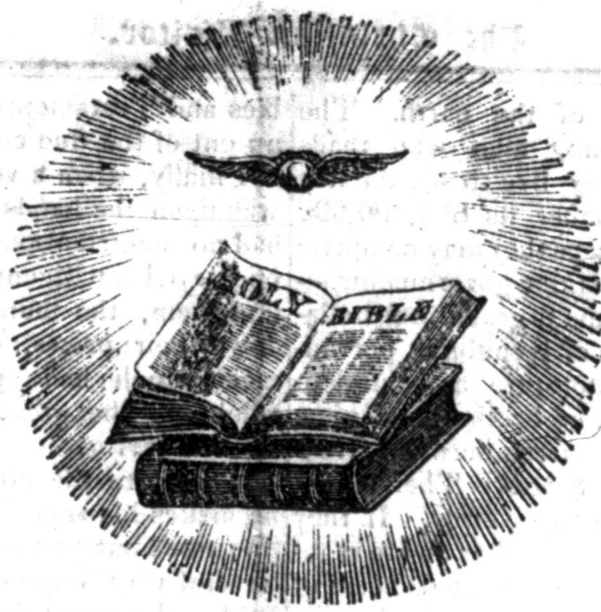


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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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[From the Columbia Magazine.]

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And grav'd in Paradise,
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand was given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain,
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven intrusted gift
Is wrest away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scrolls have fled,
I'll see it in his hand
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scathe and loss
That men can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

[From the London City Mission Magazine.]

LONDON DOCKS.

"The London Dock occupies an area of 90 acres, and is situated in the three parishes of St. George, Shadwell and Wapping. It can accommodate 500 ships, and the warehouses will contain 232,000 tons of goods.—The entire structure cost £4,000,000 of money. The tobacco warehouses alone cover five acres of ground. The walls surrounding the Dock cost £65,000. One of the wine vaults has an area of seven acres, and in the whole of them there is room for stowing 60,000 pipes of wine. * * * The stock of goods in the warehouses last May was upwards of 170,000 tons.

"As you enter the Dock, the sight of the forest of masts, and the tall chimneys vomiting clouds of black smoke, and the many-coloured flags flying in the air, has a most peculiar effect; while the sheds, with the mouster wheels arching through the roofs, look like the paddle-boxes of huge steamers. Along the quay, you see now men with their faces blue with indigo, and now gaugers with their long brass-tipped rule dripping with spirit from the cask they have been probing; then will come a group of flaxen-haired sailors, chattering German; and next a black sailor with a cotton handkerchief twisted turban-like around his head. Presently a blue-smocked butcher, with fresh meat and a bunch of Cabbages in the tray on his shoulder, and shortly afterwards a mate with green parquets in a wooden cage. Here you will see sitting on a bench a sorrowful-looking woman, with new bright cooking tins at her feet, telling you she is an emigrant preparing for her voyage. As you pass along this quay the air is pungent with tobacco, at that it overpowers you with the fumes of rum. Then you are nearly sickened with the stench of hides and huge bins of horns, and shortly afterwards the atmosphere is fragrant with coffee and spice. Nearly everywhere

you meet stacks of cork, or else yellow bins of sulphur or lead-coloured copper ore. As you enter this warehouse, the flooring is sticky as if it had been newly tarred, with the sugar that has leaked through the casks, and as you descend into the dark vaults you see long lines of lights hanging from the black arches, and lamps flitting about midway. Here you sniff the fumes of the wine, and there the peculiar pungent smell of dry-rot. Then the jumble of sounds as you pass along the dock blends in anything but sweet concord. The sailors are singing boisterous nigger songs from the Yankee ship just entering, the cooper is hammering at the casks on the quay, the chains of the cranes, loosed of their weight, rattle as they fly up again; the ropes splash in the water; some captain shouts his orders through his hands; a goat bleats from some ship in the basin, and empty casks roll along the stones with a hollow drum-like sound. Here the heavy-laden ships are down far below the quay, and you descend to them by ladders, whilst in another basin they are high up out of the water, so that their green copper sheathing is almost level with the eye of the passenger, while above his head a long line of bowsprits stretch far over the quay, and from them hang spars and planks as a gangway to each ship.

WEST INDIA DOCKS.

"The West India Docks are about a mile and a-half from the London Docks. The entire ground that they cover is 295 acres, so that they are nearly 3 times larger than the London Docks, and more than 12 times more extensive than those of St. Katharine. Hence they are the most capacious of all the great warehousing establishments in the port of London. The Export Dock is about 870 yards, or very nearly half a mile in length, by 135 yards in width; its area, therefore, is about 25 acres. The Import Dock is the same length as the Export Dock, and 166 yards wide. The South Dock, which is appropriated both to import and export vessels, is 1,183 yards, or upwards of two-thirds of a mile long, with an entrance to the river at each end; both the docks, as well as that into the Blackwall Basin, being 45 feet wide, and large enough to admit ships of 1,200 tons burden. The warehouses for imported goods are on the 4 quays of the Import Dock. They are well contrived and of great extent, being calculated to contain 180,000 tons of merchandise; and there has been at one time on the quays and in the sheds, vaults, and warehouses, colonial produce worth twenty million pounds sterling.

EAST INDIA DOCKS.

"The East India Docks are likewise the property of the West India Dock Company, having been purchased by them of the East India Company at the time of the opening of the trade to India. The Import Dock here has an area of 18 acres, and the export Dock about 9 acres. The Depth of water in these docks is greater, and they can consequently accommodate ships of greater burden than any other establishment on the river. The capital of both establishments, or of the united company, amounts to upwards of two millions of money. The West India Import Dock can accommodate 300 ships, and the Export Dock 200 ships, of 300 tons each; and the East India Import Dock 84 ships, and the Export Dock 40 ships, of 800 tons each. The number of ships that entered the West India Dock to load and unload last year was 3,008, and the number that entered the East India Dock 298.

ST. KATHARINE'S DOCKS.

"The lofty walls which constitute these docks, in the language of the Custom-house, a place of 'special security,' inclose an area of 23 acres, of which 11 are water, capable of

accommodating 120 ships, besides barges and other craft. Cargoes are raised into the warehouses out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay. The cargoes can be raised from the ship's hold into the warehouses of St. Katharine's in one-fifth of the usual time. Before the existence of docks, a month or six weeks was taken up in discharging the cargo of an East Indiaman of from 800 to 1,200 tons burden; while 8 days were necessary in the summer, and 14 in the winter, to unload a ship of 350 tons. At St. Katharine's however, the average time now occupied in discharging a ship of 250 tons, is 12 hours, and one of 500 tons, 2 or 3 days, the goods being placed at the same time in the warehouse; there have been occasions when even greater despatch has been used, and a cargo of 1,100 casks of tallow, averaging from 9 to 10 hundred weight each, has been discharged in 7 hours. This would have been considered little short of a miracle on the legal quays less than fifty years ago. In 1841, about 1,000 vessels, and 10,000 lighters, were accommodated at St. Katharine's Docks. The capital expended by the dock company exceeds two millions of money.

OTHER DOCKS.

"The remaining docks are the Commercial Docks and timber ponds, the Grand Surrey Canal Dock at Rotherhithe, and the East Country Dock. The Commercial Docks occupy an area of about 49 acres, of which four fifths are water. There is accommodation for 350 ships, and in the warehouses for 50,000 tons of merchandise. They are appropriated to vessels engaged in the European timber and corn trades, and the surrounding warehouses are used chiefly as granaries—the timber remaining afloat in the dock until it is conveyed to the yards of the wholesale dealer and builder. The Surrey Dock is merely an entrance basin to a canal, and can accommodate 300 vessels. The East Country Dock, which adjoins the Commercial Docks on the south, is capable of receiving 28 timber ships. It has an area of 6½ acres, and warehouse-room for 3,700 tons.

"In addition to these, there is the Regent's canal Dock, between Shadwell and Limehouse and though it is a place for bonding timber and deals only, it nevertheless affords great accommodation to the trade of the port by withdrawing shipping from the river.

THE LABOURERS AT THE DOCKS IN GENERAL.

"The docks of London are, to the superficial observer, the very focus of metropolitan wealth. The cranes creek with the mass of riches. In the warehouses are stored goods that are, as it were, ingots of untold gold.—Above and below ground you see piles upon piles of treasure that the eye cannot compass. The wealth appears as boundless as the very sea it has traversed. The brain aches in an attempt to comprehend the amount of riches before, above, and beneath it. There are acres upon acres of treasure—more than enough, one would fancy, to stay the cravings of the whole world; and yet you have but to visit the hovels grouped round about all this amazing excess of riches, to witness the same amazing excess of poverty. If the incomprehensibility of the wealth rises to sublimity, assuredly the want that co-exists with it is equally incomprehensible and equally sublime.—Pass from the quay and warehouses to the courts and alleys that surround them, and the mind is as bewildered with the destitution of the one place, as it is with the superabundance of the other. MANY COME TO SEE THE RICHES BUT FEW THE POVERTY ABOUNDING IN ABSOLUTE MASSES ROUND THE FAR-FAMED PORT OF LONDON. * * *

"The courts and alleys round about the Dock swarm with low lodging-houses, and are

inhabited either by the Dock labourers, sack-makers, watermen, or that peculiar class of London poor who pick up a precarious living by the water side. The open streets themselves have all, more or less, a maritime character. Every other shop is either stocked with gear for the ship or for the sailor. The windows of one house are filled with quadrants and bright brass sextants, chronometers and huge mariners' compasses, with their cards trembling with the motion of the cabs and waggons passing in the street. Then comes the sailor's cheap shoe-mart, rejoicing in the attractive sign of 'Jack and his Mother.' Every public house is a 'Jolly Tar,' or something equally taking. Then come sail-makers, their windows stowed with ropes and lines smelling of tar. All the grocers are provision agents, and exhibit in their windows tin cases of meat and biscuits, and every article is warranted to keep in any climate. The corners of the streets, too, are mostly monopolized by slop-sellers, their windows parti-colored with bright red and blue flannel shirts, the doors nearly blocked up with hammocks and well-oiled 'nor'-westers, and the front of the house itself nearly covered with canvas trousers, rough pilot coats, and shiny black dreads. The passengers alone would tell you that you were in the maritime districts of London. Now you meet a satin-waistcoated mate, or a black sailor with his large fur cap, or else a Custom house officer in his brass-buttoned jacket.—

"He who wishes to behold one of the most extraordinary and least known scenes of this metropolis should wend his way to the London Dock gates at half-past seven in the morning. There he will see congregated within the principal entrance masses of men of all grades, looks, and kinds. Some in half-fashionable surtouts, burst at the elbows, with the dirty shirts showing through. Others in greasy sporting jackets, with red pimpled faces.—Others in the rags of their half-slang gentility, with the velvet collars of their pale-tots worn through to the canvass. Some in rusty black, with their waistcoats fastened tight up to the throat; others, again, with the knowing thieves' curl on each side of the jaunty cap; whilst here and there you may see a big-whiskered Pole, with his hands in the pockets of his plaited French trousers. Some loiter outside the gates, smoking the pipe which is forbidden within; but these are mostly Irish.

"Presently you know, by the stream pouring through the gates, and the rush towards particular spots, that the 'calling foremen' have made their appearance. Then begins the scuffling and scrambling, and stretching forth of countless hands high in the air, to catch the eye of him whose voice may give them work. As the foreman calls from a book the names, some men jump upon the backs of others, so as to lift themselves high above the rest, and attract the notice of him who hires them. All are shouting. Some cry aloud his surname, some his Christian name; others call out their own names, to remind him that they are there. Now the appeal is made in Irish blarney, now in broken English. Indeed it is a sight to sadden the most callous, to see thousands of men struggling for only one day's hire, the scuffle being made the fiercer by the knowledge that hundreds out of the number there assembled must be left to idle the day out in want. To look in the faces of that hungry crowd is to see a sight that must be ever remembered. Some are smiling to the foreman to coax him into remembrance of them, others with their protruding eyes, eager to snatch at the hoped-for pass. For weeks many have gone there, and gone through the same struggle, the same cries, and have gone away after all without the work they had screamed for.