

# VARIOUS

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**Various**

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Amusement, and Instruction.**

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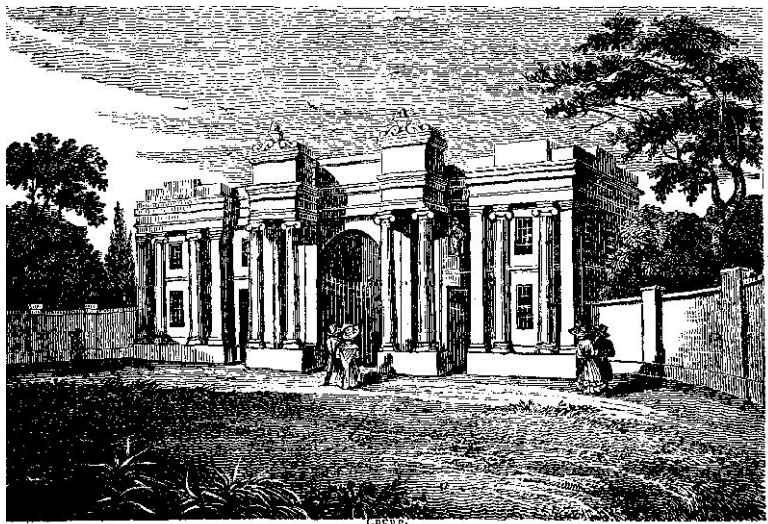
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 19, No. 536,*

*March 3, 1832:*

# Содержание

TO A SNOWDROP	10
OUR LADY'S CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK	12
SCOTTISH ECONOMY	16
SHAVINGS v. COAL AND PEAT	16
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	19

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**ENTRANCE TO THE BOTANIC GARDEN,  
MANCHESTER.**

Manchester is distinguished among the large towns of the kingdom for its majority of enlightened individuals. "The whole population," it has been pertinently observed by a native, "seems to be imbued with a general thirst for knowledge and improvement." Even amidst the hum of its hundreds of thousand spindles, and its busy haunts of industry, the people have learned to cultivate the pleasures of natural and experimental science, and the delights of literature. The Philosophical Society of Manchester is universally known by its excellent published Memoirs: it has its Royal Institution; its Philological Society, and public libraries; so that incentives to this improvement have grown with its growth. Among these is the Botanical and Horticultural Society, formed in the autumn of 1827, whose primary object was "a Garden for Manchester and its neighbourhood." Previously to its establishment, Manchester had a Floral Society, with six hundred subscribers, which was a gratifying evidence of public taste, as well as encouragement for the Garden design.

We find the promised advantages of the plan thus strikingly illustrated in an Address of the preceding date, "The study of Botany has not been pursued in any part of the country with greater assiduity and success than in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Far from being confined to the higher orders of society, it has found its most disinterested admirers in the lowest walks of life. Though to the skill and perseverance of the cottager we are confessedly indebted for the improved cultivation of many

plants and fruits, an extensive acquaintance with the choicest productions of nature, and a philosophical investigation of their properties, are very frequently to be met with in the Lancashire Mechanic. But whilst some knowledge of the principles of Horticulture is almost universal; and the inferior objects of attention are readily procured, it is obvious that the difficulty and expense which attend the possession of plants of rare, and more particularly of foreign growth, form a natural and insurmountable obstruction to the researches of many lovers of the science...." "Whatever regard is due to the rational gratifications of which the most laborious life is not incapable, there is a moral influence attendant on horticultural pursuits, which may be supposed to render every friend of humanity desirous to promote them. The most indifferent observer cannot fail to remark that the cottager who devotes his hours of leisure to the improvement of his garden, is rarely subject to the extreme privations of poverty, and commonly enjoys a character superior to the circumstances of his condition. His taste is a motive to employment, and employment secures him from the temptations to extravagance and the natural consequences of dissipated habits."<sup>1</sup> Further, we learn, one great

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<sup>1</sup> How pleasingly is the substance of these observations embodied in one of our "Snatches from *Eugene Aram*:"—"It has been observed, and there is a world of homely, ay, of legislative wisdom in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage garden, or a bird at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours." Vol. i. p. 4. Yet with what wretched taste is this morality sought to be perverted in an abusive notice of Mr. Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*, in a Magazine of the past month, by a reference to Clark and Aram's stealing flower-roots from gentlemen's gardens to add to the ornaments of their own. The writer might as well have said that

object of the society is to educate a certain number of young men as gardeners. As "an inviting scene of public recreation," it is observed, "those who are little interested in the cultivation of Botany, and who may regard the employments of Horticulture with disdain, may still be induced to frequent the Botanical garden, for the beauty of the objects, the pleasures of the society, and the animating gaiety of the scene."

The Manchester Garden, we should think, must, by this time, have an Eden-like appearance. The Committee began fortunately. Mr. Loudon, in one of his valuable Gardening Tours,<sup>2</sup> refers to "a few traits of liberality in the parties connected with it; the noble result, as we think, of the influence of commercial prosperity in liberalizing the mind. Mr. Trafford, the owner of the ground, offered it for whatever price the Committee chose to give for it. The Committee took it at its value to a common farmer, and obtained a lease of the 16 acres (10 Lancashire) for 99 years, renewable for ever at 120/ a year." He describes the donations of trees, plants, and books, by surrounding gentlemen, as very liberal. Mr. Loudon does not altogether approve of the plan, and certainly by no means of the manner in which the Garden has been planted, yet he has no doubt it will contribute materially to the spread of improved varieties of culinary vegetables and fruits, and to the education

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Clark and Aram were fair specimens of the whole human race, or that every gay flower in a cottage garden has been so stolen.

<sup>2</sup> Gardeners' Magazine, No. XXXIII. August, 1831.

of a superior description of gardeners. He commends the hothouses, which have been executed at Birmingham; especially "the manner in which Mr. Jones has heated the houses by hot water; though a number of the garden committee were at first very much against this mode of heating. Mr. Mowbray (who planned the Garden) informed us that last winter the man could make up the fires for the night at five o'clock, without needing to look at them again till the following morning at eight or nine. The houses were always kept as hot as could be wished, and might have been kept at 100° if thought necessary. A young gardener, who had been accustomed to sit up half the night during winter, to keep up the fires to the smoke flues (elsewhere) was overcome with delight when he came here, and found how easy the task of foreman of the houses was likely to prove to him, as far as concerned the fires and nightwork."

As a means of social improvement, (a feature of public interest, we hope, always to be identified with *The Mirror*,) we need scarcely add our commendation of the design of the Botanic Garden at Manchester, and similar establishments in other large towns of Britain. What can be a more delightful relaxation to a Lancashire Mechanic than an hour or two in a *Garden*: what an escape from the pestiferous politics of the times. At Birmingham too, there is a Public Garden, similar to that at Manchester, where we hope the Artisan may enjoy a sight at least of nature's gladdening beauties.

In the suburbs of our great metropolis, matters are not so

well managed; though Mr. Loudon, we think, proposes to unite a Botanic with the Zoological Gardens. Folks in London must study botany on their window-sills. The wealthy do not encourage it. Their love of the country is confined to the forced luxuries of kitchen-gardens, conveyed to them in wicker-baskets; and a few hundred exotics hired from a florist, to furnish a mimic conservatory for an evening rout. They shun her gardens and fields; but, as Allan Cunningham pleasantly remarks in his *Life of Bonington*: "Her loveliness and varieties are not to be learned elsewhere than in her lap. He will know little of birds who studies them stuffed in the museum, and less of the rose and the lily who never saw anything but artificial nose-gays."<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Family Library, No. XXVII.

# TO A SNOWDROP

## A Translation

(For the Mirror.)

First and fairest of flowery visiter—through the dark winter I have dreamed of thy paleness and thy purity—youngest sister of the lily—likelier, thou art to be loved for thine own sake. Can so delicate a thing spring from an Earthly bed? or art thou, indeed, fallen from the heavens as a Snowdrop? Thus I pluck thee from thy clayey abode, in which, like some of us mortals, thou wouldst find an early grave. I place thee in my bosom, (oh! that it were half so pure as thou), and there shalt thou die. Thou comest like a pure spirit, rising from thy earthly home unsullied and unknown. No longer a child of the dust, thou steppest forth almost too delicately attired at such a season as this. Ye winds of heaven: "breathe on it gently." Ye showers descend on my Snowdrop with the tenderness of dew. Little flower, I love thy look of unpretending innocence: thou art the child of simplicity. Thou art a *flower*, even though colourless. Wert thou never gay as others? Where are the hues thou once didst wear? Hast thou

lent them to the rainbow, or to gay and gaudy flowers, or why so pale? Dost thou fear the winter's wind? Canst thou survive the snow-storm? Tell me: dost thou sleep by starlight, or revel with midnight fairies? My Snowdrop, I pity thee, for thou art a lonely flower. Why camest thou out so early, and wouldst not tarry for thy more cautious spring-time companions? Yet thou knowest not fear, "fair maiden of February." Thou art bold to come out on such a morning, and friendless too. It must be true as they tell me, that thou wert once an icicle, and the breath of some fairy's lips warmed thee into a flower. Indeed thou lookest a frail and fairy thing, and thou wilt not sojourn with us long; therefore it is I make much of thee. Too soon, ah! too soon, will thy graceful form droop and die; yet shall the memory of my Snowdrop be sweet, while memory lasts. I know not that I shall live to see thy drooping head another year. A thousand flowers with a thousand hues will follow after thee, but I will not, I will not forget thee my Snowdrop.

## **MAJOR CONVULVULUS**

# OUR LADY'S CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK

It may not plainly appear to some readers that our Engraving of this fine vestige of ancient art, is from a View taken in the year 1818. The Bishop's Chapel, which is there shown, was demolished about twelve months since, at whose bidding we know not; perhaps of the same party who now contend for the destruction of the Lady Chapel.

By the way we referred to the Altar Screen, of which we now find the following memorandum in a *History of St. Saviour's Church*, published in 1795:<sup>4</sup>

"Anno 1618. 15 Jac. I. "The screen at the entrance to the chapel of the Virgin Mary was this year set up."

In the same work occur the particulars of the repairs of the Lady Chapel in 1624:

"Anno 1624. 21 Jac. I. "The chapel of the Virgin Mary was restored to the parishioners, being let out to bakers for above sixty years before, and 200*l.* laid out in the repair. Of which we preserve the following extract from Stowe:

"But passing all these, some what now of that part of this church above the chancell, that in former times was called Our Ladies Chappell.

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<sup>4</sup> By M.M. Concanen, jun. and A. Morgan.

"It is now called the New Chappell; and indeed, though very old, it now may be called a new one, because newly redeemed from such use and imployment, as in respect of that it was built to, divine and religious duties, may very well be branded, with the style of wretched, base, and unworthy, for that, that before this abuse, was (and is now) a faire and beautifull chappell, by those that were then the corporation (which is a body consisting of thirty vestry-men, six of those thirty, churchwardens) was leased and let out, and the house of God made a bake-house.

"Two very faire doores, that from the two side iles of the chancell of this church, and two that thorow the head of the chancell (as at this day they doe againe) went into it, were lath't, daub'd, and dam'd up: the faire pillars were ordinary posts against which they piled billets and bavens: in this place they had their ovens, in that a bolting place, in that their kneading trough, in another (I have heard) a hogstrough; for the words that were given mee were these, this place have I knowne a hogstie, in another a store house, to store up their hoorded meal; and in all of it something of this sordid kind and condition. It was first let by the corporation afore named, to one *Wyat*, after him, to one *Peacocke*, after him, to one *Cleybrooke*, and last, to one *Wilson*, all bakers, and this chappell still imployed in the way of their trade, a bake-house, though some part of this bake-house was some time turned into a starch-house.

"The time of the continuance of it in this kind, from the first letting of it to *Wyat*, to the restoring of it again to the church, was threescore and some odde yeeres, in the

yeere of our Lord God 1624, for in this yeere the ruines and blasted estate, that the old corporation sold it to, were by the corporation of this time, repaired, renewed, well, and very worthily beautified: the charge of it for that yeere, with many things done to it since, arising to two hundred pounds.

"This, as all the former repairs, being the sole cost and charge of the parishioners."

A correspondent, E.E. inquires how it happens that the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, shown in all old plans of the Church, has likewise disappeared within the present century? This Chapel adjoined the South transept, and was removed during the repairs, under the able superintendence of Mr. Gwilt. It was thus described by Mr. Nightingale in 1818:

"The chapel itself is a very plain erection. It is entered on the south, through a large pair of folding doors, leading down a small flight of steps. The ceiling has nothing peculiar in its character; nor are the four pillars supporting the roof, and the unequal arches leading into the south aisle, in the least calculated to convey any idea of grandeur, or feeling of veneration. These arches have been cut through in a very clumsy manner, so that scarcely any vestige of the ancient church of St. Mary Magdalen now remains. A small doorway and windows, however, are still visible at the east end of this chapel; the west end formerly opened into the south transept; but that also is now walled up, except a part, which leads to the gallery there. There are in different parts niches which once held the holy water, by which the pious devotees of former ages sprinkled their foreheads on

their entrance before the altar, I am not aware that any other remains of the old church are now visible in this chapel. Passing through the eastern end of the south aisle, a pair of gates leads into the Virgin Mary's Chapel."

From what we remember of the character of this Chapel, the lovers of architecture have little to lament in its removal. Our Correspondent, E.E., adds—"This, and not the Lady Chapel, it was, (No. 456 of *The Mirror*,) that contained the gravestone of one Bishop Wickham, who, however, was not the famous builder of Windsor Castle, in the time of Edward III., but died in 1595, the same year in which he was translated from the see of Lincoln to that of Winchester. His gravestone, now lying exposed in the churchyard, marks the south-east corner of the site of the aforesaid Magdalen Chapel."

# SCOTTISH ECONOMY

## SHAVINGS v. COAL AND PEAT

(To the Editor.)

Without intending to be angry, permit me to inform your well-meaning correspondent, *M.L.B.* that his observations on the inhabitants of "Auld Reekie," are something like the subject of his communication "Shavings," *rather* superficial.

Improvvidence forms no feature in the Scottish character; but your flying tourist charges "the gude folk o' Embro'" with monstrous extravagance in making bonfires of their carpenters' chips; and proceeds to reflect in the true spirit of civilization how much better it would have been if the builders' chips had been used in lighting household fires, to the obviously great saving of bundle-wood, than to have thus wantonly forced them to waste their gases on the desert air. But your traveller forgot that in countries which abound in wheat, rye is seldom eaten; and that on the same principle, in Scotland, where coal and peat are abundant, the "natives," like the ancient Vestals, never allow their fires to go out, but keep them burning through the whole night.

The business of the "gude man" is, immediately before going to bed, to load the fire with coals, and crown the supply with a "canny passack o' turf," which keeps the whole in a state of gentle combustion; when, in the morning a sturdy thrust from the poker, produces an instantaneous blaze. But, unfortunately, should any untoward "o'er-night clishmaclaver" occasion the neglect of this duty, and the fire be left, like envy, to feed upon its own vitals, a remedy is at hand in the shape of a pan "o' live coals" from some more provident neighbour, resident in an upper or lower "flat;" and thus without bundle-wood or "shavings," is the mischief cured.

I hope that this explanation will sufficiently vindicate my Scottish friends from *M.L.B.*'s aspersion. Scotchmen improvident! never: for workhouses are as scarce among them as bundle-wood, or intelligent travellers. Recollect that I am not in a passion; but this I will say, though the gorge choke me, that *M.L.B.* strongly reminds me of the French princess, who when she heard of some manufacturers dying in the provinces of starvation, said, "Poor fools! die of starvation—if I were them I would eat bread and cheese first."

The next time *M.L.B.* visits Scotland, let him ask the first peasant he meets how to keep eggs fresh for years; and he will answer *rub a little oil or butter over them, within a day or two after laying, and they will keep any length of time, perfectly fresh.* This discovery, which was made in France by the great Reamur, depends for its success upon the oil filling up the pores of the

egg-shell, and thereby cutting off the perspiration between the fluids of the egg and the atmosphere, which is a necessary agent in putrefaction. The preservation of eggs in this manner, has long been practised in all "braid Scotland;" but it is not so much as known in our own boasted land of stale eggs and bundle-wood.

In Edinburgh, I mean the Scottish and not the Irish capital, *M.L.B.* may actually eat *new laid* eggs a *year old!* How is it that this great comfort is not practised in the navy? The Scotch have also a hundred other domestic practices for the saving of the hard earned "siller;" and are far from the commission of any such idle waste as *M.L.B.*'s story exhibits. S.S.

P.S. Tinder-boxes are unknown in Scotland, and I am sure *M.L.B.* if he wants a business would as readily make his fortune by selling them, as the Yorkshireman who went to the West Indies with a cargo of great coats.

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