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VOL. XII

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

MERCHANT PRINCES.

If a Papuan, or a Bosjesman, or an Ojibwayan, or any one not a smoke-dried townsman, stand by the Obelisk in Cheapside, and look up that busy mart, the turmoil would indicate to his mind business run mad.

All the world knows of the enormity of London trade, yet few are prepared to appreciate the magnificence of its details.—In the narrow byways, where the walls rear themselves so high, that, looking up, one might reasonably expect the stars to appear, as it is said they do when viewed from a deep well, many a house contains a community sufficient to make a German state. The ruler enumerates his subjects by hundreds, and maintains a complete machinery of government. Well may it have become trite to speak of merchant princes. It is traditional that some houses 'turn over' a million, a million and a half, or two-millions a year; and their territories correspond with their revenues.

It is so customary to associate cramped space with town, that visitors are not at all prepared to wander over acres in one of these establishments. Like the agriculturist, the Princes of London trade tell their ground by acres; only the one metes his rent by the same rate, the other by the foot.

If the highly interesting personages with whom he began, are interested enough to seek one of these houses as a type, they will suffer their thoughts to send them forward, till on the left hand of Cheapside there is met with a lonely relic of living wood, still called, from veneration for age, a tree. It is the verdant decoration, for three weeks in the year, of Wood Street. Let our adventurous friends wonder, as they turn down, whether it gave the street its name. Again to the right, with Morley's great hosiery house on one side, and Piekford's mighty wagon-yards on the other; Swan with two Necks passed; Alderbury is reached; and, in it, a high, new fronted edifice will furnish every requisite for a picture of a London house, and at the same time be an exponent of the staple manufacture of the age. Of course we mean cotton. It needs a visit to Manchester or Glasgow to see the loom, and a visit to Manchester or Glasgow to see it printed. How it is disposed of eventually we can learn here.

A *coup d'oeil* takes in an infinity of 'bales' and 'piles' of every description—an intermingled array of bright goods open upon the counters, made brighter by the beams that come through the skylight. A host of gentlemanly-looking individuals, youths and other folk, bustle about, full of animation and business. Talk of the Maze at Hampton Court, or of the Bower at Woodstock, weaver that Eleanor evinced no greater dexterity in winding Fair Rosamond's Labyrinth, than we on the more peaceful mission of finding a friend to act as our cicerone. By the aid of one or two scouts, we discover him in distant nether realms piling up innumerable packages in forms that would exhaust the devices of solid geometry. To the walls of an extensive area are fixed wooden hutches, in which goods are comfortably housed to the depth of about ten feet; and here they remain till wanted. In the adjoining and upper departments, we shall learn what these parcels contain.

Leaping through an open trap-door, to test our agility, we proceed, under guidance, on a circumstantial tour. First of all, attention is claimed by the architecture of the interior. Very considerable skill has been exercised by the architect. Where each inch in the room has appreciable value, it required a thorough knowledge of 'space economy' to make the best use of what space there was. Abundance of light, too, was a desideratum, and this in a house locked in on every side by others. A disposition of parts was also requisite, so as to allow of a general view of every department. Each floor forms a spacious rectangular gallery, rather than a room, for the central part is wanting. Elegant iron balustrades are fixed round these openings, and give the appearance, when viewed from the loftiest flight, of the staircase of some noble hall, but of yet more magnificent dimensions. The basement floor has its corresponding central part covered with glass, through which a glimpse may be got of the packers and the supervisors of the linen department beneath. At the further end of this fine area, is a double staircase, communicating with the various galleries. Everything on this side conforms to its like on that.

The pair of stairs, in their zigzag upward course, exactly correspond. Everything is clear and bright; everything is beautiful. On giving audible vent to our admiration, we are acquainted how extensive have been the alternations and embellishments. A few years ago, one house served for the business. Another has of late been added, and the two made into one.

The wall between was demolished; an inclined plane skylight given a companion, which, together, form a ridge roof; the old fronts replaced by a handsome and substantial new one, and additional space gained in every imaginable way. The eye will pierce a vista so far retiring as to produce, where not interfered with by the illimitable mountain ranges, hills, and hillocks of goods, all the pretty effect of the vanishing lines of perspective.

The whole place is divided into distinct compartments, occupying one or two sides, or more of each of the floors, according to the magnitude of the transactions in the particular class of goods with which it has to do. Each department is under the sole responsibility of a confidential person, who undertakes purchases and sales to any amount, without reference to the other branches. At 'balancing day,' every six months, it is the aim of the 'buyer,' as he is called, to present a good 'balance sheet.' If the account bear favourable comparison with its antecedents, a step in advance is taken by him who has managed so well; if there be exhibited decrease, which change of fashion or fluctuations in trade will often occasion, he must be prepared with a satisfactory explanation. A 'buyer's' office is one that demands, *sine quo non*, trustworthiness, diligence, tact. It is the ultimatum of a youth's ambition, and the incentive to unremitting perseverance during the years of his novitiate. The pride with which the clerks identify themselves with their House, is pleasing and commendable. Ability quickly displays itself with so great opportunity for its development. How services are valued by a good firm, may be judged by the fact that the buyers in the sixteen departments of this establishment receive salaries ranging between £300 and £1,000 a-year. Indeed, there is much to excite interest and pride. Some of the departments think a balance sheet, showing 'returns' of £80,000 for the half-year, a good one: we think so too.

More anon. We shall find amongst the first things to catch the eye, manifold 'cotton prints,' of every imaginable colour and, as far as we individually are concerned, of every unimaginable as well as imaginable design. They are the product chiefly of the Manchester loom. Cotton, edifies reach from the ground to the floor above, and, in shape like the huge, massive pillars of coal left here and there to prevent a pit falling in, impress us with an edifying sense of their magnitude. By a sight of the piles of manufactured cotton, we alone can get the least apprehension of what is meant when the statisticians of cotton wool imports point to a thousand millions of pounds avordupois! Such was the extent of the trade last year—certainly the largest quantity ever imported, yet a quantity which is sure to be continually and indefinitely increased. A thousand tons of raw cotton are worked up in England every day! Pause a moment, and try to think what that means.

A mark upon some of the goods shows us that they have come from the famous print-works of 'Hoyle.' Ask your sister, or your wife, or your mother, sir, 'Who is he?' You'll find the name 'familiar in their mouths as household words.'—Truly there is something in a name, for 'Hoyle' is a talisman that will beguile an extra price per yard from the most thrifty student of housewifery. The peculiar excellence of these goods is, that the colours are fast—that is, so we cunningly opine, fixed fast, and wont wash out. A metropolitan schoolboy would call us 'too fast' for daring to explain so obvious a thing.

Journeying onwards, we reach a neighbourhood that lets us into a good many of the secrets of a lady's underclothing. Without publishing all we learn, may it suffice that we do get extraordinary additions to our knowledge on that delicate subject. Corded slips and petticoats are seen in astounding numbers, and other things we don't know the name of are disposed of by thousands at a time. It were profanity to think that ladies are as vain of the number of their under habiliments as tradition accredits them of their external silks, yet the variety here makes the wicked thought intrude. Gentlemen cannot have the charge of vanity brought against them. Oh, no! Here, *par exemple*, is an immense assortment of fancy cravats. Where the ladies' whatever they call them reckon by hundreds, these are multiplied by ten. The Scotch department, close at hand, exposes coloured

handkerchiefs in numbers that would cause our interest to flag before we ended computing them. Then, again, we lose ourselves amongst fine fabrics, mousselines-de-laines, and goods that require a lady's vocabulary to recapitulate.

Cotton goods form the bulk of the valuable stock of a house of this kind, yet very extensive business is carried on in other textile fabrics, both of home and foreign make. One long counter is hidden under the heaps of shawls it bears, while, round about, a few are spread out with a most careful negligence, so as to show their graceful folds and beautiful India borders.

It is a sight to repay the reigning belle the exertion of dispelling May Fair lassitude, and the fatigue an 'overland route' from Piccadilly to Aldermanbury. But it is forbidden ground. Wholesale dealers alone are to be enticed by the blandishments of colour and pattern. We dare not pronounce our private opinion upon their excellences, for the terror of the Marlborough House tri-censorship is as a frontlet between our eyes; nor have we the temerity to hazard anything against the 'correct principles of taste.' Despite us when we reach a spot chequered with silks of the richest hues and most varied designs, our satisfaction cannot but find an ejaculatory vent. English silks do not stand comparison with French. Bright as our own colours are, but they pale beside the produce of our neighbours.—Harmony of colour, suitability of design (a bloominess, as the School of Art hath it), and a certain decisiveness in both pattern and colour, give French silks a richness and a glow which please the *savant* in these things as well as the illiterate, and contrast very strikingly with the elegance of English goods. Not alone in silks is this seen. The cashmeres of English make are stiff, and have the colours running into one another. The French, on the contrary, retain the silky softness of the Cashmere goat, and the brightness of colour characteristic of their silks.

Another portion of the premises is a *maison de devil*, the locality of crapes, and kindred vestments of wo; styles and textures varied, to denote every phase of grief.

While making these rather irregular memoranda, we have reached as near as is possible the roof that separates us from the sky, not from daylight. To attain so great an elevation, we have perambulated ground enough to make us tired. When, therefore, our pioneer points to two recesses in the wall, and says we can reach the world again by either of those roads, without an effort, we only wait for an assurance of safety to feel thankful. Such assurance is quite requisite; for, peeping into them, we find them to be perpendicular shafts, extending to the ground, and which we should as soon think of trusting ourselves down headlong, as we should over the parapet wall. However much perplexed, thanks to our cultivated prudence, neither of these ideas tempted us.

(To be continued.)

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

'Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Ravon tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain-flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudy flowers dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gently, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talent will avail
When on life's rough sea we sail;
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And the wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly loving heart.

Ye who bowly wisdom old—
Ye who wordly the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world was crusted o'er,
Feelings good and pure before—
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart!

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words,
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
To my heart the kindly loving heart!

From Godey's Lady's Magazine.

THE DIVISION OF TIME.

MANY ages must have elapsed after the creation of the world before any method of computing Time, or of dating events, was brought into established use. At a very early period time was measured by the revolution of the moon, the seasons, and the successive returns of labor and rest; but so late as the age of Homer a formal calendar seems to have been unknown as a guide to history or a register of events.

The division of days into weeks is the most ancient mode of marking time, and probably took place at the Creation. The next division was that of months, which appears to have been in use even before the flood. The months were marked by the revolution of the moon, consequently were lunar months.

The highest natural division of time is into years. At first a year consisted of only twelve lunar months. It is supposed that this method of reckoning was in use as early as the Deluge, and that it continued for many ages after. But this was a very imperfect mode of computing time, for a lunar year was nearly eleven days shorter than a solar year; hence the months could not long correspond with the seasons. And even in the short space of seventeen years the winter months would have changed places with those of the summer.

The calendar which is now generally adopted in the Christian world was instituted by Romulus. His year began on the first of March, and continued only ten months, or about 304 days, hence was very imperfect. Numa gave the year 355 days, added two more months, and transferred the beginning of the year to the 1st of January. But this was making the year too short.

When Julius Cesar obtained the sovereignty of Rome, he found the months had changed from the seasons, and in order to bring them forward to their places he formed one long year of fifteen months, or 455 days. This has been called the year of confusion. It ended January 1st, forty-five years before Christ. From this period the Julian year of 365 days 6 hours commenced. The common year contained only 365 days, but once every four years the 6 hours amounted to another day, and this day was added to the 23d of February, or the sixth calends of March, which was to be reckoned twice, hence this year was styled Bissextile, or Leap Year.

The Julian year, however, was still imperfect, for the earth performs its annual circuit round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 45 seconds; hence the solar year was shorter than the Julian, or civil year, by 11 minutes, 14 seconds, which in 130 year amounted to a day.

In the course of time this inconvenience becoming too considerable to be unnoticed, Pope Gregory XIII. substituted a new calendar, called the Gregorian calendar, or New Style. It was published in March A. D. 1582. Ten days had now been gained by the old mode of reckoning, and these were struck out of the month of October following, by reckoning the fifth day of that month the fifteenth.

And in order to prevent the recurrence of a similar variation in time to come, he ordained that one day should be added to every fourth year as before, and that from the year 1600 every fourth centennial year should be reckoned as leap year, and the other three centennial years as common ones. Thus the years 1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, etc., are to be reckoned as common ones, and 1600, 2000, 2400, etc., as leap years. Even this correction is not absolutely exact, yet the error is so small as to hardly vary one day in a thousand years.

The mode of computing time as established by Gregory is called New Style, and that by Julius Cesar, Old Style.—The New Style was adopted by Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy on the same day as at Rome, and in France on the tenth of September following, which was reckoned the twentieth day.

But in Great Britain this change was not adopted until September, 1752, when 170 years had elapsed since the Gregorian alteration, consequently a little more than another day had been gained. It was therefore enacted by Parliament that eleven days, instead of ten, should be stricken out of the month of September, 1752. On the second day of that month the Old Style ceased the third day was reckoned the fourteenth. By the same act Great Britain changed the beginning of the year from the 25th of March to the 1st of January.

The time for commencing the year has usually been determined, among different nations, by the date of some memorable event, such as the Deluge, the Incarnation of Christ, etc. The Egyptians began the year with the autumnal equinox.

The Jewish ecclesiastic year began in the spring, but in civil affairs they retained the epoch of the Egyptians. The ancient Swedish year began about the time of the winter solstice. The Turks and Arabs commence their year about the middle of July.

When Romulus began the year in March, he named the last four months according to their position. The names September, October, November, December, designated their order—seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth. But Numa changed the beginning of the year to the first of January without altering the names of the months; hence they do not now correspond to their order in the calendar.

Owing to these changes in the modes of reckoning time, if we wish to ascertain in what date in Old Style would a certain day in New Style correspond, or what date in New Style any day of Old Style would represent, we must observe the following rules:—

If the event happened before the first of March, 1700, add ten days to the Old Style, and you have it corrected for the new; if it happened between the last day of February, 1700, and the 1st of March, 1800, add eleven days; if between the same dates in 1800 and 1900, add twelve days; and if between 1900 and 2100, add thirteen days. If you wish to ascertain the Old Style from the New, subtract from the New instead of adding to the Old.

HEARTLESS MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Arl is not a good companion for any girl; she has sacrificed poor Hilda's happiness for life; that girl has been quite persuaded into that match. She is sure to be made miserable. Poor Hilda, as you call her, is worse than miserable; she is doing wickedly, and her sin will find her out. She is helping to degrade her own sex, for she shows that she has no belief in her own value—no perception of that purity which ought to be instinct of her soul. She will, indeed, go through a legal form, and so secure herself from the censure of society; but wherein does she differ (except that she makes a better bargain,) from the wretched woman who, from their necessities, sell themselves for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread. Women have no stability in themselves. They talk about purity, they talk about delicacy and female virtue; but what faith do they show in all these fine things? How are men likely to consider these virtues as realities, and what reverence can they feel for women who, having been kept from the evil of the world, show so little faith in the reality of female worth, that they are willing to sell themselves into decent bondage to any man, however profligate, who can give them a home, or gratify their vanity by a fine establishment! 'Oh, you are wise, and lister, and contemptuous,' cried Lady Wollaston; 'you men are cruel, every one of you—You crush us down with a morality which you yourselves will not lighten with one of your fingers! Now, listen to me. If women knew what they were doing who they, as you say 'sell themselves into bondage, to a man they do not care about, for the sake of a position in life, they would not do it. They commit an irrevocable deed before they know all it involves. They are that no well regulated young woman ought to think about love—that is an idle fancy, if not a grave impropriety; and they are taught the necessity of making a good match—it is about the only thing they hear treated as a reality. Those who have any good, right, womanly feeling in their nature, wake when it is too late to the knowledge of what they have bartered away. Believe me, that no man, with the freedom and outgoing activity which is his birth-right, can know or imagine what is endured by a woman shut up within herself, with no outlet for her feelings—no body to whom she may, or indeed ought to utter the thoughts that are perplexing to her.

Talk of despair! none but a woman who has married rashly knows the force of the word. Love cannot be compelled by any amount of vows; and to be condemned for life to a man she does not love—to feel the grinding and grating of the thousand trifles that such a close connexion entails—to know that if he goes out in the morning he must return at noon or night; to feel the shortest absence as a blessing—a respite from the intolerable burden of his presence; and to know that for all life it must be thus! To feel all that she might have been: to feel powers and faculties awakening within her, which might have made her life so rich in blessedness; and to have all thrown back to die within her heart; that is despair if you like. Do not speak so cruelly—if women sin, be very sure that they expiate bitterly.' Lady Wollaston's eyes flashed, and the tears rather darted from them.