" I like not this humour of bread and cheese

From the days of Job, downwards, COM-FORTERS (to me) have always seemed the most impertunent set of people upon earth. For you may see, nine times in ten, that they actually gratify themselves in what they call "consoling" their neighbours; and go away in an improved satisfaction with their own condition, after phi-losophizing for an hour and a half upon the disadvantages of yours.

There are several different families of these benevolent characters abroad: and each set rubs sore places in a manner peculiar to itself.

First and foremest, there are those who go, in detail, through the history of your misfortune shewing (as the case may be) either how completely you have been outwitted, or how exceedingly ill or absurdly you have conducted yourself—and so leave you with "their good wishes, and an invitation to "come and dine, when your troubles are over."

Next, there are those, a set, I think still more intolerable, who press the necessity of the more intolerable, who press the necessity of your estate, is the most perfectly detestable.

Thirdly come the "whoreson caterpillars," who are what people call "well to do" in the world; and especially those who have become so (as they believe) by their own good conduct.—These are very particularly vile dog's indeed! I recollect one such—(he was an opulent cheesemonger,) who had been porter in the same shop which he afterwards kept, and had come to town, as he used to boast, without eash cough to buy a night's lodging on his arrival.—

This man had neither love nor pity for any human being. He met every complaint of distress with a history of his own fortunes. No living creature, as he took it, could reasonably be poor, so long as there were birch brooms or watering-pots in the world. He would tell those who asked for work, that idleness was the root of all evil;" prove to people that a penny was the seed of a guinea," who were without a farthing in the world, and argue all day, with a man who had nothing, to shew that "out of a little, a little night be put by."

Fourthly, and in the rear, march those most provoking ruilians of all, who uphold the prudence of always "putting the best face" (as they term "o" your as a "air." And these will cure your broken leg by setting it off against somebody else's hump back, and so soundly demonstrate that you have nothing to complain of; or admit, perhaps (for the sake of variety) the fact that you are naked; and proceed to derise stratagems how you shall be contented to remain so.

And it is amazing what a number of (mad upon that particular po

tion.

First, the writer touches, generally, upon the advantage of "thin, spare diet;"—exposing how all beyond is "mere pitiable luxury;"—enumerating the diseases consequent upon high living, and pointing out the criminal acts and passions to which it leads;—evidently demonstrating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that no man can possibly cat goose, and go to heaven.

strating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that to man can possibly cat goose, and go to leaven.

Shortly after he takes the question upon a broader ground; and examines it as one of mere worldly policy and of mere convenience,—

'The man who cats flesh, has need of other things (vegetables) to eat with it; but that necessity is not felt by him who lives upon vegetables upon the state of the

7 V.

"For dressing (cleaning) a hat.
"Smear a little soap on the places of your hat which are fellby, and rub it with some hot water and a bard brush. Then scrape with a knife, what felth sticks; and it will bring both soap and grease out."—The book of this author is scarce; I suspect the hatters bought it up to prevent this secret from being known.
Only one more recipe—and really it is worthy of being written in letters of gold,—worthy to stand beside that never-to-be-forgotten suggestion of Mrs Rundell's—(she who now in the kitchen of the gols roast!—that "roass" in a proper sense, not is roast!—that "roass". Rub a bit of soap on the hingest"—This it is "To make your teeth white.
"Take a little brick dust on a towel and rub them." The mechanical action, the reader see, not the chemical; but potent notwith standing.

standing.

But Mrs Rundeil deserves better than to be quoted, in aid, on an occasion like this; nay, merish herself to take rank, and high rank, amog or public benetactors. Marry, I say, that the thing is so, and shail be so! for, even amidst all the press and crewd of her moral and culinary precepts,—even while she stands already, as a man my say, "in double trust," teaching us good life in one pace, and good living in another, holding up her laidle against "excessive luvery," such as "Essence of Ham'—(praised be her thick doudceimo, but for which the world had never known that there was such a perfume;) and, presently, pointing out the importance, and weeping over the rarily of such "oreature comforts" as strong coffee, and smooth melted butter; —ever and anon, even and all these complicated interests, the kind lady finds room to edge in a thought or two about the poor.

"The cook should be charged," says Mrs R. "to save the boiting of every piece of meat or ham, however call: the pieces of meat which come from the table on the plates; and the bones made by the family." "What a relief," adds she, "to the labouring husband, to have a warm, comfortable meal!"—the rind of a ham, for instance, after Mrs R. had extracted the "Easence?"

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook anding.

But Mrs Rundell deserves better than to b

stance, after Mrs R, had extracted the "Essence?"

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook really enter into this, (the love of her fellow creatures;) she would never wash away as use-less, the peas, or groats, of which soup, or greel, have been made;—broken polatoes;—the outer leaves of lettues;—the necks and feet of lowis; "&c.; "which makes a delicious meat soup, especially for the sick."—Sure, people would be falling sick, on purpose to eat it!

The sick soup essay concluding with a farther direction to the cook, not to take the fat off the broth, "as the poor like it, and are nourished by it!" and with a calculation which, if we know any thing of the mathematics, might make Demovre himself look to his laurels;—"Yen gallons of this soup," concludes Mrs R., "from En bouses; would be a hundred gallons; and inatt, divided among forly families, would be two gallons and a half to each family."

Tun Marti quam Mercurio! And done with chalk upon a mit tally, ten to one cles!—Tran Cooker quam Kitchener! And this lady is dead! It almost makes us waver in our faith!—

Turn sour ye casks of table beer, Yesteks, four!!

Turn sour ye casks of table beer, Ye steaks, forget to fry; Why is it you are let stay here, And Mrs Rundell die?

And Mrs Rundell die?

But whims, if they happen to take hold at all, take the strongest hold commonly upon strong understandings.

Count Runnford, though an ingenious man, had a touch of this bon chere a peu d'argent discase; and his essays afford some pleasant illustrations of the slashing style in which men construct theories, when the practice is to fall upon their neighbours.

After exhausting himself upon the smoky

After exhausting himself upon the smoky chimnies of the world, the Count strips to the next of its nuisances, the beggars.

He was to feed the poor; encore the Poor!—
and the point was, of course, how to feed then at the cheapest rate.

"Water," then, he begins,—the cunning rouge! "Hotter, I am inclined to suspect, acts a much more important part in mutrition, than has been generally supposed." This was a good active hobby to start upon; and, truly, his Countship, in the sequel, does outride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table at which

Countsip, in the sequet, does outride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table at which he sines treefve hundred persons, all expenses included, for the very reasonable cost of one pound fifteen shillings Reglish.

But this, which was three dinners for a penny, was nothing; and, in a trice, the Count, going on with his reductions, brings down the meal for twelve hundred, to one pound seven shillings.—And, here, he beats our Saver of Wealth, the contractor at two pence a day, hollow; because, with his dinner found for a farthing, a man must be an example of debaachery.—a mere rascal—to think of getting through such a sum as twopence aday; out of which, indeed, he might well put by a provision for hunself and his wite, in toldage; and fornues for two or three of his vounger children.

The Count's ranning commentary upon these evolutions, too, is a chef d'œutre in the art of reasoning. At one time, it seems he dieted his flock, partly upon bread begged publicly in charity, and partly upon meat which was the reminant of the markets. Even out of evil the wise man shall bring good. The charity bread was found extremely dry and hard; "but, therefore," says the Count, "we found it answer better than any other; hecause it made martication necessary, and so prolonged the enjoyment of eating," As for the meat, he soon finds that an article quite unnecessary, and actually omis it altogether in the people's soup, without the fact being discovered!

But the crowning feature of all, and there I leave Count Rumford, is the experiment which he makes it caring, to be quite certain, upon himself; arguing upon the nutritious and stomach satisfying qualities of a particular "cheap" dish, he puts the thing to issue—thus:

"I took my coffee and creem, with my dry toast, one morning" (not given) " at breakfast, and ate nothing between that and fonr o'clock— I then ate," [the particular dish,] I believe, however, it was a three farthing one, "and so the Count finishes his dissertation upon food, by declaring the Chinese! the best cooks in the world. Now, I confess that, at first sight, there would seem to be something accomplished here. No doubt, if our labourers would eat farthing dinners, and get rid of that villainous propensity which they have to beef-steaks, their " savings," and consequent acquisition of property, would be immense. But does the Count not perceive, and did it ever strike your coadjutors, that, if which they mean acquisition and consequent acquisition and consequent acquisition and did it never strike your coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rish! when they would be an incompared to the system of the system

and did it never strike your coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rioh! when they would be an incomparably greater nuisance than they are in their present condition. I great the existing evil, but do not let us exchange it for a greater. The question is a difficult one, but there be minds that can cope with it. Such a turmoil as to what the poor shall eat! I say, there are plenty of themetet them ext one another.

People must not be startled by the apparent novelty of this plan;—those who can swallow Count Rumford's dinners, may, I am sure, swallow any thing. I have examined the scheme which I propose narrowly, and (prejudice apart) can see no possible objection to it. It is well known, that rats and mice take the same mode which I hint at, to thin their superabundant population; and what are the poor, but mice in the cheese of society? Let the public listen only to this suggestion, and they will find that it ends all diffully at once. I grant that there might be some who would be ravenous at first upon their new diet, es especially any who had been living upon Mrs Rundell's soup; but that is an evil which would correct itself; because on admirably operative and perfect is the principle, the mouths would diminish in exact proportion with the meat. Upon my system, and, I repeat, I can see no objection to it, the poor might go on pleasantly, reducing their numbers at their leisure, until one individual only, in state of necessity, should be left; and if it were worth while to go on to niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, 'y having him taught to jump down him to the poor might be poor might do not niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, 'y having him taught to jump down though the him to upon the numbers at their leisure, until one individual soon eat up the rich; and surely if any body is to be eaten by them, it ought, in fairness, to be themselves. And, moreover, as it is shrewdly auspected that too many of them are already eaten

purpose.

Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalism. But my project does not extend so far.

purpose.

* Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalam. Bot my project does not extend so far.

*A NEW ERA IN CHRONOMETRY.—[From the Boston Centinel.]—Mr II. G. Dyar, late a member of Middlebury College, Vermont, now a resident in this city, has invented a clock, the principles and movements of which are entirely different from those of Chronometers now in use, and are not to be found in any treatise now extant. The pendulum moves in a cycloidal arch, and performs long and short vibrations in equal times, while that of our common clock swings in the arc of a circle, and makes unequal vibrations in unequal times. The striking and chronical parts are no less peculiar; the hammer, which is balanced and turns on a pivot, strikes the internal limb of the bell, and is so easily put in motion, that eight ounces of power is sufficient for that purpose. The machinery of the whole is surprisingly simple, it requiring that two wheels to continue the operation eight days without a renewal of the power; three will do this a year, and four will perpetuate its motion a century. Ease, strength and uniformity, are striking characteristics in all its movements. Two clocks, as above described, are now in operation at Messrs Sawin and Dyar's clock manufactory, in this city; which I understand the inventor intends shortly to exhibit before an enlightened and discerning public, when I hope a more minute description will be given of this truly ingenious piece of mechanism.

SkyllteRise.—At a period when here, in London, patent iron coffins are being superseded by the use of Mortsafes, which have been provided for the accommodation of the public in that quarter. They were furnished by Mr Ames M-Gill. This mode of protecting the dead is understood to afford perfect security, and we believe is not expensive.**—It would be well if the Editor were to describe what the Mort-safe (a strange name!) is.

So N. G.

SONG.

Oh meet me once, but once aga Beside that old oak tree; It is not much, of all thy vows, To ask but this of thee. Oh! meet me when the evening star Shines on the twilight grey, Just while the lark sings his last song I have not much to say.

I know that when to-morrow's sun Lights up the vale again, You'll lead your fair Bride to the church, And cannot meet me then.

And cannot meet me then.

But this last cenning is your own—
Come to our old oak tree;
Sarely, dear love, you cannot fear
Anght like reproach from me.

No, dearest mine! then pray thee come,
When that star lights the sky;
100 but ask to pardon thee,
To kins thy lips, and die!

NEWSPAPERS IN AMERICA.

The circulation of Newspapers in the United States is prodigious. Philadelpha has eight daily papers, New York, we think, has ten; Isoton, Baltimore, &c. have their proportion, and every considerable village has its weekly Journal. In 1810 there were 359 journals of all kinds, including 27 published daily, and the whole number of copies sold annually was estimated at 22,000,000. Since that time the increase is computed to be 32 per cent, so that the number of pournals is now probably little short of 500. The whole continent of Europe with 160 millions of inhabitants, has not hall so many—thanks to the provident care of the Holy Allies. In the United States the paper has no stamp; and as advertisements pay to duty, they are put in at a low price, and yet pay well by their vast numbers. In single number of the New York Mircantile Advertisements, and this, so farrivals, &c., about one more, and the remaining 21 or 22 columns are filled with advertisements. The price of a daily paper, which in England is ten pounds are filled with divertisements. The price of a daily paper, which in England is ten pounds are filled with divertisements. The price of a daily paper, which in England is ten pounds are filled with divertisements. The price of a daily paper, which in England is ten pounds are filled with divertisements. The price of a daily paper, which in England is ten pounds a cent (a halfpenny) if the distance is under 100 miles, and a cent and a half for all greater distances.—Pamphlets are sent per sheet at the same low rate. Copyright in books lasts 14 years in the United States, and may be secured for 14 years more by a new entry, it the author is living. Mr Duncan (a recent tourist) thinks the American papers are mere vehicles of commercial intelligence. But some of them are conducted with much ability, and contain discussions on local matters, and so general politics, quite equal in force of thinking, and often superior in spirit, to what are our own, with a few exceptions? No doubt the greater number of Americ The circulation of Newspapers in the United States is prodigious. Philadelphia baseight dai-ly papers; New York, we think, hasten; Boston, Baltimore, &c. have their proportion, and every Americans have little native literature, the reason is obviously to be found in the facilities they role for appropriating ours. Brewster's Encyclopactics—the Britannica—and even Reess in mense work, are all re-printed in the United States. Philadelphia, which employs 153 print ing presses, is the chief seat of this literary ma mulacture. Our readers will probably suspet that they set their types by steam or electricity when they are told that an edition of Pecerit wa printed, published, and sold within twenty-eigh hours after the original copy was received from Britain. We have little doubt that the book wa in the drawing-rooms of New York and Philadelphia before it reached the remoter parts of Sootland and Ireland.—Scotema.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.

"The Americans," says a modern traveller,
"advertise every thing, and say that we in England would do the same, but for our fazes, the stamp duty of course they mean—Conversing on this subject, with a respectable trader in New York, he told me that he never found advertising to fail of the object he aimed at, when it was at all attainable. He said that he did not suppose any length of time would place him above this mode of giving publicity to a want, or the offer to supply one. A man in business cannot be too often before the public, cannot too often put the public in mind of him. There is a foolish sort of discredit in your country, he observed, attached to repeated advertisement; but the knowing ones, the quacks, practice it and laugh at their wiser neighbours.

A FINE CHACE.

A FINE CHACE.

BRIOHTON, JAN. 1.—Some extraordinary sport occurred with our subscription pack of harriers, which threw off at the Devil's Dyke on Friday last. The field was numerously and brilliantly attended, and as brilliant as desired was the weather. Two hares had been started by three-quarters past two o'clook; and at seven minutes before three, a third was started from a pit near Blatchington, and musical again was the cry of the dogs. Puss dashed for Angleton, and made it, then sprung by the finger-post at the Dyke, Varncomb Barn, and crossed, to Searchill, Standean passed, and a flying visit paid to the Upper Lodge House of the Earl of Chichester. Scudding wide of the Park lence a circuitous route brought her into the lower road, and she stood for Fulmer; but being headed, she changed her apparent design and made for Holingbury Castle-hill. This steep was rapidly ascended, and descended near to Cavalry Barrack, and the kennel of her statement of the start of the castle descended and descended near to Cavalry Barrack, and the kennel of her stanton pursuers was nearly touched upon as she extended her flight to the Cuckfield-road, and thence on for Preston. Within a few yards of the toll-gate at the latter place, Puss. hard pressed, endeavoured to scale the high wall to the right of it, but was too exhausted to be successful. She now made the last ineffectual struggle for dear life—the dogs viewed her into a pond, where she was drowned, eany impression could be made on her coat by their teeth. The termination of this run, the most fatiguing of the season, was by moonlight. It had occupied two hours and seventeen minutes, without otheck, or being for an instant off seen. Of upwards of eighty well mounted sportsmen, when hunstman, on his favourite chessut horse, and Mr George Blaker, of Patcham, late of Oving-dean, with two or three Gentlemen, were the only parties in at the death.

At the end of "St. Ronan's Well," "The Siere of Ptolemis." as a specimen of his general

At the end of "St. Ronan's Well," "The Siege of Ptolemais," as a specimen of his genera History of the Crusades, a Work by the Rev. J. Cargill, Minister of St. Ronan, is announced, which we of course presume comes from the same

which we of course presums comes, spring.

The celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen has beet commissioned by the Cardinal Gonsalvi to execute a mausoleum for Pope Pius VII. Twenty thou sand crowns are to be the reward of his labour.

DEATHS BY HUNTING.

A most melanchyl accident Ingpension of the Edwards, Esq. of Silvee, in this country, and the day, the 26th of December last, by which is uncortunately lost his lie. It appears that a few days the 26th of December last, by which is mortunately lost his lie. It appears that a few days were all the series of the propertion of the series of the series of Bayfield house, the seat of Majori Fatter, and which had previously been passed by many of the spottamen in perfect safety, he with several other gentlemen, who were not acquained with the proper course they ought to have fallowed, took a wrong direction, when all of them flounced headlong into the water. Mr. E. who was on a very spirited horse, unhappily lost in seat, but still kept fast hold of the bridge, and it is supposed in his exertions to save himself, that the animal whilst struggling and plunging in the water, struck him on the head with his fare few, which stunded him, through which accident he sunk, and was drawned. His companions with the horses rescued. Mr. Edwards was a more respectable man, and pose-seed very consider, being the property in the county—he has left a whome and eight children to deplore his languaged in a state of pregnancy—Bedford Gazette.

Intimation has reached us of a creat in accident in the neighbourhood of Ripon, on Finday, the 26th ult. A mediant has the force of the current, he was carried on at state of pregnancy—Bedford Gazette.

On Friday, the 26th ult, a melancholy aveiden happened, while the Hawworth for homework has deep than observed to so similar, and he untortunately mission the force of the current, he was carried on at the force of the current, he was carried on at the force of the current, he was carried on at the force of the current, he was carried on at the force of the current, he was carried on at his depth and drowned. His son hat I many shared the same fate in endeavouring to savels father.—Donacater Gazette.

On Friday, the 26th ult, a melancholy aveident happened, while the Hawworth for homework his depth

privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more ensestites and more varieties in it—it is an excision more graces.

Mariage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duties of parents, and the chanty of relations, here kindness is spread abroad, and to be su unted and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin scule prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. It hath in it less of beauty but more of safety that the single life: it hath more care, but less dayer; it is more merry, and more sad; is fully of sorrows, and fuller of poys; it lies under morburdens, but its supported by all the strengthe love and charity, and those burdens are designified.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and pre-

love and enarry, and work of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills eities, and elurelies, and Heaven itself. Celthary, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweepes but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builded a house, and gathers sweetness from the flower, and labours and unities into societies and republication and sends out armies, and fleeds the world will

a house, and gathers sweetness from the flowers and labours and unites into societies and republes, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with difficulties, and obeys their king, and keeps order and exercises many virtues, and promets the interest of mankind, and is that state of goddings to which God hath designed the pres at constitution of the world.

A gentleman passing through one of the southern states, and wishing to know the distanct to a neighbouring house, enquired of a planter, who was leisurely at work by the road side, have far it was to Pierce's. From up country. I rock how? "Yes," said the gentleman. "Well, how goes cottons? "Rather doll, I believe." "Mighty had roads, friend." Bu, says the traveller, "how far do you call it to Pierce's "Bound to S—, I reckon?" "Exacts," answered the traveller, and rode on—when the planter having completed his enquiries, proceeded to reply. "well now, I don't jestly know exactly how far, but I reckon, you'll find it something of a piece before you get there!" — Juncie can Paper. can Paper.

thing of a piece before you get there 1"—Investean Paper.

Bratistics.—In the 97 parishes within the walls, 17 parishes without, 23 out-parishes in Westminster, during the past venr, there have been born and christened 13,945 males; 13,341 females; total, 27,673;—burred, 10,456 males; 10,132 females; total, 20,387. Among the discussion of the second parishes of the second parishes of the second parishes of the second parishes; 13,341 females; 10,132 females; 13,441 females; 10,132 females; 13,441 females; 13,441 females; 14,441 females;

Printed by HENRY COLLINS, near the Qua-