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## LITERATURE.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.  
**MERCHANT PRINCES.**

The two shafts are used for the ascent and descent of goods. Their utility will be seen soon. Our friend turns a handle, and immediately a commotion is made amongst a number of ropes which are observed in the opening, and a noise as of some great body struggling to ascend. It proves to be a table, or rather an open box, into which we get, and by dexterous control descend to the bottom. A lad is engaged at frequent intervals with one or other of these machines. He controls the apparatus, unassisted; rises, makes a stoppage at each floor to collect the parcels sold in the departments, and descends with them to the 'Packers'; to whose tenderness we have also consigned ourselves. The scheme is just after the fashion of conveying a dinner at the Reform Club to the top of the building, where all the apertures of a *l'été-à-tête* banquet are brought up at once. Practice makes the lad in charge expert. If inexpert or forgetful, a sudden, not very gentle bump upon reaching the bottom will restore him to consciousness, and teach him care for the rest of the day.

We find ourselves precipitated amongst a species of strong and cheap goods with the euphonious name 'Derries.' They are of Scotch manufacture, and seem to be in great favour. This one house, in the busy season, disposes of the enormous quantity of £1000 worth a-day. It is made up into morning dresses, a piece for which purpose costs about 3s. or 3s. 6d. But here it is only sold in parcels containing many pieces. A small order for a retail customer would be refused, partly from a sense of injustice to the trade, and partly because of the trouble it would give. Many small wholesale houses do a retail trade, but it is always under a silent protest from the regular retailers, and what one of the princely houses would regard as *infra dig.*, and unbusiness-like.

One of the partners is the 'buyer' for the Derry department, a man unmatched in London for business energy and tact. All the members of the firm, indeed, seem to revel and delight in business. Generally, before the rising race are out of their snug beds, these hearty gentlemen have reached their place of business, and are in full activity. Throughout the day with scarcely an intermission, they are engaged in the duty of supervision, and of receiving their customers. Such attention is the talisman of success. The house has taken strides space with the cotton trade. Its early history was that of a respectable small house; now it has hardly a peer, still less a rival. One of the merchant partners rose from the ranks, and traces his present influential position entirely to worth and pre-eminence ability.

Leaving the Derries, on our route we pass through a space appropriated to the 'packers'—a band of thirty or forty men, who are hard at work 'from morn to daway eve,' packing, in canvas or wooden cases, the goods as they come down the shafts. All articles sold are cleared out before the day closes. Packing is quite an art; and excellence often shows itself in one workman, which another dare hardly emulate. Projecting from a tolerably lengthy wall are many low benches, at each of which are two packers, making up and parcellopping of all dimensions, from the varied stores around. The geniality and consideration of—Cheerybrothers, we had it upon our lip to say, and should not have been very much out, the princely employers extend to the humblest of their subjects. Length of service, as well as ability, is acknowledged by increased pay. The patriarch of the 'packers' has been packing for the space of nearly thirty years.

When we entered the premises, the *tout ensemble* was so striking, that a number of fancy wares, well deserving a memorandum, escaped special attention. Let us pay our *devoirs* to them. If we evoke a word of reprehension, may it fall upon righteous shoulders. We are glad to be irresponsible for another hard rub upon the 'gentle race.' While rapt in admiration of really beautiful cartoons that adorn the boxes of cambric handkerchiefs, and other fancy articles that have to perform the double duty of utility and decoration, the 'salesman's' most maliciously insinuates, that they are designed to catch the eyes of ladies, who buy not the dower handkerchiefs, but the pretty picture outside.

At the back of the building, retired from the commotion of buying and selling, we may peep in, and see a designer or two at work. He it is who devises the

countless patterns that captivate a purchaser, be his taste however fastidious or fickle. If a dealer have an idea of a new pattern, he seeks to communicate with the designer, who, by his skill, draws it out, and suggests alterations and improvements. A 'proof copy' is then struck off; if approved, a *revise* is sent back, and the order executed; if not, the design is destroyed.

The printing of cotton, of course, does not go on here. A small quantity is printed in the neighbourhood of London, but the bulk in Manchester and Glasgow. Most people are aware, that it is done by means of 'blocks,' like the method of staining paper;—rather was done, for though a large quantity, considered in itself, is even now thus printed, yet it is a very small decimal of the length printed by revolving cylinders. Last year, 30,000 miles of cotton cloth were printed in this manner. Another note that which will bear rumination.

Were we accompanied by a lady, we are sure the sight that next presents itself would excite and justify her ire. A man has a number of beautiful muslins lying by him, which he seizes one by one, and remorselessly shears into strips. A few feet further off, we get an explication of this wanton waste. A little mountain of envelopes, addressed to some hundreds of even thousands of customers, will soon be despatched by post, each containing a variety of these small pieces, as samples for an approaching 'season.' These seasons are, in themselves, worthy of remark. They naturally occur in spring and autumn, when 'linseywoolsey's' are courted, or ungratefully cast aside, when 'gossamer is doffed or donned.' During the run of business, extending from March to the beginning of May, and again at the fall of the leaf, little breathing time is allowed in a 'general house.' Every one, from the master to the errand-boy is indefatigably catering for the comfort of his fellow-citizens of the world. It is an established rule, and one that alone could save inextricable confusion, that the business of a day is to be a complete thing in itself. Each department is made square before the head of it leaves. The 'entering clerks' are still more hard worked. Whatever be the time those who have to do with the buying and selling may finish their allotted tasks, the entering clerks must of necessity be after them.

A stock so valuable and extensive as that by which we are environed, demands every care to insure its safety from fire. A few years ago the place was burnt down in its re-erection, every part was made fireproof. If fire did occur, the catastrophe could never again be very calamitous.

The various portions of the house are securely divided from each other by double iron doors. The doors roll back on wheels, and are concealed during the day. When moved forward into their places at night (a feat easily accomplished, despite their weight), there is a space of eighteen inches, or two feet, between them; so that, if one were red-hot, the heat could not extend to any injurious degree to the next compartment. The walls also are very thick, being, in fact, the same as the space between the doors; for, when the doors are closed, they appear but as the continuation, on either side, of the wall.

We have portrayed the daily routine of a hundred hours of business, while sketching the routine of one. The same devotion to work, the same indefatigability, the same preciseness and system, may be recognised in any great London house. A type has been presented of a class—a class engaging many thousands; but it is only one phase of city occupation. To complete a knowledge of business life, we should have to explore the recesses of a thousand hidden acres—a space that would burst the bounds of an 'article.' London is great in manufactures; it rules the monetary world; it abounds with government offices, all of which would give a 'type' of business. Leaving these things, we conclude with the rest of what we have to say.

A goodly number of the employed dwell in the house. Most houses accommodate a fair portion of their young men; some, the whole of them. The arrangements for their comfort are as pleasing as any feature in the place. An adjoining house is given up to kitchens, dining hall, reading-room, and dormitories. The kitchen has a side occupied almost entirely by a huge fire, large as the one before which Simbad's companions were spitted, or 'large enough' as the glossy personification of what a real English cook ought to be avouches. To search a woman's eyes out. From the fire, a good part of a ballock, done to a turn, has just been removed. The buxom *cuisiniere* removes the lid from the mighty saucepan, and reveals a companion piece being cooked by steam. 'She isn't so sure that steam is

best; for her part, she likes the old way. They are going to cook with gas soon, and then, at any rate, the fire won't scorch so much.' Pardon us, good dame, for curling the flowers of your eloquence.

Above stairs are arranged tables for dinner. Parties of 20 or 40 take in turn their quantum. Every one employed boards in the house, although only the youngest members reside there altogether. It is the hospitable custom to entertain at dinner what customers happen to be in the house at the time. If a great assortment of wine and stout bottles, all empty, could, they would probably whisper that the banquet is a genial one.

An adjoining room contains a stock of books, for the mental improvement of the young men. When the continued activity of the day and the unlimited hours are thought of, that must seem a little bit of a joke. We have heard of quite an original method in vogue at a neighbouring house of getting knowledge from the books into the head. In fact, it is by 'chucking' them at one another's heads, when a curator is not by. It is not surprising, for a day of thorough business is enough to cause complete physical prostration—a state not at all disposable of mental exertions. The cry of 'mental improvement of the young men of business' has been, and is, a prominent rallying point of the progressionists. Very much good has resulted from their efforts.

'Early closing' has become fashionable. Were early closing always synonymous with early-leaving-off-work, there is little doubt that innumerable 'mental improvement classes' would spring up of natural growth, and need no philanthropic forcing upon a holed of subscriptions. But 'a good time's coming, boys—wait a little longer.'

The dormitories up-stairs contain each five beds, and a space to squeeze between them. They would be better ventilated if there were fewer beds, or if the rooms were larger. Still they are clean, and comfortable as circumstances will admit. A young clerk resided in the house for three years. That ordeal passed, he becomes identified with his occupation, and allowed to live out of the house. Around the rooms are hung decorations of various kinds, exemplifying the peculiar tastes of the embryo merchants. Over one bed a pair of fencing foils, over another a small home-manufactured set of book-shelves, and an assortment of books. In one of two of the rooms, a placard, on which is printed a series of characteristics of the man of business, very edifying to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.'

Before the windows at the back, Guild-hall rears its walls, from which the sounds of revelry, presided over by the supreme magnet of the city, oftentimes steal. How many Dick Wittingtons have heard, at such hours, premonitions of the chief city dignity, we know not. However many they be, we take our leave with a cordial wish that every one of them will realise his aspiration.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

### RUNAWAY MATCHES.

For a year or two past, the public press, instead of converting runaway matches into romantic and light and amusing incidents, have very wisely turned such improprieties into matters worthy of the most serious reflection. The effect of this course, we believe, is already visible, not only in the comparative fewness of such incidents as the present day, especially among those who assume to belong to the moral and educated classes; but it is obvious in the rejection by our story and romance writers of this once famous staple of all such works. It is hardly just, in our opinion, to charge respectable writers of our own times with making elopements the favourite incidents of their novels. That staple came down to them from a class of grub-street inventors, which is now happily extinct, or nearly so, and we feel authorized to say, from our own observation, that the stock articles is repudiated altogether by writers whose production are worthy of perusal. The following remarks, taken from the 'New York Tribune,' are far more worthy of a place in a young lady's album than all the adulatory sonnets she will be able to collect up to the time when adulteration must cease to be tolerated:—

'In a great majority of cases, her elopement is unwise, giddy, ungrateful, immodest, and invites a lascivious appetite and reckless disposition. Why should she desert and distress those who have loved, nurtured, and cherished her through all her past years, to throw herself into the arms of a comparative stranger, who has done nothing for her, and whose protestation of affection have yet to undergo the first trial? It is every way unworthy of pure and gentle maidenhood to do so. We can imagine but one excuse for her elopement—namely, the efforts of

parents or guardians to coerce her into marrying some one she does not love. To avoid such a fate, she is justified in running away; for no parent has or ever had a right to constrain a daughter to marry against her will. But where the parents are willing to wait, the daughter should also consent to wait, until her choice is assented to, or she attains her legal majority. Then, if she chooses to marry in opposition to her parents' wishes, let her quit their home openly, frankly, in broad daylight, and in such manner as shall kindly but utterly preclude any pretence that her act is clandestine or ill-considered. No one should be persuaded or coerced to marry where she does not love, but to wait a year or two for the assent of those who have, all her life, done what they could for her welfare, no daughter should esteem a hardship.

There is some truth to be told about the 'common run' of masculine prowlers by night about garden walls and under bed-room windows, in quest of opportunities to pour seducing flatteries into the ears of simple misses; but we have not time to tell it now. As a general rule, they are the licentious, good-for-nothing adventurers, who would much rather marry a living than work for it, and who speculate on the chances of 'bringing the old folks round' after a year or two. A true man would not advise, much less urge, the woman he loved to take a step which must inevitably lessen the respect felt for her, and violate the trust reposed in her by those who had loved and cherished her all her days.'

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.  
**GOD BLESS YOU.**

BY ELIZA GRAVEN GREEN.

'God bless you!'—kind, familiar words!  
Before my eyes the letters swing;  
For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—  
My sighs with fond regret grows dim.  
God bless you! closes up each page  
Traced by the well-beloved of yore;  
Whose letters still, from youth to age,  
That fondly-remembered legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,  
The import of that yearning prayer;  
To me 'twas but a kindly phrase,  
Which household love might freely spare.  
But now that grief-strange power affords,  
In those love-hallowed scrolls I find  
Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,  
With all life's tenderness entwined!

Now thou art gone! (ah! dark above  
Thy gravestone leads the winter rain),  
And all the old, sweet household love,  
Fades into memory's silent pain.  
On earth for me no human heart  
Again will breathe those words divine;  
But, sainted soul! where'er thou art,  
Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

### A FEW HOMEY WORDS.

BY W. JASPER BLACKBURN.

A poet has said that there is no phase in the character of man more appraisable no sight more truly worthy to be adored, than

'The candid blush  
Of him who strives with fortune to be just'

This sentiment is a rebuke to the spirit and public sentiment of the world. In the eyes of the public generally, no object is more contemptible than that of an unsophisticated man who views things in a proper light, and strives daily to meet all the exigencies of a seemingly unequal fate in his own simple and common sense way. He who will not assume the garb of a hypocrite, and wear airs of dissimulation in the social circle, who will not fawn that he may thrive, or flatter vice in any form or to any degree, is more often than otherwise ruled out of what the world calls 'decent society' as a nuisance, and is only remembered in 'polite circles' as a mass of rough-hewn matter, too unseemly for the caress of the 'classic' artist. Simplicity is frowned down, and honest integrity spit upon by a class of beings who can neither appreciate virtue nor comprehend the ways of God to man; and the world looks on and approves, and calls it just and right. The plain-minded woman who, by her simple ways and soft care, soothes many sorrows that might otherwise corrode and destroy the beauty of the soul, and change the pleasant flowings of the heart into a channel of gall, is snarled at and hissed by the flirt whose purpose and sole tendency are to deceive and disappoint, and enjoy happiness herself at the expense of the happiness of others.

This is certainly all very deplorable; but I cannot tell how it is to be remedied so long as refinement costs moneyed, power in preference to a meekly-aid but honest and devoted heart. Still, honesty should not despair, nor virtue fear the powers of fate; for the Word of God, which is above all theory, assures us that truth and justice shall triumph, when the last enemy is destroyed, which is death. But the evils of imperfection to which we are here subject may be greatly palliated,

and deprived of many stings by female influence, if that influence is of the character which the Creator, in his original plan of earthly government, designed it should be; for it is reasonable to conclude that the presence of woman was intended to be to this world what the beings whom we call angels are to the world in heaven. What is more taming and polishing to the wild roarings of man's reckless moments than the presence of a virtuous and easy-mannered woman? Nothing, I presume. The extent of wholesome influence which even one woman, who answers well to the name, may hold over the destiny of man, is not to be calculated by any means of estimation, of which mortals have command.

But how often do we see female beauty encourage arrogance and meanness, and frown upon the humble approach of the honest-hearted, plain man, whose only or greatest sin, in the eyes of such beauty, is his 'candid blush' for the foolery of what is termed 'high life,' a place where wealth generally reigns in triumph over true merit and personal wealth! Through the rightly-balanced and properly-educated woman never frown upon nor slight virtue to any degree, no matter in what outward habiliments it may appear, no more does she countenance or encourage, with any look of approbation, gilded vice and shallow-brained presumption; but the delight of her life is in

'the mild majesty of private life,  
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns  
The gate; where Honor's liberal hands effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of Innocence and Love protect the throne.'

In the society of such a woman, earth may again become a paradise.

### PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR.

He effects to imitate Napoleon in some things, and certainly as regards his interference, and personal direction of everything, he is not behind his prototype. His cabinet is a plain room, and completely that of a man of business; he is never out of uniform, and never lays aside his cocked hat and flowing white panache, excepting he leaves the capital, when he wears a little foraging cap. With the noblest and most commanding form, he is of Herculean mould, and of an iron constitution, regardless alike of bodily and mental fatigue; controlling and inspecting ever department and establishment himself, he seems possessed of the power of ubiquity. Perfectly unattended, he is dashing through the streets in a little two-horse droschky, or walking through crowded thoroughfares, visiting the dockyards, barracks, hospitals, and other government establishments.

He arrives when least expected, and the consequence is, there is no negligence or inattention; but precision, military precision, and uniformity prevails throughout. The very passengers in the streets, and particularly the military, who form a large portion of the crowd, must be on the *qui vive* to salute the monarch as he passes, and this, with the military is a matter requiring some dexterity.

At Tsarkoe Selo, I had the fortune to meet the Emperor in a retired garden, *en negligé*; I say fortune, because, demigod as he is, it is unusual to see him in mortal guise, undistinguished by the trappings of royalty, and the proud bearing and theatrical deportment habitual to him. I went to his side without recognising him in his loose surtout and travelling cap, strolling along in contemplation; and it was not till our eyes met that I felt his presence—yes, felt it the only, applicable term; for it is impossible to withstand his eagle glance without an indefinable sensation of awe.—Thompson's *Life in Russia*.

### FEMALES.

FEMALES are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and increase the whole in a stout over-coat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water proof boots over woollen hose, and increase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold north wester, and pretend not to suffer at all.

They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength were made of iron. And then, is not woman's