

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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The mirror of literature, amusement, and instruction.

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* * * * *

[Illustration: The Palace at Stockholm.]

THE PALACE AT STOCKHOLM.

The palace at Stockholm is the redeeming grace of that city.—Stockholm “not being able to boast any considerable place or square, nor indeed any street wider than an English lane; the exterior of the houses is dirty, the architecture shabby, and all strikes as very low and confined. Yet the palace must be excepted; and that is commanding, and in a grand and simple taste.” Such is the description of Stockholm by Sir Robert Ker Porter; but, as he admits, he had just left the city of St. Petersburg, and being probably dazzled with the freshness of its splendour, Stockholm suffered in the contrast.

But Sir R.K. Porter is not entirely unsupported in his opinion. Mr. James, in his interesting “Journal of a Tour in Sweden, &c.” published in 1816, describes the suburbs of Stockholm as “uniting every beauty of wild nature, with the charms attendant upon the scenes of more active life; but the examples of architecture within the town, if we except the mansions of the royal family, are not of a style at all corresponding with these delightful environs. The private houses make but little show; and the general air of the public buildings is not of the first style of magnitude, or in any way remarkable for good taste. One point, however, may be selected, that exhibits in a single prospect all that



the capital can boast of this description. There is a long bridge of granite, connecting the city in the centre with the northern quarters of the town: immediately at one extremity rises the *royal palace*, a large square edifice, with extensive wings, and of the most simple and elegant contour; the other extremity is terminated by an equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, forming the chief object of a square, that is bounded on the sides by handsome edifices of the Corinthian order; one the palace of the Princess Sophia, the other the Italian Opera-house.”



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Mr. A. de Capell Brooke, who visited Stockholm in the summer of 1820, describes the palace as “a beautiful and conspicuous object, its walls washed by the Baltic.”—It is square, on an elevated ground, has a spacious court in the centre, and is in every respect worthy a royal residence. Near the entrance are two large bronze lions, which are admirably executed. “The view of the palace from the water,” says Sir R.K. Porter, “reminds us of Somerset House, though it far exceeds the British structure in size, magnificence, and sound architecture.” It contains some good paintings, and a fine gallery of statues, chiefly antique, collected by the taste and munificence of Gustavus III. The *Endymion* is a *chef d’oeuvre* of its kind, and the Raphael china is of infinite value, but a splendid example of genius and talent misapplied.

All travellers concur in their admiration of the site and environs of Stockholm, and in deprecating the malappropriation of the former, Porter says, “The situation of this capital deserves finer edifices. Like St. Petersburg, it is built on islands; seven, of different extent, form its basis; they lie between the Baltic and the Malar lake. The harbour is sufficiently deep, even up to the quay, to receive the largest vessels. At the extremity of the harbour, the streets rise one above another in the form of an amphitheatre, with the magnificent palace, *like a rich jewel in an AEthiop’s ear*, in the centre.”

Mr. Brooke describes the situation of the city as “singular and even romantic. Built on seven small rocky islands, it in this respect resembles Venice. A great part of the city, however, stands upon the steep declivity of a very high hill; houses rising over houses, so that, to the eye, they seem supported by one another. Below, commerce almost covers the clear waters of the Baltic with a tall forest of masts; while far above, and crowning the whole, stands the commanding church of St. Catherine. From the top of this the eye is at first lost in the boundless prospect of forest, lake, and sea, spreading all around: it then looks down upon Stockholm, intersected in all directions by water; the royal palace; and lastly, ranges over the forests of pines extending themselves almost down to the gates of the city, spotted with villas, and skirted in the most picturesque manner by the numerous beautiful lakes, which so pleasingly relieve the beauties of the country. The other objects, which will repay the curiosity of the stranger in inspecting them, are, the royal palace; the military academy at Cartberg; the arsenal; the senate house; the *Ridderholm*, where the kings of Sweden are interred; the cabinet of natural history; the annual exhibition of paintings; the fine collection of statue in the palace.”

* * * * *

CROSS FELL, WESTMORELAND.

(For the Mirror.)



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This mountain is situate near the end of a ridge of mountains, leading from Stainmore or Stonemore, about sixteen miles in length. It descends gradually from Brough to the Grained Tree, the former boundary mark dividing Yorkshire from Westmoreland. Passing over several mountains, we arrive at Dufton Fell, of the same ridge.

At the foot of this fell there is a curious little petrifying spring, which turns moss, or any other porous matter which may fall within its vortex, or the steams and vapours arising therefrom, into hard stone, insomuch that upon the mouth of it there is a considerable hill of such petrification.

Cross Fell is the highest mountain of the whole ridge, and is bounded by a small rivulet stocked with trouts. This was formerly called Fiends' Fell, from evil spirits, which are said to have haunted its summit, "and to have continued their haunts and nocturnal vagaries upon it, until Saint Austin erected a *cross* and *altar*, whereon he offered the *holy eucharist*, by which he countercharmed those hellish fiends, and broke their haunts."—*Robinson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*, 1709.

Since the saint expelled the fiends, the mountain (it appears) has taken the name of Cross Fell, in commemoration of the event.

There are now existent seven stones lying in a careless condition on the top of this mountain, as if destroyed by the hand of time. The stones, it is supposed, are the remains of the cross and altar. One stone is considerably higher than the rest, and they are overgrown with moss.

I have heard many of the traditions which are very current, but all such hyperboles, that were I to give one, the reader would be convulsed with laughter. I trust, sir, if you have any travellers among your numerous readers, they will give this a further investigation, and I (as well as yourself, doubtless) shall be happy to learn the result.

Your's. &c.

W.H.H.

* * * * *

SALMON KIPPERING, IN DUMBARTONSHIRE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Salmon are caught in less or greater abundance in all the rivers of this county. The salmon-fisheries of Lochlomond and the Leven are of considerable value. In several parts of the county salmon are cured in a peculiar manner, called kippering; and throughout Scotland kippered salmon is a favourite dish. It is practised here in the



following manner:—All the blood is taken from the fish immediately after it is killed; this is done by cutting the gills. It is then cut up the back on each side the bone, or chine, as it is commonly called. The bone is taken out, but the tail, with two or three inches of the bone, is left; the head is cut off; all the entrails are taken out, but the skin of the belly is left uncut; the fish is then laid, with the skin undermost, on a board, and is well rubbed and covered over with a



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mixture of equal quantities of common salt and Jamaica pepper. Some of this mixture is carefully spread under the fins to prevent them from corrupting, which they sometimes do, especially if the weather is warm. A board with a large stone is sometimes laid upon the fish, with a view to make the salt penetrate more effectually. In some places, as Dumbarton, instead of a flat board, a shallow wooden trough is used, by which means the brine is kept about the fish; sometimes two or three salmon are kippered together in the same vessel, one being laid upon the other. The fish, with the board or trough, is set in a cool place for two or three days; it is then removed from the board, and again rubbed with salt and pepper; after which it is hung up by the tail, and exposed to the rays of the sun or the heat of the fire. Care is previously taken to stretch out the fish by means of small sticks or hoops placed across it from side to side. After it has remained in the heat a few days, it is hung up in a dry place till used. Some people, in order to give the kipper a peculiar taste, highly relished by not a few, carefully smoke it with peat reek, or the reek of juniper bushes. This is commonly done by hanging it up so near a chimney in which peats or juniper bushes are burnt, as to receive the smoke; there it remains two or three weeks, by which time it generally acquires the required flavour.

T.S.W.

* * * * *

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

(Concluded from page 227.)

Debt is obligation, and "obligation," says Hobbes, "is thralldom." This will be evident if we once consider to what a variety of mean shifts the state of being in debt exposes us. It sits like fetters of iron on conscience; but as old offenders often whistle to the clanking of their chains, so rogues lighten their hearts by increasing their debts. It destroys freedom as much as a debtor is his creditor's slave; and, under certain circumstances, his range may be reduced to a few square feet, and his view prescribed by a few cubits of brick walls; and, humiliating as this may appear, it sits lightly on the majority, since, even the brawlers for liberty, forgetting "the air they breathe," are often to be found within its pale; but in this case they also forget, that being in legal debt is less venial than many other sins, since it cannot be cleared by any appeals to argument, or settled by shades of opinion. Subterfuge, lying, and loss of liberty, are not all the miseries of a conscious debtor: in the world he resembles a prisoner at large; he walks many circuitous miles to avoid being dunned, and would sooner meet a mad dog than an angry creditor. He lives in a sort of *abeyance*, and sinks under shame when caught enjoying an undue luxury. In short, he is cramped in all his enjoyments, and considers his fellow, out of debt, as great as the emperor of the celestial empire, after whose



repast other kings may dine. Hence ensue repining and envy: he fancies himself slighted by the world, and, in return, he cares not for the opinion of the world; his energies waste, and he falls.



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These sufferings, however, appertain but to one class of debtors. There are others who scorn such compunctious visitations, and set all laws of conscience at defiance. They press into their service all the aids of cunning, and travel on byroads of the world till they are bronzed enough for its highway. Their memories are like mirrors, and their debts like breathings on them, which vanish the same moment they are produced. They look on mankind as a large family, and the world as a large storehouse, or open house, where they have a claim proportioned to their wants. They clear their consciences by maintaining, that what is parted with is not lost, and foster their hopes with the idea of its reversion. They think those who *can* ride ought not to walk; and, therefore, that all men have the option of such chances of good-fortune. With this laxity of principle they quarter themselves on the credulity of extortionate tradesmen, and the good-natured simplicity of friends or associates. If, perchance, they possess any excellence above their society, they consider it as a redeeming grace for their importunities, and, calculating on the vulgarism *ad captandum*, that what is dearest bought is most prized, they make their friends pay freely for their admiration. Nor are such admirers willing to break the spell by which they are bound, since, by their unqualified approval they sanction, and flatter *the man* of their party, to their mutual ruin; for, as Selden observes, "he who will keep a monkey should surely pay for the glasses he breaks."

Prone as men are to the crooked path, and still more apt as the weak and ignorant are to indulge them in such a course, perhaps the love of principle is as strong in men's hearts as it ever will be. Of times gone by, we must not here speak; because the *amor patriae* its has long since shifted to *amor nummi*, and naked honesty has learned the decency of dress. There have been profligates in all ages; but the world, though sometimes a severe master, ruins as many by its deceitful indulgence, as by its ill-timed severity. Good fellows are usually the worst treated by the world allowing them to go beyond their tether, and then cutting them off out of harm's way. Nothing but an earlier discipline can improve us; for so habitual is debt, that the boy who forestals his pocket-money uses it as a step-ladder to mortgaging his estate. The sufferers, in such cases, are generally shut up in prisons or poor-houses, to afflict or console each other as their sensibilities may direct; and thus the salutary lessons, which their condition might afford, is lost to the world. Neither are such scenes of real misery courted by mankind; the nearest semblances which they can bear being in the sentimentalities of the stage, encumbered as they often are by overstrained fiction and caricature. On the contrary, a walk through those receptacles of human woe, and the little histories of their inmates, will often furnish as many lessons of morality and world-knowledge as will suffice us for life. We may there see the rapacious creditor at the same goal with the unfortunate debtor, whom he has hunted through life, supplicating mercy which he never exercised, and vainly attempting to recant a course of cruelty and persecution, by mixing up his merited sufferings with the distresses of his abused companions.



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Goldsmith has said, that “every man is the architect of his own fortune;” and perhaps there are few men, who, in the moments of their deepest suffering, have not felt the force of this assertion. In high life, embarrassments are generally to be attributed to the love of gambling, prodigality, or some such sweeping vice, which no station can control. Bankruptcies, or failures in trade, being common occurrences, are seldom traced to their origin, too often found to be in expensive habits, and overreaching or misguided speculations, and sometimes in the treachery and villany of partners; and, amidst this bad system, so nicely is credit balanced, that a run of ill luck, or a mere idle whisper, is often known to destroy commercial character of a century’s growth. But in these cases it should be recollected, that the reputation of the parties has probably been already endangered by some great stretch of enterprize, calculated to excite envy or suspicion.

Debts of fashion, or those contracted in high life, are usually the most unjust, probably the result of honesty being more a virtue of necessity than of choice, and of the disgraceful system of imposing on the extravagant and wealthy. Experience, it is granted, is a treasure which fools must purchase at a high price; but however largely we may hold possession of that commodity, it will not excuse that scheme of bare-weight honesty, which some are apt to make the standard of their dealings with the rich. A man of family, partly from indiscretion, and from various other causes, becomes embarrassed; the clamours of his creditors soon magnify his luxuries, but not a word is said about their innumerable extortions, in the shape of commissions, percentages, and other licensed modifications of cheaterly, nor are they reckoned to the advantage of the debtor. These may be practices of experience, custom, and money-getting, but they are not rules of conscience. In truth, there is not a more painful scene than the ruin of a young man of family. There is so much vice and unprincipled waste opposed to indignant and rapacious clamour, often accompanied with idle jests. Here again is food for the vitiated appetites of scandalmongers, and that miserable but numerous portion of mankind, who rejoice at the fall of a superior. The name of *debtor* is an odium which a proud spirit can but ill support; cunning and avarice come in a thousand shapes, not to retrieve lost credit, but to swell the list of embarrassments;—friends have fled at the approach of the crisis, and associates appear but to pluck the poor victim of the wrecks of his fortune! Absenteeism, the curse of England, is the only alternative of wretched and humiliating imprisonment. An entire change of habit ensues: ease and elegance of manners dwindle into coldness and neglect, liberality to meanness, and good-natured simplicity to chicanery and cunning. In society, too, how changed; once the gay table companion, full of gallantry and wit, now solitary and dejected, with



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the weeds of discomfort and despair rankling around his heart. If fortune ever enable him to regenerate from such obscurity, perhaps custom may have habituated him to privation till the return of comfort serves little more than to awaken recollections of past error or obligation, and to embitter future enjoyment. Such a change may, however, empower him to adjust his conscience with men, of all satisfaction the most valuable; notwithstanding that the world is readier to exaggerate error, than recognise such sterling principle. It is alike obvious, that men who are under the stigma of debt, do not enjoy that ease which they are commonly thought to possess. The horrors of dependance, in all its afflicting shapes, are known to visit them hourly, although in some instances, buoyancy of spirits, and affected gaiety may enable them to appear happy; and oftentimes would they be awakened to a sense of these fallacies, and thus become reformed, were it not for the rigour of persecution, which renders them reckless of all that may ensue, and callous to the honourable distinctions of man. This of a truth, is tampering with human weakness, and is too often known to prove the upshot of industry, by sacrificing principle to vindictive passion.

That a system of debt is identified with the existence and framework of all commercial republics, is well known; else, genius would cease to be fostered, enterprise would be cramped, and industry wither on her own soil. Nevertheless, the system may be so extended, as to beget indifference for the future and neglect of our present concerns, which leads to gradual ruin. Time “travels at divers paces,” but with none more quickly than the unprepared debtor; and he who allows his debts to get the start of his fortune, lives upon other men’s estates, and must accordingly become the slave of their passions and prejudices: in truth, he may be thus said to be parting with his existence by piece-meal. Hence, he becomes a kind of *convict* in society—his debts resembling a log of wood chained to his body, and a brand-mark on his conscience. Thus pent up with fear and disquietude, his imprisonment is twofold, and being an enemy to his own peace, he is apt to imagine all men to be leagued against him. If his debts are those of youth, his old age will probably resemble the sequel to revelry, when appetite is fled to make way for disgust and spleen: and he dies—in debt. Mark the lamentable scenes that follow, when the pride of inheritance sinks before the unsparing hand of the usurer, or extortionate mortgagee.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON.



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Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington was the dandy of the olden time, and a kinder, better-hearted man, never existed. He is a person of some taste in literature, and of polished manners, nor has his long intercourse with fashionable society at all affected that simplicity of character for which he has been remarkable. He was a true dandy: and much more than, that, he was a perfect gentleman. I remember, long long since, entering Covent Garden Theatre, when I observed a person holding the door to let me pass; deeming him to be one of the box-keepers, I was about to nod my thanks: when I found, to my surprise, that it was Skeffington, who had thus goodnatureedly honoured a stranger by his attention. We with some difficulty obtained seats in a box, and I was indebted to accident for one of the most agreeable evenings I remember to have passed.

I remember visiting the Opera, when late dinners were the rage, and the hour of refection was carried far into the night. I was again placed near the fogleman of fashion (for to his movements were all eyes directed: and his sanction determined the accuracy of all conduct). He bowed from box to box, until recognising one of his friends in the lower tier, "Temple," he exclaimed, drawling out his weary words, "at—what—hour—do—you—dine—to-day?" It had gone half-past eleven when he spoke!

I saw him once enter St. James's Church, having at the door taken a ponderous red-morocco prayer-book from his servant; but, although prominently placed in the centre aisle, the pew-opener never offered him a seat; and, stranger still, none of his many friends beckoned him to a place. Others, in his rank of life, might have been disconcerted at the position in which he was placed: but Skeffington was too much of a gentleman to be in any way disturbed; so he seated himself upon the bench between two aged female paupers, and most reverently did he go through the service, sharing with the ladies his book, the print of which was more favourable to their devotions than their own diminutive Liturgies.

New Monthly Magazine.

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MARQUESS OF CLEVELAND.

In the Gazette of September 17, 1827, is registered the grant of the title of *Marquess of Cleveland* to the Earl of Darlington.

The noble Earl probably selected the title of "Cleveland" in consequence of his representing the extinct Dukes of Cleveland. King Charles the Second, on the 3rd of August, 1670, created his mistress, Barbara Villiers, the daughter and heiress of William, second Viscount Grandison in Ireland, and wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, Baroness Nonsuch, in the county of Surrey, Countess of Southampton,

and *Duchess of Cleveland*, with remainder to two of her natural sons by the King, Charles Fitz Roy, and George Fitz Roy, who was created Duke of Northumberland in 1674,



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but died S.P., and to the heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten respectively. The Duchess died in 1709, and was succeeded by her eldest son, Charles, who had been before created Duke of Southampton. He had issue, three sons: William, his successor in his honours; Charles, and Henry, who both died S.P.; and three daughters, Barbara, who died unmarried; Grace; and Ann; who was the wife of Francis Paddy, Esquire, and had issue.

Grace, the Duke's second daughter, married Henry, first Earl of Darlington; and on the death of her brother William, second and last Duke of Cleveland, S.P., in 1774, her son, Henry, second Earl of Darlington, the father of the present Marquess of Cleveland, became one of the representatives of that family. It is an extraordinary fact, that the attainder of the celebrated Sir Henry Vane should never have been reversed, though his son was created a Baron, his great-grandson a Viscount and Earl, and his great-great-great-grandson a Marquess. The only individual on whom the title of Cleveland has been conferred, besides Barbara Villiers and her descendants, was Thomas, fourth Lord Wentworth, who was created Earl of Cleveland in February, 1626; but it became extinct on his death, S.P.M., in 1667.

Retrospective Review.

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DIRTY PEOPLE.

A dirty dog is a nuisance not to be borne. But here the question arises,—who—what—is a dirty dog? Now there are men (no women) naturally—necessarily—dirty. They are not dirty by chance or accident—say twice or thrice per diem—but they are always dirty—at all times and in all places—and never and nowhere more disgustingly so than when figged out for going to church. It is in the skin—in the blood—in the flesh—and in the bone—that with such the disease of dirt more especially lies. We beg pardon, no less in the hair. Now such persons do not know that they are dirty—that they are unclean beasts. On the contrary, they often think themselves pinks of purity—incarnations of carnations—impersonations of moss-roses—the spiritual essences of lilies, “imparadised in form of that sweet flesh.” Now, were such persons to change their linen every half hour night and day, that is, were they to put on forty-eight clean shirts in the twenty-four hours,—and it would not be reasonable, perhaps, to demand more of them,—yet though we cheerfully grant that one and all of the shirts would be dirty, we as sulkily deny that at any given moment from sunrise to sunset, and over again, the wearer would be clean. He would be just every whit and bit as dirty as if he had known but one single shirt all his life—and firmly believed his to be the only shirt in the universe.



Men, again, on the other hand, there are—and, thank God, in great numbers—who are naturally so clean, that we defy you to make them *bona fide* dirty. You may as well drive down a duck into a dirty puddle, and expect lasting stains on its pretty plumage. Pope says the same thing of swans—that is, poets—when speaking of Aaron Hill diving into the ditch—



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“He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
But soars far off among the swans of Thames.”

Pleasant people of this kind of constitution you see going about of a morning rather in dishabille—hair uncombed haply—face and hands even unwashed—and shirt with a somewhat day-before-yesterdayish hue. Yet are they, so far from being dirty, at once felt, seen, and smelt, to be among the very cleanest of his majesty’s subjects. The moment you shake hands with them, you feel in the firm flesh of palm and finger that their heart’s blood circulates purely and freely from the point of the highest hair on the apex of the pericranium, to the edge of the nail on the large toe of the right foot. Their eyes are as clean as unclouded skies—the apples on their cheeks are like those on the tree—what need, in either case, of rubbing off dust or dew with a towel? What though, from sleeping without a night-cap, their hair may be a little toosey? It is not dim—dull—oily—like half-withered sea-weeds! It will soon comb itself with the fingers of the west wind—that tent-like tree its toilette—its mirror that pool of the clear-flowing Tweed.

Irishmen are generally sweet—at least in their own green isle.—So are Scotchmen. Whereas, blindfolded, take a cockney’s hand, immediately after it has been washed and scented, and put it to your nose—and you will begin to be apprehensive that some practical wit has substituted in lieu of the sonnet-scribbling bunch of little fetid fives, the body of some chicken-butcher of a weasel, that died of the plague. We have seen as much of what is most ignorantly and malignantly denominated dirt—one week’s earth—washed off the feet of a pretty young girl on a Saturday night, at a single sitting, in the little rivulet that runs almost round about her father’s hut, as would have served a cockney to raise his mignonette in, or his crop of cresses. How beautifully glowed the crimson-snow of the singing creature’s new-washed feet!

It will be seen, from these hurried remarks, that there is more truth than Dr. Kitchiner was aware of in his apophthegm—that a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience. But the doctor had but a very imperfect notion of the meaning of the words—clean skin—his observation being not even skin-deep. A wash-hand basin—a bit of soap—and a coarse towel—he thought would give a cockney on Ludgate-hill a clean skin—just as many good people think that a Bible, a prayer-book, and a long sermon can give a clear conscience to a criminal in Newgate. The cause of the evil, in both cases, lies too deep for tears. Millions of men and women pass through nature to eternity clean-skinned and pious—with slight expense either in soap or sermons; while millions more, with much week-day bodily scrubbing, and much Sabbath spiritual sanctification, are held in bad odour here, while they live, by those who happen to sit near them, and finally go out like the snuff of a candle.—*Blackwoods Magazine*.



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QUACKERY.

A short time since a soi-disant doctor sold water of the pool of Bethesda, which was to cure all complaints, if taken at the time when the angel visited the parent spring, on which occasion the doctor's bottled water manifested, he said, its sympathy with its fount by its perturbation. Hundreds purchased the Bethesda-water, and watched for the commotion and the consequence, with the result to be expected. At last one, less patient than the rest, went to the doctor, and complained that though he had kept his eye constantly on the water for a whole year, he had never yet discovered anything like the signs of an angel in his bottle.

"That's extremely strange," exclaimed the doctor. "What sized bottle did you buy, sir?"

Patient.—"A half-guinea-one, doctor."

Doctor.—"Oh, that accounts for it. The half-guinea bottles contain so small a quantity of the invaluable Bethesda-water, that the agitation is scarcely perceptible; but if you buy a five-guinea bottle, and watch it well, you will in due season see the commotion quite plain, sympathizing with that of the pool when visited by the angel."

The patient bought the five guinea bottle as advised, and kept a sharp look out for the angel till the day of his death.

London Magazine.

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HANGING BY DESIRE.

Some few years ago, two fellows were observed by a patrol sitting on a lamp-post in the New Road, and on closely watching them, he discovered that one was tying up the other (who offered no resistance) by the neck. The patrol interfered, to prevent such a strange kind of murder, and was assailed by both, and pretty considerably beaten for his good offices. The watchmen, however, poured in, and the parties were secured. On examination the next morning, it appeared that the men had been gambling; that one had lost all his money to the other, and had at last proposed to stake his clothes. The winner demurred; observing, that he could not strip his adversary naked, in the event of his losing. "Oh," replied the other, "do not give yourself any uneasiness about that. If I lose, I shall be unable to live, and you shall hang me, and take my clothes after I am dead; as I shall then, you know, have no occasion for them." The proposed arrangement was assented to; and the fellow, having lost, was quietly submitting to the



terms of the treaty, when he was interrupted by the patrol, whose impertinent interference he so angrily resented.—*Ibid.*

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

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TRIAL OF CHARLES I.



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On the morning of Jan. 20th, 1648, towards noon, the High Court, having first held its secret sitting in the Painted Chamber, prepared to enter upon the final details of its mission. Prayers were scarcely over, before it was announced that the king, borne in a close sedan between two rows of soldiers, was on the point of making his appearance. Cromwell ran to the windows, and as suddenly hastened back, pale yet highly excited—"He is here, he is here, sirs; the hour for this grand affair draws nigh. Decide promptly, I beseech you, what you intend to reply; for he will instantly inquire in whose name and by what authority you presume to try him." No one making any reply, Henry Martin at length observed—"In the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and of all the good people of England." To this no objection was made. The court proceeded in solemn procession towards Westminster Hall, the President Bradshaw at its head; before him were borne the mace and sword; and sixteen officers armed with partisans, preceded the court. The President took his place in an arm-chair adorned with crimson velvet; at his feet sat the clerk, near a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and upon which were placed the mace and sword. On the right and left appeared the members of the court upon seats of scarlet cloth; while at the two ends of the hall stood the guards, all armed, a little in advance of the tribunal. The court being installed, all the doors were thrown open; the crowd rushed into the hall. Silence being restored, the act of the Commons appointing the court was read, the names were called over, and sixty-nine members were found to be present. "Sergeant," said Bradshaw, "let the prisoner be brought forward!"

The king appeared under guard of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. An arm-chair, adorned with crimson velvet, was in readiness for him at the bar. He came forward; fixed a long and severe look upon the court, and seated himself without taking off his hat. Suddenly he rose, looked round at the guard upon the left, and at the spectators upon the right of the hall; again fixed his eyes upon his judges, and then sat down, amidst the general silence of the court.

Bradshaw rose instantly:—"Charles Stuart, King of England, the English Commons assembled in Parliament, deeply penetrated with a sense of the evils that have fallen upon this nation, and of which you are considered the chief author, are resolved to inquire into this sanguinary crime. With this view they have instituted this High Court of Justice, before which you are summoned this day. You will now hear the charges to be preferred against you."

The Attorney General Coke now rose. "Silence!" exclaimed the king, at the same time touching him on the shoulder with his cane. Coke, surprised and irritated, turned round; the handle of the king's cane fell off, and for a few moments he appeared deeply affected. None of his attendants were at hand to take it up; he stooped and picked it up himself, and then resumed his seat. Coke proceeded to read the act imputing to the king all the evils arising first out of his tyranny, subsequently from the war; and requiring that he should be bound to reply to the charges, and that judgment should be pronounced against him as a tyrant, a traitor, and a murderer.



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During this time, the king continued seated, directing his eyes towards his judges, or towards the spectators, without betraying any emotion. Once he rose; turned his back upon the court to see what was passing behind him, and again sat down with an expression at once of inquisitiveness and indifference in his manner. Upon hearing the words: "Charles Stuart, a tyrant, traitor, and murderer," he laughed, though he still remained silent.

The act being read, "Sir," said Bradshaw, "you have now heard the act of accusation against you: the court expects you to reply."

The King. "First, I wish to know by what authority I am summoned here. A short time since, I was in the Isle of Wight engaged in negotiations with both houses of parliament, under guarantee of the public faith. We were upon the point of concluding a treaty. I would be informed by what authority—I say legitimate authority—for of illegitimate authorities there are, I know, many, like that of robbers on the highway;—I would be informed, I repeat, by what authority I have been dragged from place to place, I know not with what views. When I am made acquainted with this legitimate authority, I will reply."

Bradshaw. "If you had attended to what was addressed to you by the court upon your arrival, you would know in what this authority consisted. It calls upon you, in the name of the people of England, of whom you were elected king, to make a reply."

The King. "No sir, I deny this."

Bradshaw. "If you refuse to acknowledge the authority of the court, it will proceed against you."

The King. "I maintain that England never was an elective kingdom; for nearly the space of a thousand years it has been altogether an hereditary one. Let me know, then, by what authority I am summoned here. Inquire from Colonel Cobbett, who is here at hand, if I were not brought by force from the Isle of Wight. I will yield to none in maintaining the just privileges of the House of Commons in this place. But where are the Lords? I see no Lords here necessary to constitute a parliament. A king, moreover, is essential to it. Now is this what is meant by bringing the king to meet his parliament?"

Bradshaw. "Sir, the court awaits a definitive answer from you. If what we have stated respecting our authority does not satisfy you, it is sufficient for us, we know that it is founded upon the authority of God and of the country."

The King. "It is neither my opinion nor yours which should decide."

Bradshaw. "The court has heard you; you will be disposed of according to its orders. Let the prisoner be removed. The court adjourns until Monday."



The court then withdrew; and the king retired under the same escort that had accompanied him. Upon rising he perceived the sword placed upon the table, "I have no fear of that," he observed, pointing towards it with his cane. As he descended the staircase, several voices called out "Justice! justice!" but far the greater number were heard to exclaim, "God save the king! God save your majesty."



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On the morrow at the opening of the sitting, sixty-two members being present, the court ordered strict silence to be observed under pain of imprisonment. On his arrival, however, the king was not the less received with marked applause. The same sort of discussion commenced, and with equal obstinacy on both sides. "Sir," at length, exclaimed Bradshaw, "neither you, nor any other person shall be permitted to question the jurisdiction of this court. It sits by authority of the Commons of England—an authority to which both you and your predecessors are to be held responsible."

The King. "I deny that. Show me a single precedent." Bradshaw rose up in a passion: "Sir, we do not sit here to reply to your questions. Plead to the accusation, *guilty* or not *guilty*."

The King. "You have not yet heard my reasons."

Bradshaw. "Sir, no reason can be advanced against the highest of all jurisdictions."

The King. "Point out to me this jurisdiction; or you refuse to hear reason."

Bradshaw. "Sir, we show it to you here. Here are the Commons of England. Sergeant, remove the prisoner."

The king on this turned suddenly round towards the people. "Bear in mind," he said, "that the king of England has been condemned without being permitted to state his reasons in support of the people's liberty." These words were followed by an almost general cry of God save the king. * * *

On the 27th at noon, after two hours conference in the painted chamber, the court opened, as usual, by calling a list of the names. At the name of Fairfax, a woman's voice from the bottom of the gallery was heard to exclaim: "He has too much sense to be here." After some moments' surprise and hesitation, the names were called over, and sixty-seven members were present. When the king entered the hall, there was a violent outcry: "Execution! justice! execution!" The soldiers became very insolent; some officers, in particular Axtell, commander of the guards, excited them to this uproar; and groups spread about through the hall, as busily seconded them. The people, struck with consternation, were silent. "Sir!" said the king, addressing Bradshaw before he sat down, "I demand to speak a word; I hope that I shall give you no cause to interrupt me."

Bradshaw. "You will be heard in your turn. Listen first to the court."

The King. "Sir, if you please, I wish to be heard. It is only a word. An immediate decision."

Bradshaw. "Sir, you shall be heard at the proper time:—first, you must listen to the court."



The King. “Sir, I desire,—what I have to say applies to what the court is, I believe, about to pronounce; and it is difficult, sir, to recall a precipitate verdict.”

Bradshaw. “We shall hear you, sir, before judgment is pronounced. Until then you ought to abstain from speaking.”



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Upon this assurance the king became more calm; he sat down, and Bradshaw proceeded:

“Gentlemen—it is well known that the prisoner at your bar has now been many times brought before this court to reply to a charge of treason, and other high crimes, exhibited against him in the name of the English people”——

“Not half the people,” exclaimed the same voice that had spoken on hearing the name of Fairfax, “where is the people?—where is its consent?—Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.”

The whole assembly seemed electrified!—all eyes turned towards the gallery: “Down with the w——s,” cried Axtell; “soldiers fire upon them!”—It was lady Fairfax. A general confusion now arose; the soldiers, though everywhere fierce and active, could with difficulty repress it. Order being at length a little restored, Bradshaw again insisted upon the king’s obstinate refusal to reply to the charge; upon the notoriety of the crimes imputed to him, and declared that the court, though unanimous in its sentence, had nevertheless consented to hear the prisoner’s defence, provided that he would cease to question its jurisdiction.

“I demand,” said the king, “to be heard in the painted chamber, by both Lords and Commons, upon a proposition which concerns the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects much more nearly than my own preservation.”

A violent tumult now spread throughout the court, and the whole assembly. Friends and enemies were all eager to divine for what purpose the king had demanded this conference with the two houses, and what it was his intention to propose to them.

Colonel Downs, a member of the court, expressed a wish that the king’s proposition should be heard.

“Since one of the members desires it,” said Bradshaw, gravely, “the court must retire;” and they immediately passed into a neighbouring hall. * * *

In about half an hour the court returned, and Bradshaw informed the king that his proposition was rejected.

Charles appeared to be subdued, and no longer insisted with any degree of vigour.

“If you have nothing to add,” said Bradshaw, “the court will proceed to give sentence.”

“I shall add nothing, sir,” said the king; “and only request that what I have said may be recorded.” Without replying to this, Bradshaw informed him that he was about to hear his sentence; but before he ordered it to be read, he addressed to the king a long discourse, as a solemn apology for the proceedings of parliament, enumerating all the evil deeds of the king, and imputing to him alone all the misfortunes of the civil war,



since it was his tyranny that had made resistance as much a matter of duty as of necessity. The orator's language was harsh and bitter, but grave, pious, free from insult, and stamped with profound conviction, though with a slight mixture of vindictive feeling. The king heard him without offering any interruption,



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and with equal gravity. In proportion, however, as the discourse drew towards a close, he became visibly troubled; and as soon as Bradshaw was silent, he endeavoured to speak: Bradshaw prevented him, and commanded the clerk to read the sentence; this being done, he said, "This is the act, opinion, and unanimous judgment of the court," and the whole court rose up in token of assent: "Sir," said the king, abruptly, "will you hear one word?"

Bradshaw. "Sir, you cannot be heard after sentence has been passed."

The King. "No, sir!"

Bradshaw. "No, sir, with your permission, sir. Guards, remove the prisoner."

The King. "I can speak after sentence.—With your permission, sir, I have still a right to speak after sentence.—With your permission—Stay—The sentence, sir—I say, sir, that—I am not permitted to speak—think what justice others are to expect!"

At this moment he was surrounded by soldiers, and removed from the bar.

From the French of M. Guizot.

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THE SELECTOR;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF

NEW WORKS.

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GALLANTRY.

In Spain, after a lady had obliged her gallant by all possible civilities and compliance, to confirm her kindness she would show him her foot, and this they called the highest favour. The feet and legs of queens were so sacred, that it was a crime to think, or at any rate to speak of them. On the arrival of the Princess Maria Anna of Austria, the bride of Philip IV. in Spain, a quantity of the finest silk stockings were presented to her in



a city where there were manufactories of that article. The major domo of the future queen threw back the stockings with indignation, exclaiming, "Know that the queens of Spain have no legs." When the young bride heard this, she began to weep bitterly, declaring she would return to Vienna, and that she would never have set foot in Spain had she known that her legs were to be cut off. This ridiculous etiquette was on one occasion carried still further; one day as the second consort of Charles II. was riding a very spirited horse, the animal reared on his hinder legs. At the moment when the horse seemed on the point of falling back with his fair rider, the queen slipped off on one side, and remained with one of her feet hanging in the stirrup. The unruly beast, irritated still more at the burden which fell on one side, kicked with the utmost violence in all directions. In the first moments of danger and alarm, no person durst venture to the assistance of the queen for this reason, that excepting the king and the chief of the menimos, or little pages, no person of the male sex was allowed to touch any part

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of the queens of Spain, and least of all their feet. As the danger of the queen augmented, two cavaliers ran to her relief. One of them seized the bridle of the horse, while the other drew the queen's foot from the stirrup, and in performing this service dislocated his thumb. As soon as they had saved her life they hastened away with all possible expedition, ordered their fleetest horses to be saddled, and were just preparing for their flight out of the kingdom, when a messenger came to inform them that at the queen's intercession, the king had pardoned the crime they had committed in touching her person.—*Meiner's History of the Female Sex.*

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ADVANTAGES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In the year 1825, Henry Drummond, Esq. of Albury Park, Surrey, and formerly of Christchurch, subjected his estate in Surrey with a yearly rent-charge of 100_l_ for the endowment of a professorship in Political Economy, under certain conditions. Mr. Senior, whose name is not unknown to students of political economy, has been appointed first professor, and in his first lecture gives the following illustration of the advantages of the science:—

If we compare the present situation of the people of England with that of their predecessors at the time of Caesar's invasion; if we contrast the warm and dry cottage of the present labourer, its chimney and glass windows, (luxuries not enjoyed by Caesar himself,) the linen and woollen clothing of himself and his family, the steel, and glass, and earthenware with which his table is furnished, the Asiatic and American ingredients of his food, and above all, his safety from personal injury, and his calm security that to-morrow will bring with it the comforts that have been enjoyed to-day; if, I repeat, we contrast all these sources of enjoyment with the dark and smoky burrows of the Brigantes or the Cantii, their clothing of skins, their food confined to milk and flesh, and their constant exposure to famine and to violence, we shall be inclined to think those who are lowest in modern society richer than the chiefs of their rude predecessors. And if we consider that the same space of ground which afforded an uncertain subsistence to a hundred, or probably fewer, savages, now supports with ease more than a thousand labourers, and, perhaps, a hundred individuals beside, each consuming more commodities than the labour of a whole tribe of Ancient Britons could have produced or purchased, we may at first be led to doubt whether our ancestors enjoyed the same natural advantages as ourselves; whether their sun was as warm, their soil as fertile, or their bodies as strong, as our own.



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But let us substitute distance of space for distance of time; and, instead of comparing situations of the same country at different periods, compare different countries at the same period, and we shall find a still more striking discrepancy. The inhabitant of South America enjoys a soil and a climate, not superior merely to our own, but combining all the advantages of every climate and soil possessed by the remainder of the world. His valleys have all the exuberance of the tropics, and his mountain-plains unite the temperature of Europe to a fertility of which Europe offers no example. Nature collects for him, within the space of a morning's walk, the fruits and vegetables which she has elsewhere separated by thousands of miles. She has given him inexhaustible forests, has covered his plains with wild cattle and horses, filled his mountains with mineral treasures, and intersected all the eastern face of his country with rivers, to which our Rhine and Danube are merely brooks. But the possessor of these riches is poor and miserable. With all the materials of clothing offered to him almost spontaneously, he is ill-clad; with the most productive of soils, he is ill-fed: though we are told that the labour of a week will there procure subsistence for a year, famines are of frequent occurrence; the hut of the Indian, and the residence of the landed proprietor, are alike destitute of furniture and convenience; and South America, helpless and indigent with all her natural advantages, seems to rely for support and improvement on a very small portion of the surplus wealth of England.

It is impossible to consider these phenomena without feeling anxious to account for them; to discover whether they are occasioned by circumstances unsusceptible of investigation or regulation, or by causes which can be ascertained, and may be within human control. To us, as Englishmen, it is of still deeper interest to inquire whether the causes of our superiority are still in operation, and whether their force is capable of being increased or diminished; whether England has run her full career of wealth and improvement, but stands safe where she is; or, whether to remain stationary is impossible, and it depends on her institutions and her habits, on her government, and on her people, whether she shall recede or continue to advance.

The answer to all these questions must be sought in the science which teaches in what wealth consists, by what agents it is produced, and according to what laws it is distributed, and what are the institutions and customs by which production may be facilitated, and distribution regulated, so as to give the largest possible amount of wealth to each individual. And this science is *Political Economy*.—*Senior's Lecture on Political Economy*.

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PROLONGING LIFE.



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The notion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women, was an agreeable delusion easily credited: and one physician who had himself written on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote the “Valetudinarian’s Guide,” in 1779, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. “I am myself,” says he, “turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and mind; yet having always partaken of the breath of *young women, whenever they lay in the way*, I feel none of the infirmities which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath) of sickness, by men many years younger than myself.”

Wadd's Memoirs.

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FELLOW FEELING.

It is told of a certain worthy and wealthy citizen, who has acquired the reputation of being a considerable consumer of the good things of the table, and has been “widened at the expense of the corporation,” that on coming out of a tavern, after a turtle feast, a poor boy begged charity of him—“For mercy’s sake, sir, I am so very hungry!” “Hungry!—hungry!—hey!—what!—complain of being hungry!—why I never heard the like!—complain of being hungry!!—Prodigious!!!—why I’d give a guinea to be hungry!!!—why, a hungry man (with a good dinner before him) is the happiest fellow in the world!—There, (giving the boy half-a-crown,) there, I don’t want you to take my word for it: run along, my fine fellow, and make the experiment yourself.”—*Dr. Kitchener.*

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ARCANA OF SCIENCE,

OR REMARKABLE FACTS AND DISCOVERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY, METEOROLOGY, CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, GEOLOGY, BOTANY, ZOOLOGY, PRACTICAL MECHANICS, STATISTICS, AND THE USEFUL ARTS.

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[Under this head it is proposed, in the future numbers of the MIRROR, to assemble all new and remarkable facts in the several branches of science enumerated above. These selections will be made from the Philosophical Journals of the day, the Transactions of Public Societies, and the various Continental Journals. The advantages of such a division in accordance with the high and enlightened character of the present age, must be obvious to every reader of our miscellany. At the same time it will be our

object to *concentrate* or *condense* from all other authentic sources such new facts in science as are connected with the arts of social life, and which from being scattered through elaborate and expensive works, might thereby be lost to some portion of our readers. In short, *popular* discoveries in science, or all such new facts as



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bear on the happiness of society will be the objects of our choice; neither perplexing our readers with abstract research, nor verging into the puerile amusements of a certain ingenious but almost useless class of reasoners; it not being our object to “ring the changes” on words. Our selections will occasionally be illustrated with engravings; for by no means are philosophical subjects better elucidated than by the aid of the graphic art.]

Longevity.

The relative advantages of town and country, in point of salubrity, are shown by the following table of deaths:—

1. In *great towns*, from 1-19 or 1-20, to 1-23 or 1-24.
2. In *moderate towns*, from 1-25 to 1-28.
3. In *small villages* and the *open country*, from 1-35 or 1-40, to 1-50 or 1-60.

Thus, in London one person in 20 of the whole population dies annually; while in the healthiest villages and open country, the rate of annual mortality is not more than 1 in 55 or 60.

Atmosphere of Theatres.

Lavoisier, the French chemist, found, in a theatre, that, from the commencement to the end of the play, the oxygen, or vital air, was diminished in the proportion of from 27 to 21, or nearly one-fourth, and was in the same proportion less fit for respiration than before.

Butterflies.

In June, 1826, a column of butterflies, from 10 to 15 feet broad, was seen to pass over Neuchatel, in Switzerland. The passage lasted upwards of two hours, without any interruption, from the moment when the butterflies were first observed.—*Brewster's Journal.*

Water Plant.

A shrub has been discovered in our new Indian countries, from whose stem, when divided, there issues a copious vegetable spring of limpid and wholesome water. The natives know this well, and hence we rarely meet with an entire plant. It is a powerful climber, and is quite new and nondescript.—*Letter from India.*

Malaria and Fevers.



It is notorious, that, in the last autumn, the remittent fevers in various parts of the country amounted to a species of pestilence, such as has scarcely been known in England from this cause since the days of Dr. Sydenham. Wherever ague had existed, or ever had been supposed possible, in those places was this fever found; so that in all the well-known tracts in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Kent, Essex, Sussex, Hampshire, &c. there was scarcely a house without one or more inhabitants under fever, with a considerable mortality. In the parish of Marston, in Lincolnshire, it amounted to 25 in 300 inhabitants. The same fevers were extremely abundant in various parts of the outskirts of London, as also in the villages or towns which are connected with it, within a range of from six to ten miles. This was the case throughout the range of streets or houses from Buckingham Gate to Chelsea; in which long line, it is said, that almost



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every house had a patient or more under this fever, though these were mistaken for typhus, or at least thus misnamed. Then it was also about Vauxhall and Lambeth; and to a great extent among all that scattered mixture of town and country which follows from Whitechapel, from Bishopsgate, &c., and very particularly along Ratcliffe-Highway to an indefinite range along the river. In Lewisham there were in one house nine patients under this fever, which proved mortal to one. We may also enumerate Dulwich, especially subject to this disorder, Fulham, Ealing, and the several other villages along the Thames, as far as Chertsey; and even Richmond, where, as at Lewisham, there was one house where ten individuals at one time were suffering under this disease. Whatever was the pestilence last year, it promises to be much greater in the present one. This is easily judged from the manner in which the season has set in, but still more decidedly from the extraordinary prevalence of ague in the spring; since that which was intermittent fever then, will be remittent in the autumn, or rather, there will scarcely be a definite season of vernal intermittent, but the remittent will commence immediately, increasing in extent and severity as the summer advances, and promising to become, in the autumn, the greatest season of disease that England has known for this century. Dr. Macculloch attributes this alarming increase to *malaria*, on the production and propagation of which he has recently published an essay, the leading argument of which is, "that as the quantity of the poison which any person can inspire is necessarily small, and as this small quantity can be produced by a small marshy spot as well as a large one, it is the same, as to the production of the disease, whether the marsh is a foot square or a mile, provided the exposure be complete; while also any piece of ground where vegetables decompose under the action of water is virtually a marsh, or must produce *malaria*."

Acclimatizing Plants.

A Mr. Street, of Biel, in East Lothian, has recently made some successful attempts at acclimatizing, or giving to exotic plants greater powers of withstanding cold than they had when first introduced. By planting in situations well drained from superfluous moisture, under circumstances where rapid growth was rendered impracticable, and in a garden admirably adapted to the object from its position, he has succeeded in naturalizing, in latitude 56 deg. N. plants which have not yet been known to endure the winters even of the parallel of London.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

In a table kept at Sydney by Major Goulburn, from May 1821 to April 1822, the thermometer never rose above 75½ deg. and never lower than 54 deg. of Fahrenheit.

Bronzing Tin.

To obtain complete success in bronzing medals of tin, the two following solutions must be employed:—



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The first, which is merely a wash, is composed of 1 part of iron, 1 part of sulphate of copper, and 20 parts, by weight, of distilled water. The second solution, or bronze, is composed of 4 parts of verdigris and 16 parts of white vinegar. The medals should be filed, and well cleaned with a brush, earth, and water; and being well wiped, should have a portion of the first solution passed slightly over their faces, by means of a brush, and then be wiped; this gives a slight grey tint to the surface, and causes the ready adhesion of the verdigris, &c. The second solution is then to be rubbed over by means of a brush, until they have acquired the deep red colour of copper; they are then to be left an hour to dry, after which they are to be polished with a very soft brush and rouge, or the red oxide of iron in fine powder. The polish is to be completed by the brush alone, the medals being passed now and then over the palm of the hand.—*Verly*.

Culture of Celery.

Mr. Knight, president of the Horticultural Society, has found that by keeping the ground in which celery was planted, constantly wet, it grew by the middle of September to the height of five feet, and its quality was in proportion to its size. Mr. K. also recommends planting at greater distances than is usually the case, and covering the beds, into which the young seedlings are first removed, with half-rotten dung, overspread to the depth of about two inches with mould; under which circumstances, whenever the plants are removed, the dung will adhere tenaciously to their roots, and it will not be necessary to deprive the plants of any part of their leaves.—Mr. Wedgewood also states, that good celery may be readily obtained by transplanting seedling plants that have remained in the seed bed, till they had acquired a considerable size.—*Quarterly Journal*.

Dwarfs.

Richard Gibson, the dwarf, married Anne Shepherd, another dwarf. Each of them was only 3 feet 10 inches high. They had nine children, of whom five lived to maturity, and were of a proper size. Richard, the father, lived to the age of 75, his little widow to that of 89. It is presumptive, that the dwarf size is only occasioned by some obstruction during *utero*—gestation. The full size of the children proves that nature does not perpetuate abortions.

Cruelty and Epicurism.

A sharp axe, on the principle of a punch, is used in *slaughtering bullocks*, not to kill them at once, but to cut a circular hole in the skull, into which a stick is introduced *to stir up the brains*, for the purpose of making the meat more tender! The throat is not attempted to be cut till after the infliction of this torture, horrible even to think of, which instantly causes the most convulsive agonies, such as are never seen in death of any other kind.



Lord Somerville's mode of *pithing* animals, brought forward with the most humane views, is a *horrible operation*. The body is deprived of sensation, *while the living head rolls its eye in agony on its tormentors*.—*Sir Everard Home*.



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USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

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APPLES.

The preservation of apples is now brought to great perfection, by keeping them in jars secure from the action of air; but there is one method of preparing them for culinary purposes which is not practised in this country. Any good baking sort, which is liable to rot, if peeled and cut into slices about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch, and dried in the sun, or in a slow oven, till sufficiently desiccated, may be afterwards kept in boxes in a dry place for a considerable time, and only require to be soaked in water for an hour or two before using.

At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society, a large collection of the best late varieties of the apple, as grown in America, were exhibited. It was a remarkable circumstance, that, while these fruits are unusually handsome, none of them, except the New-town pippin, were, although sweet and pleasant, comparable to our fine European apples; and yet the New-town pippin, the only good variety, is as much superior to any variety of apple known in Europe as the others were inferior.

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BLACK DYE AND INK.

The following is a process for the preparation of a black dye, for which a patent was taken out at Vienna by M. Honig:—Logwood is to be boiled several times in water, and a little sub-carbonate of potash to be added to the decoctions, the quantity being so moderated that it shall not change the colour to blue; the stuff to be dyed is then to be plunged into this bath. This stuff may be either animal or vegetable. When it is well impregnated with colouring matter, it is to be withdrawn, and, without being exposed to air, is to be introduced into a solution of green-vitriol, and left there until it has obtained the desired black hue. In preparing the *ink*, the decoction of logwood is used in place of the infusion of galls.

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MALT LIQUORS.

By a Physician.



I am much disposed to extol the virtues of malt liquors. When properly fermented, well hopped, and of a moderate strength, they are refreshing, wholesome, and nourishing. It is a common observation, that those who drink sound malt liquors are stronger than those who drink wine; and to those who are trained to boxing, and other athletic exercises, old home-brewed beer is particularly recommended, drawn from the cask, and not bottled. Hence Jackson, the celebrated trainer, affirms, if any person accustomed to drink wine would but try malt liquor for a month, he would find himself so much the better for it, that he would soon take to the one, and abandon the other. Some suppose the superior bottom of the British soldiery to be owing, in a great measure, to their use of malt liquor.



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“Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.”

DR. ARNE.

Good home-brewed beer has been styled by some *vinum Britannicum*, and by others liquid bread. There can be no doubt of its highly nutritive and wholesome qualities, and it is much to be regretted, that so few families in this kingdom now ever brew their own beer, but are content to put up with the half-fermented, adulterated wash found in public-houses, or with the no less adulterated and impure drink called porter.

Malt liquors are divided into small beer, strong beer, ale, and porter. Small beer is best calculated for common use, being less heating and stimulating than other malt liquors. When used soft and mild, after having been thoroughly fermented and purified, it forms an excellent diluent with food, more especially at dinner. Sydenham was in the habit of using it in this manner, both at dinner and supper, and he justly considered its being well hopped a great advantage. In general it is, without doubt, the best drink which can be taken at dinner, by persons in the middle and higher ranks of society, who are in the habit of drinking wine after that meal. As it abounds with carbonic acid gas, or fixed air, it is the most useful diluent for labourers, because it cools the body, abates thirst, and, at the same time, stimulates very moderately the animal powers. Small beer, when stale and hard, is unwholesome to all persons.

Sound strong beer is very nutritious and wholesome; indeed, it is generally considered more nourishing than wine. It is a most useful drink to the weak, the lean, and the laborious, provided they are not very subject to flatulency, nor troubled with disorders of the breast. If taken in moderate quantity, and of the best quality, it will often be found of great service to the invalid, in assisting to restore his strength, spirits, and flesh. It should be drunk from the cask; bottled beer being more likely to disagree with the stomach, and to produce flatulency.

There is a general prejudice against beer in the case of the bilious and the sedentary, but it appears to me without sufficient foundation. Bilious people are such as have weak stomachs and impaired digestion, and those who are sedentary are nearly, in these respects, always in a similar state. Now, I have not observed that beer tends to weaken such stomachs, or to become ascendent, or otherwise to disagree with them; on the contrary, I believe, it will be found, in the majority of cases, that this beverage agrees much better than wine, since it is far less disposed to acescency, and better fitted to act as a stomachic, and, therefore, to invigorate both the digestive organs, and the constitution at large. That it is very far superior for such persons to diluted spirit, in any form, I am fully persuaded. Of course, I here speak of sound home-brewed strong beer, and of a moderate strength. No man can answer for the effects of the stuff usually sold as beer; and we know strong ale is always difficult of digestion.



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Strong ale is, undoubtedly, the most nutritive of all malt liquors, but being digested with greater difficulty than the other sorts, it cannot with propriety be taken but by those who are strong, and who use much active exercise. The best ale is made from fine pale malt, and with hops of the finest quality. It should sparkle in the glass, but the smaller the bubbles the better. I ought to add, that in some cases of general weakness, where the individual is certainly recovering, and is possessed of a good measure of strength of stomach, a little of the finest ale daily will be found highly restorative.

Porter, when good, is not an unwholesome drink; but it is very difficult to procure it of the best quality. I cannot recommend it to those who are desirous of preserving their health.—*Sure Methods of Improving Health, &c.*

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THE GATHERER.

“I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men’s stuff.”—*Wotton.*

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SAMBO’S SERMON,

(*From the New York Statesman.*)

“Strate is de rode an narrer is de paff which leadeff to glory.”—“Brederen believers!—You semble dis nite to har de word, and hab it splained and monstrated to you; yes, an I ten for splain it clear as de lite ob de libin day. We’re all wicked sinners har below—it’s fac, my brederen, and I tell you how it cum. You see, my frens,

“Adam was de fus man,
Ebe was de todder,
Cane was a wicked man,
Kase he kill he brodder.

“Adam and Ebe were bofe black men, and so was Cane and Able. Now I spose it seem to strike you a understandin how de fus wite man cum. Why I let you no. Den you see when Cane kill de brodder de Massa cum, and he say, ‘Cane whar you a brodder Able?’ Cane say, ‘I don’t know, Massa.’ He cum gin an say, ‘Cane whar you a brodder Able?’ Cane say, ‘I don’t know, Massa;’ but de nigger noe’d all de time. Massa now git mad—cum gin—peak mity sharp dis time,—‘Cane whar your brodder Able, you nigger?’ Cane now git friten, and he turn *wite*: and dis is de way de fus wite man cum pon dis arth! an if it had not been for dat dare nigger, Cane, we’d neba been troubled wid dese sassy wites pon de face ob dis circumlar globe. Now sing de forty lebenth hym, ticular meter.”



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EPIGRAM (FROM THE ITALIAN)

On a Father who would not allow his Son to marry until he had arrived at years of discretion.

Poor Strephon is young, and lacks wisdom 'tis said,
And therefore still longer must tarry;
If he waits tho', methinks, till he's sense in his head,
I'll be sworn that he never will marry.

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THE REV. MR. WATERHOUSE.

The following is the inscription on a stone designed to perpetuate the memory of the late singular and unfortunate rector of Little Stukely, and is now exhibited in the mason's yard at Huntingdon. According to immemorial usage a copy of verses is appended to the inscription, which, in point of style, taste, and orthography, are on a par with the "uncouth rhymes" alluded to by Gray. The *poetry* is said to be the production of a Cambridge graduate.

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev, Joshua Waterhouse, B.D., nearly forty years Fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, Chaplain to his Majesty, Rector of this parish, and of Coton, near Cambridge, who was inhumanly murdered *in this Parsonage House*, about ten o'clock on the morning of July 3rd, 1827. Aged eighty-one.

Beneath this tomb his mangled body's laid,
Cut, stabb'd, and murdered by Joshua Slade;
His ghastly wounds a horrid sight to see,
And hurl'd at once into eternity.

What faults you've seen in him take care to shun,
And look at home, enough there's to be done;
Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live."

* * * * *

MAN.

Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks its victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, 'there is reason in roasting eggs.'" Dr. Adam Smith has hit this case; "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this—one dog does not change a bone with another."—*London Mag.*

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LANGUAGES.

A French professor of languages, in what he calls an *Ethnographic Atlas of the Globe*, states there are 860 languages, and about 5,000 dialects, all which may be classed; in addition to as many more which are not so arranged. In the present state of our



knowledge, therefore, the Asiatic languages amount to 153; the European to 53; the African to 114; the Polynesian to 117; and the American to 423.

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Epitaph in the Church-yard of Iselton Cum Fenby, in Lincolnshire.

Here lies the bodie of old Will Loveland,
He's put to bed at length with a shovel, and
Eas'd of expenses for raiment and food,
Which all his life tyme he would fain have eseyewed:
He grudg'd his housekeeping—his children's support,
And laid in his meates of the cagge mag sorte,
No fyshe or fowle touch'd he, when 'twas dearly bought,
But a green taile or herrings, a score for a groate.

No friend to the needy,
His wealth gather'd speedy,
And he never did naught but evil;
He liv'd like a hogg,
And dyed like a dogg,
And now he rides post to the devil.



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LENDING BOOKS.

Doctor Gerhard, of Jena, used to write in his books a Latin inscription, thus translated: —“I belong to Gerhard's library; take care neither to soil nor tear me; neither keep me in your possession out of the library more than one month. Do not steal me.”

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TO THE PUBLIC.

With the present Number of the Mirror is published a SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET, half of which is occupied by THREE ENGRAVINGS, viz. an authorized Ground Plan of St. JAMES'S and the GREEN PARKS—a View of BUCKINGHAM NEW PALACE, and of the GRAND ENTRANCE to the PALACE GARDENS at Hyde Park Corner. The Supplement also contains minute references and descriptions of the above Engravings, and the REPORT of the EXPEDITIONS of Captains Parry and Franklin, recently returned to England. The daily increasing interest of the above subjects (which so largely engross the public attention) cannot fail to render the above Number proportionally acceptable to our readers; whilst the illustrations will recommend themselves by the fidelity of the sources from which they are executed.

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