this room, and Mrs Jenkyn has more to show you in the others.

'But why,' said the young lady, speaking for the first time, but without looking up from her occupation, 'should the good woman be hurried away until she has seen as much as she wishes? Pray stay,' she said, with a sort of careless sweetness, still without looking up, 'as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least.'

Almost while she spoke, she suddently rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman; so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak: mother and daughter really so near—conventionally so distant—with a word between them.

Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle; and the concluding part of her often-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they passed into the boudoir.

'And this,' she went on 'was my lady's favourite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because——But you are tired,' she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered.

'Yes—no,' said the visitor incoherently: 'I must go back. I have forgotten something in the next room.'

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding door; but, before she could push it open, she was met by a heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs Moreton, confronting her with a stern admonitory whisper—'Woman! are you mad or wicked?'

The mother stood arrested—guilty.—She turned to follow the housekeeper; but there was an anguish at her heart that could not be controlled.'

'Hark!' exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turning pale as death, 'what is that?'

Mrs Moreton shuddered. A cry, piercing and inarticulate like that of a dumb creature in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. 'It was the poor woman, ladies,' said the housekeeper, anxiously. 'I fear she is very ill: it has come upon her quite of a sudden.'

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the inlaid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was drawn a little to one side.

'Run, Jenkyn,' exclaimed the young lady, 'for wine, on whatever is most necessary. We will attend to her.'

She took the poor woman by the arm; she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass to the patient's lips; and while she did so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind young heart beating against her own. Who can tell—who but the Giver of all consolation—what balm there was in that one moment; what deep, unspoken communion: what healing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence even from good words. Only, while the young lady was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one of the folds of her dress—she stroked it with her hand—she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its softness; and so long as she dared to hold it she did not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady stood at the window of the great drawing-room, looking after a solitary slowly-retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

'The poor woman!' she said, softly; 'she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her—strange, was it not, Mrs Moreton?'

But Mrs Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scene she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed for ever. She mused on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred—an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadow that were so thickly falling around her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered around her; but among them there was no presage of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow—the coronet of the princely peasant-descended house of Sforza Still she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pitying sigh.

Her sadness suited the hour of twilight and it passed with it. She knew not nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near to her

---

From Godey's Lady's Book.

CASTLE BUILDING.

BY RICHARD COE.

HE loves me! Yes, he loves me!
I see it in his eyes:
His looks are full of tenderness
Whenever I am nigh!
Oh, 'tis delightful to be loved
By one so kind as he!
Ere yet another day is gone
A suitor he shall be.

He loves me! Yes, he loves me!
I know it by the tone
He uses when he speaks to me
When we are all alone!
His voice is like a melody
That floats across the sea;
It is not so to other girls,
'Tis only so to me!

I'll have him! Yes, I'll have him
When his love he shall express,
I'll torture him a little while,
Then sweetly answer 'Yes!'
He'll clasp me then within his arms,
And on my forehead fair
He'll print the first fond kiss of love
Would it might linger there!

I'd like him better, though, I think,
If he were only poor,
That I might chase him in and out
My father's cottage door;
And pluck the flow'rets from their stems
And place them in his vest,
And tell him how I'd love, like them,
To lie upon his breast!

And then he'd chuck me on the chin,
And hasten fast away;
And I would follow with a shout
Or laughter wild and gay.
And thus our days of courtship fond
Would glide all sweetly by,
Until the happy wedding day—
Ah me! that makes me sigh.

Dream on, dream on, thou pretty one,
The poet would not mar
Thy fairy castle in the air,
E'en should it reach the star,
That shineth nightly from on high,
In beauty, like a queen,
Until it vails its liquid light
Or pales its lustrous sheen.

Dream on, dream on, and may no ill
Thy future lot o'er cast;
But may each fair succeeding day
Be happy as the last!
And may good spirits hover round,
And gently fan thy rest,
Till love, and happiness, and peace
Be centerd in thy breast!

From Dickens's Household Words.

DOCK WORKMEN'S LODGING-HOUSE AT BIRKENHEAD.

A BRAVE attempt is that no made at Birkenhead.—The workmen's dwelling erected by the Dock Company almost shame the London edifices. The whole group is divided into six ranges by five parallel avenues; which avenues are well drained, well paved, and have handsome iron gates at each end. Each avenue has, on one side, the front of one row of houses, and the back of another row on the opposite side; so that there are front and back edtrances to every house. The back entrance has within it a stone passage, with a stone staircase leading up to the several stories. These stories, four in number, comprise two sets of rooms each; and each set, consisting of the apartment requisite for a complete dwelling, has an outer door, which, practically, constitutes a street-door, opening upon the stone staircase. Almost everything in and about the house is made of brick, iron, and stone, wood being sparingly employed Even this woodwork is so backed by less combustible materials, that a destructive fire would seem to be impossible. There is an immense advantage in this matter alone, irrespective of all others; for a fire proof workman dwelling is better than an inflammable palace.

Eight tenements, or sets of rooms, thus form a house; and each dwelling comprises a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, with such a supply of all necessary conveniences and comforts as will enable any careful housewife to keep her house clean and tidy. There is good drainage for every dwelling, down to the basement; a joint-stock dust shaft, and universal water and gas. The top of each house is terrace-built, like the houses of the East; with posts and pegs, and lines for hanging clothes; a protecting parapet of sufficient height around, and sufficient space to enable the dwellers to botanize with a few flower-pots, and to sit, chat, smoke, and breath fresh air. The sewerage, the dust, the water, and the gas, are not left to the carelessness of each family. One system manages the whole of these matters for the whole of the dwellings; and a trifling expenditure of time and trouble by a central authority suffices to maintain good order in these very essential particulars. Ventilation is ensured by the use of air-bricks, ventilation shafts, and by windows made of cast iron, hung upon pivots and glazed with plate glass, such as can be opened with ease and readiness.

Such are the workmen's dwellings built by the Birkenhead Dock Company, with the intention of letting each complete dwelling at a rent varying from three to five shilings a-week, and with a view of obtaining a fair but not large interest for the capital expended.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

FOUR SIGHTS OF A YOUNG MAN.

THE THIRD SIGHT.

PARIS is Paris only. Give it what name you will—a great Fair—a large Theatre, where tragedy and farce are alternately enacted—a Race-course where every one is running against his neighbour to win the cup of pleasure—still it is the Fair, the Theatre, or the Race-course, Paris. London is the epitome of the whole world—in its resources, in its pursuits, in its enjoyments, in its privations, in its frantic joys and frantic miseries, its vices, its virtues, its brightness and its gloom. Human nature, human life, whatever be its aspect, or its phase, finds there its exponent and its illustrations. The very diversity of its streets; the proximity of the dark, the dingy, and the low, to the brilliant, the fresh and the magnificent; the gradation from the thronged, noisy, and mercantile thoroughfares through the cool, aristocratic squares, the quiet abodes of mediocrity; the dull streets of poverty and labor to the low, narrow alleys of vice and destitution is but a symbol of man's condition here.

To the eastward of Regent street, but close to it, and in a parallel line with its busy and crowded channel runs a small, well-smoked, very quiet street, enlivened only by the existence of a Roman Caholic chapel, a picture-frame maker's shop, a corn-chandler's, in a small way, and a low public-house. Yes, I forgot—there is one other house worthy of note—a small eating house, where one can get a plentiful meal of good beef, roast or boiled, for tenpence half-penny, and give the three-halfpence out of the shilling to the waiter.—Most of the houses are used as furnished lodging-houses—and furnished lodgings of London are very curious places, well worthy, in general, of a history—where lodge persons of very various classes and pursuits, having but one characteristic common to them all—paucity of means. Women not quite abandoned, but in the high road to be so; gamblers who have lost much money, and no little reputation; men once well off, who have been ruined by a speculation, a friend, a merchant, or a lawyer; authors, who have had the singular misfortune of meeting with an honest bookseller; a few oboe-players and clarionet-men—and even a trumpet or a trombone here and there, affect that street, and the small quiet lodgings which it contains.

It is a place very full of heart-aches, I have a notion; more so than those who roll along Regent-rtreet in smooth carriages with gaudy servants behind them, know or care about; for it is not the utter abysses of anything that are the most terrible. When you reach the bottom, it is all over, or you are stunned; but it is while falling that come the terror and agony.

There in that street men sit and think of all that might have been; and women too. There they pondor over blighted hopes and wasted energies; there curse the preversity of Fortune, and murmur at the stern decree of Fate. There are no ghosts in that street—it does not look like it; but there are many living, hard realities;—no rats, I dare say, but gnawing cares and fearful expectations. Remorse, despondency, despair; the canker-worm, the mildew, and the blight lie beyond those dusty and obscure casements; and many a sad review of a dark army of errors is passing daily before the sight of the eyes within to the dead march of the heart's hoper. There, too, perhaps, high aspirations, genius, bright and strong, kindly sympathies noble impulses, all the owers of mind, and heart, and spirit, lie crushed beneath the dust of petty cares like the bright of Graeco-Roman art beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. Like the flowers of the forest, they perish unseen and unregretted, while brambles and tall weeds grow up and flourish; but unlike those flowers, they feel and repine. The world is a hard-heeled clown looking for precious stones, who treads upon a thousand gems; and picks up the bright pebbles which the glistening waters burnish.

It is a sad and sorrowful-looking street by day or by night; and yet, I know not why, I always prefer walking through it, on my way home, to threading the living labyrinth of the crowded street near at hand. It is, perhaps, the contrast which makes the gay scene more sad to me than the gloomy one.

One evening in November, about six o'clock, I was walking home from Lincoln's Inn, and passed up that way. It was by no means one of the gloomiest November nights I have seen in London; but yet the rigorous and ungenial precursor of the cold tyrant, Winter, made itself felt. There was a thin, yellowish mist in the air, a damp, unwholesome smell; the lamps looked large, and threw out long, straggling pencils of light; and the ground was in that unpleasant, half-frozen state when the very friction of passing feet dissolves the abortive ice into cold, clammy mud. I went along slowly by the many windows—some of them dull and blank, like the eyes of death; others emitting a feeble obscure light. I had nearly reached the shop of the corn-chandler where a gas-burner was flaring in the still open window, when I saw a man—the only one I had met for the last two hundred yards—coming with a quick and irregular pace towards me. I thought from his walk that he was tipsy, and gave him ample room; but just before the shop we came close—and, lookiug at him, I saw a face that I knew.

He did not know me, and I might have passed on; but there was something in his appearauce which, even by that dull light, struck me as strange and sad.—How shall I describe it? I can not: it is not to be clearly defined. The color, the materials of his dress, I could not see—no particular was distinct; but yet there was about him altogether what I must call an air of neglect, which was very grievous when compared with his appearance a year or two before; and, stopping suddenly, I called to him before he had passed out of hearing. There was something friendly in my tone, I suppose—I hope there was; and he turued instantly aud approached me.

"Mr Hardy," I said, holding out my hand, "I am exceedingly happy to see you."

He paused a moment, at least, before he answered; and then asked, "are you? You are the only one, I believe, who would say that same."

There was something bitter yet deeply melancholy in his tone, and icy cold—almost to superciliousness—in his manner. His face, too, which I could now see more distinctly by the light in the shop windows, was deadly pale, and grave as that of a corpse. There was no fierceness in it; and, as to the superciliousness, I knew right well what a contempt of every thing earthly, and of human nature especially, is exhaled from the crushed flowers of hope when the heel of despair treads upon the heart.

I saw that I had made a mistake. He had not been drinking; and I was almost inclined to address him in the words of the prophet speaking to Jerusalem: "Harken unto me, thou drunken, but not with wine."

That, however, which is sublime on great and rare occasions become ludicrous on ordinary circumstances; and I answered: "Something, I fear, has distressed you Mr Hardy. I trust there are many who would greet you kindly."

He shook his head, sorrowly; and I added: "As for my part, I never use words I do not wish to express feelings. I said I was exceedingly glad to see you, because I had heard that some unpleasant circumstances had befallen you. As long as you are affluent and happy, I—being somewhat morose—do not care much whether I see you or not; but when reverses befal you, or sorrow assails you, I claim my rights as an old friend, as the friends of the poor boy, now in his grave, to a portion of you society and a share in your confidence."

He put his hand up to his forehead, pushing his hat a little back; and as he did not speak, I coutinued, saying: "Come now, my young friend, I am going