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Содержание

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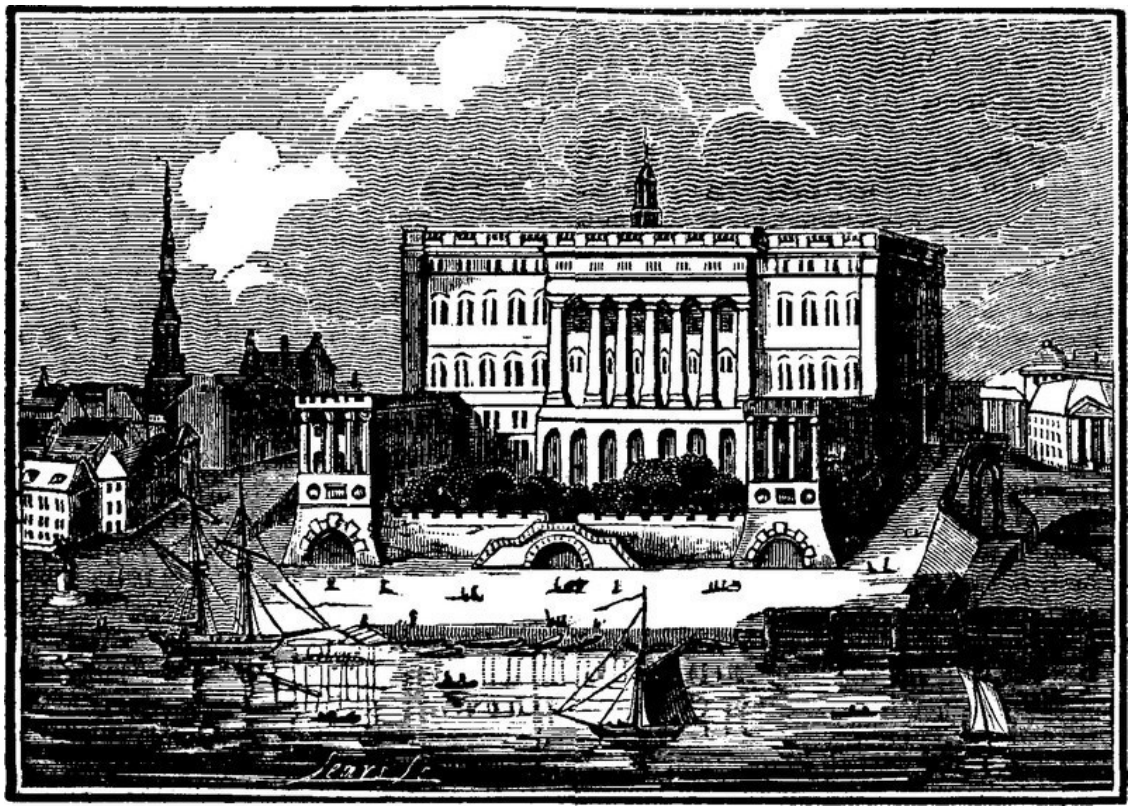
THE PALACE AT STOCKHOLM



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. Petersburgh, 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."

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'œuvre* 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 Æthiop'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.)

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 petrifaction.

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 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 thraldom." 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.

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 patriæ* 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.

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 cheatery, 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 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 ofttimes 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.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.