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Her Majesty

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Consort of

WILLIAM IV.

Published by John Limbird 143 Strand.

THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. XVI.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,

(Near Somerset House.)

1830.

PREFACE.

PREFACES belong to the sweet uses of olden times; and trite and quaint as may be their forms, we cannot quietly part with their fashion. Their very origin involves a bit of antiquity that delights us. *Proface* was long a "familiar exclamation of welcome at a dinner, or other meal, equivalent to 'much good may it do you;' but from what language derived was long uncertain." So says the venerable Archdeacon Nares, in his excellent "Glossary;" and upon etymological showing, he proves "it is plain that we had it from the Norman romance language." In a quaint old letter we read,

> "Thus, proface ye with the preface:"

Shakspeare, in his hospitality of Henry IV., says—

> "Sweet Sir, sit—most sweet Sir, sit—proface:"

and Heywood, in one of his epigrams, says—

> "Reader, read this thus; for preface, proface,
> Much good may it do you."

But, to the point: the old *proface* grace is forgotten in our feastings; but the custom still lingers on the threshold of books in the "prefaces" of the present day.

Lest we generalize into a preface upon prefaces, we hasten to observe that the volume now before the reader is not the least *eventful* of its series. It begins gloomily, with the death of an excellent Patron of Literature and the Arts; but, however sombre the subject, it has, we hope, enabled us to convince the Readers of THE MIRROR that our exertions to bespeak their interest correspond with the times. All the Engravings illustrative of the late King's death and obsequies are from drawings made expressly for this work. The Bedchamber and Private Dining Room in Windsor Castle were sketched within the walls themselves; and the Lying-in-state, Procession, and Interment were transferred by artists who were spectators of the several scenes or incidents. The Memoir and descriptive particulars which accompany these Engravings were re-written from various sources, aided by many points of information, of minor importance in themselves, but in some measure assisting the completeness of the details. That such exertions (necessarily of great expense) should be made for a work bearing the lowest remunerating price in this country, may appear strange; but the cir-

cumstance deserves mention, as well from our own grateful feeling, as for the honour of the public—that these exertions have been amply repaid by more than a proportionate increase of their patronage.

The Engravings otherwise have been, in some instances, selected with an eye to events of the day: so as to be little pictures or "Mirrors" of the times. Algiers—the Hotel de Ville at Paris—the Palace of the King of the French — Lullworth, the asylum of "unkingship," and two or three other subjects, are illustrations of a few of the ups and downs which Time has slid through the lantern of the last six months, and reflected on the blank of our paper; whilst the sketch-books of a few Correspondents have furnished subjects of other and more pacific interest, in the birthplaces, abodes, and memorials of literary genius.

Original Communications, of fact and fancy, will be found in due proportion in the subsequent pages. To their contributors we return our best acknowledgments. Selections from the best-graced literature of the day, and our own adoption of useful and amusing facts, constitute the remainder, and, we hope, realize the "Literature, Amusement, and Instruction" of our weekly "proface."

It may be as well to mention that the *modicum* of this half-yearly volume has been increased three sheets, or forty-eight pages. This will account for the trifling advance in price observable by our purchasers by the volume.

And now, courteous Reader, with grateful recollections of the past, we promise our best studies for the future. A new year and a new volume bring fresh hopes of new subscribers, and stimulate us in striving for the gratification of all.

December 27, 1830.

MEMOIR

OF

HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Her Most Gracious Majesty, Adelaide, the Queen Consort of these realms, was born the 13th day of August 1792, and baptized by the names of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia; and is the daughter of George Frederic Charles, Duke of Saxe Coburg Meiningen, by Louisa Eleanora, a daughter of Christian Albert Lewis, Prince of Hohenlohe Laugenburg. The Duke of Saxe Coburg Meiningen, her Majesty's father, whose character was most estimable, died in 1803, when only 42 years of age, shortly after the birth of his only son, the present Duke. By his will, his Serene Highness confided the guardianship of his three children, as well as the Regency of the Duchy, during his son's minority, to her Majesty's mother, the Duchess, an intelligent and most amiable woman. The third child alluded to (the younger daughter) was Ida, who has since become Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach. There could not have been a happier choice, either with reference to the Guardianship or the Regency: the children were educated in great retirement at Meiningen, the capital of the small principality, with strict care as to their morals, and sedulous attention to their improvement in every branch of polite learning and useful knowledge; thus reflecting the highest credit upon their excellent mother. The amiable Princess just mentioned is still living, and last year paid a visit to her daughter in England, now Queen, with whom her Serene Highness remained several weeks.

The Queen, from earliest childhood, was remarkable for sedate, and rather reserved habits; devoting almost her whole time to her studies, though cheerful and lively among her more intimate associates. When arrived at more mature years, the Queen took no pleasure in the frivolities of fashion, and evinced an utter detestation of that laxity of morals and equivocal conduct, and that contempt for religion, which had sprung out of the French Revolution, and which for a considerable period had the prevailing sway in too many of the petty Courts of Germany.

The Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, highly to her honour, amidst the peaceful circle of her retired court, steadily persevered in the well-regulated and virtuous course which she had commenced in the education of her children, and the administration of her Duchy. Fortunately for the mild and maternal character of the Duchess' public and private life, the territory of her sovereignty was overlooked by the ambitious eye of Buonaparte, who appears to have considered the Court of Meiningen too insignificant to deserve his attention. He did not think it worth his while to attempt the corruption of the court by his usual sinister means; while the Duchy did not form such an obstacle to any of his plans, as to excite his solicitude.

Far different was it, unhappily, in many of the other states of Germany, where at their courts, and amongst their higher classes, irreligion and profligacy made for a time the most frightful progress, whilst the people were subjected to heart-rending privation and distress. The Court of Meiningen thus formed a splendid exception, and was remarkable for its strict morality, and steady support of the true Protestant faith; and its Princesses became celebrated for their amiable and estimable conduct; they took the greatest plea-

sure in establishing and superintending schools for the education of the children of the lower classes of the community, and in procuring and providing food and clothing for the poor and destitute in the city and suburbs of Meiningen. The Princess Adelaide was, above all, the life and soul of every institution, which had for its object the amelioration of the condition of her fellow-creatures. In no school could the virtues and amiable qualities peculiarly adapted to a Queen of England be more admirably learnt; and the conduct of her Majesty, since her arrival in this country, has proved those qualities to be deeply implanted in her heart, and the invariable guide of her actions. The same feelings and the same principles which prompted the Princess Adelaide to perform, with undeviating attention, all the duties of her station, to extend the hand of charity and sympathy to the destitute and afflicted, and to succour her distressed fellow-creatures, were brought into action in a more extended sphere, when the Princess became the consort of the Duke of Clarence, and transferred her residence to England; and in a still more enlarged circle, are now displayed in the conduct of the consort of the Monarch of the British Empire, all those traits of purity of mind and of heart, which are infinitely more to be prized than the blandishments of personal beauty, or the mere charm of elegant attractions, from their value being deeply felt and patriotically acknowledged in the hearts of the people.

Our late excellent Queen Charlotte had long kept her eye upon this virtuous family, which, flourishing like an oasis in the great desert of corrupt Germany, had attracted much of her regard and attention; and when her Majesty's foresight judged it prudent to urge her third son, the Duke of Clarence, to enter into the wedded state, she strongly pressed upon his attention the only remaining daughter of the house of Meiningen. The youngest sister, Ida, had already been married to her cousin Bernard, the second son of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. Accordingly, we believe, his Royal Highness having made the necessary inquiries, and finding the Queen's recommendation amply confirmed, a regular demand was made of the Princess' hand in marriage, and in due time a favourable answer returned. As it was impossible for his Royal Highness to proceed to Germany, the Princess, with her mother, was invited over to England; and on the 11th of July, 1818, the Prince and Princess were married at Kew, in the presence of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family; and at the same time, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, which had previously taken place in Germany, was performed according to the rites of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence spent a few days in retirement at St. James's Palace, and then proceeded, with a numerous suite, to Hanover. In the capital of that kingdom they spent the winter of 1818 and the spring of 1819.

Her Royal Highness was soon declared pregnant, and the most happy anticipations were formed of her giving birth to an heir to the crown of England. In the month of March, however, her Royal Highness caught a severe cold, which ended in a violent pleuretic attack, and, in consequence of the treatment necessary to preserve her valuable life, premature labour was induced, and in the seventh month of her pregnancy her Royal Highness was delivered of a princess. The child was christened on the day of its birth by the names of Elizabeth Adelaide, but expired very soon afterwards, and was interred in the royal vault at Hanover, where lie the remains of the great Elector, Ernest Augustus, and George I. The Duchess' recovery was slow, but perfect, and a change of air being thought requisite, she proceeded, as soon as she was able to travel, to Meiningen, visiting Gottingen and Hesse Phillipsthall, on the way.

The joy of the good people of Saxony on again beholding their beloved princess knew no bounds; and from the moment she entered the precincts of the Duchy, she was met and welcomed by the vassals of her brother, and carried in triumph for a distance of nearly thirty miles, to the capital, where

fête succeeded fête, and holiday was kept for about a month. The Royal Duke, too, by his kind and condescending manners, and devoted attention to his amiable consort, soon won the hearts of the good people of Meiningen, and became as popular as one of their own princes. After a residence of six weeks in the castle, the court removed to Lubenstein, a retired residence, and of singular beauty, where there are celebrated mineral springs: here, in the course of the summer, the Duchess recovered her health.

The Duke of Clarence now became anxious to return to England, to his favourite retreat at Bushy, and the Duchess, who had been charmed with the beauties of this retirement during her short stay there, seconded the wish of her consort. Towards the end of October, 1819, the royal pair left Meiningen on their return to England. The Duchess was again pregnant, but the hurry and fatigue of a long journey was too much for her delicate frame, and at Dunkirk she suffered a miscarriage. This again affected her health. They landed at Dover; and a residence on the sea-coast being reckoned advisable, Lord Liverpool, then Warden of the Cinque Ports, kindly offered the Duke the use of Walmer Castle, near Deal, where the Duke and Duchess took up their residence, and remained there six weeks.

The Duchess being now perfectly recovered, they removed to St. James's, (Bushy House being under repair,) and spent the winter of that year in London. Again the Duchess was declared *enceinte.* and hope again revived. Considerably before the natural period, however, her Royal Highness was taken in labour, and after some suffering was delivered of a fine healthy princess. The child grew, and increased in strength daily, to the great joy of its illustrious parents, and of the nation at large. By special desire of the late King, she was christened Elizabeth—a name dear to Englishmen; but when about three months old, she was seized with a fatal illness, an intro-susception of the bowels, which carried her off in a few hours. The calm resignation of the bereaved parents at this moment of severe trial, and their humble submission to the divine will, is described as one of those scenes that give dignity to rank, and impress deeply upon the mind the truth and value of our Christian faith. Indeed, the effect of this second calamitous loss on the royal parents has been touchingly narrated by their biographers. The Duchess, unable to sustain the sudden shock, fainted, and remained for some time insensible in the arms of her mourning consort. The Duke became much alarmed, but at length fervently blessed God, on witnessing returning life in the countenance of the partner of his bosom. The Duke prayed earnestly that he might be sustained by Providence against the calamity, and to assuage the grief of his consort; whilst the Duchess with a calmly regulated, and truly virtuous mind, looked up to the same source of infinite goodness, and deriving all that consolation which it is in the power of true religious feeling to bestow, she became resigned to that will which orders every thing for the best; thus both derived consolation from the same never-failing source of good aided by their mutual affection and attachment to each other. Her Royal Highness, within six months from this period, had another miscarriage, and has not since been in the family way. It is of course generally known, though perhaps it should be formally mentioned, that the Duchess became Queen Consort, on the 26th of June, 1830, when the Duke of Clarence succeeded to the throne, by the title of William IV.

The excellent and amiable qualities of the Queen have been daily evinced, during the period which has elapsed since her Majesty was placed in her present exalted station; in the regular and economical arrangements of the royal household, with a view to benevolent purposes, and in giving notice to various charitable institutions, that that aid should be continued, which her Majesty had contributed to them as Duchess of Clarence. In all her arrangements her Majesty has shown that well regulated and considerate mind, which has invariably dictated to her the best mode of conduct; and the same kind, benevolent, and amiable feelings which constantly actuated the Duchess of Cla-

rence, are to the high and greatly increasing satisfaction of the people found to influence even in a still more kind and condescending manner, the Queen Consort of the British dominions, and, happily, with a much wider sphere for their beneficial operation.

There cannot be a more striking proof of the tender sympathy and amiable feeling of the Queen, than an incident which occurred during last summer, at a review in Hyde Park, and which was mentioned in some of the journals of the next day. A female who was afraid of being trampled upon by the horses of the Life Guards, ran much terrified towards the royal carriage for safety; there she was effectually protected, but what was her surprise, on recovering from her momentary panic, to find her protectress to be no other than the Queen, who had personally taken hold of her, and shielded her from harm. Her majesty was, of course, soon relieved from her charge; but let it be recorded, that it was through the gracious condescension of the King, who witnessing the occurrence, sent Colonel Fitzclarence to take charge and care of the female alluded to; and at the same time his Majesty gave orders to the Life Guards to use great caution in their movements, in order to save the people, especially females, from being hurt.

Her Majesty's affectionate attention to her consort, has long been the theme of panegyric on the part of the different branches of the royal family and the royal attendants, repaid back as they have been, by an equal regard on the part of the King. The domestic virtues of the Queen will, we are convinced, have the best influence upon the community; and we thus hail with the greatest satisfaction, her Majesty's exaltation to that high station, in which their example may best operate. Long may our excellent sovereign and his truly illustrious consort live, in the enjoyment of connubial happiness, and we hope in the enjoyment of those blessings which they are most anxiously disposed to aid, in bestowing upon the people.

Such are the principal biographical facts of her Majesty's Life; for the assemblage and comparison of which we only claim consideration from the reader. We add a few particulars from more special observation.

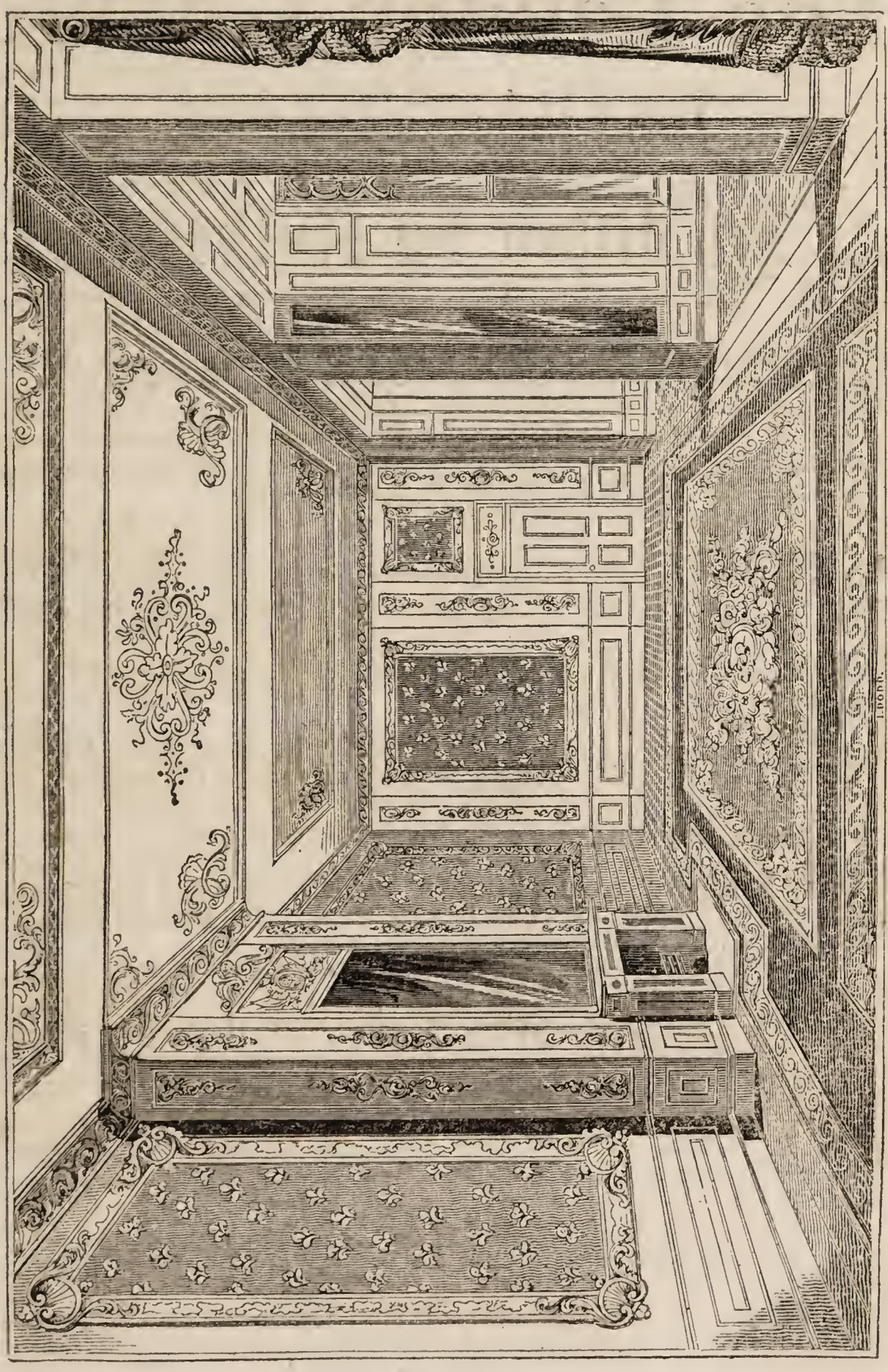
The Queen, in figure, is rather tall, of slender form, and easy, graceful carriage. Her features, we should say, express considerable intelligence, without any of the *hauteur* which not unfrequently disfigures, rather than adorns, the graces of female rank. Her hands are extremely delicate, and her feet are also of finely diminutive proportion.

Her Majesty is fond of occasional retirement, and is, to speak familiarly, of more domesticated habits than females are generally in her exalted station. Affability of manners, condescension, and unostentatious neatness, form her "rule and conduct;" and her attention to the regulation and comfort of the Royal household has already become the subject of universal admiration among all classes of her subjects. We need not add how much it would benefit society, if the Queen's example were more closely imitated throughout high life.

The Queen's sensible preference of domestic enjoyment to the splendour of court life is incidentally known to the public. The story of her Majesty's pointed objection to the housemaids of Windsor Castle wearing silk gowns is, however, a somewhat exaggerated version of a judicious, but moderate rebuke. The fact is, her Majesty seeing some of the late King's household in Windsor Castle, dressed in modish style, intimated to one of her Ladies, the propriety of all her domestics regulating their dress by her Majesty's servants at Bushy.

The Mirror.

No. 437.] SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1830. [Price 2*d*.



THE BEDCHAMBER IN WHICH HIS MAJESTY DIED.

Numb. 18694. [1317]

The London Gazette
EXTRAORDINARY.

Published by Authority.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1830.

Whitehall, June 26, 1830.

A BULLETIN, of which the following is a Copy, has been this morning received by Secretary Sir Robert Peel, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State:

Windsor Castle, June 26, 1830.

IT has pleased Almighty God to take from this World, the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

His Majesty expired at a quarter past Three o'Clock this Morning, without pain.

(Signed) HENRY HALFORD.
MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY.

Printed and Published at the Office, in Cannon-Row, Parliament-Street, by Robert George Clark.

[Price Seven-Pence.]

(*Copy of the London Gazette, announcing the Death of* George the Fourth.)

LAST MOMENTS OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

(With an Engraving of the Royal Bedchamber, in Windsor Castle.)

This is a melancholy commencement of our new volume; yet, as the reader will readily imagine, not altogether unanticipated.

The King is dead! — These are words of solemn import, and the fast hold which they take on public sympathy will explain our motive for occupying so great a portion of the present sheet of *The Mirror* with the details of the lamentable event which they announce. We intend to do more than is now before the reader. Part of a Memoir of George IV. is published with this No. the remainder will appear almost immediately. How much further we may enlarge upon the mournful subject, time and circumstance must prescribe. We may state generally, that it will be our aim to place in the hands of our readers a plain narrative of the *Life and Reign, the Illness, Last Moments, Death, and Interment of* His Late Majesty; to speak of some points of his character, and graphically illustrate some portions of his domestic life. Of the interest and value which these details will doubtless contribute to *The Mirror*, we need not speak in terms of commendation. Every sensitive reader will justly appreciate them. We hope to make truth their characteristic, since the days of mealy-winged loyalty are passed, or, if not entirely so, we do not wish to soar in such an element. Still, wherever plain truth is disadvantageous to the interests of morality, it shall be delicately spoken; since we have no ambition to gratify any but laudable curiosity respecting the personal habits of our lamented sovereign. It need scarcely be added, that our information will be collected from the best sources, by collating and comparing conflicting statements, and, to save the time of the reader, by abridging all materials as far as may be consistent with perspicuity. Of our exclusive sources we do not boast; they will speak for themselves; still, we must express our melancholy satisfaction in being the first to present the public with a view of *the identical Chamber in which His Majesty died;* and we are sure that our contemporaries will give us credit for no ordinary zeal in possessing ourselves of what appears to us, a spot of extreme interest.

THE ROYAL BEDCHAMBER.

(See the annexed Engraving.)

This was the favourite apartment of the late King. Here His Majesty passed the whole of his painful illness, only leaving the room for an occasional airing in the adjoining corridor—and within these walls died George IV.

The chamber is a cheerful room on the eastern side, and is in the new portion of the Castle. Its dimensions are 30 by 17 feet, and 16 in height. From a fine embayed window, the eye enjoys a most enchanting view of the Flower Garden, Orangery, and Fountain (all recent improvements in the royal domain,) and Windsor Great Park and the River Thames in the distance. The late King breakfasted in this room at twelve or one o'clock, and seldom ever, when in good health, occupied any other apartment. Perhaps its fine prospect pleasantly alternated with the cares of State, made somewhat lighter also by the retired habits of his Majesty. The associations remind us of the beautiful soliloquy of one of Shakspeare's English monarchs:

———Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain!
* * * * * *
Ah! what a life were this! How sweet!—how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy to kings.

The interior of the chamber is of an elegant description. The ceiling is divided by rich gilt mouldings into three square compartments, with scroll enrichments in the angles and centre. All the ornaments are gold, upon a French white ground; the ceiling is surrounded by a cornice of beautiful foliage. The walls are hung with crimson silk damask, with a yellow flower, in burnished gold frames, and divided into compartments by pilasters with carved enrichments. Over the chimney-piece, which is of white marble, and or-molu inlaid, is a large mirror, in a splendid frame emblazoned with the national emblems. The window hangings are of crimson damask silk, with bullion fringe. The chairs, sofas, &c. are of burnished gold and crimson silk. The cabinets and tables are mostly of Amboyna wood, beautifully inlaid with or-molu. The King's bed is of the couch form, without hangings, and is richly carved and gilt. The mattresses and bed are of white satin, edged with crimson. Several time-pieces, of foreign and British manufacture, are placed in various parts of the room, and *produced* a pleasing effect by their variety

of chime. The floor is of oak, covered with a carpet of rich crimson, with scroll devices in orange.*

For the original of the annexed Engraving, our thanks are specially due to our ingenious correspondent, Mr. Wilkinson, the architect, whose taste we beg to compliment on the intricate elegance with which he has finished the original drawing.

We now proceed to a concise narrative of

THE KING'S ILLNESS.†

Medical men know that a tendency to dropsy lurks in the constitution, and that it is peculiarly apt to attack constitutions, in their decline, which have in their earlier days been of a full habit. The vessels, less distended by the natural juices, are filled by a serous liquid, which constantly accumulates in proportion as the tone of the solids is more relaxed and the powers of assimilation in the digestive organs are diminished. It is very true, however, that extraordinary and weakening evacuations, as bleeding, or the stopping of the natural evacuations, as by a sudden chill, will generate dropsy. His Majesty was inclined to attribute his illness partly to both these causes—to repeated small bleedings for an inflammation in the chest during the month of January, and to a cold, which was the first event that was brought under public notice in connexion with his illness.

There is some reason to think that his Majesty's medical advisers were aware of the nature of the disorder perhaps as early as January, and that the bleedings were in consequence of a new, and, it is believed, successful mode of treating inflammatory dropsy. About this time a stranger had arrived at Windsor, who was very importunate to obtain an audience of his Majesty, and many speculations were entered into respecting the object of his visit. His name was said to be Newton, and he was known to Sir R. Birnie.

In the beginning of March, it was stated that his Majesty took exercise for three hours every day in the Great Park, Windsor, by driving himself in his pony phaeton to inspect the Royal Lodge improvements, in which it was his intention to take up his abode on the 1st of June; but on the 1st of June he was on his death-bed. The exercise was probably recommended by his Majesty's medical advisers, as the best means of retarding the progress of the disease.

Towards the end of March his Majesty discontinued his excursions, and it was announced that he had caught a slight cold, which was probably only a symptom of a disease which continues long in the constitution, and is sometimes imperceptible, even to the most acute physician. Yet it can hardly be supposed that his Majesty's illness arose from this, though colds frequently do lay the foundation of dropsy. His Majesty at this time was confined for a short period to his bedchamber; but he was soon able again to honour his distinguished visiters with his presence at dinner. About this period also he lost one of the oldest and most attached of his attendants, Sir Edmund Nagle—a loss which, added to the increase of his infirmities, his Majesty severely felt.

On the last few days of March the airings in the park were resumed, and it was announced that his Majesty would leave the Castle for London on the 21st or 22nd of April, to reside for five weeks in St. James's.

In the beginning of April, the visits of one his Majesty's physicians, Sir Henry Halford, to the Castle were generally noticed; but as they were not of such frequency or haste as to cause any suspicion of immediate danger, the public forgot that there are some maladies which, though slow in their operation, are far more dangerous than the most acute diseases. In well-informed quarters the nature of the disease had been understood before; though a certain delicacy towards his Majesty prevented the annonncement of it in the papers; but receipts for the cure of asthma and dropsy became very numerous in the public prints even at an earlier period.

The first severe attack of his Majesty appears to have been a spasmodic affection of the bowels, attended with a slight hiccup. The proper methods were applied: opening medicines and medicines to promote the evacuations were administered. Preparations were made to hold a levee and birth-day court at St. James's, and his Majesty held a court, April 7, at Windsor.

On April the 8th, in company with the Lord Steward, he rode out in his pony phaeton, with several of his attendants in another phaeton. He visited the Home Park and private drives by Frogmore Lodge, and the improvements at the plantations to the Royal Lodge. He then proceeded to Virginia Water and Belvidere, and returned by China Island,

* In the annexed Engraving, the furniture of the room is purposely omitted, to give better effect to the enrichments of the walls and ceiling.

† From the *Globe* newspaper—though somewhat abridged.

Sandpit-gate, Queen Ann's Ride, and Sheet-street-road, to the Castle, where he honoured the company with his presence at dinner. Lord and Lady Strathaven, and the Bishop of Chichester visited his Majesty, with whom they continued to reside for some time.

On April the 11th, the King, accompanied by the Lord Steward, and Lord and Lady Strathaven, and the household, attended Divine Service in the grand music room, the Bishop of Chichester officiating.

On Monday, the 12th of April, his Majesty again rode out, but in the night his Majesty's illness increased, and Sir Henry Halford, according to his usual practice in such cases, slept at the Castle. He left in the morning, but again returned on Tuesday evening. He again went to town on Wednesday morning, but returned to Windsor, and as the King's illness still increased, he sent for Sir Matthew Tierney at an early hour on Thursday morning. They immediately held a consultation, and issued the first bulletin, a few minutes before one, on Thursday, April the 15th. This bulletin was as follows :—

"Windsor Castle, April 15.

"We regret to state that the King has had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing. His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak."

This bulletin has given rise to many criticisms, and it must be apparent that either his Majesty himself was ignorant of the nature of his disease, and that his physicians wished to keep him so, or that his physicians were themselves, in his case, ignorant of the nature of a disease whose diagnosis is never very difficult. The former supposition is infinitely the more probable of the two. This bulletin was addressed partly to the King himself, and partly to the public. It gave the latter to understand that their sovereign was in danger, while it did not inform his Majesty of what none of his subjects could have desired him to be informed of—that his doom was sealed, and that a few months must terminate his career on earth. To look on certain death for days beforehand is, perhaps, the bitterest part of a criminal's sufferings; but surely no one would have inflicted that torture on Majesty for months. We dispute not the firmness of George the Fourth; but this would have been putting it to an unnecessary ordeal. Sir H. Halford set out from the Castle soon after issuing the bulletin, leaving Sir M. Tierney in attendance, who remained all night. It had now apparently been settled that the physicians should relieve each other—an arrangement which implied no immediate danger, as one physician could not take upon him to issue a bulletin. Accordingly no bulletin was issued on Friday, April the 16th; and it was merely announced in the *Court Circular*, that the symptoms of his Majesty's disease were rather more favourable. His Majesty also passed a more comfortable night than he had before been able to do, the nature of his disease, which is seldom attended with fever, or any thing but debility and unfitness for exercise, rendering sleep almost impracticable, and, in fact, dangerous, unless with his head in an extremely elevated position. But flattering hopes were at this time entertained by his Majesty of a return of strength; and to indulge these hopes, the physicians both left Windsor on Saturday by his desire, but Sir H. Halford returned in the evening. The treatment of the physicians was what is usual on such occasions—promoting the liquid evacuations; but at the same time avoiding to debilitate too much his system, and endeavouring to restore its tone by the various resources which their skill supplied. On Sunday night it was thought necessary that both physicians should remain in attendance on his Majesty, principally for the purpose of issuing a joint bulletin on Monday morning. This second bulletin was as follows :—

"Windsor Castle, April 19, 1830.

"His Majesty continues to suffer occasionally from attacks of embarrassment of his breathing."

The physicians had contented themselves with endeavouring to mitigate symptoms, and their treatment produced an apparent improvement; but they could not venture to make themselves responsible for a total concealment o. his danger.

The Duke of Cumberland called that day. Both Sir H. Halford and Sir M. Tierney returned to town on Monday, but the former was at Windsor again in the evening; and on his return next morning, he had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, in which certain explanations were given. The Duchess of Gloucester saw his Majesty the same day (Tuesday, the 20th), by invitation.

It was now pretty generally understood that his Majesty's complaint was dropsy. No physician was in attendance during the day. The symptoms were mitigated, and the King himself caused, on Thursday morning, a bul-

letin to be issued, signed by Sir H. Halford, alone, in the following laconic terms :—

"Windsor Castle, April 22, 1830.
"The King is better.
"H. Halford."

His Majesty was able to sign several official documents that day. On Friday the same favourable appearances continued, and the Duke of Clarence visited his Majesty.

The next bulletin was as follows :—

"Windsor Castle, April 24, 1830.
"The King has passed two good nights, and continues better.
"H. Halford."

It had been found necessary to have recourse to scarification for the removal of the fluid for the moment, and this operation was performed by Mr. O'Reilly.

The well-informed were not deceived by flattering accounts. Sir H. Halford became uneasy about the responsibility which he took upon himself in signing the bulletins alone, and on Monday morning the two physicians to his Majesty held a consultation, at which it was determined to issue the following bulletin :—

"Windsor Castle, April 26, 1830.
"The state of the King's health continues much the same.
"His Majesty has passed a good night.
"H. Halford.
"M. Tierney."

The symptoms were now again becoming unfavourable, and it was determined to issue daily bulletins, signed by both physicians.

On April 29, the Lord Chamberlain issued an order deferring the levee and drawing-room, which were to be held on the 5th and 7th of May, in celebration of his Majesty's birth-day. Occasional gleams of relief occurred in the beginning of May, but of very partial consequences. The physicians had now found it necessary to discontinue the more active medicines, and to lay more stress on gentler remedies and diet. The Duke of Sussex, early in May, sent his Majesty a chair of a peculiar construction, adapted to the circumstances of his case ; and this attention was deeply felt by his Majesty. During this period Mr. Brodie had performed the operation of puncturing the legs—an operation which at best only affords temporary relief, and is attended with great danger of mortification. The operations which his Majesty had now undergone, though they prolonged his life, caused him pains from which he had before been free, and at this time his torture was said to be so great as to have extinguished in him all desire of living. The symptoms, however, again abated, and the immediate fear of mortification proved ungrounded. The punctures showed a tendency to heal, and the operation, of course, was attended with temporary benefit. The symptoms alternated repeatedly, and operations were performed when necessary; but the danger now became daily more imminent.

The principal seat of the disease was now stated to be the chest. Less active medicines were employed as the strength of the patient declined ; but his Majesty was still able to read the public prints daily. About the middle of May there was an improvement in the symptoms, and his Majesty took some exercise in a wheel chair in the picture gallery. The King suffered less from the asthmatic and spasmodic symptoms, but during the last week of May another unfavourable turn took place. It was obvious to every one who understood the nature of his Majesty's disease, that these repeated changes were connected with the operations and active remedies which were adopted whenever the symptoms threatened a crisis. The puncturing is not in itself a very painful operation, as it consists merely in introducing under the distended skin a very fine needle, which makes a wound scarcely visible ; but the inflammation which resulted from the scarifications produced a local disease, which had equally to be guarded against, as it might have ended in mortification. It was understood that setons had been tried with a partial good effect. On the 5th of June the most alarming announcements were made. Expresses were sent off to the members of the Royal Family and to the Duke of Wellington, to inform them of his immediate danger. The puncturing was again applied, but with less benefit. On June the 9th his Majesty was so much worse that the physicians deliberated on issuing a second bulletin ; but his Majesty himself decidedly opposed it ; and, in fact, even at this period the royal sufferer does not appear to have considered himself in imminent danger. His constitution still bore up against the disease, and about the 12th inst. the anxiety which had pervaded all classes, in the expectation of an immediate demise was in some degree removed. It was now generally supposed, that though his Majesty was incurable, he might live many weeks, and public curiosity partially subsided. His Majesty's respiration was announced to be

easy, and the physicians in their bulletin said he felt better. It was rumoured, and correctly, that an operation was performed about this period, or rather previous to the last amelioration of his symptoms. This operation was of a more serious nature than any before performed. This was in some degree denied, but, we are assured, upon insufficient grounds.

The *Globe* was the first newspaper to announce to the public, from those channels of information which it had all along possessed, being only restrained by certain considerations of delicacy from making full use of them—that "his Majesty had a very troublesome cough, with considerable expectoration." It had been known that there was thoracic disease as well as dropsy; and it was now said that an abscess had burst in the chest—a fact which seemed confirmed by the presence of pus in the mucus evacuated. As to the relief which his Majesty is said to have received from diuretics, there is no doubt but they must have been beneficial, and the physicians would have been very blamable in neglecting them; but according to some accounts an operation was at this time performed—the expectoration was also an effect in some measure of medicine, and it was found necessary in order to prevent suffocation. It was now evident that a crisis was near. The cough was supposed to be dependent "upon the impeded flow of blood through the left side of the heart, by which it was thrown back upon the lungs, so as to produce congestion." "Considerable portions of the lungs were consolidated (says the *Medical Gazette,*) from the previous attacks of inflammation with which his Majesty has repeatedly been afflicted, and hence any additional affection adds greatly to the difficulty with which the respiratory organs perform their functions. Had the King possessed sufficient strength to have borne the depletion, we believe that venesection would have been adopted, but the debility rendered this altogether inadmissible, and the speedy supervention of copious secretion from the mucous membrane of the air passages relieved the state of congestion, though it unavoidably brought on cough. More lately the expectoration was mixed with blood—a very common occurrence in cases of this description, and dependent upon the impediment to the circulation above-mentioned. The overloaded vessels in this manner became relieved, and, except during the paroxysms of coughing, produced by the sputa in the air-cells, the sufferings of the royal patient were essentially mitigated. The debility continued undiminished; and his Majesty, though he partook of cooling and refreshing beverages, scarcely employed any thing in the shape of sustenance, except occasionally a little light farinaceous food.

LAST MOMENTS.

The crisis was now fast approaching; yet the death of the King was not expected till Friday night (the 25th.) The physicians had, however, been aware that it would probably be sudden, and the royal sufferer was prepared to receive the awful summons with resignation and submission. His Majesty's phrase was, when this intimation was given to him a fortnight previous, "God's will be done." Within the last week he spoke but little, and in a tone quite faint, and sometimes almost inaudible and inarticulate. To speak so as to be heard in the chamber appeared to give him pain, and to require an effort beyond the remaining strength of his shattered constitution. Business of any kind became exceedingly irksome, and affected his temper.*

Late on Thursday there had been some symptoms which indicated a crisis of His Majesty's disorder: the expectorations became more tinged with blood, and appearances indicated that a rupture of some blood vessel had taken place. The King was himself aware of the inevitable result of these symptoms of his malady. He was reduced to the lowest degree of physical exhaustion; and the loss of any blood in that condition was, he knew, fatal.

In the course of Friday evening, (the 25th) before nine o'clock, the physicians intimated to the royal patient their inability to give him further relief, and their opinion that his last moments were rapidly approaching. To this communication his Majesty replied "God's will be done!" and in a few moments after, he asked, "Where is Chichester?" The Bishop of Chichester was instantly summoned to the royal chamber, and, at his hands, the dying sovereign received the Sacrament. During the administration of this rite his Majesty was much less troubled by the cough than he had previously been. Towards midnight the physicians retired to rest,

* For the last few days all documents, requiring the royal signature were stamped in the King's presence, by Commissioners appointed for the purpose. Previous to the stamping, his Majesty's verbal consent was, however, requisite: latterly the royal patient could scarcely whisper his assent.

leaving the King under the immediate care of Sir Wathen Waller, whose night turn it was to be in waiting, with Messrs. Batchelor and Kinnaird, two Pages of the household. His Majesty was now dozing, though he had slept little during the evening, and suffered much from his cough. His exhaustion was greatly increased. From eleven till three o'clock, his Majesty appeared to be suffering what is commonly called a restless sleep. He opened his eyes occasionally; and when he coughed he appeared to suffer more than the usual pain; but nothing occurred until three o'clock to indicate any particular change. The King then beckoned to Batchelor to change his position in the bed. His Majesty for the last two months slept partly in a bed in a raised position, and partly in a chair of peculiar construction, padded and cushioned, and capable of being elevated or turned so as to assist any mode of placing the body.

The King was in bed when the stroke of death fell upon him. The page next him instantly proceeded to raise his Majesty, according to the motion which he signified by his finger. The King was at once assisted to his chair, and a great alteration overcast the royal countenance: the King's eyes became fixed, his lips quivered, and he appeared to be sinking into a fainting fit. The physicians were instantly sent for, and the attendants at once assisted the King with sal volatile, eau de Cologne, and such stimulants as were at hand on the table. At this moment his Majesty attempted to raise his hand to his breast, faintly ejaculating—"Oh, God! *I am dying!*" and after two or three seconds of time, he uttered the following words, which were his last, "THIS IS DEATH," his expiring condition barely enabling him to announce this fatal sensation, so as to be heard by the page on whose shoulder his Majesty's head had fallen. The King died exactly at thirteen minutes past three o'clock on Saturday morning. The physicians were not, it is generally said, in the chamber at the identical moment: they were the instant after, and assisted to place the royal corpse on a couch.*

The body having been thus removed, was covered with a fine linen sheet, turned down so as to expose a part of the bust. In this state the royal corpse was submitted to the view of the household, the outdoor servants, their families and acquaintance. They were freely admitted from about five in the morning until after eight, by which time several hundreds of persons had not only seen, but taken by the hand, their deceased sovereign. The scene which ensued, is described as very afflicting. Many of these persons had lived with the King for more than a quarter of a century, and had been attached to him by the warmest ties of affectionate duty; and some were observed to shed tears, indicating their sense of the loss of a liberal and indulgent master. It is said this exhibition of the royal remains was in strict accordance with a wish expressed by his late Majesty on the evening preceding his dissolution.

The stroke of death, it was manifest, had fallen lightly on the King. The features were neither drawn nor distorted, but appeared in that serene and tranquil state which would have induced the belief that his Majesty still slept, and reminded the beholder that "sleep is elder brother to death." The King, it was observed, looked comparatively well; the cheeks, however, appeared rather sunk, and the abdomen much raised.†

During the afternoon, a shell was completed for the royal corpse, by an upholsterer in Windsor. The dimensions are six feet six inches by two feet six inches. It is composed of Spanish mahogany, filled and trimmed with rich white *gros de Naples;* the winding-sheet of the same material.

On the following morning arrived Sir Astley Cooper, upon whom, as sergeant-surgeon, the examination and embalming of the Royal Body devolved. Sir Astley, accompanied by Sir Henry Halford and Sir Matthew Tierney, Mr. Brodie, and Mr. O'Reilley, surgeons, and Mr. Nussey, and certain officers of

* This is the statement in the *Times* journal. Another, in the *Morning Herald*, reports the words—"Oh! this is not right!—this is death! Oh, God!—*I am dying!*" to be the last and only distinct words uttered by the King after he had received the Sacrament. The same account states—"From this time his dissolution came on so quietly, and so gradually, that the physicians had some difficulty in ascertaining precisely at what moment he ceased to exist. In the meantime, the Bishop of Chichester, and all the principal members of the royal household, with the pages in immediate attendance, were called in, and, in their presence, without the slightest indication of suffering, his Majesty calmly expired. The principal persons present were the Bishop of Chichester, the physicians, the Marquess Conyngham, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir William Keppell. Sir William Knighton, Sir Wathen Waller, Lord Strathaven, and Colonel Thornton; and when the physicians had announced that his Majesty had ceased to exist, they retired, leaving the pages in attendance to perform the necessary attention to the royal corpse, under the superintendence of the physicians."

† A friend and correspondent, who had the mournful satisfaction of viewing the royal corpse, describes its general appearance as we have above stated.

the King's Household, proceeded to an examination of the body. The result was, (according to the *Times'* report), that his Majesty's disorder was an extensively diseased organization of the heart; this was the primary disorder, although dropsical symptoms subsequently supervened; and, in fact, there was a general breaking-up of his Majesty's constitution. The heart was uncommonly enlarged, but there was no effusion of water in the thoracic cavity. The valves of the heart had become partially ossified, and there was a considerable degree of fatness about that organ generally. The liver was not diseased; the lungs were, we understand, ulcerated, and there were dropsical symptoms of the skin in various parts of the body, but not of a nature necessarily to produce death. They appeared rather the eventual consequence of the impeded circulation of the blood, owing to the disorganization of the functions of the heart. There were also indications of disease of the bones, arising from the primary disorder: indeed, the debilitated circulation of the vital fluid had every where left the traces of its long existence.

The torture which the King suffered during the paroxysms of his disorder must have been excruciating; since it is said that his moans were at times even heard by the sentinels on duty in the quadrangle, the stations of two of whom were removed some weeks since to a greater distance, in consequence of the soldiers having mentioned the sounds which they overheard. Alas! what must have been the melancholy of their meditations, in the stilly hour of their midnight watch, broken only by the moans of a dying monarch; for

Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

From the irregular, and at times languid circulation which the disorder of the heart had occasioned, his Majesty has, within the last three months, found temporary relief from a regulated use of some liqueurs; mixed Curaçoa, Eau de Cologne, weak brandy and water, were (under regimen) his general liquids. No hope of recovery is said to have been entertained either by His Majesty or his physicians, for the last seven weeks; the struggle of the royal sufferer was hard, but he was daily sinking under it, until death relieved him at last by the pure exhaustion of the system.

For innumerable incidents and changes which are consequent upon this melancholy event, the reader is referred to the public journals, which have reported the particulars with great minuteness.* One of them describes Windsor Castle as an immense solitude. "No person except on special business was admitted within the inner portals; no public functionaries were seen without; and the few attendants who passed in and out were in deep mourning. The royal standard is lowered half-mast high, and every window of this magnificent pile is closed." Indeed, the terrace and such apartments as were usually shown to the public, were closed some days previous to the death of the King; but, to compensate for the disappointment of visiters, the royal cottage was open to their inspection.

At this moment, a distant view of Windsor Castle would sadden the lover of meditation, even were he amidst the joyous scenes of the surrounding country. How deep then will be his melancholy on approaching the vast pile, and associating its new-sprung glories with the memory of the Monarch at whose fiat they rose in all the pride of modern art; till Death

Came at the last, and with a little pin
Bored through his castle wall, and—farewell King!

Mute will be the spectator's woe, and silent his sorrow; while he will say with the poet—

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and Grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.

ROYAL FUNERALS.

William the First was buried at Caen in Normandy, in a monastery of which he was the founder; but a delay was made by the proprietor of the land, who demanded payment for it before he would suffer the corpse to be interred.

Henry the First died near Rouen, and was embalmed and brought to England, and buried at Reading.

Henry the Fifth died of a pleurisy, August 31, 1422, at Rouen, and was brought thence to London, with a magnificence suitable to the glory of his life. He was buried at Westminster. James King of Scotland, accompanied the procession as chief mourner; and all the nobility, princes of the blood, &c. attended the interment of the royal remains. On the 14th of the following

* The only record we have copied, is the *facsimile* of the Gazette, officially announcing the mournful event.

November, the infant son of the deceased monarch was carried in great state from the Tower, through the streets of the city, on his mother's lap, in an open chair, to the Parliament then sitting at Westminster, who recognized his right to the throne.

Henry the Sixth was buried at Chertsey.* In the eleventh volume of the Fœdera (says Brayley) is a record of his funeral expenses, which amounted but to 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, in which sum are included the fees of a priest, charges for linen cloth of Holland, and spices; fees to the torch-bearers who attended the corpse to St. Paul's, and thence to Chertsey; money paid to two soldiers of Calais, who watched the corpse; and for the hire of barges from London to Chertsey; and 8*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* distributed to different religious orders.

Queen Mary was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, with great pomp. The Bishop of Westminster preached her funeral sermon, praising the late reign, and lamented the present state with such freedom that he was apprehended and confined.

Queen Elizabeth was buried at Westminster on the 28th of April, 1603. "At which time (says Stowe) that citie was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people in their streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, that came to see the obsequies; and when they beheld her statue or picture lying upon the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a generall syghing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not beene seene or knowne in the memorie of man, neyther doth any historie mention any people, time, or state, to make the like lamentation for the death of their soverayne." This funeral cost 17,428*l.*

In a vault, under St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, are interred, Henry the Eighth, his Queen Jane Seymour, Charles the First, and a daughter of Queen Anne.

On the 13th of March, 1789, the workmen employed in repairing the chapel, discovered the vault of King Edward IV. The body, inclosed in a leaden and wooden coffin, measured six feet three inches in length, appeared reduced to a skeleton. The bottom of the coffin was covered with a muddy liquor, about three inches deep, of a strong saline taste. Near this was found a wooden coffin, supposed to have contained the body of his queen, who died about three years after the king in confinement, at Bermondsey Abbey, and is supposed to have been secretly interred. On the sides of this vault were inscribed, in characters resembling those of the times, "Edward IV.," with several names, probably those of the workmen employed at the funeral. The tomb of this king is fronted with touchstone; over it is a beautiful monument, composed of steel, said to have been the work of Quintin Matsys.

"The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest."
POPE.

P. T. W.

* Afterwards removed to Windsor, and thence to Westminster.

QUEEN ELIZABETH PROCLAIMED, AND HER RECEPTION BY THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

When the death of Queen Mary was announced to the parliament by the chancellor, so great was the joy that an involuntary burst of acclamation pervaded the assembly, and the people without, as if instinctively, instantly caught the sound, and repeated shouts of "Long live Queen Elizabeth." On the same day she was proclaimed at the usual stations in the city, amidst the loudest acclamations, as if from a prophetic feeling of the national prosperity and glory that would result from a reign so auspiciously commenced. Elizabeth was at Hatfield when her sister expired, but she arrived in London on the second day afterwards, accompanied by a numerous train of lords and ladies. For a few days she continued at the Charter House, then the residence of the Lord North. On the 28th of November she proceeded to the Tower, the magistracy and the city companies attending the procession; when she entered that fortress as a sovereign, and amidst the heartfelt joy of an immense multitude, she could not help adverting to the different circumstances of her situation only a few years before, when she had been sent thither as a prisoner. In the fervour of her soul (says her biographer) she fell upon her knees and expressed her warmest acknowledgments to *Almighty God* for the deliverance which had been afforded her from the most cruel persecution, a deliverance, she said, no less miraculous than that which Daniel had received from the den of lions. On the 5th of December, 1558, she removed to Somerset Place, and from thence to her palace at Whitehall. She was crowned on the 15th of January, 1559. "Three days (says Stowe) be-

fore this she was conveyed by water to the Tower, attended by the Lord Maior of London and his brethren, the Aldermen in their barges, and all the Craftes of the Citie in their barges, richly decked with targets and banners of every mysterie." On the 4th she rode through the City of Westminster in great state, amidst the accustomed display of pageantry and expensive magnificence. In Cheapside the Recorder presented her with one thousand marks in gold, in a purse of crimson velvet, in token of the affectionate loyalty of her faithful citizens, to a sovereign whose prosperity they wished, and whose protection they implored. The Queen, in a short speech, returned thanks for the gift, and told her people that "should occasion require, she would be found ready to spill her blood for their safety." P. T. W.

Retrospective Gleanings.

BURIAL PLACES OF THE ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS.

At Westminster.

Henry III. born 1207, died Nov. 16, 1272.

Edward I. born 1239, died July 7, 1307

Edward III. born 1312, died June 21, 1377.

Richard II. born 1366, died September 29, 1399.

Henry V. born 1389, died August 31, 1422.

Henry VI. born 1421, died March 4, 1461.

Henry VII. born 1456, died April 22, 1509.

Edward VI. born 1537, died July 6, 1553.

Mary I. born 1516, died Nov. 17, 1558

Elizabeth, born 1533, died March 24, 1603.

James I. born 1566, died March 27, 1625.

Charles II. born 1630, died February 6, 1685.

William III. born 1650, died March 8, 1702.

Mary II. born 1662, died Dec. 28, 1694.

Ann, born 1665, died Aug. 1, 1714.

George II. born 1683, died October 25, 1760.

At Windsor.

Edward IV. born 1442, died April 9, 1483.

Henry VIII. born 1492, died January 28, 1547.

Charles I. born 1600, died January 30, 1649.

George III. born 1738, died January 29, 1820.

At Fontevralt.

Henry II. born 1133, died July 6, 1189.

Richard I. born 1157, died April 6, 1199.

At various places.

Winchester, William II. born 1057, died August 2, 1100.

Caën, William I. born 1027, died September, 9, 1087.

Reading, Henry I. born 1068, died December 1, 1133.

Feversham, Stephen, born 1105, died October 25, 1154.

Worcester, John, born 1166, died October 19, 1216.

Gloucester, Edward II. born 1284, died January 25, 1327.

Canterbury, Henry IV. born 1367, died March 20, 1413.

Leicester, Richard III. born 1443, died August 22, 1485.

St. Germaine, James II. born 1653, died September 16, 1692.

Hanover, George I. born 1660, died June 11, 1727.

THAMES WHERRIES, OR WAGER BOATS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Having witnessed a most spirited contest a week or two ago at Greenwich, between some very able scullers of that place (the prize being won by that justly celebrated and handsome wager-boat, "The Premier,") it has since struck me, that a few observations upon the present method of building the wager boats, employed upon such occasions, would not be unacceptable to a great portion of your readers; and the more so, as the rowing matches above bridge, and the skilful manner in which they are conducted, have of late induced a great number of the young men of the metropolis to try their skill in rowing, to the manifest improvement of their health, and, if the truth were known, their morals too. Notwithstanding the reigning passion for "boating," there are but few whose taste is sufficiently modernized, sufficiently dovetailed in the spirit and fashion of the day, to enable them to appreciate those peculiarities which are so essential to what is called "a first-rate wherry."

The principle upon which wherries are built is so different now to what it

used to be, that, perhaps, no art has undergone a greater or more thorough change. Ten years ago, wherries were built with a twenty feet keel, and six feet stem, but the stem was so placed as to add only two feet to the length of the boat. Upon this principle Masterman's famous wherry was built, and although few have outstripped her in velocity, yet she never was considered much to look at; the abrupt rising of her stem, and the curve that it formed, imparting to her any thing rather than the appearance of a wager boat: her fame lived and died with the materials of which she was formed.

According to the present method, the keel is nearly of the same length, but the stem is eight or nine feet long, and this stem is so fixed as to add nearly the whole of its length to the boat. The most eminent boat-builders agree that this principle is the most likely to give life and swiftness to the wherry, and render it more susceptible of motion, whether it be in a straight line, curve line, or circle; as it is sharper forward, and although less sea-worthy, it has what is technically called a greater rake, and consequently requires less force to propel it through the water.

To persons unaccustomed to view these modern-built boats, their long stems or noses appear preposterous, just as a long waisted coat would appear to a gentleman who had been shut out of the fashionable world since the year 1818, when dandies were distinguished by their sparrow tails, and the buttons of their coats being nearly under their arm-pits; but however preposterous such changes may appear to that too frequently, purblind animal man, those who can discover a real improvement, will not fail at once to see, how much more calculated for the purposes of wagering these boats are than such as were built ten or fifteen years ago.

Upon this principle, the "Premier" was built—she is about twenty-eight feet long, and many persons suppose, from her great length, that she requires a longer period of time to turn her round than a shorter boat would: the inference is incorrect: by looking at her keel, which is no longer than those of shorter boats, it will be observed that her additional length is thrown into her stem or nose; and consequently can in no way retard her motions: for instance, if Mr. ——* in turning his head round, as it is now fixed, with its present nasal promontory and other appendages, consumes a second, it would take him no longer, if a nose like unto that of Slawkenbergius were attached to it; the time consumed in the rotation of any thing (according to my geometrical information) being in all cases regulated by the axis upon which the figure turns, and not the vertex or extremity of it. Now, you will perceive by this argument, that boats built upon the new principle, notwithstanding their length, are by no means less adapted to perform their circumvolutions than those built upon the old system; but without troubling your readers with any further argument, I will leave it to the high reputation which these boats have so deservedly established, as a sufficient answer to every objection that may be made to their great length. As to the Premier, she is so notoriously successful, so transcendently beautiful, that I can with propriety say, that Bucephalus was not a faster horse; Argus, a finer dog; or Helen, a handsomer woman, than she is a boat; in saying this, of course, I demur to the recent discovery of some sagacious philosopher—"that Helen had but one eye."

The building of boats is somewhat like the building of organs; as it is impossible to answer for the tone of the one, so it is impossible, by any watchfulness, care or skill, to insure swiftness to the other. It is not unfrequently the case, when two boats are built by the same hand, from the same model, and with the same attention, that one will prove a very fast boat, and the other not;—this appears to be the alchemy of boat-building—and thus it is, when a boat has proved a fast one, that she is hailed with so much enthusiasm. Among the vast number that are daily to be seen on the river Thames, perhaps there are none more deservedly admired and praised than the Premier; the Monarch, and the Shark.

Deptford. B. C——s.

* This literary Demiculverin, I am informed, has a very short nose.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

The ridiculous affectation which is now becoming prevalent among people of no consequence at all, of announcing their alliances to the public, as "Marriages in High Life," has suggested the following *Badinage*.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

On Thursday last, in a room fitted up in the ball of St. Paul's, Eolus Tempest Saddler, Esq., son of the late Windus Saddler, Esq., the well-known aeronaut, to Breezilia Zephyra, second daughter

of Hurricanus Greene, also of aerostatic celebrity.

The lovely bride looked divinely light and airy. She was given away by Sir *Gustus* Boreas. After the ceremony, the happy pair set off in a balloon for the top of Mount Blanc, there to spend the honey moon.

PUFF SKYSCRAPER.

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOU inform your readers (at page 400 of your last volume) that "altogether, the building expenses of *Somerset House* amounted to more than half a million sterling." As an accompaniment to this somewhat *vague piece* of information, the following statement of the amount of monies, paid on account of the *Custom House* and *Post Office*, will not, I trust, prove unacceptable to your readers:—

	Custom House.	Post Office.
1813	£ 60,414	
1814	85,731	
1815	46,404	
1816	73,200	
1817	96,426	
1818	62,513	£ 90,000
1819	27,476	2,000
1820	452,164	9,000
1		14,000
2		22,700
3		
4		18,344
5		26,541
6	25,861	47,589
7	80,843	31,670
8	63,067	27,299
9	26,783	48,351
	£648,718	337,494

The above are the amounts represented to have been paid out of the receipts of their respective branches of the revenue, on account of the above buildings, according to accounts presented to Parliament annually. The Old Custom House which stood one or two hundred feet east of the present edifice, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 12th of February, 1814, and it is supposed by many that the present edifice was built in consequence of the accident that befel its predecessor; such was not the case; the former edifice had become very inconvenient and inadequate to carry on the business and offices for different branches of the service, were held in various parts of the city. The new building was resolved upon in May, 1812. The work commenced on the 1st of August 1813; the corner stone was laid on the 25th of October of the same year; opened for business in 1817. The amount *claimed* for the property on which the present building is erected was £84,878; the amount paid for the same was £41,700, towards which the old materials produced £12,400, leaving the cost of the site £29,300. The estimate of Mr. Laing, the government architect, for the purpose of the building, was £228,000, including piling, sleepers, and planking, contracted for by Messrs. Miles and Peto at £165,000, and £2,050 for some extra work. The amount paid in the seven years 1813-19 (as above) was £452,164—so much for estimates and contracts. It deserves to be mentioned, however, that the £452,164 includes also the expense for forming the noble quay between the building and the river. The extent of this building is 489 feet in length, by 107 in width; the large room in the centre is 190 feet in length by upwards of 60 in width. Seven years had not elapsed before the foundation of the building in the centre, gave way, and in the four years 1826-9, £196,554 (a sum considerably exceeding the amount of the original contract) has been paid on account of its reparation!

As regards the Post Office, I am not sure that in addition to the before stated amount of £337,494, payments were not made on account of the same in each of the years, 1815-1817; but as the charges of the establishment are not given in detail for those years, I merely infer as much, from the aggregate amount therein exceeding that of previous years, by 30 to £50,000 per annum. I believe also that the Corporation of the City of London bore a large portion of the expense for clearing the ground for the site of the Post Office, which runs into three parishes, viz. St. Anne and St. Agnes, St. Leonard, and St. Michael-le-quern. These three parishes in 1801 contained 307 houses, and 2,174 inhabitants; and in 1821, when the ground for the building in question was cleared, only 176 houses and 1,190 inhabitants; showing that no less than 131 houses, and nearly 1,000 inhabitants were displaced to make room for a single edifice. J. M.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

(By a Correspondent.)

NUMBERS have troubled themselves about the "Cat and Fiddle." I am of

opinion that it is derived from an old custom of cats being shown about the streets dancing to a fiddle. I have an old book in my possession, without a date, but I should suppose it is about 180 years old: it is called "Pool's Twists and Turns about the Streets of London," in which he says these words, but in old English,—"No sooner had my ears been released from the squeaking 'bagthee' than I was teazed by a poor half-naked boy strumming on his *violin*, while another little urchin was, with the help of a whip, making two poor starved cats go through numerous fêtes of agility." The book bears the mark of a duck and hatchet on the title page. * *

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE UNDYING ONE, AND OTHER POEMS.
By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THESE few extracts, from an exquisite volume of Poems, by the authoress of "*The Sorrows of Rosalie,*" will be congenial with the reader's present tone of mind. They are, in truth, "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," and such as the lovers of fervid poetry would hail at any moment. The volume is not ill-timedly dedicated "to the Duchess of Clarence," and was perhaps the last work inscribed to the Queen's most excellent Majesty previous to her accession to the British Throne:—

DESPAIR.

MOONLIGHT is o'er the dim and heaving sea,—
Moonlight is on the mountain's frowning brow,
And by their silvery fountains merrily
The maids of Castaly are dancing now.
Young hearts, bright eyes, and rosy lips are there,
And fairy steps, and light and laughing voices,
Ringing like welcome music through the air—
A sound at which the untroubled heart rejoices.
But there *are* hearts o'er which that dancing measure
Heavily falls!
And there are ears to which the voice of pleasure
Still vainly calls!
There's not a scene on earth so full of lightness
That withering care
Sleeps not beneath the flowers, and turns their brightness
To dark despair!

TO A WARRIOR.

Oh! wake thee—wake thee from thy rest upon the tented field:
This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
Oh! wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even more.

"If ever we have parted, and I wept thee not as now,
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a cloudy brow,
If ever harsh and careless words have caused thee pain and woe,
Then sleep, in silence sleep, and I—will bow my head and go.

"But if, through all the vanish'd years whose shadowy joys are gone,
Through all the changing scenes of life I thought of thee alone;
If I have mourn'd for thee when far, and worshipp'd thee when near,
Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary heart to cheer.

"Awake! thy baby-boy is here, upon whose soft cheek lie
No tears of grief, save those which fall from his sad mother's eye;
How, lingering, did'st thou gaze on him when we were forced to part—
Rise up, for he is here again, and press him to thy heart!

"In vain, in vain—I dream of thee and joyous life in vain;
Thou never more shalt rise in strength from off the bloody plain,
Thou never more shalt clasp thy boy, nor hold me to thy breast:
Thou hast left us lonely on the earth, and thou art gone to rest.

"Awake thee, my forsaken boy!—awake, my babe, and weep;
Art thou less wretched that thy brow no trace of woe can keep?
Oh! would through life that thou mightst taste no cup but that of joy.
And I, as now, might weep for both—my boy!—my orphan boy!"

HUMILITY.

HAPPY the cottager! for he hath sons
And blue-eyed daughters made for love and mirth;
And many a child whose chasing footstep runs
Around the precincts of his humble hearth.
Borne on the breeze their light-toned laughter comes,
Making glad music in the parents' ear:
And their bright faces light their humble homes,
Brows all unshaded yet by guilt or fear.
And if at length one rosy head bows low,
And prayers are vain from death's dark power to save,
The lessen'd circled meet in mingled woe
To weep together o'er that gentle grave:
And, gazing through their misty tears, they see
(Like the blue opening through the stormy cloud)
Faces where grief was never meant to be,
And eyes whose joy doth mock the sable shroud.
The one link sever'd from that broken chain
Is lost, and they must cling to what is left;
Back to their many loves they turn again,
And half forget of what they were bereft.

SUNSHINE.

THE world, the sunny world! I love
To roam untired, till evening throws
Sweet shadows through the pleasant grove,
And bees are murmuring on the rose.
I love to see the changeful flowers
Lie blushing in the glowing day—
Bend down their heads to 'scape the showers,
Then shake the chilly drops away.
The world, the sunny world! oh bright
And beautiful indeed thou art—
The brilliant day, the dark-blue night,
Bring joy, but not to every heart.
No! till, like flowers, those hearts can fling
Grief's drops from off their folded leaves,
'Twill only smile in hope's bright spring,
And darken when the spirit grieves.

THE MOURNERS.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
  Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not rise—
  The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
  Where we neither die nor sleep—
She is *there*, of whom our souls were fond—
  Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
  In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
  She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
  Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow—
  Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice
  Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
  As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone;
  There is silence still and deep:
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne—
  Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
  That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all—
  And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
  From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone where young hearts do not break—
  Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
  This is a world of woe:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
  Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
  And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God—
  Ah! wherefore do we weep?

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MILTON AND KLOPSTOCK.

(For the Mirror.)

PERHAPS it is scarcely possible to decide to a fraction which of these great sacred poets hath, or ought to have, the pre-eminence; and perhaps it is scarcely fair to estimate the powers and merit of the German bard, as the generality of readers must do, through the uncertain medium of a translation—which at best offers but a feeble substitute for the nervous language of the original. The "*Messiah*" of Klopstock is comparatively but little known to English readers: yet it is most exquisite, and well repays the time bestowed on its perusal. Were we desired to institute a comparison between the English and German poets, without regard as to whether their respective productions conform exactly or not, to the rules laid down for the composition of epic poems, we would say that Milton speaks mostly to the imagination—Klopstock to the heart. Milton is learned, philosophical, and abstruse; Klopstock (fervent in feeling as those "ministers" who are "a flaming fire") is passionate and devout. Milton chiefly engages the high intellectual faculties of man; Klopstock, his divinest affections; Milton is majestic and awful; Klopstock tender and pathetic; Milton is the most *original*, having soar'd "on wings sublime,"

"Above this visible, diurnal sphere,"

into the heaven of heavens, and unveiled to mortal eyes that throne which is "dark with excess of light!" Klopstock also, borne "on the seraph-wings of ecstacy," flees far from the things of time and space, but most chiefly calls down upon earth the host of heaven. The "Messiah," as a *pendant* to "Paradise Lost," is inimitable, and deserves more fully the title of "Paradise Regained," than Milton's subsequent work. These great poets, as may be perceived, scarcely admit of a comparison, so few points of resemblance existing between them; and yet, so do they harmonize, that the admirer of Milton should not fail to peruse Klopstock. But, as our own glorious poet's *chef d'œuvre*, although sublimity be its principal characteristic, does not lack passages of extreme tenderness and fervent devotion, neither is Klopstock's exquisite production destitute of originality, boldness, and sublimity. These observations still leave undecided the question respecting superiority; and we apprehend that, according to the ever-various tastes, faculties, and feelings of individuals, will pre-eminency be assigned to either poet. For ourselves, we are free to acknowledge a preference; perhaps, in the same we are not singular, but, and it is more than possible, were we to avow it undisguisedly, it would be deemed *high treason* against the republic of letters.

M. L. B.

A COMPARISON.

A HEART is like a fan,—and why?
'Twill flutter when a beau is nigh:
Ofttimes with gentle speech he'll take it,
Play with it for awhile, and *break it!*

COLLEGE FURNITURE.

A REVEREND gentleman, having quitted college to take possession of a living, wrote sometime afterwards to one of his friends at Alma Mater, requesting him to send "the remainder of his furniture." This consisted of a broken tin lantern; three unframed prints, mildewed and full of holes; a plaster bust of the Duke of Wellington; and a spinnet, value something under twenty shil-

lings. In order that these *valuables* should sustain no injury from the roughness of vehicles and roads (and we cannot deny but that he had just grounds for apprehension on this account), he desired his friend to forward them to his living in Somersetshire by water, and had consequently the satisfaction of paying about thrice their actual worth, for this their unnecessary traverse round half the island. L.

A RELIGIOUS DISTINCTION.

"And pray, Mr. S—n—," said one of his fellow collegians to the leader of a religious sect in one of our universities, "pray, let me inquire what it is that you call yourself?" "I, sir—I? why, sir, I call myself a *moderate Calvinist.*" "Then, sir, let me tell you," replied the querist, "that you might just as well call yourself a *tame tiger!*" B.

FRIENDSHIP.

The best and most solid attachments of life are, in their very formation, cemented and confirmed, by some secret sympathy which defies our research, and our ignorance of which makes us marvel at our own facility, and that of the object who so readily admits and returns our regard. And probably the philosophy of *practice* teaches that thus our friendships *should* be formed—by impulse, not on calculation—not bartering the best emotions of the heart for a speculative return—not *seeking* objects for our sympathy, nor *choosing* them for qualities that really place them out of its range; but following the feeling that fixes our friendships as if by predestined doom, and letting our hearts imbibe the generous flow, like plants that instinctively open to the dew-shower, which fills them with fruitfulness and bloom.

Let those who have gone out into the wide field of life on such a search as I have supposed, examine the result of the selections they may have made. Let them recollect the checks which have withered their budding hopes—the disappointments which have chilled their cultured expectations; and then they will perhaps repose with fresh delights upon the few yet invaluable friendships which have sprung from chance meetings, and often forced their way through all the obstacles of opposing tastes, opinions and pursuits.—*Highways and Byways.*

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY IN PLANTS.

(For the Mirror.)

Various authors inform us, that there is a strong aversion or antipathy between the vine and the cabbage. The vine is wont to catch hold of any thing nearest except the cabbage, from which it naturally turns, if a cabbage is planted near it. The cabbage also is so hated by the new sowbread, that they cannot grow together.

The male and female palm love each other so much, that when their boughs intermix, they, as it were, embrace each other; neither will the female produce fruit, without she be properly placed by the male tree. G. K.

HIS PRESENT MAJESTY, WILLIAM IV.

Mrs. Chapone, who was niece of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, formerly preceptor to George III. and used to spend much of her time at her uncle's residence at Farnham Castle, relates the following anecdote of the young Duke of Clarence:—"I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the bishop's heart; to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age; yet with the young Bullers, he was quite the boy, and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk, 'Come, we are both boys you know.' All of them showed affectionate respect to the bishop. The Prince of Wales pressed his hand so hard, that he hurt it."

A QUEEN CALLED A KING.

The Hungarians formerly gave the name of King to their Queen Mary, to avoid the infamy which the laws of that country cast upon those who are governed by women; accordingly she bore the title of *King Mary*, till her marriage with Sigismund, at which time she took the title of Queen. P. T.W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD SPINSTER.

In former ages, females were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and till their marriages they were called spinsters, which continues up to this day in all legal proceedings. C. H.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 438.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

His late Most Gracious Majesty,

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

George Frederick Augustus, the first-fruits of the marriage of George III. with Queen Charlotte, was born August 12, 1762, on the forty-eighth anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the British throne; and thus, had he lived to his next birth-day, he would have been sixty-eight years of age. On August 17, his Royal Highness was created Prince of Wales by letters patent;* and on the 18th of September, following, he was christened at Saint James's.

CHILDHOOD.

In the third year of his age the Prince was considered as being so beautifully formed for an infant, that a model was made of him for the King, by a celebrated artist of the time, of which the following description has been given:—

"This ingenious performance, which is a perfect resemblance of the young prince, exhibits the whole figure entirely round, naked, and lying on a couch of crimson velvet, as if just undressed. His left leg is drawn up, and his right extended; his right arm he holds up, while the left lies at his side, holding a drapery that appears to have been thrown off in play. The whole is covered with a bell-glass, from the inside top of which hangs a ring by a small gold cord, in which is perched a dove, with an olive-branch in its mouth. The figure was executed in stained wax, and the frame of the couch silver gilt. At the back part of the head of the couch is the Prince's name, with the time of his birth, surrounded by a garland of laurels. The couch stands upon an ebony plinth; and the stand for the whole is a massive piece of silver-gilt plate; partly over which hangs a drapery lined with white satin, and fringed with gold. On the top of the glass is the Prince of Wales's coronet."

His Royal Highness, as Heir Apparent to the Crown, and as Prince of Wales, was very early called upon to receive and give an answer to an Address. Before he was three years old, he received an Address from the Society of Ancient Britons, the founders and patrons of what is commonly known by the name of the Welsh School, in Gray's Inn road, and which, since its first institution, early in the last century, has always had peculiar claims upon the patronage of the Prince of Wales whenever such a distinguished personage has existed. The address was well adapted to the very early age of the Prince, who appeared perfectly to comprehend the gentlemen who presented it, when they told him that his Royal Parents had not thought any period of their lives too early for doing good, and that they hoped when a few short years had called forth his virtues, he would remember with pleasure the occurrences of that day. The young Prince listened with great attention to this address, and most distinctly repeated the answer, which of course had been prepared for him—namely, "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of duty to the King, and wish prosperity to this charity." A short time afterwards, when he was three years of age, his Royal Highness was constituted Knight of the Garter, and invested with the insignia of that illustrious order.

The boyish affection of the Prince for his parents appears to have been fondly cherished by the amiable domestic habits of the latter; for, in a sketch of their retirement at Kew, in the summer season, we learn, that "their Majesties rose at six in the morning, and enjoyed the two succeeding hours, which they called their own; at eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg, (Duke of York,) the Princess Royal, and Princes William and Edward were brought from their several homes at Kew, to breakfast with their illustrious parents. At nine, the younger children attended to lisp and smile their good morrows; and whilst the five eldest ones were closely applied to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses passed the whole morning in Richmond Gardens. The King and Queen frequently amused themselves with sitting in the room while the children dined; and, once a week, attended by the whole offspring in pairs, made the delightful little tour of Richmond Gardens. In the evening, all the children again paid their duty at Kew House before they retired to bed; and the same order was observed through each returning day."

EDUCATION.

The education of the Heir Apparent, as of the children subsequently born,

* As eldest son of the King, he became Duke of Cornwall from the moment of his birth. The young Prince was the first Duke of Cornwall of the House of Brunswick; neither his father, grandfather, nor great grandfather, having borne that title, or been entitled to the Duchy, from the circumstance of not being the eldest born son of a king upon the throne, though each had possessed the title of Prince of Wales, peculiar to the eldest son, or eldest surviving son of the reigning sovereign, but always created by patent, whilst that of Duke of Cornwall, and the actual property attached to the Duchy, descends by a rule of inheritance, or rather of devolution, which cannot be altered by any fiat of the crown.

was, it has been seen, an object of sedulous anxiety with their father, till they attained the age to have regular preceptors. The first governor of the Prince of Wales was the Earl of Holderness, a nobleman of high talents and integrity. Dr. Dodd was strenuously recommended to the office by Lord Chesterfield; the King, however, did not approve of the Doctor's morality; but his Majesty next selected Mons. de Salzes, at the recommendation of the brother of M'Clain, the celebrated highwayman, who was afterwards executed at Newgate. Lord Holderness is said to have found his royal pupil attached to reading books calculated to encourage arbitrary principles of government, and despotic habits; but the after-life proved that the Prince read such works with the effect of avoidance rather than imitation. Lord Holderness, conscientiously enough, was averse to the Prince's choice: in vain he represented the affair to the King and Queen, when, still finding such political poison poured into the ears of his royal pupil, his lordship resigned his office, and was succeeded by Lord Bruce. The Earl of Holderness and Mons. de Salzes were, doubtless, excellent in their respective offices. Stories are told of the Prince's correcting Lord Bruce's Greek epigrams; but, probably, they are to be received only as the "flattering unction" to which few minds, royal or lowly, are insensible. Certain it is, that his lordship retained the office but for a month; though court whispers rumoured that the appointment had been intended only as a ground of bestowing a pension upon the tutor, at the solicitation of the Marquess of Bute, for the King had already fallen into what was called the Scotch interest.

The Prince's next tutor was Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, and the Sub-preceptor was Mr. Cyril Jackson; both of whom continued office till the year 1776, when Dr. Hurd and Mr. Arnald succeeded. Dr. Markham and Mr. Jackson possessed the affections of the Prince, and he was easily guided by them. Their successors neither possessed equal abilities nor influence, and the education of the royal pupil was understood to be terminated. In *Jefferson's Memoirs* an account is given, on the authority of an unnamed individual (for whose authority the writer vouches), that, at an after period, the Prince, with good natural abilities, was extremely ignorant of all useful knowledge. The unfortunate change of his preceptor at so critical an age, and the peculiar notions of his father with respect to another important point, must indeed have had a very disadvantageous effect upon the Prince's studies. We are, however, disposed to believe that his education was careful, if not extensive. His knowledge of French is said to have been perfect, and his English singularly pure and elegant. For studies purely classical, the amusements of his youth left him little leisure. His knowledge of classical authors was, however, accurate, if not profound. This part of his education must, therefore, have been attained in his early years, or in his pupilage. Ease and elegance of manners developed themselves in later years; for, as it has been well observed, no man ever turned a compliment better, or gave more grace to a good act, by the mode of announcing it. With the works of modern literature, too, his Majesty is said to have been as intimately conversant as most men of exalted rank—more so than most kings. When a boy, he is described as having been "subject to violent and sudden impressions of a warm temper, but generous and friendly." We can only thus glance at the Prince's education, of which, indeed, little is known. The rigid discipline in which his early years were passed, may be better stated. His father was a man of ascetic character and limited education, and was in habits the very reverse of what the Prince proved in after-life. The Princess Dowager of Wales had, under pretence of preserving the morals of George the Third, kept him utterly secluded from society;—a virtuous youth, a happy union, and venerable old age, were the consequences. The King, having imbibed the Princess' scheme of morality, determined that the Prince should live the same life of seclusion that he had done. In how different a manner this principle of education influenced the welfare of the Prince will be seen in the sequel. The anxious parent mistook this rigour for philosophy, whereas

> The rule and conduct of all social life
> Is her great promise.

This could only be obtained by intercourse with the world. Burke, speaking of the education of princes, has an excellent observation on this point. He thinks it "of very great importance (provided the thing is not overdone) to contrive such an establishment as must, almost whether a prince will or will not, bring into daily and hourly offices about his person a great number of his first nobility." The Prince had not these advantages; and from a pupilage, of

comparative solitude, in the vigour of youth, with an eminently handsome person, many companionable qualities, and a complete command of fortune, he plunged into the felicities of life, and soon involved himself in the network of pleasure; while, "vicious flatterers—those vultures, whose prey is the heart of princes—lay in wait for the adventurer as he quitted the parental roof, and launched his young bark upon the world."

The turf first attracted the patronage of the young Prince. He was a warm friend to the prize-ring, which, like the magic circle of German horror, destroys every one within its pale. The Prince too encouraged the coarse-minded cruelties of bull and bear-baiting, which, in the cant of the day, have been numbered among the "good old English sports." In his patronage of stage-fighting, he was kept in countenance by his uncles, particularly the Duke of Cumberland, who was the companion of Broughton until he sold his fight to Slack, when his Royal Highness retired from the ring in disgust. Horse-racing next became an absolute passion with the young Prince; and a love of play soon begat habitual improvidence, and indifference to the royal resources which proved as exhaustible as those of the meanest subject.

INTIMACY WITH MRS. ROBINSON.

The Prince at a very early period of his life, gave evidence of his fondness for female society, a predilection, which in its strictest and purest sense, will elevate and refine the mind and heart, but which, not unfrequently brings with its indulgence a degree of censure that the colder and darker vices of a disposition inherently evil do not provoke. The Prince's first amour was with a beautiful and accomplished actress, the wife of an attorney, named Robinson. The whole intrigue was of the most romantic character; but the lovely victim soon fell into poverty and premature death by dropsy, induced by irregular habits. We do not quote the incidents of this intrigue, as they have already appeared in *The Mirror*.* One night, after Mrs. Robinson had played the part of *Perdita*, in the *Winter's Tale*, she received from the Prince of Wales, (who had witnessed the performance from a stage box,) by the hands of Lord Malden, a lock of His Royal Highness' hair enclosed in a billet with these words:—"*To the ever adorable Perdita.*"—FLORIZEL; *to be redeemed*, in her own hand. The lock of hair and billet are now in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips, who purchased them with Mrs. Robinson's papers at her death. The interest of the whole amour was very attractive. Mrs. Robinson, to her fascinating personal beauty, added the most sparkling genius. Her attachments were all of a romantic cast; for on the return of the celébrated trooper, Col. Tarleton, from his Guerilla warfare in the back woods of America, she fell desperately in love with him, and they lived many years together.

The Prince quitted the company of Mrs. Robinson in an abrupt, and, if her narrative be believed, a harsh manner. The connexion, either from the incautiousness of his Royal Highness, the officiousness of false friends, or from some causes never well explained, produced much scandal about the court, great uneasiness to the royal family—brought much pain to the lover, and, as we have stated, led to the early death of the mistress. Nothing could be more disastrous than the whole affair.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

The Prince's next and more permanent attachment was to the celebrated "Lass of Richmond Hill,"—the widow of Colonel Fitzherbert, for whom a magnificent establishment was furnished. The Prince's presents of jewellery to this lady were said even to exceed the stores of diamonds possessed by the Queen, avowedly the greatest collection of diamonds in Europe, and to whom the King had given on one occasion alone, a case of diamonds which cost £50,000. We adopt the observations of a contemporary on this affair. "We hesitate whether we should condemn this his strongest and his purest affection. That any ceremony of marriage was ever performed, was expressly denied by Mr. Fox on the authority of the Prince; but that all the decencies of demeanour, and all the constancy of kindness that marriage has a claim to, existed between Mrs. Fitzherbert and her royal friend, there is no doubt; and we deem it creditable to the sovereign, that long after the delirium of passion had for ever subsided, he remained on terms of endearing intimacy with this his early and most respectable friend. Where the laws of men interfere to fetter and control the inclinations of any class of society, for the supposed good of the rest, we must not be too severe in blaming consequences that flow from our own regulations."*

* See No. 261, *a Memoir of the Late King* with a PORTRAIT.

* *Spectator* Newspaper, June 26, 1830.

About this time, also, the Prince received into favour, the celebrated Countess of Jersey, a lady about twelve years older than himself, and the beautiful daughter of an Irish bishop. To which the Prince was most attached, subsequent events amply proved: both connexions were fraught with ruin: the latter was doubtless the means of embittering much of the Prince's after life; while the unbounded extravagance of the former lady led to evils which neither secrecy nor shades of opinion could counteract.

OF AGE.

In August 12, 1783, his Royal Highness attained his majority—an event which was celebrated with great rejoicing. On the same day he obtained his Colonelcy of the 10th Light Dragoons, which he retained to the last; this being the only military rank the King would ever allow him to hold. On this occasion, the King officially announced to the House of Commons that, to obviate the necessity of laying any additional burthens on the people, he had determined to provide out of the civil list, for the establishment of his son, to the amount of 50,000*l.* per annum. All therefore that he asked from the House was the sum of 60,000*l.* to assist to equip the Heir Apparent on his outset in life. In the course of the debate, Mr. Fox, then in the administration, spoke in terms of the highest praise of the Prince; saying, "he was in the fullest manner entitled to the most affectionate regard of that House and of the whole country, not only for his many great and shining virtues, but also for the ready and dutiful obedience he had on this, as on every other occasion, shown to his Majesty, whom he was bound to obey in common with every other subject of the realm." Parliament liberally granted 100,000*l.* and the regulation was apparently much approved of.

PROVISION.

The fixing of the Prince's establishment at 50,000*l.* per annum did not evince much foresight on the part of the King. It was said to have been dictated by a maxim, that to keep princes out of vice, they should be kept poor, than which nothing ever proved more erroneous. This allowance to the Prince was exactly one half of what had been allowed to his grandfather, when money was of much greater value; and was, of course, insufficient for the support of the royal establishment. "This," observes a recent Reminiscent, "occasioned him to contract debts; and when it became necessary that these debts should be discharged, very little care was shown to protect the Prince's character from disgrace. There was another circumstance also, which ought not to be overlooked. The Duchy of Cornwall was the Prince's property from the hour of his birth. When he came of age, the Prince was put in possession of the revenues of the Duchy. But the Prince obtained no part of that revenue which had been received from the Duchy during his minority."* Part of the sum so unjustly withheld from the Prince, was aftewards repaid; but this did little towards appeasing the sense of the wrong. The Coalition ministry, then in power, had made the greatest exertions to procure for the prince a yearly settlement of 100,000*l.*; but this measure was strongly opposed by the King; both parties were obstinate, and "a change" was threatened, when the Prince himself interposed, and insisted, with a spirit that did him infinite honour, that the amount of the grant should be left entirely to the discretion of his royal parent.

IN PARLIAMENT.

At the opening of Parliament, Nov. 11, 1783, the Prince was introduced into the House of Peers, supported by his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, and the Dukes of Richmond and Portland, and Lord Lewisham; when he took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and made and subscribed the declaration, as well as the oath of abjuration. Many efforts were made by the King to induce the Prince to countenance the high Tory politics; but the latter attached himself to the splendid men that then led the Whig party—Fox, Sheridan, Burke, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Moira, &c.

However, a general profession of loyalty in the House of Peers by the son of the King was very distinct from a pledge of party politics, and even this profession of loyalty might be made subservient to an avowal of the free constitutional principles in which the Whigs delighted. His Royal Highness was therefore induced to address the Peers from the Ministerial Benches, or rather from between them and the Woolsack. This was upon the motion of the Marquess of Abercorn, for an Amendment to the Address of the Commons upon his Majesty's Proclamation for preventing seditious meetings and writings;

* Nicholls's Recollections of the Reign of George III.

and in a manly, eloquent, and, we may add, persuasive manner, he delivered his sentiments. He said that, on a question of such magnitude he should be deficient in his duty as a Member of Parliament, unmindful of the respect he owed to the Constitution, and inattentive to the welfare, the peace, and the happiness of the people, if he did not state to the world what was his opinion on the present question. He was educated in the principles, and he should ever preserve them, of a reverence for the constitutional liberties of the people; and, as on those constitutional principles the happiness of that people depended, he was determined, as far as his interest could have any force, to support them. The matter in issue was, in fact, whether the Constitution was or was not to be maintained; whether the wild ideas of theory were to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice; and whether those laws under which we had flourished for such a series of years, were to be subverted by a Reform unsanctioned by the people? As a person nearly and dearly interested in the welfare, and, he should emphatically add, the happiness and comfort of the people, it would be treason to the principles of his mind if he did not come forward and declare his disapprobation of those seditious publications which had occasioned the motion now before their Lordships; and his interest was connected with the interest of the people; they were so inseparable, that, unless both parties concurred, happiness could not exist. On this great—on this solid basis, he grounded the vote which he meant to give, and that vote should unequivocally be for a concurrence with the Commons in the Address they had resolved upon. His Royal Highness spoke in a manner that called not only for the attention, but the admiration of the House; and these words were remarkably energetic: "I exist by the love—the friendship—and the benevolence of the people; and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live." The Prince then concluded by distinctly saying, "I give my most hearty assent to the Motion for concurring in this wise and salutary Address." This speech was said to have been composed by the Duke of Portland.

THE WHIGS.

The Whigs were, however, ultimately deceived in the political interference of the Prince, and with this effort his Royal Highness withdrew. Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, speaks thus of the above period: "the Whigs, who had now every reason to be convinced of the aversion with which they were regarded at court, had lately been, in some degree, compensated for this misfortune by the accession to their party of the Heir Apparent. That a young Prince, fond of pleasure and impatient of restraint, should have thrown himself into the arms of those who were most likely to be indulgent to his errors, is nothing surprising, either in politics or ethics. But that mature and enlightened statesmen, with the lessons of all history before their eyes, should have been equally ready to embrace such a rash alliance, or should count upon it as any more than a temporary instrument of faction, is, to say the least of it, one of those self-delusions of the wise, which show how vainly the voice of the past may speak amid the loud appeals of the present. The last Prince of Wales, it is true, by whom the popular cause was espoused, had left the lesson imperfect, by dying before he came to the throne. But this deficiency has since been amply made up; and future Whigs, who may be placed in similar circumstances, will have, at least, one historical warning before their eyes, which ought to be enough to satisfy the most unreflecting and credulous."*

With the effort in Parliament, to which we have alluded, the Prince relinquished his political interference, although he continued the constant associate of the Whig leaders in their social hours.

CARLTON HOUSE.

Carlton House had been presented to the Prince by his father, for his town residence. The old building being out of repair, it was judged proper by Parliament to erect another mansion in its stead. This became a focus of conviviality, and brilliant were the flashes of festive wit which enlivened the royal board. Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, the master-spirits of their age, were frequent guests, and enjoyed the sunshine of royal companionship. The Beefsteak Club was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five members, to admit his Royal Highness, there being no vacancy; and here the Prince was accustomed to meet the late Duke of Norfolk, Charles Morris,† and

* Upon the question of Mr. Fox's India Bill, the Prince voted with the Whigs in the first division: but finding that the King was hostile to the measure, the Prince, (with Mr. Fox's concurrence) absented himself from the second discussion, when the bill was defeated.

† A copy of the 24th edition of Captain Morris's "Songs, Political and Convivial," is on our table: one of the Songs in the collection is "sung by the Prince of Wales to a certain lady," and is a parody on "There's a difference

others, the *Delecta Danaum*, the pride and flower of London.

SHERIDAN.

Of the Prince's intimacy with Sheridan, many pleasant, and we regret to add, painful, anecdotes are related. One or two will illustrate their familiarity. —The Prince became a member of Brookes's Club to have more frequent intercourse with Mr. Fox: his Royal Highness was the only person who was ever admitted without a ballot; and, on his first appearance, every member rose and welcomed him by acclamation.—When Fox first became acquainted with Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation, that he became exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes's Club, which he frequented every night. Sheridan was frequently proposed, but as often had one black ball in the ballot, which disqualified him. At length, the balls being marked, the hostile ball was traced to old George Selwyn, a stickler for aristocracy. Sheridan was apprized of this, and desired that his name might be put up again, and that the further conduct of the matter might be left to himself. Accordingly, on the evening when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. Being shown into the candidates' waiting room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him below immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay, and Sheridan, to whom he had no personal dislike, entertained him for half an hour with a political story, which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence, the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the waiter, with the preconcerted signal of stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn, "that the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very *remarkable*."

Sheridan now went up stairs, was introduced to, and welcomed by, the club, and was soon in his glory. The Prince, in the meantime was left in no enviable situation; for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which, (if it had a thread,) he had entirely forgotten; or which, perhaps, his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause, prevented him from listening to, with sufficient attention, to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance, he got on pretty well for a few minutes, when a question from Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness' story to that of Sheridan, completely pozed him, and he stuck fast. After much floundering to set himself right, and finding all was in vain, the Prince burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed "D—— the fellow! to leave me to finish this infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn! But never mind Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up stairs, and I dare say Fox, or some of them will be able to tell you all about it." They adjourned to the club-room, and Selwyn now detected the manœuvre. Sheridan rose, made him a low bow, and said, "'Pon my honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long; but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company; they have just been making me a member, without even one *black ball*, and here I am."—"The devil they have!" exclaimed Selwyn.—"Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan, "and as I know you are very glad of my election, accept my grateful thanks, *(pressing his hand on his breast, and bowing very low)* for *your* friendly suffrage. And now, if you'll sit down by me, I'll finish my story; for I dare say his Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits." —"Your story! it's all a lie from beginning to end," screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room.

A sparkling piece of table-wit is likewise related of Burke dining at Carlton House, with a three-dozen party, among whom were the Dukes of York and Cumberland, Portland, and Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, Fox, Sheridan, &c. The party was right convivial, to which the engaging manners of the Prince not a little contributed. On the company's rising, his Royal Highness insisted on

between a Beggar and a Queen." The spirit of some of Morris's songs is rich and glowing as fine Burgundy. What a table companion must have been the man who wrote

——— in Town let me live, and in Town let me die;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in the summer to dwell,
O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

We last remember Capt. Morris snugly seated in an elegant little villa in Surrey, notwithstanding all he had sung in praise of town. As a gentleman and scholar he is entitled to our respect, and ranks among the finest lyrical poets of his day.

the landlord's bottle; this meeting with some little objection, was afterwards assented to, from an observation of Mr. Burke, who said, "that though he was an enemy in general to indefeasible right, yet he thought the Prince in his own house had a right to rule *jure de vino*."

EMBARRASSMENTS.

About this time the Prince purchased a retreat at Brighton, which received the name of the Pavilion, and became his favourite place of abode, — a circumstance from which that town rose in all its fashionable splendour. Here in a mansion adjoining the Royal Palace, Mrs. Fitzherbert resided for some years.

The rebuilding of Carlton House, and the sumptuous decoration of the Pavilion, with a crowd of gay associates, could not fail to involve the Prince in debts, to the discharge of which his slender income was far from adequate. It was, to use Shenstone's simile, a large retinue upon a small income, which, like a cascade, upon a small stream, tended to discover its tenuity. His Royal Highness' style of living was splendid beyond precedent; his stud was the finest in Europe, but the reverse of profitable, and his losses by play were said to be immense. He owed nearly 300,000*l.* and his creditors becoming importunate, he applied to the King for assistance, which the latter peremptorily refused. "The haughty indifference both of the Monarch and his Minister," observes Mr. Moore, "threw the Prince entirely on the sympathy of the Opposition. Mr. Pitt identified himself with the obstinacy of the father, while Mr. Fox and the Opposition committed themselves with the irregularities of the son." One evil consequence, that was on the point of resulting from the embarrassments of the Prince, "was his acceptance of a loan which the Duke of Orleans had proffered him, and which would have had the perilous tendency of placing the future Sovereign of England in a state of dependence, as creditor, on a Prince of France." This was happily prevented.

In the course of 1786, Mr. Sheridan had twice publicly alluded to the embarrassments of his Royal Highness. By the advice of Mr. Fox, the Prince then tried the effect of retrenchment, sold off his fine stud of horses for 7,000 guineas, and reduced his household. Such economy was, however, painful as it was ineffectual; and, in the spring of 1787, the embarrassed state of his Royal Highness' affairs was submitted to Parliament by Alderman Newenham. During one of the discussions to which the subject gave rise, Mr. Rolle, the member for Devonshire, a strong adherent of the ministry, affirmed that the question "went immediately to affect our constitution in church and state." In these solemn words it was well understood that he alluded to a report, at that time generally believed and acted on by many in the etiquette of private life, that a marriage had been solemnized between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. By the statute of William and Mary, it is enacted, that "every person who shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and for ever be incapable to inherit the crown of this realm." Thus, the Heir Apparent would, by such a marriage as the above, have forfeited his right of succession to the throne. From so serious a penalty, however, he would have been exempted by the Royal Marriage Act, which rendered null and void any marriage contracted by any descendant of George II. without the previous consent of the King, or a twelve months' notice given to the Privy Council. On the next discussion of the question, Mr. Fox, with the immediate authority of the Prince, contradicted the report of the marriage *in toto*, in point of fact as well as of law: it not only never could have happened legally, but it never did happen in any way whatever, and had from the beginning been a base and malicious falsehood.* The minister had no further pretext for refusing the relief required, and accordingly £10,000 was added to the Prince's yearly income out of the Civil List; an issue of £161,000 from the same source, for the discharge of his debts, and £20,000 for the works at Carlton House; and a pledge was given to parliament that no more debts should be contracted.

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

In 1788, George the Third, who had exhibited symptoms of insanity at previous periods of his life, became so disordered in his intellect as to be utterly

* Horne Tooke, in his pamphlet on the subject, presumed so far on the belief of the marriage as to call Mrs. Fitzherbert "her royal highness."

It is said that there is the most undoubted evidence in existence that the marriage ceremony was actually performed by a clergyman of the Church of Rome before Mrs. Fitzherbert consented to live on terms of intimacy with the Prince.

After the disavowal, the injured party, Mrs. F. behaved with great dignity, if reliance may be placed in the accounts of the reception given by her to the Prince.

incapable of discharging the duties of his station, and to render personal seclusion necessary. Parliament interfered. Mr. Pitt proposed a Regency under peculiar limitations. The Whig friends of the Prince contended that he had a *right* to be Regent, on the same principle that he would have a right to accede to the crown on the natural demise of his father. Mr. Pitt and the other ministers insisted that he could have no other title but the choice of Parliament. The Prince himself in a letter to Mr. Pitt, objected in strong terms to the restrictions with which it was proposed to accompany the delegation of the royal authority. But while the subject was under discussion, the King recovered.

His Majesty's malady had, however, been very distressing; for, in a letter addressed from Windsor by Admiral Payne to Mr. Sheridan on the Regency negotiation, we find, "the King has been worse these last two days than ever: this morning he made an effort to jump out of the window, and he is now very turbulent and incoherent."

A national thanksgiving for the recovery of the King was solemnized on April 23, at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which their Majesties and the royal family attended. At the conclusion of the service, the Prince of Wales hastened from the cathedral to Carlton House, where he changed his dress for the uniform of his regiment; and, taking the command of it, proceeded to meet his royal father on his return; thus becoming himself his guard and conductor to the Queen's palace. "Alighting there, his Royal Highness presented himself at the door, in a manner that required to be seen," in order to be appreciated. "It was to the *revered monarch* —to the beloved parent—that his Royal Highness offered assistance. The tender attachment of the most affectionate of sons—the zealous devotion of the first of subjects—were manifested with an energy and a grace that no language can adequately describe." The event was otherwise commemorated by grand fêtes, illuminations, &c. and the King's birthday was celebrated with unusual splendour, terminating with a ball, at which an incident occurred which was strongly characteristic of the Prince's regard for "the small sweet courtesies of life."*

* We allude to the Prince's conduct towards Colonel Lenox, the sudden withdrawal of the Queen and Princesses, and the abrupt conclusion of the ball. The Prince's high-minded observation will be remembered: "I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others." The whole anecdote will be found at p. 435, vol. viii. of *The Mirror*.

THE TURF.

Without entering into his Royal Highness' predilection for the turf, to which vortex, it will be recollected, he was introduced by his uncle of Cumberland, we shall merely allude to the unfortunate transaction, in the year 1791, relative to the horse Escape, in consequence of which the Prince was obliged to leave the Jockey Club. To show the corrupt appetite of the vulgar for detraction, it was currently reported that personal threats, and even personal demonstrations, had passed from the Duke of ——— towards his Royal Highness on the race-course. This, however, could not have been the case, for the Duke continued in friendship with the Prince to the last. The singularity of the case is, that the Baronet who decided against the Prince, and ejected him from the Jockey Club, as well as the Duke who shook, or is said to have shaken, the horsewhip at him on the race-ground, retained his friendship to the last hours of their respective lives; and what is yet more singular is, that Chifney, the jockey on whom the Prince laid all the onus of the fraud, received from the Prince a retired allowance, or pension, of 200*l.* a year.

MARRIAGE.

About this period his Royal Highness again found himself greatly embarrassed; the system of retrenchment promised to Parliament in 1787 had been found impracticable, and Lord Thurlow's advice to the Prince to retire from public life for a time, and appropriate the greater part of his income to the liquidation of his debts, was a practice of self denial which ill accorded with the royal habits. The creditors became implacable; their claims were exaggerated, and the royal debts were talked of by every one with the interest of an actual creditor. The King was again applied to, and his Majesty suggested some conditional relief; but it may be questioned whether the remedy was not worse than the evil. The Prince had invariably objected to matrimony, when it was recommended to him; and his Royal Father, who thought it likely that the ties of domestic life would withdraw him from the extravagant habits by which he still continued to be greatly embarrassed, was exceedingly anxious to overcome these objections. The King once more proposed marriage, and held out as an inducement to the Prince's consent, that his debts should be paid. His Royal

Highness was at first much opposed to the project: he thought marriage an unpleasant restraint upon his inclinations, and appeared to consider this scheme of relief only an exchange of evils. At length, however, the Prince acquiesced; a negotiation was opened with the Duchess of Brunswick, the King's sister; but a treaty of marriage was concluded between the Prince of Wales and his first cousin—the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. His Royal Highness had never seen the Princess whom his father had chosen for him; but the Duke of York met her at her father's court, and reported favourably of her. Her portrait, too, helped to aid the impression which the Duke's account had made; and the Prince had his Royal Father's promise in writing, that on his marriage with the Princess, his debts should be discharged, his income increased, and the favour of his father augmented and secured. In middle life, it would be hard to reconcile ourselves to such an artificial adjustment of affections; but the system furnishes a direct clue to the small share of happiness attendant upon court marriages.

This match was not one of choice on either side; for her Serene Highness had fixed her affections on a German Prince, whom she could not marry. Thus interest, indifference, and second love held out but an unpropitious prospect for the royal pair. The Princess did not withhold her consent; although she had heard of the follies of the Prince, she had also heard of his virtues; and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet, for reasons just stated, the Princess neither did, nor could, love her future husband. The precise state of her mind cannot be better stated than in the unguarded frankness of one of her letters to a friend, dated November 28, 1794:—

"You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first cousin, George, Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much, but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connexions, my associates, my friends—all that I hold dear and valuable—I am about entering on a permanent connexion. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah! me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the Fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."—This letter, in German, was addressed to one of the Princess' countrywomen, resident in England. It has a tone of sentiment and romance which is truly painful.

According to the determination expressed in this letter, the princess devoted great part of her time, prior to quitting her native country, in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the English language; and her success was rapid and complete.

On Sunday, April 5, 1795, her Highness landed at Greenwich, where she was received by various ladies of the court, selected by the Prince, and thence conducted to apartments prepared for her in St. James's Palace. Among the ladies who attended the Princess was Lady Jersey, whose illicit introduction to the Prince of Wales has already been spoken of in this Memoir. An old writer has quaintly observed, "where jealousie is the jailour, many break the prison, it opening more wayes to wickedness than it stoppeth." The Prince, on getting up in the morning, ordered Lady Jersey to receive the young bride. When the Prince's old friend, Admiral Payne, who brought the Princess over, learned this and similar facts, he, with virtuous indignation, refused to continue any longer in the Prince's household.

At length the day arrived when the nuptials were to be solemnized, and on the evening of April 8, the marriage took place. It was celebrated at the Royal Chapel, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Princess Royal, Princesses Augusta Sophia, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, the Duchess of York, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, were in the bridegroom's procession.

The King appeared much more interested in the match than did the bridegroom himself, as was manifest by several minute circumstances connected with the ceremonial of the day. The whole of the royal family having dined together at the Queen's Palace, it was necessary afterwards for them to proceed to St. James's, to their respective apartments to dress; when, on leaving Buck-

ingham House, the true-hearted old King kissed the Princess in the hall, and, in the fulness of his heart, shook the Prince of Wales by the hand till mutual tears started from the eyes of father and son. When the service was performing, and the Archbishop of Canterbury asked, "Who gives the bride in marriage?" the King instantly and eagerly advanced to the Princess, and taking her with both his hands, presented her with expressive marks of satisfaction.

The indifference of the Prince was indeed a chilling contrast with this parental warmth. The bride was unseemingly dejected, and the Prince, at the commencement, bore his compulsory fate with very little grace; he, however, bethought him of the "sweet little courtesies," and ere the ceremony concluded, he assumed the gallantry of a gentleman, and paid the most polite attention to the bride and bridemaids. This was but the sunshine of ceremony. "Only on one occasion," says a narrative of the solemnity, "did the King reprove him, and that when the Prince impatiently rose too soon from his kneeling position. The Archbishop of Canterbury paused, when the King rose from his seat, and whispered to the Prince, who kneeled again, and the service concluded."

The "happy event" gave great delight to the nation. London paid the brilliant tribute of general illumination, and the whole land "laughed with the loud festivity of mirth." Corporations voted addresses of congratulation to all the royal parties; the "happy pair" were received by the public with acclamations of joy, till the Prince and Princess, sated with the festivities of Carlton House, in a few weeks, retired to the Pavilion, or as the palace might then be more appropriately called, their marine villa at Brighton.

Such was the public aspect of the royal arrangements, but for a short time. Within the palace, the "the coiners of scandal and clippers of reputation," were busy at work. The discord between the Prince and Princess is said to have commenced almost immediately after their marriage. Indeed, Lady Jersey is reported to have begun the odious work between the parties even in the short period that elapsed before the marriage. Probably, it required but little strategical skill to fan their coldness into the flame of discord. The Princess, who appears to have then been of an unsuspecting disposition, with some of the confidence that women place in their own sex, alluded in conversation with her "noble" attendant, to her German attachment: the allusion was soon "made strong enough to overcome the truth," and Lady Jersey insidiously conveyed this confession through the porches of the Prince's ear, with the coarse and improbable addition that the Princess had declared "she loved one little finger of that individual (the German prince) far better than she should love the whole person of the Prince of Wales."

Soon after the marriage, the real character of this court scandalmonger became known to the Princess, who conceived an antipathy to her as violent as it was natural. The Princess demanded the removal of Lady Jersey from the household; the Prince refused this proper request, and took the part of her ladyship in so decided a manner that, although a temporary reconciliation was brought about, by the interference of the King, cordiality was for ever banished. Lady Jersey no longer attended officially on the Princess; but the Prince received her ladyship, although he had agreed to give up her society.

While matters were thus plotting in the palace, all kinds of reports of the treatment received by the Princess of Wales, were circulating without doors. The friends of the Prince asserted that he was the injured man, while the public generally took part with the Princess. Some interest, not to say importance, was attached to Sir Walter Scott (in allusion to the Princess,) speaking of a tribute to "*injured beauty.*"

PROVISION.

As one of the conditions of the Prince's marriage was, that he should be exonerated from his heavy embarrassments, it was proposed by his Majesty to Parliament, not only to provide an establishment for their Royal Highnesses, but to decide on the best manner of liquidating the debts of the Prince, which were calculated at 630,000*l.*

This communication was made at a most untoward season of embarrassment. After several very animated debates, Mr. Pitt, on the 5th of June, presented to the House of Commons an account of the proceeds of the Duchy of Cornwall during the minority of the Prince of Wales, an abstract of the debts which his Royal Highness had incurred, and an account of the application of 25,000*l.* for finishing Carlton House. From these documents it appeared that the several sums paid from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall during the mino-

rity of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales amounted to 233,764*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*

Debts on various securities and bearing interest	£ 500,571	19	1
Amount of tradesmen's bills unpaid.....	86,745	0	0
Tradesmen's bills, and arrears of establishment from Oct. 10, 1794, to April 5, 1795	52,573	5	3
	£ 639,890	4	4

Mr. Pitt then stated that it was his intention to move in the Committee, that 65,000*l.* with the income of the Duchy of Cornwall, should be set apart for the liquidation of the debts, making an annual sum of 78,000*l.* The burthen, he said, could not be thrown upon the Civil List, which, in the event of the demise of the Prince, would be charged with the jointure of the Princess.

The Prince had withdrawn, with the body of the Whigs, from Opposition, in 1792, and this may account for the very different language now held by Mr. Pitt with regard to his Royal Highness.

When the Prince's income was fixed on his becoming of age, the necessity of economy was strongly enforced. But in 1795 he contended that "it is the immediate interest of us all to support the strength, to maintain the honour, and necessary dignity and splendour, not only of our monarchy, but also of every branch of the Royal Family. What we gave to them for these purposes, we gave in reality to ourselves."—On the other hand, Mr. Grey said that he would not oppose the granting of an establishment to the Prince equal to that of his ancestors; but neither would he consent to the payment of his debts by Parliament. A refusal, he added, to liberate his Royal Highness from his embarrassments, would certainly prove a mortification; but it would, at the same time, awaken a just sense of his imprudence. Mr. Fox asked, "Was the Prince well advised in applying to that House on the subject of his debts, after the promise made in 1787?" And Mr. Sheridan (with whom alone the Prince had held some intercourse since his secession from the Whig party in 1792), while he agreed with his friends that the application should not have been made to Parliament, still gave it as "his positive opinion that the debts ought to be paid immediately, for the dignity of the country and the situation of the Prince, who ought not to be seen rolling about the streets, in his state coach, as an insolvent prodigal."

All this strictly accords with the political machinery of government, while Sheridan's well-turned opinion was somewhat tempered by his personal regard for the Prince. Similar exigencies and sacrifices are too common in our days to make us surprised at these events—not forty years since.

The promise of 1787, that the Prince would not again apply to Parliament for payment of his debts, was disposed of by Mr. Sheridan (a real friend in need,) with equal facility.*

The arrangements of Mr. Pitt were, however, finally assented to, and the Parliament granted a princely provision for the royal pair. Carlton House was superbly furnished for their reception, and it was stipulated that the Prince, on his marriage, should be exonerated from his debts; towards the liquidation of which, however, 25,000*l.* was to be deducted from 125,000*l.* per annum; his Royal Highness' annual income having been raised from 60,000*l.* to that magnificent sum. In addition to this, 26,000*l.* was voted for furnishing Carlton House, 27,000*l.* for the expenses of the marriage, and 28,000 for jewels and plate.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

While such discussions were calling public attention to this interesting question, in Parliament, the common mind was strongly excited by virulent abuse of the Prince of Wales in all the variety of licentiousness which the press could spawn forth. Almost every day produced its pamphlet, either written in the worst spirit of lampoon, or unblushingly defending the grossest errors; whilst not a few were put forth to justify extortionate claims, and gratify the worst spirit of extortion and threat. The libels against the Prince were, however, passed over without *ex officio* notice, notwithstanding the season was favourable to their propagation, and some few spoke insidiously of the recent fate of royalty in France. Political quacks made the most of the occasion, as a market for their doctrines. The mystery-mongers were in full play, and, from castle to cottage, every one took an interest in the fates and fortunes of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

We have now reached the unhappiest era of the Royal life. After the Parlia-

* See page 24, of this Memoir. Mr. Moore (*Life of Sheridan*, vol. ii.) says "Mr. Sheridan, with a communicativeness that seemed hardly prudent, put the house in possession of some details of the transaction, which, as giving an insight into royal character, are worthy of being extracted." We have not room to quote these details but they may be turned to at p. 262 of Mr. Moore's work.

mentary grants had been settled, the Prince of Wales reduced his establishment, but retained the Marchioness of Townshend, the Countesses of Jersey, Carnarvon, and Cholmondeley. The Princess requested the discharge of one of the number, but it was refused. Her Royal Highness led a very retired life, and rarely appeared in public. Little attention was paid to her by the Prince. The King visited and countenanced her with great steadiness; but the Queen and Princesses treated her with coldness. In some letters to her friends in Germany, since published, the Princess described forcibly and affectingly her isolated and distressing position at this period. It appears certain, that among other sources of uneasiness, she was the prey of unprincipled and treacherous domestics. Her Royal Highness did not long confine herself to venting her discontent in letters sent abroad. She talked of her ill-treatment to the King and other persons, and even wrote to the Prince and Lord Cholmondeley on the subject.

Among the circumstance which excited, on the part of the Princess, a suspicion of treachery about her, was the singular abstraction of a packet of letters to her German friends, which she entrusted to Dr. Randolph, but which, instead of reaching their destination, got into the hands of the Queen. Lady Jersey was publicly accused of being concerned in the embezzlement; and, a dispute (by some considered to be feigned,) arose between her and the doctor. The account given by the latter, of the affair was, that after he received the packet, finding his journey to Germany would be deferred, he returned it to the Princess, then at Brighton, in a coach-parcel, which he booked at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, but which never reached the Princess. This story was ill-contrived, and believed but by few persons.

BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The long period during which the Prince of Wales had remained unmarried, and the consequent prospect of a broken succession, caused the nation to hail this union with universal satisfaction; and the birth of a royal daughter, which took place at Carlton House, January 6, 1796, diffused the most lively and general sensations of joy. Addresses of congratulation on this auspicious event for the country, were poured in from all quarters. The Prince, however, declined to receive the address of the city of London in person, and deputed Earl Cholmondeley to inform the Remembrancer, that "having been under the necessity of retrenching his establishment, his Royal Highness could not receive the congratulations of the City of London on the birth of the Princess in a manner suited to his rank, and the respect due to the city. The same cause was assigned for the Prince's privately receiving the congratulatory compliments of Parliament. These would be curious items in the history of the Royal Family of England, and might be attributed to economy, were not other motives more obvious.

The infant Princess was baptized at Carlton House, on the 11th of February following, and named Charlotte Augusta. The estrangement of affection, which subsequently led to a separation of the royal parents, served to concentrate the public attention upon their infant daughter, and caused her to be regarded with the deepest interest as the cherished hope of the nation.

SEPARATION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The difference which existed previous to the birth of the Princess Charlotte, led, after that event, to further estrangement; and although the King interposed, and remonstrated in behalf of the Princess, it was without effect. The Prince proposed a separation; the Princess objected to it, and required an explanation of his conduct. The answer was unsatisfactory, and equally so were the few interviews which they had at this time.

In March, 1796, a proposal of separation was again made to the Princess, to which she consented to listen; several verbal messages passed, but the Princess being desirous, on a subject of so much importance, of having the Prince's statements in writing, he addressed to her, on the 30th of April, 1796, the letter which has been so much celebrated. It was to the following effect:—

"MADAM,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness, and with as much propriety, as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power; nor should either of us be held answerable to the other because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the

condition which you required, through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity.

"I am, Madam, with great truth,
"Very sincerely yours,
"GEORGE P."

"*Windsor Castle, April* 30, 1796.

It has been said that the Princess felt averse from the measure proposed, when it assumed so decided an aspect. Her answer to the Prince's letter may be considered sufficiently descriptive of her feelings. It was as follows:—

"The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me: it merely confirmed what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself. I should have returned no answer to your letter, if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or from me; and you are aware that the honour of it belongs to you alone.

"The letter which you announced to me as the last, obliges me to communicate to the King, as to my Sovereign and my Father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find inclosed the copy of my letter to the King. I apprize you of it that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have at this moment no protector but his Majesty, I refer myself solely to him upon this subject; and if my conduct meet his approbation, I shall be in some degree at least consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart, I mean charity. It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive, that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

"Do me the justice to believe, that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be your much devoted

"*May* 6, 1796. "CAROLINE."

A formal separation now took place. For some time, however, the Princess continued to reside at Carlton House; she afterwards removed to Charlton, where she was occasionally visited by the King, (her Father-in-law,) but never by the Queen or Princesses. The Prince occasionally saw his daughter (whose habitual residence however was with her mother) and he is said to have manifested great affection for her.

The Prince now returned to private life; but debt and embarrassment still disquieted him; and application was once more made to Parliament for an additional allowance, only six years after his income had been raised from 50,000*l.* to 125,000*l.* a year.

In 1802, Mr. Manners Sutton, then Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales, moved for a Committee to inquire into the appropriation of the arrears of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. The King, alarmed at being called on to account for the expenditure of this money, wished to appease the Prince by a Parliamentary grant of an increased income; and on the 23rd of February, Mr. Addington proposed, that from the 5th of January, 1803, the establishment of his Royal Highness should stand on the same footing that it stood in 1795; or, in other words, that it should be 125,000*l.* a year, exclusive of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. To this proposition the Prince gave an immediate assent; and the motion respecting the Arrears of the Duchy was therefore abandoned.

THE PRINCE'S COURAGEOUS ENTHUSIASM.

In 1796, when the Duke of York went to command the army in the Netherlands, his Royal Highness made application to the King to be allowed to accompany his friend, the Earl of Moira, but this his Majesty positively refused, alleging the danger of risking the life of the Heir Apparent in battle. In 1803, when the country was arming *en masse*, in order to repel the threatened invasion of our implacable and deadly enemy, the Emperor Napoleon, his Royal Highness, with the true spirit of an English prince, came forward to make an offer of his personal service to the country. A correspondence ensued, in the course of which the Prince addressed letters to Mr. Addington, the Duke of York, and the King. In a letter to the King, in particular, the Prince appealed to his "natural advocate," with an eloquence and a warmth of patriotism, which it is delightful, even at this distance of time, to contemplate:—

"I ask," such was the language o

the Prince on this occasion, "to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your Majesty's subjects have been called on: it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost; England is menaced with invasion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devotion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your Majesty's Ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your Majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your Majesty, with all humiliation and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

"Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a Prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your Majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior Major-General of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should, indeed, deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your Majesty in my degradation. Therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your Majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England entitle me to claim."

The request was sternly refused, and it cannot be doubted that the refusal further alienated the Prince from his Father. It has been stated that these letters were from the pen of Sheridan; but the first of the series was written by Sir Robert Wilson, and the remainder by Lord Hutchinson.* We find it, however, stated in the *Morning Chronicle*, that these letters were actually written by Mr. Fonblanque, who then enjoyed more of the confidence of the Prince than his professional advisers.

SHERIDAN.

It next gives us great pleasure to turn from this unpleasant position to record a sincere proof of the Prince's regard for one of his warmest friends.

Early in the year 1804, on the death of Lord Elliot, the office of receiver, of the Duchy of Cornwall, which had been held by that nobleman, was bestowed by the Prince of Wales upon Mr. Sheridan, "as a trifling proof of that sincere friendship his Royal Highness had always professed and felt for him through a long series of years." His Royal Highness also added in the same communication, the very cordial words, "I wish to God it was better worth your acceptance."†

Towards the end of the same year, a cordial reconciliation put an end to the differences which had long separated the Sovereign and the Prince of Wales, to the great pain of all the loyal part of the nation.

THE "DELICATE INVESTIGATION."

In 1805 and 1806, the Princess' conduct became the prominent subject of public attention, and it was distinctly asserted that she had given birth to a child. This and other reports to her prejudice, were the prelude to what has been usully designated the "Delicate Investigation," with the result of which the public is acquainted. A few details may, notwithstanding this, be requisite. The Princess, subsequent to the separation, became acquainted with Sir John and Lady Douglas, whose residence was at Blackheath. Sir Sydney Smith was a visiter there, and Lady Douglas is said to have been desirous of attracting his regards. Fancying, how-

* Moore's Life of Sheridan, vol. ii.
† Ibid.

ever, that they were directed elsewhere, and entertaining, in consequence, great hostility to the Princess, she caused certain representations to be made to the Duke of Sussex, which the latter thought it expedient to communicate to the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Kent had, a year before, been informed by the Princess that she had had some altercations with the Douglases on the subject of an anonymous letter and a loose drawing which they had attributed to her, but which she of course disclaimed; and on that occasion the Duke, conceiving the insinuations against the Princess to have no foundation, discountenanced further inquiry on the part of Sir John Douglas, who had appeared very indignant, and threatened prosecution. In December 1805, Sir John and Lady Douglas made a formal declaration against the Princess, involving not only the subject of the anonymous letters, but her general conduct. The servants of Sir John also made declarations, and the whole were submitted to his Majesty. The King in consequence issued a warrant (29th of May, 1806,) directing Lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough, to inquire into, and report on, the allegations. The investigation immediately took place, Lady Douglas being the principal witness examined. Her evidence was of the most decided character. According to her the Princess had admitted (in 1802) that she was actually pregnant. The confinement, Lady D. said, took place in November, 1802, and that she saw the child frequently with the Princess till Christmas, 1803. Lady Douglas's evidence was of considerable length, and attributed great indelicacy of manner and language to the Princess. The evidence of Lady Douglas was partially corroborated by the testimony of Sir John Douglas and others, but the whole appears to have originated in a conspiracy. The Commissioners made their report on the 14th of June, 1803, from which we select the following passages:—

"We are happy to declare to your Majesty our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing that the child now with the Princess is the child of her Royal Highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has anything appeared to us which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any period within the compass of our inquiries. The identity of the child now with the Princess, its parents, age, the place and date of its birth, the time and the circumstances of its first being taken under her Royal Highness' protection, are all established by such a concurrence, both of positive and circumstantial evidence, as can, in our judgment, leave no question on this part of the subject. That child was, beyond all doubt, born in the Brownlow-street Hospital, on the 11th day of July, 1802, of the body of Sophia Austin. Neither should we be more warranted in expressing any doubt respecting the alleged pregnance of the Princess, a fact so fully contradicted, and by so many witnesses, to whom, if true, it must in various ways be known, that we cannot think it entitled to the smallest credit."

The report concludes by stating that the examination contained references to circumstances, as having passed between her Royal Highness and Capt. Manby, which required satisfactory contradiction.

The result of the "Investigation" did not satisfy all parties; although its malicious intent had been frustrated. The Princess was not immediately after this received at court, as she had expected; she therefore wrote to the King on the 8th of December, 1806. Some correspondence ensued, and on the 10th of February, 1807, she was informed by a note from the King, that the Prince of Wales had put the several documents into the hands of his legal advisers, and that he, (the King,) therefore, deferred naming a day for her reception until the result of that proceeding should appear.

The Princess was dissatisfied, and attributed her exclusion to the influence of her mother-in-law, to whose views the Grenville ministry were known to be favourable. But her wishes were soon to be gratified. The Grenville ministry retired from office, and her own political friends took their places. The new ministry, consisting of Lords Eldon, Camden, Westmoreland, the Duke of Portland, Earl Bathurst, Lords Castlereagh, Mulgrave, and Hawkesbury, and Mr. Secretary Canning, in less than a month after their accession, determined on a minute of council, (bearing date April 22, 1807,) which completely exculpated her, not only on the main charges of pregnancy and delivery, but also from the minor accusation, "Which," said the minute, "are *satisfactorily contradicted, or rest* upon *evidence of such a nature*, as render it undeserving of credit."

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Memoir of George the Fourth.

(Concluded from page 33.)

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Our narrative left the reader in some suspense, respecting the final result of the "Investigation." The Princess being now fully exculpated from all charges, was publicly received at Court, and had state apartments allotted to her at Kensington Palace. On her first reception at Court, as she passed to and from the drawing-room, through the different chambers, she was received with clapping of hands—a most extraordinary display of feeling for such a place. Her afflictions were aggravated by her daughter being taken from her; a separate establishment being formed for the Princess Charlotte at Shrewsbury House.

A violent altercation had previously taken place between the King and the Prince of Wales, respecting the education of the Princess Charlotte. The Prince insisted that the mother was an improper companion for the daughter, and resolved that she should be confided to his sole management. The King, on the contrary, maintained that the Prince of Wales was an improper person to have the charge of his own child, and insisted upon the right of the mother. The Prince remonstrated, and pronounced the line the King had taken to be an insult upon him. His Majesty was firm, and became himself the guardian of the child.

The various proceedings against the Princess, in 1807, were collected and arranged by Mr. Perceval, who likewise superintended the printing. These documents, generally known as "The Book," which tended to show the innocence of the Princess and the malice of her enemies, were, however, suppressed by Mr. Perceval, her former counsellor, soon after his appointment as Prime Minister. Nearly the whole edition of "The Book" was burnt;* a few copies, however, got abroad surreptitiously; and one Captain Ashe, who had been mixed up in the affair, contrived to possess himself of a copy, and subsequently to publish what he called "The Spirit of the Book," which had an immense circulation. In short, the scandalous chronicles of any age scarcely furnished a stronger excitement than "the Book" and its "Spirit" produced among all ranks.

At length, in 1809, a formal deed of separation was signed between the Prince and Princess, he agreeing to pay her debts, amounting to 49,000*l.* and to increase her allowance from 17,000*l.* to 22,000*l.* a year.

DEATH OF MR. FOX.

About the period of these unhappy disputes, the Prince lost one of his firmest political friends in Mr. Fox, who died September 13, 1806. During the last illness of this illustrious statesman, his biographer tells us "the Prince of Wales showed all the marks of a feeling heart, and of great constancy in his friendship, more honourable to him than the high station he adorned. Daily he called upon him—there was no affectation in his visits—the countenance full of good-natured concern—the manner expressive of lively interest—the softened voice evinced that not all the splendour, the flattery, or pleasures of a court, had changed the brightest feature in the human character—attention to a sick and drooping friend. If his affectionate solicitude about the great statesman then struggling under a cruel disease, and the constancy of his affection

* One editor of a newspaper was said to have obtained £1,500 for his copy, and several other copies were bought up at £500, £750 and similar sums. The Chancellor, in 1808, had issued an injunction against one editor, who had declared that he possessed a copy, and would republish it. He was restrained under a penalty of £5 000 and afterwards sold his copy for an enormous sum. In the *Morning Chronicle* of March 26, 1809, was the following advertisement:—"A Book.—Any person having in their possession a certain book printed by Mr. Edwards in 1807, but never published, with Mr. Lindsell's name as the seller of the same on the title-page, and will bring it to Mr. Lindsell, bookseller, Wimpole street, will receive a handsome gratuity."

even till the last glimmering spark of life was extinct, were the only traits recorded of him, posterity will say—this was a great Prince, a faithful friend, and possessed of a feeling, uncorrupted heart."

Mr. Moore observes upon this period, "By the death of Mr. Fox, the chief *personal* tie that connected the Heir Apparent with the party of that statesman was broken. The *political* identity of the party itself had, even before that event, been, in a great degree, disturbed by a coalition against which Sheridan had always most strongly protested, and to which the Prince, there is every reason to believe, was by no means friendly. Immediately after the death of Mr. Fox, his Royal Highness made known his intentions of withdrawing from all personal interference in politics; and, though still continuing his sanction to the remaining ministry, expressed himself no longer as being considered 'a party man.'* During the short time that these ministers continued in office, the understanding between them and the Prince was by no means of that cordial and confidential kind which had been invariably maintained during the life-time of Mr. Fox. On the contrary, the impression on the mind of his Royal Highness, as well as on those of his immediate friends in the ministry, Lord Moira, and Mr. Sheridan, was, that a cold neglect had succeeded to the confidence with which they had hitherto been treated; and that, neither in their opinions nor feelings, were they any longer sufficiently consulted or considered."†

The Prince now lived in comparative retirement, and his chief amusements seem to have been the building of his palace at Brighton, and the embellishment of his residence in Pall Mall. He was seldom seen in public. The Princess of Wales resided at Montagu House,‡ at Blackheath, which had been presented to her by the King, and at Kensington Palace; the King continuing to act as guardian to the Princess Charlotte.

THE REGENCY.

At the close of the year 1810, the malady with which the King had been thrice before afflicted, returned; and, after the usual adjournment of Parliament, it was found necessary to establish a Regency. The question was revived and discussed with great asperity. The proceedings terminated on February 5, 1811, when the bill appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, under a number of restrictions, became a law. These restrictions were to continue till Feb. 1, 1812.

As the opposition to the restrictions was conducted in concert with the Prince, some surprise was manifested on his continuance in office of the Perceval administration. In a letter which was published at the time, his Royal Highness apprized Mr. Perceval, "that the irresistible impulse of filial duty, and affection to his beloved and afflicted father, leads him to dread that any act of the Regent might, in the smallest degree, have the effect of interfering with the progress of his sovereign's recovery, and that this consideration *alone* dictates the decision now communicated to Mr. Perceval."

To the influence of Mr. Sheridan with the Prince, the continuance in power of Mr. Perceval was generally attributed. Lords Grey and Grenville had resented the interference of Mr. Sheridan in altering the Answer of the Prince to the Addresses of both Houses of Parliament, when he was appointed Regent in 1811, which they had drawn up by command of the Prince. On that occasion they informed the Prince that "they would be wanting in that sincerity and openness by which they could alone hope, however imperfectly, to make any return to that gracious confidence with which his Royal Highness had condescended to honour them, if they suppressed the expression of their deep concern, in finding that their humble endeavours in his Royal Highness's service had been submitted to the judgment of another person, by whose advice his Royal Highness had been guided in his final decision, on a matter on which they alone had, however unworthily, been honoured with his Royal Highness' commands." According to Mr. Moore, Sheridan "proud of the influence attributed to him by the noble writers, and now more than ever stimulated to make them feel its weight, employed the whole force of his shrewdness and ridicule in exposing the stately tone of dictation which, ac-

* This is the phrase used by the Prince himself, in a Letter addressed to a Noble Lord, (not long after the dismissal of the Grenville Ministry,) for the purpose of vindicating his own character from some imputations cast upon it, in consequence of an interview which he had lately had with the King This important exposition of the feelings of his Royal Highness, which, more than any thing, throws light upon his subsequent conduct, was drawn up by Sheridan; and I had hoped that I should have been able to lay it before the reader;—but the liberty of perusing the Letter is all that has been allowed me.

† Life of Sheridan, vol. ii. p. 385.

‡ Montagu House, after the departure of the Princess of Wales for the Continent, was pulled down by order of the Prince Regent.

cording to his view, was assumed throughout this paper, and, in picturing to the Prince the state of tutelage he might expect, under ministers who began thus early with their lectures." Mr. Moore adds that Sheridan called rhymes also to his aid, as appears by the following:—

"AN ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE, 1811.

"In all humility we crave
Our Regent may become our Slave;
And being so, we trust that He
Will thank us for our loyalty.
Then if he'll help us to pull down
His Father's dignity and Crown,
We'll make him in some time to come
The greatest Prince in Christendom."

The observations of Sheridan could hardly fail to produce their effect, and the Queen and another Royal Personage are said to have completed what had been so skilfully begun.

The "new era," words used by the Prince Regent, were not soon forgotten. They were the text of many an angry phillippic—many a keen satire. The extent of the obligation of the Prince may have been exaggerated; but Mr. Moore observes, "that those who, judging merely from the surface of events, have been most forward in reprobating his separation from the Whigs as a rupture of political ties, and an abandonment of private friendship, must, on becoming more thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances that led to this crisis, have to soften down considerably their angry feeling, and see, indeed, in the whole history of the connexion—from its first foundation in the hey-day of youth and party, to its faint survival after the death of Mr. Fox—but a natural and distinct gradation towards the result at which it last arrived." If justice be done, it must, however, be conceded that the Prince throughout his life was but too apt to make his inclinations the rule of his actions; and that on this occasion his feeling of disinclination was a sufficient reason for departing from his engagement to them.

Mr. Moore also finely characterizes the political fall of Sheridan on this occasion:—"His political repugnance to the coalesced leaders would have been less strong but for the personal feelings that mingled with it; and his anxiety that the Prince should not be dictated to by others was at least equalled by his vanity in showing that he could govern himself. But, whatever were the precise views that impelled him to this trial of strength, the victory which he gained in it was far more extensive than he himself had either foreseen or wished. He had meant the party to *feel* his power—not to sink under it. Though privately alienated from them on personal as well as political grounds, he knew, that publicly, he was too much identified with their ranks, ever to serve, with credit or consistency, in any other. He had, therefore, in the ardour of undermining, carried the ground from beneath his own feet. In helping to disband his party, he had cashiered himself; and there remained to him now, for the residue of his days, but that frailest of all sublunary treasures, a Prince's friendship. * * With this conviction, (which, in spite of all the sanguineness, of his disposition, could hardly have failed to force itself on his mind) it was not, we should think, with very self-gratulatory feelings that he undertook the task, a few weeks after, of inditing for the Regent, that memorable Letter to Mr. Perceval, which sealed the fate at once both of his party and himself, and, whatever false signs of reanimation may afterwards have appeared, severed the last *life-lock* by which the "struggling spirit" of this friendship between Royalty and Whigism still held."

It is important that we should thus glance at the political leaders of the day, with whom the Prince was actively in contact; indeed, were it only for the fine lesson it conveys to every station, such a scene as the above would find its moral point. Besides, the fortunes of these "thrice servants," these "men of great place" are so identified with their royal master, that it is impossible to sever them.

The ceremonial of the Regency took place at Carlton House, on February 5, with great pomp. On the 12th, his Royal Highness communicated his resolution not to remove any of his father's official servants, and the following day he repaired to Windsor, where, in a lucid interval of two hours, a most affecting scene took place between the parent and the son. Strong hopes were entertained of a recovery, until the latter end of 1811, when the official reports of the physicians were of a totally different nature, and the Prince avowed that he no longer expected his royal father's restoration to sanity.

SPLENDID FETE.

On June 19 of this year, a splendid féte was given at Carlton House, by the Prince, to show every respect and filial affection to his father's birth-day, it not having been convenient to hold a drawing-room on its anniversary. This entertainment is a splendid item in the an-

nals of royal magnificence. It was the only experiment ever made at any court of Europe to give a supper to 2,000 of the nobility and gentry. The largest entertainment at the most brilliant period of the French monarchy was that given by the Prince of Condé to the King of Sweden, at Chantilly, when the number of covers were only 400; while, at the fête given by the Prince Regent, covers were laid for 400 in the palace, and for 1,600 more in pavilions in the gardens. The invitation cards, with a due regard to our internal commerce, expressed a strong desire that every person should appear dressed in articles of British manufacture only. The fête was attended by Louis XVIII. and the French Princes then in exile, all the royal dukes, and such an assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion, as no other court in the world could boast. The banquet was most sumptuous in all its arrangements, and all the state-rooms were fitted up with an elegance and grandeur, which gave the palace the appearance of a scene of enchantment. Many of our readers must recollect the lavish expenditure on this occasion, and the puerile taste of a stream with gold and silver fish, flowing down the centre table. Permission to view the superb fittings and arrangements, however, reconciled the public to the cost, although their pleasure was marred by several serions accidents which happened in consequence of the pressure to gain admittance.

Meanwhile the Prince was otherwise aiming at popularity. He refused the ministerial offer of any additional grant towards the support of his new dignity —an act which deserved the epithet of magnanimity, when contrasted with his former expenditure. Early in June, his Royal Highness reviewed 24,000 troops on Wimbledon Common, where he was saluted with ecstatic acclamations by a countless multitude.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

One of the first acts of the Regency was, however, the restoration of the Duke of York to the chief command of the army; which he had resigned in consequence of the Parliamentary investigation into his conduct, urged by Colonel Wardle, respecting the disposal of promotions, and attributed to the influence of Mrs. Clarke. This measure was strongly opposed in Parliament, where Lord Milton moved, "that it was highly improper and indecorous in the advisers of the Prince Regent to recommend the re-appointment of the Duke of York;" but the motion was negatived by 296 to 47. Experience subsequently proved, that a regard to the good of the service was quite as strong a motive as brotherly affection in this measure of restoration.

THE REGENCY—1812.

When the Regency restrictions expired, and the Prince became vested with the full powers of sovereignty, it was expected that he would immediately withdraw his confidence from the Perceval administration. To the general surprise, however, the Prince Regent, on the 13th of February, 1812, addressed a letter to the Duke of York, in which he stated that "a new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the events which have dintinguished the short period of my restricted Regency;" and he could not withhold his approbation from those who had honourably distinguished themselves in the support of the war in the Peninsula. He concluded with expressing the gratification he should feel, if some of those persons, with whom the early habits of his public life were formed, would strengthen his hands and constitute a part of his government; and he authorised his brother to communicate these sentiments to Lord Grey, who, he had no doubt, would make them known to Lord Grenville. Lords Grey and Grenville, on the 15th of February, answered, that they disclaimed all personal exclusion, that they rested on public measures, and that it was on this ground alone that they must express, without reserve, the impossibility of their uniting with the present government.

Mr. Perceval now granted the Prince 100,000*l.* for his expenses in assuming the dignity of Regent; he then added 10,000*l.* a year to the Queen's income, 70,000*l.* a year for the King's expenses, and he augmented the incomes of all the Royal Family. During the measures for these grants, a very striking debate arose in Parliament upon the invidious exclusion of the Princess of Wales's name from the list. Mr. Tierney also attacked Mr. Perceval for suddenly abandoning his friend and client, and even for suppressing "the Book" that was to have been published in her defence. Mr. Perceval made a lame defence, although he had the justice to confess, that nothing could be urged against the Princess.

THE MINISTRY.

The assassination of Mr. Perceval, on the 11th of May, 1812, led Mr. Stuart

Wortley, on the 21st of May to move an Address to the Prince Regent, praying his Royal Highness to take such measures as might be best calculated to form an efficient Administration. The Address was carried against Ministers, and the answer returned was, that his Royal Highness would take the Address into serious and immediate consideration. Expectations of a new Ministry were generally entertained, and the Prince gave directions to the Marquess of Wellesley to take measures for forming a strong and efficient Administration. The negotiation between Lord Wellesley and Lords Grey and Grenville, and some members of the existing Administration having come to an end, Lord Moira received an unconditional power from the Prince Regent to renew the negotiation, and had expressed to Lords Grey and Grenville that all the leading questions of their policy would be conceded. The negotiation, however, broke off on a preliminary question. It appears, from the minute of a conversation between Lord Moira and Lords Grey and Grenville, that they thought it necessary immediately, to prevent the inconvenience and embarrassment of the further delay which might be produced if this negotiation should break off in a more advanced state, to ask "whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of new appointments to those great offices of the Household which have been usually included in the political arrangements made on a change of Administration; intimating their opinion that it would be necessary to act on the same principle on the present occasion." Lord Moira contended that no restriction had been laid on him; that the Prince had never pointed in the most distant manner at the protection of these officers from removal; but that it would be impossible for him to concur in making the exercise of this power positive and indispensible. Mr. Canning afterwards stated, in the House of Commons, that Lord Moira, fearing that he was not entirely understood by the Prince when he received his unrestricted commands to form an Administration, on returning to the Royal presence he put this question directly: "Is your Royal Highness prepared, if I should so advise it, to part with all the Officers of your Household?" the answer was, "I am." "Then" said Lord Moira, "your Royal Highness shall not part with one of them." On June the 8th, the Earl of Liverpool stated in the House of Lords, that the Prince Regent had on that day appointed him First Lord of the Treasury; and the Liverpool Administration was immediately formed.

On this occasion Mr. Sheridan, as a politician, fell to rise no more. Enjoying the intimacy of the Prince, he knew, it seems, that Earl Grey was personally disliked by the Regent; and, to gratify the Regent, he prevented the negotiation with Lord Moira from coming to a successful issue. We well remember the effect produced in the House of Commons, when the Marquess of Hertford, then Lord Yarmouth, stated, in a clear and distinct manner, that himself and the other officers of the household, to save the Prince Regent from the humiliation he must have experienced from their being turned out of office, had stated to his Royal Highness their wish to resign, and only requested to know ten minutes before certain gentlemen received the seals, that they might make a timely resignation; that this intention of theirs was well known; that they took every means of stating it in quarters through which it might reach the ears of the persons interested; and that in particular they had communicated it to a right honourable gentleman (Mr. Sheridan), who had taken an active part in the negotiation. "Not only, however," observes Mr. Moore, "did Sheridan endeavour to dissuade the noble Vice-Chamberlain from resigning, but with an unfairness of dealing which admits, I own, of no vindication, he withheld from the two leaders of Opposition the intelligence thus meant to be conveyed to them; and when questioned by Mr. Tierney as to the rumoured intentions of the household to resign, offered to bet five hundred guineas that there was no such step in contemplation." Sheridan stammered out a sort of apology for himself; but from thenceforward he was ruined in character as well as in fortune.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

To return to the Princess of Wales. On April 30, 1811, the Queen held a drawing-room, the first that had been held for two years. Both the Prince and the Princess were there; but it was so contrived that they should not meet. The mental death of the King brought unnumbered woes upon this unhappy lady. Her child was removed to Windsor; and upon the mother writing to the Queen for permission to see her daughter, she received a laconic and harsh reply—"That her Royal Highness' studies were not to be interrupted." After a still more stern and unjustifia-

* From the *Morning Chronicle* Memoir.

ble refusal, the Princess was granted the privilege of seeing her daughter once a week, in the presence of the governess and attendants.

A series of painful circumstances was the result of this unfeeling treatment. On January 14, 1813, the Princess of Wales transmitted to the Prince, a sealed letter upon the subject, with two open copies, to the Earls of Liverpool and Eldon. This letter was written by Dr. Parr; and to judge by the only notice taken of it by Lord Liverpool, was unanswerable, his lordship stating that "his Royal Highness had not been pleased to express his pleasure thereon." The subsequent publication of this letter, by the independent Mr. Perry, in the *Morning Chronicle*, so irritated the Prince, that he personally forbade any intercourse between the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte.

The affection of the Princess Charlotte now began to show itself in her mother's cause. The Queen's drawing-room, on her Majesty's birth-day, in 1813, was appointed for the introduction of the young Princess into public life. The Prince had arranged that his daughter should be introduced by the Duchess of York; but, when the time arrived, the Princess exclaimed—"My mother, or no one;" and persevering in her purpose, the presentation did not take place. The Prince and Princess were unavoidably brought into contact on this occasion, when a slight acknowledgment only passed between them. The public sympathy now became strongly expressed for her Royal Highness, and her case was threatened to be brought forward in the House of Commons. The Prince Regent took alarm; and summoning a privy council, laid before it such documents as induced the members to sanction the restricted intercourse between the mother and daughter. The case was debated in the Commons, in March, 1813, in consequence of the Speaker receiving a letter from her Royal Highness by the hands of the door-keeper. Every effort was made to prevent disclosures. The gallery was cleared during the discussions; and Lord Castlereagh, with more sophistry than feeling, excused the cruelty towards the Princess, by maintaining the right of the Regent to act as he pleased, and censuring the indelicacy of parliamentary interference. Sympathy was now raised into clamour without doors, and a less restricted intercourse was permitted between the parent and child.

Insults still more galling, however, awaited the Princess. In 1814, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other illustrious foreigners, visited England, and were present at several superb entertainments at Carlton House, at Devonshire House, from all of which the Princess was excluded.

On March 5, a motion was brought before the House, by Mr. Cochrane Johnston, who submitted a series of resolutions, to elicit further information on the separation of the Princess and her daughter. He was foiled by Lord Castlereagh; but Mr. Stuart Wortley, now Lord Wharncliffe, made a speech which produced a great sensation. He exposed the hypocrisy of the declaration of Lord Castlereagh; for why, he said, "was it necessary now to ransack the evidence of 1806, and to rake together the documents of that period, to found a Report upon what regulations were necessary to govern the intercourse between the Princess and her daughter, when he could at once say, 'I am father of this child, and I will act as a father is empowered to do; I am Prince of these realms, and I will exercise my prerogative of educating the Successor to the throne?'" The concluding observations of the Honourable Gentleman were striking: He said "he had as high notions of Royalty as any man; but he must say that all such proceedings contributed to pull it down. He was very sorry we had a Royal Family who did not take warning from what was said and thought concerning them. They seemed to be the only persons in the country who were wholly regardless of their own welfare and respectability. He would not have the Prince Regent lay the flattering unction to his soul, and think his conduct would bear him harmless through all these transactions. He said this with no disrespect to him or his family: no man was more attached to the House of Brunswick than he was; but had he a sister in the same situation with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, he would say she was exceedingly ill-treated." This was a severe castigation for Royalty. The matter was, however, allowed but to rest for a few days, since, on March 15, the subject was again mooted. The examination of Lady Douglas had been continued, and the evidence had been published in the *Morning Post*, and the *Morning Herald*, of the same day, the latter paper being then edited by Sir Bate Dudley, who enjoyed the intimacy of the Prince. On the 17th, Mr. Whitbread moved an Address recommending the prosecution of the two newspapers, when he emphatically said "She, the

Princess, or rather he, (Mr. Whitbread,) in her name, called on that House, the Representatives of the people of England—to become the protectors of an innocent, traduced, and defenceless stranger—the mother of their future Queen." The motion was negatived, but the people caught the honourable enthusiasm, and the Livery of London spoke out on "the indignation and abhorrence with which they viewed the foul conspiracy against the honour and life of her Royal Highness, and their admiration of her moderation, frankness, and magnanimity under her long persecution."

At length the necessity of bringing out the Princess Charlotte became absolute; and the Queen contrived to announce *two* drawing-rooms, informing the Princess of Wales that at only one of these would she be allowed to be present. Thus it was hoped to prevent a *rencontre* between the Prince and Princess in the presence of the illustrious visiters. The Princess, however, wrote to the Queen, that she intended to be present at both. This avowal brought a letter from her Majesty, stating that her son, the Prince Regent, had communicated to her that he had "considered his own presence at the court, before the foreign Emperors, not to be dispensed with; and that he desired it to be understood, for reasons of which he alone could be the judge, to be his fixed and unalterable determination not to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either public or private. The Princess remonstrated with the Queen—but in vain. Neither of the foreign potentates, nor any of their suite or officers, visited her Royal Highness while they were in England, although the Emperor of Russia expressed his willingness to do so, and was restrained only by the information, that his noticing her Royal Highness would be personally offensive to the Regent.*

The Princess next addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons on the subject, in which she inclosed the correspondence to which the intimation of Queen Charlotte had given rise. One of the documents read to the House, a letter to the Prince, had the following paragraph:—

"Sir—The time you have selected for this proceeding, is calculated to make it peculiarly galling. Many illustrious strangers are already arrived in England; amongst others, as I am informed, the illustrious Heir of the House of Orange, who has announced himself to me as my future son-in-law. From their society I am unjustly excluded. Others are expected, of rank equal to your own, to rejoice with your Royal Highness in the peace of Europe. My daughter will, for the first time, appear in the splendour and publicity becoming the approaching nuptials of the presumptive heiress of this empire. This season your Royal Highness has chosen for treating me with fresh and unprovoked indignity; and, of all his Majesty's subjects, I alone am prevented by your Royal Highness from appearing in my place to partake of the general joy, and am deprived of indulgence in those feelings of pride and affection permitted to every mother but me."

Many fine manly sentiments were delivered in the Princess' favour on this occasion, though it was painful to perceive them intimately mixed up with political feeling. The Prince's advocates took high ground, and repeated their hackneyed aguments, till, at length, the question took the character of a pecuniary provision, and the House voted the Princess 50,000*l.* per annum, but of which she refused to receive more than 35,000*l.* on account of the great national distress which was then prevalent.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

A singular instance of the young Princess' affection for her mother occurred about this time. The Prince discovered that, notwithstanding his prohibitions, frequent communications passed between the Princess and her mother. On July 12, he accordingly suddenly appeared at Warwick House, and informed the young Princess that she must immediately take up her abode at Carlton House and Cranbourn Lodge, and that five young ladies were in the next room ready to accompany her to the latter place. The Princess made many spirited remonstrances, but in vain; she suddenly pretended a compliance, and only asked permission to retire for a few minutes; which, being granted, whilst the Prince was in earnest conversation with Miss Knight, she slipped out of the house, and, getting into a hackney-coach in Cockspur-street, gave the coachman a guniea to drive to her mother's at Connaught-place. The Prince Regent was highly incensed at this conduct, and the

* The Emperor and his distinguished companions could not, however, have mistaken the loud expression of the public opinion of the Prince's conduct towards his wife; neither could the Prince himself have been insensible to the distinct marks of disapprobation that were directed towards his Royal Highness, whenever he appeared in public with the illustrious visiters. We well remember the deafening discord with which the Prince was received on his way to dine with the Corporation of London at Guildhall.

confusion at Warwick House was beyond description, for the flight of the young Princess in a fit of passion, was the only fact of which any body was certain; where she had gone to, and what was the object of her flight, were merely matters of painful surmise. At length the probability of her having repaired to her mother at Connaught-place was suggested, and the old infirm Archbishop of Canterbury was dispatched to bring her back. Sicard, an old servant of the Princess, bolted the hall door against the prelate, who returned to Warwick House, to relate the failure of his mission. The Duke of York was next dispatched to bring back the fair fugitive *vi et armis*. A very spirited scene took place, in which the juvenile militant would have triumphed over the Field Marshal of England, had not Mr. Brougham told her, that the latter had the law on his side, and that the lady must obey the laws. The gallant Duke then bore back his prize in triumph.

Tired with so many fruitless assertions of her parental right, the Princess of Wales, shortly after this, left England for the Continent, though against the advice of Mr. Whitbread, and all her political friends, except Mr. Canning, who strongly approved of her leaving England. She sailed August 9, 1814, and landed at Hamburgh, with ten ladies and gentlemen in her suite. Abroad she travelled under the title of Countess of Cornwall.

The Royal Family were now tranquillized; but the Prince foresaw much disagreement with his daughter; and it is well known that the final breach between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Orange arose from the latter informing her, that in the event of her marriage, her mother would be prohibited visiting her.

The subsequent marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Saxe-Coburg was not long opposed by the Prince Regent; but was celebrated with great splendour. Its ceremonies, however interesting, would occupy too much space in our pages. The Prince was received at the Pavilion at Brighton, by the Queen, Prince Regent, the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, and the Princess Charlotte; and, after some delay, the marriage took place at Carlton House, May 2, 1816.

THE PRINCE'S DEBTS.

A few days after the attention of Parliament was again drawn to the expensive habits of the Prince of Wales, through whose profusion the Civil List was constantly in arrear. The exertions of Mr. Tierney to introduce something like economy in the different departments were incessant. On May 6, Mr. T. animadverted with great severity on the expenditure of fifty thousand pounds for furniture at Brighton immediately after five hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds were voted for covering the Excess of the Civil List. "He lamented," he said, "that his Royal Highness was surrounded by advisers who precipitated him into such profusion. At his time of life something different ought to be expected. But there were those about him who encouraged and promoted those wasteful and frivolous projects." Mr. Brougham, on another occasion, inveighed with great severity against the indifference to the distress of the country manifested by the Prince's profusion. These complaints aggravated the distresses of the people, and in a season of universal complaint, like the present, increased the unpopularity of the Prince Regent. On his way to Parliament, he was grossly insulted by the populace; and towards the close of the year the metropolis became a scene of open riot.

DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

On July 5 of the same year died the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, one of the earliest of the Prince's political associates. It is too certain that Sheridan's last days were deeply embittered by the baseness of "friends remembering not." Notwithstanding what has been termed his political fall, it appears that so late as 1815 he enjoyed the confidence of political parties.

Mr. Moore says—"There are, in the possession of a friend of Sheridan, copies of a correspondence in which he was engaged this year with two noble lords, and the confidential agent of an illustrious personage, upon a subject, as it appears, of the utmost delicacy and importance. The letters of Sheridan, it is said (for I have not seen them) though of too secret and confidential a nature to meet the public eye, not only prove the great confidence reposed in him by the parties concerned, but show the clearness and manliness of mind which he could still command, under the pressure of all that was most trying to human intellect."

The Prince was at this time much blamed for his want of liberality to Sheridan, and that too in his last moments. A friend of Sheridan's, Mr. Vaughan, a few days before the statesman's death proffered the loan of £200

which Mrs. Sheridan declined. "Mr. Vaughan always said, that the donation thus meant to be doled out, came from a royal hand; but this is hardly credible. It would be safer, perhaps, to let the suspicion rest upon that gentleman's memory, of having indulged his own benevolent disposition in this disguise, than to suppose it possible that so scanty and reluctant a benefaction was the sole mark of attention accorded by a 'Gracious Prince and Master' to the last, death-bed wants of one of the most accomplished and faithful servants, that royalty ever yet raised or ruined by its smiles."*

An able (but anonymous) writer in the *Westminster Review*, attempts to exculpate the Prince from this reproach of neglect of Sheridan. Sheridan having, as we have already observed, lost himself with his party and the country, in the dissolution of 1812, lost his political consequence and his parliamentary protection. The Prince Regent, however, about the latter end of 1812, conveyed to him, through Lord Moira, four thousand pounds, in order that he might buy a seat. The money was deposited with Mr. Cocker, the Solicitor, and a treaty was opened for Wooton Basset. "On three successive evenings," says the writer in the *Review*, "Mr. Cocker dined with Sheridan at a hotel in Albemarle-street, a chaise being on each night waiting at the door to convey them to Wooton Basset; on each night, Sheridan, after his wine, postponed the journey to the next day, and on the fourth day he altogether abandoned the project of purchasing a seat in Parliament, received the £4,000 and applied that sum, as he was warranted to do, by the permission of the donor, to his private uses. This transaction certainly relieves the King from the reproach of not having ministered to the relief of Sheridan—a charge which has been urged against his Majesty in numberless smart satires and lampoons."

Yet, this does not explain the neglect of Sheridan in his last moments. One of his latest letters to Mr. Whitbread was written from a lock-up house, which, observes Mr. Moore, "formed a sad contrast to those princely halls, of which he had so lately been the most brilliant and favoured guest, and which were possibly, at that very moment, lighted up and crowded with gay company, unmindful of him within those prison walls."

Sheridan's funeral was, however, attended by a phalanx of dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, honourables, and right honourables, princes of the blood royal, and first officers of state. Upon this idle, not to say insulting parade, Mr. Moore indignantly says, "Where were they all, these royal and noble persons, who now crowded 'to partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory; where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking—or when the zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted the death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?"

We would not stain the memory of Sheridan's illustrious friend with the charge of this unjust desertion; especially as it is so much at variance with his innumerable acts of generosity. In some minds, however, generosity often gets the start of justice. The reader must be left, in this case, to draw his own inference; since, "he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of."*

Within these few days the following anecdote, illustrative of great sensibility on the part of the Prince, has appeared in print.†

RETIRED LIFE OF THE PRINCE.

The habits of the Prince Regent were now those of self enjoyment—the *otium cum dignitate* of royalty, with very little

* Moore's Life of Sheridan, vol. ii.

* Swift.

† Nearly forty years ago, his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have £800. at an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock, without a star, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity, and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The Prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money, and, that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure lodging-house, in a court near Covent-Garden, for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in ——— street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

of publicity; for, at no period of his life was the Prince long fond of what is commonly termed "dropping the King." His visits, except to the Marquesses of Hertford and Conyngham, were few; and his courts and public parties were very infrequent. He courted what La Bruyere thinks the only want of a prince to complete his happiness—"the pleasure of private life; a loss that nothing can compensate but the fidelity of his select friends, and the applause of rejoicing subjects." The "sponging sycophants" of the court give but little of the former, while the lavish expenditure of the Prince gained for him still less of the latter. He occupied his intervals of state business in the superintendence of enlarging and embellishing his different places of residence. Carlton House and the Pavilion at Brighton were altered and re-altered till the artists must only have been reconciled to the royal caprice by its immediate source of profit. On one occasion, a room of Carlton House had been embellished with superb golden eagles, when Sir Edmund Nagle, (with less flattery than royalty usually meets,) reminded the Prince that the eagle was profusely used by Napoleon, in all his decorations, both military and civil. This was conclusive: the eagles were removed. The Pavilion had been entirely remodelled, and fitted up with more regard to show and glitter than good taste. Even the royal stables at Brighton (which had been built several years previous) were provokingly magnificent; utility being sacrificed to show. Their unmeaning glass dome reminds us of a Turkish mosque, and nothing can be less appropriate than their carpenter's Gothic architecture. All this eccentric extravagance justified even the violence of Mr. Tierney's strictures upon the royal expenditure; however a vulgar notion might prevail with some persons, that it benefited the country by furnishing employment for her artists. Thus, equipages, the decoration of apartments, the modelling and chasing in silver and gold, the setting of jewellery, state dresses, and military uniforms, were submitted to royal scrutiny.

DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The Prince's disagreement with the Princess of Wales was soon again to be resuscitated. The Princess Charlotte, now become her own mistress, addressed three letters to her royal mother, on the Continent. These letters are described as confidential, and full of the warmth of affection. The writer pledged her determination never, through life, to permit any machinations against the happiness or reputation of her beloved mother. The Prince obtained some knowledge of this correspondence and became very indignant with the writer. The letters were cherished by the mother until her death, when prudently for the peace of all parties, they were destroyed with her other papers, according to her special directions.

Meantime, the side-winds of scandal brought many malignant stories to the ear of the Prince Regent, respecting the habits of the Princess of Wales on the Continent. Reports occasionally found their way into the public prints unfavourable to the conduct, if not the reputation, of the Princess; and before the close of the year 1817, a commission was formally appointed to examine into the reports which had been furnished by a Baron Ompteda, charged with watching the Princess. How this vile traffic in scandal was available, will be explained presently. The Prince's hatred of the Princess became implacable. The only three of the Royal Family who had evinced the civilities of life towards the Princess of Wales were the King, the Princess Charlotte (both gone to their last home) and the Duke of Sussex; the latter is known to have thereby incurred the hostile feelings of his brother, which were probably never effaced, or, at best, only a few days before the death of the late King.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE REGENT.

The Prince had, at different periods of his life, been the object of a strong and almost general unpopularity. It is singular, however, that he could never persuade himself of this, and Mrs. Fitzherbert in particular, has borne testimony to the impossibility of impressing on his mind an idea that he was not the idol of the people. This year, on returning from the House of Lords, (Jan. 28, 1817,) where he had gone to open the Parliament, he met with a series of insults, and witnessed scenes of such outrage and personal attack from the rabble, as materially excited both his surprise and anger. The House of Lords voted a reward of 1,000*l.* for the discovery of the person who had broken the window of his Majesty's carriage with a stone; and Lord Castlereagh made this popular ebullition the pretence for passing six bills, which rendered the ministry equally unpopular with the Regent. The speech from the throne calculated largely on the ultra-loyalty of the people, but without good cause; for

the distress and dissatisfaction throughout the country were unprecedented. The people considered this almost a mockery of their grievances; and the scene on the Prince's return from the House was a comment on the speech, although few concurred in its extreme violence.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

In 1817, St. George's Day, was selected as the day on which the birth-day of the Prince Regent was to be observed, instead of the 12th of August. A drawing-room was accordingly appointed; but did not take place, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the Queen on the preceding evening. Her Majesty progressively recovered, and on November 3, following, visited Bath, in the forlorn hope, if not of a recovery of health, at least of an alleviation of pain. On the Thursday morning her Majesty received a loyal address from the Corporation, and about four o'clock arrived a private dispatch from Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State, announcing that the Princess Charlotte had been safely delivered of a still-born child, "but that her Royal Highness was doing extremely well." The shock was very severe; but at six her Majesty sat down to dinner with her usual company of fourteen persons. During the dinner, she was surprised at General Taylor's suddenly leaving the room, upon a message being whispered to him by a servant. Presently the Countess of Ilchester was called from the table in the same abrupt manner, and the truth struck the Queen's mind, and, suddenly exclaiming, "I know what it is," she fell into a fit. The Queen and her whole party left Bath on Saturday morning, and on the next day, the Prince Regent, in a very private manner, repaired to her at Windsor Castle, where a day of mourning was spent by the Royal Family.

The hopes of the nation were now blighted: the Princess had expired at Claremont on the 6th of November, after a very protracted and painful labour. The distress of the Prince Regent could be equalled only by that of the country at large. the first intelligence threw him into a paroxysm, which rendered it necessary to bleed him twice, besides cupping. To the anguish of his mind, no skill could afford relief. Private sorrow and political anxiety pervaded all ranks of the nation.

The lamentable intelligence was dispatched to the Princess of Wales, then in Italy: the sudden shock, with a retrospect of the cruel manner in which she had been separated from her only daughter, occasioned her much bitter suffering. As a tribute of affection, she raised a cenotaph to her memory, in her garden of Pesaro. Her melancholy increased even amid the splendid charms of Italian scenery: clear skies and golden sunsets, and the picturesque haunts of wood and grove, and rocky shore, could afford no resting place for her sorrow; and from this period, absence strengthened affection, and her desire to visit England, and wail over the grave of her child, became redoubled. Nature would have it so; for the child became endeared to the mother by the trials and long suffering which she had endured on her account; and the fondness which the young Princess had shown for her exiled parent, even amidst the scorns and frowns of her royal father. The bereaved mother refused to be comforted: writing to Lady —— in England, she says, "England I now sigh to visit. Over the tomb of my dear Charlotte I long to weep, again and again to weep." Such was the plaintiveness of her lament.

INCOME OF THE ROYAL DUKES.

At this period, the Prince Regent was particularly desirous to augment the incomes of his royal brothers, except the Duke of Sussex, and on the 15th April, 1818, Lord Castlereagh proposed that a *bonus* of one year's income should be given to each of the Princes, and that their incomes should be raised, the Duke of Clarence's by £22,000 a-year, and the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge by £12,000 a-year each. Such was the will of the Regent, but even an indignant feeling was expressed by members on the occasion, and the grants were reduced to £10,000., to the Duke of Clarence, and £6,000 a-year to the three junior dukes. But on a division of 193 to 184, the Duke of Clarence's augmentation was put on a level with that of his brothers, and which latter were carried by a very small majority, while the allowance to the Duke of Cumberland was negatived by a majority of 143 to 136. This spirited resistance of the Commons of England, occasioned much chagrin to the Prince Regent.

These grants originated in the marriages of three Royal Dukes, Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge, which took place this year. The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Prince of Hesse Homberg, had been celebrated a few months previously.

DEATH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

The death of the Princess Charlotte was soon followed by similar calamities:

When sorrows come they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The health of the Queen became gradually worse; and, on November 16, 1818, (a few days more than a year after the death of the Princess,) the Prince Regent received a letter from the Queen's physician, stating, that if he did not use all possible haste to Kew, he would have no chance of again seeing his royal mother alive. The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of York, reached Kew a little after midnight, and found the Queen perfectly in her senses, though at the last gasp of life. Her Majesty recognised those of her family who stood round her bed, and, smiling on them, she held out her hand to the Prince, and, in her effort to grasp his, she fell back and expired, at twenty minutes past one, November 17, 1818, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and in the fifty-eighth of her marriage to the King.

Her Majesty was buried at Windsor, Dec. 2nd. The Regent and the Duke of York met the procession at Frogmore. The Prince was the chief mourner: his fine commanding figure and majestic carriage appeared most striking in the solemn scene. His "inky cloak" was long, and "of a great amplitude of folds." On his left breast was a star of brilliants, shining most resplendently among his sables; above which he wore four splendid collars of knighthood. The Prince was deeply affected; for the Queen had been an affectionate mother. He wept, and sobbed aloud. Lord Liverpool, who carried the sword of state before him, is said to have observed his Royal Highness' tears bedim the splendid jewellery of the collars of knighthood, which hung in successive rows over his black cloak. What an affecting episode must this have been in this scene of royal woe: his sorrow put out the "golden glister" of regal pomp.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF KENT AND GEORGE III.

The Queen had been custodian of the King's person, and the Duke of York was now appointed her successor. The King grew worse, and no hope of his recovery could be entertained, although state policy assumed the possibility.

The hand of affliction now pressed sorely upon the Prince Regent. His unhappy marriage; the premature death of his only child; his mother just laid in the tomb; and the King, his father, in a condition by far more lamentable than death—made him indeed "rich in sorrow." Added to this scene of domestic woe, distress and discontent hovered over the country.

The year 1820 began gloomily. On January 23, the Duke of Kent, (who had been married but eighteen months previously,) died after a short illness. Of all the Royal Family he bore the strongest appearance of health and had death least in apprehension.

Late on Friday night, January 28, 1820, the King's Physician came express to town, and was closeted a few minutes with the Duke of York, who immediately set off for Windsor. The next evening, January 29, the King expired without a struggle, in the 82nd year of his age, having reigned nearly 60 years. No lucid interval had cheered or distracted the last moments of his life; his long reign on earth was ended; his character became the property of posterity. He was buried at Windsor, February 16; his successor, through illness, could not attend; and the Duke of York was chief mourner.

ACCESSION OF GEORGE IV.

On January 30, 1820, the Prince Regent, now George IV., succeeded to the throne; and on the following day his Majesty was proclaimed with the customary forms.*

QUEEN CAROLINE.

The Princess of Wales now became Queen of England *de jure;* but, as no mention had been made of her in that capacity in England, she was not recognised abroad. Cardinal Gonsalvi, at Rome, was the first to treat her with indignity, a precedent which was studiously followed by other courts. Mr. Brougham had sent off Monsieur Sicard, the old and faithful servant of the Queen, with the intelligence of the King's death, for no public functionary had performed the duty of sending the official news to her Majesty. The Queen immediately replied to Mr. Brougham, that she was determined to return to England. To a question from Mr. Brougham, in the House of Commons, on the 22nd Feb. 1820, Lord Castlereagh declared, that the English functionaries abroad should treat her Majesty with respect, and that no indignity should be offered to her. Notwithstanding this, she received insulting neglect, and even rudeness, from some of our ministers abroad.

* An Engraving and Description of the Proclamation of William IV.—precisely the same as that of his predecessor, George IV.—will be found in No 440 of *The Mirror*, published with the present Number.

The King's first act of renewed hostility towards his Queen, was an order for the omission of her name from the Litany.

Meanwhile the King, fatigued with the state ceremonies of his accession, and overwhelmed with domestic affliction, was attacked by an inflammatory complaint, which brought within a narrow compass, the throne, the sick-bed, and the grave. His illness assumed an alarming appearance, and bulletins were issued twice a-day for some time. At length, the King happily recovered.

To return to the Queen. The equivocal relation between her Majesty and the King gave rise to many debates in the House of Commons.

On the 4th June, 1820, Lord Hutchinson, on the part of the King, proposed to her Majesty, that 50,000*l.* a-year should be her allowance, on the condition that she should reside abroad, and never assume any right or title appertaining to the Royal Family of England. The Queen gave an instant and indignant answer to the proposition, and immediately left France for England, where she arrived, at Dover, on the 5th of June, 1820. Her reception and her journey to London were one continued triumphal procession.

His Majesty was equally prompt and determined in his conduct; and on the 6th of June there was laid before Parliament a message from the King, desiring that the Houses would take into immediate consideration certain documents, then furnished, relative to the mal-practices of the Queen while upon the Continent. Various adjournments took place, in order to afford an opportunity of a private arrangement, and numerous meetings were held. These were in vain; and at last Mr. Wilberforce was made the agent of the strongest side; and he moved an Address of the House, praying the Queen to succumb; but the enormous number of 124 voted against the motion.

At last, on the 5th of July, Lord Liverpool brought in his bill of Pains and Penalties against her Majesty, depriving her of her rights as Queen of England, and dissolving her marriage, on the ground of her criminal intercourse with Bergami. This measure was generally believed to be meant to intimidate the Queen, and adjournments took place to give time for its operation, and to produce a compromise. Her Majesty, however, stood firm to her purpose; and undauntedly appeared in the House of Lords during every discussion on the bill. She likewise addressed a public protest to the King.

The divisions of the House of Lords are very curious. They were as follows: for the second reading of the bill, 123 to 95, majority 28; for the third reading the majority was only 9. Of the majority of 28, ten were bishops. The writer of these pages was close to the Earl of Liverpool, in the House of Lords, when this last division was announced, and he can never forget the mortified shame of the Earl on being thus compelled to withdraw the bill.*

When the Queen returned to England, Mr. Canning was in office. In a speech which he delivered on the King's message, respecting her arrival, he spoke of her Majesty as "the grace, life, and ornament of every society in which she appeared;" and stated, that in 1814, he had advised her to go abroad, as he saw that "faction had marked her for its own." It was generally supposed that this more than respectful language gave offence to the King, and soon after, making another speech, on June 7, 1820, in which he declared that towards the Illustrious Personage who was the object of the investigation, he felt an unaltered regard and affection—he resigned the Presidency of the Board of Control.

It is impossible for us to enter more fully into the details of the Queen's Trial.†

The excitement was still kept up. The next step was an attempt in Parliament, to procure the insertion of the Queen's name in the Liturgy. The motion was lost by 310 to 209. Then came the King's Coronation. The Queen claimed to be also crowned *as of right.* The Privy Council decided against her claim. The 19th July, 1821, was fixed for the ceremony, and on the 11th July the Queen addressed a letter to Lord Sidmouth, stating her determination to be present at the ceremony.

The King would not tolerate the idea

* Court Journal.

† We find some impartial observations on this event in No 104 of the *Spectator* newspaper.

"It is probable that without some most notable folly on the part of the late Queen, respect for his daughter would have prevented the King from proceeding to extremities against her; and that the Bill of Pains and Penalties would never have been heard of had the Princess Charlotte lived. The death of that young and promising lady, which drowned England in tears, cut the last connecting link of sympathy between George the Fourth and his unfortunate consort. We will not absolve the King from blame in the persecution, for so in reality it was, carried on against the Queen. We believe it was carried on chiefly in obedience to his desire; and indeed the haste with which Ministers seized the first opportunity that presented itself of abandoning it, proves it was so. But that the error of the King, though great, was palliated by gross misconduct on the part of the Queen, no one, now, who coolly looks to the evidence, will deny."

of being crowned with the Queen; but his law officers found it impossible to get rid of the dilemma by any legal or moral means. The Coronation was accordingly delayed till the period above stated, when the King unable to brook further opposition, determined to exclude the Queen from the ceremony by irresponsible power. He did so; and the Coronation took place. The details of the pageant, and the magnificent items of the banquet in Westminster Hall would occupy many pages. The whole passed off well, although not equal to the anticipated effect.

During the ceremony, the Queen thought proper to present herself at the gates of the Abbey; when her entrance as Queen was refused! Never was Majesty so "fallen, fallen, fallen!" This however was the last of her humiliations. The mortification of this moment dwelt on her mind; and, on July 30, while at Drury Lane Theatre, to cheat sorrow of a sunny smile—

"Though the cold heart to ruin ran darkly the while."—

the Queen was seized with illness, which terminated her life, August 7, at her residence Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith.

Since her arrival in England, she had enjoyed the high carnival of popularity, which Death did not terminate. She was buried at Brunswick; but her funeral procession through London was escorted by great multitudes, interrupted by disgraceful tumults and loss of life.

THE KING'S VISITS TO IRELAND, HANOVER, AND SCOTLAND.

The proceedings against the Queen, and the state of the country, had made the King extremely unpopular, for some time. He, however, strove to court public favour by a visit to Ireland, in the autumn of 1821. His reception was in the fullest vein of Irish enthusiasm, fraught with political calculation. The news of the Queen's death reached the King on his way to Ireland, but did not interfere with his enjoyments. Expectation had been greatly raised by this visit, and its disappointment brought serious consequences upon Ireland.

In the same year the King visited his German dominions; October 1, made his public entry into Hanover; and, on November 7, returned to England. His Majesty was every where received with respectful homage.

On August 10, of the following year, 1822, the King visited Scotland: on his way thither his Majesty received the news of the suicide of one of his ministers, the Marquess of Londonderry. The King was received with wisdom-tempered loyalty by the Scotch; and arrived in London on September 1.

RETIRED LIFE OF THE KING.

The King now lived in retirement, and rarely appeared in public. His Majesty, however, visited the Theatres during this year (1823) and was received with great enthusiasm.* This was early in December. In June, the King presented to the nation, the splendid Library of the late King, and Parliament voted 40,000*l.* for a building at the British Museum, to receive it. This year his Majesty discontinued his residence at Brighton, although in 1822 a new chapel had been completed, adjoining the Pavilion.

Little is known of the personal history of his late Majesty, during the last six years, beyond the immediate circle of his seclusion. After the King discontinued his visits to Brighton, he resided at the Cottage in Windsor Park. In 1823, his Majesty held his first court at Windsor Castle. One of the first acts of Parliament, after his accession, was a vote of 300,000*l.* for renovating the Castle; and towards the end of 1828, the King first took up his residence there. Subsequent grants have been made; and the repairs are yet far from completed.

The Royal amusements in retirement have been of the same elegant, though, with some exceptions, less expensive character, than those in the early life of the late King. His Majesty again appeared on the race-course, (at Ascot,) but merely as a spectator of the sport. Virginia Water, with its picturesque scenery of forest, lake, cascade, and landscape-garden, has been the King's favourite retreat; and here, under his own superintendence, have been constructed a fishing temple, and another in the Chinese taste; but we suspect the Royal architect found more pleasure in designing the embellishments than the tasteful eye will ever derive from their addition to the scenery. With the substantial glory of Windsor Castle in the distance, and the poetical associations of the Forest in the vicinity, some surprise may be expressed at the inharmonious introduction of these fantastical buildings amidst the natural luxuriance of the spot. Aquatic excursions were his Majesty's favourite amusement in the summer months; and his superb yacht, freighted with Royalty, and noble beauty

* On the King's visit to Covent Garden Theatre, there were 4,255 persons present; and the receipts were 971*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

upon, with one exception, the finest artificial water in the kingdom,—must have been a voluptuous scene. Temporary pavilions, marquees, &c. were on such occasions put up with magic celerity; whilst music, with its silver sounds, floated on the surface of the lake, or sighed with the breeze through the surrounding foliage; the royal band being a constant accompaniment in the lake excursions. Such a species of splendid seclusion might well win the sovereign from the cares of state, and political perplexities. Some may affect surprise at the monarch's choice;—but

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings and kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From Royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be glined with down.
* * * * * * *
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.

The King's ruling passion for building was also in course of gratification. At his bidding, Carlton House, the scene of his youthful pleasures, was razed, and not one stone is left upon another, to record the site: within half a century it rose and disappeared, and all its glories passed away within the life-time of its royal occupant. A distant age may in vain seek for the metropolitan palace of George the Fourth; although Buckingham House has grown into an inharmonious architectural assemblage—yet the taste alone belongs to the late reign. The truly national restoration of Windsor Castle, is a work of much more exalted character, and entitles George IV. to a proud rank in its archives.

One of the most recent works, under the superintendence of the late King, was the erection of a statue of his revered father in the Windsor domain. He did not live to see it completed, but is said to have expressed anxiety on this subject, in his last days—a tribute of filial affection which will perpetuate his memory in ages to come.

On January 5, 1827, the late King's nearest brother, the Duke of York, died. This loss occasioned his Majesty much affliction; but he might have said "His chair was ready first; and he is gone before us."*

Of the political changes of the last few years, we do not speak in detail. The concession of the late King to the Catholic Claims need only be named.

A narrative of the King's health, from the commencement of the present year, and of his sufferings and death, will be found in No. 437 of *the Mirror*, where they occupy upwards of a dozen columns; this precludes the necessity of any more than this general notice to complete the present Memoir.

* Dr. Franklin on the death of his brother.

The reader is now in possession of the leading incidents of the personal history of our lamented Monarch.

We have not room for a summary of his reign; nor an estimate of his character, either public or private. Neither will our readers regret the absence of these details, especially as they have already occupied no inconsiderable portion of the public press.

In the progress of this Memoir, we have occasionally halted, as a traveller would on a journey, to admire or censure such acts of its distinguished subject as we have thought fit to set before our readers. The rest we had rather leave to the historian.

Perhaps, few of our contemporaries have spoken of the late Sovereign in terms of greater fidelity than the following:—

"His disposition was marked by strong feelings both of kindness and resentment—his memory was tenacious of the sense of injury—he was deficient in that magnanimity which is swift to forget the occasion of displeasure. He was affable, and familiar in his address—fond of even facetious intercourse with those who were honoured with his personal intimacy. But, at the same time, jealous of his dignity beyond what so exalted a station required, and to any thoughtless violation of personal respect, even in moments when he appeared to lay aside the formal distinctions of rank and indulge in social merriment, he was sensitive in the extreme. Yet he had a heart feelingly alive to the claim of humanity—a benevolence truly munificent—and a hand 'open as day to melting charity.'

"His fine taste led him to patronise the arts which embellish life more than any British Sovereign since the days of Charles the First—he was a patron and promoter of literature and of learned men; his collection of pictures afforded ample evidence of a chaste and cultivated taste in the fine arts. His love of architectural display, though in some instances indulging more in what was rather curious than correct, was, on the whole, associated with ideas of grandeur and splendid improvement, as the streets and buildings which he caused to be erected abundantly proved. Although he could not realise the boast of Augustus, that 'he found the metropolis of brick, and left it of marble,' yet, under his auspices, a great part of London un-

derwent a transformation quite as unexpected, and nearly as beautiful."*

* Morning Chronicle.

TITLES AND OTHER HONORARY DISTINCTIONS BORNE BY HIS LATE MAJESTY.

[THE last, and not the least affecting tribute to the memory of an illustrious man, is the Herald's duty of breaking the wands of office over his tomb, and proclaiming his several titles and honours. The following were those of his late Majesty :]—

George (Augustus Frederick) IV. of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Prince of Wales, Duke of Lancaster and Cornwall, Duke of Rothsay in Scotland, King of Hanover, Duke and Prince of Brunswick-Lunenburg, Arch-Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, Sovereign Protector of the United States of the Ionian Islands, Viscount Launceston, Earl of Carrick in Ireland, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Earl of Chester, Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, Marquess of the Isle of Ely, Colonel-in-Chief of the two Regiments of Life Guards, High Steward of Plymouth; Sovereign of the Orders of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Patrick, Hanoverian Guelphic Order, St. Michael and St. George of the Ionian Isles; Visiter of University, Oriel, and Christ Church Colleges, Oxford, and of Trinity College, Cambridge; Knight of the Orders of the Golden Fleece of Spain and Austria, St. Stephen of Hungary, Pedro of Brazils, of St. Esprit of France, of Maria Theresa of Austria, of Charles the Third of Spain, of William of the Netherlands, of St. Hubert of Bavaria, of Gustavus Vasa of Sweden, and several others. His Majesty was created Prince of Wales 17th August, 1762; Regent, 5th February, 1811; King of Great Britain, 29th January, 1820; widower, 7th August, 1821, having married, 8th April, 1795, Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles William Ferdinand, reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttle, deceased, by Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of King George III. Her Majesty was born 17th May, 1768, and died 7th August, 1821. The issue of this marriage was, Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales; born 7th January, 1796; died in child-bed, to the inexpressible grief of the nation, 6th November, 1817; having married, 2nd May, 1816, Prince Leopold George Frederick, third son of Francis Frederick Anthony, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, deceased. The Prince was born 16th December, 1790; Royal Highness by patent, 7th April, 1818, when he was permitted to quarter the Royal Arms with his paternal coat.

THE LATE SIR EDMUND NAGLE.

AT page 4, we noticed the recent death of Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, as a source of considerable pain to his Majesty during his last illness. Sir Edmund was a Groom of the Bedchamber, and we learn from a Memoir that has since appeared, a nephew of the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke. The Admiral died at the age of 73. He had seen some service; but we can only notice him in connexion with the late Sovereign. In 1814, Sir Edmund had the distinguished honour of being nominated a Naval Aid-de-camp to his late Majesty, then Prince Regent. The flattering and distinguished marks of favour experienced by Sir Edmund Nagle from our Sovereign, had their origin in a casual interview with the Royal personage many years ago, while Prince of Wales. Sir Edmund and his lady had for some years been occasional visiters to Brighton, where they resided at an hotel; he had been mentioned to his Royal Highness as a most heroic and spirited seaman; and his frank and honest manners gaining upon the Prince, he very soon became a constant and indispensable guest at the Pavilion; and upon his Royal Highness becoming Regent, a more permanent attachment ensued, as he received an appointment in the Royal household soon after; and upon the demise of George III., he became enrolled among the Grooms of the Bedchamber to the new Sovereign. Sir Edmund was without guile or deception; but sometimes his good-nature and simplicity of mind led to his being made the vehicle of the artifices with which the waggish guests were inclined to enliven the princely table during the festive hour. So high did he stand in estimation with his Royal master, who loved his nautical humour, that of late years he had been almost domesticated with him.

No. 440,
Published with the present No. contains
AN ENGRAVING OF THE PROCLAMATION
OF
HIS PRESENT MAJESTY, WILLIAM IV.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London.

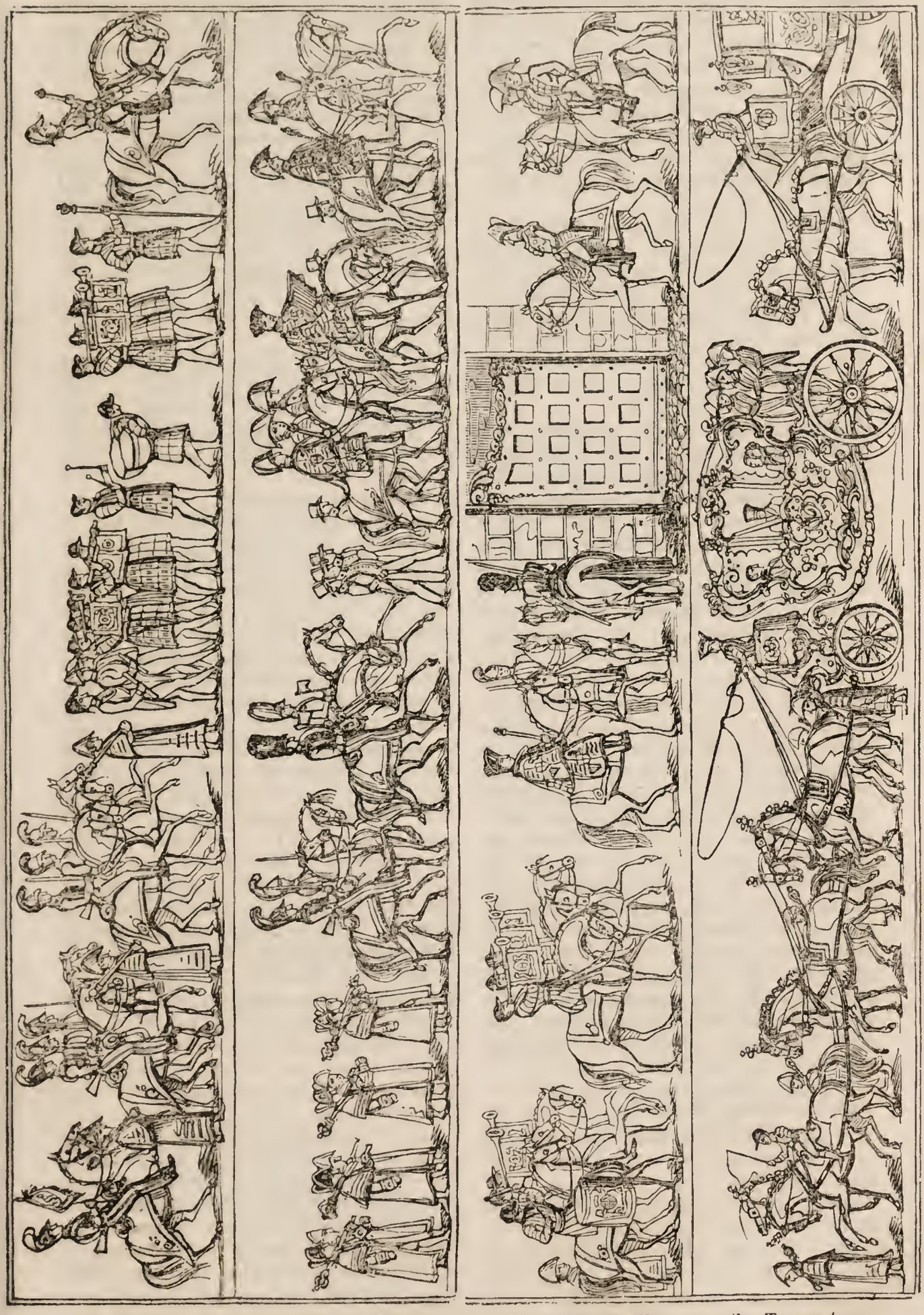
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 440.] SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1830. [PRICE 2*d*.

Proclamation of William IV.—with the Ceremony at Temple Bar.



The Pursuivant at Temple Bar was flanked by two Horse Guards—then came the Trumpeters, Heralds, and Principal King at Arms with the Proclamation: Police, two Farriers, two Guards, Beadles, High Constable, State Band, Marshals on foot, and Guards. On the *City side* was the Marshal and his Men—next the Lord Mayor's and Sheriffs' Carr ages, &c.

PROCLAMATION OF HIS MAJESTY, WILLIAM IV.

The Engraving on the reverse, represents the ceremonial of the *Proclamation of his present Majesty*. It is altogether of a dramatic character, and, we trust, distinct enough to perpetuate the event, and to give our country friends an accurate idea of what we may call the parent ceremonial, since the several forms of proclamation in the cities and large towns of the kingdom have but a proportionate splendour.

Monday, June 28, was the day fixed for the Proclamation. Thousands of persons anticipated the ceremony, by assembling in the streets of the metropolis on Saturday, from an erroneous idea that it was indispensable that the new King should be proclaimed on the day following the death of his predecessor.

The first part of the ceremonial was at St. James's Palace, where the King arrived at nine o'clock—his arrival being announced by the Park and Tower guns firing a salute. At ten o'clock the guns were again fired, the announcement of the commencement being conveyed to the Tower by means of a lancer placed on each of the Thames bridges, who held a red flag, which he dropped on the firing of the first gun in the Park.

The King was received at the Palace by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince George, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, and all the great officers of state. The preparations being completed in the quadrangle of the Palace, the bands of the Guards played "God save the King;" immediately after which the Herald at Arms read the Proclamation. During the ceremony, the King appeared at one of the Palace windows facing the courtyard: he was dressed in black, with a blue sash over the left shoulder. On being recognised, he was received with loud cheers by the people, who had been permitted to enter the square of the Palace:

As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

The King is said to have been affected even to tears by the people's demonstrations of delight.

At half-past ten the procession started in the following order:—

The Deputy High Bailiff of Westminster (Mr. Lee), with a strong body of officers, led the way. Next

Two videttes of the 1st Life Guards.
One ditto.
The Veterinary Surgeon of ditto.
Four pioneers, with their axes in the rest.
The Beadles of St. James's and St. Martin's parishes, in full dress, with their staves of office.
A detachment of new police constables.
Band of the Royal Horse Guards, in state uniforms.
Eight Marshals on foot.
The Knight Marshal and his attendants.
The Household troop.
State band, kettle-drums and trumpets.
Six Pursuivants at Arms on horseback.
The Heralds, mounted.
Garter King at Arms, in his splendid surcoat, supported by his Sergeants at Arms, with their maces.
A troop of Life Guards.

On arriving at Charing Cross, the procession halted, and Garter King at Arms (Sir George Nayler) having commanded silence, read the proclamation in a loud voice—trumpets sounded, the band played "God save the King;" "while all tongues cried"—"Long live King William!"

In the above order, the *cortege* proceeded slowly along the Strand, where the streets resembled a living stream of "variable complexions;" and well-dressed thousands were "puffing to win a vulgar station."

The most interesting part of the ceremonial was now approaching; and in proportion, the crowds became more dense. This consisted in the formal admission of the Royal Procession into the City of London, through Temple Bar, on the other side of which were assembled the Lord Mayor and City authorities. The gate being closed, the Royal Procession opened to allow Rouge Croix, Pursuivant at Arms, to advance to the gate, where, the trumpets having sounded thrice, he knocked with his official baton. He was asked by the City Marshal from within, "Who comes there?" to which the Pursuivant replied, "The Officers at Arms, who demand entrance into the City to proclaim His Majesty, King William the Fourth." *(The Engraving illustrates this portion of the Ceremony.)*

The City Marshal, supported by his men, opened the gates just wide enough to allow the Pursuivant to enter, and then, closing them, conducted the Royal Herald to the Lord Mayor, who was sitting in his state coach opposite to the Temple Gate.

The Herald having delivered his message to the Lord Mayor, his lordship gave orders to the City Marshal to open the gates, and the Procession entered, drums beating, and trumpets sounding.

The pageant having reached the end of Chancery Lane, the King at Arms read the Proclamation, as follows:—

"Whereas it hath pleased the Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of blessed memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence. We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal Gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence, is now, by the death of the late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord, William the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith (and so forth) to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince, William the Fourth, with long and happy years to reign over us.

"Given, &c

"God save the King."

At Temple Bar the Beadles of St. James's and St. Martin's Parishes paired off, and their places were supplied by the officers connected with the City; and after the reading of the above Proclamation, the Civic authorities fell in after the Officers at Arms, &c. in the following order:—

Two City Marshals.
Lord Mayor's Officers.
The Lord Mayor in his State Carriage.
Carriages with the Aldermen.
The Sheriffs in their State Carriages.
Town Clerk. Chamberlain.

This addition greatly increased the splendour of the spectacle by the glare and glitter of the City carriages. The train proceeded through Fleet-street, up Ludgate-hill, through St. Paul's Churchyard, to the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside, where the Proclamation was again read with the same formalities; and lastly at the Royal Exchange.

The whole ceremonial ended about one o'clock, at which Temple Bar gates were thrown open. The Procession did not return through the City in the same order, but the various authorities and public bodies, of which it was composed, separated, and proceeded in different directions to their homes; the Royal Officers returning by way of Holborn, &c.

The day was fine, and the sun added not a little to the brilliancy of the pageant. It has been spoken of as "clumsy," an epithet to which we cannot subscribe. On the contrary, we regard it as a relic of olden state, with much of the magnificence belonging to other times. The most untoward associations arising from the scene were the mournful tributes of tolling bells and half-closed houses, on account of the death of the King, on the previous Saturday: a few hours succeeded, and all awakened into new life and glory at the accession of the new sovereign. Yet this is but one of the lights and shadows that chequer life, although the high rank of its chief actors, and its unaccustomed notations lead us to magnify its importance.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE APPEARANCES WHICH WERE OBSERVED IN THE INSPECTION OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The body exhibited but little sign of putrefaction; and the anasarca had disappeared except some slight remains of it in the thighs.

Notwithstanding the apparent emaciation of his Majesty's person, a very large quantity of fat was found between the skin and the abdominal muscles.

ABDOMEN.

The omentum, and all those parts in which fat is usually deposited, were excessively loaded with it. The abdomen did not contain more than an ounce of water.

The stomach and intestines were somewhat contracted; they were of a darker colour than natural in consequence of their containing mucus tinged with blood, and in the stomach was found a clot of pure blood weighing about six ounces.

The liver was pale, and had an unhealthy granulated appearance.

The spleen, although larger than usual, was not otherwise diseased, and the pancrease was in a sound state.

The sigmoid flexure of the large intestine (the colon) had formed unnatural adhesions to the bladder, accompanied by a solid inflammatory deposit of the size of an orange.

Upon a careful examination of this tumour, a sac or cavity was found in its centre, which contained an urinary calculus of the size of a filbert, and this cavity communicated by means of a small aperture with the interior of the bladder at its fundus. In other respects the bladder was healthy, and the prostrate gland did not appear to be enlarged. The kidneys were also free from disease.

THORAX.

Two pints of water were found in the cavity of the right side, and three pints and three quarters in the left side of the chest. The left lung was considerably diminished.

The lower edge of each lobe of the lungs had a remarkable fringe, which, upon examination, was found to be formed by a deposit of fat.

The substance of the lungs had undergone no change of structure, but the mucus membrane lining the air tubes was of a dark colour, in consequence of its vessel being turgid with blood.

The pericardium (or heart purse) contained about half an ounce of fluid, but its opposite surfaces in several parts adhered to each other from inflammation at some remote period.

Upon the surface of the heart and pericardium there was a large quantity of fat—and the muscular substance of the heart was so tender as to be lacerated by the slightest force. It was much larger than natural. Its cavities upon the right side presented no unusual appearance, but those on the left side were much dilated, more especially the auricle.

The three similunar valves at the beginning of the great artery (the aorta) were ossified throughout their substance, and the inner coat of that blood-vessel presented an irregular surface, and was in many parts ossified.

The original disease of his Majesty consisted in the ossification of the valves of the aorta, which must have existed for many years, and which, by impeding the passage of the current of blood flowing from the heart to the other parts of the body, occasioned effusion of water into the cavities of the chest and in other situations. This mechanical impediment to the circulation of the blood also sufficiently explains those other changes in the condition of the body which were connected with his Majesty's last illness, as well as all the symptoms under which the King had laboured.

The immediate cause of his Majesty's dissolution was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the stomach.

HENRY HALFORD.
MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY.
ASTLEY PASTON COOPER.
B. C. BRODIE.

Retrospective Gleanings.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

THE commencement of a new reign, with a new royal cognomen, has set the loyal and learned at comment upon the old anthem of "God save the King;" wherefore the following may be acceptable:—

This popular anthem has been attributed to a minstrel, an illegitimate son of Henry II. who composed it, in reference to the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion, in Palestine, whom the nation loved for his spirit of chivalry.

Another writer, however, says—This popular song was sung, as an anthem, at the Chapel Royal, in the reign of James II. It is uncertain by whom the words were written; but the music was composed by Dr. John Bull, belonging to the choir of that chapel. It first became a popular song (with the alteration of the name of our James to George) through the late Dr. Arne, who set it in parts, and introduced it at one of the London theatres during the Irish rebellion, in 1746, where it met with unbounded applause, and has continued to be a favourite national air, from that period to the present time.

Another writer observes—It was composed by Shirley, the dramatic poet, in the reign of Charles II. who was patronized by Lauderdale and Rochester. The anthem in Latinity was written at the time as under:

O! vivus omnibus,
Salvus ab hostibus
Carolus Rex.

Tibi victoriam
Deus et gloriam
Det et memoriam
Optime Rex.

Probe cœlipotens
Deus omnipotens
Solus armipotens
Auxilia.

A hobby, like a fine horse, is good for nothing unless well ridden. Dr. Kitchiner was doubtless of this opinion when he wrote many pages upon "Singing God save the King," or, as he quaintly says, "*How what is sung so often ought always to be sung.*" In the Doctor's "Loyal Songs"—"is now first printed, from the original M.S. in the possession of the editor, Dr. John Bull's, 'God save the Kinge,' A. D. 1616, and a fac simile of the earliest printed copy of 'God save the King' (1745)." Although a professed *Method*-ist, Dr. Kitchiner has given half-a-dozen pages on Singing God save the King, in his "Economy of the *Eyes*"—which may be very ingenious, but to our unmusical souls are a very *tedium cantabile*.

The two following new versions, of this never-to-be-established anthem have appeared—one at the King's Theatre, or "The Opera," and the other from the pen of Mr. Arnold, the dramatist:—

SUNG AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

God save our gracious King,
William, our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On William deign to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Shield him, thou good and great,
And to our Queen and State
New blessings bring;
Guard Briton's throne, and long
May the exulting throng
For them renew the song—
God save the King.

Additional Verse for the Royal Birth-day, August 21.

May ev'ry kinder ray
O'er William's natal day
New glories fling.
William, his people's friend,
Oh! may his fame extend—
God save the King.

MR. ARNOLD'S VERSION.

God save our noble King,
William the Fourth we sing,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Guard him from enemies,
Or make them fall;
May peace, with plenty crown'd,
Throughout his realms abound,
So be his name renown'd,
God save us all.

Or should some foreign band
Dare to this favour'd land
Discord to bring;
May our brave William's name
Proud in the lists of fame,
Bring them to scorn and shame;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On William deign to pour,
Joy round him fling;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

ACCESSION OF ANNE BOLEYN, QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

In the year 1532, Henry having divorced queen Catherine, and married Anne Boleyn, determined to celebrate her accession to the throne with the utmost elegance and grandeur. He sent to order the lord mayor not only to make all the preparations necessary for conducting his royal consort from Greenwich, by water, to the Tower of London, but to adorn the city after the most magnificent manner for her passage through it to Westminster. The procession by water records little that throws light on the manners of the time; but that to Westminster, two days after, on the 31st of May, deserves attention. It began from the Tower with twelve of the French ambassador's domestics in blue velvet, the trappings of their horses being blue sarsnet interspersed with white crosses; after whom marched those of the equestrian order, two and two, followed, in like manner, by the judges in their robes; then came the knights of the Bath, in violet gowns purfled with menever. Next came the abbots, barons, bishops, earls, and marquesses, in their robes. Then the lord chancellor, followed by the Venetian ambassador and the archbishop of York: next the French ambassador and the archbishop of Canterbury, followed by two gentlemen representing the dukes of Normandy and Acquitaine; after whom rode the lord mayor of London with his mace, and garter in his coat of arms; then the duke of Suffolk, lord high steward, followed by the deputy marshal of England; and all the other officers of state in their robes, carrying the symbols of their several offices; then others of the nobility in crimson velvet, and all the queen's officers in scarlet, followed by her chancellor uncovered, who immediately preceded his mistress.

The queen was dressed in silver brocade, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine; her hair was dishevelled, and she wore a chaplet upon her head set with jewels of inestimable value. She sat in a litter covered with silver tissue, and carried by two beautiful pads clothed in white damask, and led by her footmen. Over the litter was carried a canopy of cloth of gold, with a silver bell at each corner, supported by sixteen knights alternately, by four at a time.

After her majesty came her chamberlain, followed by her master of the horse, leading a beautiful pad, with a side-saddle and trappings of silver tissue. Next came seven ladies in crimson velvet, faced with gold brocade, mounted on beautiful horses with gold trappings. Then followed two chariots, covered with cloth of gold, in the first of which were the duchess of Norfolk and the marchioness of Dorset, and in the second four ladies in crimson velvet; then followed seven ladies dressed in the same manner, on horseback, with magnificent trappings, followed by another chariot all in white, with six ladies in crimson velvet; this was followed by another all in red, with eight ladies in the same dress with the former; next came thirty gentlewomen, attendants to the ladies of honour; they were on horseback, dressed in silks and velvet; and the cavalcade was closed by the horse-guards.

In passing through Gracechurch-street the queen was entertained with a representation of mount Parnassus. The fountain of Helicon, by a bold fiction unknown to the bards of antiquity, ran in four streams of Rhenish wine from a basin of white marble. On the summit of the mountain sat Apollo, and at his feet Calliope. On either side of the declivity were arranged four of the muses, playing on their respective musical instruments. Under them were written epigrams and poesies in golden letters, in which every muse praised the queen, according to her character and office. At Leadenhall sat Saint Anne, with her numerous progeny, and Mary Cleophas with her four children. One of the children made "a goodlie oration to the queene, of the *fruitfulness* of St. Anne, and of her generation; trusting *the like fruit should come of her.*" At the conduit in Cornhill appeared the three graces; before whom, with no great propriety, was the spring of *grace* perpetually running wine. Before the spring, however, sat a poet, describing, in metre, the properties or functions of every grace: and then each of these graces allotted, in a short speech to the queen, the virtue or accomplishment over which she severally presided. At the conduit in Cheapside she was saluted, saith the chronicler, "with a rich pageaunt full of melodie and song." In this pageant were Pallas, Juno, and Venus; and before them stood Mercury, who presented to her majesty, in the name of the three goddesses, a golden ball or globe, divided into three parts, signifying wisdom, riches, and felicity. At the upper end of Cheapside was the aldermen's station, where the recorder, having addressed the queen in a very elegant oration, presented her with a purse of gold tissue, containing a thousand marks. At entering St. Paul's *gate*, (an ancient portal leading into the churchyard on the east, and long since destroyed,) three ladies richly attired, showered on her head wafers, in which were contained Latin distiches. At the eastern side of St. Paul's churchyard, two hundred scholars of St. Paul's school addressed her in chosen and apposite passages from the Roman poets, translated into English rhymes. On the leads of St. Martin's church stood a choir of boys and men, who sang, not *spiritual hymns*, but *new ballads*, in praise of her majesty. On the conduit without Ludgate, where the arms and angels had been *refreshed*, was erected a tower with four turrets, within each of which was placed a cardinal virtue, symbolically habited. Each of these personages, in turn, uttered an oration, promising to protect and accompany the queen on all occasions. Within the tower was a concert of music, and the conduit all the while ran with various sorts of wine. Here we see the Pagan history and mythology predominating in those spectacles, which were once furnished from the golden legend. Instead of saints, prophets, apostles, and confessors, we have Apollo, Mercury, and the muses. Instead of religious canticles and texts of scripture, which were usually introduced in the course of these ceremonies, we are entertained with profane poetry, translations from the classics, and occasional verses; with exhortations, not delivered by personified doctors of the church, but by heathen divinities. At Temple-bar the queen was again entertained with songs, sung in concert by a choir of men and boys; and having from thence proceeded to Westminster, she returned the lord mayor thanks for his good offices, and those of the citizens that day.

On the day following the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, performed their several offices at the coronation; and, in return for the great expense the city had been at upon the above occasion, the lord mayor, aldermen, and about forty of the principal citizens, had the honour of being afterward invited to the christening of the princess Elizabeth.

"TWO STOOLS;"

OR, GAS *versus* THE MOON.

(For the Mirror.)

It happened long since, in a town that was famed
For many droll capers, that need not be named,
A bunch of brave worthies assembled *en masse*,
And resolved that the town should be lighted with gas.
But the charge so enormous, they wisely bethought them
Of all the shrew'd maxims their forefathers taught them;
And after long prosing, with fervour intense,
A plan was devised to curtail the expense.
It was very well known to all those who had wit;
That the moon, in her wanderings, often thought fit
To dispense to poor mortals her sun-borrowed light,
To illumine their ways on a dark winter's night:
And Economy whispered that "none but a dunce
Would think of expending two lights both at once."
It was therefore decided that gas should *not burn*
During six nights a month—when the moon, in her turn,

Then and there, without failure or fee, should be bound
To enlighten the streets and the avenues round.
Thus the care of the town was alternately left
To the gas and the moon, to preserve it from theft,
And to guard the unwary from losing their way,
While pursuing their course in the absence of day.
Now, one night it fell out, when the gas was at rest,
And babes, young and old, in their slumbers were blest,
Dame Luna, of lovers the pride and the boast,
Proved false to her charge, and deserted her post:
Some say to her pillow she privately stole,
Or was gone to the north, to enliven the Pole;
Be that as it may, of the fact there's no doubt
She was absent from home, and her lamp was gone out.
That night, of all nights in the year the most dark,
Neither gas-light nor moon-light—of no light a spark,
Poor Pat, from the land of potatoes and jigs,
Had through the black purlieus been driving his pigs;—
When mistaking his way, by the darkness misled,
His pigs, one and all, tumbled heels over head,
Souse into the faithless canal—near a lock,
Where no pig of them all e'er recovered the shock:
Though 'twas whispered about there were those who could tell,
Long after that night, where the fattest pig fell.
At this woful disaster Pat made a dead halt,
And protested the gas—not the moon—was in fault.
Then away the next day to the justice he hied,
To prefer his complaint, and his sentence abide.
"Plase your Honour, I'm wanting a bit of advice,
I lost, the last night, all my pigs in a trice;—
'Twas so dark that you couldn't see left hand or right,
So the pigs for that reason went clane out of sight.
It's myself that was bringing them all safe and sound,
But the gas being out, they were all of them drowned.
As the gas was to blame, I'll be paid for each pig"—
"Not so fast!" cried his worship, adjusting his wig,
"Pay respect to the Bench, man, and you may depend on't
You shall have justice done you—What says the defendant"
"Please your Worship," said Gas, "we are clear of the booty,
The gas can't be blamed—it's the moon was on duty."
"Oh, the moon!—say you so? Then produce me the bond—
Let the moon—binding clauses be carefully conned:
'Tis fit that the law be put quickly in force,
And the culprit be made an example, of course."
"I'm afraid," cried the clerk, "here's a villanous flaw,
Which will render the deed quite invalid in law.
Here's a case, please your Worship, the '*nineteenth report*,'
It puts the complaint quite and clean out of court;—
It's as clear as the day that *the moon has not signed*,
And the deed, as your Worship well knows, cannot bind."
"Oh! that alters the case," quoth his Worship with glee,
So you cannot expect any justice from me;—
You must see, my good fellow, though proved be the fact,
I've no power 'gainst the moon as defendant to act.
In the Chancellor's court you may try for relief—
In all *lunatic* cases his lordship is chief."
Pat heard the decision with sorrowful brow,
And with calm resignation thus proffered his bow—
"Since no justice I'll get from your worshipful self,
I'll go back to my country, a penniless elf;
And long in ould Ireland the tale shall be told
How in England, long since, all his pigs and his gold
Were lost by a poor simple Irish gorsoon,
Thro' a flaw in the bond 'twixt the gas and the moon."

THE CORNISH PIE.

(*See pages* 355 *and* 435 *of our last Volume.*)

In turning o'er your welcome pages,
Where many a tale the mind engages,
A curious subject at the most,
I found more curiously discussed.
Two gents each other here outvie,
The subject—a nice "Cornish Pie!"
One strives in verse, and passing well,
Every ingredient to tell
Of all the numbers that abound;
Nor should I e'en a want have found,
But that your correspondent "Oke,"
Has found one is beyond a joke.
And what he says is strictly true,
When both sides of the case we view:
For most disastrous is the fate
Which must a "dishless pie" await.
But yet a case *more* hard I find,
And MORE unsuited to my mind.
If both these gents, when forced to roam,
By hunger are impelled t'wards home,
For them most heartily I wish
They may not greet a "*pieless dish!*"

Fine Arts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Several descriptions of this elegant structure have already appeared in print, and we have, from time to time, noted the alterations in connexion with the progress of the building. The following is however, more in detail than any description hitherto published and ac-

cordingly merits transference to our pages. It forms part of a paper in the *May* No. of Fraser's Magazine, and we suspect, is from the pen of Allan Cunningham. We do not quote the writer's introductory opinions, but the descriptive details, which are conveniently arranged under heads: thus—

Situation.—More objection has been made to the situation of Buckingham Palace than can be excused, far less justified. In passing along Piccadilly, it no doubt appears very low; and, in consequence, it is supposed to be smothered in the prospects from the windows. We acknowledge that this was our own opinion until we visited the Palace; but we now retract that opinion. At one time it was thought that the Green Park afforded a preferable site, especially as the same advantage which is at present obtained by Buckingham Gardens could have been possessed by attaching them to the one side of the building proposed for the Green Park. But cause for public discontent would have been given by the invasion of the public right to the use of the Green Park, and the ride on Constitution Hill. Indeed, there was no other spot on which a palace could have been erected without some infringement of public privilege; and, therefore, some feeling of acknowledgment is due to the King on this account.

But, strange as it may seem, there is no situation, either in Hyde Park or the Green Park, which can compare with that of Buckingham Palace. From Hyde Park, the view of the Surrey hills and the surrounding country is, no doubt, a spacious expanse of English landscape; but it comprehends no great feature of the vast metropolis. The view from the Green Park, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, is inferior to that from Hyde Park. But in all directions from Buckingham Palace, except on the Pimlico side, the views are not only extensive, but the finest in all the metropolis.

From the front, there is no other, in any part of the metropolis, so magnificent. In the foreground lies St. James's Park, with the lake and islands;—on the left is the superb classic mansion of Lord Stafford, and that of Lord Spencer, one of the best designs of Inigo Jones, with the other fine buildings which face the Green Park; on the right is Westminster Abbey; and, in perspective, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty; and, beyond them, the dome of St. Paul's, and the spires of the city. This is the prospect from the front of the Palace, as it stands at present. It will, however, be much increased in grandeur, when the lofty piles and colonnades now erecting in Carlton Gardens, and the corresponding terraces to them, are raised on the Bird-cage Walk side of the park. For a town situation, we cannot conceive where a nobler could have been found; and we are inclined to think that it was a knowledge of this fact, possessed only by the inhabitants of Buckingham House, which, with the influence of personal reminiscences, induced his Majesty to prefer it. Situation, indeed, cannot be duly appreciated by looking at it;—by looking from it the extent of the prospects can only be rightly estimated.

The view from the north side comprehends the Green Park, with the magnificent terrace of Piccadilly, from the residence of the Duke of Devonshire to the new princely mansion of the Duke of Wellington, with the triumphal arches at Hyde Park corner. The garden front overlooks, of course, only the garden, an extent of sixty-three acres, laid out in the very best style of landscape gardening, adorned to the utmost limit that an English garden admits of. We have said that the south side looks towards Pimlico.

Approach.—The approach to the Palace is by the main mall of St. James's Park. This mall is three furlongs in length, and it is contemplated to open a direct communication to it from Charing Cross. When this shall have been completed, the approach will be by a noble straight avenue, already in maturity, to the marble triumphal arch. Behind the arch, the Palace comprehends a quadrangle or open square of two hundred and forty feet in extent on each side, being about the same size as that of Somerset House.

Appearance.—The principal and governing order of the Palace is the Roman Corinthian, raised on a Doric basement. The central mass of the design, which directly faces the spectator from the entrance underneath the triumphal arch, is composed of a bold *porte cochère*, superior portico of eight coupled columns, and corresponding towers with four columns each at either extremity. The deep shadows of these three prominent parts being relieved by the repose of the intermediate spaces, gives to the whole a commanding appearance, and indicates that here is the principal entrance to the Palace. The tympanum of the centre portico is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings or sides of the quadrangle are of a subdued character, thereby

denoting their more subordinate appropriation, and giving importance to the main building. The centre part only of them, which serves as the entrance on either side to the lord steward's and the lord chamberlain's houses, is to be decorated with pilasters, and to be surmounted, the one by a clock tower, and the other by a corresponding wind tower, both enriched by beautiful and appropriate groups of sculpture, designed by Mr. Westmacott. The ends of the wings towards the park present Corinthian porticoes, surmounted with statues and adorned with sculptures, which we shall hereinafter describe. In one sentence, the exterior towards the park bears an impress of great elegance; but some parts of it may still be objected to as presenting an appearance of *mancanza* or baldness, which the application of the sculpture will correct. The dome has hitherto been more justly subject to this criticism than any other part; but when it shall be ribbed as a cupola, and crowned with appropriate ornaments, which we believe to be the intention, so as to make it accord with the general character of the edifice, it will no longer be a defect, but a beauty.

* * * * At the same time, we regret that the original plan of Mr. Nash, by which the dome would have been concealed from the spectators in the Park, has not been executed. It had in it, we think, the principles of a desirable picturesque effect. It was to have raised the interior walls of the Palace above the present roof, in the form of an attic, to the extent of the whole body of the central building: this, ornamented with statues, would have been incomparably finer than all that is now practicable to be done to the dome.

It has been objected to the porticoes of the wings towards the Park, that they give an idea of too slender a building; but the plan of the Palace comprehends two additional courts, to which these porticoes are only wings; others, corresponding to them, will be necessary to complete the unity of the building. There is but little chance, however, of this part of the design being at present carried into effect.

Triumphal Arch.—The first object of detail which attracts particular attention is the triumphal arch, the greatest work of mere ornament which has yet been attempted by the moderns. In general effect it resembles the Arch of Constantine at Rome, to which it is equal in dimensions; and that of Napoleon, in front of the Tuilleries at Paris, which is on a smaller scale. The arch at Milan, founded by Napoleon, and now completing by the Austrians, can alone vie with it in dimensions. The Buckingham arch contains three gateways—the centre one rises to the architrave. Over the two side gates are tablets, containing on the one side female representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland: and on the other, the Genius of England inciting youth. Between each arch or gateway is a column, twenty feet high, of one block: these columns will support groups of trophies and figures. Behind these groups is a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo.

(To be continued.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, M. P., &c.—VOL. I.

COMMENDATORY as have been our notices of the volumes of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* already published, we ought to speak in still higher terms of the work before us. It is perhaps one of the most masterly abridgments ever submitted to the public: although scenes and events are not narrated with lengthened detail, their main points and circumstances are seized on with great vigour. The disquisitional passages are distinguished by their polish and elegance, and are beautiful reliefs to the narrative portions. We subjoin a few extracts:—

LAWS OF ALFRED.

THE following extract from the Laws of Alfred, is prefixed as a motto, and may form a useful lesson for the legislators even of this enlightened age:—

"Hence I, King Alfred, gathered these together, and commanded many of those to be written down which our forefathers observed—those which I liked—and those which I did not like by the advice of my Witan I threw aside. For I durst not venture to set down in writing over many of my own, since I knew not what among them would please those who should come after us. But those which I met with either of the days of me, my kinsman, or of Offa, King of Mercia, or of Aethelberht, who was the first of the English who received baptism—those which appeared to me the

justest—I have here collected, and abandoned the others. Then I, Alfred, King of the West Saxons, showed these to all my Witan, and they then said that they were all willing to observe them." *Laws of Alfred, translated by R. Price, Esq.—(Not yet published.)*

GROWTH OF GOVERNMENTS.

No one (in early times) was taught, by a wide survey of society, that governments are not framed after a model, but that all their parts and powers grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expediency, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and that this bundle of usages is the object of respect and the guide of conduct, long before it is embodied, defined, and enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system, but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care, which may be grievously injured by neglect or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the law-giver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretell what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of a tyranny which it is impossible to reform. It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fit, however, that they should be apprized, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh.

THOMAS-A-BECKET.

This child of love and wonder was beautiful, brave, lively, even lettered; and we must not wonder that he plunged into the parade and dissipation of the noble companions who condescended to receive him among their friends. He appears to have been originally made Provost of Beverly, before Theobald had prevailed on the King to make him Archdeacon of Canterbury, and subsequently Chancellor. His manners and occupations, his pursuits, his amusements, were eminently worldly. When Henry told him that he was to be Archbishop of Canterbury, he smiled at the metamorphosis: when spoken to more earnestly, he appears to have agreed with all other men in thinking, that the choice could only have arisen from Henry's confidence in him as a blind instrument in his expected contests with the church. Honour alone was, perhaps, enough to call up a sudden blush at so degrading an alliance. "Do not appoint me, sir, I entreat you. You place me in the only office in which I may be obliged no longer to be your friend." Thus far his deportment was manly; what followed is more ambiguous. He immediately dismissed his splendid train, cast off his magnificent apparel, abandoned sports and revels, and lived with fewer attendants, coarser clothes, and scantier food, than suited the dignity of his station. That extraordinary changes suddenly manifest themselves, especially in a lofty and susceptible spirit like that of Becket, is certainly true; and it is evident, on a merely human view of the subject, that personal honour might have quickly revived the sense of professional decorum, and led rapidly to the simple conclusion, that the only sure way of appearing to be good is by being so in truth. A man of decisive character might seek to secure himself from relapse by flying to the opposite extreme in his outward deportment. It is not to be certainly pronounced, that either the subsequent violence of his policy, or the gross inconsistency of some parts of his conduct with his professions, decisively excludes the milder construction of his motives. Moderation is the best pledge of sincerity, but excess is no positive proof of hypocrisy. Though those who suddenly

change the whole system of their conduct have most need of candour, they are by no means at all times the foremost to practise it. But the conduct of Becket has too much the appearance of being the policy of a man who foresaw that he was about to carry on war as the leader of a religious party; and that it was necessary for him to assume that ostentation of sternness, and display of austerity, which the leaders of such parties have ever found to be the most effectual means of securing the attachment of the people, and of inflaming their passions against the common enemy. Religion might even acquire a place in his mind which she had not before; but it was so alloyed by worldly passions, that it is impossible for us to trust on any occasion to the purity of his motives. The common objects of vulgar ambition were undoubtedly sacrificed by Becket. He lost high office and unbounded favour. He preferred to them dominion over the minds of men, and the applause of the whole lettered part of Europe.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD I.

At York the Jews took refuge in the castle, after having seen many of their wives and children butchered before their eyes, and all who refused to be baptized massacred without mercy.—The governor, who happened to be absent from the fortress, demanded admission into it; when the unhappy Jews, afraid of the forcible entry of the rabble, excused their disobedience. He inveighed against them with loud transports of rage; he even directed the castle to be attacked. The people seized the fatal word, which the governor vainly attempted to recall. Immense multitudes besieged the castle for several days, stimulated by some ecclesiastics, and especially by one furious monk, who perpetually exhorted the people to destroy the enemies of Christ. On the night before the expected assault, a Rabbi, lately arrived from the Hebrew schools abroad, addressed his assembled countrymen:—"Men of Israel, God commands us to die for his law, as our glorious forefathers have done in all ages. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, they may cruelly torment us. That life which our Creator gave us, let us return to him willingly and devoutly with our own hands. The majority applauded—a few only dissented. They burnt their costly garments, and destroyed their precious stones and vessels. They set fire to the building, and then Jocen, the most wealthy man among them, cut the throat of his wife. When all the women were sacrificed, he, as the most honourable, first destroyed himself. The rest followed his example. The few who shrunk from their brethren appeared in the morning pale and trembling to the people, who cruelly put them to death.

DEATH OF RICHARD II.

The period, the means, and the circumstances of this murder are involved in tragic darkness—not a thought of inquest into it was allowed to be breathed. It is ascribed by some to a scene of violence, in which a certain Sir Pierce of Exton at last destroyed the unfortunate, though unworthy son and grandson of two great men. The more probable account is that he died of hunger;—to which, according to some accounts, he was condemned by the king, and which, if we may believe others, was a voluntary abstinence, to which he was driven by despair. The learned poet, whose power of language sinks under the description of a cruelty so fiendish, has thrown the weight of his authority as an historical inquirer into the scale of a murder by compulsory abstinence from food.

The body was carried to London, and exhibited to the people with the lower part of his face uncovered, to ascertain his identity. Henry attended his obsequies at St. Paul's. The corpse was interred at Langley, but removed to the royal sepulchre at Westminster, by Henry V.

NAUTICAL GENIUS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDERS.

The British islands are naturally destined to be the seat of maritime power. Their coasts are much more extensive, compared with their inland territory, than those of any other great and civilized nation.—Their position on the globe, reaching almost to the northern verge of that portion where the whole sea is open to navigation throughout the year, is better fitted than any other to render their numerous mariners hardy, daring, and skilful. Had it been more southerly, these qualities would have been incompletely exercised; had it been farther north, some part of the year, which now serves to train their seafaring inhabitants, would have been lost to that purpose. Their soil and climate neither withdrew their pursuit from the resources of the sea, nor refused the produce which might be exchanged by navigation for the produce of other countries. Their advanced

position, as it was in front of Europe, favoured that disposition towards adventurous voyages and colonial establishments, in which, after a fortunate exclusion from the neighbouring continent, the genius and ambition of the people were vented, with lasting, grand, and happy consequences to mankind. Popular government gives dignity to commerce: it promotes navigation, one of the occupations of the lower and middle classes, and it is disposed to encourage the only species of military force which cannot be made the instrument of its overthrow.—It is not unreasonable to add, that the settlement of so many pirates in England, the natives of every country from the Elbe, perhaps from the Rhine, to the North Cape, between the sixth and tenth centuries, may have contributed to cultivate those nautical propensities, which form a part of the English character.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
  To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
  With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
  But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
  By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
  Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
  Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
  From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
  They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
  For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
  'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
  Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
  Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
  Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
  Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
  But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"
  They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er everything, however slight,
  They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one night,
  And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
  Like Hamlet's, backward go:
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
  Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
  My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
  I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
  Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
  My "Johnson" proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day
  My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke;
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
  And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
  Than Bramah's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore
  Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
  Another they'll conceal;
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
  As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope is not now upon my shelf,
  Where late he stood elated;
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
  Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
  Is sunk, to swell the ravage;
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
  'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
  My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
  My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went; oppressed,
  My "Taylor" too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
  In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
  The "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
  Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
  Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle"—
  And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
  My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
  Nor even use my "Hughes,"

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
  Exposed alike to odd jeers;
For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
  I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well
  The blossom as the sparrow;
Yet all unseen my "Lyly" fell—
  'Twas taken in my "Barrow."

They took my "Horne"—and "Horne Tooke" too;
  And thus my treasures flit,
I feel, when I would "Hazlitt" view,
  The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
  If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doted on
  Was swept off—with my "Broome!"

My classics would not quiet lie,
  A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
  "My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
  I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
  There's gray upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
  I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
  "'Tis 'Burton'!" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

Monthly Magazine.

THE MISERIES OF "THE HAPPIEST FELLOW ALIVE.,'

I AM rich—well-born—decently good-looking—and not much stupider than my neighbours. It was after three years of the riotous head-aching kind of life of "a gay man" at Cambridge, to which every person not born to poverty and a parsonage is conventionally condemned, that I changed the modest bowers of Barnwell, and the elegant inebriation of milk punch, for the beauties and the festivities of the metropolis.

Lord Charles C——, who was destined for the church, looked spitefully at my new britska, and swore there was nothing like a commoner's wealth. My rich fellow-collegian, Sir Tobias ——, sighed, as he said that I should no doubt find it a delightful thing in the world to be "well connected;" and my poor friend Stanhope, who was going to the bar, squeezed my hand till the tears came into my eyes, and emphatically said.—I was the happiest fellow alive.

Under these joyous auspices, and the vivifying inspirations of a Wednesday morning in May, I descended from my carriage at Fenton's Hotel, where I expected to find two friends in the life guards, who were lodging there.

They were just come from duty at barracks, and I found them up-stairs, robed in splendid silk dressing-gowns, and in the full enjoyment of their pipes and the "Morning Post."

"What a lucky fellow you are," said Mr. Carlton Smith, "to have Lady —— for an aunt. You are certain of a ticket, and it will be the best Almack's this year decidedly."

A ticket accordingly I got—danced with two beauties, was introduced to three patronizing dowagers, received in the course of the next day nine invitations, and soon became one, of what novelists would call, "the *élite* of the fashionable world."

I certainly was a happy young man. The mothers said I was a good match—the daughters declared me very agreeable—the dandies swore I was a d—d good fellow—I was received at Crockford's, and refused by one black ball only at White's.

I certainly was a happy young man. I don't remember being excluded from one party, however select, or cut by one dandy, however consummate, during the whole of my first season in town.

Every body told me I was happy, confoundedly happy, and therefore I could not help feeling a little surprise at finding myself bored.

"Well," said I to myself one night, at half-past twelve, as I was lazily drawing on my silk stocking, and yawning most hideously at the idea of the *delightful party* I was dressing for—"Well," said, "It will certainly be a very good ball, and I suppose I must go, or else ——It is very late, Jarmin, is it not?"

"Pardonne, Monsieur! one exactly."

I sent for my invitation, and vainly looked for "early" in the corner. I was in time, there was no alternative, and my toilette was continued.

The razor, however, would not cut—the left whisker drooped in despondency—five neckcloths were ignominiously cast away; and by various misfortunes and manœuvres, I contrived to get through two hours before the toilette was completed.

"Thank God," said I, as on arriving at the door, the last carriage drove off, and thus saying, I very quietly went home, drank my accustomed glass of soda-water, and retired to bed.

Various sage and philosophical ideas passed through my brain the next morning as I was sipping my coffee. "What is the great object in life?" said I, looking considerately down at my slipper; "is it not happiness?" and directly the word was pronounced, I thought of the slip-shod, dressing-gown ease and comfort I was enjoying.

It was luxurious, very luxurious; and contrasted well with the thoughts of the tight pump and well-buttoned pantaloon of the preceding evening. "And why," said I, "should I go to a ball or a *soirée?* does it make me happy?"

The question was perplexing. But as I had received the advantage of a mathematical education, I was not altogether incapable of a logical style of reasoning. We do not yawn when we are happy," said I, "I yawn perpetually, therefore I am not happy. But happiness is the object of my being. Let me consider what is the first step towards happiness." I considered, and exclaimed, "to find out the impediment to pleasure."

Having arrived at this conclusion, I looked out of the window—regretted there was no fire—glanced at the political article of "The Times"—thought

again, and found that the impediment to pleasure was ennui.

The proposition therefore stood thus:

To obtain happiness, find out the impediment to pleasure.

The impediment to pleasure is ennui.

Without ennui, there would be no impediment to pleasure.

Without an impediment to pleasure one would be pleased.

This was a very important discovery; and I began to reflect how it would be possible to profit by it.

With a facility of thought, which can only attend an easy digestion, I quickly perceived that I was not pleased in society, because I was ennuied; and that I had only to cease to be ennuied, in order to be pleased.

Though not of a studious turn of mind, I immediately gave myself up to the study of metaphysics; and in a very abstruse work chanced to discover that ennui proceeded from a want of excitement. The ingenious reader, therefore, will immediately perceive that since I was ennuied in society and ennui proceeds from a want of excitement—it was a want of excitement in society that ennuied me.

If I got rid of this want, I got rid of ennui; if I got rid of ennui I was happy—what a delightful conclusion.

Now the only social excitement I could think of was—love; and therefore I philosophically and metaphysically determined to become "un homme à bonnes fortunes."

As soon as I determined that it was a wise thing to fall in love, I very sapiently concluded that the sooner I did a wise thing the better. My declaration, therefore, was made that very evening. I shall pass over the little difficulties that postponed the moment of my triumph, since it was only from the time that I was what is vulgarly called happy, that I can date the commencement of my sorrows.

The lady of my love was not one of those whose husbands consign them to the world in a perfect conviction or carelessness of their virtue, and whose favours therefore are so easy of access, that they can scarcely be considered worth obtaining. Lord D—— was stately and cold, but attentive and jealous. Lady D—— was young, fashionable, in the bloom of her second season, and one of the best dressed women in London. It was impossible to have an affair more desirable, and as soon as the first whisper of my success circulated, every body said, "what a happy young man I was."

For myself, as I had never leisure to reflect on the state of my mind, for a long time I took what people said of it for granted. I had never leisure to reflect, for I was always in an ecstasy of pleasure or disappointment. Lady D— had the most ardent attachment for me, but the most perfect respect and friendship for her husband. She would not think of compromising his dignity or hurting his feelings for the world. She could not help people suspecting she had a lover; but she would not put the matter out of doubt by the slightest decrease in her conjugal endearments.

She spoke to Lord D—— in as sweet a voice when she wanted her carriage at the opera, and hung as tenderly upon his arm when she entered a *salon*, as in the first month after their marriage. Every tender look on her lover was atoned for by some particular mark of domestic devotion.

How often have I paced to and fro in a certain walk at Kensington Gardens, to receive, after three hours expectation, not my beloved, but a beautiful billet on rose-coloured paper, stating her inexpressible distress at being unable to relieve herself from Lord D——'s provoking attentions. Then the perplexities of finding indulgent friends, and proper rendezvous; of temporizing with the world, and keeping up appearances. At length the hurry and the harass, the fever and the fret of this state of existence, not only preyed upon my heart, but was too much for health. I had a violent nervous attack; and on my recovery was told, in a beautiful lisp, by the object of *my* affections, that *hers* were unfortunately transferred.

I swore that the hearts of women in society were cold and polluted, and consoled myself by a *danseuse*. *La petite Emille* had a beautiful little foot and ankle, and a diamond necklace given her by the King of Prussia: she wore the best corset, and made the best pirouette of any lady in the "foyer." She was never known to have a poor lover, or to choose one entirely from his riches. There could not be any thing more *difficile*, or more *comme il faut* in its *genre*, and I was still considered one of the happiest young men in London.

I had always thought there was something allegorical in the fable of Cinderella, and now I became convinced of it.

I know no change so marvellous or so mournful, as the one between the beautiful being whom we see all life and limb, surrounded by the magical decorations of the theatre, and the languid, dishevelled, slip-shod creature, lounging

on a greasy sofa, in a dirty lodging, up two pair of stairs, in Gerard-street, Soho. The apartment which smells of mutton fat,—the mother who washes silk stockings,—and the insolent and filthy *coiffeur*,—so ardently expected, and so enthusiastically received, are repellant and unwholesome images, which imagination sickens at, and memory never perfectly digests. For my own part, these things are still acid and inconcrete recollections, which cause a kind of mental nausea whenever they occur to me.

I am of a mild and generous disposition, yet it certainly gave me occasional pangs both of avarice and ill-humour to find that I was the only person who did not profit by the milliner's bill I was expected to pay. On the stage, nothing could surpass or equal the toilette of my fair Emille; not a pin nor a patch was omitted that could fascinate the eye of the public. It was only with me that *mon amie* claimed the privilege of being *mal habillée*.

At all events, however, I expected the quiet disposition of my time. I rejoiced that there were no *egards* to consider, no servants to deceive; that all hours I could command the society of my mistress: the hope was in vain!

The most devoted husband in the world is a commodious animal, when compared with a *maître de ballét*.

Representations—Repetitions;—the soft sulkiness with which they were attended; the sudorific languor by which they were succeeded.

The necessity of quitting the most interesting *tête-à-tête* at the striking of the clock—the impossibility of disarranging a ringlet after the departure of the *coiffeur*, were worse in their way than any thing I had before experienced. Thus, with the courage of a man told that he is in the height of enjoyment, I dragged through three months of exquisite misery, when, one evening, I happened to praise the gentle Emille's dearest friend, with whom she had quarrelled that morning: "Bete!" "ridicule!" "animal!" "absurde!" shot from one pair of lips, and were answered with as much dexterity as delicacy by the other. In two minutes, I was *gliséed* to the door; in three, kicked down-stairs by a *pas de zephyr*.

And now, for the first time, I felt the truth of the observation, when, on relating my misfortune to a friend, he swore that he was sure that it would make me "a d——d happy fellow!"

Women of low and high degree, I forswore for ever; yet I was still absorbed by my favourite idea of excitement.

The turf was open to me, and cards and dice still remained untried. I kept a book and a stud of horses, and was elected a member of Graham's. My book was considered the best of the year; I had so arranged it that I was certain to be a winner. One defaulter, however, changed the whole of my calculations; and my only consolation on returning from Newmarket, after losing 10,000*l.* was, that my companion, who took the coach that night for Dover without remembering his engagements, said, when I told him of my loss, "that I was too happy to be able to pay it. In regard to my stud, nothing could be more fortunate; my second-rate horses carried away all the country sweepstakes, and Selim was the winner at the Derby. My groom's book, however, eased me of all the profits of the former; and not being a rogue, I had but severe odds against the latter.

At Graham's I was universally allowed to be the luckiest person that ever existed—since Lord Granville played whist at least as well as myself, and his losses doubled mine in the course of the season.

Gambling, however, with me was a short-lived passion. I found that the pleasure of winning even heightened as it was by the rareness of the occurrence, was not to be compared to the pain of losing; and after making this reflection, I burnt my book, sold my stud, and bade adieu to Graham's for ever.

I was now inspired with the ambition of a senator; and after expending, 30,000*l.* in a contest, in which, by the by, I had my nose knocked on one side, and was near losing the sight of my eye, I was so "fortunate" as to be returned member for ———shire. This pleasure was but of short continuance. The king died within two months after my success, and I was ousted by my opponent at the next election.

Nothing remained for me now but to turn author, and this accordingly I did. My three volumes were very milk-and-water stuff; but a fashionable bookseller engaged to publish them, and I made up my mind to be "popular" for the rest of my life.

In every journal for the next three weeks I was held up as the libeller of all my acquaintance; my talents were declared to be sublime—my principles stigmatized as diabolical. My novel was asked for every where, and I was passed in the streets by my best friends without a salutation.

I called on my publisher, endeavoured to expostulate, and begged him to retract his assertions. He smiled at my reproaches — would not believe in my dissatisfaction, and assured me, with his hand upon his heart, that I was the most "fortunate writer" that had appeared within his remembrance.

Thus far, then have I proceeded in my progress to bliss. My fortune is going—my nose is on one side—I have nobody to love—my friends cut me, and I am still universally reckoned the happiest fellow alive !—*New Monthly Mag.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

HANDSOME REWARD.

A CLERGYMAN in the West, who had unfortunately quarrelled with his parishioners, had the misfortune to have a shirt stolen from the hedge where it hung to dry, and he posted handbills offering a reward for the discovery of the offender. Next morning was written at the foot of the copy posted against the church door :—

Some thief has stolen the parson's shirt,
To skin naught could be nearer ;
The parish will give five hundred pounds
To him that steals the wearer !

PRAYERS.

IN Flacourt's History of Madagascar is the following sublime prayer, said to be used by the people *we* call *savages* :—

"O Eternal ! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite, because I am but a speck. O Most Mighty because I am weak. O Source of Life ! because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscient ! because I am in darkness. O All-bounteous ! because I am poor. O All-sufficient ! because I am nothing." W. C. R. R.

SILENCE.

LYCURGUS ordered no discourse to be current which did not contain in few words a great deal of useful and weighty sense ; for in this concise way of speaking is something that flies level to the mark, and does more execution than a whole volley of words shot at random ; for silence and premeditation hath such a presence and quickness of mind as to give surprising answers. Lycurgus gave this answer to one, who by all means would have a popular government in Lacedemon : "begin friend and make a trial in thy own family." King Charilaus being asked why his uncle Lycurgus made so few laws, answered, to men of few words few laws are sufficient. One blamed Heraclitus the orator because that being invited to a feast he had not spoke one word all supper time : Archidamus answered in his vindication, "he who can speak well, knows when to speak too."

ORIGIN OF THE TITLE MARQUESS.

MARCHIO a *Marquess*, was first so called from the government of Marches and Frontier Countries. Such were the Marches of Wales and Scotland, while each continued to be an enemy's country. In Germany they are called *Marcgraves*. Marquess is originally a French title. The first time we hear of *Marquesses, Marchioness*, is under Charlemagne, who created governors in Gascony under this denomination. The first that was so created in England (says Chamberlayne) was Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford, made Marquess of Dublin by Richard II. in the eighth year of his reign. P. T. W.

A METAPHOR.

ONE of the morning papers, in a character of the late King, says, "the kind *substratum* of his disposition remained unchanged." The same writer would doubtless call a fit of passion a *volcano*, and uneven tempers *geological changes*. Perhaps he thought of Addison comparing the human mind to a block of marble. It would be difficult to determine for what class of readers such fine writing is intended.

FLATTERY corrupts both the receiver and the giver, and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.
Burke.

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CITY OF ALGIERS

ALGIERS.

People who season their breakfast-table with the eight-and-forty columns (or pounders) of a double *Times* or *Herald* newspaper, will readily appreciate the immediate interest of the annexed Engravings.* They are, indeed, pictorial illustrations of their most recent dispatches from the "seat of war;" and, although we have not room to portray the savagery of the Algerines, a brief description of their city will be entertaining to the reader† :—

Algiers is the well known capital of a powerful African kingdom, comprehending the richest portion of ancient Numidia; and its particular site has been held, but on very vague pretensions, to be that of *Jol-Cæsarea*. It stands, in a cove, on the west side of an extensive bay, compactly rising from the margin of the sea, like the section of a vast amphitheatre; and the effect of its snow-white houses, as contrasted with the beautiful foliage of the romantic hills around, is one of singular interest. The Regency, of which it is the metropolis, extends from the river Mulua on the west, to La Cala on the east, forming a coast line on the north of more than five hundred miles, while to the south it is bounded by the torrid Zahara, in breadths varying from fifty to one hundred miles, and forming one of the fairest portions of the globe. But the "gentle sway" of the Dey of Algiers has not reduced all parts of this tract to obedience: various Nomadic tribes of Arabs remain refractory to his edicts; and the independent Kabyles of the Sebba Rous, especially the fierce Zwowa families, hold him in contempt. The whole district is finely diversified with mountains and valleys; and under a government which would foster arts, manufactures, and science, is well capable of increasing both its population and resources.

The bay of Algiers is formed by the capes *Ras Akkonada* and *Temendfus*, respectively the Caxines and Matifus of Italian geographers. These headlands lie nearly east and west of each other, on a distance of about four leagues, and the space which they bound offers, in fine weather, a tolerable station for a squadron; but it is so fully exposed to all winds from the E.N.E. round, northerly, to N.W. that it is very unsafe in the winter months. The anchorage is excellent, although the water is deep; and the bottom being a stiff black mud, is so good, that the anchors are shortly buried, and unless often sighted, occasion much laborious trouble in the purchase. If the ground tackle be good no vessel is likely to drive; but she may founder at her anchors, for the sea which tumbles in with northerly gales is so prodigious, that I hold it almost impossible to ride out a heavy winter's north-easter. Indeed, in the harbour so violent a swell hurries round the mole-head, that unless ships are well moored, they are certain of breaking adrift; and the Algerines seem to take especial care to secure them, if the absurdity of three or four cables on each bow, and as many on the quarters, will effect it. The danger arising from the heavy waves "rolling home," is a consequence of the abruptness of the coast, for from about twenty-five fathoms depth at the anchorage, it falls to one hundred and twenty just outside it; and at four miles in the offing, I gained no bottom with 650 fathoms of line.

The bay of Algiers has often been the salvation of the town from its enemies,—as was the case when the Spanish squadron, under Don Diego de Vera, was destroyed, in May, 1517. Two years afterwards, Moncada's fleet was shattered and dispersed by a furious easterly gale; and in October, 1541, the powerful armada of Charles the Fifth, commanded by Doria himself, sacrificed fifteen ships-of-war, one hundred and forty transports, and eight thousand men, to the rage of the elements. On the last occasion, the Algerines attributed their deliverance to the efficacious supplications of the holy Sîdî Utica; and after his death, the marabuts persuaded the populace that a similar storm might be produced, on emergency, by merely striking the sea with one of his sacred bones;—it is not unlikely but that they will resort to the experiment in their present dilemma.

The climate is temperate, and tolerably equal. Easterly winds are the most prevalent during the summer months, but those from west to north bring the finest weather. The south winds are oppressive, and the easterly ones loaded with vapour; the land ones, from May till October, generally set off in the evening, and continue until late in the morning; and the harder it blows in the offing from any particular quarter, the fresher will be the land-breeze. All the winds are violent at the equinoxes; but the most destructive storms have happened a few days before or after

* The first is copied from a large and spirited print, published by Palser, of Fleet-street; and the second is from one of a series of Plates representing the various points of defence.

† Abridged from the United Service Journal.

the time called by them Al Aàsom, which is from the 25th of February to the 3rd of March; and the sapient Moors dislike going to sea for a fortnight before this period commences, lest they should encounter a preternatural brass galley, which delights in running vessels down!

The town is surrounded by towered walls, upwards of thirty feet in height, and twelve or fourteen feet in thickness: they are built of brick, on a substructure of stone, without faussbraye or outworks; and around them is a dry, shallow ditch, with a dwarf wall on the counterscarp. The S.W. part terminates in a kasibba, or citadel, an octangular edifice on the most elevated spot within the walls, and separated from the houses by a deep moat. The streets are wretchedly narrow: indeed, with the exception of that trending from the Bab-Azoona to the Bab-Alowetta, they are mere lanes. The houses are square, with galleries supported on columns, enclosing a courtyard in the centre, whence light and air are derived, for there are no windows outwards. The roofs are all flat, with the angles terminated by ornamental chimneys; and as the whole is annually whitewashed, the aspect of Algiers is singular and grand. There are six gates, but no public squares of any extent. The chief buildings consist of mosques, bagnios, kasseria (barracks), and the Dey's palace, the latter being in the centre of the city, with a tolerable front of two well-constructed arcades of marble pillars; but the audience hall and courts are exceedingly plain. There are several fountains for the use of the people, copiously supplied from two aqueducts, for which they are obliged to Moassa, one of the Moors expelled from Spain: these might easily be destroyed by a besieger, but as every house is provided with a reservoir, in which rain-water is preserved, it would not occasion much distress.

The city was formerly called Musgunna, by the Moors, from one of their early princes, but was afterwards named, says Leo, *Gezeir*, "because it lieth near the isles of Minorca, Majorca, and Iviza." This explanation, however, is rather in the spirit of the similitude between Macedon and Monmouth, for there cannot be a question that its present Arabic name was derived from the rocky islet before the town; and the appellation of *Al Jezeirat el Gazzi*, or "Algiers the warlike," has obtained from the time of Heyradin Barbarossa. The Spaniards of that day differed widely in military energy from those of the present, and with consummate bravery had constructed a fort on the islet, which, with a garrison of two hundred men, tormented and intimidated Algiers for a period of fifteen years. It fell, however, to the fortunes of Heyradin, after an incessant cannonade of a fortnight, and the heroic governor was carried, desperately wounded, into the town, where he was shortly afterwards bastonaded to death. To prevent the future occupation of such a spot by an enemy, and to form a haven for his galleys, were now the objects of the conqueror. Three years of severe and sorrowful labour, wrung from Christian captives, enabled him to connect the *Sit al Kolet*, or light-house rock, and the *Rab al Bakka*, or mole-head, with the town, by a pier of extraordinary thickness, and massive construction; and this, by enclosing an area of about ten acres, forms the small and insecure port whence the shores of Europe have been so long insulted. The light-house is separated from the mole by a narrow ditch, over which is a wooden bridge, enfiladed by ten guns. Successive tiers of batteries, rising in formidable array, like the sides of a gigantic three-decker, envelope the edifice; and a tolerably good lantern crowns the summit, at the height of about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea.

The country around Algiers is picturesquely studded with neat villas and gardens, amidst groves of olive-trees and evergreens. In this temperate and delightful region, the soil, where tilled, vies with that of any part of the world; and a rich profusion of exquisite grapes, melons, and other fruits, attests its capability. The eastern side of the bay forms a contrast, for on crossing the river Haratch, neither houses nor plantations cheer the prospect. The adjacent low grounds are well cultivated; and beyond the hills which bound them is the beautiful plain of Mutijah, emphatically termed the garden of Algiers, presenting to the eye a succession of *Masserie*, or farms, over an extent of forty miles in length, by about fifteen in breadth. This plain, being watered by many springs and rivulets, is exuberantly productive; and besides barley, wheat, rice, maize, henna, flax, and fruit, it yields large quantities of *drah*, a kind of millet, esteemed as being extremely nutritious for cattle. The agricultural process is primitive and simple; the harvest usually commences at the end of May, and the stubble is burnt before the autumnal rains set in; threshing is performed by the tread of horses.

Bay of Algiers.

[This additional Cut will better explain the beautiful form of the Bay. The point of view is from the heights of Cape Caxines, and exhibits the outworks and fortifications of the town.]

The population of the city of Algiers is about eighty-five thousand souls, of whom not more than six thousand are Osmanli; there is a similar number of Jews, and the remainder consists mostly of the native Moors. The very few Franks who arrive, are hardly to be put into the estimate, because they are not permanent; for so turbulent is the *aristocracy*, and so irregular its exactions, that scarcely any strangers visit the place, except for temporary political or commercial purposes. The English were amongst the earliest foreigners respected by the state, and a John Tupton was appointed consul in 1582, being the first who bore that office abroad. Yet few of our merchants have chosen to reside there, although a brisk traffic in corn, wax, wool, hides, dates, oil, linen, silk, and ostrich feathers, invited them. The French managed much better, and realized great profits by understanding where, how, and when to apply the *usanza*, as they delicately term the bribe of business.

WIT.

Tell me, ye poets, what is wit,
That all so much desire?
A wreath of light o'er Fancy's brow,
Sparkling celestial fire. J. E. Wall.

REGENCIES.

(For the Mirror.)

The Earl of Pembroke assumed the regency of Henry III. who was only nine years old.

A guardian and councils of regency were named for Edward III. by the parliament, which deposed his father, the young king being then fifteen, and not assuming the government till three years after.

When Richard II. succeeded, at the age of eleven years, the Duke of Lancaster took upon him the management of the kingdom till the parliament met, which appointed a nominal council to assist him.

Henry V. on his death-bed named a regent and a guardian for his infant son, Henry VI. then nine months old; but the parliament altered his disposition, and appointed a protector and council, with a special limited authority.

Edward V. at the age of thirteen, was recommended by his father to the care of the Duke of Gloucester, who was declared protector by the privy council.

The statutes of Henry VIII. provided, that the successor—if a male, under eighteen, or if a female, and under sixteen—should be, till such age, in the governance of his or her natural mother (if approved by the King), and such other councillors as his Majesty should by will, or otherwise, appoint; and he accordingly appointed his sixteen executors to have the government of

his son, Edward VI. and the kingdom; which executors elected the Earl of Hartford protector.

During the minority of the King of England (says Chamberlayne), whatsoever is enacted in parliament, he may afterwards, at the age of twenty-four years, revoke and utterly null, by his letters patent, under his great seal; and this by statute 28, Henry VIII. c. 17.

P. T. W.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THE LATE KING.

So averse was the late King to be seen during his rides in the parks at Windsor for the last two or three years, that outriders were always dispatched while his pony-chaise was preparing, to whichever of the gates he intended to pass, across the Frogmore road, driving from one park into the other; and, if any body was seen loitering near either gate, the course of the ride was instantly altered, to escape even the passing glance of a casual observer. His late Majesty seldom drove across to the Long Walk from the castle, because he was there more likely to be met by the Windsor people. His most private way was through a small gate in the park wall, opposite another small gate in the wall of the grounds at Frogmore, at the Datchet side. He there crossed the road in a moment, and had rides so arranged between Frogmore and Virginia-water, that he had between twenty and thirty miles of neatly planted avenues, from which the public were wholly excluded. At certain points of these rides, which opened towards the public thoroughfares of the park, there were always servants stationed on these occasions to prevent the intrusion of strangers upon the King's privacy. The plantations have been so carefully nourished for seclusion around the Royal Lodge, that only the chimneys of the building can be now seen from the space near the top of the Long Walk. The King caused the same rigid exclusion to be enforced, while engaged in fishing, from his grotesque building at Virginia-water; and also when visiting the various temples which he had erected on the grounds. A great deal of money was laid out on these edifices; but it was only by stealth, and the connivance of servants, these were at any time to be seen. With the exception of the ruined temple, which is ornamented by the casts from the Elgin marbles, these structures are deficient in real taste: they are full of caps and bells, and Chinese frippery, with a great deal of gorgeous and tawdry decoration. His Majesty was so little aware that the fatal result of his indisposition was so near at hand, that, up to a very late period of his sufferings, his Majesty occupied himself a good deal with the progress of some additions which he was making to the Royal Lodge. He was particularly anxious to have a new dining-room finished by his birth-day, on the 12th of August;—not dreaming that a month before that day his remains would be gathered into their tomb. He was also, up to the same late period, occupied by the improvements in Windsor Castle, and used to have himself rolled through the apartments in a chair, which was constructed for his Majesty's use. Notwithstanding these anticipations, it is known that the late King's health had been for nearly two years declining. His old sufferings from the gout had given way to an occasional "embarrassment of breathing," (the expressive phrase of the bulletins,) and at times great depression of spirits. His Majesty was often found apparently lost in abstraction, and only relieved by shedding tears. At other times, however, the King took a great interest in the works which were carrying on in the Lodge and the Castle of Windsor, particularly those which he intended for his private use, and spoke of a long enjoyment of them. It is said that, for some time before Sir Henry Halford and Sir M. Tierney were last called in, his late Majesty was under the domestic medical treatment of two gentlemen who were of his household. His Majesty had for a long time evinced a great indisposition to exercise of any kind—the least exertion was attended with faintness, and his Majesty's usual remedy was a glass of some *liqueur*. He had a particular kind of cherry brandy, which he thought to be of medical use, when he felt these symptoms of debility, and to which he resorted to a late period of his life. Until the bursting of the blood-vessel on the day before his death, the King did not think his case absolutely hopeless—even then, the slight refreshment of sleep rallied his spirits a little. The decorations of the interior of the late King's suite of apartments were entirely conducted under his own eye. His Majesty would have no pattern of furniture which was to be seen any where else, and he had an utter disregard of expense, either in his original orders, or in their subsequent alteration, which often happened to be indulged at a costly rate. The King's suite of apartments occupied the grand front of

the wing of the castle, which faces Datchet; there was a beautiful orangery planted beneath his windows, and a convenient descent into the gardens. Formerly the numerous persons who reside in Windsor Castle and its precincts, the clergy and retired functionaries, had convenient access by keys to the grounds, or slopes, (as they are called,) immediately beneath the castle; but owing to some person having pointed at the Marchioness of Conyngham while she walked within the enclosure, the locks were instantly changed at all the avenues, and from that time all were excluded but the King's private party. *

The late King's service of plate is superb: he had a very plain set in common use; but, before his last illness, when the Cabinet Ministers held a Council at Windsor, and dined with him, the rich service was produced, and was an object of great attraction. The late King had provided a sumptuous sideboard for its display, which was made of very dark and beautifully polished mahogany, inlaid with gold, and lined with looking-glass; but when put up, it was found entirely to overpower the effect of the other furniture and decorations of the apartment. The obvious course to pursue would have been its removal; instead of which, however, the magnificently decorated arch, which the lower part of the sideboard supported, was cut away, and the remainder left for use. The apartments are spacious and well constructed: they have, however, from the nature of the building, only one principal light, and there is too much gold panelling in them for real and simple elegance. There is a heap of furniture of his late Majesty's both stored in town and in Windsor; some of it from Carlton-house was very elegant, though now unused.—*From the Times Journal.*

NELSON.

(For the Mirror.)

Notwithstanding the research and diligence of the most active biographer, even if his exertions have left no stone unturned in collecting information, there are many incidents of importance which entirely escape his cognizance. Anecdotes, the relation of which often illustrate the character better than the most elaborate comments and definitions: conversations, the result of casual acquaintance, unknown to the multitude, and those occurrences in the career of talent ere it make itself wings wherewith to fly — all these may elude inquiry. To one of the foregoing classes belongs the following interesting and singular incident, which is authenticated by a living witness:—During the captaincy of the fearless Nelson, an individual on board had the honour of frequently conversing with him. The person alluded to was officially engaged in writing, an exercise which he accomplished with the left hand. Captain Nelson, attentively observing him one day, while thus occupied, said, "Parnell, I cannot think how you manage to write with your left hand." The result of this remark was that Nelson was taught to perform the task which had excited his wonder; little deeming that the disastrous loss of his arm at the glorious conflict of the Nile would leave him no other alternative, in committing his ideas to paper, *than to write with his left hand!* * * H.

* There must be some mistake here: for we have been assured by a Windsor friend, that the Slopes were shut up above seven years since, in consequence of the shrubs and flowers being destroyed by the public, who were admitted on Sundays. Ed. Mirror.

Retrospective Gleanings.

BURIAL OF CHARLEMAGNE.

"His body (says Strutt) was washed with great solemnity, and carefully prepared for the burial. It was then clothed with a garment of hair-cloth next the skin; which ceremony, it is said, ought always to be secretly performed. He was habited in the imperial vestments; and his face was covered with a *sudarium*, or *napkin*, over which a diadem was placed upon his head; and in the diadem was enclosed a portion of the wood which composed the holy cross. His sword, enriched with gold, was girt about him: and in this dress he was seated upon a gilt throne. His shoulders were reclined on the back of the throne; and his head was supported in an erect position by a golden chain fastened to the diadem. In his hand he held the Holy Gospels, embellished with gold, which rested upon his knees. He was then placed, together with the throne on which he was seated, within the cavity of the sepulchre. The gilt travelling pouch, which he used to wear when he went to Rome, was laid by him; and the sceptre of gold, with the golden shield which Pope Leo had consecrated, was suspended before him. These ceremonies being performed, the sepulchre

was filled with aromatic drugs of various kinds, together with considerable quantities of gold, it was then closed and sealed." P. T. W.

ROYAL REMAINS.

Edward the Fifth and Richard Duke of York.

(For the Mirror.)

AGAINST the end wall in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, is a beautiful altar, raised by King Charles II. to the memory of Edward V. and his brother, who, by their treacherous uncle, Richard III. were murdered in the tower. The inscription, which is in Latin, gives a particular account of their sad catastrophe, and is in English thus:—"Here lie the relics of Edward V. King of England, and Richard Duke of York, who being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying 190 years in the rubbish of the stairs (those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower,) were, on the 17th of July 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II. pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678, and the 30th of his reign." It is remarkable that Edward was born November 4, 1470, in the Sanctuary belonging to this church, whither his mother took refuge during the contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster; at eleven years of age, upon the death of his father, he was proclaimed king, and on the 23rd of June, 1483, about two years after, was murdered in the manner already related. Richard, his brother, was born May 28, 1474, and married while a child to Ann Mowbray, heiress of Norfolk. T. GILL.

THE following is an extract from the burial register in the Cathedral at Peterborough:—

The Queene of } 1587
Scots buried. } item.

The Queene of Scots was most sumptuously buried in the Cathedrale Church of Peterborough, the first day of August, who was for her deserts beheaded at Fotheringhay, about Sainte Paul's Day before! Anthony More, one of the children of the Queenes Maties kitchen, who followed at the funerall aforesaid of the Q. of S. was buried the iij day.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT,

Alluded to in Mr. Stafford's History of Music. (See *Mirror*, No. 428.)

OURE kyng went forth to Normandye,
With grace and myzt (might) of chivalry,
The Lord for him wrouzt (wrought) marvellously,
Wherefore may England call and cry—
Deo gratias
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune, with ryal (royal) aray,
That toune he wan and made a fray
That Fraunce shall rue till Dome's day.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then went oure kyng with all his oste (host)
Thorow Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste.
He spared for drede of leste ne moste
Til he come to Agincourt coste.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then for sothe that knyzt (knight) comely
In Agincourt feld (field) he fauzt (fought) manly
Thorow grace of God most myzty (mighty)
He had bothe the feld and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then dukys and erlys, lorde and barone
Were take and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were ledde in to Lundone
With joy and merthe and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save oure kynge,
His peple and all his wel wyllynge
Gef (give) him gode liffe and gode endynge
That we wythe merthe mowe savely synge
Deo gratias.
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

COURT FOOLS.

(For the Mirror.)

AT what period the king's fool was introduced into European courts, says Mr. Richardson, it is not material to inquire; but we find him in the East in the eighth century; and he was probably much older. At the court of the Khalif Alrashid there was one named Bahalul, some of whose sayings have been preserved. He appears to have possessed vivacity, wit, and observation; and he was permitted to take every kind of license with the Khalif, and his courtiers: "I wish," says Alrashid to him one day, "you could procure me a list of all the fools in Bagdat."—"That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful; but, if you desire to know the wise men, the catalogue may be soon completed." A courtier telling him, that the Khalif had given him the charge of all the bears, wolves, foxes, and monkeys, in his dominions—"The Commander of the Faithful has given me then a very extensive charge: for it comprehends his whole empire; and you are one of my subjects." Entering one day into the presence chamber, and finding the throne empty, he seated himself on it; when the officers in waiting perceiving him, pulled him down, and bastinadoed him out of the hall. Bahalul fell a crying; and the Khalif soon

after appearing, inquired into the matter. The officers told him that it was on account of a few blows he had received for his insolence. "No," says the fool, "my complainings arise not from the blows: they are caused by my compassion for the Commander of the Faithful; for, if I have received so many bastinadoes for sitting upon that throne but for one minute in my life, how many should he endure, who mounts it every day?"

A real or affected fool, during the reign of this prince, had the presumption to call himself God Almighty. The Khalif, thinking him an impostor, ordered him to be brought before him; and, that he might discover the truth, he said to him, "A fellow, the other day, who assumed the manners of an idiot, pretended to be a Prophet of God: I had him immediately tried, when his imposture appearing evident, I commanded his head to be struck off." "You did right," replied the fool, "and like a faithful servant of mine; for I never gave that fellow a commission to be my prophet." The ready coolness of the answer left the Khalif at a loss how to decide; he inclined therefore to the merciful side, and the fool was dismissed.

When Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghezna conquered India, he had distressed the people greatly by plundering, as well as by the contributions and taxes which he imposed. Whilst he was one day sitting in his divan, in conversation with his nobles, a fool wandered into the hall; and, staring wildly around, spoke much to himself, but took no particular notice of any person. The prince, observing him, desired his officers to ask him what he wanted. He said that he was very hungry, and wished of all things to eat a roasted sheep's tail. The Sultan, in a frolic, ordered them to cause a particular kind of radish to be roasted, much resembling in shape those tails, which in several Eastern countries are very fat, and of extraordinary size. It was accordingly presented to the fool, who devoured it voraciously. The Sultan then asked him how he liked it? to which he answered, "That it was exceedingly well dressed; but he could easily perceive, that, under his government, the sheep's tails had no longer the fatness, nor the excellent flavour, for which they were famous in former times." Mahmoud felt the poignancy of the answer, and gave immediate orders to relieve the people of many burthens under which they groaned. W. G. C.

ON THE TITLE OF MAJESTY.

(For the Mirror.)

Henry VIII. was the first King of England who assumed the title of *Majesty*, which is still retained. Before that reign the sovereigns were usually addressed by the style of "*My Liege*, and "*Your Grace*," the latter of which epithets was originally conferred on Henry IV.; "*Excellent Grace*" was given to Henry VI.; "*Most High and Mighty Prince*," to Edward IV.; "*Highness*" to Henry VII.; which last expression was sometimes used to Henry VIII., and sometimes "*Grace*," until near the end of his reign, when they gave way entirely to the more lofty and appropriate appellation of "*Majesty*," being the expression with which Francis I. addressed him, at their interview in 1520, at Guisnes, commonly called the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*. The Emperor, Charles V. had, however, a short period before, taken that novel and high sounding title, and the polished French monarch lost not so favourable an opportunity of complimenting our then youthful Henry: Leo X. conferred the title of "*Defender of the Faith*" on him, in compliment for his defence against Martin Luther. James I. completed the title to the present, "*Sacred*" or "*Most Excellent Majesty*." J. R. S.

ORIGIN OF THE DUCAT.

The origin of *ducats* is referred to one Longinus, governor of Italy; who, revolting against the emperor, Justin the younger, made himself Duke of Ravenna, and called himself *Exarcha*, i. e. without lord or ruler; and to show his independence, struck pieces of money of very pure gold, in his own name, and with his own stamp, which were called *ducati*, ducats.

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE LOG BOOK.

Coelbren y Beirrd, or the wooden memorial of the Bards, was used by them as a kind of almanack, or wooden memorandum book, on which they noted such things as they wished to preserve from oblivion. The Staffordshire clog, or log, mentioned in Dr. Plot's history of that county, is the same as the wooden almanack used among the Ancient Britons. From this originated the log book now universally kept by sailors on board ship. There is an instrument similar to it, called a tally, or a piece of wood cut with indentures, or notches, in two

corresponding parts, of which one was kept by the debtor, and one by the creditor; this was formerly the general way of keeping accounts. Hence came the tally office, and tellers (of the Exchequer.) The word tally is supposed to be derived from the Welsh word, talu, to pay, or from the French word, taille.

M. B. H.

Select Biography.

DE WITT.

(For the Mirror.)

PERHAPS not one among the many eminent characters recorded in the page of history, but now heard of no more, has less merited the oblivion which enshrouds his name, than the subject of this imperfect memoir.

John De Witt was born at Dort in 1625, being the youngest son of Jacob of that name, a Burgomaster of Dort, and a Deputy to the States of Holland. He was elected a Pensioner of his native town in 1650, and became early distinguished as well for splendid abilities as for a wonderfully clear and impartial judgment, which in the following year pointed him out to his countrymen as one well qualified to fill the high, and as Holland then stood with regard to her neighbours, most important office of Grand Pensioner of the States.

Unshaken integrity, combined with a firmness of purpose almost amounting to obstinacy, carried him through all those secret state intrigues in which he was so deeply involved, and in which, eventually, he became so eminently successful.

It was a spirit of patriotism the most exalted, which supported him under the accumulated wrongs he was called upon to bear; it was that alone which prompted him still to continue at the helm of a shattered vessel in a troubled sea; endangering his own life by directing a mutinous and discontented crew.

In his own person he bore much, and ere he complained, was doubtless prepared to bear more of the ingratitude and injustice of his countrymen; but when the protector of his youth and the friend of his maturer years, when his own brother was torn from his high command, cast into a dungeon, and put to a cruel torture; then, and not till then, did he give way to the suppressed feelings of his heart; he hastened to offer consolation to the noble-minded Cornelius, and renouncing all his high employments, prepared to accompany him into banishment.

But it had been wisely decreed by an Almighty power, that Holland should not be deprived of her brightest ornaments, by their being driven from the land of their forefathers. Had it then been ordained that the patriot brothers were again to plead their country's cause, and bear the weight of their country's woes? No! their doom was sealed, they fell, a sacrifice to the blind fury of a savage mob, they died the victims of a fanatical party zeal.

Thus perished in the prime of life, the hapless John and Cornelius De Witt, who in all their actions acquitted themselves with equal honour to their country and to the name they bore. Their eventful, though short career, terminated in the streets of Rotterdam, on the 20th August, 1672.

Amidst the severe agonies Cornelius De Witt endured, when under the torture, it is said that he frequently repeated that beautiful Ode of Horace, which contained sentiments so well suited to his deplorable condition:

"Justem et tenacem propositi virum," &c.

John De Witt attained the degree of LLD. at the University of Leyden, and in the early part of his life, published a work entitled, "Elementa Curvarum Linearum," at that time in high repute as a book of deep mathematical research. It was ever one of his chiefest maxims "to do one thing at once," and its value was proved by his being remarkable for the dispatch with which he transacted business.

On the decease of John De Witt, his widow (a daughter of the illustrious De Ruyter) left her distracted country and took refuge in England, bringing with her Elizabeth, her only child; among whose numerous descendants are to be found the late Dr. John Jebb, of Cambridge notoriety, and Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., Dr. Jebb, the present Bishop of Limerick, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb, of the King's Bench, in Ireland.

R. G.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE SCANDINAVIAN BEAR.

A BEAR is a fine fellow—whether white, black, brown, or grizzled—pugnacious, voracious, salacious, and sagacious;—at times full of fun and frolic as O'Doherty—next hour grave as the Archbishop of Canterbury;—to-day feeding

contentedly, like Sir Richard Phillips, on vegetables — to-morrow, like any alderman, devouring an ox. Always rough and ready, his versatility is beyond all admiration. Behold him for months sound asleep, as if in church—he awakes, and sucks his paws with alacrity and elegance — then away over the snows like a hairy hurricane. He richly deserves hunting for the highest considerations—and for the lowest, only think on—Pomatum.

The Scandinavian bear — generally a dark brown—but frequently black, and then he is largest—and sometimes silver —for you seldom see two skins altogether alike—is fond of flesh; but ants and vegetables compose his principal food. Indeed, that excellent authority, Mr. Falk, very justly observes, that an animal which is able to devour a moderate sized cow in twenty-four hours, would, if flesh formed the chief part of its sustenance, destroy all the herds in the country. He thinks that the destruction which the bear commits upon cattle is often owing to the latter attacking him in the first instance; for, when provoked by the bellowing and pursuit of him, which not unfrequently commence as soon as they get a view of him, he then displays his superior strength, falls foul of them, and eats them up before sunset. Bears, Mr. Falk says, may reside in the neighbourhood of cattle for years without doing them any injury, if they will but keep quiet; yet it is equally notorious that they will sometimes visit herds solely from the desire of prey. Young bears seldom molest cattle; but old bears, after having been insulted by them, and eaten a few, often become very destructive, and passionately fond of beef. Beef every day, however, palls on the palate of a bear, just as *toujours perdrix* did on that of Henry the Fourth of France. Accordingly, he varies his diet judiciously, by an intermixture of roots, the leaves and small branches of the aspen, mountain-ash, and other trees, such succulent plants as angelica and mountain-thistle, and berries, to which he is very partial—during the autumn devouring vast quantities of ripe cranberries, blaeberries, raspberries, strawberries, cloud-berries, and other berries common to the Scandinavian forests; and there can be no doubt that in a garden he would be an ugly customer among the grozets. Ripe corn he also eats, and seating himself on his haunches in a field of it, he collects, with his outstretched arms, nearly a sheaf at a time—what a contrast to Ruth!—and munches the ears at his leisure. By way of condiment, he sucks honey—plundering the peasants of their beehives; and, to subdue the excess of sweetness, he ever and anon takes a mouthful of ants, of which the taste is known to all amateurs of acids to be pungent. "If any of these little creatures," quoth Professor Nillson, "sting him in a tender part, he becomes angry immediately, and scatters around the whole ant-hill." That is scarcely decorous in a "budge doctor of the stoic fur;" but it is good exercise, and promotes digestion. Mr. Lloyd says, "this may be perfectly true, for all I know to the contrary; if so, however, I apprehend the bear is generally in an ill-humour with the ants; because, wherever I have met with any of their nests at which the bear had been feeding, they had most commonly been turned inside out."* On the other hand, when a bear gets old, grows sick, and dies, the ants pay him back in his own coin; and, without getting angry, pick him—pomatum and all—to the bones. This, in Scandinavia—as elsewhere—is called tit for tat.

During the summer, of course, the bear is always as lean as a post—but in autumn, as fat as a pillow. He is not often found in poor hilly countries, but in the wildest recesses of the forest, where there are morasses and wild woodfruit in abundance. These are his favourite haunts. Towards the end of October, he leaves off eating altogether for that year; his bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, while the extremity of them is closed by an indurated, substance, which in Sweden is called *tappen*. He retires to his den, and very wisely falls asleep. Professor Nillson avers he gets fatter and fatter in his slumbers on to the end of February; but Mr. Lloyd is sceptical on that point; because, says he, "in the first place it seems contrary to reason; and, in the next, I do not know how the point is to be ascertained." Here we take part with the hunter against the professor; yet one thing is certain, that, let the bear be killed at what period of the winter he may, our gentleman or lady is always *embon-point*, nor can you feel his ribs. He retains his fat from the time he lies down in the early part of winter, till he rises in spring; and that is surely as much, if not more, than you can have any reason to expect. As spring approaches, he shakes of his lethargy—parts with his *tappen*—and enters on

* In his "Field Sports of the North of Europe."

a new career of cows, ants, branches, plants, honey, berries, and corn. Rarely —and but very rarely—he passes his *tappen* during winter—and then he becomes a scare-crow. At first his stomach is nice, and he eats sparingly —not more, perhaps, than a large dog; confining himself to ants and other delicacies, till his stomach has resumed its natural tone, and then he devours almost every thing edible that comes in his way, according to his usual practice during the preceding autumn.

The story of the bear sucking his paws for nourishment, Mr. Lloyd justly says, has long since been exploded; but still he does suck his paws—and the question is—Why? Mr. Lloyd says, he has reason to believe that the bear obtains a new skin on the balls of his feet during the winter. If, therefore, he does suck his paws—and there is generally some truth in all old beliefs—may it not be done, he asks, for the purpose of facilitating this operation of nature? We think it is very likely so. Some tame bears in our author's possession, were constantly sucking or mumbling their paws; the operation, which was often continued for hours together, being attended with a murmuring kind of noise, which might be heard at some distance. In consequence of this, their legs or feet were covered with saliva, or rather foam, which by ignorant people might not improbably be taken for the milk which it was at one time said the bear was in the habit of extracting from his paws. But it was not the want of food that caused Mr. Lloyd's bears to be so continually mouthing, for they were seen to be thus engaged most commonly immediately after they had been fed.

It is a calumny against the cubs to assert, that when first born they are misshapen lumps, which the mother licks into form. They are no more mishapen lumps than the young of other animals —say man—but "bears in miniature." The lady-mother bear is generally confined about the end of January, or in the course of February, and has from one to four at a birth. She suckles her progeny until summer is well advanced; and should she happen to be *enceinte* again in the same year, she does not suffer her former cubs to share her den next winter, but prepares quarters for them in the neighbourhood, within an easy walk. The succeeding, summer, however, she is followed by both litters, who pass the ensuing winter altogether in the mother's den. Some people have talked of seeing thirty bears in one squad scampering through the Swedish woods. But they are not gregarious; and such tales are either lies altogether, or a double family with Madame Mère at their head, amounting, perhaps, to some half dozen souls, have been multiplied by wonder into a whole regiment.

The bear is a fast and good swimmer —quite a Byron. In hot weather he bathes frequently, and runs about to dry himself in the air and sun, just like an Edinburgh citizen on the beach at Portobello. All the world knows he is a capital climber, and like ourselves, or any other rational animal, on descending trees or precipices, always comes down backwards. In a natural state he walks well on his hind-legs, and in that position can carry the heaviest burdens. Professor Nillson, erudite in bears, says, that he has been seen walking on his hinder feet along a small tree that stretched across a river, bearing a dead horse in his forepaws. He is very fleet—continues to grow until his twentieth, and lives until his fiftieth year. The Scandinavian bear occasionally attains to a very great size. Mr. Lloyd killed one that weighed four hundred and sixty pounds—and as it was in the winter-time, when his stomach was contracted, he was probably lighter by fifty or sixty pounds than he would have been during the autumnal months. The professor speaks of one that, when slung on a pole, ten men could with difficulty carry a short distance, and that weighed, he thinks, not less than seven hundred and fifty pounds English. It was killed during the autumnal months; and it had so enormous a stomach, as almost to resemble a cow in calf. After receiving several balls, he dashed at the cordon of people who surrounded him, and severely wounded seven of them in succession—one, in thirty-seven different places, and so seriously in the head that his brains were visible. One of Mr. Falk's under-keepers assured Mr. Lloyd, that he had killed even much larger, the fat of which alone weighed one hundred pounds—and its wrists were so immense, that with both of his own two huge hands, he was unable to span either of them by upwards of an inch. "It was," says Mr. Lloyd, "a Daniel Lambert among his species,"—or rather an Irish giant. The powers of such animals must be indeed tremendous—for as the Swedes say, "together with the wit of one man, he has the strength of ten." Sometimes they climb on to the roofs of cow-houses; tear them off; and having thus gained admittance to the inmates, they slaughter and carry them away, by shoving or lifting through the aperture

by which they themselves had entered. Capital *Cracksmen.* Mr. Lloyd heard of a bear that, in the agonies of death, thinking he had got his opponent in his arms, hugged a tree, and tore it up by the roots in his fall. Inferior animals he strikes at once with his paws on the fore part of the head, laying bare the whole skull and beating it in; but Mr. Lloyd never knew of any case in which a bear either hugged a person in his arms, or struck at him with his fore paw in the same manner as a tiger or a cat. He seems to tumble men down, and then to fasten his teeth in their arms or throat. A Swedish boor alleged, as the reason of this difference in Bruin's procedure with men and animals, that "he supposed he was forbidden by Providence." Mr. Lloyd gives us many anecdotes of the strength and ferocity of bears. On one occasion a bear dashed in among some cattle, and first despatching a sheep, slew a well-grown heifer, and carried it over a strong fence of four or five feet in height into a wood. Having been frightened from his prey, he absconded, and the peasants, felling several trees, placed them over the dead carcass. But Bruin soon returned to the spot, and having by his enormous strength removed the trees, he had not left an ounce of flesh on the bones—and of the bones themselves but a few fragments.

Yet bears seldom—never—eat up the young children that watch the herds. Occasionally they devour a woman; but only when she foolishly attacks them, as in a case recorded by Dr. Mellerlong, who was an eye-witness to a hand, which was all that was left by a bear, of a woman who had chosen to hit him on the head with a billet of wood. Jan Finne, one of Mr. Lloyd's Swedish friends, informed him that a bull was attacked by a rather small bear in the forest, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him against a tree. In this situation they were both found dead; the bull from starvation, and the bear from wounds. A bear is a match for a dozen wolves. Daniel Jansson, one of Mr. Lloyd's guides, informed him that once during the chase, when he and his companions were far behind both the bear and a dog that was pursuing him, a drove of five wolves—as they knew by their tracks in the snow attacked and devoured the dog. They had afterwards attacked the bear, but after a severe conflict, as was apparent from the state of the snow, and the quantity of hair both from the bear and the wolves that was lying about the place, the bear came off victorious, and was afterwards killed by the hunters, with his skin useless from the bites of the wolves. Jan Finne mentioned two instances of bears having been killed by wolves—in the one case, seven wolves, and in the other, eleven, having been engaged in the combat. From the immense powers of the bear, if his hind-quarters were protected, as in his den, Mr. Lloyd thinks he would be a match for at least a score of wolves. He frequently attacks horses. With one of his terrible paws the ferocious brute keeps his hold of the poor horse, while with the other, he retards his progress by grasping at the trees. He thus destroys—and then devours him. Sometimes the bear, by grasping with one of his paws at the surrounding trees, as he is carried along by the wounded horse, tears them up by the roots. But if the tree stands fast, so does the horse—such is the enormous power of the bear's muscular arm. That a bear should run down a horse, seems strange; but Swedish horses are often not very speedy, and doubtless lose their senses through fear. The bear never uses his teeth till he brings his victim down; but strikes him on the back and sides with his dreadful paws as if with a sledge hammer. Bears are often killed by the hunters, with their faces disfigured apparently by the kicks of horses. The wounds inflicted by bears on cattle are hideous. In the back and neck of a horse, Mr. Lloyd saw holes of such a size, that he could have buried both his hands in them; and he has heard of the whole of the hind-quarters of a cow or a horse having been actually devoured, and yet the poor creatures found alive. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

STANZAS.

When, on my couch, at midnight's chime
I count accumulated years;
To Memory's glance, insidious Time,
How swift thy fluttering wing appears!

Soon wilt thou steal my youth's soft prime,
And soon must chilling age creep o'er me,
And yet it seems, impatient Time!
As if thou'dst hasten'd on before me.

In my heart's waste fresh fountains flow;
Still beats the thrilling pulse of joy:
Imagination's vivid glow
I feel thou canst not quite destroy.

'Tis better live in Fancy's dream,
And spend an intellectual day,
Cheer'd on by Feeling's partial gleam,
Than drooping, yield to life's decay.

Then let me not reproach thee, Time,
Since my heart still is fresh and green;
So in the cold and sunless clime,
The Arctic light in Heaven is seen.

New Monthly Magazine.

A LUNATIC LAY.

"*I must and will an actress wed.*"

I MUST and will an actress wed,
Still smile away all shadows,
The voice of Love is eloquent
In green-rooms—not green meadows:
Talk not of rural hills and vales,
They suit my optic sense ill—
The only *scenery* I prize
Is that of Stanfield's pencil.

The Earl, my father, storms at me,
And says it is a queer age,
When comic first appearances
At last lead to the Peerage;
And my maternal Countess vows
That nothing can console her,
If I disgrace the family
By marrying a stroller!

But, oh! I'd scorn such prejudice,
Although 'twere universal,
For I have been behind the scenes
At night and at rehearsal:
No titled heiress will I ask
To be my benefactress;
I'd rather elevate my wife,
So I will wed an actress.

Oh! first I burnt for tragic queens,
My passion scarce is cool yet,
I teazed each Mrs. Beverly,
Euphrasia, and Juliet;
And if by Belvidera's frowns
A little disconcerted,
I flew to Mrs. Haller's side,
And at the wings I flirted.

But Colonel Rant (the gentleman
Who's always amateuring)
Behind the scenes came every night,
With language most alluring;
And he had such a way with him,
He won their hearts by magic,
So I resign'd Melpomene,
And Rant reign'd o'er the Tragic.

To Lady Bells and Teazles next
I turn'd—and Lady Rackets,
Who put their rouge and spirits on
(As boys put on their jackets);
Whose smiles, professionally sweet,
Appear when prompters summon;
Who keep, in fact, their *bloom* for *best*,
While *sallow* serves for common.

And then I sigh'd for the soubrettes
In aprons made with pockets,
Who frisk about the stage like squibs,
And then go off like rockets;
But at their beck I always found
Some beauteous Bob or Billy,
With whom they lightly tript away,
And left me looking silly.

To prima donnas then I turn'd,
The Pollys and Mandanes;
Made love to *she* Don Carloses,
And *female* Don Giovannis!
But soon came one with higher notes—
They left me—*allegretto!*
They sought him—*volti subito!*
Forsaking me—*falsetto!*

But now a love for figurants
Within my bosom rankles,
I dote upon extended arms,
And sigh for well-turn'd ankles:
Enchanting girls! how dark their hair!
How white and red their skin is!
I love them all—though wicked wits
May call them "Spinning Jennies."

In Peter Wilkins I have sigh'd
For sylph-like forms, whose trade is
To hang suspended by the waist,
And act high-flying ladies:
The Country Curate may abuse
My loves because they *lack* dress,
He'll choose a wife from private life—
But *I* will wed an actress. *Ibid.*

Spirit of Discovery.

SAILING CARRIAGE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

SEVERAL public journals made mention some time back, of a carriage with sails, which had been plied along the iron railway near Charlestown, at the rate of from twelve to fifteen English miles per hour. The honour of this invention was immediately claimed, by a Belgic writer, for the celebrated Simon Stevin, of Bruges. He has, indeed, an undoubted title to it; and our readers will feel some interest in perusing an account of the trial of a sailing-carriage made by this Belgian two centuries ago, with more success than has attended the recent attempt in England.

Simon Stevin, born at Bruges, was, at the same time, tutor to Prince Maurice of Orange-Nassau, and Quarter-master-general of the Army. One of the most remarkable inventions of this learned mathematician was a carriage, fitted with sails, and guided by a rudder. A few days after the victory of Nieuport, Prince Maurice invited several persons of distinction, who were then at the Hague, to take a ride with him in a vehicle without horses, along the plain of Scheveningen. The persons invited were twenty eight in number—amongst whom were the King of Denmark's brother, the Ambassador of France to the Hague, and Admiral Arragon de Mendoza, general-in-chief of the Spanish army, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Nieuport. Great was the surprise of the visiters at the sight of this singular equipage, but it became greater still, when the machine suddenly set out from Scheveningen with surprising velocity. Prince Maurice placed himself at the helm, and took the rope which directed the sail. A south-east wind rose; and in less than *two hours*, this land vessel had conveyed its passengers to Petten, in North Holland, *fourteen leagues* from Scheveningen, where the Prince, pretending that he could no longer regulate the rapid motion of the carriage, let it advance into the sea; but regaining the shore by changing the direction of the rudder, he proved that he was as good a pilot as he was a general.—*From the Moniteur, 6th June*, 1830.

LOVE.

BRIGHT as the sunlit dew,
When Beauty gave him birth—
He spread his rosy wings,
And lighted on the earth.

J. E. WALL.

Notes of a Reader.

NOVELETTES.

(From the "English at Home.")

Rural Scandal.

Escaped from clatter, dust, and smoke, every mortal was in high and huge spirits; and removed from the great scene of dissipation, though it were but a mile or two, each was prepared to moralize upon its vanities, and to cite divers individual examples of the failing, merely by way of illustration. Did you ever see a pigeon-match? Well, this resembled one. For *here*, as *there*, folks were congregated, wild for sport, and eager for a *hit*. From time to time a *name* was started, just as the poor bird is up-flung from the trap, and slap went every tongue, in a rolling fire of witticism and satire at the game. Not a quizzicality of the last month escaped, not a weakness; crime, indeed, was leniently treated, indignant morality being little the vogue; but every thing less was tossed up impitiably. So good-humoured, and happy, and successful proved the sport, that every sneer was almost a smile, every smile a grin, and every laugh so loud, that the echoes of Wimbledon answered; the open air alone saved the tympanum of good-breeding from being shocked.

Friendship.

He that has not a friend at twenty, will never have one; and woe be to the man of sensibility who lives without one. In youth, he may not feel the want: his buoyancy, his poetic and forward feelings, his habits of reverie, may suffice him at that age. But as he advances into more sober and less imaginative manhood, when the sward of life begins to shoot less green, and to put forth fewer flowers, it is then that he feels the want of that "faithful friend," which he can no longer make nor purchase.

London Unsocial.

There is a great number of individuals, especially in the capital, shut out of all society, but what the well-dressed vagrants, for such they are, afford one another. London is the most unsocial of all earthly places; and hence the number of human flies—I compare them to nothing else than that troublesome, common, and filthy insect—that buzz about its streets and coffee-houses, reeling in cellars betimes, and at others thrusting themselves even into clubs. The greatest spreader of a plague is said to be the house-fly; it loves to load itself with corruption, as a bee does with honey, and bear it upon the body of the healthy. So much in support of my simile.

Second Love.

What a miserable thing is second love! what a sad and flat attempt; what a poor effort to mimic past feelings, and stilt ourselves to their height!—to act over again, "like a poor player," those impassioned moods and moments, which we experienced, but can never recall. It is like the having dreamed a delicious dream, and then, when waked from it, to lie down again with the hope of redreaming it once more. But no: those visions come not at our bidding; they know not our call. The false magic, the witching dupery of man's heart may deceive him into the belief that it can command them. But such is all false, the shadow of a lie. The tide of love, like that of fortune, floods but once, which, unless we take, 'tis gone for ever.

What a miserable thing, I repeat, is second love! What hollow enthusiasm! what alloyed disinterestedness! The pain is equal, though the pleasure be diminished;—for pride, and vanity, and a hundred petty feelings render one as susceptible, as jealous, and as anxious as before, but more fretfully and more meanly so. Genuine enthusiasm and passion feeds itself; it gives the strength it takes. But the artificial, the re-excited wears away the spirit, without bringing a spark of fresh vigour.

Art of Conversation.

English conversation is like English land, circumscribed and intersected, hedged in and fenced out, studded with preserves so thickly, that the only perviable spot is the vulgar highroad. To enumerate the topics forbidden to women, would be to frame a set of categories, from which nothing would be excluded except trifling and flirtation; and the track for even men to follow, is marked with few divergencies. Pride forbids this, false modesty that. It is considered pedantic, or an unfair monopoly of another's time, to talk of what we know best; and of what we know worst, though it is usual, it is scarcely advisable to dogmatize. At the present period of multiplied and voluminous knowledge, which defies all the power of study or capacity to grasp, the greater part of information we must glean from each other. Folks have come to perceive this, and they have really become as parsimonious of their ideas as of their money. Naught is uttered but with

the hope of repayment, either in the same kind or in admiration. Owing to the selfsame cause, moreover, the mass of ignorance which each of us is necessitated to hide is much more vast than the information he can display; and hence converse has become a diplomatic act, in which weak points are to be kept concealed, and strong ones rendered prominent.

School Days.

School, say grey-beards, afforded the happiest of our days. How wretched and beset with mean cares must have been their manhood—how unwarmed by passionate, how uncheered by intellectual enjoyments, when a mere state of thoughtless, and yet neither painless nor restraintless gaiety, is marked by them as the most regretted portion of existence! Boyhood, 'tis true, hath its dreams, its air-built castles; but these are of puerile stuff, and those of card, surely not worth the retrospect of manhood. It is only when we advance into youth, when the flame of the heart begins to kindle, and when love first rises as the day-star of the imagination, that our hopes and visions begin to assume that brightness, that charm, that fervid reality and promise, for all whose bitter and inevitable disappointments the mere recollection is sufficient to repay us.

The Naturalist.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.

Chronological Table of the most important known encroachments made by the Sea, since the Eighth Century. By M. Arien Balbi.

A. D. 800. About this period, the sea carried off a great part of the soil of the island of Heligoland, situated between the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe.

800—900. During the course of this century, many tempests made a considerable change in the coast of Brittany; valleys and villages were swallowed up.

900—950. Violent storms agitated the lakes of Venice, and destroyed the isles of Ammiano and Constanziaco, mentioned in the ancient chronicles.

1044—1309. Terrible irruptions of the Baltic Sea on the coasts of Pomerania, made great ravages, and gave rise to the popular tales of the submersion of the pretended town of Vineta, whose existence is chimerical, notwithstanding the imposing authority of Kant and other learned men.

1106. Old Malamocco, then a very considerable city on the lakes of Venice, was swallowed up by the sea.

1218. A great inundation formed the gulf of Jahde, so named from the little river which watered the fertile country destroyed by this catastrophe.

1219, 1220, 1221, 1246, and 1251. Terrible hurricanes separated from the continent the present isle of Wieringen, and prepared the rupture of the isthmus which united northern Holland to the county of Staveren, in modern Friesland.

1277, 1278, 1280, 1287. Inundations overwhelmed the fertile canton of Reiderland, destroyed the city of Torum, fifty towns, villages, and monasteries, and formed the Dollart; the Tiam and the Eche, which watered this little country, disappeared.

1282. Violent storms burst the isthmus which joined northern Holland to Friesland, and formed the Zuyderzee.

1240. An irruption of the sea changed considerably the west coast of Schleswig; many fertile districts were engulphed, and the arm of the sea which separates the isle of Nordstrand from the continent was much enlarged.

1300, 1500, 1649. Violent storms raised three-fourths of the island of Heligoland.

1300. In this year, according to Fortis, the town of Ciparum, in Istria, was destroyed by the sea.

1303. According to Kant, the sea raised a great part of the island of Rugen, and swallowed up many villages on the coasts of Pomerania.

1337. An inundation carried away fourteen villages in the island of Kadzand, in Zealand.

1421. An inundation covered the Bergseweld, destroyed twenty-two villages, and formed the Biesbosch, which extends from Gertruydenberg to the island of Dordrecht.

1475. The sea carried away a considerable tract of land situated at the mouth of the Humber; many villages were destroyed.

1510. The Baltic Sea forced the opening at Frisch-Haff, near Pillau, about 3,600 yards broad, and twelve to fifteen fathoms deep.

1530—1532. The sea engulphed the town of Kortgene in the island of North Beveland, in Zealand. In the latter year, it also raised the east part of the isle of S. Beveland, with many villages, and the towns of Borselen and Remerswalde.

1570. A violent tempest carried off half of the village of Scheveningen, N.E. of the Hague.

1625. The sea detached a part of the peninsula of Dars, in Pomerania, and formed the isle of Zingst, N. of Barth.

1634. An irruption of the sea submerged the whole island of Nordstrand; 1,338 houses, churches, and towns were destroyed; 6,408 persons and 50,000 head of cattle perished. There only remained of this island, previously so fertile and flourishing, three small islets named Pelworm, Nordstrand, and Lütje-Moor.

1703—1746. In this period, the sea raised the island of Kadzand more than 100 fathoms from its dikes.

1726. A violent tempest changed the *saline* of Arraya, in the province of Cumana, part of Colombia, into a gulf of many leagues in width.

1770—1785. Storms and currents hollowed out a canal between the high and low parts of the island of Heligoland, and transformed this island, so extensive before the eighth century, into two little isles.

1784. A violent tempest formed, according to M. Hoff, the lake of Aboukir, in Lower Egypt.

1791—1793. New eruptions of the sea destroyed the dikes and carried away other parts of the island of Nordstrand, already so much reduced.

1803. The sea carried away the ruins of the Priory of Crail, in Scotland. —*Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE BONASSUS.

Copy of a Letter intended to have been sent to the "Annoyance Jury."
March 28, 1822.

GENTLEMEN

I Am sorry to trouble you but I Am so Anoyd By next Door Neighbour the Bonassus and with Beasts that I Cannot live in my House—for the stench of the Beast is So Great And their is only A Slight petition Betwixt the houses and the Beast are continually Breaking through in to My Diferent Rooms And I am always loosing my lodgers in Consequence of the Beast first A Monkey made Its way in My Bedroom next the Jackail came in to the Yard and this last week the people in My Second floor have been Alarmed in the Dead of the Night By Monkey Breaking through in to the Closset and Are Going to leave in Consequence this Being the third lodgers I have lost on account of the Beast And I have been letting My Second Floor at Half the Rent—And those men of Mr. James are Bawling the whole Day Against My Window—and Continneally taking peoples attention from My Window—And I am quite pestered with Rats and I Am Confident they came from the Exebition —And in Short the Ingury and Nuisance is So Great as almost Impossible to Describe But to be so Anoyd By such an Imposter I think is Very Hard—Gentlemen your Early Inquiry will

Oblige your Servant
T. W———.

N. B. And If I mention any thing to Mr. James He ondly Abuses me with the most Uncouth Language.

ORTHODOX DIVINITY.

PARKER, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

CROMWELL.

THE only theatrical representation which Oliver Cromwell allowed to be performed, was a sort of operatic piece, called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, and stated in the title-page to be "represented daily at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, at three in the afternoon, punctually." The reason assigned for Cromwell's exclusive permission for this piece was, it strongly reflecting on the Spaniards, against whom he was supposed at the time to have formed considerable designs. E. S.

*** *The Editor of the* Court Journal *has treated us somewhat* uncourteously, *by copying from* The Mirror, *of July* 3, *without a single line of acknowledgment, the Description of* HIS LATE MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER *It deserves notice, that in our Memoir of the King, we have been more mindful of our aid from the* Court Journal. *In the Bedchamber description we explained the exclusiveness of the information, and the pains taken to obtain it for our columns. Such conduct, therefore, to say the best of it, appears ungrateful.*

THE LATE KING.

A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET to be published with our next Number will contain Descriptive Particulars of the

Funeral of George IV.

WITH A LARGE ENGRAVING.

No. 437 contains an Engraving of the Royal Bedchamber, with the King's Last Moments.
Nos. 438 and 439—A copious Memoir of GEORGE IV.
No 440—A large Engraving of the Proclamation of WILLIAM IV.

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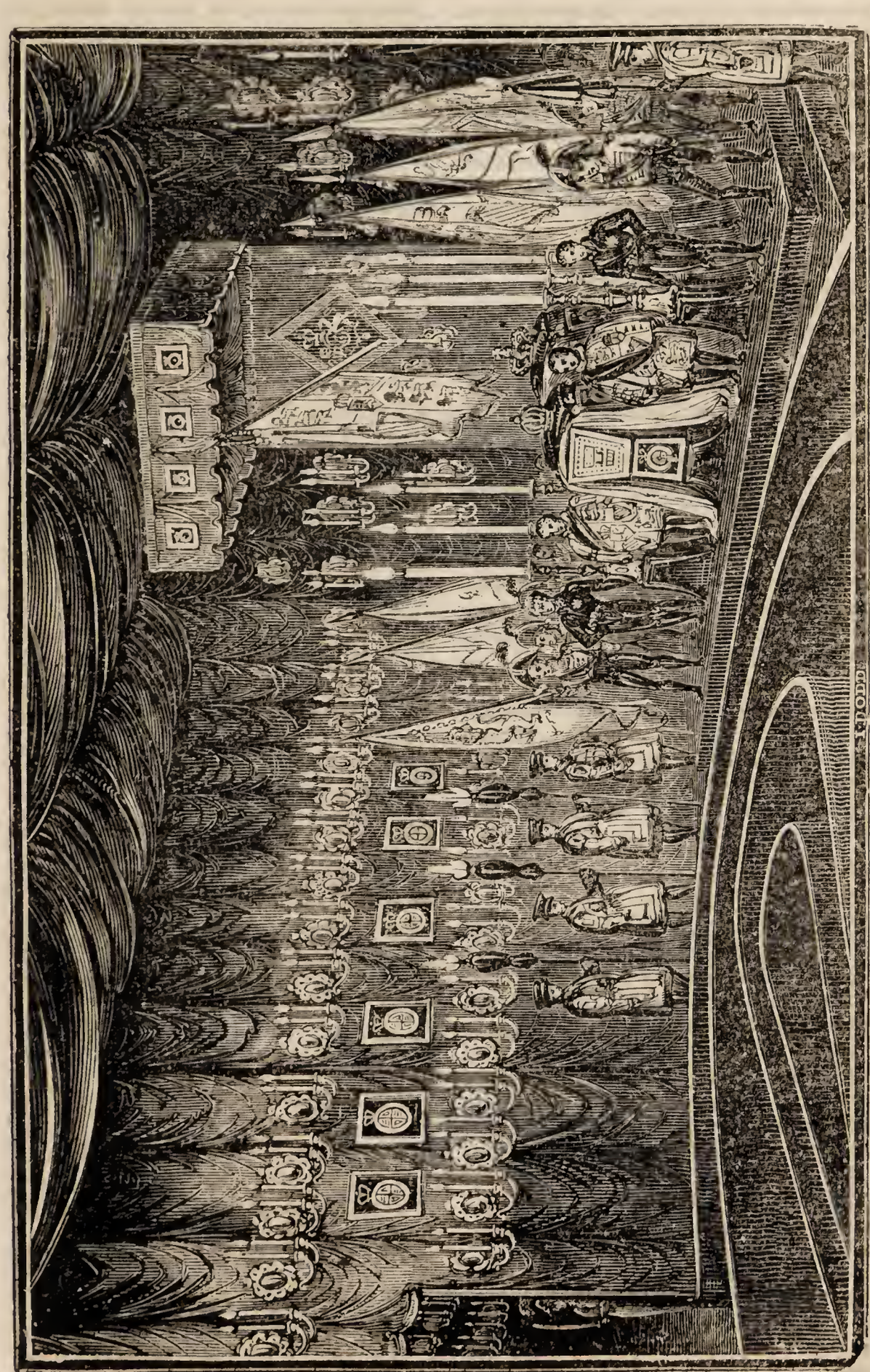
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 442.] SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1830. [Price 2*d*.



THE REMAINS OF GEORGE IV. LYING IN STATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

FUNERAL OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

In conformity with the intention expressed in No. 437 of *The Mirror*, it now becomes our duty to present the reader with the details of the splendid obsequies of his late Majesty. This we hope to accomplish in the present and Two succeeding Numbers. The annexed page, therefore, represents the ceremonial of the Royal Body LYING IN STATE; a Supplementary Sheet, also now publishing, contains a half-sheet Engraving of the PROCESSION; and the Number to be published on Saturday next will complete our design, with a View of the INTERIOR of ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL during the CEREMONY of the INTERMENT. The considerate reader need not be told that the preparation of these three engravings has been attended with much expense and personal fatigue. The requisite sketches were made expressly in the respective places; the first being copied in the State Apartment, and subsequently examined; the Procession and Chapel ceremonies sketched during their progress; and the canopies, costumes, and decorative emblems having since been compared and revised by access to the several originals. The results are now presented to the public, with the anticipation of their accuracy being duly appreciated; in which case we hope to get more than "our labour for our pains," by the enjoyment of the further confidence and good opinion of each reader of *The Mirror*.

The subject of the immediate Engraving is

THE LYING IN STATE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

The visiters to this part of the ceremony were divided into two classes: such as were admitted by privilege tickets from the Lord Chamberlain's office; and the public, who were admitted by the facile passport of decorous behaviour. The official order required persons to appear in "decent mourning," but many whose wardrobe would not allow this outward woe were admitted to the royal chamber.

The entrance for the ticketed, or privileged, visiters, was by the way of the temporary gate opposite the Long Walk, and up the ascent to George the Fourth's Gate, into the great quadrangle. For the public generally (those admitted without tickets) the course was by Henry the Eighth's Gate, into the Lower Court, in which St. George's Chapel is situated; and from thence ascending the hill in front of the houses of the Poor Knights, they crossed the platform, down which the procession afterwards moved, into a space close to the Tower occupied by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, where an iron gate opens upon the Castle Terrace. Through this gate the public passed along the terrace to a temporary staircase, and were thus led by different avenues through the State Apartments; and again crossing the platform in the Upper Court, retired by St. George's Gate, to the left of George the Fourth's Gate; thus avoiding all contact with those who had not yet witnessed the solemn scene.

Whoever has paced this magnificent Terrace, may form some idea of the effect of passing from its splendid prospect to the gloomy chambers of death. The day was one of unclouded sunshine, and while numbers pressed on to the goal of their melancholy curiosity, not a few lingered by the parapet-wall of the Terrace, to enjoy the richly-variegated scenery of the subjacent landscape. The grand features of the prospect are too well known to require quotation; yet, probably, never did we contemplate them with greater interest. We halted to enjoy the "summer livery" of its smiling meads; the sylvan beauty of its forest glades, and verdant portico of woods; the grey towers of Eton, and the silver, silent stream of the Thames meandering through the cultured vale; whilst beside us

> Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
> In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
> Calmly magnificent.

To linger on such an occasion, and contrast the never-ending luxuriance of nature, with the frailty and perishable trappings of art, were, indeed, no unseemly association with the memory of the most illustrious of men.

We turned—and ascending the temporary stairs, passed through a long, circuitous, and dimly lamp-lit passage, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with black cloth, into the King's Guard Chamber. The transition from the sunshine of open day to the sombre hue of these passages was, indeed, painfully sudden, gladdened as had been our eyes with the joyous scene from the Terrace.

In the King's Guard Chamber, which was narrowed into a passage by black draperies, stood a number of the Horse Guards. This chamber was lit with wax, in silver sconces, scattered here and there along the walls, and the dim light from which faintly glanced on the polished helmets and cuirasses of the

soldiers. Thence we entered the Presence Chamber, hung with black in the same way, and lined with Yeomen of the Guard, their partisans clothed with black crape. The lights in this apartment were rather more numerous than in the preceding one. The company then came at once into the "King's Drawing-room"—where the mortal remains of George the Fourth were reposing.

The State Apartment was fitted up with suitable and solemn grandeur, and our Engraving is from the exact point at which the public entered. In the centre is raised a canopy of rich purple cloth, decorated in front with four small Escutcheons of the Royal Arms. Beneath is the Royal Coffin, placed on trestles, about three feet high, and covered with a purple velvet pall, ornamented on each side by ten escutcheons of the Royal Arms, and edged with silver, the ornaments at the foot of the coffin being only exposed. On the top of the coffin are placed the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom, and the Crown of Hanover, on two large purple velvet cushions.* Beneath the coffin in front is a large escutcheon of the Arms of England. At the head of the corpse is a Lord of his late Majesty's Bedchamber, between two Grooms of the Bedchamber. At the foot stand two Pursuivants bareheaded, in their emblazoned tabards; and on each side are three stupendous wax-lights, in massive silver gilt candelabra, of the richest chased workmanship, three feet in height, and elevated upon black cloth covered pedestals also three feet high. These beautiful candelabra were removed for this purpose from the Altars of Whitehall Chapel, the German Chapel of St. James's, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On each side of the coffin are also arranged the Gentlemen Ushers and members of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners supporting the Union Banner, and the banners of St. George of Scotland, of Ireland, of Hanover, and of Brunswick; and pendent beneath the canopy, above the coffin, hangs the richly-embroidered Royal Standard of England. The Royal Arms are magnificently emblazoned in a lozenge-shaped frame above the coffin; and this escutcheon is illuminated by silver sconces, with one wax-light in each. Yeomen of the Guard with their halberts covered with black crape, flank the apartment on each side.

The apartment is draped with fine black cloth; the ceiling with gussets diverging from the centre in the manner of a marquee, and the walls festooned in columns extending from the floor to the ceiling. On each side are two rows of sconces with wax-lights, between which, the insignia of the Star, the Crown, and the Garter are multiplied in small escutcheons with considerable taste.

The light was properly kept down in all the ante-rooms and avenues, so that its full effulgence was preserved for the State Apartment, and even there its distribution was so managed as merely to illuminate the principal parts or objects, and leave the rest in gloom. Thus the gorgeousness of the trappings was, to use a familiar phrase, brought out with uncommon effect. The richness of the purple canopy, the superbness of the coffin and its costly covering, the pall; the splendid masses of bright and flaming hues from the golden drapery of the Royal Standard, the Crowns, and Heralds' uniforms—imparted a deathlike and spectral paleness to the heads of the household mourners, which had an intensely interesting effect. They stood perfectly motionless, and like statues upon a sepulchre. The atmosphere of the apartment rose at times to a stifling heat; in short, the minutest details added to the sombre character of the whole scene, and its oppressive effect was even heightened by the still flame and faint smell of the wax-lights. It was the chamber of mortality and mute woe. The public passed through in one continuous stream, from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. They moved along in a slow, stealthy pace, the murmur of breathing, or the rustle of sable suits, being scarcely heard in any of the avenues of the apartment. The pageant and its paraphernalia reminded us of one "that spake only as a philosopher and natural man," when he said—

Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.
The pomp of death is more terrible than death itself.

Through the outer circle of the Engraving, the public were admitted to pass through the apartment. Behind this passage is the raised platform, to which persons were admitted by the Lord Chamberlain's tickets. They entered and retired by the grand staircase, which was divided by a railing, to prevent confusion; the company ascending on one side, and descending by the other,

* These were the actual crowns brought from the Regalia Office in the Tower of London. They were afterwards returned there; the crown placed on the coffin in the vault is of silver gilt.

The regress for the public was, as we have stated, by St. George's Tower; whence we emerged as it were from a fit of lurid melancholy, to enjoy the refreshing beauties of the park scenery.

At four o'clock on the first day, the lying-in-state ceremony closed; it recommenced on the following day, and finally closed at three in the afternoon.

An affecting incident is said to have occurred at the close of the last day: After the public had withdrawn from the State-room, two Gentlemen Pensioners and two Yeomen of the Guard being the only persons present, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with their son Prince George, entered, and walked up to the steps of the platform on which the coffin rested. The Duchess burst into tears, and fell on her knees; the Duke stood a few moments with his eyes fixed upon the coffin, apparently absorbed in grief; he then ascended the steps, and leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the coffin, found relief in a flood of tears. The Duchess, rising from her knees, ascended the steps also, and bending over the coffin, mingled her grief with the Royal Duke's. The young Prince, with the curiosity of a child, examined the ornaments of the coffin, and seemed to look with wonder on the solemn scene. At the moment his royal mother fell on her knees, he seemed alarmed, and seized her by the arm. The royal pair remained several minutes in tears over the coffin; then turned slowly; and having regained the door, they turned round, again looked mournfully at the coffin, and at length withdrew, evidently overpowered by their feelings.*

(For descriptive particulars of the *Funeral, with an Engraving of the Procession, see the Supplement* published with the present Number.)

"GOD SAVE THE KING."†

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the *Mirror*, No. 341, you have given a copy of "*God save the King!*" with the alterations as sung at the *King's Theatre*, on the 29th of June, and the verse which has been added for the forthcoming Royal Birth Day. The latter (through an error of the press) is deficient in a whole line. It should be as follows:—

"May ev'ry kinder ray
O'er *William's* natal day
New glories fling!
William, his people's friend!
Oh! may his fame extend
'Till Time itself shall end!
God save the King!

Gower Place. Wm. Ball.

BALLAD STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

Nor—glory to the power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time!—are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot.
R. Montgomery.

Our cottage stood on a sunny hill,
To its walls the rich vines clung;
And the distant woods entwin'd a screen,
As with shout and song they rung.
I have breath'd my prayer to the calm blue sky,
O'er the flow'rs that cluster'd there;
And mirth has ting'd my childish eye,
As I gaz'd on a scene so fair.

Our cottage—is it standing now
Its sunny vine between;
Doth the curfew's hymn around it flow
From the distant woodland screen?
To me shall the sweet bell sing in vain
When the light of day departs;
For Death hath riv'n the magic chain
Which bound our blissful hearts!

R. Augustine.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE USE OF GLOVES.

(For the Mirror.)

"Right, Caxon, right as my glove—by the bye, I fancy that phrase comes from the custom of pledging a glove as the sign of irrefragable faith."—*Sir W. Scott's "Antiquary."*

The antiquity of this part of dress will form our first inquiry; and we shall then show its various uses in the several ages of the world.

It has been imagined by Favine, on the authority of the Chaldaic paraphrase, that gloves are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his *shoe* over Edom; and still farther back, supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7., where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his *shoe* and giving it to his neighbour, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything. He also adds, that the Rabbins interpret it as gloves. Xenophon gives a clear account of gloves. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, as a proof of their effiminacy, he observes—that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, describing Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with gloves on his hands, to secure them from

* We give this narrative upon the credit of the *Observer*. We see nothing in it beyond a fond expression of fraternal and family affection. Without some such feeling, humanity is but a poor, pitiable stalking horse of insensibility.

† Our correspondents are entreated to withhold all further communication on the "National Anthem."

the thorns. Varro, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In his treatise *de Re Rusticâ*, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those gathered with gloves. Athenæus speaks of a glutton who always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company. These authorities show that the ancients were not strangers to the use of gloves, though their use was not common. In a hot climate, to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy.

We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of gloves prevailed amongst the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says—"It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. Pliny the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had gloves on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business. In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of gloves was become so universal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of Lewis le Debonnaire, the Council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheepskin. Gloves, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of investitures, in bestowing lands, or in conferring dignities. Giving possession by the delivery of a glove prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002 the Bishops of Padertorn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some abbots in France presuming to wear gloves, the Council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbad them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals: these being peculiar to bishops, who frequently wore them richly adorned. As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached with holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says—"His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off," &c.

Another use of gloves was in a duel: he who threw one down, was by this act understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge. The use of single combat at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeals of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding rights and property.

Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel, appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiffs appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed. This affair was, however, adjusted, by the queen's judicious interference. The ceremony of challenging by a glove at the coronation of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion, is known to the youngest of readers, and needs no repetition here. Brand says—"Can the custom of dropping or sending the glove, as the signal of a challenge, have been derived from the circumstance of its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself?" The giving of the hand is well known to intimate that the person who does so will not deceive, but stand to his agreement. To "shake hands upon it" would not, it should seem, be very delicate in an agreement to fight, and therefore gloves may possibly have been deputed as substitutes. Challenging by the glove is still in use (says D'Israeli) in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party is a challenge to a duel. The last use of gloves was for carrying the hawk, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of France

still remaining, on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand.

The custom of giving gloves at weddings is of remote antiquity in England; for, in Ben Jonson's play of the *Silent Woman*, Lady Haughty observes to Morose—

"We see no ensigns of a wedding here—no character of a bridale;
Where be our skarves and our *gloves*?"

And also in Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648,

"What posies for our wedding rings,
What *gloves* we'll give, and ribanings."

The ancient custom of hanging a garland of white roses, made of writing paper, and a pair of *white gloves*, over the pew of the unmarried villagers, who die in the flower of their age, is observed to this day (says Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes to Miss Seward's works) in the village of Egam (where Miss Seward was born), and in most villages and little towns in the Peak of Derbyshire.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear gloves on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no restraint, for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called *a maiden assize*. Gough, in his *Sepulchral Monuments*, informs us that gloves formed no part of the *female* dress till after the reformation. There must exist some of the oldest gloves extant in the Denny family, as appears by the following glove anecdote:

At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th, 1759, the gloves given by Henry the Eighth to Sir Anthony Denny, were sold for 38*l.* 17*s.*; those given by James the First to his son, Edward Denny, for 22*l.* 4*s.*; the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, 25*l.* 4*s.*;—all of which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny of Ireland, who descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry the Eighth.

We meet with the term *glove money* in our old records; by which is meant money given to servants to buy gloves. This, probably, is the origin of the phrase *giving a pair of gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service, of which, by the way, Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*, gives us the following anecdote of that eminent statesman Sir Thomas More:—When Mrs. Croaker had obtained a decree in Chancery against Lord Arundel, she availed herself of the first new-year's day after her success, to present to Sir Thomas, then the Lord Chancellor, *a pair of gloves*, containing forty pounds in angels, as a token of her gratitude. The gloves he received with satisfaction: these could not, perhaps, as the offering of the heart, be refused; but the gold he peremptorily, though politely, returned. "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's new-year's gift," said that great man, "and I accept the gloves; their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

J. R. S.

THE ASSES ON MOUNT PARNASSUS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KRILOFF.

(For the Mirror.)

When Grecia's gods were forced to fly,
And give place to Mahomet;
Apollo's seat, Parnassus high,
The Muses driven from it;

Its groves, ay, ev'n Apollo's own,
Oft by the poets sought,
With grass and thistles overgrown,
A turban'd Turk had bought.

And nine Arcadian coursers there,
The Turk had put to graze;
Pity that these same asses were
Unknown in Æsop's days.

But there they were—quoth they we're nine
"'Tis just the Muse's number,
Upon Parnassus' mount we dine,
Why let our talents slumber.

"Sweet melody from us shall come,
Poetic parts betraying;"
They without farther talk began
Incontinently braying.

The honest Turk beneath the shade,
Was taking his siesta,
Enraged that they his sleep invade,
And thus his slumbers pester,

With cudgel blows soon drives them off,
And with each ass does war wage,
They run, surprised the world should scoff,
And backs and talents, outrage.

THE DYING PRISONER.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh! raise me on my bed of straw, and let my sight be blest,
By gazing on the smiling sun, fast setting in the west,
Oh let me see the meadows green, the flowers in the grove,
The brightly flowing streamlet, and the mountains that I love.

Oh let me hear the warbler's song, break through the leafy trees,
Oh let me feel the breath of heaven, the evening summer breeze,
Oh let me once more gaze upon the blue unclouded sky,
And breathe beneath its brightness, my last heart-broken sigh.

But no, my sight grows dim, I see nor streamlet, nor heath,
The smiling sky above me, or the rippling wave beneath,
A mist wreathes fast around me; I cannot see the grove,
And hid, ah hid for ever! are the mountains that I love.

But I can FEEL, the breath of heaven, upon my burning brain,
And I can HEAR, the warbler's song in wild melodious strain,
I hear no more—my heart grows cold—still all is joy to me—
For now I die beneath the vault of heaven—and I'm FREE,

A. J. W. MARTIN.

Notes of a Reader.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

" 'Tis done—but yesterday a King!"
BYRON.

" EARTH to earth "—the tale is old,
Yet 'tis daily, hourly told:—
" Dust to dust "—the doom of man,
Ever since the world began.
When the soul returns to GOD,
On the coffin falls the clod;
And the lonely sleeper round
Night and silence sink profound.

Drops the sceptre from thy hand,
Monarch of a mighty land!
Ruler of the isles and sea,
What of them remains to thee
But a lowly bed of rest,
Waiting for its kingly guest—
But a pillow for the head
Of the throneless, crownless dead!

Yet it seems but yesterday
When, amidst a proud array,
On Edina's rock he stood—
And the halls of Holyrood,
By their kings deserted long,
Hailed him 'midst a courtly throng,
And the cannon pealed on high
His glad welcome to the sky.

Now the sullen minute-gun
Tells us that his race is run!—
And the deep-toned doleful bell,
Far and wide, peals forth his knell;—
And the crowds, whose raptured roar
Hailed him to our mountain shore,
Now in silent sorrow bend,
As if each had lost a friend.

Reckless of a nation's groans,
Hurling monarchs from their thrones,
With their vassals down to lie,
Death assails earth's places high;
With a paralyzing hand
Sweeps his scythe and shakes his hand.
And on dread behests of fate
Knocks upon the palace gate.

But the dead, with honour palmed,
In our hearts shall be embalmed,
And the glories of his reign,
Gained in many a red campaign—
While, where parted kings repose,
Amidst their cold and coffin'd rows,
Sound he sleeps, in peace unknown
To " the head that wears a crown."

Morning Herald.

THE WRITTEN MOUNTAINS.

ON the Written Mountains, in the Great Desert, there are thousands of inscriptions, in various languages, for the most part in unknown characters. A great proportion have the sign of the cross. They are scattered over the rocks on each side, for the space of a mile. Occasionally are figures of camels, which are by some supposed to have been cut by the Jews in their passage. This may be the case in a few instances; but the prevalence of the cross prevents this holding good generally. They are probably the work of pilgrims, Jewish and others.

HUNTING.

ALL men who are eloquent on the cruelty of hunting, beat their wives. That is a general rule, admitting of no exceptions. There is another. All men who stammer on the cruelty of hunting, are beaten by their wives. Fortunately these classes are not numerous, otherwise we should be a cock-pecked and hen-pecked generation. Humanity, in the long run, rejoices in pursuing unto the death, on foot or horseback, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, hyenas, foxes, marts, and hares. Were you to talk to himself of the cruelty of killing a lion, he would stun you with a roar of derision—to a tiger, his stripes would wax blacker and brighter in contempt—to a bear, he would hug you to his heart, as the choicest of all imaginable ninnies—to a wolf, he would suspect you of being a man-trap—to a hyena, he would laugh in your face—to a fox, he would give you such a brush you never had in your life—to a mart, he would look so sweet upon you that you would be scented like a milliner—to a hare, he would prick up his ears in vain emulation of the length of your own, and wonder to see an ass among the Bipeds. They all perfectly well know they were made to be hunted—that they are provided to fit them for that end, with certain organs and members, which otherwise would be, comparatively speaking, of little or no use, and would get so rusty, that ere long the creatures would be almost incapable of locomotion, and would absolutely die of fat—the most cruel death in all the catalogue. Therefore, let Sir John Brute and Jerry Sneak henceforth—on the subject of hunting—belong to the dumb animals.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HOW TO GET UP A REVOLUTION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In a country like this, where, in every class of life, there are but few occupations, there must of necessity be many

idlers, and idlers are generally the most discontented of mankind. These meet at corners of streets, in *pulperias*, and in coffee-houses, to pass the time in smoking cigars. One of the party accidentally mentions that "Don Fulano has got an appointment under government, of fifty dollars a month."—"How came he to get it?" says another. "I have more right to it than he," says a third. "Let us have a revolution," says a fourth. "*Corriente!*—with all my heart!" is the unanimous exclamation of the party. Fresh cigars are immediately lighted, and before they are smoked out, the "revolution" is planned. Guns, swords, and pistols, are talked of, and some few are probably obtained; but, being more for the presumed object of protection to themselves than of injury to others, arms are not of paramount importance. If the "revolutionists" understand that their plot has been discovered, they abscond in all haste to distant towns and villages, where they reside in quiet till their scheme has been forgotten, which generally happens in the course of a few weeks. If they have not been able to effect their escape, and are made prisoners, ten to one but they are thrown into gaol, where they probably remain also a few weeks, and are again let loose, one of them, in the mean-time, being selected to be shot in the great square, *pour encourager les autres*. But if they prove successful, which sometimes happens, they turn out of office the existing authorities, and instal themselves and friends. The first act of the new government is always to repeal some measure of their predecessors which had not met with public approbation; this, with a proclamation of pardon and oblivion of all past political offences, obtains popularity; a ball is given at the *cabildo*, and every thing goes on smoothly for a whole moon perhaps; when another cigar-party assembles, and acts, with little alteration, the same farce over again. But what, it may be asked are the military doing all this time?—smoking *their* cigars.—*Temple's Travels.*

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

NOTHING can be more deceitful than the unction which Dr. Francis Hutchinson lays to his soul, when he ventures to assert that England was one of those countries where the horrors of witchcraft were least felt and earliest suppressed. Witness the trials and convictions which, even before the enactment of any penal statute, took place for this imaginary offence, as in the case of Bolingbroke and Margery Jourdain, whose incantations the genius of Shakspeare has rendered familiar to us in the Second Part of King Henry VI. Witness the successive statutes of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, and of James I., the last only repealed in 1736, and passed while Coke was attorney-general, and Bacon a member of the Commons! Witness the exploits of Hopkins, the witch-finder-general, against the wretched creatures in Lincolnshire, of whom—

> Some only for not being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground,
> Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
> And feeling pain, were hanged for witches.
> *Hudibras*, Part II. Canto III.

What would the Doctor have said to the list of THREE THOUSAND victims executed during the dynasty of the Long Parliament alone, which Zachary Grey, the editor of Hudibras, says he himself perused? What absurdities can exceed those sworn to in the trials of the witches of Warbois, whose fate was, in Dr. Hutchinson's days, and perhaps is still annually, "improved" in a commemoration sermon at Cambridge? or in the case of the luckless Lancashire witches, sacrificed, as afterwards appeared, to the villany of the impostor Robinson, whose story furnished materials to the dramatic muse of Heywood and Shadwell? How melancholy is the spectacle of a man like Hale condemning Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, in 1664, on evidence which, though corroborated by the opinion of Sir Thomas Browne, a child would now be disposed to laugh at? A better order of things, it is true, commences with the chief-justiceship of Holt. The evidence against Mother Munnings, in 1694, would, with a man of weaker intellect, have sealed the fate of the unfortunate old woman; but Holt charged the jury with such firmness and good sense, that a verdict of not guilty, almost the first then on record in a trial for witchcraft, was found. In about ten other trials before Holt, from 1694 to 1701, the result was the same. Wenham's case, which followed in 1711, sufficiently evinced the change which had taken place in the feelings of judges. Throughout the whole trial, Chief Justice Powell seems to have sneered openly at the absurdities which the witnesses, and in particular the clergymen who were examined, were endeavouring to press upon the jury; but with all his exertions, a verdict of guilty was found against the prisoner. With the view, however, of securing her pardon, by

showing how far the prejudices of the jury had gone, he asked when the verdict was given in, "whether they found her guilty upon the indictment for conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The foreman answered, "we find her guilty of that!" It is almost needless to add, that a pardon was procured for her. And yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine*, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm, by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes; the penal statutes against witchcraft being repealed in 1736, and the pretended exercise of such arts being punished in future by imprisonment and pillory. Even yet, however, the case of Rex *v.* Weldon, in 1809, and the still later case of Barker *v.* Ray, in Chancery, (August 2, 1827,) prove that the popular belief in such practices has by no means ceased; and it is only about two years ago, that a poor woman narrowly escaped with her life from a revival of Hopkins's trial by water. Barrington, in his observations on the statute 20 Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge at 30,000!—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

PERUVIAN DRINKING CUSTOMS.

Accept with grateful acknowledgment the remains of a glass of rum; the more lips it has touched the more cordiality in the dram;—off with it! and beware of wiping your mouth either before or after it. Should you be induced to wipe the brim of the glass before drinking, or turn it between yourself and the light to seek a little space free from humidity, your reputation is gone for ever!—"*Que barbaro!—Que hombre tan grosèro!*"—"*Jesus! José! Jesus!*" When a lady selects a gentleman from the company, by beckoning, or calling him to take her glass and sip after her, the compliment is then highly enviable; and whether her lips be pale and shrivelled by the wintry effect of years, or cherry-ripe and pouting in the fragrance of summer, he is bound by the well-understood laws of respect, etiquette, honour, gallantry, love, and all their little jealousies, to imprint his own lips upon the precise spot where those were placed which preceded him, and then to take off the very last drop in the glass.—*Temple's Travels.*

SILESIAN PEASANTRY.

In passing through Silesia, the traveller will be often struck by the appearance of altars, raised amid the clump of trees scattered throughout the country, where the peasant offers up his prayer at leisure. The costume of the female, in these parts is singularly unbecoming. The head is enveloped in a large white napkin, covering the hair, none of which is visible, excepting a long plaited tail, hanging down the back, the end of which is ornamented with a knot of red and white ribbon. The person of the female is wrapped up in a large white sheet, beneath which is a blue cloth petticoat, bordered with red fringe, and in front a white or striped apron. The legs are covered with immense, thick, coarse, red stockings; and on the feet they wear large shoes. Altogether, the costume is one of the most strange appearance that can be met with.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

DAVY JONES AND THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.*

We had refitted, and been four days at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when the gun-room officers gave our mess a blowout.

The increased motion and rushing of the vessel through the water, the groaning of the masts, the howling of the rising gale, and the frequent trampling of the watch on deck, were prophetic of wet jackets to some of us; still midshipman-like, we were as happy as a good dinner and some wine could make us, until the old gunner shoved his weather-beaten phiz and bald pate in at the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you will spare Mr. Cringle on the forecastle for an hour until the moon rises."—("Spare," quotha, "is his majesty's officer a joint stool?")—"Why, Mr. Kennedy, why? here, man, take a glass of grog."—"I thank you, sir. It is coming on a roughish night, sir; the running ships should be crossing us hereabouts; indeed more than once I thought there was a strange sail close aboard of us, the scud is flying so low, and in such white flakes; and none of us have an eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John Crow, and he is all but frozen."—"Well, Tom, I suppose you *will* go." Anglice from a first lieutenant to a mid—"Brush instanter."

* See "Cruize of the Torch," in *Mirror*, vol. xv.

Having changed my uniform, for shag trousers, pea-jacket, and south-west cap, I went forward, and took my station, in no pleasant humour, on the stowed jib, with my arm round the stay. I had been half an hour there, the weather was getting worse, the rain was beating in my face, and the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters. I turned my back to the weather for a moment, to press my hand on my strained eyes. When I opened them, I saw the gunner's gaunt, high-featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with phosphorus, and his whole person as if we had been playing at snap-dragon. "What has come over you, Mr. Kennedy?—who is burning the bluelight now?"—"A wiser man than I am must tell you that; look forward, Mr. Cringle—look there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the extreme end of the jib-boom, what I had read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm coloured flame, of the size and shape of the frosted glass shade over the swinging lamp in the gun-room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about it, wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soapsud bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the forecastle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together, and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar towards where the boatswain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold clammy hand passed round my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold, and tumbling overboard. "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?"—"It's that skylarking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You, Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark bait of." But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghostly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapour from a steam boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past, when it disappeared. I followed the white mass as it sailed down the wind; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward, as if checked by a sudden flaw; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A thought flashed on me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain. "A sail, broad on the lee-bow." The ship was in a buz in a moment. The captain answered from the quarter-deck—"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. How shall we steer?"—"Keep her away a couple of points, sir, steady."—"Steady," sung the man at the helm; and a slow melancholy cadence, although a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing of the wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boatswain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or *Davy* steering, Mr. Nipper? if you had not been there bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your *voice*." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not. "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it, for some of us ere morning."

At this moment, to my dismay, the object we were chasing, shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us, and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman."—"I can't see her at all now."—"She will be a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough, after a few seconds, I saw the white object lengthen, and draw out again abaft our beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailed up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big un this time." Although blowing a strong north-wester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, occasioned by the splintering of the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well up on her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object, which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave

to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the forecastle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crashed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Forecastle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the boat gun, and give it to him."—"Ay, ay, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boatswain, forgetting the augury and every thing else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling, the square foresail—top-gallant—royal—and studding-sail haul-yards were let go by the run on board of the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard aport as if to round to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has *not* surrendered. —I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like a shot. No, no, we have him now; heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly, that the studding-sail booms snapped like pipe shanks, short off by the irons. Notwithstanding we had shot two hundred yards to the leeward before we could lay our maintopsail to the mast. I ran to windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were now black with men, clustered like bees swarming, her square sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails set, and away she was dead to windward of us. "So much for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled Mr. Splinter.

We made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose; we had no chance on a bowline, and when our "Amigo" had satisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short tacks, he deliberately took a reef in his main-sail, hauled down his flying jib and gaff topsail, triced up the bunt of his foresail, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came in at the third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dismounted the carronade, smashing the slide, and wounding three men. The second shot missed, and, as it was madness to remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst every one of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our course, having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown bugle on board the schooner play up "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parting crack at her, when the third and last shot from the schooner struck the sill of the midship port, and made the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the moonlight. A sharp piercing cry rose into the air—my soul identified that death-shriek with the voice that I had heard, and I saw the man who was standing with the lanyard of the lock in his hand drop heavily across the breech, and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a blood-red glare shot up into the cold blue sky, as if a volcano had burst forth from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crash, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air, and of the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noblé vessel we had seen fell into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished for ever beneath that pale broad moon. *We were alone*, and once more all was dark and wild and stormy. Fearfully had that ball sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is it that clings black and doubled across that fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with clotting gore, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece? "Who is it that was hit at the gun there?"—"*Mr. Nipper, the boatswain, sir. The last shot has cut him in two.*"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE IMPALED TURK,—A TALE OF THE DEAD.

THERE was a dead silence. The male portion of the audience drew their chairs closer to the speaker,—the women lay down their needles, and were all attention. Reader, have you ever remarked a group of female listeners? have you ever admired the animated countenances; the large speaking eyes; the heaving bosoms; the stately necks of ivory white, straining forward with intense anxiety? the dear little hands, so soft, so delicate, they scarce can wield a fan; the—the—the—in short, if like me you are a judge of such matters, get invited or invite yourself to a *soirée*, bring about the introduction of a tale of wonder or of pathos, and then feast your eyes, as I did whilst waiting for the Turk to digest his exordium.

"Blessed be the name of the holy prophet!" said he at length, "but on one occasion I penetrated to the seraglio of Mahomet's successor, I dared to cast a profane eye on the chaste spouses of the brother of the sun and moon."

Here the attention of the listeners

was redoubled: a blooming Agnes who had scarcely numbered fifteen summers, and who, seated beside her mamma, had fixed her eyes on the speaker, at this juncture modestly resumed her work; but somehow or other the needle found its way into her finger instead of the sampler.

"My name is Hassan," continued the Turk; "my father was rich, and bequeathed his wealth to me. Like a true believer, I have devoted my life to the softer sex; but my fastidiousness has always increased in proportion to the ardour of my passion. In vain did I in my youth frequent the most celebrated slave-markets: my delicate appetite could find no female worthy of partaking my flame. Each day the master of my harem paraded before me a new lot of female slaves — lovely creatures — black as ebony; while now and then, to please my depraved taste, he would present a bevy of Circassians, white as ivory. All would not do. I became every day more difficult to please; and, by the prophet, it went to my heart to lavish upon a female of imperfect symmetry the price that would have purchased a well-shaped Arab mare! Still was I tormented by an undefinable longing; and one evening, when my restless fancy had wandered into the regions of ideal perfection, I was suddenly assailed with a horrible temptation: in short I determined to penetrate, if possible, even to the secret recesses of the imperial seraglio.

"I have always detested concealment, and I scaled the walls of his highness in as much fancied security as though neither janizaries nor mutes were on the watch. It pleased the prophet to crown my rash design thus far with success. I traversed without accident the three hitherto impenetrable enclosures which defend the entrance of the seraglio from unhallowed footsteps; and when daylight dawned, I gazed with impious curiosity upon the inviolable sanctuary. Conceive my surprise when by the pale light of the morning sun I could discern that the wives of Allah's vicegerent were formed like other women. The film fell from my eyes; I was completely undeceived, and yet my imagination could scarcely credit the sad reality. A fit of tardy repentance stole across my mind, when suddenly I found myself seized by the mutes on guard.

"Dreadful was my crime: yet so easy is the yoke with which true believers are governed, that even had my guilt been proclaimed, it would have been merely a matter of decapitation for me and the slumbering females upon whose unveiled countenances I had sacrilegiously gazed. It was, however, decided that this momentary stain should be carefully concealed from the knowledge of his highness; and an aga having ordered me to be conducted with all possible secrecy from within the redoubtable enclosure, I was marched off to undergo the penalty which my heinous offence had merited.

"Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you may require a description of the punishment of impalement. The instrument employed on such occasions is sharp and pointed, and, placed on the top of one of our loftiest monuments, is not unlike one of those spiral conductors with which you unbelievers blindly defy the fury of the elements, and even the immutable decrees of destiny. Upon this instrument was I placed astride; and that I might be enabled to preserve my equilibrium, to each of my feet were attached two heavy iron balls. My agony was intense: the iron slowly penetrated my flesh; and the second sun, whose scorching rays now began to glitter on the domes of Constantinople, would not have found me alive at the hour of noon, had not the iron balls by some accident been disengaged from my feet: they fell with a tremendous crash, and from that instant my tortures became more endurable. I even conceived a hope that I should have escaped with life. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery around Constantinople: the eye rests with delight on the broad expanse of ocean, sprinkled with green islands, and ploughed by majestic vessels. Spite of my sufferings, the view which I enjoyed was sublime. From the eminence on which I was perched, I could easily perceive that Constantinople was the queen of cities. I beheld at my feet her brilliant mosques, her beauteous palaces, her gardens suspended in the air, her spacious cemeteries, the peaceful retreat of opium-eaters and hydromel-drinkers; and in the height of my gratitude for the glorious sight which the intercession of the prophet had procured me, I invoked the God of true believers. Doubtless my prayer was heard. An unbelieving dog —I crave your pardon, I mean a Christian priest—delivered me, at the peril of his life, and transported me to his humble dwelling. When my wounds were sufficiently healed I returned to my palace. My slaves prostrated themselves at my feet. The next morning I bought the first women that presented themselves, dipped my pipe in rose water; and if I occasionally thought on his

highness and his janizaries, it was prudently to remind myself that women must be purchased such as Allah has made them, and, above all, to recollect that God is God, that Mahomet is his prophet, and that Stamboul is the pearl of the East."—*Monthly Mag.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LIVES OF BRITISH PHYSICIANS.

We scarcely think this a well-chosen volume for the "*Family Library;*" at least we did not expect it would fall so early in the Series. Still, it is a volume of extreme interest and value, although its reading is not jnst of the character for the drawing-room or family book-table.

The Memoirs are eighteen in number, (rather too many to be satisfactory,) Drs. Linacre, Caius, Harvey, Browne, Sydenham, Radcliffe, Mead, Huxham, Pringle, Fothergill, Heberden, Cullen, Hunter, Warren, Baillie, Jenner, Parry, and Gooch— or from the year 1460 to 1830.

We have gleaned the following from the Memoir of Caius :—

The Sweating Sickness.

"This curious disease appeared, for the first time, in the army of the Earl of Richmond, upon his landing at Milford-Haven in 1485, and spread to London, where it raged from the beginning of August to the end of October. So formidable and fatal were its effects, that the coronation of Henry VII., the victor in the battle of Bosworth Field, was deferred till this strange pestilence had subsided. It was a species of malady unknown to any other age or nation, which occasioned the sudden death of great multitudes. Caius describes it, as it appeared for the last time among us. The treatment of it is perhaps the most interesting, at least affords us the most amusing particulars. It turns upon the sole idea of promoting the sweat, and Caius lays down the strictest rules for avoiding anything that might expose the patient to the least cold, or check this salutary and critical evacuation. On this point he is peremptory. "If two be taken in one bed, let them so continue, although it be to their unquietness; for fear whereof, and for the more quietness and safety, very good it is, during all the sweating time, that two persons lie not in one bed."* To promote perspiration they are ordered to drink posset ale, made of sweet milk, turned with vinegar, in a quart whereof parsley and sage, of each half one little handful, hath been sodden, &c. If under this treatment, loaded with bed-clothes, and almost stifled with heat, they happen to feel faint, "cause them," says the doctor, "to lie on their right side, and bow themselves forward, call them by their names, beat them with a rosemary branch, or some other sweet little thing—do not let them on any account sleep, but pull them by the ears, nose, and hair, suffering them in no wise to sleep, until such time as they have no luste to sleep; except to a learned man in physick, the case appears to bear the contrary. If under this discipline they happily recover, and find their strength be sore wasted, let them smell to an old sweet apple, and use other restoratives of similar efficacy; "for," concludes Dr. Caius, "there is nothing more comfortable to the spirits than good and sweet odours."

"The disease was of the most malignant and fatal character; it immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in one hour, many in two, and at the longest "to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper."

"He called it 'Ephemera,' or a fever of one natural day, for it lasted only twenty-four hours. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward VI. it began at Shrewsbury in the midst of April, and proceeded with great mortality to Ludlow, and other places in Wales, then to Chester, Coventry, Oxford, and other towns in the south; it reached London 7th July, from thence it went through the east part of England into the north, till the end of August, and entirely

* The manners and mode of life of our ancestors, as may be inferred from this precept, were probably nearly the same at this time as they were described by Erasmus about thirty years before; the condition of which may be supposed to have contributed to deter him from accepting the splendid offers of Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, made to induce that great scholar to fix his residence in England. "A magnificent apartment, a yearly pension of six hundred florins, and a benefice that produced yearly one hundred marks, were not sufficient to counterbalance the disgust he felt at the incommodious and bad exposition of the houses, the filthiness of the streets, and the sluttishness within doors. The floors," continues Erasmus in his Letters, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lie unmolested an ancient collection of lees, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and every thing that is nasty." To such a sordid and uncleanly mode of life, Erasmus was disposed to impute the frequent visits of the plague in England; and there can be no question that it would also mainly contribute to the spread and devastation of the epidemic sickness described by Caius.

ceased towards the close of September. Caius enumerates many causes of the disease, but chiefly shows why it attacks the English more than any other nation. "The reason is none other than the evil diet of the country, which destroyeth more meats and drinks, without all order, convenient time, reason, or necessity, than either Scotland, or all other countries under the sun, to the great annoyance of their own bodies and wits, hindrance of those which have need, and great dearth and scarcity in the commonwealth. Wherefore if Esculapius, the inventer of physick, the saver of men from death, and restorer to life, should return again to this world, he could not save those sorts of men." In corroboration of this, he remarks, "that those who had the disease, sore with peril or death, were either men of wealth, ease, and welfare; or of the poorer sort, such as were idle persons, good ale drinkers, and tavern haunters —the laborious and thin dieted escaped."

"The symptoms of the sweating sickness were as follows:—it affected some particular part, attended with inward heat and burning, unquenchable thirst, restlessness, sickness at stomach and heart (though seldom vomiting,) headache, delirium, then faintness and drowsiness; the pulse quick and vehement, and the breath short and labouring. Children, poor and old women were less subject to it—of others scarce any escaped the attack, and most died; in Shrewsbury, where it lasted seven months, about a thousand perished. Even by travelling into France, or Flanders, the English, according to Caius, did not escape; and what is stranger, "even the Scotch were free, and abroad, English only affected, and foreigners not affected in England." None recovered under twenty-four hours.

"It has been mentioned before that it first showed itself in England in 1485—it appeared again in 1506—afterwards in 1517, when it was so violent that it killed in the space of three hours; so that many of the nobility died, and of the vulgar sort in several towns half often perished. It appeared also in 1548, and proved mortal then in the space of six hours; many of the courtiers died of it, and Henry VIII. himself was in danger. In 1529, and only then, it infested the Netherlands and Germany; in which last country it did much mischief, and destroyed many, and particularly was the occasion of interrupting a conference at Marpurgh, between Luther and Zuinglius, about the Eucharist. The last appearance of the sweating sickness in England was in 1551, when in Westminster it carried off one hundred and twenty in a day, and the two sons of Charles Brandon, both Dukes of Suffolk, died of it.

"This is a short outline of the treatise of Caius upon this singular disease."

Next is a passage on *Harvey's Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood.*

"Harvey's work cost him twenty-six years to bring it to maturity; his discovery was ill received, most persons opposed it, others said it was old, very few agreed with him. He had, indeed, his admirers; witness, for example, certain verses which were addressed "To the Incomparable Dr. Harvey, on his Book of the Motion of the Heart and Blood," in which these lines occur:—

There didst thou trace the blood, and first behold
What dreams mistaken sages coined of old.
For till thy Pegasus the fountain brake,
The crimson blood was but a crimson lake,
Which first from thee did tyde and motion gaine,
And veins became its channel, not its chaine.
With Drake and Ca'ndish hence thy bays are curl'd,
Fam'd circulator of the lesser world.

But the epithet *circulator*, in its Latin invidious signification (quack,) was applied to him by many in derision, and his researches and discoveries were treated by his adversaries with contempt and reproach. To an intimate friend he himself complained, that after his book of the circulation came out he fell considerably in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crackbrained: all his contemporary physicians were against his opinion, and envied him the fame he was likely to acquire by his discovery. That reputation he did, however, ultimately enjoy; about twenty-five years after the publication of his system, it was received in all the universities of the world—and Hobbes has observed, that Harvey was the only man perhaps who ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime.

"The original MSS. of Harvey's lectures are preserved, it is said, in the British Museum, and some very curious preparations, (rude enough as compared with the present ingenious methods of preserving parts of the human body,) which either he himself made at Padua, or procured from that celebrated school of medicine, and which most probably he exhibited to his class during his course of lectures on the circulation, are now in the College of Physicians; they consist of six tables or boards, upon which are spread the different nerves and blood-vessels, carefully dis-

sected out of the body; in one of them the semilunar valves of the aorta are distinctly to be seen. Now, these valves, placed at the origin of the arteries, must, together with the valves of the veins, have furnished Harvey with the most striking and conclusive arguments in support of his novel dectrines.

"The interesting relics just mentioned had been carefully kept at Burleigh-on-the-hill, and were presented to the College by the Earl of Winchilsea, the direct descendant of the Lord Chancellor Nottingham, who married the niece of the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood."

The Memoir of Sir Thomas Browne is rather an account of his works than of his Life, and as all our readers may not be acquainted with the writings of this eccentric man, we shall hereafter quote the "Family" editor's account of one of the most curious of Sir Thomas's works.

We can say but little of the remaining Biographies. In that of Sydenham is an interesting account of the Plague, rendered somewhat familiar by the recent publication of Evelyn's and Pepys's *Diaries*. Radcliffe and Mead's *Memoirs* have many thrice-told anecdotes; and Jenner's *Life* has so lately been before us

There are four plate portraits, and wood-cuts of the London College of Physicians, Caius's Tomb, and Sydenham's Birthplace. The vignette of the College is a wretched performance.

LITERARY BEAUTIES OF THE SCRIPTURE.

Family Biographies are usually the most valuable records of human character. They acquaint us with the habits and peculiarities of individuals, which, probably would not otherwise reach us; and they give us a better insight of the mind and heart than could reasonably be expected from other sources.

To this class of works belongs "A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Lloyd, M. A., late Vicar of Lois-Weedon, Northampton, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge." It is written by the Rev. R. Lloyd, Rector of St. Dunstan in the West, and brother of the lamented subject of the Memoir. The latter was the eldest son of the Rev. John Lloyd, who was for fifty years Rector of Thorp, Derbyshire, so celebrated for that picturesque and romantic vale called Dove-dale. "He had also a living in Montgomeryshire, of which he was the Incumbent about forty years,—but he did not reside on either of his rectories, as there was no parsonage-house fit for the accommodation of his family. He lived at Wrexham, in Derbyshire, of which parish he was Curate under Dr. Shipley, the late Dean of St. Asaph, and father-in-law of the excellent Bishop Heber."

With so amiable an example in his own family, Mr. Lloyd appears to have discharged his duties as tutor of a college and a parochial minister with the zeal and benevolence which adorn the christian character; and though his life presents but few stirring incidents, it is grateful to contemplate such a man "in the calm and even," though important, "tenor of his way." It would not be difficult for us to illustrate what we have said by a quotation from the Memoir; but as possessing more interest for the general reader, and better displaying the cultivated talent of the deceased, we extract a page from an "Essay on the Literary Beauties of the Scriptures," in the same volume —

"The declarations of Scripture inspire the most exalted sensations that we are capable of, and fill the soul with pleasing wonder and astonishment. We need only examine them as they present to us the Supreme Being, in order to be convinced of this. Are we terrified at the giant strides of Homer's Neptune, "under which the mountains trembled," or at the nod of his Jupiter, "by which the whole heavens were shaken?" With what superior awe and dignity does Jehovah rise upon us, either when first introduced to us in the wonderful works of creation, saying, "Let there be light and there was light;" or when he bowed the heavens and came down to Mount Sinai, "and it quaked greatly, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace!" Pindar's Jove "sits enthroned on clouds," but "does he make his pavilion round about him with dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky?" Is he "clothed with light as with a garment?" Hath "he stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and laid the beams of his chambers in the waters?" It is not easy to collect and enumerate all the grand representations of God in Scripture. "He is the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," in whose sight a "thousand years are but as yesterday;" so pure and holy, that "the very heavens are unclean before him;" so powerful, that "he killeth and maketh alive;" of such omniscience, that he knoweth the thoughts of man afar off;" and of such mercy and goodness that "he waiteth to be gracious

and to forgive." In this presence as it were of the true and living God, how does the whole system of Pagan superstition melt away as mist before the morning sun! These descriptions of him as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which the poets give us as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of Salmoneous. The idol set up by poetical invention is no longer reverenced, and only serves to show how unable man was to form any just and proper conceptions of his Creator.

* * * * * *

"But with what a superior dignity and simple grandeur is the diction of the evangelical Prophet fraught! In what a rich garment, how thickly crowded with bright images, tropes, and figures, are his truly sublime and vigorous ideas habited! Æschylus is no longer bold and daring in his expressions, when compared with Isaiah, who rolls them on in rapid and continued succession, whilst the other at intervals only breaks forth into them: and what are they in the Grecian, but faint and sickly glimmerings of light, that cast a transient gleam over the sky, before the sun arises upon the morn? But the Jewish writer, like the noon-day sun, shines forth in full brightness and splendour; nor need we look further than to the difference of their subjects, in order to see the reason why that fire of imagination, which has subjected the tragedian to some censure, blazes out in the prophet with so general applause and approbation: it is because the sense of the one seems often overstrained, and will not bear the image applied; whereas so great and glorious is the matter of the other, that to treat it in a less exalted manner would be to disgrace it, and the only danger was, lest throughout the whole range of diction no words could be found strong enough to convey an adequate sense of his conceptions."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

DR. GOOCH.

In the autumn of 1822 Gooch made a tour through North Wales; and on his return passed a day in the company of Dr. Parr, at Warwick. They had previously met in London; and Gooch afterwards gave an account of these two interviews in a lively paper, which was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and entitled, Two Days with Dr. Parr. On this occasion, when speaking of the different professions, and relative advantages and disadvantages of each, Parr said, the most desirable was that of physic, which was equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. One of the party reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson. "I remember it well," said Parr; "I gave him no quarter,—the subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great: whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped; upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped, and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'"

QUEEN'S BOOTS.

In Rutlandshire is the ancient village of Ketton. Its tenure is by knight's service; and it is a curious fact, that the sheriffs of the county collect annually a rent of two shillings from the inhabitants, "pro ocreis reginæ," which (says Brewer) can only be translated "*for the queen's boots.*" P. T. W.

M. Paris tells us, that at the funeral of Henry II. the body was dressed in the royal robes, a gold crown on the head, and shoes wrought with gold on the feet. In this manner it was shown to the people, with the face uncovered.

Queen Mary, wife of James VII. was not crowned with the imperial crown of England; but there was a new one of gold made on purpose for her, worth 300,000*l.* sterling, and the jewels she had on her were reckoned to a million.

WILLIAM IV.

Our present King was the first Prince of the Blood Royal that ever landed in North America or Ireland, 1781—1788.
P. T. W.

Funeral of George IV.

*** Since this sheet went to press, we have ascertained that it will be impracticable to produce the Supplement containing the Engraving of the

Funeral Procession

till the middle of the ensuing week. This Engraving will contain upwards of Four Hundred Figures; and the labour requisite for their completion will, we trust, apologize for the present delay. In consequence also of the above arrangement, the View of St. George's Chapel will be given in No. 445—to be published Aug. 7; but the No. (444) of Saturday next will contain a Large Engraving of collateral interest.

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FUNERAL PROCESSION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The Mirror.

No. 443.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Funeral of King George the Fourth.

(Continued from page 84.)

THE PROCESSION.

Our last No. (442,) described the Ceremonial of the Royal Body Lying-in-State in "the King's Drawing Room," in Windsor Castle. From this apartment a platform was constructed precisely in the same manner as that used at the funeral of His Majesty George the Third—being formed of deal timber, about 15 feet wide, and covered over with weather-boarding. The roof or ceiling was covered with black cloth, and the supporters, and the flooring covered with the same material, while a light festoon of black cloth fringed the whole of the roof from end to end. The platform reached from the State Apartment across the Lower Court to the door of St. George's Chapel, whence it was extended down the south aisle and up the naive, parallel with the floor of the choir.

As we have restricted our details of the *Lying-in-State* to one day, so we shall confine ourselves at present, to the day of the Funeral, Thursday, July 15. To describe all the preliminary arrangements would occupy too many of our columns, and as they have appeared in the public journals, day by day since the death of his Majesty, it would be rather tedious to repeat them. All we shall therefore attempt will be such a narrative of the splendid ceremony as may hereafter be referred to as an event of history.

On the morning of the funeral, a party of artillery, with twelve nine-pounders, arrived from Woolwich, and bivouacked under the trees of the Long Walk. At four o'clock on Thursday morning, they commenced firing, and continued to fire every five minutes during the day. At the same hour the bells in St. George's Chapel, and in Windsor Church began to toll, and thus gave notice to Windsor and its visiters, that the preparations for the last ceremony were all but completed. Thus the deep-toned iron tongues of the bells, and the roar of the guns wakened thousands to a day of melancholy; and their associated sounds reminded us of some of the effects so beautifully attributed by Sir William Temple to the power of music — for bells and guns are known "to raise joy and grief; to give pleasure and pain; to compose disturbed thoughts; to assist and heighten devotion itself."

The visiters to the *Lying-in-State* began to pour into the town at an early hour, and the road from the High-street of Windsor to the Castle gates was filled with a dark moving mass of persons. The road from London thither was a full tide of busy life; whilst thousands from the towns and villages round Windsor halted thus far on their pilgrimage to the tomb of royalty. The town itself bore anything but a first import of gloom: as the day advanced, the whirl of carriages, and the to-and-fro anxiety of the people, almost induced one to disregard the mournful bells and guns; but the dark, and, contrasted with the weather, unseasonable, dresses of the crowds, soon brought us back to the recollection of the sad event which they had assembled to witness.*

The King and Queen reached Frog-

* One of the accounts says, "As the day advanced the crowd increased, and before noon, the good town of Windsor felt all the profit and some of the discomfort, of ten or twelve thousand people squeezed into a place not capable of comfortably accommodating as many hundreds. White-plumed field officers and their aids-du-camp, paupers, and professional pick-pockets, heralds, and pursuivants in their gorgeous tabards, Gentlemen Pensioners, in all the pride of gold lace and black crape, and the sable-clad multitude of "the middle class" mixed up in admirable confusion.

more soon after mid-day, and dined there at four o'clock *en famille*.

At six o'clock a body of cavalry began to line the streets leading to the Castle, keeping a space clear for the convenience of those who had tickets of admission to the funeral. At the same time, the individuals who had tickets for the Chapel and the Lower Court began to arrive in great numbers. About this time "the Etonians" marched in a sort of procession from the College to the Chapel, accompanied by their masters and tutors.

At seven o'clock, the King, escorted by a party of the Life Guards and the Horse Guards Blue, proceeded in state to the Castle; the detachment of the 9th Lancers, who escorted their Majesties from the Queen's Lodge, at Bushy, lining the road in extended files, from Frogmore Lodge to the entrance by George the Fourth's Gate. His Majesty's carriage was drawn by six of the black state horses, driven by his late Majesty's state coachman.

The Queen did not, as it had been announced she would, accompany his Majesty. The King wore a plain suit of mourning.

About the same hour, a battalion of the Foot Guards was marched into the Lower Court, and placed in close file along the sides within the platform. The strangers were allowed to stand close to the platform on the outside. There were no horsemen, as was the case at the funeral of George the Third, except a few of the Horse Guards, who were placed at distant intervals outside the line occupied by the spectators; and they did not in any way incommode those who came to witness the *cortege*.

Meanwhile the Procession was marshalling in St. George's Hall.

After the soldiers had flanked the platform, they grounded arms, and leaned pensively on them, waiting for the procession. During this time the machine in which the royal corpse was to be conveyed to the tomb, passed up the platform, and gave us an opportunity of noticing that it was a strong but light frame of wood, like a small cart, placed on low castors. The purple canopy also that was to be borne over the coffin, was carried up. The crowd now grew more indifferent than impatient, and some of them, by their conversation, evinced a levity of feeling which was neither creditable to their heads nor their hearts. Still, the general expression was any thing but that of sorrow, and throughout the ceremony, the same coldness (to speak impartially) must be regarded as *a sign of the times*, and may remind us, that "what the present generation have gained in head, they have lost in heart."

At length, rather before it grew dark, flambeaux were distributed among the soldiers, (one to every fourth man,) and lighted, so as to increase the effect of the contrast, between their martial uniforms and the black cloth around them, the soldiers not being in mourning; the officers, however, had crape round their arms and scarves over their shoulders.

The time appointed for the procession to commence was nine o'clock; but half an hour before that period, the preparations being completed, the slow and wailing sounds of the trumpets and kettle-drums announced the movement of the train. At the same moment two rockets were let off from one of the castle towers as a signal to the artillery in the Long Walk which then commenced firing *minute guns*, and continued till another rocket announced that the ceremony was concluded. From the moment the trumpets and drums began, every voice was hushed. A band of trumpets and drums was stationed at that part of the platform which enters the lower court. They played "the Dead March in Saul," and continued playing until the procession had advanced to the place where they were stationed.

All eyes were now directed to the upper part of the platform, and all was breathless expectation. In a few minutes the glittering dress of the knights-marshals' men and of the military band, as they moved slowly forward, came into view. The music approached, and became "deeper and deeper still." The procession then moved across the platform to St. George's Chapel, in the following order:—

(See the Engraving.)*

* The annexed is the official account of the Ceremony, from the *Second Supplement* to the *London Gazette* of Friday, July 16. It is dated "Earl Marshal's Office, July 19, 1830." It differs, in some particulars, from our Engraving; but from the evidence of our own observation, we are disposed to think the Official Programme in accordance with the intended order rather than that in which the procession actually moved; and we believe this to be the concurrent testimony of all who witnessed the pageant, and have subsequently examined the official description. In the annexed Engraving, the Platform would only have tended to confuse the train, and is accordingly omittted; and for reasons still more obvious, the files of Guards are not introduced.

His late Majesty's Band of Music.
Trumpets and Kettle Drums, and Drums and Fifes of the Foot Guards.
Drums and Fifes of the Royal Household.
Trumpets and Kettle Drums of the Royal Household.
Knight-Marshal's Men, with black Staves.
Knight-Marshal's Officers.
The Deputy Knight-Marshal—George Head, Esq.
Naval Poor Knights of Windsor.
Military Poor Knights of Windsor.
Pages of His Majesty :—
— Terrel, William Ball, Edward Blake, Thomas Robinson, John Elphick, John Mordett, William Shoemack, John Macfarland, and Samuel Jemmitt, Esqrs.
Pages of His late Majesty :—
William Loades, Samuel Dessulles, Benjamin Percy, George Downes, Thomas Messenger, Augustus Frederick Girding, John Tayler, Samuel Brown, John Hulse, John Dobell, Thomas Bachelor, Hugh Kinnaird, and John Whiting, Esqrs.

Apothecary to His Majesty :—
David Davis, Esq.

Apothecary to His late Majesty :—
John Nussey, Esq.

Surgeons to His late Majesty's Household :—
Sir Samuel Gaskoin. John Phillips, Esq. John O'Reilly, Esq.

The Curate of Windsor :—
The Reverend —— Moore.

The Vicar of Windsor :—
The Reverend Isaac Gossett.

Gentlemen Ushers Quarterly Waiters to His late Majesty :—
John Strachan, Esq. Robert Brown, Esq. William Lewis, Esq.
Pages of Honour to His late Majesty :—
William Henry Hervey Bathurst, Esq. Frederick Hamilton, Esq.
Arthur Somerset, Esq.
Grooms of the Privy Chamber to His late Majesty :—
Richard Powell, Esq. William Chapman Fowle, Esq.
Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter to His late Majesty,
George Hamilton Seymour, Esq.

Surgeon to the Person of His late Majesty :
Benjamin Collins Brodie, Esq.

Sergeant-Surgeon to His late Majesty :
Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart.

Physicians in Ordinary to His late Majesty :—
Henry Southey, M.D. Sir M. Tierney, Bart. Sir H. Halford, Bart. K.C.H.
Household Chaplain to His late Majesty :—
The Rev. Dr. Blomberg.
Equerry to His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg :—
Sir Henry Seaton.
Equerries to His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester :—
Captain Stephens. Sir Howard Douglass, Bart. Lt.-Col. Edmund Currey.
Equerries to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge :—
Col. Sir Henry Cooke, K.C.H. Col. Keat. Sir W. Davison, K.H.
Lt.-Gen. Joseph Fuller, G.C.H.
Equerries to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex :—
Charles Tennyson, Esq. M.P., Hon. Edward Gore, Capt. Dillon, Col. Wildman, Capt. Starke, Sir George Denys, Bart.
Equerries to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.
Those present bore the Train of his Royal Highness.
Equerries to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent :—
Sir John Conroy, K.C.H. Lieutenant-General F. A. Wetheral.
Aides-de-Camp to His late Majesty :—

Col. H. Wyndham.
Col. F. W. Trench.
Col. the Marquess of Tweedale, K.T., C.B.
Col. R. H. Dick, C.B.
Col. Sir George Scovell, K.C.B.
Col. Sir John Hervey, K.C.H., C.B.
Col. Sir A. Dickson, K.C.B., K.C.H.
Col. Edward Gibbs, C.B.
Col. Lord Saltoun, C.B.
Col. W. K. Elphinstone, C.B.
Col. T. Downman, C.B.
Col. Lord Downes, K.C.B.
Col. L. Greenwell, C.B.
Col. J. T. Jones, C.B.
Col. Sir Charles Broke Vere, K.C.B.
Col. Charles Wade Thornton, K.H.
Col. Willoughby Cotton, K.C.H., C.B.

Quartermaster-General of the Forces,
Gen. Sir J. Willoughby Gordon, Bart. K.C.B., G.C.H.

Adjutant-General of the Forces,
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.H.

Equerries to His late Majesty :—
Major-Gen. Sir George Quentin, K.C.H., Major-Gen. Sir A. Barnard, K.C.B., E. H. Delme Radcliffe, Esq., Lt.-Gen. Sir R. Bolton, G.C.H., Lt.-Gen. Bayly.
Clerk-Marshal and First Equerry to His late Majesty :—
Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Francis Hammond, G.C.H.
Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to His late Majesty—J. Russell, Esq.
Grooms of the Bed Chamber to His late Majesty :—
H. Hope, Esq., the Hon. J. R. Townshend, Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Houston. K.C.B., G.C.H., Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Lumley, K.C.B., Gen. the Right Hon. Sir. W. Keppel, G.C.B., the Hon. G. C. Weld Forester, Col. T. Armstrong, Col. J. Whatley, the Hon. Augustus Cavendish Bradshaw, Gen. the Hon. E. Finch.
Master of the Robes to His late Majesty—The Earl of Mountcharles, G.C.H.
Members of the Royal Hanoverian Mission :—
Sir Lewis Moeller, K.C.H. (walked as Blanc Coursier King of Arms, and carried the Crown of Hanover) The Baron Munchausen.
The Lords of the Admiralty, (not Peers or Privy Councillors,) attended by John Barrow, Esq., one of their Secretaries,
Sir George Clerk, Bart., Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B.

Solicitor General :— Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Knt.
Attorney General :— Sir James Scarlett, Knt.

Barons of the Exchequer,
Sir William Bolland, Knt. and Sir John Vaughan, Knt.
Justices of the Court of Common Pleas :—
Sir John B. Bosanquet, Knt., Sir Stephen Gaselee, Knt., and Sir J. A. Park, Knt.
Justices of the Court of King's Bench :—
Sir James Parke, Knt., Sir Joseph Littledale, Knt., Sir John Bayley, Knt.
The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas :—
The Right Hon. Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, Knt.
The Vice-Chancellor of England :—
Right Hon. Sir Launcelot Shadwell, Knt.
The Master of the Rolls—The Right Hon. Sir John Leach, Knt.
The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench :—
Lord Tenterden. (His Lordship walked as a Baron.)
The Comptroller of His Majesty's Household :—
The Right Hon. Lord George Thomas Beresford.
The Treasurer of His late Majesty's Household :—
The Right Hon. Sir William Henry Freemantle, G.C.H.
Privy Councillors (not Peers) attended by James Buller, Esq. and Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, Esq., Clerks of the Council in Ordinary :—

The Rt. Hon. John Calcraft.
The Rt. Hon. T. Peregrine Courtenay.
The Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray, G.C.B.
The Rt. Hon. Sir C. Robinson, Knt.
The Rt. Hon. Sir G. Cockburn, G.C.B.
The Rt. Hon. C. Watkin Williams Wynn.
The Rt. Hon. Sir S. Canning, G.C.B.
The Rt. Hon. W. Sturges Bourne.
The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel Bart.
The Rt. Hon. Henry Pierrepont.
The Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker.
The Rt. Hon. Sir H. Hardinge, K.C.B.
The Rt. Hon. T. Frankland Lewis.
The Rt. Hon. John Charles Herries.
The Rt. Hon. Sir. G. Warrender, Bart.
The Rt. Hon. Henry Goulburn.
The Rt. Hon. Sir John Beckett, Bart.
The Rt. Hon. William Huskisson.
The Rt. Hon. Charles Arbuthnot.
The Rt. Hon. Lord F. Leveson Gower.

The Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton.
Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms—Robert Laurie, Gent.
Eldest Sons of Barons :—
The Hon. W. Pole Tylney Long Wellesley, the Hon. John Henniker, the Hon. James Henry Legge Dutton, the Hon. John Hobart Cradock, the Hon. George Augustus Murray, the Hon. Henry Stafford Jerningham.
Eldest Sons of Viscounts :—
The Hon. Wellington Cotton, the Hon. G. Agar Ellis, the Hon. A. Hill Trevor.
Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms—Francis Townsend, Gent.
Barons :—
Lord Wallace, Lord Tenterden, Lord de Tabley, Lord Bexley, Lord Ravensworth, Lord Prudhoe, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Montagu, Lord Southampton, Lord Skelmersdale, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Farnborough, G.C.B., Lord Forester, Lord Maryborough, Lord Hill, G.C.B., Lord Henniker, Lord Grantley, Lord Elphinstone. (The remaining Barons who attended, walked in other places.)
Portcullis Pursuivant of Arms—James Pulman, Esq.

Bishops :—

The Lord Bishop of Gloucester ; the Lord Bishop of Carlisle ; the Lord Bishop of Exeter ; the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter ; the Lord Bishop of Rochester, Clerk of the Closet to His late Majesty ; the Lord Bishop of Lincoln ; the Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter ; the Lord Bishop of London.

Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms—William Woods, Esq.

Eldest Sons of Earls :—

Viscount Holmesdale, Viscount Grimston, Viscount Bernard, Viscount Ingestrie, Lord Dunglas, Viscount Deerhurst, Lord Brudenell, Lord Eliot, Lord Tullamore, Lord Killeen, Viscount Kirkwall, Viscount Villiers, Viscount Morpeth, Lord Burghersh, G.C.H.

Arundel Herald of Arms Extraordinary—Walter Aston Blount, Esq.

Viscounts—(The Viscounts present walked in other places.)

Eldest Sons of Marquesses—The Earl of Uxbridge and the Earl of Belfast.

York Herald—Charles George Young, Esq.

Earls—The Earl of Dudley and the Earl of Wilton. (The remaining Earls who attended walked in other places.)

Windsor Herald—Francis Martin, Esq.

Eldest Sons of Dukes—The eldest Sons of Dukes walked as Assistants to the Dukes who supported the Pall.

Marquesses—The Marquess of Clanricarde, the Marquess of Exeter, K.G., the Marquess of Hastings, the Marquess of Hertford, K.G., and the Marquess of Salisbury. (The remaining Marquesses present walked in other places.)

Somerset Herald—James Cathrow Disney, Esq.

Dukes—(The Dukes present walked in other places.)

Richmond Herald—Joseph Hawker, Esq.

The Earl Marshal of England :—
The Duke of Norfolk.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain :—
The Marquess of Cholmondeley.

The Lord Privy Seal :—
The Earl of Rosslyn, G.C.B.

The Lord President of the Council :—
The Earl Bathurst, K. G.

Chester Herald—George Martin Leake, Esq.

Archbishops :—

The Archbishop of Armagh. The Archbishop of York.

The Lord High Chancellor :—

Lord Lyndhurst, in his full robes of office, bearing the Purse.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Norroy King of Arms—Edmund Lodge, Esq.

Lords of His late Majesty's Bed Chamber,

The Earl Howe, G.C.H., the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord St. Helens, G.C.H., the Earl Amherst, Lord Strathavon, Viscount Lake, Lord Glenlyon, K.C.H.

Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard :—
The Earl of Macclesfield.

Captain of the Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners :—
The Viscount Hereford.

Master of the Horse to His late Majesty—the Duke of Leeds, K.G.

Banners borne as follows—viz. :—

The Banner of Brunswick, borne by Lord Howden, G.C.B.

The Banner of Hanover, borne by the Earl of Denbigh.

The Banner of Ireland, borne by the Earl of Tyrconnell.

The Banner of Scotland, borne by the Earl Cathcart, K.T.

The Banner of St. George, borne by Lord Clinton.

The Union Banner, borne by the Earl of Verulam.

THE ROYAL STANDARD,

borne by the Earl of Errol, G.C.H.

Supporter :—
W. Martins, Esq.,
Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter to His Majesty.

The Royal Crown of Hanover,
borne on a Purple Velvet Cushion, by Sir Lewis Moeller, K.C.H., acting for Blanc Coursier King of Arms of Hanover.

Supporter :—
Capt. Meynell, R.N.
Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter to His Majesty.

Supporter :—
S. Randall, Esq. Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter to His Majesty.

The Imperial Crown
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
borne on a Purple Velvet Cushion, by Ralph Bigland, Esq., Clarenceux King of Arms.

Supporter :—
The Hon. Heneage Legge, Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter to His Majesty.

The Master of His late Majesty's Household — Sir F. Beilby Watson, K.C.H.

The Lord Steward of His late Majesty's Household—the Marquess of Conyngham, K.P., G.C.H., attended by T. Marrable, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Green Cloth.

Keeper of His late Majesty's Privy Purse — Sir W. Knighton, Bart., G.C.H.

Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to His Majesty — H. Seymour, Esq.

The Lord Chamberlain of His late Majesty's Household, The Earl of Jersey.

Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to His Majesty — Capt. Hatton, R.N.

Supporters of the Canopy :—
Vis. Melville, K.T.
Earl of Warwick, K.T.
Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.
Earl of Cassilis.
Earl of Shaftesbury.

Assisted by the following Flag-Officers of the Navy—
Vice-Adm. Sir Chas. Rowley, K.C.B.
Vice-Adm. the Hon. Sir H. Blackwood, Bart. K.C.B.
Vice-Adm. Sir John Gore, K.C.B.
Vice-Adm. Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B.
Vice-Adm. Sir T. B. Martin, G.C.B.
Vice-Adm. Lord A. Beauclerk, K.C.B.
Admiral the Hon. Sir R. Stopford, K.C.B.
Admiral Sir George Martin, G.C.B.
Admiral W. Wolseley.
Admiral Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, K.C.B.

Supporters of the Pall :—
The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G.
The Duke of Buccleugh.
The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

Assisted by two Eldest Sons of Dukes,—viz.
The Marquess of Douro.
The Marquess of Carmarthen.

THE
Royal Body,
Covered with a Purple Velvet Pall, adorned with Ten Escocheons of the Imperial Arms, under a Canopy of Purple Velvet.

Supporters of the Pall :—
The Duke of Portland.
The Duke of Rutland, K.G.
The Duke of Richmond, K.G.

Assisted by two Eldest Sons of Dukes,—viz.
The Marquess of Graham.
The Earl of Surrey.

Supporters of the Canopy :—
Earl of Clarendon.
Earl of Pomfret.
Earl of Kinnoull.
Earl of Plymouth.
Earl of Carlisle.

Assisted by the following General Officers in the Army—
Major-General Lord Fitzroy Somerset, K.C.B.
Major-Gen. Sir C. Campbell, K.C.B.
Major-Gen. Sir J. Maclean, K.C.B.
Major-Gen. Sir J. Elley, K.C.B.
Gen. the Hon. Sir E. Paget, G.C.B.
General the Hon. H. G. Grey.
Gen. Sir J. Doyle, Bart, G.C.B.
General Sir George Nugent, Bart., G.C.B.

First Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter to His late Majesty, T. Ramsden, Esq.

Garter Principal King of Arms, Sir George Nayler, K.H., bearing his Sceptre.

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Sir T. Tyrwhitt, Knt. bearing his Rod reversed.

THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE,
borne by the Marquess of Winchester, attended by Captain Beresford, Groom of the Privy Chamber to his Majesty.

THE SWORD OF STATE,
borne by the Duke of Wellington, K.G. attended by Colonel Master, Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to his Majesty.

The Chief Mourner,
THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
in a long Purple Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, St. Patrick, and of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, attended by His Royal Highness Prince George of Cumberland, in a long black cloak, with the Star of

Supporter :
The Duke of Gordon, G.C.B. in a long black cloak.

Supporter :
The Duke of Beaufort, K.G. in a long black cloak.

the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of the said Order.

Train Bearers of the Chief Mourner—The Marquess of Lothian and the Duke of St. Albans.

Sixteen Peers, Assistants to the Chief Mourner—viz.:

The Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Ferrers, the Earl of Darnley, the Earl of Roscommon, the Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., the Earl of Fife, K.T., the Earl of Sheffield, the Earl Brownlow, the Earl Cawdor, Viscount Palmerston, Viscount Sidmouth, Viscount Doneraile, Viscount Goderich, Viscount Granville, G.C.B., Lord Grantham, Lord Stafford.

Gold Stick—Lord Viscount Combermere, G.C.B.

Princes of the Blood Royal.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Thistle, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; his Train borne by Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B. and Sir Frederick Stephenson.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; his Train borne by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Gardiner, K.C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Edward Cust.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, St. Patrick, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; his Train borne by Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, K.C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Poten.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; his Train borne by Colonel Higgins and Major William F. Forster.

A Royal Guard of Honour, composed of 140 rank and file, with Officers and non-commissioned Officers in equal proportions, from the King's Company, the Coldstream, and 3rd Regiments of Guards, commanded by the Captain of the King's Company.

Gentlemen Pensioners, with their Axes reversed.

Yeoman of the Guard with their Partisans reversed.

Upon the arrival of the Procession at the south door of St. George's Chapel, his late Majesty's band of music, the trumpets and drums, and the Knight Marshal's men, and Officers, filed off without the door.

The effect of the procession is variously related, perhaps almost as differently as the convenience and temper of those who have written its description. The prevalent opinion, and in which we can join without any sacrifice of feeling on our part, is, that it fell short of public expectation. The *Atlas* observes, "The platform lying on a descent, the weight of the coffins and body hurried forward in a somewhat confused manner. The pall-bearers were slightly disarranged. The procession, by passing through rows of lights, instead, perhaps, of having lights to move with it, and moving in a narrow or circumscribed space, was not so imposing as we expected it to be. There was no point of view from which it could be seen as a whole, though, at a distance from the platform, the long row of lights, with the chapel lighted up beyond the platform had a pleasing appearance. From that point, however, the procession could only be seen as the movement of so many heads, and of itself had nothing in it imposing or grand. Seeing it close, it appeared rather a huddled mass than a splendid show. It came on, piece after piece, man after man, noble after noble, and no where had it that chief element of sublimity—vastness."

The *Morning Herald* says, "excepting a small portion of the crowd who were able to approach the platform, they might as well have been a mile from the scene for what they could see. They could, however, now and then perceive the feathers nodding in the hats of the military, and hear the bands of music.

* * * From the van of the procession quitting the castle to the rear of it entering the chapel, the time occupied was an hour and five minutes. The noise and confusion which prevailed among the multitude assembled in the lower castle yard, ceased as soon as the sound of the distant trumpet and muffled drum reached them. Decorum and a becoming feeling was *then* manifested by the throng. Many persons took off their hats. A little difficulty was occasionally experienced in moving the car, especially where the platform took a new direction. As the car was passing the Deanery, the Peers who supported the canopy were forced close to the platform. To those who had the advantage of being near the procession, the sight was particularly imposing, but by the multitude a very imperfect view was obtained. * * During the period when the anthems were being sung, crowds flocked to the windows and doors to listen. Some scaffolding in front of the Poor Knights' Houses, was but in little requisition; indeed, excepting the feathers and the banners, scarcely any thing upon the platform was visible at that distance, especially when it is considered that a file of soldiers within, and dragoons without the barrier obstructed the view."

On the Procession, specially, we have few observations to add. The Engraving has been a task of no ordinary difficulty. It represents the arrival of the pageant at the chapel door, which entrance was formed by command of George the Fourth, and through which his Majesty is said to have wished his remains to be borne.

The six lines of the Engraving placed lengthwise would occupy nearly ten feet; and upon counting the figures they will be found nearly to amount to four hundred.

The main cause of the confusion appears to have been the car with the massive coffin starting, as it were, from its proper course, owing to the too sudden descent of the platform. It was moved by men concealed beneath the pall; its guidance must, therefore, have been a toilsome task. Some effect too was lost by the canopy not being firmly carried: the noble supporters, probably from their inexperience in such pageant minutiæ, required more practice. Eight assistant-undertakers would have borne the canopy with more precision, though their names might not have graced the Earl Marshal's "Official Account" of the ceremonial.

The Marquess of Winchester and the Duke of Wellington immediately preceded the King; the Noble Duke halted repeatedly as if to correct the confusion near him. The King walked on with a firm and steady step, leading Prince George of Cumberland. His Majesty wore a kind of Spanish hat with much crape. In the Engraving this part of the royal dress is correctly copied, although its form is very different from the original appearance of the hat. The front appears to have fallen down, with some of the crape. We only notice this circumstance to maintain the accuracy of our Illustration. The Procession here was much confused, and the reporter of a morning paper actually overlooked Prince George of Cumberland with his royal uncle. The Duke of Cumberland and Prince Leopold appeared much affected by the sad scene: to the latter it must doubtless have recalled many mournful circumstances of "sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek," when

> in the dust
> The fair-haired daughter of the Isles was laid,
> The love of millions!

Such are the principal details of the Procession from the State Apartment to its entrance into the Chapel. The ceremony within, and the last rites of burial will form the subject of a Large Engraving which will be given in the *Mirror*, No. 445. Accordingly, the reader will perceive that only such portion of the Earl Marshal's Programme as relates to the Procession is in the present pages; the remainder will follow in its proper place.

In the evening the wind sprung up, and occasionally extinguished the flambeaux held by the soldiers, which greatly increased the natural gloom. Nothing could exceed the mournful melody of the music as "the night winds crept:" it was indeed, as Marvell beautifully terms it "the mosaic of the air." Its melancholy fell deepening on the ear—"such majesty with sweetness blending." The contrast of this moment with the previous bustle left the latter as a day-dream, and reminded one of the noble poet's paraphrase—

> blessed be the Lord,
> For what is past,
> And that which is:
> For all are his,
> From first to last,
> Time—space—eternity—life—death—
> The vast known and immeasurable unknown.

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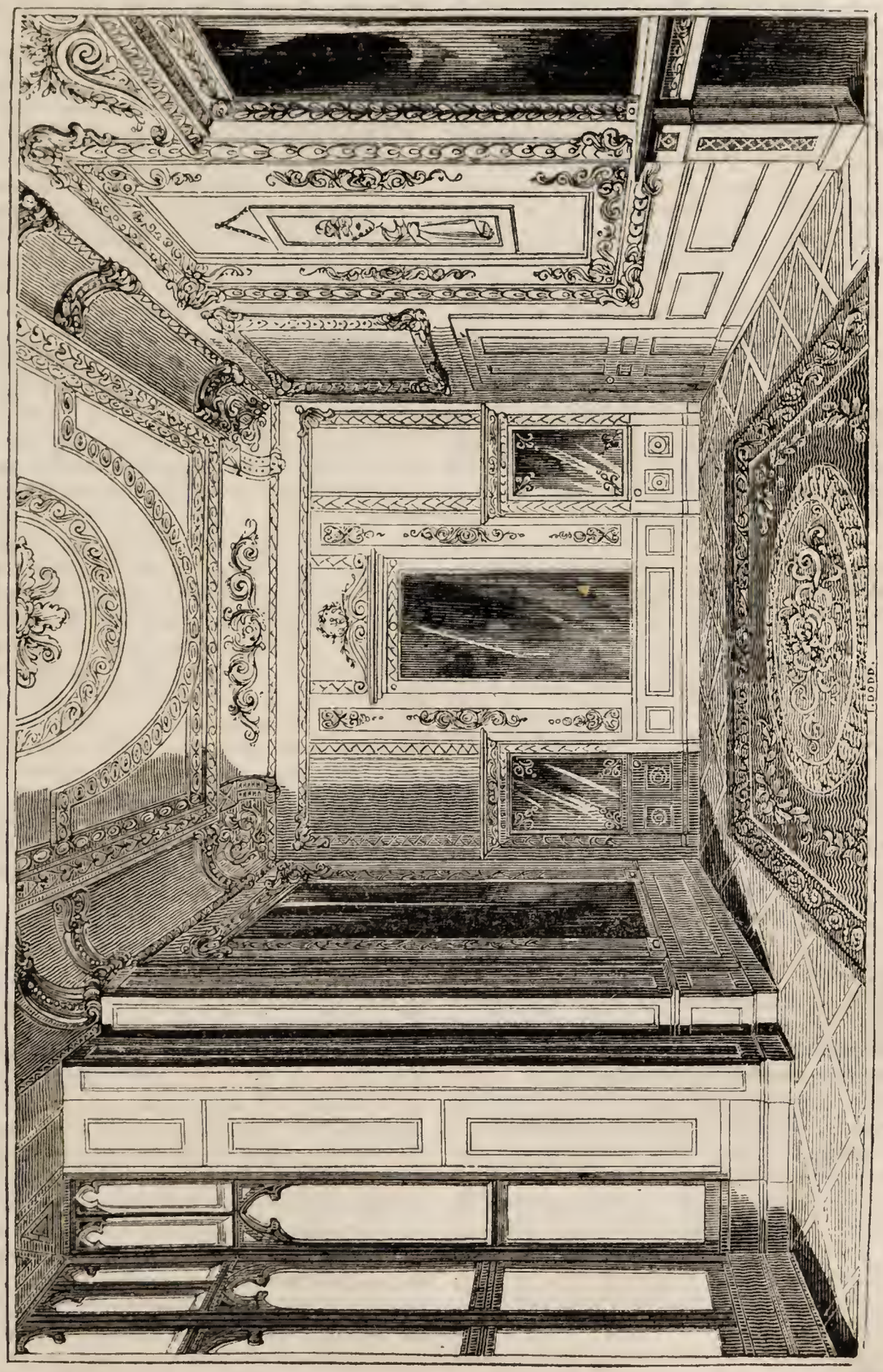
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 444.] SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1830. [Price 2*d*.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

HIS LATE MAJESTY'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM.

PRIVATE DINING ROOM WINDSOR CASTLE.

The chastely-elegant apartment on the annexed page, was the private dining-room of his late Majesty. Here the King usually dined in plain style, probably endeavouring to assimilate the splendour of regal state with the less ostentatious comfort of domestic life. On such occasions he laid aside much of the pomp of royalty, and with a "retired few," his Majesty showed many of those kindly feelings which the most rigid biographers must number among his good qualities. Ease and elegance of manners, unalloyed with kingly pride, lent many a charm to the royal table; whilst a bland and munificent disposition is known to have endeared his Majesty to all around him, and will cause his memory to be long and fondly cherished. Each may say, as the virtuous John Evelyn did of his sovereign, "He was even kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his losse, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul."

The "Private Dining Room" was originally intended for an audience-chamber, but being contiguous to his Majesty's private apartments, it was preferred as a *salle à manger*. It is of beautiful proportions, (thirty-seven feet in length by twenty-one feet in width, and eighteen feet in height,) and is exquisitely designed. The large oriel window commands the whole of the flower-garden, with its fountain and statues, and beyond this scene of trim nature, is a prospect of less cultivated luxuriance.

The ceiling of the room is formed into three circular compartments, with enriched mouldings, massive trusses in the cove supporting the upper portion. The centre spaces and angles between the trusses have a beautiful scroll of French foliage. The sides of the apartment are divided into panels by pilasters, with carved mouldings. These panels, when the room was first finished, contained green silk, which has since been removed—the whole of the ceiling and walls being now of a delicate French white. In two panels, to the right and left of the chimney-piece, are portraits of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, and of the late Queen of Wurtemburg.

The whole of the carved and plaster enrichments and mouldings of the dining room are entirely gilt. Mirrors in rich gilt frames occupy the panels between the pilasters, which, by reflecting the many beauties of the room, almost produce an effect of fairy enchantment. The chimney-piece is of black marble inlaid with ormolu ornaments. The floor is of oak, with a broad margin inlaid in lozenge forms, and covered with a rich carpet of Axminster manufacture, the ground colour maroon, divided into compartments similar to the ceiling.

The window curtains are of green silk damask, with a yellow flower, and deep border and fringe of silk bullion. The chairs, sofas, and couches are all richly carved and gilt, with coverings of green silk damask. A circular table of Amboyna wood, with gilded pillar, occupies the centre of the room; and suspended from the ceiling are three large chandeliers of admirable design and workmanship. The oriel window is a superb feature of the room, each compartment being of an entire piece of plate glass, measuring six feet by two, and of considerable thickness.*

It may not be uninteresting to know that the late King generally dined in this room at nine o'clock, and not unfrequently alone. The table-service, on such occasions, was mostly of white and brown china, and not of silver as has been stated. This late hour is much at variance with the early habits of his present Majesty, who rises at seven, breakfasts about nine, and usually retires to rest at eleven o'clock. Indeed, previous to his accession, and when at Bushy, there was some little difficulty in assembling the family to breakfast at so early an hour as we have stated; but the Duke, rather than have his arrangements interfered with, at length got rid of the inconvenience of the "falsely luxurious," by breakfasting alone.

We ought not to part with the reader without commending to his notice, the extreme delicacy and chaste finish which our Engraver has imparted to the annexed Illustration. In effect it is even superior to his execution of the Bedchamber, in our No. 437, which, we have reason to know, has gained him high credit. Our praise, on the present occasion, may perhaps be suspected of some duplicity: before we are thus taxed, it ought, however, to be remembered that an Engraver has not the opportunity of returning such a compliment; and, as we often notice well-executed works of art in the pages of other publications, we do not see why we should overlook any extraordinary merit in the Illustra-

* The furniture is omitted from this room for the reason stated in our description of the Royal Bedchamber in No. 437 of *The Mirror*.

tions of our own. To this rank we honestly conceive the annexed Engraving to be entitled, and accordingly have much pleasure in awarding the distinction; although its intrinsic merit did not need our assistance.

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

(For the Mirror.)

"A PRINCE to the fate of a peasant has yielded:
The tapestry waves dark through the dim-lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming—
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."
Sir W. Scott.

THE ev'ning's veil
Was o'er Augusta and her many spires,
And seem'd accordant with the general gloom;
Old England's flag, that on a festal day
Gave to the breeze its ample folds, then hung,
From church and turret, motionless and low;
Each harbour'd ship within the river shared
The decent sorrow for a chieftain's doom,
And lower'd her pennon. Through the stilly streets
The sable crowds moved silently along,
Like sombre clouds in a November sky.
Anon St. Paul's sent forth its heavy knell,
And all around each bell momently gave
A piteous echo. From the ancient fort
Graced with the polish'd Cæsar's deathless name,
The minute-gun was heard;—and flash on flash
Shower'd down its sparks into the quenching moat—
A boisterous sorrow, terrible and loud,
Whose reverb'rations shook the solid tower,
As distantly a "thund'ring peal" replied.

* * * * *

But where
The "house of mourning" for the monarch's death?
Where Windsor rears its battlemented head—
Amidst the haunts which laughing Shakspeare drew
In fadeless colours—near to where the muse
Of matchless Pope entwin'd the "forest" wreath.
There from its portals issued forth the train
Which bore a king unto his costly tomb;
And sparkling crest, and pearly coronet,
The herald's garb, the noble's rich attire,
Threw back the blaze of the funereal torch:
Which, through the dimness of the mantled night,
Cast on each panoply its pallid glare.

And there was seen
The "pomp and circumstance" of regal pride—
The germ of royalty, its spacious roots,
Its spreading branches, and its stately tree,
Around the relics of that sacred dust.
In marshal state, the glitt'ring pageant,
The train majestic, with the multitude,
Mov'd slowly onwards to St. George's fane,
Whose Gothic glory veil'd in ev'ning gloom
The sculptor's marble and the painter's hue.
The kingly records of triumphant death,
In weeping forms of placid sculpture stood,
With ever-watchful eye and mute regret,
Within the temple of the sepulchre
Where round a sovereign's bier the burial throng
Again had met.

Unto his father's tomb
That king was "gathered" with becoming state,
Such as was fitting with the peerless grace
Of him the lordly bard pronounc'd "a man—
"A finish'd gentleman, from top to toe."

* * * * *

The pleasant morn awoke with sunny smile,
And all the previous pomp dissolved in day;
While to the millions of this busy earth
But memory of the mournful night remain'd.

* * H.

RULES FOR JUDGING OF THE WEATHER.

HAPPENING to look over the last volume of your interesting publication, and seeing the article at page 72, entitled "Signs of the Seasons," it put me in mind of some quaint lines at the end of the Perpetual Almanack, published at Salisbury, in the year 1777, which I hope will not prove either uninteresting or unuseful to your readers, at this variable season. F. J.

IF you'd be weather-wise, attend
The plain instructions of a friend,
Who will with certain signs explain
Which promise snow, or hail, or rain;
By which you may, with prudent care,
Against a stormy day prepare.
Since various tokens bounteous Heav'n
For mankind's use hath kindly giv'n,
Contemplate with curious eye,
And study how to read the sky.

If blue the morning sky appear,
The day will be serene and clear;
But if red clouds with black prevail,
Expect a storm of rain or hail.

Whene'er the moon, night's silver queen,
Is hid by clouds of darkish green,
And stars, just seen, appear to low'r,
Depend you'll have a heavy show'r.

If in the sun or moon appear
Black spots, altho' the sky is clear,
Be sure a storm is very near;
And if the beauteous rainbow's seen,
Where the mild weather is serene,
Bleak winds will quickly change the scene.

If a prodigious cloud you spy,
Pass quickly on, tho' very high:
The wind will bring a storm of rain,
And blow a dreadful hurricane.

When the sun's beams are broad and red,
Some boisterous weather you may dread.

Whene'er the evening is serene,
And in the east the rainbow's seen,
The following morning will be fine.
And the bright sun unclouded shine.

When flashing quickly thro' the sky
You see the forked lightnings fly,
And cannot yet the thunder hear,
Expect fine weather to appear.

When in a clear, but wintry night,
The stars are twinkling large and bright,
And the black clouds in fleece are lost,
Depend you're threaten'd with a frost.

When winds irregularly blow,
And dingy clouds pass to and fro,
You may expect a deal of snow.
And if you find no morning dew,
Be sure cold weather will ensue.

If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky's serene,
The following day you may divine
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

Whene'er in autumn, or in spring,
A mist the moon doth with it bring,
At noon the sun will bright appear—
The ev'ning be serene and clear.

In winter, store of rain and snow
A spring and summer fine foreshow;
But if too mild the winter's found,
Diseases will in spring abound.

CARDS.*

(For the Mirror.)

The four kings — David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names are still on the French cards, represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks, under Charlemagne. The consorts of these illustrious personages are named Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas—typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. Argine is an anagram of "Regina," Queen by descent. By the knaves were designed the servants or *valets* of the Kings, for Knave originally meant a Servant. Ace de Trefle.

* See *Mirror*, vol iii. p. 211.

The Sketch-Book.

THE RATS' TOWER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

If you have ever been on the Rhine, you must have heard the annexed legend from some of its boatmen. Every man tells the story in his own way, and I dare say I have written it something in my way, although the substance of the story is as I received it.†

Between Mayence and Caub, on the Rhine, is Bingen, and below it the *Maus Thurm*, or the Tower of the Rats, to which rather a romantic story is attached, but in which no faith can be placed. Its founder is generally believed to be Hatton, Abbé of Fuld, and afterwards Archbishop of Mayence, who lived about the tenth century—a man of great piety and learning, and who, by the extreme rigour he enforced in the discharge of the monastic duties, irritated his monks against him. In those days, the passage across the Rhine was extremely dangerous, and no doubt the worthy prelate's intention in erecting this structure was to serve as a sort of beacon to the boatmen. Its original name, "*Mauth Zoll*," meaning the payment of duties, leads to this inference, that it was erected as a toll-house. It is not unlikely that it embraced both objects. It is to Hatton's discontented monastery that the origin of the following legend is attributed; and the present boatmen on the Rhine, to whom it has been handed down, tell you that the archbishop was a great miser, and hard-hearted, and that when he extended his hand, it was to bless, not to give; and that during his government it came to pass that a great famine spread through all the districts of the Rhine, and many men died from extreme want; and many unfortunate creatures assembled round Hatton's palace, at Mayence, and cried to him for bread, but he refused to relieve their wants, and treated them as a seditious people. The poor then became more urgent, for the archbishop's granaries were full, and he gave orders that their doors should remain closed; whereupon their distress forced them to rise in arms against their holy governor; and he sent his archers out against them, and the number that was taken was very great. Then Hatton ordered them, as many as there were, men, women, and children, old and young, to be enclosed in a large barn, and the monster with his own hand set fire to its roof, and all who were within were consumed; and Hatton stood by, and gloried in the sight. The stones wept at the sight; but Hatton's heart was harder than stone, for he laughed at their torture and cries, and he said—"Hear ye the squeaking of the rats?" But Heaven heard the cry of the poor, and vengeance fell on the head of this naughty man. But too soon his ear became familiar to the squeak of the rat; what he had before only imagined, he now but too distinctly heard; swarms of these animals entered his castle, so that no one could defend himself from them. The spirit of the phœnix was within them, for as Hatton's vassals slaughtered them they rose again. The earth brought them forth, and threw them amongst the riches of the prelate, as a volcano sends forth its burning stones. And Hatton fled to Bingen, and caused a high tower to be built in the Rhine; and he crossed over in a small boat, and shut himself up therein; but the rats forsook him not—they pursued him with vigour to Bingen, and they swam over to the tower, and climbed to its summit, and fell as a shower on

† A metrical version of this legend will be found at page 68 of vol. xii. of *The Mirror*, where it is called the "Mouse Tower."

Hatton, and made war with him, and they gnawed and devoured him alive. And when this wicked man was no more, that he should leave no trace of his existence behind him, they traversed the tapestries that were hung within the tower, and wherever they found the name of "Hatton" they gnawed it out; and the name of Hatton was no where to be seen. And to this day the troubled spirit of the prelate hovers on the top of the tower in the shape of a dense fog. J. L. S.

THE PILGRIM.

(For the Mirror.)

Tired with my long journey, and the rugged and toilsome road across the stupendous Apennines, I had seated myself on a projecting rock, on which the setting sun shed a golden radiance. I determined to enjoy the beauty of the scene, which Nature in one of her most lavish moods had spread beneath my feet. It was redolent of beauty. Before me lay a widely extended champaign country, with the far distant towers of a fortified city in the horizon; beneath me the beautiful Vale of Almeida, with its happy village, its vine-covered cottages, its smoke of hospitality rising to the skies, and its mirthful, innocent inhabitants, congregated on the verdant sward, and mixing in the gay dance; while the breezes of evening bore to my ear sweet sounds of voices, mingled with the exhilarating echo of castanets, and tinkling of guitars. At a little distance from the group was an old man; his long hair fell in ringlets of silver on his shoulders, and he seemed busy in attendance on the tired mules that were grazing near. I felt myself interested by his appearance, and gathering up the remains of my repast, I took my staff and descended. By the time I reached the group, the sunbeams had quitted the valley, but were yet brightly shining on the mountains; the villagers had gathered closer together. A young girl, the strong Spanish character of whose appearance instantly struck me, had seated herself on a little mound; the old people had crept closely round her, and the silver-haired Muleteer was lying at her feet. I stopped to contemplate the picture—Age gazing on Youth—the past commingling with the present.

The girl was habited in the half bodice of her country, of bright yellow, trimmed and puffed with black; while, the short, brown petticoat with yellow points; the blue stocking, and the small half shoe with red strings about the slender ankle; the long, braided raven hair; the eye of sparkling, jetty hue; the clear, olive skin; the ruby lip, and even teeth of peculiar whiteness—gave her the very imprint of a Spanish dream. She was tuning her guitar; the old Muleteer's head lay on her lap, his white hair streaming over her black dress, like the first streaks of day, breaking on a dark and stormy night. His arm and sun-burnt withered hand twined around her, and his glassy eye fixed on hers, reminded me of a picture I had seen by Murillo, of Winter basking in the smile of Spring. From the attention with which all the old regarded her, and the preparation the young made to commence their dance with her song, I saw at once she was the Village Minstrel Queen! She sang—I stood entranced. There was a native, wild melody—a happy freshness in her voice, which brought tears in my eyes, I knew not why.

I slept that night at the old Muleteer's; his grand-daughter repeated her song to me, and with her own taper fingers traced the Spanish words of her ballad; nothing in themselves, but from circumstances rendered dear to me. Her scroll is in my bosom, and the following is a weak translation of the original:—

Gaily dance on summer nights,
Spanish maids, the light Fandango;
Lovers breathing new delights,
As they dance the light Fandango.
But hark! what sound approaches near?
'Tis tinkling bell of Muleteer,
To Spanish Maidens ever dear,
As they dance the light Fandango.

Happy made by those they love,
How charming is the gay Bolero,
To music of guitars they move
Thro' the mazy gay Bolero.
But hark! the sound of convent bell,
Warns lovers true to bid farewell,
Next eve to meet in fragrant dell,
And dance again the gay Bolero.

M. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

The two subsequent extracts appropriately belong to this division of *The Mirror*, although they occur in the volume of the *Family Library*, recently published, and noticed in our last No.

BRITISH DOGS.

[Dr. Caius, it seems, wrote a treatise on *British Dogs*, which was enlarged in 1560.]

In this memoir he gives a brief account of the variety of dogs existing,

in his time, in this country, and adds a systematic table of them, subjoining, for the instruction of his correspondent, their English names, which are as follow: — "Terrare — harier—bludhunde — gasehunde — grehunde — leviner, or lyemmer — tumbler — spainel—setter—water-spainel, or fynder—spainel-gentle, or comforter—shepherd's-dog—mastive, or bande dog — wappe — turn-spit — dancer."

Of his manner of treating his subject, the following may be given as specimens:—

The *Terrare* takes its name from its subterraneous employ, being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes.

The *Harier* derives its name from hunting the hare.

The *Bludhunde*, or Slothunde, was of great use, and in high esteem, among our ancestors. Slot means the impression left by the foot of the dog in the mire. This dog was remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing any wounded game that had escaped from the hunter, and following the footsteps of the thief, let the distance of his flight be ever so great. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, when the Borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours, and was used also by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars.

The *Gasehunde* would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer, pursue it by the eye, and, if lost for a time, recover it, and again select it from the herd which it might have rejoined. (This species is now extinct, or, at least, unknown.)

The *Grehunde* was the first in rank among dogs, as appears from the forest-laws of Canute, who enacted, "That no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound;" as also from an old Welsh saying, which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawke, his horse, and grehunde. Notwithstanding the rank it held among the canine race, Caius mentions, on the authority of Froissart, the following fact, not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species:—When that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of his former master. This act of ingratitude, the unfortunate monarch observed, and declared aloud, to be the presage of his future death.

The *Leviner* or *Lyemmer*.—The first name is derived from the lightness of the kind; the other from the old word Lyemme, a thong; this species being used to be led with a thong, and slipped at the game. This dog hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the grehunde. They were chiefly used for the chase of wolves. According to Caius, we are indebted to Spain for the *Spainel;* but the *Comforter*, or *Spainel-gentle* comes from Malta.

The *Mastive*, or *Bandedog*, of these, he says, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion. It appears that Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman Emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator Cynegii, whose sole business it was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such dogs as would prove equal to the combats exhibited at that place. The mastiff has been described, by other naturalists, as a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker; whence they have derived its name, mastiff, quasi *Mase thefese;* it being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice.

URN BURIAL. BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In 1658, the discovery of some ancient urns in Norfolk gave him occasion to write "A Discourse of Sepulchral Urns," in which he treats, with his usual learning, on the funeral rites of the ancient nations, exhibits their various treatment of the dead; and examines the substances found in the urns discovered in Norfolk. There is, perhaps, none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory. It is scarcely to be imagined how many particulars he has amassed together, in a treatise which seems to have been written for the occasion; and for which, therefore, no materials could have been previously collected.

In his epistle dedicatory to his worthy and honoured friend, Thomas Le Gros, of Crostwick, Esquire, he observes, "when the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes, and having no old experience of the duration of their reliques, held no opinion of such after consideration. But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried?"

He thinks that the practice of burn-

ing and burying the body were equally ancient. According to some tradition, Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary; and Abraham and the patriarchs were also buried. Hector was burned before the gates of Troy. Among the Romans, Manlius, the consul, burnt the body of his son; but Numa, by a special clause in his will, was not burnt, but buried; and Remus was also solemnly buried. The two ceremonies seem, therefore, to have been coeval and indifferent. The origin of *cremation*, or burning, he thinks, may be attributed to the opinions of those ancient philosophers who conceived that fire was the master principle in the composition of our bodies; and, therefore, funeral piles were heaped up, in order to waft them more speedily to their native element. But the Indian Brahmins, he is rather disposed to think, "are too great friends unto fire, for they imagine it the noblest way to end their days in fire, and therefore burn themselves alive." He mentions the different modes of burying as practised by various nations, and remarks that the rites of sepulture do not seem to be confined to man, for there would appear to be some approach to this practice among elephants, cranes, ants, and bees; "the latter civil society," says Browne, "at least carry out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments."

The discovery which gave immediate occasion to this Treatise, he relates in the following words:—

"In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil not a yard deep, not far from one another; not all strictly of one figure, but most answering those described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in sculls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one, some kind of opale." Coals and cinders were dug up in the neighbourhood, from which he conjectures that this was the place (ustrina) for burning their bodies. The urns themselves, he supposes to be Roman, and either containing the ashes of Romans themselves, or of Romanized natives, who had adopted and observed the customs of their conquerors. The spot was not far from a Roman station or garrison, five miles only from Brancaster, anciently called Brannodunum. He thinks that Britain was formerly very populous; and though many Roman habitations are not known, yet that the Romans were at one time in great number in this country, would appear from the fact that 70,000, with their associates, were slain in the battle in which Queen Boadicea commanded. That Britain was a conquest held in great esteem by the Romans, there can be no doubt; in fact though so far removed from the capital of the empire, no fewer than ten imperial persons had visited it, viz. Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

Of the precise antiquity of these reliques in Norfolk, nothing could be known, for there were no ancient coins or medals enclosed within the urns, which might lead to any conjecture about the date of the interment. In some which had been dug up "in Spittlefields (Spitalfields,) near London, the coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, together with lachrymatories, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other articles of affectionate superstition," had been discovered. From the thinness of the bones in the Norfolk urns, particularly of the skulls, the smallness of the teeth, and the slenderness of the ribs and thigh bones, it was not improbable that many of them were the remains of women, or of persons of tender age. After a very learned dissertation upon the funeral customs of the Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Danes, &c., he concludes in favour of *cremation*, or burning; for, says he, "to be knaved out of our graves, to have our sculls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations, escaped in burning burials."

* * * * * * *

The high strain of moral reflection with which Browne closes his Treatise on Urn-burial, affords passages of splendid eloquence that cannot easily be equalled. For example—

"There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors'. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by any metrical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations

unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

"The night of time far surpasseth the day — who knows when was the æquinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment.—Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. Who knows whether the best of men be known: or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?—The sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state, after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

WHY THE HANGMAN IS CALLED JACK KETCH.

In 1664, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and for many years he continued to be known by that name. A famous gentleman of that profession celebrated for the ease and celerity with which he fixed the fatal noose, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*:

"Away therefore my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen teir
And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

Twelve years after, one Jack Ketch was advanced to the post of finisher of the law. This is now more than 140 years ago, but this gentleman has had the honour of giving his name to all executioners since his time. In the reign of Charles I. they were called Ketch, as appears by a political satire, written about that time:—

"Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the consul dunn'd,
To do his office or refund."

M. B. H.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

DANISH BALLADS.

No. XI. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* has furnished us with the following serious and comic ballads, from the Danish. They increase our obligations to the conductors of the above excellent work, and will doubtless add to the gratification of the reader:—

AAGER AND ELIZA.

'Twas the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

In her bower sat sweet Eliza,
Scream'd, and would not be consoled;
And the good Sir Aager listen'd,
Underneath the dingy mould.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back;
Tow'rds the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

He the door tapp'd with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin;
"Rise, O rise, my sweet Eliza!
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

Straightway answered fair Eliza—
"I will not undo my door
'Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou could'st before."

"Rise, O rise, mine own Eliza!
And undo thy chamber door;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheek tears streaming ran;
Unto her, within the bower,
She admits the spectre man.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has comb'd his yellow hair,—
On each lock that she adjusted
Fell a hot and briny tear.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
All with leaves of roses lin'd.

"Every time that, love, thou grievest,
And dost shed thy briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Fill'd with black and loathsome blood.

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay.

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go;
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe!"

Up Sir Aager stood—the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant churchyard,
Is his melancholy track.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood,
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

When the forest they had travers'd,
And within the churchyard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair.

When the churchyard they had travers'd,
And the church's threshold cross'd,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colours lost.

"Listen, now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me.

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she rear'd,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appear'd.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold:
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould."

WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

Der var en Tid, da jeg, var meget lille.

THERE was a time when I was very tiny,
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's length won;
Oft when I think thereon, fall tear-drops briny,
And yet I think full many a time thereon.

Then I upon my mother's bosom toy'd me,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoy'd me,
Than ancient Greek, or modern minstrelsy.

If smaller, then, the world to me was seeming,
Alas! much better was it in mine eyes;
For I beheld the stars like sparklets gleaming,
And wish'd for wings to make them all my prize.

When I, behind the hill the moon saw gliding,
Oft thought I (earth had then no mystery),
That I could learn, and bring my mother tiding,
How large, how round, and what that moon might be!

Wond'ring I trac'd God's flaming sun careering,
Towards the west, unto the ocean bed;
And yet again at morn in east appearing,
And dying the whole orient scarlet red.

And then I thought on Him, the great, the gracious,
Who me created, and that beacon bright,
And those pearl-rows which all heaven's arches spacious,
From pole to pole illuminate at night.

My youthful lip would pray in deep devotion,
The prayer my blessed mother taught to me;
Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the emotion
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.

Then prayed I for my father, for my mother—
My sister too, and all the family;
For unknown things, and for our wretched brother,
The cripple, who went sighing, staggering by.

They slid away—my childhood's days of pleasure,—
Away with them my joy and quiet slid;
Remembrance but remains—and of that treasure
That I should be bereav'd, O God! forbid!

THE LATE KING.

THE following verses "from a well-known veteran in literature," have appeared in the *Times* journal:—

IN OBITUM REGIS DESIDERATISSIMI, GEORGII IV.

Now that thine eyes are closed in death, and all
The "glories of thy birth and state,"* and power,
Are pass'd, as the vain pageant of an hour,
Ending in that poor corse, beneath that pall,
The tribute of a Briton's love I pay—
Not to the living King, but the cold clay
Before me:—

* Alluding to those fine and majestic lines by Shirley, set to music by Edward Colman,
"The glories of our birth and state."

Let the thron'd and mighty, call
For worldly adulation. The pale dead
Mocks him, who offers it; but truth, instead,
O'er the reft Crown, shall say—
"The King who wore—
Wore it, majestically, yet most mild—
Meek mercy bless'd the Sceptre which he bore;
Arts, a fair train, beneath his fostering, smil'd,
And who could speak of sorrow, but his eye
Did glisten with a tear of Charity?
Oh, if defects, the best and wisest have,
Leave them, for pity leave them—to that God—
That God, who lifts the balance, or the rod—
And close, with parting pray'r, the curtain o'er the grave."

July 10. W. L. BOWLES.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE appearance of the second part of this volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, enables us to add a few words on the entomological portion of the series. The investigations of the editor appear to have been conducted with unwearied diligence, and are brought *up to the day*, so as to illustrate the present state of knowledge upon this interesting department of natural history. A few extracts follow:—

Cheese-hoppers.

Those who have, from popular associations, been accustomed to look with disgust at the little white larvæ common in cheese, well known under the name of *hoppers*, will be somewhat surprised to hear the illustrious Swammerdam say, "I can take upon me to affirm, that the limbs and other parts of this maggot are so uncommon and elegant, and contrived with so much art and design, that it is impossible not to acknowledge them to be the work of infinite power and wisdom, from which nothing is hid, and to which nothing is impossible."* But whoever will examine it with care, will find that Swammerdam has not exaggerated the facts.

The cheese-fly (*Piophila Casei*, FALLEN) is very small and black, with whitish wings, margined with black. It was one of those experimented upon by Redi to prove that insects, in the fabric of which so much art, order, contrivance, and wisdom appear, could not be the production of chance or rottenness, but the work of the same Omnipotent hand which created the heavens and the earth. This tiny little fly is accordingly furnished with an admirable

‡ Bibl. Naturæ, vol. ii. p. 63.

instrument for depositing its eggs, in an ovipositor, which it can thrust out and extend to a great length, so that it can penetrate to a considerable depth into the cracks of cheese, where it lays its eggs, two hundred and fifty-six in number. "I have seen them myself," says Swammerdam, "thrust out their tails for this purpose to an amazing length, and by that method bury the eggs in the deepest cavities. I found in a few days afterwards a number of maggots which had sprung from those eggs, perfectly resembling those of the first brood that had produced the mother-fly. I cannot but also take notice that the rottenness of cheese is really caused by these maggots; for they both crumble the substance of it into small particles and also moisten it with some sort of liquid, so that the decayed part rapidly spreads. I once observed a cheese which I had purposely exposed to this kind of fly grow moist in a short time in those parts of it where eggs had been deposited, and had afterwards been hatched into maggots; though, before, the cheese was perfectly sound and entire."*

The cheese-hopper is furnished with two horny claw-shaped mandibles, which it uses both for digging into the cheese and for moving itself, being destitute of feet. Its powers of leaping have been observed by every one; and Swammerdam says, "I have seen one, whose length did not exceed the fourth of an inch, leap out of a box six inches deep, that is, twenty-four times the length of its own body: others leap a great deal higher."† For this purpose it first erects itself on its tail, which is furnished with two wart-like projections, to enable it to maintain its balance. It then bends itself into a circle, catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, and, after strongly contracting itself from a circular into an oblong form, it throws itself with a jerk into a straight line, and thus makes the leap.

One very surprising provision is remarkable in the breathing-tubes of the cheese maggot, which are not placed, as in caterpillars, along the sides, but a pair near the head and another pair near the tail. Now, when burrowing in the moist cheese, these would be apt to be obstructed; but to prevent this, it has the power of bringing over the front pair a fold of the skin, breathing in the mean-while through the under pair. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature."

Hunting Spider.

Amongst the insects which spring upon their prey like the cat and the lion, the most commonly observed is the little hunting spider (*Salticus scenicus,*) whose zebra stripes of white and brown render it easily discovered on our window-frames and palings.‡ But all the spiders—even those which form webs—are accustomed to spring in a familiar way upon what they have caught; and when we are told of the gigantic American one (*Mygale avicularia,*) which even makes prey of small birds (*Trochilidæ,*) the necessity of extraordinary agility must be obvious; for these tiny birds are described to move with almost the velocity of light—the eye, notwithstanding the brilliancy of their metallic colours, being frequently baffled in tracking their flight. The spider itself, however, being three inches in length, one and a half in breadth, and eleven inches in the expansion of its legs, is little less than the bird upon which it pounces.

Hybernation of Insects.

The number of insects, indeed, which hybernate in the perfect state are comparatively few. Of the brimstone butterfly (*Gonepteryx Rhamni,*) Mr. Stephens tells us the second brood appears in autumn, "and of the latter," he adds, "many individuals of both sexes remain throughout the winter, and make their appearance on the first sunny day in spring. I have seen them sometimes so early as the middle of February."§ The commonly perfect state of the wings in such cases might, we think, lead to the contrary conclusion, that the butterfly has just been evolved from its chrysalis. Several other species, however, chiefly of the genus *Vanessa,* do live through the winter in the perfect state; but this, as far as general observation extends, can only be affirmed of the female. Yet will insects bear almost incredible degrees of cold with impunity. Out of the multiplicity of instances of this on record, we shall select two. In Newfoundland, Captain Buchan saw a lake, which in the evening was entirely still and frozen over, but as soon as the sun had dissolved the ice in the morning, it was all in a bustle of animation, in consequence, as was discovered, of myriads of flies let loose, while many still remained "infixed and frozen round." A still stronger instance is mentioned by

* Swammerdam, vol. ii. p. 69.
† Bibl. Nat., vol. ii. p. 65.
‡ See Insect Architecture, p. 355.
§ Illustrations, vol. i. p. 9.

Ellis, in which a large black mass, like coal or peat upon the hearth, dissolved, when thrown upon the fire, into a cloud of mosquitoes (*Culicidæ*).*

It has been remarked by most writers upon the torpidity of warm-blooded animals, that cold does not seem to be its only cause, and the same apparently holds in the case of insects. Bees, indeed, which remain semi-torpid during the winter, may be prematurely animated into activity by the occurrence of some days of extraordinary mildness in spring; but, what is not a little wonderful and inexplicable, they are not roused by much milder weather when it occurs before Christmas—on the same principle, perhaps, that a man is more easily awakened after he has slept six or seven hours than in the earlier part of the night. Immediately after the first severe frost in the winter of 1829-30, we dug down into the lower chambers of a nest of the wood-ant (*Formica rufa*,) at Forest Hill, Kent, which we had thatched thickly with fern-leaves the preceding November, both to mark the spot and to protect the ants in winter. About two feet deep we found the little colonists all huddled up in contiguous separate chambers, quite motionless till they were exposed to the warm sunshine, when they began to drag themselves sluggishly and reluctantly along. Even upon bringing some of them into a warm room, they did not awaken into summer activity, but remained lethargic, unwilling to move, and refusing to eat, and continued in the same state of semi-torpidity till their brethren in the woods began to bestir themselves to repair the damages caused by the winter storms in the outworks of their encampments.†

Crickets.

"Those," says the ingenious Mr. Gough, of Manchester, "who have attended to the manners of the hearth cricket (*Achcta domestica*) know that it passes the hottest part of the summer in sunny situations, concealed in the crevices of walls and heaps of rubbish. It quits its summer abode about the end of August, and fixes its residence by the fireside of kitchens or cottages, where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as other insects in the dog-days. Thus do the comforts of a warm hearth afford the cricket a safe refuge, not from death, but from temporary torpidity, which it can support for a long time, when deprived by accident of artificial warmth—I came to the knowledge of this fact," continues Mr. Gough, "by planting a colony of these insects in a kitchen, where a constant fire was kept through the summer, but which is discontinued from November till June, with the exception of a day once in six or eight weeks. The crickets were brought from a distance, and let go in this room, in the beginning of September, 1806; here they increased considerably in the course of two months, but were not heard or seen after the fire was removed. Their disappearance led me to conclude that the cold had killed them; but in this I was mistaken; for a brisk fire being kept up for a whole day in the winter, the warmth of it invited my colony from their hiding-place, but not before the evening: after which they continued to skip about and chirp the greater part of the following day, when they again disappeared; being compelled, by the returning cold, to take refuge in their former retreats. They left the chimney corner on the 25th of May, 1807, after a fit of very hot weather, and revisited their winter residence on the 31st of August. Here they spent the summer merely, and lie torpid at present (January, 1808) in the crevices of the chimney, with the exception of those days on which they are recalled to a temporary existence by the comforts of fire."‡

We repeat the value of the authorities in foot-notes, and urge this point as one of great merit and importance, which is no where so well attended to as in the "Entertaining Library."

TABLE-WIT OF OTHER TIMES.

Certainly the moderate, or to be frank, the immoderate excesses formerly allowed and practised by men of fashion, did not all debrute the character. What wit did they not engender! to what sallies did they not give birth! But alas! nights of conviviality and men of wit, ye are no more—ye have vanished together! Fox, Sheridan, a hundred such have departed, and have left not a shred of their mantles behind. We have a few punsters extant, 'tis true—dry, crabbed jokers, who affect the play of humour, but who no longer send forth the sparkles of wit. It is thus, as in literature, the coldness of pedantry always succeeds to the warmth of genius, which it may mimick, but never rival.

But now we live in the nineteeth century, forsooth! we have grown refined; and half a pint of claret, the author of

* Quarterly Review, April, 1821, p. 209.
† J. R.

‡ Reeve, Essay on the Torpidity of Animals, p. 84.

"Salmonia" tells us, is sufficient even for an angler. We have men of intellect, of information: we have dinners, that we would make brilliant, but where the remark is as fugitive as trifling, and as little tasted as the refined dishes that are made to pass under our eyes. One hopes, however, that intellects and spirits may brighten after the repast: but no, the guests preserve the well-bred apathy, that makes them resemble the iced and frosted *confitures*, that rise in piles before them; and as each gives vent, as opportunity allows, to his effort of intellect or extravagance, all seem perfectly agreed in despising the generous wine. Host and guest vie with each other as to which of them shall be most unconscious and careless of the position, fixitude, or plenitude of the bottle; and that fount of wit, finding itself neglected, may be said in revenge to have forgotten its ancient power of inspiration. —*The English at Home.*

EDUCATIONAL ERRORS.

We have volumes, and theories, and systems innumerable for educating the poor, and cultivating the intellect of beggars; but respecting the education of the better orders, of those on whom depends the government, the morals, and the taste of a nation, we have, no, not an essay worth mentioning. The science consists in living volumes, it will be said; and, as the law is supposed to exist in the common-placed brains of the judges, so education and its principles lie beneath the perruques of university doctors.—*Ibid.*

WORLD-KNOWLEDGE.

Study, however wisely ordered, and zealously pursued, is not alone sufficient to preserve mental health. Society is necessary, even as a medicine; so much so, that misanthropes, who loathe and shun the draught, are often seen to turn at intervals in search of relief, in order to gulph down the very dregs.—*Ibid.*

THE GAME LAWS.

How essential a part of gentility is the science of killing game; how popular, how English, are sporting habits and knowledge; and how indispensable a requisite the being a passable shot is to success in any path of British ambition, the highest or the lowest, whether it be the sublime of politics, or the beautiful of dandyism. We know, that when King William sought to regain the popularity which he had lost by his obstinate principles of toleration, his cabinet gravely advised him to visit Newmarket. Thus the love of a horse-race was considered a virtue capable of covering the crime or weakness of being a philanthropist. And to come down to the present day, know we not accomplished statesmen, high-born, sage, proof in talents and integrity, for ever repelled from influential station by want of popularity amongst their brother aristocrats, and this proceeding from no cause more deep, than an aversion to game-laws, and a disdain to be the slayers of pheasants?—*Ibid.*

We must live for our age: and one may as well be ignorant of its language, as of the topics which interest it.

ONE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Lord Ratoath had not lived, as far as the progress of ideas or opinions were concerned, beyond the year eighteen hundred—I might say, ninety—when France was still our model for polite society and fashionable manners. Chesterfield and Walpole were his authorities on these points: powers of conversation, habits of conviviality and of intrigue, were to him the first and indispensable requisites for seeking either fame, or fortune, or happiness;—honesty and virtue, (when either exceeded the strict line marked by honour) were set down by him as puritanical and vulgar. The careless generosity of Charles Surface excited all his admiration and the "men of wit and pleasure about town," those characters so admired and put forth in the comedies of the first half of the century, were far preferred by him to the sentimental and better-behaved heroes who came into vogue with the novels of the last half.—*Ibid.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SPLENDID CORONATION OF THE QUEEN RANOVALO MANJAKA, THE SUCCESSOR OF RADAMA, LATE KING OF MADAGASCAR.

The mourning for Radama ceased on the 27th of May, 1829, after having continued for about ten months.

Her Majesty Ranovalo Manjaka was crowned on the 12th of June, in an assembly of upwards of fifty thousand of her people.

The following account of the ceremony was drawn up by an eye witness, well acquainted with the language and manners of the Madagasses.

At six P.M., on Thursday the 11th of June, fourteen cannon were fired to announce to the capital that her Majesty would be crowned on the following day.

At the dawn of day on Friday the 12th,

the same number of cannon were fired, to give notice that the day for the coronation had arrived. At half-past ten the drums were beat and the trumpets were blown, as a signal to prepare for the grand ceremony. At twelve precisely the drums and trumpets were again flourished, to assemble the military officers of the first rank, and the bourgeois, in the courtyard of the palace called Tranavola.

The same was also the signal for those in the grand place of concourse, to put themselves in readiness to receive the Queen, who was about to appear for the first time before her subjects, and before the strangers (Missionaries and other Europeans). So soon as the first officers had entered the courtyard of the royal palace, orders were issued to Lieutenant-Colonel Benea, at the head of the royal band of music, and three hundred grenadiers, the Queen's body-guards, in full dress, in the style of British soldiers.

This being done, the officers entered the south courtyard between the royal houses, called Masoandro and Besakano (the former where the Queen stayed at the funeral, and the latter where the corpse of Radama was laid in state the first day of the funeral), to receive her Majesty on coming out of her own house to the south of Masoandro, which is called Fohiloha, low roofed, and which is newly built; and to conduct her to the Andohalo, or place of grand national concourse on Andohalo — a fine open space of rather an oval form, of eight acres, of a singularly happy formation for public assemblies. The Queen appeared, walked about a hundred feet, stood opposite to the tomb of the great Adriamasinavalona, the door of it was opened, the Queen took into her hands the standard of the idols Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka; the former the idol of the crown, the latter that of the oath of allegiance. Having offered a short prayer to the great former sovereign of Imerina, and invoked her ancestors, the door of the tomb was shut, and she returned the standards to their principal keepers. The flags are composed of scarlet and hasina (gold galloon or lace): they are of an oval shape. Each flag is tied on a staff, painted white and black; when opened (or unfurled) the standards resemble the cavalry ensigns. Upon the staff under the flag of the first idol is a round red cornelian stone, called Arana, also a green stone, cut in faces as a diamond, perhaps an emerald. Under these two stones is a silver chain, containing six rings, or links; but the idol Fantaka has nothing but the chain under its flag. This ceremony, opposite the tomb of Andriamasinavalona, being finished, the Queen entered the Malagasy palanquin, all covered with scarlet, and beautifully ornamented with gold galloon. Then she proceeded, and entered the north courtyard, and remained there until the troops were put in motion towards Andohalo, the place of grand assembly. At 12¾, twenty-one cannon were fired, to announce to the assembly that the procession was in march towards them.

The Queen, surrounded by her guards, singers, attendants, &c. finely dressed, entered the public street through the north gate of the courtyard. Her Majesty's hair was dressed according to the Hovan fashion, to many long, small twists or laces. On the crown of the head was a child's coral (hochet, French, but in Malagassy, Volahevitri), consisting of five branches; each end had a fine red stone. The end of the child's coral (which was not a whistle) was inserted into a round of mother-of-pearl (nacre), and the pearl was fastened on the forehead. To this mother-of-pearl was attached a gold chain of the Hovan manufacture, which was passed from the forehead to the crown of the head, and then made to form several turns round the child's coral placed thereon. The Queen had three necklaces on her neck; the first of fine red coral, the second in red stone ornamented with gold, and the third a red cornelian. Her ear-rings were long, with a white picture on each, called in French, *anneaux pendants d'or a camée*. On her third and fourth fingers of both hands she had gold rings, ornamented with different precious stones; but the most remarkable was a massino, on the third finger of the right hand, which was well polished. On each arm she had a bracelet of Vakamiarana, white crystal beads, then one of a gold oval pearl (oval pearls set in gold perhaps), a third of fine red coral. The Queen had a mark on her forehead, made with white earth, called taniravo when put on the forehead (meaning joyful earth), but the earth itself is otherwise called tamfolzy, white earth. She had her peignoir frock, of blue silk (akanzo): it was gold gallooned at the wrists, and there was a row of gold filligree buttons down the back of the peignoir. Her tunic was of white silk; her mantle or robe (draperie), of finest scarlet cloth, beautifully bordered with gold galloon. She had fine, white silk stockings; and round these, above the ancles, she had two bangles or necklaces on each leg: the first was of green substances, the other

was of a gold colour. The Queen wore shoes of yellow morocco. The ladies of the royal family, Queen's princesses, were dressed very finely in the European fashion, as were also the princes.

To return to the procession. Lieutenant-Colonel Benea marched at the head of the band of music taught at Tananarivo, then the grenadiers, then the whole infantry composing the royal guards. Afterwards the Hovan bourgeois, according to the European mode; then the second band of music, taught at the Mauritius, playing on their new instruments from England. Then came the inferior officers; then the Majors, and Lieutenant-Colonels; then Colonels, Major-Generals, and Lieutenant-Generals; then the first Generals, and then the Prince (heir apparent and nephew of the Queen), then the officers, attendants on her Majesty in the palace; then the Talastra, her daily body guard, or rather a part of the guard, with glittering spears in their hands, and swords in their scabbards. Then the Queen, in her splendid Malagasy palanquin, carried by Lieutenants from amongst her military guards. On her right hand were women from the eastern side of the kingdom; and to the east of them were the guard Trimanmakvolana, with shining spears in their hands. On her Majesty's left hand the women from the western side of the kingdom of Imerina; and to the west of them were the Sacalave guards, with their long and bright spears. Behind her Majesty were the royal free songstresses, called Trimiridy; then the family of the Queen, in their Malagasy palanquins, covered with white cloth; then the Trimandouvavy, singing, and dressed in common blue and white cloth; and lastly, her guard Trimandolavy, with fine bright muskets, dressed like the Lascars at their great feasts, brought up the rear in a semicircular form.

This procession went along northward, between two lines of soldiers guarding the road, and by the ancient crooked way of Andriampomerino, the father of Radama; and the crowds of people on every side, as at the immense concourse on the Andohalo (place of grand assembly), were crying hoo! hoo! hoo! &c. (expressions of joy and acclamation). Her Majesty having come to the south side of a stage, erected for her to stand upon to address the people, was then carried to the sacred stone, about one hundred yards west from the stage, preceded by five of her first generals, with their caskets in one hand, and their swords drawn in the other; she was then put down in her palanquin south of the holy stone. She got out of her palanquin without any aid, and mounted the stone. While this was being done, the national air was played by the two bands; the five generals surrounding her with their caskets (query, caps) in one hand, and drawn swords in the other.

The Prince (heir apparent) was ordered to remain at a certain distance from the sacred stone. The Queen asked three times, Masina, masina, masina, v' ahoo? Am I consecrated, consecrated, consecrated? The five generals replied, Thou art consecrated, consecrated, consecrated!—masina, masina, masina, hianao! Then the whole assembly shouted, Trarantitra hianao Ranovalo Manjaka!—Long live you, Queen Ranovalona. The Queen then withdrew from the stone on the east side, took the standards or flags of the idols, Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka, and addressed them, saying, "My ancestors have given you to me; I put my confidence in you, therefore support me." She then delivered them to their keepers, and entering her palanquin, was carried up and placed upon the stage, near the north-east corner. The Queen then withdrew, and sat on the royal chair, all covered with fine scarlet cloth, and richly gallooned with gold. On her right sat her sister, and on her left the Prince. Behind her sat many of the royal family; behind all was the infant daughter of Radama, with some of his nieces.

There were observed sitting below the stage, on the north of it, Manjakatsiroa (the idol), and the guard Trimandavo; to the south of it, Fantaka (idol), Trimiriry, and the guard Trimanrakivolana; to the east, the Trimandaovavy and Trimandahohahy; to the west, the Sakalavavavy, and the Sakalavavatry, but who separated half on each side, on orders being given, so as to leave a clear passage towards the stage, for the people to approach to present their manasina, or tribute of money and homage, to her Majesty.

The ministers, with their wives and attendants, and some others of the nobility, were seen sitting under and close to the stage.

Between two and three thousand soldiers under arms, in close column, defended the N. and N. W. of the stage. About the same number on the S. and S. W. and about the same number on the east. A file of officers with drawn swords were in front of each division, or brigade; and in front of the northern

file of officers was one band of music; and in front of that to the south, the other band; so that a small opening was left in the middle, for the heads of provinces and districts to enter by turns, and address the Queen, and present their manasina. So soon as the Queen arose, the bands played the national air. Then she, leaning on her sister, whom she had appointed to receive the manasina of the people, saluted all ranks, heads of provinces, &c. and the strangers (missionaries, &c.) in her dominions. Then said, "If you have never known me before, it is I who am Ranovalo Manjaka." Then the people shouted, "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" &c. She continued, "God gave this kingdom to my ancestors; they transferred it to Andriampoin Imerina, and he again to Radama, on condition that I should be his successor to the throne. Is it not so, ye Ambadriano?" (the name of all her subjects). All replied, "Izany" (yes). She continued, "I will not change what they did, but I will do more than they did. Do not think that because I am a woman I cannot govern and support my kingdom. Never say, she is a woman, weak and ignorant, so that she is not able to rule us. My greatest study and solicitude will be to promote your welfare and happiness. Do you hear that, Ambaniandro?" (my subjects). All replied, "Izany" (yes). She then sat down on the chair of state.

One of her first ministers then rose up, saluted her Majesty, the Prince, the family, the ancestors, &c. Then turning to the people, he repeated her speech, as her voice was too weak to be heard by so vast a multitude; assuring them at the same time, that the people might put their confidence in her Majesty. Then the first rank of nobility, called Zanadralambo, arose to address her Majesty, and went through the long ceremony of salutation according to custom, then assured her of their true fidelity and allegiance to her as their true sovereign; and then, as a token of this, they presented to her their manasina of one Spanish dollar each, according to custom. Then came the Zanakandriamanasinavalona; then the Arabs from Muscat, trading in the country; then the Europeans (missionaries, &c.); and last of all, the first generals in the name of the army, assuring the Queen that they would support her on her throne. It was observed that the Queen thanked the Europeans and the military in an especial manner, when they presented their manasina to her.

The ceremony being ended, orders were given to the military, Voromabery the guard, to march up in the same order in which they came down; only, that the procession was to return to the palace by the road of Radama—not that of his predecessor, by which they had descended.

The Queen, after having proceeded half way to the palace, was saluted with seven canon, according to the custom of Andriampoina. After having entered the northern courtyard of the palace, the Queen got out of her palanquin, stood near the noble tomb of Radama, took into her hands again the standards of the two before-mentioned idols, offering up a short prayer, and concluded by addressing Radama, saying, "May thy name be always held sacred." Then she walked home to the palace in the southern court (the new palace), called Mahitsy, accompanied by the Prince, who gracefully offered his arm to the Queen, his aunt. Having arrived at the gate, she dismissed all to their several homes. Thus ended the coronation of her Majesty, Ranovalo Manjaka.—*British Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CURIOUS MODE OF PRESERVING COLOURS.

BERNARD, of Brussels, the celebrated painter, in a picture of the Last Judgment, covered the panel with leaf gold, before he laid on his colours, and thus preserved them from changing, and gave to his tints a heightened lustre. This method is said to have produced a happy effect, particularly in the sky.

P. T. W.

CONCATENATION.

IN 1765, a young man, who had just terminated his course of theology at the seminary of Avignon, went to Paris, where he had not a single acquaintance. On his journey, he fell in with two youths, who, like himself, had scarcely attained their twentieth year. One had studied the law, the other was already an M. D. They mutually interchanged an avowal of the projects and hopes which drew them towards the capital. "I," said the scholar of Hippocrates, "wish to be Member of the Academy of Science, and Physician to the King." "I," resumed the disciple of Bartholus, "wish to be Advocate General," and "I," said the student of Avignon,

"wish to be Chaplain to the King, and one of the Forty Members of the French Academy." If our young heroes had not been alone in the carriage, every other hearer would have laughed at their impudence, and pronounced all these fine projects so many castles in the air; but, how ignorantly of the chances of life! the young physician was afterwards Dr. Portal; the young advocate became the celebrated M. Treillard; and the young student rose to a scarlet hat as Cardinal Maury!

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

If the following genealogy of the English Sovereigns, in doggrel as it is, should suit your pages, it is at your service:

Mitcham. *φ.*

George the Fourth, the son of *Third*, the grandson of the *Second*,
The son of *First—Ann's* cousin he, as history hath reckoned;
Ann *Mary Second's* sister, either *James the Second's* daughter,
Brother he of *Second Charles*, son of *First Charles* the martyr:
He *James First's* son, the cousin of *Elizabeth* the queen,
First Mary's sister, sister she of *Edward Sixth* is seen;
Who son of *Henry Eighth* was, he *Henry Seventh's* son,
Cousin of *Richard Third*, from whom he crown and kingdom won;
He uncle dread of *Edward Fifth*, the son of *Edward Four*,
The cause of shame and sorrow both to the repentant Shore;
The cousin he of *Henry Sixth*, the son of *Henry Five*,
Fourth Henry's son, of *Richard Second* cousin, born to strive:
He grandson was of *Edward Third*, of *Edward Second* son,
First Edward's son, *Third Henry's* son, who was the son of *John*.
John brother was of *Richard First*, the son of *Henry Two*,
He *Stephen's* cousin, cousin he of *Henry First*, he who
Of *William Rufus* brother was, the son of him we call
First William or the Conqueror, who did this realm enthral.

KING CHARLES PLAYING AT BOWLS.

At Collens-End in Oxfordshire, the name given to a few scattered houses between Mapledurham and Whitchurch, there is a small public-house once honoured with the presence of King Charles the First. Whilst Charles was suffered to remain at Caversham Lodge he rode this way, under the escort of a troop of horse. Bowls were then a fashionable amusement, and the inn of the hamlet possessed a bowling green, occasionally resorted to by the neighbouring gentry. The king is said (says Brewer) to have forgotten his sorrows, and to have amused himself with the exercise of the place. A portrait of the woman who then kept the house, and waited on the king, is still preserved as a memorial of the occurrence.

P. T. W.

LINES

Painted under the sign board of an inn near Milan.

"Nella casa trovèrete
Tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter
Vinum, Panem, Pisces, Carnes."
"Coaches, Horses, Chaises, Harness."

K. M.

RUSSIAN FREE SCHOOLS.

There are to be found in many cities and villages of Russia, parents who are desirous their sons should receive instruction, but whose fortune is too limited for their education in cities. In order to lessen this expense, monasteries receive donations from the rich, which are destined for the establishment of spacious cottages, named Boursa. They are warmed at the expense of the convent; and this is all that is provided. The scholars are named Boursaks. The oldest is employed by the rector to watch over the others; and bears the pompous name of consul. As to their means of subsistence, their chief livelihood arises from begging in the villages, where they sing canticles. — *Boursak, by Basile Narèjuy.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 445.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Funeral of His late Majesty, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Funeral of King George the Fourth.

(Concluded from page 104.)

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The annexed Engravings complete our promised illustrations of the obsequies of his late Majesty; and the accompanying details will conclude the historical record of the pageant. First, is the remainder of the Earl Marshal's official account:—

At the entrance of the Chapel the Royal Body was received by the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the Choirs of Windsor and of the Chapel Royal, (who fell in immediately before Norroy King of Arms,) and the Procession moved down the south aisle and up the naive, into the Choir, where the Royal Body was placed on a platform under a Canopy of purple velvet (having thereon escutcheons of the Royal Arms* and surmounted by an Imperial Crown,) and the Crowns and Cushions were laid upon the Coffin.

His Majesty, the Chief Mourner, sat on a Chair of State, at the head of the corpse, and the supporters stood on each side.

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, were seated near his Majesty, the Chief Mourner.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household took his place at the feet of the corpse, and the Supporters and Assistant Supporters of the Pall and of the Canopy arranged themselves on each side of the Royal Body.

The Peers, assistants to the Chief Mourner, arranged themselves behind the Princes of the Blood Royal.

The Peers bearing the Banners were placed on each side below the Altar.

During the Service the Knights of the Garter present occupied their respective stalls, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, who bore the Sword of State, the Duke of Beaufort, one of the Supporters to the Chief Mourner, and the Peers who supported the Pall.

The Ministers of State, the Great Officers of the Household, the Nobility, Bishops, Privy Councillors, Judges, and Law Officers, were placed in the vacant and intermediate stalls, and in the lower seats on each side of the Choir. The Grooms of the Bedchamber, Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, Equerries, and others, composing the Procession, were arranged on each side of the Altar, on which was placed the Gold Plate of the Chapels Royal.

The part of the Service before the interment and the Anthem being performed, the Royal Body was deposited in the vault, and, the Service being concluded, his Majesty, the Chief Mourner, was conducted from the Choir to the Chapter Room of the Chapel, preceded by the Sword of State.* After a short pause Sir George Nayler, Garter Principal King of Arms, pronounced near the grave the styles of his late most Sacred Majesty, of blessed memory, as follow:—

Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life, unto His Divine Mercy, the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

"Let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless and preserve with long life, health, and honour, and all worldly happiness, the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, Our Sovereign Lord William the Fourth, now, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

"God save King William the Fourth."

After which the Marquess of Conyngham, Lord Steward of the Household to his late Majesty, and the other Officers of his late Majesty's Household, broke their Staves of Office, and kneeling near the grave, deposited the same in the Royal Vault; whereupon their Royal Highnesses the Princes of the Blood Royal, the Great Officers of State, No-

* There were no escutcheons on the canopy; but ten on the pall.—Ed.

* Soon after the King was seated, the 39th and 90th Psalms were sung; after which, the Dean of Windsor read the Lesson; and the first anthem, "Hear my Prayer," by Kent, was sung; and afterwards, immediately before the Collect, "O, merciful God!" the second anthem, by Handel, the "Dead March in Saul," followed. The Dean of Windsor read the first part of the service from the altar, and the conclusion from the right side of the vault. The performance of the psalms and anthems lasted nearly two hours. The fine anthem of "His body is buried in peace" was then chanted.

bility, and others who had composed the Procession retired.

The Knights of the several Orders, present on the occasion, wore their respective Collars, with white rosettes. In pursuance of his Majesty's order, the Great Officers of State, his Majesty's Ministers, and the Officers of the Royal Household, appeared in their State Uniforms, with black waistcoats, breeches, stockings, and buckles, uniform swords, with crape and black feathers in their hats. The Officers of the Army and Navy appeared in full dress Uniforms, with the mourning directed to be worn by them at Court. The Bishops appeared in their Rochets; the Peers, eldest sons of Peers, Privy Councillors, and others, not included in the Royal Order, appeared in full dress black.

The Procession, from the Royal Apartments to the Choir of St. George's Chapel, was flanked by the Grenadiers of the Foot Guards, every fourth man bearing a flambeau.

From four o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, guns were fired at intervals of five minutes, and from nine o'clock until the conclusion of the ceremony minute guns were fired.

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

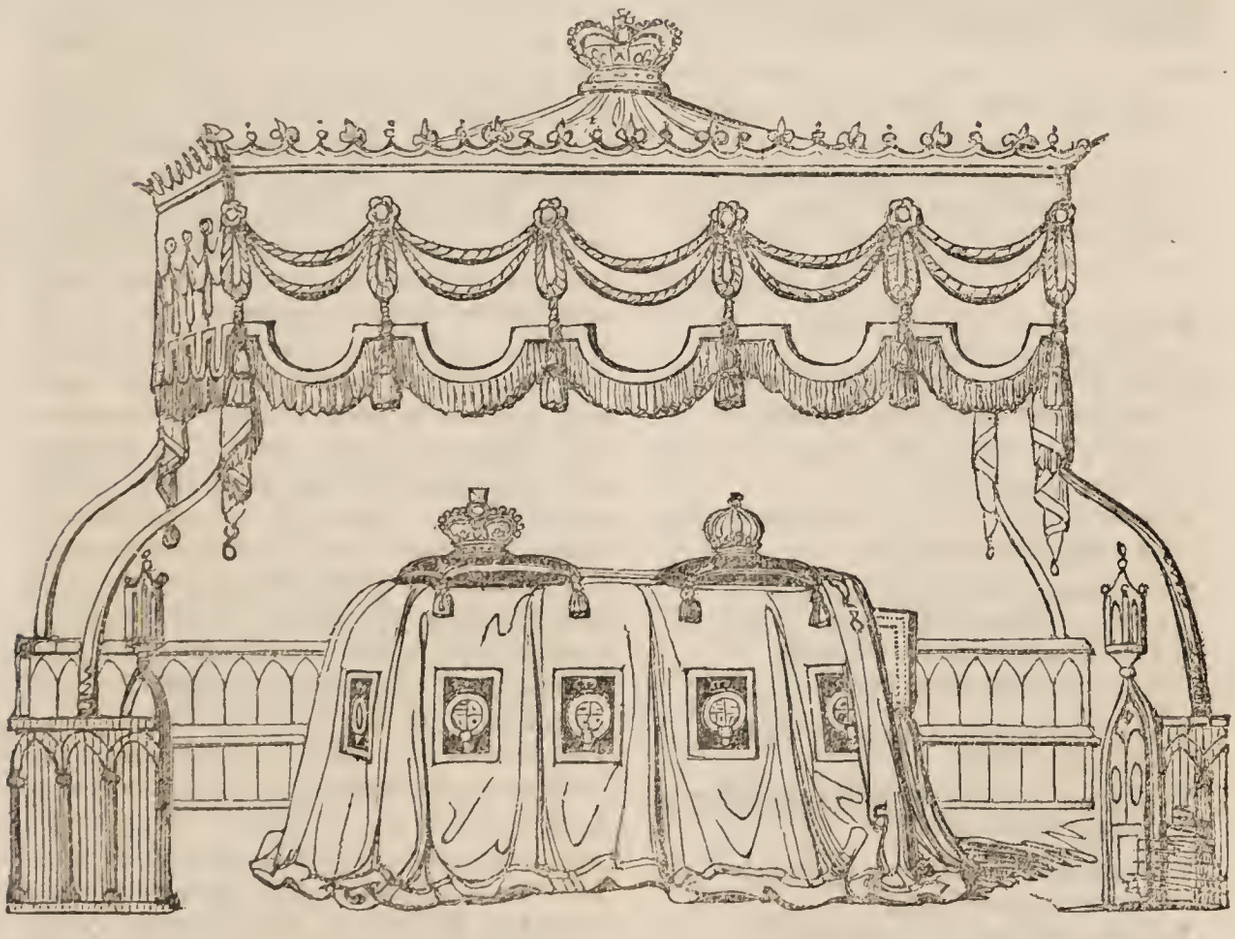
Earl Marshal's Office, July 19, 1830.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to express the highest approbation of all the arrangements made on this solemn occasion, and of the manner in which the whole ceremony was conducted.

NORFOLK, Earl Marshal.

The previous Engraving explains the ceremony within the choir of St George's Chapel, and exhibits the fine architecture of the edifice to considerable advantage.

The subsequent Cuts exhibit more amply a few of the sad paraphernalia, the beauty of which could not be distinctly shown in the Engraving of the Choir.



The *first* Cut is the Canopy erected over the opening to the royal vault, beneath which is the splendid coffin, pall, &c. as before described in the official account. This canopy is of rich purple velvet, draped with black silk cord, fringe, &c. It is supported upon iron stancheons across the aisle, and will occupy this station till the termination of the Court Mourning.

The *second* represents one of each of the pairs of Candelabra, removed from the altars of Whitehall Chapel, the German Chapel of St. James's, and St. George's Chapel. They were used at the Lying-in-State ceremony, and are described at page 83. These are of silver-gilt, of the richest chased workmanship, as the Cut implies; and they were subsequently removed to the com-

munion table of the Chapel, where the display of plate was very costly.

THE VOICE OF THE LOVED ONE.

(For the Mirror.)

Like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music is on the trees,
Oh! just such a voice was hers.

E. FITZGERALD.

THAT festal voice—it sung to me
Of far enchanted bow'rs,
Where Fancy view'd the sapphire sky,
From haunts that teem'd with flow'rs.

That holy voice had many a tale
Of other days to tell;
When our hearts bloom'd like purple clouds,
On which the sunset fell.

That homely voice—it welcom'd me
To lonely trees and streams,
Where thine Elysian lute dissolv'd
My cares in pleasant dreams.

That sacred voice—its music breath'd
Solemnity around;
Where Memory grac'd the tombs with flow'rs,
On consecrated ground.

That passion-voice—its burning words
Convey'd a spell to me,
When softly gleam'd the twilight-star
Beyond the distant sea.

That mournful voice—it lov'd to wail
O'er hearts whom Death had riven,
Where violets balm'd the turf with tears,
Like incense wept by heaven.

But I shall hear that voice no more
Around my spirit shed;
Nor deem the stars like thy blue eyes,
For *thou* art *with* the dead!

R. AUGUSTINE.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE—EARLY USE OF TEA, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following statement may not be unwelcome to your readers, since it will make them acquainted with the oldest establishment in London for the vending of *tea*, in leaf and in liquid, as well as *coffee* and *chocolate*.

I have lately had the perusal of a printed leaf of large paper, being a shop-bill of *Thomas Garway*, of Exchange Alley, near the Royal Exchange, in London, tobacconist, and seller and retailer of tea and coffee, published about 1657; which T. G. was also a tobacconist, professing to sell *tea* in leaf and drink; he also vended *chocolate* as well as the previously named articles. He is presumed to have been the original occupier of the house now called "*Garraway's* coffee-house."

The bill expresses—after an enumeration of the virtues of tea being reckoned good for thirteen complaints of the human system—"And that for the vertues and excellencies of this leaf and drink, are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it, (especially of late years) among the physitians and knowing men in *France*, *Italy*, *Holland*, and other parts of Christendom; and in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as *regalia* in high treatments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said *Thomas Garway* did purchase a quantity thereof and first sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into the eastern countries. And upon knowledge and experience of the said *Garway's* continued care and industry in obtaining the best *tea*, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physitians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley, aforesaid, to drink thereof."

Also another extract may be important:—

"And that neither ignorance nor envy may have power to report or suggest what is here asserted of the vertues and excellencies of this most pretious leaf and drink, hath more of design than truth, for the justification of himself and satisfaction of others, he hath here enumerated several authors, who in their learn-

ed works have expressly written and asserted the same, and much more in honor of this noble leaf and drink, viz. *Bortius, Riccius, Jarricus, Almeyda, Horstius, Alvarez-Smeda, Martinious,* in his *China Atlas,* and *Alexander de Rhodes* in his *Voyage and Missions,* in a large discourse of the ordering of this leaf, and the many virtues of the drink, printed at Paris, 1653, part 10, chap. xiii.

"And to the end that all persons of eminence or quality, gentlemen and others who may have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied—These are to give notice, that the said *Thomas Garway* hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound."

PHILODOMESTICUS.

SONG OF THE DYING BARD.

(For the Mirror.)

MAKE me a grave by the brook of the mountain,
Carve not a record to speak of the past,
There let the wandering wave of the fountain,
Mingle its song with the moan of the blast!
Breathe not a prayer where the minstrel is sleeping,
Mark not my pillow with marble or stone,
There let no eye of the lovely be weeping,
Leave me to slumber—unmentioned, alone.

Lay me to moulder—unwailed, unlamented,
Shroudless and nameless, amid the lone heath;
Tell not how deeply I mourn'd and repented,
Ere my crush'd spirit found calmness in death,
Free on my turf, when the spring is returning,
Leave thou the bird of the desert to breed;
There, when the red beam of summer is burning,
Oft let the herd of the wilderness feed.

Son of my God! who swath'd in a manger,
Look on my sorrows, and pity my doom;
Thou, who hast died for the slave and the stranger,
Let me not perish forgot in the tomb!
Vengeful and loud when the trumpet is ringing,
Sounding the dirge of the field and the sea,
Grant me a rest where the ransom'd are singing
Hymns of rejoicing—Redeemer to Thee!

The Novelist.

THE INVISIBLE CITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

FATHER SIGISMUND stood in the centre of the monastic burial-ground: it was a dreary hour—midnight! haunted, moonless midnight!—and, as the sullen clock of Wandsworth Abbey tolled lazily forth the hour of twelve, he awaited with a quailing heart the effect of his recently uttered incantation, scarcely feeling himself secured from the malignity of his infernal ally, within the magic cincture that restricted the demon's approximation. A low moaning wind, and a lurid glimmer of reddish light, announced the presence of the spirit; and when the last stroke of the deeply-reverberating midnight chimes had sounded, the grave stones and venerable cloisters of the Abbey were illumined by the strange radiance of Sigismund's familiar.

"Azael!" cried the monk, "I have seen Bacon, and he hath refused."—"Master, that is because Zophiel, and his other attendant spirits, are more powerful than myself; I am, as well thou knowest, of an inferior grade; I am a subordinate amongst the powers that are not of your world; and thou must wait the accomplishment of thy desires, until thy mental qualifications enable thee both to call up at thy bidding, and subjugate to thy will, the mighty earls, marquesses, and dukes, of our infernal hierarchy."—"No, Azael, no! thou deceivest me! I know, and well, that thou art thyself, or I should not have summoned thee, most fully capable of accomplishing my requests: say that thou art not, and that word passeth my lips, which shall bind thee in the Arabian Gulf until the consummation of all things!"—"Master, I submit! yet solely upon one condition—thou understandest me? Nay, start not! neither cavil: necessity imposes it."—"Then be it so; I have studied the occult, the prohibited, the infernal sciences; and the result is, that I, a mortal, am authorized to command the unlimited services of an indestructible spirit! Yet are my labours vain, utterly vain, so long as Roger Bacon, the friar, hath in his single possession the secret of entering the Invisible Cities: so long, I say, as he is, in consequence, master of the illimitable hoards of wealth that they contain!"—"And yet," answered the demon, "he is poor; he availeth not himself of those hidden, but interminable mines—those inexhaustible stores; and so long as a man employs not his treasures, he is—" "An idiot! a madman!" interrupted Sigismund;—"give them to me, and they shall be used!"—"Swear!" cried Azael.—"I do swear!" answered the monk: "I swear, that the treasures of the Invisible Cities once in my actual possession, my soul and body shall both be, from that hour, at the disposal of your prince, the King of those Cities, and the Emperor of the Powers of Darkness, for ever and ever!"—"We are satisfied!" exclaimed a voice, or rather a mingling of voices; for the awful sound gathered on the ears of Sigismund like the united and rushing roar of leaves, when the

forest bends to the blast: it swelled around him as if breathed by a legion of evil ones from the covered boundary of the cloistered quadrangle; and upon its cessation, he found himself left in utter darkness.

The heart of the guilty monk now thrilled with horror, at the bare recollection of the dreadful deed which he had committed. Strange sounds seemed yet to ring in his ears, and stranger forms to flit before his eyes, as he groped, with stumbling steps, through the awful field of the dead—whose spectral arms he almost expected to encounter opposing his progress, and thrusting him back to receive the reward he merited for his sacrilegious violation of their consecrated tenement. The bell now tolled for the midnight service. Sigismund beheld the brethren of Wandsworth pass hurriedly to the chapel through a narrow, gloomy passage, an opening into which, from the cloisters, he had just gained. The foremost only carried tapers; falling in, therefore, with the darkened rear, he entered the sacred edifice unsuspected. But, oh! the agony of that moment was insupportable! With whom had he but just concluded a horrid compact? Whose was he now?—no, not quite yet—the fiend had not fulfilled his part of the agreement, and there was a saving clause in the apostate's oath. Durst he pray? might he repent? In the midst of a conflict of emotions, that seemed to rend his very heart asunder, the brethren commenced chanting, in low, sweet tones, as if each were impressed with a humble hope, and even confidence, that he should be considered the righteous individual of the psalm—"*Domine quis habitat*"—when, quite overwhelmed with mental agony, Sigismund, groaning aloud, sank back on his seat. His groan and his action were noticed by the brethren on either side of him, who immediately persuading him to quit the chapel, led him from thence to his cell; and firmly convinced that deep study had disordered his health, after making him lie down on his pallet, administered one of those restoratives which the good fathers in those days seldom went without;—nor this alone, but with it certain doses of excellent advice, the purport of which was, to destroy his books, and consign his chemical apparatus to Satan. Sigismund replied only by a deep sigh; and the kind brothers, commencing an official visitation in his laboratory, made sad havoc amongst retorts, crucibles, vials, vases, and materials of every description. A loud rapping upon the great outer gate of the Abbey suspended for awhile their operations; and Sigismund was presently informed that a couple of men waited to convey him to the castle of a neighbouring baron, who was sick unto death. Now the fame of the "Learned Brother of Wandsworth," as Sigismund was termed, had spread far and wide; and finding himself sufficiently sane in body, although still cruelly tortured in mind, he hesitated not to arise, much to the chagrin of his friendly advisers, and obey the summons. Arrived at the gate, he there beheld a couple of men on horseback, bearing torches. A led horse was ready for himself—mounting which, he quitted between his guides the precincts of the Abbey.

As neither of his companions exchanged a word with him, the monk had leisure to make his observations upon their appearance and demeanour. The man who rode on his left hand wore a lowering, fierce aspect; a scowl sat upon his swarthy brow, as if chiselled thereon by internal and undying pain; his red, restless eyes seemed to declare that in his breast envy and malignity were no strangers; and a row of teeth, white as alabaster, firmly compressed, as by mortal agony, on his nether lip, added an expression altogether horrifying to the ill-favoured character of his ghastly countenance; his attire, rough, loose, and weather-beaten, seemed that of a bravo; and Sigismund discerned with a thrill of terror that the hue of his horse was a perfect blood-red! The monk's conductor on his right hand was mounted on a steed snow-white, and of exquisite symmetry, whose housings being studded with polished and precious stones and metals, sparkled and flashed in the torchlight most gallantly; but the rider of this splendid animal chiefly attracted the attention, and even affection of Sigismund, from the fascinating elegance of his personal appearance, and the grace of his carriage and movements. A hunting suit, which, even by that uncertain light, appeared of a clear, dazzling, emerald green, clad the beautifully-formed figure and well-turned limbs of the youth, whose countenance, of more than mortal beauty, inspired the beholder with rapturous ideas of eternal peace. From his neck was suspended, by a baldric of snow-white silk, a silver bugle; and ever as he cast his eloquent and pitying eyes upon Sigismund, the miserable monk felt a degree of gladness and confidence arise in his bosom, which even the bitter memory of a now repented deed, and

the devilish leers of his hideous conductor on the left, could not utterly dispel.

The party proceeded quickly in silence, for a long, long way, through a country with which Sigismund was utterly unacquainted—wild, uncultivated, and apparently uninhabited. No vestige of baronial castle greeted the eyes of the alarmed friar, who was not slow to imagine for what purpose he had been wiled away from Wandsworth, whither he was bound, and the nature of his guides. At length the two riders pulled up their steeds, and Sigismund's, in the act of proceeding, suddenly reared and backed, as if checked in his progress by the mighty power of an unseen hand; but the monk had beheld, with unspeakable horror, that they now stood on the brink of a frightful precipice, which rose, like a measureless wall, from the dark unfathomable bottom of a hideous abyss. "Close your eyes, man," cried the left-hand guide, "and keep steady!" "Drop your bridle, Sigismund," added he on the right, "and clasp your arms firmly around the barb's neck!" No sooner had the bewildered monk complied with these directions, than he found himself traversing the air with the celerity of lightning, and as far as he could by his feelings ascertain, at a point of hideous elevation. But what were his feelings?—what his thoughts? In truth, they were utterly out of the pale of analyzation; for, darting forwards like a breath of the whirlwind, or an arrow of the forked lightning, giddiness, and an almost total, breathless insensibility seized him, during which all definite subjects and periods became to his mind either mingled in inextricable confusion, or as they were not.

What length of time had elapsed, Sigismund knew not, neither what had become of his steed, nor how he had dismounted; but suddenly he was aware that he stood between his strange guides upon *terra firma*. A large expanse of water laid before him, and as far as he had leisure to observe, and the torches of his guides lent him light, the country around was most bleak, and utterly destitute of vegetation. A strong brackish and sulphureous odour appeared to emanate from the water, and impregnate the air, which otherwise was soft, like that of an oriental clime. In a moment, each hand of the amazed monk was firmly grasped by his strange conductors, and scarcely had he time to feel the red-hot fingers of his friend on the left nearly cauterize his own, than he found himself plunged into the waters, driving down headlong at immense speed, and his mouth, ears, and eyes filled with an intolerably salt and bituminous fluid, which rushed, roared, and gurgled around him, finally depriving him of his breath and his senses. The miserable and presumptuous monk was hurried fathoms and fathoms down the supposed unfathomable Lake Asphaltites!

Upon revival to life and reason, he perceived with awe that he stood, supported by the kind cool arms of his fair and well-disposed conductor, whilst the malign one kept his accustomed place, in a new and glorious city—but one beyond thought terrible and amazing, for it was a veritable City of Fire! Its architecture was novel and superb—like that which imagination might assign even to antediluvian ages, and yet mocking in beauty, stability, and sublimity, the efforts of later days, whose splendid orders were, to the specimens there beheld, but puny counterfeits. Tower, battlement, and arch, glowed in red-hot light; porticoes, and far-stretching colonnades, shone in scarlet radiance; pilastered galleries, and measureless flights of steps, dazzled and wounded the eye, by emulating marble in a vivid white heat. The city had its foundations within a sea of fire, for such was every street; and from these terrible sources wandered flaming rivulets on, and on, farther even than supernatural sight could track. In this tremendous vision of fiery architecture, all things stood prominently forth in their true forms and proportions: apparently, the most delicate chisel had moulded in fused iron, all that should have astonished and fascinated in fairest marble, and in moulding such for immortality, had employed the material of irremediable destruction!

But, however amazing might be the city, still more so was it to behold beings in the semblance of men (apparently animated statues of glowing metal) slowly pacing to and fro, through its streets, in perfect silence, and their contorted countenances attesting their unutterable agonies! Sigismund, although supernaturally shielded from instantaneous destruction, was powerfully affected by a sense of the intense heat, and sulphureous quality of the scorching atmosphere. Nearly dead from these causes, as well as from excessive terror, he mechanically crossed himself: immediately upon which, his companions thus alternately addressed him, the fair and friendly youth commencing:—"Sigismund, I am Æthon, one of the angels who stand for ever and ever before the

God of Gods, in the high heavens! and I am, by his paternal mercy, commissioned to show thee, ere it be too late, Zehenna, one of the Invisible Cities—one of the corrupt and abominable cities which fell by the same judgment that overthrew Gomorrah, and the remaining Cities of the Plain—turned them into fiery furnaces like this which thou dost now behold—and buried them in the heart of the earth, beneath the Sea of Sodom, until this world shall be no more!"—"Yea, Sigismund," added the other guide, "this is indeed Zehenna, the city of cities, wherein are kept those exhaustless hoards of wealth so infinitely coveted by thee!"—"Wherein resides the bane and scourge of the world!"—"Wherein abides the *primum mobile* of all human power!"—"Wherein is guarded from ever-erring mortals gold, the fountain of deadly corruption!"—"Wherein is most foully imprisoned gold, the master-key to all pleasures!"—"Look upon those wretches, Sigismund, and behold the pleasures purchased by gold! the pleasures that thou wouldst, by thine own cupidity, entail upon thyself!"—"Look through yonder window, Sigismund, at those shining heaps of ore, and imagine thyself king of them, and the world which they would purchase for thee!"—"Sigismund! monk, attend to me! This is Zehenna, one of the wealthy, luxurious, and most abominable cities of the Plain, whose tormented inhabitants, idolaters of metal, as thou wouldest be, have sold themselves, as thou hast partly done, to the great Deceiver! Thou art a man; these were men; what are they now? that which thou didst consent to become!"—"Nay, Sigismund, nay, rather attend thou to me! This is Zehenna, one of the Invisible Cities, whose inhabitants are immortal, and enjoy her wealth apart from the rest of the world; I can bestow the riches of this and the remaining cities upon thee—myriads and myriads of silver, gold, and jewels!"—"And I, O imprudent and avaricious, but ignorant monk, am commissioned, shouldst thou desire it, to deliver thee from these matchless and eternal horrors!"—"I am he to whom thou hast devoted thyself, body and soul, for ever!"—"And I, Sigismund, I the seraph Æthon, am thy guardian angel; and as such, I am bound to thee for a term, which is not yet expired; there was a saving clause in thine oath—Determine!"—"Thou art mine!" roared the demon, in a voice that seemed to echo through the fiery city; his malignant eyes shot forth lurid flames, and he stretched forth his infernal hand to tear away the horror-struck and almost stifled monk from the guardian and supporting embrace of Æthon; but, at a glance from the seraph, that hand dropped impotently to his side; whereupon Sigismund, exerting himself to the utmost, exclaimed firmly—"Thine! Never!—never until I have accepted, and actually possess, that accursed boon, which my frenzied wickedness desired, and which, with fiendish readiness, thou didst proffer—avaunt!"—"Rash fool!" howled the demon, gnashing his teeth in impotent ire. "Erring mortal!" cried the angelic power, in most melodious accents, "come! mercy, eternal mercy, hath been extended to thee! Repentance hath saved thee from the arm of the Evil One! Sin no more, lest condemnation befall thee, and thou be bound to dwell for ever with them who linger out undying days in the great prototype of Zehenna. Come!" Æthon then applied his silver bugle to his lips, and at its tones—so unearthly, so ineffable—Sigismund swooned with ecstacy. When he returned to his senses, he found himself lying in his cell, upon his own bed, whilst the glorious morning sun shone with heavenly radiance upon him; and from his couch arose the monk an altered man, to a life of penitence, of prayer, and of praise.

He knew not, indeed, nor had he any method of ascertaining, whether in dream, vision, or reality, he had beheld one of the Invisible Cities; he only knew that he had ardently desired to possess treasures, the very thought of which made him sick at heart now; that he had endeavoured to obtain such, by means of those abstruse studies, which in those days were believed to possess the power of subjecting Satan and his emissaries to the behests of man; that hitherto he had failed in his endeavours to raise the meanest of infernal agents; that his laboratory, nevertheless, bore evidence to the friendly offices of the brethren of Wandsworth; that a scorched impression of fingers was upon his right hand; and that these words, with even the very tone in which they were uttered by the sweet speaker, were, with his firm countenance and costume, engraven indelibly upon his memory—"Repentance hath saved thee; sin no more!"

M. L. B.

The Greenlanders lay a dog's head by the grave of a child, considering that as a dog can find its way every where, it will show the ignorant babe the way to the land of souls.

The Anecdote Gallery.

MACKLINIANA.

The original Macheath.—Tom Walker, as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original *Macheath* in the Beggar's Opera,) was well known to Macklin, both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the mediocre parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in *Macheath.** Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sung well enough to give a convivial song in company, which, at that time of day, was almost an indispensable claim on every performer; and on this account perhaps did not much relish the business; the high reputation of Gay, however, and the critical junto who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner, which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of the part, and exclaimed, "Ay, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

The Beggar's Opera. — Mr. Gay wrote all, or the greatest part of, this opera, at the Duke of Queensbury's, in the summer-house, which is something like a cavern on the side of a bank at Amesbury. The duke and duchess were great friends to learned and ingenious men; particularly to the late celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot. At that period the duchess thought herself slighted at court, and had desisted attending the drawing-room. Miss Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay were almost constantly with her; and, I believe, to gratify the duchess, he touched on the modes of the court; and Miss Arbuthnot knowing many old Scots and English songs, collected the most proper airs, and Gay wrote in suitable measure for them; so they had no need of a musician to compose new tunes.

The whole money received for the sixty-two nights of this opera was £11,199. 14*s.*; and one night (making the sixty-three) for a benefit, £168. 10*s.*

Young Macklin. — I was informed nearly fifty years since by an elderly gentleman, who was born and bred in Dublin, that Macklin had been a shoeboy, *i. e.* a blacker of shoes, at the college in Dublin, and was a waiter or marker at a gaming-table, where his common appellation was cursed Charley.

Hyppesly, the original Peachum.—In this character Hyppesly adopted the very dress of Jonathan Wild—a black coat, scarlet waistcoat with broad gold lace, velvet breeches, white silk rolled-up stockings gartered under the knees with black straps, square-toed shoes, white flowing wig, laced hat, silver-hilted sword, &c. Shuter followed his example. He, Wild, was hanged in 1725.

The true-born Irishman, — acted at Covent Garden one night only, November 28, 1767, and not printed: Macklin seemed to acquiesce in the withdrawal, saying in his strong manner, "I believe the audience are right; there's a geography in humour as well as in morals, which I had not previously considered."

In rehearsing this piece, Macklin took infinite pains to instruct a young actor in his part, who having to pronounce "Lady Kinnegad," did it so differently from what the veteran expected, that he could not help exclaiming in an angry tone, "What trade are you, sir?" The performer answered, "Sir, I am a gentleman." "Then," rejoined he, "stick to that, sir;" for you will never be an actor."

Macklin as Macbeth.—The squibs on this occasion were innumerable; the following being short, are given as a specimen:—

I learned to-night what ne'er before I knew,
That a Scotch monarch's like an Irish Jew.

So uncouth Macklin's form, I'll suffer death,
If well I knew the witches from Macbeth.

No longer mourn, Macduff, thy children's fall,
Macklin hath murdered sleep, Macbeth and all.

Literary Gazette.

* Quin performed the part of Macheath for his own benefit, (at Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 19, 1730,) which produced £112. 13*s.* 6*d.* in money—tickets £93. 16*s.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ART OF DRINKING WINE.

A PLEASANT, and very companionable little volume has lately appeared, with the somewhat curious cognomen of "*The Wine-drinker's Manual.*" It professes to give outlines of the most celebrated vineyards, and the several processes of wine-making, in different countries: "in short," says the preface, "to represent the general economy of one of the most interesting branches of

human invention." The work is elegantly printed, and bound in a trelliswork cover; and, moreover, it has a dedication "to J. H."—probably one of the author's raciest table-companions.

The Chapters, or Sections, are—On Wine-drinking; Ancient Wines; Modern Wines; French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Hungarian, Italian, Greek, Russian, Persian, Madeira, Cape, and British; the Adulteration of Wines; and the accomplishment of Drinking Wine, from which we choose our specimen extract:—

"The reader will probably have received sufficient *gout* for this purpose, from the florid, and not unpicturesque details of some of the preceding pages. The luxuriance of the vineyards, and the ingenious processes by which their produce is adapted, we had almost said *sublimed*, for the Table, must have prepared him for a few pages on the order and propriety which are conducive to the most refined enjoyment. 'There is,' as Shakspeare incontrovertibly expresses it, 'a reason in roasting eggs;' and as another bard asserts, 'order is heaven's first law;' both of which axioms are not a whit less applicable to the Table, than to any other integral part of the universe. Eating has its *rationale*, and in well-conditioned society its rules of propriety are as closely observed as any other part of the system, by which we live and have our being; and but little pains is requisite to prove that drinking should be reduced to the same order. To commence refection with drinking Tokay or Lacryma Christi, would be as great a breach of propriety as to eat game before soup.

"We must, however, bear in mind that, according to an old adage, 'it is not in the power of any one to decide on taste or on colours;' else we might soon become lost in the labyrinths of romantic investigation. Still, there are certain points of propriety in the art of drinking wine, which

——— Fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mouldering base their transient praise.

"An epicurean wine-drinker observes that the red wines should always precede the white, except in the case of a French dinner, usually preceded by oysters. In this case, the ostreal delicacies should be saluted with a treble volley of Chablis, or, for greater solemnity, with libations of Pouilly, or Mont Râchet, or even with Sauterne, Barsac, or White Hermitage. But, for this important reason, red wine should open the repast.

"The custom, during the last century, was always to take, after soup, a glass of some sweet wine; but now, the experienced wine-drinker either takes a glass of good old Madeira, or of Teneriffe.

"Our French exemplars assert the most proper wine during the first course to be, without any contradiction, Burgundy of the least celebrated growth, and which, for this reason, is known as Low Burgundy. Such are Avallon, Coulange, Tonnère, and generally all those known under the designation of Mâcon and Auxerre. You then ascend to Beaume and Pomard; and if you choose to confine yourself to the Burgundinian topography, you have the generous Richebourg, the high-flavoured St. George, the purple Chambertin, and the exquisite Romanée. But if you can ill bear the trammels of classification, and wish to give a fillip to your taste by change of flavour and soil, Champagne offers its sparkling Aï, perfumed Cumières, and limpid Sillery. After these, you may enjoy the stronger wines of Dauphiny, which whet the appetite, and heighten the savour of roast meats. Among these, we recommend Château Grillé, Côte-Rotie, and Hermitage.—'Tis then that mirth lights up the faces of the convivial circle, and the gibes and gambols of wit are wont to set the table in a roar; 'tis then that we acknowledge the claim of only one other wine to produce on the quantity already imbibed, an effect similar to that of a drop of water in boiling milk, or a spoonful of oil on the angry waves of the ocean. This is the wine of Bordeaux or Claret. See how wisdom's art gradually appeases the mounting spirits, in the effect of Médoc poured by a steady hand into bright crystal, which reflects scores of wax-lights. An armistice ensues, and the 'intellectual gladiators' lay down their wordy weapons. Amphytrions clear the table, wafers and sweet cakes, and perfumed creams, usurp the place of *légumes*, which boasted all the skill of scientific cookery. Languedoc, Roussillon, and Provence, what brilliant associations do ye create! Spain, too, participates in this gale of glory! But what is that ruby tint which glows amid sparkling crystal?—what is that liquid topaz which strikes the eye with wonder, and inspires a new gusto? Rivesaltes, Grenache, Lunel, Malmsey, Frontignan, Malaga, and Xeres—what a galaxy of glories rises with your delicious aroma to perplex wine-drinkers. Your half-consumed corks give evidence of your age, like a wreck of hoar antiquity; the

perfumed gale ascends, and your richness mantles and sparkles high; whilst your glowing spirit tempers the effect of ice, which is sometimes injudiciously served immediately after dinner, although health and good taste concur in delaying its appearance.

"But the aromatic gale of the Mocha-berry already salutes our delighted senses. Folly produces another bottle, the silver froth rushes like a boiling spring, and carries the cork to the ceiling, or the Arbois is produced, and unites the sweetness of Condrieux with the sparkling of the impetuous Aï! 'Tis then only that the wine-drinker can enjoy in diamond glasses the exquisiteness of veritable Tokay.

"Such, observes a French writer, is an abridgment of the didactic order, in which the tributes to Bacchus must be greeted. He concludes, by rejoicing that notwithstanding all their luxury and knowledge of the arts, the ancients did not at any period excel us in wine-making. Aristotle tells us, that in Arcadia, the wines evaporated in leather-vessels, till they were cut in pieces, and dissolved in water for drinking: certes, these could not equal our Médoc, Volnay, or Aï, without a drop of water. According to Galienus, in Asia, wines were hung about the chimneys, till they had the hardness of salt, and were dissolved in water to be drunk. Pliny, when he celebrates the wines of Italy, and the praises of the Falernian, does not even tempt us; for it seems that the best wines in his time were but syrups, which were diluted with water for drinking.

"To conciliate a few of the varied opinions on the precedence of French wines, the same writer observes—Some persons prefer Burgundy; others contend for Bordeaux; a few pretend that Champagne, still, and of the first quality, unites the Burgundinian flavour with the Bordeaux warmth; while the native of the borders of the Rhone asserts that the finest of all wines is Hermitage! All are right, and each in its turn is best—especially, if the maturation of the fruit has been successful: this is rare, for there is a greater difference between the wine of one year and that of another, grown in the same vineyard, than between the wine of a celebrated district, and that procured from an obscure spot. Therefore, we should take the advice of Sterne, and, like the man at the fair, every man speak as he has found his market in it. According as we have drunk Sillery, La Romanee, or Médoc, of memorable years, we ought to prefer the districts which produced them respectively, always with this prudent restriction—not to be so exclusive in our taste, as not to welcome others in the absence of better. We may admire Corneille, adore Voltaire and Racine; but still read with pleasure Parny, Boufflers, and Bertin; and even the sublime *vis comica* of Voltaire, does not produce a distaste for the prettiness and pleasantry of Picard.

"In noticing the varieties of wine adapted for different habits and temperament, our French exemplar suggests that those of a sanguine habit should drink a light, moistening wine, like Champagne or Hock; the phlegmatic man requires an ardent wine, as that of Languedoc and Dauphiny, to dissolve the phlegm that obstructs his system; the man of melancholy a mild wine, to restore his wounded spirit, and invigorate his wasted frame, for which purpose he should choose the produce of Roussillon and Burgundy, or the vinous wealth of Italy and Spain.* For bilious habits he recommends a generous and astringent wine, as fine Claret, which not only braces the system, but counteracts the bile. He then repels the unjust term of coldness, which has by some persons been attributed to the Bordeaux wines; and maintains that they are easier of digestion than any other wine: they leave the head cool, although drunk unsparingly, and will bear removal; whilst Burgundy is very stimulating, and is injured by being disturbed. In short, he sums up with remarking that Burgundy is aphrodisiac; Champagne, heady; Roussillon, restorative; and Claret, stomachic. Dr. Henderson ranks Bordeaux among the most perfect light wines, and the safest for daily use; and Dr. Macnish, in a very clever work,† distinguishes Claret as 'the most wholesome wine that is known.' He also commends Burgundy, Rhenish, and Hermitage, as, generally speaking, more salubrious than the stronger varieties, as Port, Sherry, or Madeira. Champagne, except in cases of weak digestion, is one of the safest wines that can be drunk. 'Its intoxicating effects are rapid, but

* The quaint old Burton tells us, that wine is frequently the sole cause of melancholy, especially if it be immoderately used; and Guianerius relates a story of two Dutchmen, whom he entertained in his own house, who drank so much wine, that in the short space of a month they both became so melancholy, that the one could do nothing but sing, and the other sigh. But observes Burton, a cup of generous wine to those whose minds are still or motionless, is, in my opinion, excellent physic.

† Anatomy of Drunkenness.

exceedingly transient, and depend partly upon the carbonic acid which is evolved from it, and partly upon the alcohol, which is suspended in this gas, being rapidly and extensively applied to a large surface of the stomach.' A recollection of these qualities gave rise to Mr. Curran's sparkling witticism, that Champagne made a runaway rap at a man's head.

"The astringent principle of the wines of Oporto, is too well known for us to explain; and the great quantity of brandy with which they are adulterated, both before and after their exportation, almost justifies the name of 'a hot, intoxicating liquor,' which foppery, in one of its gossamer fits, has thought fit to bestow upon Port wine. Dr. Johnson valued the potency of Oporto wines, in the scrap of Table-talk, that Port was drink for men, and Claret for boys. The hospitalities of Mrs. Thrale's cellar ought to have taught the Doctor a better distinction. Dr. Henderson thinks the wines of Oporto may be serviceable in disorders of the alimentary canal, where gentle tonics are required. But the gallic acid renders them unfit for weak stomachs; and their astringent virtues will be found in the wines of Alicant and Rota, which contain more tannin, and less acid. The excitement they induce is of a more slugglish nature than that attending the use of the purer French wines, and does not enliven the fancy in the same degree. As a frequent beverage, they are unquestionably much more pernicious.* Perhaps the wines commonly drunk in England and France, afford the best characteristic of the two nations. Dr. Henderson's observation is, therefore, very happy, since nothing is easier than to conceive the different effects of Port and Bordeaux wines: one soon rendering the drinker uncomfortably excited, and the other bringing into play some of the finest fancies of wit and humour, and many of the brighter beams of intellectual superiority, which justly belong to 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' A man with a bottle of Port, and another with the same modicum of Bordeaux wine, often occupy very different stations in the chain of being, or companionable qualities.

"Sherries still recommend themselves by the almost total absence of acidity. For invalids, of all strong wines, those of Madeira are most eligible; 'being equally spirituous as Sherry, but possessing more delicate flavour and aroma, and though often 'slightly acidulous agreeing better with dyspeptic habits.'†

"Rhenish wines, and those of the Moselle, are delightfully refreshing; and among their properties are a diuretic effect, and a tendency to diminish obesity. In fevers, too, they are very serviceable, as they contain but little acid."

Perhaps we have quoted sufficient to create a whet on a subject by no means dry,—and thus we hope to have the reader with "the best part of his blood awake, and the gross laid to sleep."

* History of Wines—Medical Properties, 4to. p. 356.

* History of Wines—Medical Properties, 4to. p. 356.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DEAD.

A SPIRIT doth arise
From the ashes of the dead,
Holy as if the skies
  Thrice sacred influence shed.

There ethereal hopes are born,
Such as sanctify the earth—
The noblest wreath e'er worn,
  Owes to the grave its birth.

For we think upon the dead;
The glorious, and the good:
And the thought where they have led
  Stirs the life-flood like a flood;

Where the pure bright moon hath shed
The light which bids it rise,
Towards the heaven o'er its head;
  Even such our sympathies.

Is it some hero's grave,
Who for his country died?
Then honour to the brave,
  We would be proud to rest beside.

Is it some sage, whose mind
Is as a beacon light
To save and guide his kind,
  Amid their mental night?

Some poet who hath sung
The griefs o'er which he wept;
The rose where rain hath clung,
  That fresh and sweet is kept?

Some martyr who hath sealed
With his blood, his faith divine;
That ever men should yield
  To their passions, God's own shrine?

Who can think on men like these?
Nor feel that in them dwell,
The highest energies;
  And a hope unquenchable:

While the grave an altar seems,
For the most exalted creed,
Till resolves that were as dreams,
  End in honourable deed.

Plant the laurel on the grave,
There the spirit's hope hath fed,
By the good, the great, the brave,—
  Be honour to the dead.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE BOWER,—A VAUXHALL VIEW.

WE do not mean by "The Bower," that summer sanctuary, that sylvan asylum, that cool sequestered seat, where, shadowed from the heat of the sun, screened from observing eyes, and refreshed by the gentle odours emitted by every trail-

ing leaf, the mind loveth at the golden periods of the year to luxuriate—forgetting the cares and tasks of the world in a quiet leisure and a happy oblivion. Pleasantly—might destiny so ordain it—could we dilate upon that hallowed retreat, the temple of love and youth, wherein vows are paid, and sighs (which are as syllables in love's vocabulary) bespeak the sympathizing spirit, when thy dictionary, Dr. Johnson, would be utterly inadequate: that secluded study, whereto the student, enamoured of the Muse, directs his lonely step at morn or eve—composing melodies that will be to him as a monument, communing with the silent spirit of some favourite book, or finding a library even in the leaves that fall or wave around him. But it is not for us to speak of these things; they are fruits whereof we are forbidden to pluck. The Bower that we allude to, is not that wherein hearts and promises are sometimes broken, which birds delight to haunt, and bards to describe. No, it is merely a human being, a living bower—an acquaintance most probably of the reader's;—we mean, in short, the Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall Gardens!

Spirit of farce and fun, come not upon our pen! Keep thou at a serious distance, lest the dignity of our subject be lessened by thy levity. We would be accurate, not extravagant, in our portrait; for the original must be known to many. Few that have visited Vauxhall, lofty or vulgar, in the days of its splendour or its gloom, but have seen him arrayed in his glory. "Oh!" saith the anticipating reader, "I think I know whom you allude to. Does he not wear a sable suit, of Warren-like hue, though not of Stultz-like cut? Has he not a waistcoat white as once was Dignum's, with a perpetual black ribbon streaming down it, like a dark torrent down a mountain of snow? Do not the skirts of his coat divide, as they fall, into the form of an A? Are there not fifty cravats on his neck, and fifty winters on his head?" Enough; we perceive that the reader hath observed him; he hath noted the silver hair and buckles, the invariable white gloves and politeness, the unblemished waistcoat and manners, of our amiable acquaintance. He hath descried the small smart cane, the spacious and seemly cravat, the precise, yet easy and graceful carriage, of our kind and accomplished friend. But perhaps he does not know the heart of the mystery that surrounds him,—perhaps he does not suspect that there is any mystery at all. While taking his supper, he has seen a gentleman appear suddenly at the entrance of the box, with a profound and perfect bow—something that has escaped the wreck of the last century—a reminiscence of the year 1730. He has at first sight mistaken him for a sort of Sir Charles Grandison in little; he has heard him, with a still small voice, inquire if any addition could be made to the comforts of the party—if any thing was wished for—if the wines were satisfactory, or the punch pleasant; he has observed him decline the glass which had been poured out and handed to him, with a well-bred and courteous air; and then, with a bow and a smile, he has seen him depart. But this is all that he has seen—and yet this is nothing.

Where then is the mystery? It consists partly in the smile and the bow; not so much, indeed, in their quality as in their continuity. He never seems to leave off—they are always ready made—he keeps them perpetually by him fit for use. It is a smile without an end—a bow that has no *finis*. If you see him in an erect position—and he is sometimes particularly perpendicular—the very instant that he catches your eye he changes it to its more natural figure, a curve. One would almost say that, from the commencement to the end of the season, his body is not straight, his lips never in repose, for two minutes together. Whatever is said, whatever is done—he bows. He would bow to the beggar whom he relieved, and (fortune shield him from such a mishap!) to the sheriff's-officer that arrested him. Not knowing who he is, you complain, a little angrily, perhaps, of the tough or transitory nature of the fowls—of the visionary character of the ham, that does not even disguise or render doubtful the pattern of the plate; he bows obligingly and beckons to a waiter. It being rather dark, you upset a bottle of port, some of which sprinkles his white gloves and waistcoat, and the rest goes into his polished pumps;—he smiles as if you had conferred a favour on him, and bows himself dry again. As he stands at the opening of the box, some boorish Bacchanalian brushing by, thrusts him against the edge of the table, or presses his hat over his eyes;—he turns round quietly, readjusts his injured hat, smiles with the graceful superiority of a gentleman, and (it seems scarcely credible) bows! That bow must have sometimes administered a severe, though a silent reproof to the ill-mannered and the intemperate. Yorick would have made something of it had he met it in France—it is not understood here.

But the smile and the bow are not all. There is more mystery. We want to know—it may seem curious to some—but we want to know where he goes to when he leaves the box? We shall of course be answered—to the next. But when he has visited them all, what becomes of him then? Since we projected the idea of perpetrating this imperfect apostrophe to his worth, we have inquired in all quarters, but have scarcely found a single person that ever met him in the walks. He is there, sometimes, of course—yet is seldom seen but at supper-time, as if he were a sprite conjured up by indigestion and headach. You enter the box, and up jumps Jack; you sit down, and there he is; you get up, and he is gone. He may spring from under the table, or drop from one of the lamps, for anything you can tell. He may be brought in, like Asmodeus, in a bottle; he may hide himself, like care, at the bottom of a bowl. You only know that there he stands, hoping you are comfortable, and bowing you into good humour with an expensive supper. But catch him in the walks afterwards, if you can; you go into them all, whether dark or dazzling, without finding him. At last, you determine to sup a second time, by way of experiment—just to solve the mystery, and to see whether he will make his appearance. It is served up—and the very next minute he is asking you the age of your fowl, and trusting that it is tender.

But the most extraordinary fact remains to be told; "the greatest is behind." During the season he is indefatigable in his attendance. He is never a minute too late, or a step out of the way. He seems to grow in the gardens, like one of the trees. But the instant the season closes, he disappears; and is never seen again till the hour of its recommencement the next year. No human being could ever guess where he goes to. The visiters retire, the lamps are extinguished, and he takes his leave. He and the lights go out together; he melts, like Ossian's heroes, into mist. He quits his suburban sitting-room, places a receipt for his rent in his pocket-book, makes a conclusive and valedictory bow to his landlady, and becomes a query, a conundrum—the most undiscoverable of riddles—the most marvellous of absentees. The proprietors have no knowledge of his whereabout; they are sure of seeing him in time for the re-opening, and give themselves no further trouble on the subject. If he should not appear the first night, when "God save the King" commences, he is no longer a tenant of this world; if living, there he will be found. Never was he known to fail. Faithful to the moment, in he walks, apparently in the same white waistcoat, as if it had been washed in Juno's bath, and endowed with perpetual purity and youth. His cane looks as if it had been wrapped up in cotton since last season. He taps at the door, touches his hat, and offers the usual compliments to the "honoured and worthy proprietors." Like the bulletin of a battle, a brilliant illumination follows his appearance. He is the most punctual of periodicals—the Vauxhall Annual. People know the period of the year by his coming; one swallow makes not a summer, but he does. The migrations of birds have given rise to many curious speculations, and have puzzled the zoologists of all ages—some conjecturing that they lie for months at the bottoms of pools and rivers, and other impossible places. We should like to know what natural philosophy has to say to the migration we have recorded, and whether there is any chance of discovering the winter quarters of our venerable friend—the chrysalis of our summer visiter. Is he asleep for the rest of the year? Does he hide himself in a nut-shell at home, or travel to the Indies and back? Does he take an excursion in a balloon for a few months, or creep for security into the corner of a poor-box? But the subject baffles conjecture: all speculation is idle. It is one of those secrets that most probably will never be divulged.

Wheresover he goes, we trust that he may long experience, during the drearier seasons of the year, the courtesies and urbanity he extends to others in the merrier one; and that, like the best blacking, he may retain his virtues in any climate.—*Monthly Magazine.*

DÆMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

An elaborate paper upon these *ignes fatui* of the human mind appears in the recently published No. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review.* The whole article occupies nearly fifty pages—not a line too much on such subjects—but compelling us to a few detached extracts:—

Picture of Tartarus, with a Portrait of Satan.

"Dante, we know, divided hell, like Germany, into circles; and Mr. Horst (author of a German work on Magic, in 6 vols. 8vo.), adopting something of a similar arrangement, has parcelled out

the territory of the Prince of the Air into sundry regular divisions, by which its whole bearings and distances are made plain enough for the use of infant schools. It is only at one of the provinces of the Inferno, however, that we can at present afford to glance; though for those who are inclined to make the grand tour, we can safely recommend the Counsellor as an intelligent travelling companion, and well acquainted with the road. In fact, his work is so methodical and distinct, and the geography of the infernal regions so distinctly laid down, according to the best authorities, from Jamblichus and Porphyry down to Glanvil and the Abbé Fiard, that the whole district is now about as well known as the course of the Niger; and it must be the traveller's own fault if he does not find his exit from Avernus as easy as its entrance has proverbially been since the days of Virgil.

"We cannot say, however, that the picture drawn by these intelligent spiritual travellers is calculated to impress us with a high notion of the dominions of the Prince of the Air, or that the *personnel* of his majesty, or his government, is prepossessing. The climate, as all of them, from Faust downwards, agree, is oppressively hot, and the face of the country apparently a good deal like that between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, abounding with furnaces and coal-pits. Literature is evidently at a low ebb, from the few specimens of composition with which we are favoured in the Magical Library; and the sciences, with the exception of some practical applications of chemistry, shamefully neglected. The government seems despotical, but subject to occasional explosions on the part of the more influential spirits concerned in the executive. In fact, we observe that the departments of the administration are by no means well-arranged; there is no proper division of labour, and the consequence is, that Belzebub, 'Mooned Ashtaroth,' and others of the ministry, who, according to the theory of the constitution,* are entitled to precedence, are constantly jostled and interfered with by Aziel, Mephistopheles, Marbuel, and other forward second-rate spirits, who are constantly thrusting in their claws where they are not called for. The standing army is considerable,† besides the volunteers by which it is continually augmented. We hear, nothing, however, of the navy; and from the ominous silence which our geographers preserve on this point, it is easy to see that water is a rare element in this quarter.

"The hints given as to the personal appearance and conduct of Lucifer, the reigning monarch, are not flattering. Common readers are apt to believe that Satan occupies that dignity,‡ but this is a great error, and only shows, as Asmodeus told Don Cleofas, when he fell into a similar mistake about Belzebub, 'that they have no true notions of hell.' The morals of Lucifer, as might be expected, are as bad as possible—with this exception, that we see no evidence of his being personally addicted to drinking. His licentious habits, however, are attested by many a scandalous chronicle in Sprenger, Delrio, and Bodinus; and for swearing, all the world knows that Ernulphus was but a type of him. His jokes are all practical, and of a low order, and there is an utter want of dignity in most of his proceedings. One of his most facete amusements consists in constantly pulling the spits, on which his witches are riding, from beneath them, and applying them vigorously to their shoulders.§ And he has more than once administered personal chastisement to his servants, when they neglected to keep an appointment.‖ He is a notorious cheat; many enterprising young men, who have enlisted in his service on the promise of high pay and promotion, having found, on putting their hands into their pockets, that he had paid them their bounty in tin sixpences, and having never risen even to the rank of a corporal.¶ His talent, we should be inclined, from these narratives, to consider very mediocre, and therefore we are afraid that the ingenious selection from his papers, lately published in Germany, by our friend Jean Paul,** must be a literary forgery. At least, all his printed speeches, as far as we have seen, are bad—flashy enough, no doubt, in the commencement, but

* Faustus, who is a sort of Delolme in matters infernal, has an able treatise on the subject, entitled "Mirakel-Kunst-und-Wunder Buch, oder der schwartze Rabe, auch der dreifache Höllen Zwang genannt," in which the political system of Lucifer's dominions is examined. The reader of M. Horst's book will find an outline of it at p. 86, *et. seq.* of vol. iii.

† Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft, book xv. c. ii. contains an army-list or muster-roll, of the infernal forces. Thus the Duke of Amazeroth, who seems to be a sort of brigadier-general, has the command of sixty legions, &c.

‡ Satan is a mere third-rate spirit, as they will find, by consulting a list of the Infernal Privy Council for 1669, contained in Faust's Black Raven.

§ See afterwards the Trials of the Witches at Mora, 1672

‖ *Vide* Trials of Agnes Sampson, 1590, and of Al. Hamilton, 1630 —*Scott. Just. Rec.*

¶ Case of Isobel Ramsay, 1661.

** Auswahl aus den Teufel's Papieren.

generally ending in smoke. He has always had a fancy for appearing in masquerade, and once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, in the disguise of a professor. So late as 1626, he lived *incog;* but in a very splendid style, for a whole winter, in Milan, under the title of the Duke of Mammon.* It is in vain, however, for his partial biographers to disguise the fact, that in his nocturnal excursions, of which, like Haroun Alraschid, he was at one time rather fond, and where, we learn from the Swedish witches, he generally figured in a grey coat and red small-clothes, ornamented with ribbons and blue stockings, he has more than once received a sound drubbing from honest people, whom he has attempted to trip up by laying his tail in their way. And, in fact, since his affair with St. Dunstan,† he has kept pretty much within doors after nightfall. Luther, as we know, kept no terms with him when he began to crack hazel-nuts in his bedroom at the Wartburg, but beat him all to nothing in a fair contest of ribaldry and abuse.‡ St. Lupus shut him up for a whole night in a pitcher of cold water, into which he had (as he thought, cunningly) conveyed himself with the hope that the saint would swallow him unawares.§ St. Anthony, in return for a very polite offer of his services, spit in his face, which hurt his feelings so much, that it was long before he ventured to appear in society again.‖ And although in his many transactions with mankind he is constantly trying to secure some unfair advantage, a person of any talent, particularly if he has been bred a lawyer, is a match for him; and there are numerous cases in the books, in which his majesty attempting to apprehend the person of a debtor, has been unexpectedly defeated by an ingenious saving clause in the bond, which, like Shylock, he had overlooked, and nonsuited in the ecclesiastical courts, where he commonly sues, with costs.¶ Finally, we infer from the Mora Trials, that his general health must have suffered from the climate, for in 1669 he was extremely ill, in Sweden, and though he got over the attack for a time, by bleeding and an antiphlogistic regimen, the persons who were about him thought his constitution was breaking up, and that he was still in a dying way."

* Lotichius, Oratio super fatalibus hoc tempore Academiarum periculis, Ripteln. 1631. Lotichius took the trouble to compose a Latin poem on the subject of his triumphal entry.

† Angelini Gazæi Pia Hilaria ex vit. Sti Dunstani, c. 8.

‡ Colloquia Mensalia.

§ Legenda Aurea Jacob. de Voragine, leg. 123.

‖ Ibid leg. 21.

¶ In the case of St. Lydvina, when he pleaded his case in person, and thought it a clear one, he was fairly laughed out of court, "deriso explosoque Dæmone."—*Brugmann, vita Lydwinæ,* p. 290. He was hoaxed in a still more ingenious manner by Nostradamus, who having agreed that the devil should have him, if he was buried either in the church or out of it, left directions that he should be buried in a hole in the wall.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

BILLINGSGATE.

During the reign of Ethelstan the Unready, there were ships from Normandy, &c. which brought wine. There were also fishing-boats which paid toll, and Blynesgate (Billingsgate) was the most noted quay of London.—*Leg. Ethels. Antiq. Portfolio.*

The Persians had an annual festival called *vitiorum interitum,* wherein they slew all serpents and venomous creatures, and after that, until the revolution of the same day, suffered them to swarm again as fast as ever. W. G. C.

AN IRISH LANDSCAPE.

An Irish officer, a thousand miles at sea in the Atlantic, observing three fine vessels right a-head of his own, called out to some friends who were pacing the quarter-deck, "my boys, what a landscape!"

There is an old custom in Scotland never to grant a light of fire to any one out of their houses, on the first day of the year.

"What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy, indeed, madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation!"

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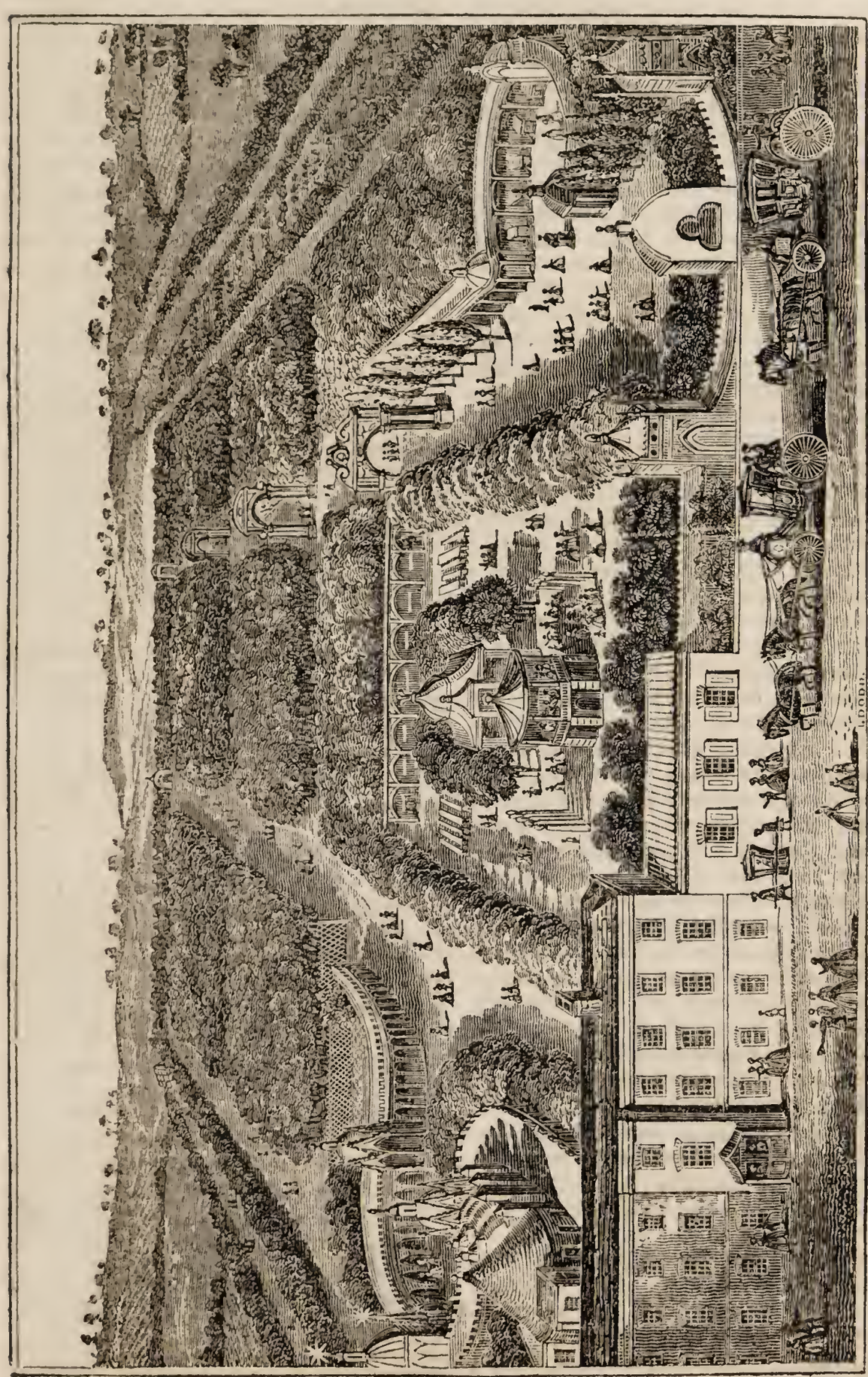

OLD VAUXHALL GARDENS.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Old and young—the world in all its seven ages—every one loves Vauxhall. It is a pleasant place for old folks to think of by-gone days and scenes; and there is so much agreeable anecdote respecting the spot, that it is impossible not to be charmed with the name. You dream of its hundredfold associations:—as Addison, and Sir Roger de Coverley's *voyage* to the Gardens; old Jonathan Tyers, and all the paintings in the pavilions by Hayman and Hogarth; and the singers, too; and the old-fashioned orchestra; and the few glimmering lamps and dark walks, when mirth and modesty went hand in hand, and little soul-breathing ecstacies were exchanged here from dewy eve till morn. We need not tell the reader that such places of amusement as Vauxhall are very frequent on the Continent; but, in point of splendour, they all yield to that of our metropolis. The French have their Tivoli, and half-a-score others, and they have even condescended to borrow our name: they have their "Wauxhall" *d'été*, and *d'hiver*, and their *annoncés*, or bills, may be seen posted on the columns of the Palais Royal, at Paris. Many a time has the French name, uncouth as it may sound, sent our eyes and heart back to loving friends in Old England—"Merry England," as she was once distinctively called. But the French *entertainments* of this description are far better entitled than are our splendid doings to that name. We think we have hit upon the true cause of our failure, or rather Sterne has for us, since he says, "A true feeler always brings half the entertainments along with him." The French have more of the *gaieté de cœur* than we have, and, consequently, our mirth requires stronger excitement;—and this does not always succeed, for we have seen more joy at a Sunday fête in the Park at St. Cloud, than we ever saw at Vauxhall.

But, to the Engraving—Old Vauxhall. The reader need hardly be told that these celebrated Gardens are situated near the Thames, in the parish of Lambeth, about a mile and a half from Westminster Bridge. They derive their name from the manor of Vauxhall, or Faukeshall; but the tradition that this property was the property of Guy Fawkes, is erroneous. The premises were, in 1615, the property of Jane Vaux, and the mansion was then called Stockdens. The gardens appear to have been originally planted with trees, and laid out into walks, for the pleasure of a private gentleman, Sir Samuel Moreland, who displayed in his house and gardens many whimsical proofs of his skill in mechanics.*

The time when this enchanting place was first opened for the entertainment of the public is involved in some uncertainty. Its celebrity is, however, established to be upwards of a century and a half old. In the reign of Queen Anne, it appears to have been a place of great public resort; for, in the *Spectator*, No. 383, dated May 20, 1712, Addison has introduced Sir Roger de Coverley, as accompanying him in a voyage from Temple Stairs to Vauxhall, then called Spring Garden. The morality of the place is rather equivocal, upon Addison's showing, for the motto to his paper is

Criminibus debent portos.—*Juvenal.*
A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

He says "we made the best of our way for Fox-hall," (in the folio edition,) which implies that the place was called Spring Garden, Fox-hall. He describes the garden as "excellently pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades; I could not but look upon the place as a sort of Mahometan paradise." Masks were worn there, at least by some visiters, for Addison talks of "a mask," tapping Sir Roger upon the shoulder, and inviting him to drink a bottle of Mead with her. A glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef formed the supper of the party.

The place, however, resembled a tea-garden of our days, till the year 1730, when Mr. Jonathan Tyers took a lease of the premises, and shortly afterwards opened Vauxhall, with an advertisement of a *Ridotto al Fresco*. The novelty of this term attracted great numbers; and Mr. Tyers was so successful in occasional repetitions of the same entertainments, as to be induced to open the Gardens every evening during the summer. Hogarth, at this time, had lodgings at Lambeth Terrace,† and becoming intimate with Tyers, was induced to embellish the Gardens with his designs. "He drew," says his biographer, "the

* It is said that the gardens were planted in the reign of Charles I. nor is it improbable, since, according to Aubrey, they were well known in 1667, when Sir Samuel Moreland, the proprietor, added a public room to them, "the inside of which," he says, "is all looking-glass, and fountains, very pleasant to behold, and which is much visited by strangers."

† The house which he occupied is still shown; and a vine pointed out, which he planted.—*Allan Cunningham.*

Four Parts of the Day, which Hayman copied; the two scenes of Evening and Night, with portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. For this assistance, which seems to have been gratuitous, the proprietor presented him with a gold ticket of admission for himself and a friend, which he enjoyed long, and his wife after him. Some of these works have perished; nor is this much to be regretted—they had little of the peculiar character which distinguished his other productions."* Hayman who joined Hogarth in embellishing the Gardens, was one of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, and was, when young a scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre.

Tyers's improvements consisted of sweeps of pavilions and saloons, in which these paintings were placed. He also erected an orchestra, engaged a band of music, and placed a fine statue of Handel, by Roubiliac, in a conspicuous part of the Gardens.† Mr. Tyers afterwards purchased the whole estate, which is copyhold of inheritance, and held of the Prince of Wales, as Lord of Kennington Manor, in right of his Duchy of Cornwall.

To trace Vauxhall through its alterations and embellishments would be too lengthy a task for our pages; so that we can only glance at the period of our Engraving—about ninety years since, or at the commencement of Tyers's proprietorship. Probably few visiters, comparatively speaking, have paid much attention to the topography of the Gardens. A slight exertion of memory will, however, enable them to see how little the present disposition of the grounds varies from the original plan, or that before them in the annexed Engraving. The foreground is occupied by the entrance now distinguished as "the Water Gate." Next are the principal sweep of pavilions, and the roofs of the Rotunda, and the adjoining saloons. To the left, in a line since called "the Dark Walk," near the pavilions, was the artificial Cascade, afterwards displaced by the Cottage scene, with the old man smoking, &c.; and at the extremity of the walk was some other decoration. The Cascade was, doubtless, one of the original exhibitions; for in the *Connoisseur* dated Thursday, May 15, 1755, it is mentioned, though not as a novelty—"At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired; the *cascade* is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive." The Quadrangle, or Grove is shown, occupied by Tyers's orchestra, with a few glass vase lamps on posts, and a single line of pavilions.‡ Next is the principal walk, crossed by elegant festal arches, and thus we reach another semicircle of pavilions, in the front of which is Roubiliac's statue; and in the right-hand corner of the foreground is another sweep of pavilions, and the present entrance to the Gardens from the road. The neighbourhood, or what we may call the distance of the Engraving, is not of a suburban, but of a rustic, character. The land appears common and unenclosed; and not a mansion, nay, hardly a cottage, cheers the wide waste: all that appears of culture is in the strip, apparently of kitchen-garden, which flanks the right side of the Gardens.

Sight-loving reader, we crave your attention but for a few minutes longer. Turn to the Engraving, and consider how little art appeared requisite to provide our forefathers with amusement in the good old times of old Vauxhall. The walks are wide and open, and the lights, if not far between, are few. What happy ease appears in the straggling groups of company: the ladies in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; the gentlemen in their grotesque hats, with swords and bags. It would be ungrateful to say that the covering of the walks, and fretting their roofs with "golden fires," have not increased the splendour of the place. The Gothic orchestra, too, which now occupies the centre of the Quadrangle, is much more sightly and appropriate than Tyers's music-house; yet this has stood long enough for some folks of revolutionary taste.§ Lastly, the contrast of Old Vauxhall and the Gardens in our times will bear us out in what we have said at the commencement of this article, on the Gardens of England and France.

The Gardens were originally opened daily (Sundays excepted); and till the year 1792, the admission was 1*s.*; it

* Allan Cunningham.

† Mr. Cunningham dates the appearance of this statue at 1732. It was Roubiliac's earliest work, and its history is quoted from Mr. Cunningham's work, at page 411 of vol. xv. of the *Mirror*.

‡ The spacious pavilion which now fronts the orchestra, was built for Frederick Prince of Wales, who was a liberal patron of the Gardens.

§ The present orchestra at Vauxhall was built by a carpenter. The ornaments are of a composition something like Plaster of Paris, but known only to the ingenious architect.

was then raised to 2*s*. including tea and coffee; in 1809, several improvements were made, lamps added, &c. the price was raised to 3*s*. 6*d*. and the Gardens were only opened three nights in the week; in 1821 the price was again raised to 4*s*.

Upon the death of Mr. Jonathan Tyers,* the Gardens became the property of Bryant Barrett, Esq. who married the granddaughter of the original proprietor. They next descended to Mr. Barrett's son. In 1818, the entire property was advertised for sale, but no purchaser was obtained. In 1821 it was purchased by the London Wine Company; and it is but bare justice to say they have done all in their power to revive the fashionable celebrity of Vauxhall. Had not a purchaser been found at the last-mentioned date, the fairy groves and palaces would have fallen before the mere speculator, and the site would be now covered with houses—for the whole was, in the language of the roadside, "to be let as building ground." We rejoice at the result, and, as no public resort has given rise to more pleasurable associations than have been enjoyed in this delightful spot, we hope it may long remain to gladden the dull routine of London summer.

We have only room to speak of a few of the vocalists, who have from time to time warbled in the Vauxhall orchestra. Beard and Lowe were among the early favourites; then came Dignum, Mrs. Billington, Madame Storace, Incledon, Mrs. Bland, and Charles Taylor. Of a truth, Sir Roger de Coverley would have said Spring-garden put him in mind of "an aviary of nightingales," had he lived in the latter half of the last century, to have heard the silver strains of Vauxhall Gardens.

ON CROWDED CHURCHYARDS, AND A METROPOLITAN CEMETERY.

(For the Mirror.)

"Yon Upas tree,
Whose noxious leaves pervert the genial air,
Whose with'ring poison tips the warrior's dart,
Had ne'er attain'd to such a worthless bulk,
Had some kind hand erased its primal root.
Then let us blight all evil in its bud,
And timely hinder what we cannot cure."

The Recluse.

The paper on "Burying in Vaults," which appeared in a late No. of *The Mirror*, would seem to have excited some interest in a portion of the public, though exhibited in fear. Subsequent to the publication of that article, a letter appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*, assuring the inhabitants of Fetter Lane and its neighbourhood of their non-contagious safety; and stating that because of a report circulated by the press, the Inquest of St. Andrew's, Holborn, deemed it incumbent on them to examine the vaults.

Connected with the subject of burying in vaults is another pernicious custom, that of interring in crowded churchyards; an existing comment on which has been communicated to the *Lancet*, and seemingly well authenticated. The following is an extract:—

"Most of the deaths in a beautiful village in Suffolk have been occasioned by malignant putrid fever. Wangford churchyard, with its ancient Gothic church, and the remains of its Abbey, occupy the top of a little hill, and the small white houses and cottages, of which the town is composed, *are built in a circle around*. No spot can appear more healthy, or freer from malaria. There is a peculiar cleanness and cheerfulness about it, and it is altogether situated in an excellent natural climate. The ravages from typhus fever, therefore, can only be accounted for on Dr. Armstrong's principle, *from its central churchyard*, which is *thickly populated with dead, not very deeply buried*, according to the custom of the country. It is united to Henham, another extensive parish, which has neither church nor churchyard. Within the last seven years one of the surgeons, who lives in the yard, has three times had the typhus fever in his house. The last attack was dreadful, and fatal to several of a numerous family. Two masters of the little inn died of this fever; the glazier died of it; his wife laid many weeks at the point of death, and died a few months after."†

* Tyers had a beautiful retreat called Denbies, near Dorking, in the same county, where he planned a sort of *anti-Vauxhall*, for the amusement of himself and friends. We may describe this place at some future opportunity. Denbies is now the seat of W. J. Denison, Esq., M. P.

† We may append, as an interesting little note, another extract from the same article. The incident contains materials for a ballad which might emulate the pathetic one of "Edwin and Emma."

"A fine young man of twenty-three, whose sybarite (banns) was out-asked at church, died of a sudden putrid fever, two days before he was to have been married to their daughter, a village belle. The little poem called 'The new-made Grave,' inserted in the *New Monthly Magazine*, some summers ago, was occasioned by the authoress, in one of her walks through Wangford churchyard, meeting the funeral of this young man, with his bride holding the pall; he was buried on the day appointed for their marriage."

Wangford churchyard is not a solitary instance. But if the practice is productive of fatal consequences in a village, how much more so in a town, and, further, in our populous cities! The inhabitants of London may deem themselves fortunate that England is possessed of such an atmosphere: for, were it less humid, this great metropolis might become one of the "cities of the plague." In proportion to the density of the population, those great and increasing nuisances, *crowded churchyards*, obtrude their unseemly appearance upon our attention. A small space of earth, hardly ever exceeding an acre, is charged with the bodies of *generations*, and the soil, gorged with the accumulations of its kindred clay, swells to an unsightly bulk, overtopping, in some parts, the stone tablet erected to perpetuate the "*hic jacet*" of remains whose deposition it would be a difficult task to recognise, where the obliteration of graves, owing to daily interments in so limited a space, obliges the sexton to be "no respecter of persons." One evasion of too flagrant a violation of the tomb consists in having recourse to the revolting system of *boring*, in order to avoid disturbing the graves of those recently interred; and it is not unusual, in accordance with the mandate of family affection, to open a grave for the reception of a *second* and even of a *third*, coffin, ere the tenant of the first has more than passed the stage of decomposition.

But the most flagrant feature of these disgusting facts, is, that these churchyards are situated contiguous to, or immediately upon, our most public metropolitan promenades and thoroughfares, surrounded by public shops and private dwellings; as if the unhealthy effluvia of narrow streets and the pernicious stench of gas and vegetable refuse, together with the smells arising from indispensable manufactures, were not tax enough upon the citizens' health, but we must appropriate space for our bones to rot under the eye of the living!

It perhaps were magnifying the evil too much to contend that the origin and propagation of many of our fevers in London are owing to the crowding of churchyards; yet the opinion of the regretted Dr. Armstrong goes far to second this supposition, as he asserted that he had invariably observed, in the course of his town practice, the prevalence of *typhus* to be in the neighbourhood of burial grounds; and when we recollect the hidden wings on which infection hovers over our walks; the "stealthy step" with which it insinuates itself into our habitations; it behoves us to consider, most promptly and earnestly, the obviation of those practices, which, however, otherwise warranted, may have the most remote possibility of inducing disease.

Poetry and sentiment have consecrated the churchyard as sacred to feeling and reflection; but we think that the ardent muse would shrink from the scene as developed in the city, and pour out her metrical sorrow for "the unhonoured dead,"

> "Beneath the rugged elms and yew trees' shade."

For amidst the adust and verdureless depositories of our metropolitan dead she would find but little to call forth her poetical yearnings. Yet, the nuisance complained of seems to have been partially reformed in the case of some of the London new churches; where the space usually allotted for burials is laid out in gravel-walks, with grass-plats and flowering shrubs—an example which the ecclesiastical authorities of some of the antique edifices of London and Westminster would do well to imitate. St. Pancras, satirically denominated "the heathen temple," (though less heathen in the particular under review than some other temples,) and Trinity Church in the Borough, may be adduced as models in the formation of central churchyards, having detached burial grounds, at such a distance from population as to render them innocuous; while around each church we see the neat substitution of *rollered* walks and artificial swards.

A general cemetery situated at such a distance from town as may be compatible with convenience, and constructed on a scale so extensive as to afford each grave an undisturbed rest of twenty years, (or the term variable, perhaps, according to circumstances,) would provide against the necessity of filling our churchyards to the monstrous extent which has given rise to Dr. Armstrong's opinion as to the prevailing cause of typhus. In emulation of our philosophical ancestors, we might render such a cemetery attractive by adornment. Flowers and trees, of the latter the mourning willow mingled with the melancholy yew, growing around and entwining the sculptured record, intervening swards, central fountains, and intersecting walks, would not, we think, be too fairy an anticipation of a General Cemetery. "Though I would like a dry death," said Jeremy Taylor, "yet I should not like a dry funeral. Some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well

and comely; and a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory, or a fair rehearsal." How gratifying to and accordant with a becoming sorrow to reflect that the object of its lamentations was entombed in a spot beautified by the revivifications of nature — where the expanding leaves of spring, their summer bloom, and their autumn sear, would suggest to the weeping visiter a type demonstrating that our own mortality was not unaccompanied by hope; and whence the soothing reflection might arise, that as the decay of the deciduous trees was prefatory to another putting forth, so the wintry trance of death was but a solemn harbinger of a gladsome waking. Our imagination could shape out such an Arcadian rest as would surpass in sentimental investment the noted Pere la Chaise. Such sweet remembrances of relinquished affection as nature would cherish around our final sleep, breathe the spirit of the elegiac bard:—

"E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live our wonted fires."

* * H.

Retrospective Gleanings.

EMBLEMATIC DEVICE OF THE CRUSADES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Some of your readers, partial to antiquarian relics, graphic or typographic, may perhaps be amused with the following description of an old print, of which, having some pretensions to cleverness and satire, I was induced to commit to paper an account, "once upon a time" when the volume wherein it appears laid before me:—

In Fuller's "Holy Warre," or account of the Crusades—2nd edit. (folio) Camb. 1640—may be seen a very curious frontispiece, to which are appended some most cutting verses, too long to be here transcribed, entitled, "A Declaration of the Frontispiece;" but in lieu of these, though not without the intention of presenting to the reader an occasional taste of them, we here attempt a description of this plate (a wood engraving) in humble prose.

The picture is divided, horizontally, into two parts, bearing no proportion to each other—of which, the upper is occupied, in the centre, by the title of the work, and appropriate mottoes from the New Testament. On the one side of this division is seen the half-length of a Christian knight, holding, by way of ensign, a crown upon a pole; and the legend appertaining thereunto is—

"No crown of gold, where Christe was crowned with thorns."

On the other is, in like manner, represented a Turkish warrior, bearing, as a banner, a black garment on a pole, with this appropriate legend—

"This black shirt is all Saladin, Conqueror of the East, hath to his grave."

The lower, and larger section of the print is thus arranged: It is enclosed between a couple of pillars, and on the pediment of the dexter column is carved the emblematic blazon of the Christian Crusaders, the Cross—(there may be more than one)—motto—

"We hope a gaining."

On the sinister column appears a like device for the Mahommedan powers, viz. a Crescent; motto—

"We hope a waining."

Europe, or Christendom, signified by a church, stands in the centre at the top of the picture, with, on one side, a large bag of money; motto—

"We went out full."

On the other, a hand holds the coinless bag, turned upside down; motto—

"But return empty."

From Europe are seen, proceeding towards the Holy Sepulchre (which has place at the bottom of the print) the Crusaders; motto—

"Vestigia pauca retro sum."

They march in companies, describing a serpentine track: first, beggars and cripples, as a rear-guard, or it may be a corps-de-reserve; next, children; then, women; then, "the main battalion, straitly knit, into a steady phalanx," as saith the poetical "Declaration;" and further—

"These are the only forces—all the rest
Impediments, but specious at the best.

Then,

"A bald pate company of friars comes,
Whose crowns might serve the army for their drums—
And give as full a sound, if you'll confesse
The greatest noise t' arise from emptinesse."

Bishops come next, in the order of march; then knights, or commanders, in complete armour; whilst the van is led by mounted kings; in front of whom, may next be beheld, two representations of the celebrated instigator of the crusades, Peter the Hermit, in appropriate costume. One of these effigies shows him standing beside, and facing, the Holy Sepulchre, whilst looking up to heaven, he blows a trumpet; the other presents to us this generalissimo of the "Holy Warre" turning his back on the sacred tomb, and, with the trum-

pet still set to his lips, gazing earnestly upon the ground; whilst the following device explains this graphic quiz:

I sound

to myself a retreat,	to others a march!

And now, gradually to retrograde from "the Holy Sepulchre" to "Europe:" above it appears the Destroying Angel, slaying renegadoes, &c.; above him, the Sultan, standing with a drawn and uplifted sword; one Christian is already lying beside him, dead by his hands, and others are kneeling, petitioning for their lives; and, above this group—

"The last of their destroyers that you see
Is that same ghastly thing the anatomic
Doth represent;—a naked cage of bone,
From whence the winged soul long since is flown.
They call it Death," &c. &c.

This descriptive and clever "Declaration of the Frontispiece" bears the initials J. C. The plate itself is engraved by William Marshall, but I do not recollect that it states by whom it was designed. M. L. B.

REFINING SUGAR.

The art of refining sugar appears to have been known, at least as early as the reign of Henry VIII. as a roll of provisions of that period mentions, "two loaves of sugar, weighing 16lb. 2oz. at — per pound." A letter from Sir Edward Wotton, to Lord Cobham, dated Calais, March 6th, 1546, informs him that he had taken up for his lordship twenty-five sugar-loaves, at six shillings a loaf, "whiche is eighte pence a pounde."

The earliest record of refined sugar we read of, is a quotation in Whitaker's History of Whalley, from a computus of Whalley Abbey, in 1597: "*Pro sucare inrolat. et al. spebus* xiv. d"

W. C. R. R.

PRAYER SAID AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE CORONATION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON KINGS.

"May the Almighty Lord give thee, from the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn, wine, and oil! May the people serve thee, and the tribes adore thee! Be thee lord of thy brothers, and let the sons of thy mother bow before thee. He who blesses thee shall be filled with blessings, and God will be thy helper. May the Almighty bless thee with the blessings of the heavens above, and in the mountains and the valleys; with the blessings of the deep below; with the blessings of the suckling and the womb; with the blessings of grapes and apples. And may the blessings of the ancient fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, be heaped upon thee!

"Bless, Lord, the courage of this prince, and prosper the work of his hands; and by thy blessing may his land be filled with apples, with the fruits, and the dew of heaven, and the deep below; with the fruit of the sun and moon; from the top of the ancient mountains, from the apples of the eternal hills, and from the fruits of the earth and its fulness!

"May the blessing of Him who appeared in the bush come upon his head! and may the full blessing of the Lord be upon his sons, and may he steep his feet in oil.

"With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he blow the nations to the extremities of the earth; and may He who has ascended to the skies be his auxiliary for ever." W. G. C.

BAYONETS.

(For the Mirror.)

Bayonets were introduced into France about 1673; and among the English grenadiers, in the short reign of James the Second. Many such are yet to be seen in the small armoury at the Tower. The use of them, fastened to the muzzle of the firelock, was also a French improvement, first adopted about 1690. It was accompanied, in 1693, at the battle of Marseille, in Piedmont, by a dreadful slaughter; and its use was universally followed by the rest of Europe in the war of the succession. H. B. A.

SLAUGHTERHOUSES.

Among the rolls of parliament of the year 1380, a petition occurs from the inhabitants of Smithfield and Holborn, against the butchers of Butcher Hall Lane, praying that some penal ordnance might be enacted to restrain the nuisance of throwing the blood and entrails of slaughtered animals into the channels connected with the river Fleet; and that the butchers might be forced to kill their beasts at "Knyghtsbrigg," or elsewhere, away from the annoyance of the people, under penalty not only of forfeiting such animals as might be killed in the "butcherie," but of a year's imprisonment. The prayer of the petition was granted, and its penalties enforced for several reigns. W. C. R. R.

Fine Arts.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

We noticed the commencement of this design at page 285 of our last volume. Parts II. III. and IV. are now before us, and even progress in merit.

Part II. contains Skiddaw, on "a clear frosty November morning;" after P. Dewint, and is an exquisite scene.—The picturesque ruins and stupendous craigs of Dunottar Castle, and the stormy stretch of the German Ocean; after W. Daniell.—Loch-Ard, a placid contrast with the previous scene; after G. F. Robson.—And the Waste of Cumberland; after Copley Fielding.

Part III. includes Solway Firth; after Copley Fielding.—Newark Castle, on the Trent, strictly in keeping with Sir Walter's "blackened ruins;" by P. Dewint.—Glasgow Cathedral, whose "sequestered solitude" is admirably made out by the artist, Westall.—And Mirkwood Mere, a poetical scene, after G. Barrett—where

> The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
> The purple cloud, the golden beam, &c.

Part IV. consists of Durham, with its venerable towers fast fading in evening gloom; after G. F. Robson.—The Tolbooth, Edinburgh; after A. Nasmyth; with some admirable points of light and shade.—Caerlaverock Castle, still more picturesque, sparkling, and brilliant; after D. Roberts.—And, London from Highgate, a rich, but delicate scene; after G. Barrett.

The last published part, as we have intimated, is superior to its predecessors; but the delicacy and finish of the whole are highly creditable to the engravers, the Findens. By the way, these views are the most adequate Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. The Character Engravings, designed for similar purposes, are failures; aided as the artists must have been by the exquisite descriptions of the novelist, in person, costume, and action, better things might have been expected.

LANDSEER'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BURNS' ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

We seem to be fast verging to the Satanic age. Painters, Engravers, and Poets appear to be striving for the *beau ideal* of the King of Terrors; and the pencil and the pen are, by their soft touches and turns, attempting to improve upon the old *facilis descensus Averni*. We hope this familiarity will breed contempt.

But the attempt before us deserves more sober notice. It consists of eleven first-rate engravings, after designs by Thomas Landseer. The Frontispiece is terrific. Below is "the enemy," turning his victim on a spit, and basting him with as much culinary care as Ude or Kitchiner could wish, and watching him with more anxiety than an alderman would a haunch of venison. To the right, another "busy devil" is cramming a luckless body into a copper or caldron, and preparing him for another course of the infernal banquet. Flames rage with unquenchable fury all around, whilst the Scotch poet, from an overhanging crag, addresses the infernal agents. We cannot enumerate the illustrated points of the poem, nor would our description convey any idea of their spirited execution. The artist has Milton for the authority of his vignette, the Infernal Crown and Sceptre, with the Garter intertwined.

Burns, it appears, wrote his "Address to the Deil," by "running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations of this august personage." The artist has here aimed at personal identity, but we fear this will not be attained until it be too late for good account. The Notes to the reprinted poem are not worthy of their place: they pull in everything, as though the annotator thought the Deil concerned every body: probably he may be right.

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS,

We are glad to see, proceeds; and we doubt not its success will repay the immense labour of its indefatigable engraver. We consider it the most elegant atlas yet produced; and its perspicuity must delight every one.

The Naturalist.

LUMINOUSNESS OF THE SEA.

(*By a Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History.*)

It is an opinion held by sailors, and which is to be found as having prevailed amongst that class of people from the earliest times, that the luminousness of the sea is a forerunner of stormy weather; and this opinion has even been taken up and defended by several authors, who have written upon this subject. The fact of the matter is, that very frequently

these little animals seem, like many others of the animal kingdom, to be aware of the change of weather; and, instead of giving warning by their shining brighter at such times than they did before, they disappear altogether, no doubt taking refuge from the agitation of the waves by descending to a more secure situation deep in the water; and even when at times, as it no doubt occasionally does happen, the sea in bad weather is particularly luminous, it is evidently produced by large Medùsæ, such as the M. pellùcens of Sir J. Banks, and other large animals, and only takes place when the gale has already arrived, being nothing more than a concomitant, not the forerunner, of an agitated sea. From my own observations upon this subject, were I to say that it is at all connected with meteorological appearances, I should be disposed to believe that it is more brilliant and more generally diffused over the surface of the water, immediately before, or during very light rain, not absolutely during a calm, but when there is only a gentle breeze at the time. I have frequently observed at such times the sea particularly luminous, and have also heard it remarked by seamen as a forerunner of rain. This, however, like every other prognostic, frequently fails, only showing how little all such prognostics are to be attended to.

THE FROG TAKING ITS FOOD.

A correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History* says—The friend to whom I am indebted for having first called my attention to this amusing exhibition happened to be re-potting some green-house plants; and meeting with a moderate-sized worm among the roots of one of them, he carelessly threw it aside, into a damp corner near the green-house. Almost immediately a frog issued from his lurking-place hard by, commenced his attack upon the worm, and soon despatched it. Another worm was thrown to him, which he treated in the same manner. But the amusing part of the business is to watch the manner in which the frog first notices his prey; and this I can compare to nothing so aptly as to what, indeed, it very much resembles, a pointer-dog setting his game; he makes, in short, a dead set at it, oftentimes, too (if the relative position of the two animals so require it), with a slight bend or inclination, more or less, of the fore part of the body to one side, just as we often see a pointer turn suddenly when the game is on one side of him, and he has approached very near before he has perceived it. After a pause of some seconds, or more, the frog makes a dart at the worm, endeavouring to seize it with his mouth. In this attempt he frequently fails more than once, and generally waits for a short interval, acting the pointer, as it were, between each attack. Having succeeded at last in getting the worm into his mouth, if it be a large one, he is unable to swallow it immediately, and all at once; and the portion of the worm which yet remains unswallowed, and extends out of the mouth of its destroyer, of course wreaths about, and struggles with a tortuous motion. With much, but somewhat grotesque, dexterity, the frog then employs his two fore feet, shoving and bandying the worm, first with one, and then with the other, in order to keep it as nearly as may be in the centre of his mouth, till the whole is swallowed.

THE SNAIL FORMING ITS SHELL.

If you will examine the snail of any common Hèlix, you will perceive that where the body rises into the shell there is a fold or membrane, of a semicircular shape. This part is denominated the *collar*, from the manner in which it surrounds the body, and it is the organ which secretes the shell. The animal is born with the rudiments of its future covering, and by its gradual increase of growth is enabled to push the collar for a space, and from time to time, beyond the original margin. In these operations, a thin layer of membranous and calcareous matter is excreted and deposited, which is gradually thickened by successive layers being laid on within the first, by the repeated protrusions and retractions of the collar. This portion being formed, the animal commences another, and finishes it in the same manner; and the extent of each portion is marked in some shells by an elevated rib, in others by a slight depression. There is not, as the language of some authors would seem to imply, a regular and alternate deposition of a layer of membrane and a layer of lime; but in all shells, the animal and earthy matters are obviously secreted and deposited at the same moment and in commixture.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

THE ORANGE TREE

May be considered as one of the graces of the vegetable world, uniting in itself a multiplicity of charms. It is a tree of

handsome growth, with polished evergreen leaves of the most elegant form, a profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers, and a wholesome and delicious fruit, cased in gold, which has inspired the poets with a thousand exquisite images; yet, not satisfied with all these perfections, it insists upon yet further provoking the *genus irritabile*, by possessing them all at once; the delicate white blossoms breathing out their sweetness upon the very cheeks of the glowing fruit. Such is the *beauty* of the tree; ask the feverish invalid if its *benevolence* be not yet greater.—*Miss Kent.*

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

The peasants of France and Germany gather on St. John's day a species of the plant St. John's Wort, and hang in their windows, as a charm against evil spirits. —*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

ST. JOHN'S BREAD.

The fruit of the carob tree was supposed to have been eaten by St. John in the wilderness, whence it was named St. John's bread.—*Ibid.*

THE WINGED LIZARD.

The Pterodáctylus, or winged lizard, one of the most extraordinary productions of the fossil world, is an animal which forms the intermediate link, hitherto deemed to exist only in fable, between birds and reptiles.

This creature, previously known in two formations upon the continent, has been recently recognised in the lias of Dorsetshire.

We cannot resist the temptation to introduce this remarkable animal in the language of Professor Buckland:

"In size and general form, and in the disposition and character of its wings, this fossil genus, according to Cuvier, somewhat resembled our modern bats and vampyres, but had its beak elongated, like the bill of a woodcock, and armed with teeth, like the snout of a crocodile; its vertebræ, ribs, pelvis, legs, and feet, resembled those of a lizard; its three anterior fingers terminated in long hooked claws, like that on the fore finger of the bat; and over its body was a covering, neither composed of feathers, as in the bird, nor of hair, as in the bat, but of scaly armour, like that of an iguana; in short, a monster, resembling nothing that has ever been seen or heard of upon earth, excepting the dragons of romance and heraldry. Moreover, it was probably noctivagous and insectivorous, and in both these points resembled the bat; but differed from it, in having the most important bones in its body constructed after the manner of those of reptiles. With flocks of such like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of no less monstrous Ichthyosaúri and Plesiosaúri swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers—air, sea, and land must have been strangely tenanted in those early periods of our infant world."—*Mr. R. C. Taylor's Illustrations of Antediluvian Zoology.*

DRYNESS OF THE AIR AT FLORENCE.

The superior dryness of the air in Italy in summer, compared with that of England and many parts of the north of Europe, is well known; but (says Mr. Spence) I was not aware that the difference is equally striking even in the rainy part of winter, judging, for want of a better hygrometer, from the condensation of moisture on the inside of windows in rooms without a fire; which I have always observed to be very considerable in winter, both in England, and also at Brussels during a three years' residence there, whenever a cold night succeeds a rainy or warm day, the condensed moisture often even running down to the floor: whereas at Florence, under precisely similar circumstances, I have never but once observed more than a slight condensation in the middle of the panes, as if breathed on, even in rooms with a north aspect; and only once during the frost, any appearance, and that but slight, of that thick crust of ice formed on the inside of the panes in England and at Brussels whenever a hard frost sets in. Among many other proofs of the greater dryness of the air in winter, one is afforded by the profusion in which grapes are to be had, at less than two pence a pound, at the corners of every street, up to the end of March, quite free from all mouldiness, though cut full four months, and kept merely by being hung at the top of rooms without a fire.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

KISSING.

Air—"*Good morrow to your nightcap.*"

"Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

"It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

"Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

"It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be so teas'd before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

"I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet, it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

"Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk:
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But ay be douce before folk.

"Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

"But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursell before folk,
Behave yoursell before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk,"

Blackwood—Noctes.

HIBISCUS VARIOSUS.

There is a rose, a fragrant rose,
Which oft perfumes the eastern gale,
That in its changes can disclose
The varied scenes of Life's short tale;

For when the dawn springs forth in light,
Like Childhood's first and earliest days,
The rose's blossom then is white,
And early innocence displays.

At noon, like man, the changing flower
Shows all his heat, and blood, and strife,
And flaming red in every bower,
Portrays the ripening age of life.

But like the darkening clouds at e'en,
When sultry suns have scorch'd the morn,
The rose in purple garb is seen,
Life's evening, when young Hope is flown.

How often are our youthful hours,
Our spring, our noon of life o'ercast,
While darkness o'er our evening lowers
In gloom of night, or winter's blast!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

BY SCHILLER.

Clouds fly o'er the welkin,
The forest oaks roar;
Unheeding the maid sits,
Alone on the shore,
Where the wild waves are beating, all furious and white,
And she sighs out her grief in the gloom of the night,
While the gushing tears dim her blue eye.

"My heart it is broken,
The world seems a void;
All wish for its bliss is
For ever destroyed.
Thou, Father of Heav'n, thy child's soul recall;
This earth's sweetest pleasures, I've tasted them all.
I have lived—I have loved—let me die.

Tears, flowing incessant,
Her pallid cheeks lave
In vain, grief restores not
The dead from the grave;
Yet say, what can peace to the fond heart restore
When the ties which have bound to this world are no more?
Thou, Heav'n, canst soothe it alone.

Then cease not thy sorrow
Tho' all unavailing;
Tho' the dead we awake not
By tears or bewailing;
When the heart's cherished idol by death is laid low,
The sweetest employment the lone breast can know
Is to mourn for the spirit that's flown.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE IRON SHROUD.

By the Author of "First and Last."

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily, in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued, — the dark, fierce, and unpitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace —the young, the brave, the proud, Vivenzio fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciously constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded

with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner: and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread, of man, would greet his senses.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighbouring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep, as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner. Alas! the light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances wich excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other, was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor colour as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him?

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the

doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! *Here* was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A simple circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were FOUR! He could *see* only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! for had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the

least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had before in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon *was* smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! it must be so!—Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WAX-WORK.—A MELTING JOKE.

The genius of wax-work departed with dear Mrs. Salmon, rest her bones! and its glories now bloom only in the dummies of Truefitt and Macalpine. We remember the time when we used annually to "sup full of horrors" at her ghastly gallery of waxen figures, in Fleet-street, opposite Chancery-lane, and quaff a "Tewahdiddle" of terror at the blood-freezing fount of Mrs. Radcliffe. But Mrs. Salmon is no more, and the wax-work of the old women at Westminster Abbey is shown no longer. Mrs. Salmon was a mighty lover of death-shows—we believe she married an undertaker, or one of his mutes. She revelled in white crape, wore a cap bordered with coffin-trimmings, slept in a winding-sheet every night of her life, laid on a mattress, under a "canopy of costly state," while a shroud served her for a night-dress, and a pall for a coverlid. Her face was like one of her waxen images, and her eyebrows white and thatchy like theirs. She also *waxed* old and infirm—her taper was almost burnt out; and it seemed likely that the funeral pomp which constituted a considerable part of her stock-in-trade would soon be employed to deck her remains. It was on one of those intensely hot days—more than dog-days—in a broiling summer, that the old lady walked into her exhibition-room, to be out of the sun, and for the purposes of meditation; for she was of

a warm constitution, and seriously inclined. Whether the mournful tone of her mind, or the solemn hues of her dumb regiment, affected her fancy, I can't say, but she thought the mutes who attended the lying-in-state of the Princess Amelia looked unusually melancholy, and was surprised at observing tears upon every cheek—not those of the spectators, but of the performers. She approached, with the corner of her white lawn apron upraised, to wipe the drops away—they were tears of *wax*. Hence the favourite phrase of Mr. Newman's novelists and the penny-a-liners, "melted into tears." Her dummies were in a state of profuse perspiration, and dissolved to the back-bone (generally a mop-stick), while the wax candles shed burning drops of sympathy. It broke the poor old lady and her heart at once; and it was remarked that not a waxen figure was ever known to hold up its head after.—*Spectator Newspaper*, No. 110.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MAGISTRACY OF COCKENAWAGA.

WARRANT issued by an Indian magistrate:—"You, big constable, quick, you catchum Jeremiah Offscow, strong you holdum, safe you bringum afore me.
"THOS. WABAN, Justice Peace."
Atlas Newspaper.

WATCHMEN continued to use the *halbert*, instead of the *staff*, so late as the year 1706, as appears from an order of Common Council of that year, which directs, "That a sufficient Watch shall be kept in the City and Liberties, with men of strong and able bodies, provided with candles and lanthorns, and sufficiently armed with halberts."

IN 1700, Sir Charles Duncomb gave to St. Magnus Church, a clock, that cost him £485. It was erected in consequence of a vow made by the donor, who, in the early part of his life, had once to wait a considerable time in a cart upon London Bridge, without being able to learn the hour; when he made a promise that if ever he became successful in the world, he would give to that church a public clock and an hour-glass, that passengers might see the time of the day. W. G. C.

FIRST PARK IN ENGLAND.

"HENRY I., (says Stowe,) builded the mannor of Woodstocke, with a Parke which hee walled about with stone, seven miles in compasse, destroying for the same, divers villages, churches and chappels, and this was the *first Parke in England;*" the words of the record are these following:—"He appointed therein (beside great store of deere) divers strange beasts, to be kept and nourished, such as were brought to him from far countries; as lions, leopards, linxes, porpentines, and such other. For such was his estimation among outlandish princes, that few would willingly offend him." P. T. W.

A PRINCE'S SAFEGUARD IS HIS SUBJECTS' LOVE.

EDWIN was the greatest prince of the Heptarchy, and distinguished himself by his influence over the other kingdoms and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed, and it was a common saying that during his reign, a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery. There is a remarkable instance transmitted of the affection borne him by his servants. "Cuichelme, King of Wessex, was his enemy, but finding himself unable to maintain open war against so valiant and powerful a prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and he employed Eumer for the criminal purpose. The assassin having obtained admittance by pretending to deliver a message, drew his dagger and rushed upon the king. Lilla, an officer of his army, seeing his master's danger, interposed *with his own body* between the king and Eumer's dagger, which was pushed with such violence that after piercing Lilla, it even wounded Edwin, but before the blow could be repeated he was dispatched by the king's attendants."
J. B.

PETER THE GREAT.

WHEN the Czar, Peter the Great was at Paris, he was conducted to the Sorbonne, where he was shown the famous mausoleum, erected to the memory of that great statesman, Cardinal Richelieu; the view of that grand object threw him into an enthusiastic rapture, which he always felt on such occasions, and embracing the statue, he exclaimed, "Oh! that thou wert but still living! I would give thee one half my empire to govern the other."

TRUTH, OR A FACT.

A GENTLEMAN much in the habit of story-telling, (in its best sense,) had acquired a habit also of prefacing his narrations with, "*Now, I'll tell you a fact;*" but unfortunately, whatever degree of credit his friends were inclined to afford to those "facts," it was invariably destroyed by his winding up his tales with one prefaced thus:—"But now, *do* listen, for now, I assure you, I am going to tell you a REAL *fact!*"

M. M.

EPIGRAM.

"FISH rises on my stomach,"—"Ay," said Ned,
"No doubt, 'tis at the *maggots in your head!*"

WALTER W.

THE TEMPEST.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By M. L. B.

IT lighten'd, it thunder'd, it rain'd, and it blew—
A storm *in* our house is a something not new;
But a tempest without doors, makes fearfully quake
Maid-servants and bairns, and like aspen-leaves shake.
'Twas a storm—and at night! *one* to bed chose to creep,
Another, declared, "It was *wicked* to sleep!"
In the cellar, a *third* sought a sheltering nook,
In the attic, a *fourth*, on the lightning would look.
Amid all their terror, and horror, and woe,
I hasten'd up stairs, for I love fun,—and so
Believ'd I should find something laughable, where
Nature ever appears, or in pleasure or care;
The children were sleeping, the maids sat like posts,
As woeful as Niobes, pallid as ghosts;
Grace Giddy *seem'd* reading with *Bible* in hand,
When little Kate, struck by example so grand,
Por'd over a *Prayer-book*, like any black gown,
I peep'd o'er her shoulder, 'twas turn'd *upside down!* *

HITTING THE NAIL.

A QUAKER having been called as a witness before a magistrate, who had been a blacksmith, the latter desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the quaker, "that the laws and liberty of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat *nailed* to your head." "I thought," said Obadiah, dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of *driving nails*."

M. M.

EPIGRAM BY SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1651.

IF breath were made for every man to buy,
The poor man could not live: the rich would not die.

HIGHLAND QUARTER.

A HIGHLANDER whose regiment having been surrounded, had cut their way out with the broad sword, with the loss of half their number; being the last in retreating, and highly chafed, was stopped by a forward Frenchman returning from the pursuit, who charged him with his bayonet, but soon finding the disadvantage of his weapon, cried out, "*quarter!*"—"*Quarter ye,*" said Donald, "te muckle teefil may *quarter* ye for me! Py my soul I'fe nae time to *quarter* ye; ye maun e'en pe contentit to be cuttit in *twa!*" making his head fly from his shoulders.

J. G. B.

* Fact.

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Alnwick Castle.

This magnificent structure appears originally to have been one of the strongholds of the Romans. Such is the opinion of Grose, the antiquary, which has been in part corroborated by the discovery of other buildings lying in opposite directions to those of the present structure, several of the stones of which bear Roman mouldings. However this may be, "it is, at least, certain that Alnwick was inhabited by the Saxons, and that the castle, at the time of the Conquest, was the property of Gilbert Tyson, one of the most powerful chiefs of Northumberland."*

It stands upon the summit of a boldly rising hill on the southern side of the river Aln, which meanders its course at its foot.

The building consists of a cluster of semi-circular and angular bastions, surrounded by lofty walls, defended at intervals by towers, of which there are sixteen, altogether occupying a space of about five acres of ground. The Castle is divided into three courts or wards; the utter, or outer ward, the middle ward, and the inner ward, each of which was formerly defended by a massy gate, with a portcullis, a porter's lodge, and a guardhouse, beneath which was a dungeon. Of this last only one remains in the inner ward, the dimensions of which are as follow, viz. 9 feet in length by 8 feet in width, the depth being 11 feet; the only entrance to it is by a trap-door or iron grate, through which the prisoners were lowered by means of ropes.

The entrance from the town to the Castle is through the outer gate, or barbican, the massive grandeur and gigantic strength of which cannot fail to strike the spectator with admiration at the very simple, yet noble, style of its architecture.

Passing through the long and gloomy archway, the visiter is introduced at once to a splendid view of the citadel, or main body of the castle; the *coup d'œil* of which it would be difficult to parallel.

Proceeding to the inner ward, he is next conducted, through an archway of Saxon architecture, the zigzag fretwork of which is in fine preservation, to what is commonly called the golden staircase, *par excellence*, which expands in the shape of a fan—hence he is admitted into the saloon, a large,

* Descriptive and Historical View of Alnwick, 8vo. 1822.

handsome apartment, containing some very fine paintings of the Earls of Northumberland, from Vandyke and other celebrated masters.

Adjoining this is the drawing-room of an oval shape, leading into the great dining-room, or banquetting-hall, a room of noble dimensions, being nearly 54 feet by 21, exclusive of a large bow window, or circular recess; the height is about 27 feet.

Next to this is the breakfast-room, through which is the library, the ceiling of this last is beautifully ornamented with stucco-work in very rich Gothic style; and the shelves are filled with valuable books.

Passing from the library—next is the chapel, which is universally allowed to be a very fine one, as the reader will readily conceive, when he is informed that the east window is an excellent imitation of one of the finest in York Minster, the ceiling after the model of that in King's College, Cambridge, and the mouldings and stucco-work gilded and painted after Milan Cathedral. Beneath the window is erected an elegant sarcophagus, of statuary marble, to the memory of Elizabeth, the first Duchess of Northumberland. The chapel is 50 feet by 21, exclusive of a beautiful circular recess used by the family.

From hence passing another staircase, the two state bed-rooms appear to be every way worthy of their name; thus completing a suit of apartments ornamented and furnished on a scale of magnificence seldom surpassed.

The history of Alnwick Castle is so closely involved with that of the Percy family, that it is impossible to give the one without the other; a few of the principal events that have signalized it, therefore, can only be presented to the reader's attention.

That it has been a place of great strength and importance in early times, admits of no doubt, as we find it besieged by Malcolm III. of Scotland, with a numerous army, in the reign of William Rufus, A. D. 1093, and its delivery accomplished by the following singular stratagem: — a soldier rode from the castle, armed at all points, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, as if to surrender them to the Scots; but Malcolm coming forth hastily to receive them, was instantly pierced through the eye, and slain, the desperate assailant making good his retreat in the confusion that followed, by the swiftness of his horse. Prince Edward, Malcolm's son, was slain shortly afterwards, endeavouring to revenge his father's death, and the army utterly routed. A handsome stone cross has been erected to the memory of the king, on the spot where he fell, about a mile to the north of the castle.

Again, in the reign of Henry II., A. D. 1174, William the Lion, King of Scotland, while besieging the castle, was taken prisoner, and ransomed at the then enormous sum of £100,000. sterling. A neat monument marks the spot about a quarter of a mile to the west of the castle gates.

During the border wars this castle was always a mark for the invaders, and of course underwent various changes, but owing to its great strength, the besiegers were seldom successful until famine did the work of arms.

In the reign of Edward II., 1310, it came into the possession of its present possessors, the Percies, and consequently partook of the various fortunes of that illustrious and noble family. Its great age and the injuries it had sustained in the wars, rendered it necessary that it should be thoroughly repaired: accordingly, early in the eighteenth century, it was partly rebuilt on the old foundation, and the whole structure restored to its ancient splendour.

Our Engraving represents Alnwick Castle, in its ancient state. It is copied from the Frontispiece to the History of Alnwick, already quoted, where the plate is stated to be engraved "from an original painting." The towers and turrets now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and many of them retain their original names, as well as their ancient use and destination.

1. The Great or Outward Gate Entrance, anciently called the Utter Ward.
2. The Garner or Avener's Tower; behind which are stables, coach-houses, &c. &c.
3. The Water Tower; containing the cistern, or reservoir, that supplies the castle and offices with water.
4. The Caterer's Tower; adjoining to which are the kitchens.

Behind the adjacent wall is concealed a most complete set of offices and apartments for most of the principal officers and attendants in the castle.

5. The Middle Ward.
6. The Auditor's Tower.
7. The Guard House.
8. The East Garret.
9. The Record's Tower; of which the lower story contains the Evidence Rooms, or Great Repository of the Archives of the Barony. Over it is a circular apartment, designed for a banquetting room.

10. The Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's Chair. Between this and the Round Tower there was formerly a large breach in the walls, which for time immemorial had been called by the town'speople, the Bloody Gap.

11. The Constable's Tower; which remains chiefly in its ancient state, as a specimen how the castle itself was once fitted up. In the upper apartment of this tower there are arms for fifteen hundred men: they are arranged in beautiful order, and were formerly used by the Percy tenantry. In the under apartment the ancient armour is deposited, and preserved in as good repair as circumstances will admit.

12. The Postern Tower, or Sally Port. The upper apartment now contains old armour, arms, &c. The lower story has a small furnace and elaboratory.

13. The Armourer's Tower; in which is deposited a great quantity of different kinds of ancient armour.

14. The Falconer's Tower.

15. The Abbot's Tower; so called either from its situation nearest to Alnwick Abbey, or from its containing an apartment for the abbot of that monastery, whenever he retired to the castle.

16. The West Garret.

The alterations in the Castle have been made with admirable taste, the original character of the building having been carefully preserved throughout. The battlements are now covered with grotesque figures of ancient warriors, which were not introduced in the original castle.

For the substance of the preceding description, and facility of access to the original of the Engraving, we have to thank a zealous correspondent.

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

A METRICAL VISION.*

(For the Mirror.)

KINGS of Albion! of my dream
Ye shall form the vision'd theme—
Now as flitting shadows seem.

While your deeds before me pass,
Countless as the bladed grass,
Rise ye, as in Banquo's glass!

WILLIAM I.

William of the conquering sword!
Victory crown'd thee Britain's lord
Midst the battle's crimson horde.

WILLIAM II.

Rufus, not thy hunter's bow
Twangeth in the woodlands now—
Tyrrell's arrow laid thee low.

HENRY I.

Sorrowing for thy darling's doom,
Joyless Henry, e'en the tomb
Adds not to thy featur'd gloom.

STEPHEN.

Stephen, 'fore thy tim'rous eyes
Courtly halls and castles rise,
Towering to the peaceful skies.

HENRY II.

At Becket's shrine, thy shame to seal,
Nerveless king! I see thee kneel:
Britain, blush, and bare thy steel!

RICHARD I.

Ascalon and Acre, why
Liv'd the Lion-heart to die
'Neath an angry peasant's eye?

JOHN.

Quickly vanish, trembling John,
Arthur's spectre frights thee on;
Blood pursues thee—fly, begone!

HENRY III.

King of folly! shun the day;
Leicester's chain and Leicester's sway
Wear thy feeble life away!

EDWARD I.

Edward, thy victorious band
Spoil'd the minstrels' mountain land;
And thy praise is "writ in sand."

EDWARD II.

Deep from Berkeley's dungeon lone,
Murder'd monarch, comes thy groan,
Smother'd shriek, and stifled moan.

EDWARD III.

Ah! his myriad hosts advance,
Grasps his sable son the lance,—
Quickly droops thy lily, France!

RICHARD II.

Pomfret, of thy guilty cell,
Where the gallant Richard fell,
Pity shall the story tell.

HENRY IV.

Not the Hotspur's fiery dust—
Not a fickle people's trust—
Stamps thy domination just.

HENRY V.

Terror of the crouching Gaul!
'Fore thy banner'd forces fall
Leagur'd town, and guarded wall.

HENRY VI.

Meek and melancholy face!
In thy lineaments I trace
Passive patience, courtly grace.

EDWARD IV.

Ghosts of Edward, stain'd with gore,
High-soul'd Warwick, hapless Shore,
Flit thy frighted form before!

EDWARD V.

Blossom of a nation's love,
Smile in sleep, defenceless dove!
And thy midnight murderers move.

RICHARD III.

Monster! blood detects thy tread—
Blood thy guilty hands have shed;
Hide thee from the sainted dead!

HENRY VII.

Bosworth's battle-trumpet hoarse
Bids thee, Richmond, rein thy horse;
See the tyrant's crownless corse.

* The measure suggested by Montgomery's "Voyage round the World," which appeared in one of the Annuals for a late year.

HENRY VIII.
Falsehood marks thee, lech'rous lord—
Blighted faith, and broken word;
Ruin shall thy reign record.

EDWARD VI.
Who the crown thus meekly wears,
And the sceptre mildly bears?
He, a king without his cares.

MARY.
At the lightning of thine ire,
Vengeful as thy haughty sire,
Flames the martyr's funeral pyre.

ELIZABETH.
Vestal of the golden reign,
Fosterer of the poet's strain,
Wisdom, valour, grace thy train.

JAMES I.
Quaintly learn'd in classic lore,
Could thy wit that head restore
Which transcendant Raleigh wore?

CHARLES I.
Strafford, if the dead can hear,
Charles the Martyr asks thine ear—
Begs forgiveness, with a tear!

CROMWELL.
Keep thy glitt'ring armour on;
Though the crafty battle's won,
Still survives the martyr's son.

CHARLES II.
Worthless offspring of the brave!
Even o'er thy virtues, slave,
Rolls oblivion's hiding wave!

JAMES II.
Bigot, last of Stuart's line,
Thou the rod of rule resign—
Plots and treasons round it twine.

WILLIAM III.
Born to succour and to save,
Now thy banners, Orange, wave
O'er Oppression's trampled grave.

ANN.
History, tell of "Ann, the good,"
How victorious Marlb'rough stood
'Gainst the battle's swelling flood.

GEORGE I.
Many a heart the fight shall rue
Who the sword of faction drew—
Blood for blood shall satiate, too.

GEORGE II.
Learning, rear thy laurell'd head;
Round his reign thy lustre shed—
Crush Rebellion's hydra-head.

GEORGE III.
Albion, spread thy ocean sail;
Now thy scatter'd foes assail—
Let thy mighty hosts prevail,

GEORGE IV.
Of his failings, Muse, be dumb;
Since to fix their *dubious* sum
More auspicious time may come. * * H.

CITY LOCALITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Standard in Cheapside stood nearly opposite to Honey-lane, and was a place of execution. From this standard, in 1439, Eleanor Cobham, wife to Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, being charged with sorcery, &c. walked barefoot, with a taper in her hand, to St. Paul's. Here, too, Queen Anne Bullen, in her passage to her coronation, was received by pageants, representing Pallas, Juno, and Venus, and was presented with a golden ball, divided into three parts, signifying Wisdom, Riches, and Felicity.—Westcheap Conduit stood between Bucklersbury and the Poultry, and brought the first supply of sweet water to London, from Paddington.—Jewin-street was anciently called the Jew's Garden, and was the only burial-place allowed them in England; but in the year 1177, Henry II. permitted them to have such a ground in any part where they dwelt.—Little Britain, or Bretagne-street, was so called on account of its being the ancient residence of the Earls and Dukes of Bretagne. Till the beginning of the 18th century, this street, as also *Duck-lane*, Smithfield, now called Duke-street, once contained a number of booksellers' shops. In 1664, there were no less than 460 pamphlets published in Little Britain.—Honey-lane, says Stowe, was not called so on account of its sweetness, being "very narrow and somewhat dark; but rather of often washing and sweeping, to keep it clean." "Here," said he, "is an eating-house of long standing, denominated 'The Pig and Beehive:' the latter on account of its situation; the former, as being the most famous *pig-ordinary* in London."—Laurence-lane: Blossom's Inn, so called on account of its sign, on which was formerly painted a figure of St. Laurence, on a border of blossoms or flowers. Milk-street is supposed to have been a milk-market. It is interesting, as being the birthplace of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England.—Billiter-lane was originally called Belzeter's-lane, after its founder.—Barbican was originally a Roman specula, or watch tower, and held by Edward I. as one of his castles. The Earls of Bridgewater had a house in Barbican, with extensive gardens. Pennant says, "Bridgewater House was burnt down in 1675, and Lord Brackley, eldest son of the then earl, and a younger brother, with their tutor, unfortunately perished in the flames." The family name is partly preserved in *Brackley*-street, running from Bridgewater Gardens into Golden-lane. Garter-place was another great house in Barbican, built by Sir Thomas Wriothesly, Garter King at Arms, and uncle to the First Earl of Southampton. Upon the top of this building (says Nightingale) was a chapel which Sir Thomas Wriothesly dedicated by the name of *Sancta Trinitatis in Alto*. The memory of this

place is still retained in a narrow passage at the east end of Barbican, named Garter-court. — Grub-street was formerly called Grape-street. Here John Fox compiled most of his Martyrology. — Redcross-street was so called from a cross which stood near the end towards Golden-lane. In this street the mitred Abbot of Ramsay had his town house. It was afterwards called Drurie House, from its having been in after times the residence of Sir Drew Drurie. St. Alban's Church, in Wood-street, was founded in the time of King Athelstan, about 924. Stowe relates, that Roman bricks were in his time to be seen mixed with the building. Athelstan had also a house near, which gave name to Adel-street.—Moorgate was in the time of Edward II. of so little value, that the whole was let at the rent of four marks a year. It could only be passed over by causeways, raised for the benefit of travellers.—Aldermanbury is said to have been the place where the first Bury, or Hall, for the meetings of the Aldermen, was situated.—King's Arms Yard, in Coleman-street, was originally an inn, and stable for horses. — Grocers' Alley was formerly called Coney Slope-lane, from a rabbit market. At the corner of this lane was the chapel of St. Mary Coney Hope. In the Poultry, near this spot, stood Scalding-alley, formerly a large house, in which fowls were scalded, preparatory to their being exposed for sale. — Token House Yard is named from an old house, which was an office for the delivery of tradesmen's farthings or tokens.—Lothbury derives its name from a court anciently kept there.—Bucklersbury was so called from a manor and tenement belonging to a person called Buckle, who lived there. This was a manor, and supposed by Stowe to have been a large stone building, a part of which remaining in his time, on the south side of the street, was called *Old Barge*, from a sign hanging near the gate: for when Wallbrook was open, it is supposed that barges were towed up here. On the north side of the street, facing Bucklersbury, stood a strong stone tower, called *Cornat's Toure*. Edward III. in the 18th year of his reign, made this place his money exchange, &c. &c. P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TAXES.

The word Taxes is derived from the barbarous Latin word *Tallia*, or *Tallium*, which in the ancient signification (says Fortescue) meant a piece of wood, squared and cut into two parts, on each of which they used to mark what was due and owing between debtor and creditor; from thence it came to signify a tribute paid by the vassal to the lord, on any important occasion, the particular payments whereof were marked on these pieces of wood, one part being held by the tenant, the other by the lord. In French it is *Taille*, which originally signified no more than a section or cutting, from the verb *tailler*, to cut; but afterwards it came to signify metaphorically a tax, or subsidy: all which words come from the pure Latin word *Talea*, a cut stick, or tally. From whence is derived our law Latin word *Tallagium*, or rather *Talliagium*, which signifies in our law any sort of tax whatsoever. Yet in the feudal law, *Talliare* signified the same as *Tailler* in French, to limit, or cut; as *Talliare Feodum* is to limit or curtail a fee-simple, and to reduce and ascertain that general and indefinite estate to a more restrained and fixed period of duration; and from thence comes our *Feodum Talliatum*, a fee tail—that is, an inheritance restrained or limited, to such particular heirs only as are set down in the deed of entail. J. R. S.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DEFUNCT.

(From the Memoirs of the Baron de Bezenval.)

M. de St. Andre, travelling in a public conveyance from Strasburg to Paris, picked up an acquaintance with a young man who was travelling the same road. Discoursing on the subject of their family affairs, and other topics of mutual interest, M. de Saint Andrè was informed by his new friend, that, when he arrived at Paris, he was engaged to marry a rich heiress (whom he had never seen) the only daughter of an intimate friend of his father. His mind being intent upon this affair, the young man spoke of it incessantly, and, in this way, M. de Saint Andrè acquired minute information about his companion's family and that of his bride. When they reached Paris, the two travellers took up their abode at the hotel d'Angleterre, in the rue de Richelieu; but, within two hours afterwards, the bridegroom in embryo was seized with cholic, and died suddenly. M. de Saint Andrè made preparations for the funeral, and went to the house of the father-in-law to inform him of the melancholy event.

He had scarcely reached the door, when the servants, expecting the arrival

of the intended son-in-law, ran to announce him as such to the master of the house; the latter hastened forward to meet him, pressed him in his arms, and without giving him a moment's time to explain, hurried him into the room where his wife and daughter were, and presented him to the one as a son, and to the other as a husband.

Either M. de Saint Andrè did not think it decorous to harrow their feelings with the tidings of his friend's sudden death, or he could not resist the desire of keeping up this untoward though somewhat ludicrous mistake; be this as it may, during the repast to which he was invited, he allowed himself to play the part which had been, so unexpectedly, forced upon him.

Gallant of soul, and pleased with the bride, whilst he was attentive and obliging to her parents, he won the good graces of all parties, and the young girl inwardly congratulated herself at the pleasing prospect of having a husband upon whom nature had showered her choicest gifts.

Dinner being over, the conversation became more serious. They spoke of the arrangements for the marriage, and entered into all the details connected with setting up a new establishment. In the midst of the conversation M. de Saint Andrè rose up and took his hat. "Where are you going?" asked the father-in-law. "I have an affair which obliges me to quit you." "I see what it is, you are going to a banker's for money; but here is some at your service; do not deprive us of the pleasure of detaining you."

M. de Saint Andrè was very urgent to depart, and in the act of apologizing, retreated towards the door. Having reached the antechamber, where the father had followed him, "Now that we are together," said he, "I must tell you that this morning, very soon after my arrival, I met with an accident, I was attacked by a cholic, and—died. I have given my word of honour to be buried at six o'clock. You must be sensible that I cannot avoid this engagement, and being unknown in this part of the world, if I failed of being punctual, it would give me an appearance of heedlessness which might do me mischief." Perhaps the father did not think it in good taste to laugh about burial, yet the idea, altogether, appeared to him so much out of the common way, that he re-entered the dining-room laughing so heartily as to be scarcely able to inform his wife and child of the ludicrous declaration (as he considered it) which the young man had made. Whilst entertaining themselves with the supposed joke, six o'clock struck; and next, seven. They began to grow uneasy at the non-appearance of the young man. At half past seven the father's patience being exhausted, he sent to the hotel d'Angleterre to know what was become of his son? The servant to whom the task was delegated, having asked for him under his true name, was told that he arrived at nine o'clock in the morning, died at twelve, and was buried at six in the evening!

Select Biography.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The present Duke of Orleans is the eldest son of the too famous Louis Philippe (better known under the name of "Egalité,") and of Louis Maria Adelaide of Bourbon Penthievre. He was born in the year 1773, and, together with his brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, was educated by the celebrated Madame de Genlis, upon the system recommended by Rousseau, in his *Emilius*. At the period of the Revolution, and when only nineteen years of age, we find him, in accordance with the popular policy of his house, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 14th Dragoons, and distinguishing himself against the invaders of his native country, under Generals Kellerman and Dumouriez, at the battles of Nerwind and Jemappe. He was at this time, in consequence of Dumouriez' defection, included with the other members of his family in the sweeping denunciations of the sanguinary monsters then at the head of the French government. His father and two brothers were arrested at Nice, and subsequently removed to the prison of Marseilles. The fate of the father is well known—that of the brothers was more fortunate; and that it was so, was mainly owing to their generous brother, the present Duke of Orleans. It had been his good fortune to effect his escape from the consequences of the revolutionary decrees, and for a long time he wandered about under assumed names, in the mountains of Switzerland, and in Germany, Norway and Denmark. It was during his concealment in the Duchy of Holstein, after his father had fallen a victim, and whilst his brothers were languishing in the fourth year of their imprisonment, that the duke received from his mother a letter, wherein she expresses an earnest hope "that the prospect of re-

lieving the misfortunes of his afflicted mother and his unhappy family may induce his generous spirit to contribute to the peace and security of his country." The object here pointed at was for the duke to give a pledge that he would leave the Continent of Europe for America; and this was exacted by the then government, as the price of liberating the two princes from their imprisonment. To this letter of his mother, the duke replied in the following manner: "When my dearest mother shall have received this letter, her orders will have been executed—I shall already have departed for America. I seem to be in a dream when I think how soon I shall again embrace my brothers, and be reunited to them—I, who formerly imagined that our separation was impossible. Think not, however, that in any thing I complain of my destiny. Oh, no! I feel too sensibly how much more frightful it might really be—I shall not even deem it unfortunate, if, after being restored to my brothers, I learn that my dear mother is also well and comfortable, and especially if I may indulge the thought of contributing in any manner to the tranquillity and happiness of France. For my country I cannot feel any think personal as a sacrifice—and whilst I live there is none that I am not prepared to make for her." He did, in fact, immediately embark from Hamburg for America, where he soon had the satisfaction of being joined by his brothers, who, thus having met, vowed to part no more. They visited together all the noted places of the New World, and were introduced and entertained by the President Washington, at Mount Vernon. They finally came over to this country, and took up their abode at Twickenham. Here they cultivated the arts and sciences, in which they delighted and excelled. Here, in May, 1807, the Duke de Montpensier died of a consumption, in the flower of his age. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, with a classical and elegant inscription, is erected to his memory. The Count de Beaujolais, already feeling the symptoms of the same disorder, was advised to seek a milder climate; but was only induced to do so by the assurances that his brother of Orleans would never quit him. The brothers repaired to Malta, but too late: the Count also died, in the year 1808, leaving his brother to the chances and changes of a world in which he seems yet destined to act an important part.*

* Athenæum.

We have not much to add to the information above given. The duke is a very distant relation of Charles the Tenth, although in common parlance called his cousin. Their lineage joins in the person of Louis the Thirteenth, so far back as 1640. While the duke was in exile, during the time of the *former* revolution, he supported himself for a short period by teaching mathematics in Switzerland. It has been stated that he also taught in this country and America, but this is incorrect. On the restoration of the late royal family, the immense property of his family, which had been confiscated, but not sold, was restored. The duke is said to possess the largest private fortune of any man in Europe. The whole of the Palais Royale is his. His misfortunes and necessities have made him prudent. The duke, though careful, is by no means ungenerous. He has already given 100,000 francs for the immediate relief of the wounded in the late struggle; and what is more gratifying to his countrymen, he and his amiable wife are in the daily habit of visiting the hospitals, to cheer the unfortunate sufferers with their presence, as well as their bounty. The queen is a very plain, simple-minded woman; and neither she nor her husband have ever affected the least state in their appearance or behaviour. The duke had command of Lille after the first restoration, in 1814. On abandoning it during the Hundred Days, he sent the following letter to Marshal Mortier:

"My dear Marshal—I give up to you entirely the command which I have had the happiness of exercising conjointly with you in the department of the North. I am too good a Frenchman to sacrifice the interests of France because new misfortunes compel me to quit it. I go to hide myself in retirement and oblivion. It only remains for me to release you from all the orders which I have given you, and to recommend you to do what your excellent judgment and patriotism may suggest as best for the interests of France."

Napoleon read this letter; and, turning to the Duke de Bassano, said, "See what the Duke of Orleans has written to Mortier. This letter does him honour; he always had a French heart."

"When the duke took leave of his officers," a French paper tells us, "he said to one of them, 'Go and resume the national cockade; I feel honoured by having worn it, and would wish to wear it still.'"—*Spectator.*

Ancient Vault, Southwark.

(For the Mirror.)

In clearing away some houses on the south side of Tooley-street, Southwark, for the approach to the New London Bridge, the above very ancient and curious vault has been discovered. It formerly belonged to the monks of Lewes, in Sussex. Dugdale mentions it as having been swallowed up by an earthquake; but the present remains prove that statement to be fabulous, as there is not one stone out of place. It is principally constructed of fire and free-stone, and measures 40 feet long by 16 wide; it has semi-circular arches, with groins in the intervals, supported by columns, with neatly carved caps. The architecture is generally of the Anglo-Saxon style. The earth has accumulated to the height of four feet, which hides three parts of the column. At the south end are two semicircular-headed windows; and on the mullion is the date, which appears to be 1011. On the west side are two niches, and a door, with a subterraneous passage, which formerly communicated with St. Saviour's Church. In digging within this vault, a number of ancient coins have been found.

William Butler.

We are told by Naudé, that scorpions, common in Italy, were formerly used for cooling beds, by placing them between the sheets.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

VOLNEY BECKNER.

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Londonderry, in Ireland. Nature had denied him the advantages of birth and fortune, but she had implanted in his bosom qualities of no ordinary merit—qualities calculated to conduct the possessor to honourable distinction. He was the son of a poor illiterate sailor, and accordingly received no other instruction than such as related to a seafaring life, the career which his father, naturally enough, intended him to follow. Though destitute of education, little Beckner well deserves a place in the biography of youth, both on account of the singular quickness of his parts, and the heroic use which he made of the noble virtues of his heart. He was, besides, endowed with much activity and strength of body, together with a sagacity and promptness of comprehension which would have produced very satisfactory results, had he been placed in a different rank of society. He possessed great elevation of soul, and from his earliest infancy showed such a determined courage and resolution as would doubtless have led him to very glorious deeds, had Providence allowed him to run a long career in life.

Beckner's father, a hardy seaman, and

inured to the chances and accidents belonging to his laborious and dangerous profession, had resolved to accustom his child, from the cradle, to suffering and fatigue, that he might be enabled to make a good sailor. Fortunately, the child was the inheritor of a good constitution and a sound frame; and the early privations to which he was subjected by his father, tended to improve his bodily powers. He, therefore, made very light of things which, to a delicate person, would seem totally insurmountable.

No sooner had little Beckner issued from the cradle, and begun to move about, than his father applied himself to give him lessons in swimming. His father used to cast him into the waves almost before he could speak—then, supporting him with one arm, he began to teach him how to move his little legs and arms. By this early application the pupil became such a proficient in the art, that in the fourth year of his age he was able to follow, by swimming, the vessel in which his parent served, to an astonishing distance. His father kept an active eye upon him, and, when he perceived that the child began to be overcome with fatigue, would plunge into the sea after him, and bring him back to the vessel. At other times, when the little fellow did not appear much exhausted, a rope was thrown to him, by the aid of which he very briskly climbed up the side of the ship.

In a short time Beckner became useful aboard; he was so hardy, active, and free from all sense of fear, that, in the midst of the most tempestnous weather, he did his duty about the vessel with perfect unconcern.

Little Beckner was brought up in a most rigorous manner; his food was biscuit, so hard and musty that it was necessary to break it by main force; he was allowed a few hours of sleep, and that too taken, not in a comfortable bed, but stretched on the hard floor; yet for all this the boy continually enjoyed a perfect state of health: he never suffered from a cold, and he was exempted from fevers, complaints of the stomach, and the long train of maladies which generally originate in a life of ease, sloth, and dissipation.

Young Beckner, owing to the meanness of his origin, derived little benefit from instruction by books; and though he was naturally of a quick disposition and persevering spirit, these qualities could not be brought to maturity for want of mental cultivation. His father, having destined him to a seafaring life, bestowed all his attention, as we have seen, on the task of preparing him to become a good sailor. Debarred, therefore, from the enjoyments which are supplied by the improvement of the mind, and deprived, likewise, of every probability of obtaining any distinction from the exercise of its faculties, the desires of Beckner were directed into another channel. The great and the daring have unusual attractions for boys. We see a large proportion of children, even in their games and sports, give a preference to every object which argues the possession of courage, and the contempt of danger. This feeling, deeply rooted in the heart of Beckner, discovered itself very early; and was no doubt improved by the hardy system of education adopted towards him by his father.

His early dreams were, accordingly, all of glory; since noble sentiments and courage mostly possess a larger share in its acquisition than mental possessions.

Young Beckner was continually exhibiting traits of daring; he never recoiled from the prospect of danger; and his adventurous soul appeared to enjoy a certain delight when engaged in the performance of some duty of which the probable peril would intimidate other youths. But amidst the various instances of courage and noble resolution illustrated in his short career, none deserves our admiration more justly than the action which put a period to his existence.

Beckner and his father were making a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France. Among the passengers on board, there was a rich American, with his infant daughter. This child, taking advantage of a moment when her nurse, rather indisposed, had insensibly fallen asleep, separated herself from the servant, with that strange propensity to roving discovered in children, and ran to the head of the vessel. There she began to look with mingled curiosity and wonder on the vast expanse of the ocean; and whilst her attention was thus occupied, something made her suddenly start, when turning her head, she lost her balance, and fell into the sea.

Fortunately enough, the elder Beckner saw the child fall, and, with the quickness of lightning, he plunged himself into the waves in order to effect its rescue. His noble endeavours were successful. In a few seconds he had seized the little girl, and whilst with one arm he held her close to his breast, he strove, by swimming with the other, to regain the vessel. His proficiency in swimming would have enabled him to

save both the child's life and his own, when, to his consternation, he perceived a large shark advancing rapidly towards him. The formidable fish came lashing the waves on which it was borne, anxious for its prey. Beckner saw the horrible danger by which he was threatened, and cried aloud for help. In a moment all the passengers and crew thronged to the deck of the ship; but, though every one saw the peril, and lamented the lot of the courageous sailor, no one dared venture to his assistance: the appearance of the monster terrified them.

Those of the vessel, unable to afford a more efficient aid, began a brisk fire against the shark, which, regardless of the noise, kept still advancing, and was near gaining its object. In this moment of horror and dismay, whilst vigorous and brave men were struck with amazement, and unable to act, a generous impulse of heroism and filial tenderness prompted a boy to perform what no one else had the courage to dare. Young Beckner, seeing the extremity of the danger to which his father was exposed, now seized upon a well-sharpened sword, and with this weapon plunged into the sea. By his dexterity in swimming, he soon succeeded in the plan he had formed. He dived under the water, and, getting behind the shark, he swam until he was below its stomach, and then with equal skill, steadiness, and resolution, thrust his weapon into the animal, to the very hilt. Startled by this unexpected attack, and writhing under the pain which the wound produced, the shark, excited to rage, now abandoned its intended prey, in order to vent its fury upon the young assailant.

A fearful spectacle presented itself to the view. Every one on the vessel stood in a throb of anxious horror and expectation. The generous young Beckner, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance and superiority of the enemy with which he had engaged, in order to save his father, continued for some time the unequal contest. Whilst the huge animal was twisting and turning to seize upon its prey, the boy plunged again and again his sword into its body. But the strength of Beckner was not sufficient to produce a mortal hurt, and though the numerous wounds which he inflicted did severe injury to the horrible foe, the little hero at length found the necessity of striving to regain the vessel and abandon the combat. The crew had mean-time thrown out ropes to the father and his spirited and self-devoted son, in order that they might be rescued through their means.

For some time, the motion of the waves, and the necessity of flying from the more imminent danger presented by the incensed shark, hindered the two objects of distress from availing themselves of the help held out to them; but at last they both succeeded in each grasping one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. Every one on board now lent his assistance to draw them out by strength of arms. These efforts, to the lively joy of the anxious spectators, were not void of success. Hope began to dawn in the breasts of all. Both father and son were now above the waves, and suspended by the ropes—their rescue appeared certain.

The enraged and bleeding animal perceived that its prey was on the point of escaping. With the sagacity of instinct, and stimulated by the natural impulse of vengeance, the monster now collected every energy, and, making one mighty bound, succeeded in catching between its fearful teeth the unfortunate boy, who was still suspended on the rope which he held; the effort of the huge animal was so successful, that it divided its victim into two parts, of which the creature devoured one, whilst the other was left, a horrid token of the heroism and dreadful fate of young Beckner! The spectators, at this appalling scene, uttered a cry of horror, and stood fixed in sorrow and amazement. They then applied themselves to help the elder Beckner, who safely gained the vessel, with his little charge, the unfortunate cause of the calamity.

Such was the end, at once generous and frightful, of young Volney Beckner. He was little more than twelve years of age when he encountered this terrible adventure, which put a period to his life, and smothered the rising hopes that his qualities had inspired in the breasts of those who knew him.—*Abridged from the Juvenile Library, Vol.* 1.

Fine Arts.

WORKS OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(For the Mirror.)

These splendid productions of art, by the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence, have been exhibited at the British Institution for some weeks past, and we are given to understand, that the gallery will remain open a considerable time longer, for the benefit of the late President's relatives. This laudable arrangement of the noble and munificent

directors of the institution is truly gratifying to our feelings, being conscious that too much respect cannot be shown to the *memory* of the greatest pictorial genius of the present age.

No. 2, is the celebrated small portrait of his late Majesty on a sofa. This picture, which has been finely engraved, is too well known to require any comment in this notice.

6. A splendid Portrait of the Earl of Bathurst.

7. Prince Blucher, a beautiful likeness of that hardy veteran.

9. Field Marshal, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, bearing the Sword of State; a very commanding picture, and an excellent likeness.

10. His late Holiness, Pope Pius VII. This performance is one of the President's most happy efforts, and may be considered his *ne plus ultra*. It combines chaste colouring with the magic of the *chiaro-scuro* in a surprising degree, and is very carefully finished. His Holiness is represented as a meek old man, and the expression of his countenance is serenely calm, bespeaking a passive resignation to the will of heaven. In the background of the picture are introduced the Laocoon, and the Apollo Belvidere.

14. Portrait of the Count Capo d'Istria; fine.

18. Francis II. Emperor of Austria; a perfect *chef d'œuvre*.

19, and 21. Charles X. of France, and Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, are both very magnificent works.

39. H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte; an exquisite drawing, from which the celebrated print is engraved.

58. Miss Croker. Sir Thomas was always celebrated for the delicate beauty of his ladies. The portrait before us combines great beauty, and effeminacy in the highest degree, and is extremely fine in colour. There are other charming specimens of female portraiture in the exhibition—Lady Grantham, Lady Peel, and the Marchioness of Londonderry are among the number.

79. Sir Jeffry Wyatville—a very bold performance, and a most speaking likeness.

There are numerous fine paintings to which we can only allude; since, to do justice to their several excellencies would more than occupy a whole number of the *Mirror*. The portraits of Donna Maria de Gloria, George Canning, the Earl of Liverpool, Cardinal Gonsalvi, J. W. Croker, Prince George of Cumberland, Benjamin West, the late Duke of York, John Kemble (in the character of Hamlet) John Soane, R. A., and Sir Edward Codrington, may all be ranked among the triumphs of the late President's pencil. G. W. N.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE IRON SHROUD.

(Concluded from page 150.)

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be reprieved.

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of the lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when —yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused — the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air —all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows! —and *two* days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were rivetted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:—

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanding nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror,—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams stream-

ing through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstacy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance. He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called — the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish, which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could

neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Novelist.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.*

(*From the German of Jean Paul.*)

In a sort of mental death, Firmian seated himself in the old chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. The mist was now withdrawn from the future, and discovered a long arid tract covered with the traces and ashes of burnt-out fires; full of sear and withered bushes, and scattered with bones whitening in the sand. He saw that the chasm which divided his heart from hers would become wider and wider;—he saw it distinctly and desolately; his old, beautiful love, would never return. Lenette would never lay aside her obstinacy, her sullenness, her habits; the narrow inclosures of her heart and of her head would remain impenetrably shut; she could as little learn to understand him as to love him. On the other hand, the absence of his friend aggravated the bitterness of her coldness; he looked mournfully along the dreary vista of long silent days, full of stifled sighs and mute accusations.

Lenette sat silently at work in the chamber, for her wounded heart shrank from words and looks as from chill and cutting winds. It was already very dark—but yet she wanted no light.

All at once a wandering ballad-singer, with a harp, and her little boy with a flute, began to play under the window.

It was with our friends as if their swollen and tightened hearts received a

* The novel from which this scene has been taken is one of the most perfect productions of its extraordinary author. It has been the singular fate of Jean Paul to enjoy unequalled popularity, yet never to have had an imitator: a style which none have ventured to imitate, may be supposed to present difficulties of no ordinary kind to the translator, and, in this case, the difficulties are enhanced by the nationality of the work.

Firmian, the hero, is a man of great genius and learning, and of the gentlest and noblest moral nature; living in poverty—not in English poverty—the privation of certain articles of splendour and luxury, but in that destitution of all but absolute necessaries, and precarious possession even of them, which, in Germany, it is not uncommon to find combined with the highest possible moral and intellectual culture, a fact which must needs appear unintelligible or incredible here. His wife, our unhappy Lenette, he has loved and married for her innocence, simplicity, agreeable person, tranquil temper, and for the possession of those arts and qualities most needful in the helpmate of a poor man. Unfortunately, he has, in the housewife, forgotten the wife; and though it is the habit of his countrymen to require from women the virtues rather of attached and industrious servants, than of equal, intelligent, and sympathizing friends, Firmian gradually wakes to the dreariness and misery of his most ill-matched companionship. It is thus we see him above. The character of Lenette is drawn with inimitable truth and finish. The inveterate prejudice, the irremediable obtuseness and contraction of mind and heart, the machine-like return to one set of associations and thoughts and feelings, are all drawn from the life.

It is to be regretted, for the sake of those English readers who are curious concerning the literature and mind of Germany, that this novel is not translated entire. It is one of Jean Paul's shortest, as well as best, and the most characteristic, both of the individual author and of his country.

thousand punctures, and then gently collapsed. As nightingales sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our hearts speak most audibly where music is around them. Oh! when the many stringed tones brought back to him his old hopes—hopes, the very aspect of which he could scarcely recognise; as he looked down into the Arcadia, now lying deep, deep beneath the stream of years, and saw himself there with his young fresh wishes, his long-lost joys, his joyful eyes which gazed around full of confidence, and his expanding heart which husbanded and fostered all its love and truth for some future loving one; and as he now cried in a deep inward discord, "And such an one have I *not* found, and all is over;" and as the cruel sounds passed like the shifting pictures of gay meadows, flowery thickets and loving groups in a *camera obscura*, before this lonely one who had nothing—not one soul in this land that loved him:—his firm spirit fell prostrate within him, and laid itself down upon the earth as if to its eternal rest—and now nothing had power to heal or to soothe it but its own sorrows.

Suddenly the tones, wandering on the night-wind, died away, and the pauses, like a burial in silence and darkness, struck deeper into the heart. In this melodious stillness he went into the chamber, and said to Lenette, "Take this trifle down to them." But he could only falter out the last words, for, in the light reflected from the opposite house, he saw her flushed face covered with streaming unregarded tears: at his entrance she had affected to be busied in wiping off the mist which her warm breath had left upon the window-pane.

He said, in a still softer tone, "Lenette, take it directly, or they will be gone." She took it—her heavy eyes turned away as they met his, no less tear swollen than her own—yet they met dry and tearless, so severed, so estranged were their souls already. They had reached that wretched state in which the hour of common emotion no longer reconciles or warms. His whole breast swelled with a torrent of love, but hers no longer belonged to him,—he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish and the impossibility of loving her—by the certainty of the barrenness and coldness of her nature. He seated himself in a window recess and leaned down his head and touched, by chance, the pocket handkerchief she had left. The afflicted creature, after the long constraint of a whole day, had refreshed herself by this gentle overflowing—as a hurt by pressure is relieved by opening a vein.

At the touch of the handkerchief a cold shudder ran through his frame, like a sting of conscience. And now the voice and the flute, without the harp, were heard again, and flowed on together in a slow, mournful ditty, every verse of which ended, "gone is gone, dead is dead!" Grief clasped him round like the mantle-fish in its dark stifling shroud. He pressed Lenette's tear-steeped handkerchief hard upon his eye-balls, and in darkness he felt, "gone is gone, dead is dead!" Then suddenly his whole spirit melted within him at the thought that his throbbing heart would perhaps be at rest before the entrance of any other year than that which was to break upon him on the morrow; and he fancied himself departing, and the cold handkerchief lay steeped in double tears on his burning face; and the notes marked every point of time, like the beats of a clock, and he felt, sensibly, the passage and motion of time, and he saw himself at length sleeping in the quiet grave.

The music ceased. He heard Lenette go into the room and light a candle. He went to her and gave her the handkerchief. But his inner man was so bruised and bleeding that he felt as if he longed to embrace any outward being—be it what it would. He felt as if he must press, if not his present, yet his former—if not his loving, yet his suffering Lenette to his fainting, famished heart. But he neither wished nor tried to utter the word love. Slowly and without bending down he folded his arms around her, and drew her to his heart; but she turned her head coldly and abruptly from his offered kiss. This pained him acutely, and he said, "Am I happier than thou?" and he laid his face down on her averted head, and pressed her once more to him, and then released her. And as the vain embrace was over, his whole heart exclaimed, "gone is gone, dead is dead!"

As he laid himself down to rest, he thought the old year closes, as if for ever, in sleep; out of sleep the new one arises, like the beginning of existence, and I slumber over a fearful, formless, thickly-shrouded future. Thus do we go to sleep at the very gateway of imprisoned dreams, and we know not, although our dreams lie but at the distance of a few minutes, a few steps from the gate, whether when they issue forth, they will surround us in the likeness of crouching, glaring beasts of prey, or of fair children sitting smiling,

and sporting in their little sinless night —whether we ought to strangle or to embrace the compacted air.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

THE late Dr. Hamilton was sent for once in great haste by Lady P——, to see, absolutely a little favourite *monkey*, which was almost suffocated with its morning feed. When the doctor entered the room, he saw only her ladyship, her young son, (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coolly to Lady P——, "My Lady, which is the monkey?"

LETTERED CRAIGS.

IN Galloway large craigs are met with, having ancient writings on them. One on the farm of Knockieby, has cut deep on the upper side—

"Lift me up, and I'll tell you more."

A number of people at one time gathered to this craig, and succeeded in lifting it up, in hopes of being well repaid; but instead of finding any gold, they found wrote on it—

"Lay me down as I was before."

J. G. B.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA.

A LINE frequently quoted by writers and talkers of all calibre, and yet which it would probably puzzle most of them to find in the modern poets, occurs in the works of Sir W. Jones, and is considered to be strictly that *rara avis* in literature—an *original idea*:—

"Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung."

M. M.

BEAUTIFUL REMARK.

A VENERABLE gentleman lately conversing with a friend upon religious topics, said, "I have no time to pray." "Ay, sir?" replied the other, gravely, and with an ominous glance of reproof, "does the world and its affairs *yet* occupy so entirely your thoughts and time?" "No, no," rejoined the good old man, "heaven forbid! but I have not time to *pray*, because it is all occupied in *thanksgiving!*" M. L. B.

THICK SCULLS.

THE following extract from Dr. Crichton's *Inquiry into Mental Derangement*, proves that this reproach is anatomically correct when applied to those who labour under a defect of intellect:—"It is very remarkable, that the sculls of the greater number of such patients are commonly very thick; nay, some have been found of a most extraordinary degree of thickness. Among 216 patients of this description, whose bodies were inspected after death, there were found 167 whose sculls were unusually thick, and only 38 thin ones; among which last number, there was one which was much thicker on the right side than on the left. But in particular it was observed, that among 100 raving madmen, 78 had very thick sculls, and 20 very thin ones; among which sculls there was one quite soft. Among 26 epileptic raving madmen, there were 19 found with very thick sculls, and four very thin. Among 16 epileptic idiots, there were 14; and among 20 epileptic patients 10, who had very thick sculls. Among 24 melancholy patients, there were 18 with very thin sculls; and lastly, among 30 idiots, 22 with very thick, and six with very thin sculls; all others had sculls of a natural thickness." H. B. A.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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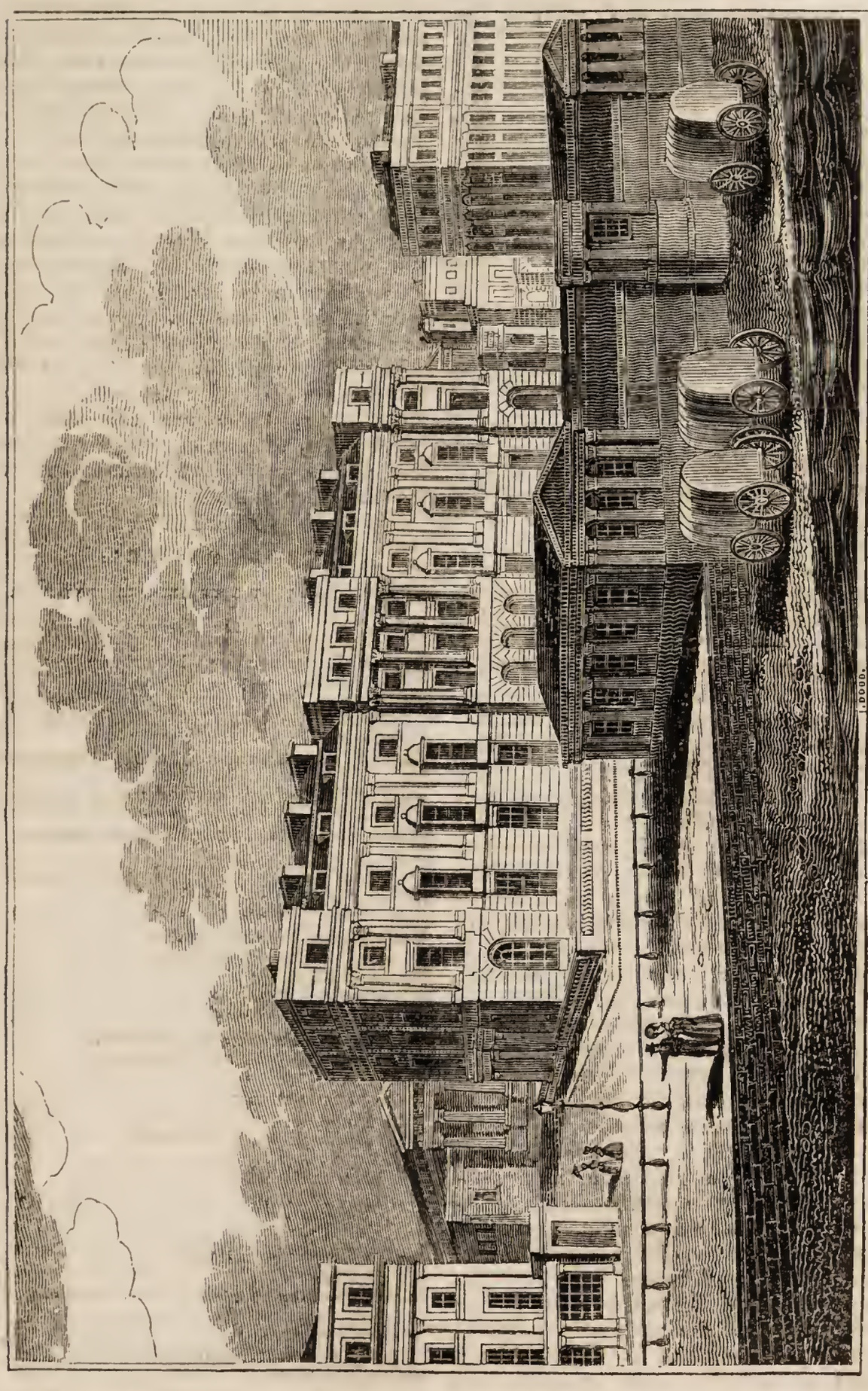

ST. LEONARD'S, NEAR HASTINGS.

ST. LEONARD'S, NEAR HASTINGS.

The large Engraving on the annexed page represents a portion of St. Leonard's, a new watering town which has sprung up, as it were, by architectural magic, on the coast of Sussex, in the immediate vicinity of the romantic vale of Hastings.

The new town already consists of several groups of considerable elegance, and substantially constructed with stone obtained from the neighbourhood. It is fronted with an esplanade, along the sea-shore. The houses are of commodious varieties, and some of them have handsome colonnades.

To give the reader some idea of the magical celerity with which St. Leonard's has risen, the Correspondent to whom we are indebted for the substance of this paper, states that the first stone of the town was laid in the spring of the year 1828; and that upwards of one hundred houses are nearly fitted up and ready for occupation, and a great proportion furnished and inhabited. The principal hotel has been opened some months, and two friends, who are competent judges of such matters, speak of its *bon-vivant* accommodations in highly recommendatory terms. The design of the town has proceeded from the well-directed energies of James Burton, Esq. of the Regent's Park; and the portion already completed will be a lasting testimony of his genius and good taste, and a valuable monument of individual enterprize.

The buildings are in various orders of architecture. On entering from London, the road passes under a castellated gateway, in the vicinity of which the residences are in the Gothic and Cottage style, which harmonize with the picturesque scenery of the district. One of the most conspicuous of these objects is a clock tower, built in the style of the thirteenth century. On arriving at the bottom of the hill, the houses assume a more regular appearance, and facing the sea they extend, in uniform groups of highly ornamental Grecian architecture, to a distance of about half a mile, having in front a colonnade of the Doric order. The hotel, which is the nucleus of the Engraving, is embellished in the centre with six Corinthian columns; the wings have two columns with Grecian antæ; and the piers between the centre and wings are ornamented with coupled antæ. This order stands upon a lofty rusticated basement, and sub-basement, which give the whole a very imposing appearance.

The beautiful Doric building, partly seen in the view, immediately behind the hotel, contains in the centre, a ball-room, about eighty feet by thirty, and thirty feet high, and in the wings are billiard and card rooms. These communicate with an extensive and tastefully laid-out public garden, with large reservoirs of pure spring water, &c. In the grounds, on the verge of the garden are several detached villas in different styles of architecture.

The building in the foreground (which is kept low, that it may not obstruct the view from the hotel) is adapted to the purposes of baths, library, &c. The librarian is Mr. Ebers, of Bond Street. Here also is a room for the accommodation of a band of music. The wings, of the Doric order, have the character of Grecian temples, and on both fronts, these are connected by blank walls, with an ornamented centre, that on the north side forming the entrance to the baths.

TO THE FLOWERS;

ON READING THAT LIKE ANIMALS THEY FELT.

(For the Mirror.)

Jewels of Summer! on whose silken breasts
The vivyfying, glorious sunlight rests;
Bright children of that season, which doth tell
Unconsciously, of joys ineffable.

Oh! fairy Flowers! whose peerless panoply
Unheeded shines, to many an ingrate eye,
Yet, whose rich odour fills the breeze, and brings
To minstrel souls, all sweet imaginings.

Flowers! they say, those sages who reveal
The mysteries of Nature, that ye feel:
Feel, as we feel, when death-like pangs assail
Our mortal tenements, so fair, and frail.

We know ye breathe, and worshipping, unfold
Your elf-cups, to the day-god's beams of gold;
That soft ye close in sleep, when dim star-light
Streams thro' the hazy air of gelid night.

We know a lymph doth circulate as free
As the red life-stream of our breasts, in ye,
That balms, and gums, and dews, and ottoes steal
From ye, beloved ones! but, do ye feel?

Yes! do ye feel, the biting blast? the snow?
The hail? the ice? the storms that lay ye low;
The rough, rude grasp? the knife? the burning eye
Of your own sun-god, 'neath whose gaze ye die."

Oh beautiful, sweet Flowers! all these and more
To feel, may be perchance your portion sore—
For still the lovely, radiant, and young,
Are soonest, ay, and oft-times sorest wrung.

M. L. B.

URN-BURIAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 444, of the *Mirror*, you gave some extracts from Sir Thomas Browne's work on urn-burial: permit me to add a few remarks upon so singular, so ancient, and so universal a custom. Cremation or burning, is of the highest antiquity among the rudest nations of olden time; and must be traced to the Celts, or more properly to a race of people whose customs and religion spread over the globe, but who are lost in the mazes of antiquity, and whose existence can be faintly discerned amid various superstitious fragments of their religion, and simple monuments that stand upon the bleak heath, or in the desert, hallowed by their antiquity, and eloquent in their dreary solitude. The Egyptians did not practice cremation, but the early Greeks adopted it. The Persian, the Tartar, and all the Scandinavian tribes burnt the bodies of their dead; and urns full of burnt bones have been discovered, not only in England, but in the innermost wilds of North America, in Trinidad, in South America, in Sweden, in India, and Australia. By frequent observations made by me in many barrows which I have opened, I find that the primary deposit was laid on the ground or in a small hole cut in the chalk, if in a chalk district, over which the attending tribes heaped flint stones and earth. These mounds vary in size, in shape, and in height; nor can I better describe the system of urn-burial, than by the lines of Homer, who in recording the obsequies of Patroclus, says,

The Greeks obey, where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected in a golden vase—
The sacred relics to the tent they bore,
The urn, a veil of linen covered o'er,
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
Iliad, book xxiii.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare considers the barrows or tumuli on the plains of Stonehenge, to be of very high antiquity, though he is inclined to think "that those near Abury, and others in Dorsetshire, especially the very curious barrow opened by Mr. Miles, and described under the title of Deverel Barrow, bear an earlier date." — *Tumuli Wiltunenses*, p. 4.

The articles found in barrows are frequently very curious, and throw considerable light upon the date of the interment. We learn from Cæsar that the Gauls deposited with the dead those articles most valuable to them in life; "*omnia quæ vivis cordi fuisse arbitrantur in ignem inferunt etiam animalia;*" of which custom we have many proofs amongst the Britons. The articles so found are celts of flint and of brass, spear heads, and arrow heads of flint, also daggers of brass, gilt; very small lance heads, of brass; armillæ of ivory and bone; pointed skewers of bone, and whetstones; daggers of iron, and spear heads of the same metal: in some instances ornaments have been found of thin and very pure gold, and very frequently beads of amber, jet, and glass.

It is evident that this country abounded in deer of an immense size, because numerous specimens of very large horns have been found in the barrows; some flint arrow heads are beautifully formed like a heart, and were used before the use of iron was known.

The remains of the father of Crœsus repose beneath an enormous mound, near Sardes, (vide Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor*, vol. i. p. 15,) and Herodotus explains the mode of its construction, "the foundation, or bottom part, is of great stones, but the rest of the sepulchre is a tumulus of earth, its *circumference* is more than *three quarters of a mile!*"

Anniversary honours were held at the tombs, and in this country we have the relic of ancient festivals at barrows. On Wednesday in Whitsun week, a festive meeting is held upon a great barrow, called Capel Tump, in Herefordshire, and a similar meeting is held at a large barrow on Shipley Hill. (Stukeley's *Itinerary*, vol. i. p. 108.) An annual court is held at Culliford Barrow, on a high ridge near Weymouth; and in Virgil we find games held at the tomb of Anchises.

It was the Roman custom to erect barrows on the banks of rivers:

Ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache. *Æn.* iii. v. 312.

Again in speaking of the tomb of Marcellus

vel quæ Tiberi ne videbis
Funera cum tumulum præter labere recentem.
Æn. vi. v. 873.

In the description of the Deverel Barrow, Mr. William Aug. Miles makes the following remarks upon the tombs of our forefathers:—

"It is in contemplating these lasting, yet simple monuments of former men, that the mind is hurried back to older days, and it is with feelings of veneration that we view the tombs of the

mighty dead crown our hills amid the desolation of years; while the proud and elaborate temples of Balbec, Palmyra and Persepolis have yielded to the wreck of time. The chief, whose ashes lay beneath the mound, sleeps through the night of time, his grave is far from the track of man; the grass grows and withers, as an emblem of human fate, upon his lonely barrow top, while the passing breeze chants his funeral dirge. On a spot so hallowed by the wing of Time, the imagination may vividly depict the rude but solemn rites attendant on the burial; the blazing pile flinging its lurid beams around, gave notice to the distant tribes of the sad office then performing, while the relentless and officiating priest, plunging his steel into the breasts of those unhappy favourites who were doomed to share their master's death, calmly viewed their convulsive agonies; while the mystic song of the bards, narrating the exploits of the deceased, the frantic yells and mystic dance of the skin-clad Celts, drowned in a vast clamour, the wild and piercing shrieks of expiring victims—then were the trophies solemnly deposited—then was raised the mound, and then was performed the mystic ceremony of going three times round the tomb, amid invocations on the name of the deceased—the harp has ceased, the fire pile has blazed, the tribes have retired from the grave, and left the rude mound to its future solitude, save when a passing traveller should throw the stone of respect upon the heap, which is to last for future days!"

Scarborough. WM. ATKINSON.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A HIGHLAND STORY.

*Related by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. of Fountainhall.**

NEAR the hamlet of Carr, on the right bank of the river Dulnan, a slate-rock has been laid bare, which, if properly wrought, might turn out to some account. About 150 yards to the westward of the houses, there is a small patch of land surrounded by a few stunted birches, called Croftna-croitch, or the Gallows Croft, having the following story attached to it:—Near the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, a native of Lochaber, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, Peter the Priest's son. Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for, some time between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochaber, but, crossing the river Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdearn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, Cairn-an-Sh'uaran, or the Well Hill. But, notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and despatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt and recovering the cattle. It so happened that there lived at this time on the laird of Grant's ground a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugachmore, of great strength and undaunted courage: he had six sons, and a stepson, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach; and as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in his man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender; and they, though numerous, dreading the well-known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them there till their owners came to recover them. Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of

* In his "Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining Districts."

underwood, through which they knew that the Mugach and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage. No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his stepson! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief—but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. "Hast thou forgotten our former days of dalliance?" cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door—"how often hast thou undone thy door to me when I came home on an errand of love; and wilt thou not open it now to give me way to punish him who has but this moment so foully slain thy beloved son?" Ancient recollections and present affliction conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door—undid the bolt—and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife coming behind him, threw over it a large canvass winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspey could boast of. His four sons who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralyzed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupified and appalled; but she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried—"spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons. Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road, on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called Tom-nan-Cean, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, when his butchery was known at Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochaber. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts

was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at Lag-na-caillich, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blook of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away. Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their felon captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her's nanesel, for Donald!" said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," said a fourth, "what for wud we be plaguing oursels more wi' him!" "Yes, yes! brave generous men!" said Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows-tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking as all the events of his life had been; "yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey-men,—it is unworthy of Grants to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, "No!" said Muckrach sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife. But he did not spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards; and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff. As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of Tom-nan-cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir-tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe; and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes. No one would touch his body, so it hung swinging in the wind for some twelve months or more after his execution; and much as he had been feared when alive, he was infinitely more a cause of terror now that he was a lifeless corpse. None dared to approach that part of the heath after it was dark; but in daylight people were bolder. The school-boys of Duthel, who, like the frogs in the fable, gradually began to have less and less apprehension for him, actually bragged one another on so far one day, that they ventured to pelt him with stones. A son of Delrachney, who happened to aim better than the rest, struck the birchen withe, by this time become rotten, severed it, and down came the wasted body with a terrible crash. As the cause of its descent was hardly perceptible to any of them, the terrified boys ran off, filled with the horrible belief that the much-dreaded Padrig was pursuing them. So impressed was poor young Delrachney with this idea, that,

through terror and haste, he burst a blood-vessel, and died in two hours afterwards. Padrig's bones were buried about 100 yards to the north of the bridge of Carr; but, as if they were doomed never to have rest, the grave was cut through about thirty-five years ago, when the present Highland road was made; and they were reinterred immediately behind the inn garden. Should any idlers, who may wander after dusk along the road leading by the base of the Tom-nan-cean, see strange sights cross his path, let him recall the story I have narrated, and it may furnish him with some explanation of what he beholds.

Notes of a Reader.

"DEATH TOKENS" IN WALES.

In a wild and retired district in North Wales, that namely which extends from Dolgelly westward to Barmouth and Towyn, where there is certainly as much superstition as in any other district of the same extent, and where there are many individuals who lay claim to the title and capabilities of *seers*, the following occurrence took place, to the great astonishment of the mountaineers. We can vouch for the truth of the statement, as many members of our own *teulu*, or clan, were witnesses of the fact. On a dark evening, a few winters ago, some persons with whom we are well acquinted, were returning to Barmouth on the south or opposite side of the river. As they approached the ferry-house at Penthryn, which is directly opposite Barmouth, they observed a light near the house, which they conjectured to be produced by a bonfire, and greatly puzzled they were to discover the reason why it should have been lighted. As they came nearer, however, it vanished; and when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sands. On reaching Barmouth, the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death-token;" and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time was drowned at high-water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and so perished. The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. A great number of people came out to see these lights; and after awhile they all but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly towards the water's edge, to a little bay where some boats were moored. The men in a sloop which was anchored near the spot, saw the light advancing—they saw it also hover for a few seconds over one particular boat, and then totally disappear. Two or three days afterwards, the man to whom that particular boat belonged was drowned in the river, while he was sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat.—We have narrated these facts just as they occurred; we must leave the solution of the mystery to the ingenuity of our readers.—(From an indifferent paper on "the Philosophy of Apparitions" in *Fraser's Magazine;* the writer of which has much to learn before he can throw any new light upon the ever-to-be-controverted subject of "Apparitions.")

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.

A person who died at Barnes left an annual sum to be laid out in roses planted on his grave: authority, Mr. Crofton Croker. (We are enabled to add that the spot here alluded to is distinguished by a stone tablet, on the outside of the south wall of the church, enclosed by pales, with some rose-trees planted on each side of it. This tablet is dedicated to the memory of Edward *Rose*, citizen of London, who died in 1653, and left £20. to the poor of Barnes, for the purchase of an acre of land, on condition that the pales should be kept up, and the rose-trees preserved.)—Ed. *Mirror*.

Oh, plant them above me, the soft, the bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light,
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's wing:
Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep?—
Weep for life, with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear;
Let tears and the sign of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead.

Plant not the cypress nor yet the yew;
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and in love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose:
Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
My hope like their promise of early red:
Let strangers, too, share in their breath and their bloom—
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb.

Literary Gazette.

TURNHAM GREEN.

"HUMBOLDT," said a certain captain in the West Middlesex Militia, "Humboldt is an over-rated man—there is very little in him; and he knows *nothing* of geography!"—"How! that celebrated traveller know nothing of geography?"—"No more than my black terrier there, sir. I met him once at a party at the Russian Ambassador's, at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking about the Andes and the Cordilleras, and places which nobody but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way; but the moment I put a straight forward question to him, which any school-boy might have answered, he was floored. 'Now, Baron,' said I—taking him by surprise—'Now, Baron, can you tell me where Turnham Green is?' *Upon—my—honour*, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

INSCRIPTION ON THE PORTAL OF A VILLA NEAR SIENNA.

"Quisquis huc accedis,
Quod tibi horrendum videtur,
Mihi amœnum est
Si delectat, maneas,
Si tædet, abeas,
Utrumque gratum."

Whoever thou mayest be who enterest here, remember that what may seem strange to thee is agreeable to me. If thou art pleased, thou canst remain; if displeased, depart—either will please me.—*Ibid.*

CHINESE POLICY.

IN China all is at a stand still; succeeding ages add not to the knowledge of those that have gone before; no one must presume to be wiser than his fathers: around the Son of Heaven, as they designate their emperor, assemble the learned of the land as his council; so in the provinces the learned in their several degrees around the governor; and laws and rules are passed from the highest down to the lowest, to be by them given to the people. Every, even the most minute, circumstance of common life, is regulated by law. It matters not, for example, what may be the wealth of an individual; he must wear the dress and build his house after the mode prescribed by ancient regulations. In China every thing bears the stamp of antiquity: immovableness seems to be the characteristic of the nation; every implement retains its primitive rude form; every invention has stopped at the first step. —*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol.* ix. *Outlines of History.*

WINE.

O, WINE! glorious, excellent Wine! how often hast thou inspired me with eloquence, relieved me from the trammels of fancied imprisonment, given new life, new hope, new existence to my weather-beaten frame, and to my pallid imagination! To thee, O Bacchus! I am indebted for many a social hour, many a lively thought, many an excellent companion, which, without thy influence on my uncultivated brain, would have been a tedious time, a homely expression, or a milk-and-water associate!—to thee again I must resort, and hence the future gleams of happiness in this life. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

ALBUMS.

WHY is a book, commonly kept by one fool to be written in by other fools, called an *album?* "I have not the least idea," said an accomplished young gentleman, to whom I once put the question, just after he had been scribbling some lines in the album of one of our modern Sapphos, which proved he had not the least idea, not even such a little one as would have been large enough for an album.—*Ibid.*

PHILISTINES.

THIS people, celebrated for their wars with the Israelites, dwelt on a small strip of sea-coast south of the Tyrians. They were originally, it is thought, a colony from Egypt. They possessed five cities, under the government of five princes, and confederated together for mutual defence. Trade and piracy were their chief means of subsistence. Their long and obstinate resistance against the arms of the Israelites testifies their valour and love of independence. A seafaring people, the chief object of their worship was a sea-god, Dagon.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol.* ix.

ARABS.

FROM the earliest dawn of history, the Arabs have led the nomadic life, to which the nature of their country has destined them. The numerous tribes, under the government of their sheikhs and emirs, roam the desert apart—now in friendship, now in hostility. The

camel and the horse are their companions and support. The strangers who penetrate their wilds have always been regarded as lawful prizes. Under the various names of Edomites, Ishmaelites, Midianites, &c. we find their tribes in friendly or hostile relations with the nation of Israel, with whom many of them acknowledged a kindred. Their religious worship was chiefly directed to the heavenly bodies.—*Ibid.*

NEGRO LIBERTY.

A Parody on "I'd be a Butterfly."

"Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine;
Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,
Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.
Me drink my rum, in de calabash oval,
Me neber sigh for de brandy and wine;
Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.
Me be a nigger boy,
When me live happy, wha for me repine?

"Me neber run from my massa's plantation,
Wha for me run? me no want for get lick;
He gib me house, and me pay no taxation—
Food when we famish, and nurse when me sick.
Willy-force nigger, he belly he empty,
He hab de freedom, dat no good fro me;
My massa good man, he gib me plenty,
Me no lobe Willy-force better dan he.
Me be de nigger boy,
Me happy fellow, den why me want free?"

Fraser's Magazine.

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

David was the model of an oriental prince, handsome in his person, valiant, mild, just, and generous; humble before his God, and zealous in his honour; a lover of music and poetry, himself a poet. Successful in war, he reduced beneath his sceptre all the countries from the borders of Egypt to the mountains whence the Euphrates springs. The king of Tyre was his ally; he had ports on the Red Sea, and the wealth of commerce flowed during his reign into Israel. He fortified and adorned Jerusalem, which he made the seat of government. Glorious prospects of extended empire, and of the diffusion of the pure religion of Israel, and of happy times, floated before the mind of the prophet-king.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol.* ix.

SCENE FROM THE DELIVERANCE OF SWITZERLAND.

By H. C. Deakin, author of "Portraits of the Dead."

A Prison underneath the Castle of Altorf, dimly lighted.—Tell in chains—He paces up and down for a little time, and then pauses. Indignantly looking on his fetters, he exclaims

TELL.

Think ye, vile chains! to curb the soul of Tell?
Dungeons can never daunt the patriot's spirit!
I'd sooner be within these four damp walls,
With three-fold fetters on me, with the worm,
That leaves its slimy trace of wretchedness,
For my companion, than the pampered wretch
Who, in his gorgeous tyranny above,
Tramples upon a people's rights, and earns
A people's curses for his nightly blessing!
My body is thy prisoner, Gesler! Chains
May gall my flesh—may manacle my limbs,
And for a time make me blush to mark
The stain they've left upon them; but my mind
Can ne'er be soiled by things like these!
(*He clashes his chains.*)
The coward crouches if the treacherous pard
Doth look on him. My spirit will not crouch,
Nor quail before the spotted beast. I feel
There's that within me which doth hold me up,
And prompt me, with a mighty, unseen power,
To deeds of future glory.—I am free—
Free in this prison house! I range at will
The mighty bulwarks of our mountain world.—
Over beloved Switzerland I go
With my mind's energy!
Think ye the spirit requires corporeal form
To converse with the spirit? Are there not hours,
Hours of pale solitude, when the outer world
Is to the inner world a thing as vague
As the obscure and twilight line that bounds
The dim horizon? for the mind can make,
By its own magic powers, worlds fairer far
Than this one! (*He pauses.*)
Yea—it must, it must be so!
A beauteous land is passing now before me,
And there are glorious Alps whereon the Sun,
Oft in his journey, pauses to look back
Upon the paradise he leaves behind him!
And there are valleys basking in his beams,
Starr'd with white cottages and orange bowers,
And vine groves, where the light guitar is swept
To charm the golden fruitage—I behold
Lakes blue as morning, where at eve the star
Delights to lave its far-descending rays,
And ancient forests, giant-like, advancing
With towering strides up to the high hill tops:
And ever and anon I hear the sounds,
The mighty sounds of avalanches rolling,
The crash of forests, and the roar of waters.
But in the vales the maiden's free voice rings,
And on the hills the bold-eyed mountaineer
Looks proudly up to Heaven; and children sport
Like swallows on the lea, and ancient sires
Within the trelliced porch serenely sit,
And grandams read their missals in the sun,
Which Austrian banners dare not now obscure.
I cannot be mistaken—'tis my country!
O Switzerland! and shall it be a dream—
A wild imaginative dream?—No, no!
Thou shalt be free, thy fetters rive in twain;
The voice of prophecy is on me now!
Back roll the volumy clouds—the mighty mists
That veil the future, roll at my bidding back!
"Come forth!"—It comes! the Sun of Freedom comes
With its refulgent canopy of clouds,
And in its radiance Switzerland's banners sparkle,
Helvetic swords its beams are multiplying,
Ten thousand stars upon their spear-points tremble,
Ten thousand voices roll their living thunders.
And all cry "Liberty!" It is no dream!
They shout again—and my own name they shout.
"A Tell—a Tell!" they cry.—I come, I come,
Sons of the free, and scorners of the slave!
Triumphant Vengeance calls—I come, I come!
Thou shalt be free, thy fetters rend asunder,
Thus as I rend my own!
(*He suits the action to the words, and rends his chains.*)
Ah! and they are broken!—
Who comes there?
(*Enter Merta, who rushes into his arms.*)

MERTA.

Alas, how little did I think, when next
We met, it would be in thy prison, Tell!

TELL.

Prison! it is my palace! my quick thoughts
Have made one.—Lord of these chains am I,—
Behold!

MERTA.

Broken!

SOLON'S LAWS.

In the third year of the 46th olympiad, Solon being archon, the landowners and citizens, debtors and creditors, were in open feud. Solon was called upon to legislate. His first step was to arrange matters between debtor and creditor, which he accomplished by altering the standard, and lowering the rate of interest. He then deprived the nobility of a portion of their former power, by dividing all the people into four classes, regulated by property: thus, while he introduced a democracy, founding a new aristocracy. The nobility, as possessors of the largest properties, as the sole members of the court of Areopagus, as possessed of the priesthoods, and directors of religious ceremonies, still retained an ample degree of influence. By the establishment of the Council of Four Hundred, an annually rotating college, he at once gave so many families an interest in the new order of things, that there remained no chance of its being totally subverted. He finally made all the people swear not to make any alteration during the next ten years, deeming that period sufficiently long for habituating them to the new constitution.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol.* ix.

PRESENT STATE OF HISTORY.

In the south of Europe, as if for a warning to others to shun the evil, civil and religious despotism are still suffered by Providence to display their hideous forms; but in the New World, the incipient and chaotic state of freedom is travailing in the birth of a purer and more regular order of things. The "march sublime" of liberty is, we trust, not to be retarded for ages to come. England has led the way in the glorious career; and the last blemish which stained her fair fame, and afforded a topic of reproach to her enemies, has been removed, while her councils were directed by the warrior who so often had led her armies to victory. *Esto perpetua.—Ibid.*

ELECTION BLESSINGS.

Parliament is dissolved, and the community, speaking of it in the aggregate, is in raptures—why?—because an hour of amusement, party conflicts, rioting, lawlessness, and profit, is at hand. One set of people rejoice because there will be a gaudy show—a stirring spectacle; because there will be ribbons and colours, music and processions, broken windows and the battles of mobs, to delight them. These people have no vote, and they have no business which the election can benefit; nevertheless, they have as deep a stake in the matter as those who have; therefore are they not anxious that the most fitting men may be elected? Absurd! such anxiety could not perhaps be gratified, unless the exhibition were stripped of its leading beauties, if not wholly prevented: they are so far from entertaining it, that if they were called on to choose between the loss of the sights, and the expulsion of the very best members, by the election of the very worst, they would prefer the latter. They have their partialities and antipathies, but these are minor matters which must bow to the wish for a contest.

Another set of people, who are in trade, and whose sight never wanders from the shrine of profit and loss, rejoice because their business is on the point of receiving "a fillip." The mercer sees before him an animated demand for ribbons and handkerchiefs at his own prices—the glazier beholds a brilliant harvest of broken windows—overwhelming calls for ale, spirits, wine, and post-horses, bewitch the eyes of the publican and innkeeper—and silk manufacturers, glass-makers, brewers, spirit merchants, &c. &c. are duly sensible of the approach of an influx of orders. These people have votes, but they place them at the disposal of their customers, in return for purchases: one votes for this candidate, because Mrs. So-and-so will never enter his shop if he do not; another, because Mr. So-and-so promises him his business for so doing; and a third will not vote, because he cannot without losing his sales to certain families. With them the issue of the election, in regard to the public weal, is a matter not to be thought of; for a few extra orders, they would do their utmost to fill the House of Commons with lunatics and pickpockets.

A third description comprehends people, who, although not in business, still rejoice from motives of personal gain. They have votes to sell, and the tardy market once more irradiates the perspective; they seek dignities and emoluments for their children; and the patrons smile upon them in the distance whose favour can be melted by plumpers into the creation of clerks, excisemen, and butlers, milliners, ladies'-maids, and

cooks. If their hopes of profit rise no higher, they see before them a number of delectable days, on which they can get drunk without cost; kick up rows for public good, and break the peace under shelter of law. With these people, an election is only desired for the sake of such advantages, and it is used only to gain them: the highest bidder and most bountiful giver is the man to be elected; and the new House of Commons may do what it pleases with the empire.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Naturalist.

THE BRITISH NATURALIST:

Spring.—Summer.

This is a delightful little volume, into which every reader of our Miscellany may dip with pleasure and profit. Its precise plan is lucidly explained in the Preface, the author's object being to represent "the works of creation in their natural groups, so as to make "the pages of a written book have some resemblance to those of the book of Nature." The present portion of his design, as the sub-title explains, consists of half the year, or two seasons, and prefixed is "a very slight general glance at the natural history of the year, as affected by the motions of the earth, the changing actions of the sun and moon." This part is executed with as little technicality as is consistent with perspicuity. Towards the close of this summary, we find the following sensible observations on predictions of the weather:—

"There is nothing more common than to predict the future state of the season from some single appearance in the early part of it; and yet there is nothing more unphilosophical or fallacious. An early blossom, an early bee, or an early swallow, or the early appearance of any other production of nature, is no evidence whatever of the kind of weather that is to come, though the belief that it is so is both very general and very obstinate. The appearance of these things is the effect of the weather, not the cause; and it is what we may call an external effect, that is, it does not enter into the chain of causation. The weather of to-day must always have some influence upon the weather of to-morrow; but its effect will not be altered in the smallest tittle, whether it does or does not call out of the cranny in which it has been hybernated, some wasp, or some swallow that was too weak for the autumnal migration. Birds, blossoms, and butterflies do not come in expectation of fine weather; if they did, the early ones would show that they see not far into futurity, for they generally come forth only to be destroyed. They come in consequence of the good weather which precedes their appearance, and they know no more of the future than a stone does. Man knows of to-morrow only as a rational being; and were it not that he reasons from experience and analogy, he would have no ground for saying that the sun of to-day is to set. The early leaf and the early blossom of this spring may be a consequence of the fine weather of last autumn, which ripened the wood or forwarded the bud, and the early insect may be evidence that the winter has been mild; but not one of these, or any thing connected with plants or animals, taken in itself, throws light upon one moment of the future; and for once to suppose that it does, is to reverse the order of cause and effect, and put an end to all philosophy—to all common sense.

"And are we to draw no conclusions from the phenomena of plants and animals, which have been popular prognostics of the weather from time immemorial,—not from the face-washing of the cat, or the late roosting of the rook, which have been signs infallible time out of mind? No, not a jot from the conduct of the animals themselves, unless we admit that cats and crows have got the keeping and command of the weather. These actions of theirs, and very many (perhaps all) phenomena of plants and animals are produced by certain existing states of the weather; and it is for man to apply his observation and find out by what other states these are followed. The cat does not wash her face because it is to rain to-morrow; that, in the first place, would be 'throwing philosophy to the cats;' and in the next place, it would be doing so to marvellously little purpose, inasmuch as, if puss were thus informed of the future, she would only have to wait a day in order to get a complete washing without any labour or trouble. When the cat performs the operation alluded to, it is a proof that the present state of the atmosphere affects her skin in a way that is disagreeable, and the washing is her mode of relief; and, in as far as the cat is concerned, that is an end of the matter. Man, however, may take it up, and if he finds that in all cases, or in a great majority of cases, this happens only before rain, he is warranted in concluding that the state of the atmosphere which

impresses this action upon the cat, is also the state which precedes rain; and that in the cases where the rain does not follow, there has been a subsequent atmospheric change which is also worthy of his study.

"What it is in this case, and whether connected with the little action in the fur of the animal by which electricity can be excited, we shall not inquire; but in the late roosting of the crows the cause is apparent; they feed upon larvæ and earth-worms; these, especially the latter, come most abroad in the evenings before rain; and as most animals gorge themselves, where food is easily found, there is no reason why rooks should not follow the general law."

We are pleased with the author's observation on the cat-washing prediction, and, in our own special fondness for tracing the plain causes of popular effects, we had arrived at nearly the same conclusion. The electrical excitement of the cat's fur and skin seems to us produced by the peculiar state of the atmosphere immediately preceding rain; and, we doubt not, the frequent coincidence gave rise to the popular notion or prediction. Swift, somewhere accounts for the approbation of a book, by its author flattering the reader's opinion; but, to prove that our commendation is not thus grounded we quote another extract of much graphic beauty. The author dates his preface from a "Bank of the Thames"—probably of the district which he thus describes:—

"One of the most favourable places in England for hearing the song of the petty chaps, and, indeed, the songs of those birds, generally, that frequent the richer districts, is the left bank of the Thames, from Hampton Court to Richmond Bridge; and it is not very easy to imagine a finer treat to the lover of freshness, and sound, and evening scenery, than a walk (wheels and hoofs jar mightily in a concert of birds) between those places on a fine night in the end of May; and if moonlight, so much the better. Until the sun be down, there is a great deal of noise and chirping, but not much music; but when the evening softens the air, and the lime and the walnut take the lead among the perfumes of the evening, as you pass the lee of them in that gentle motion of the air which wafts sweetness, but does not wave leaves, the song of the night—the real vesper of nature begins; and though broken in upon at times by the baying of a watch dog, the bellowing of an ox, the bleating of a sheep, or the tinkle of a sheep bell, it is none the worse; nor do the monitor sounds of the clock, as they come muttered through the trees, at all diminish the interest, but rather mingle with it the melancholy memento, that, fine as it is, you can enjoy it but for a time; or the more useful one, that you should seize the phenomena of every moment for instruction, according to the mood you may be in. The freshness, the checkered light through the trees, the occasional glimpse of the river dancing in the reflected moonbeam, like living silver, put you in mind that it is not a pond that stagnates and mantles, and scatters *miasma* and infection, but a rolling flood which wafts riches, and and scatters fertility and health; the lights from palace, and villa, and cottage, and those joyous sounds which come ever and anon, to remind you that for all that has been done and suffered, it is 'merry England' still; the dark shadow of some thick and stately tree that throws you, your path, and all around, into a momentary eclipse, or the trailing mark of some limber poplar, as though it were the tail of a comet, lustreless and flung dark, yet unsubstantial upon the earth:—But you are in no humour to look even at the half-revealed beauties of one of the richest districts in the world, rendered doubly rich by the Rembrandt shades of the greater masses of matter, in contrast with the 'silver orb,' seen at intervals, through the upper sprays and leaves, or its more retiring reflection from the water, in the openings among the thick stems and dark foliage below; for the nightingale is on the topmost bough in the coppice, and small as he is, his voice is heard as far as that of a muezzin from the top of a minaret. There he does not sing alone, for in that thickly-wooded and well-watered district—a district which is the land of Goshen to the insect-discovering birds—he has a rival in every coppice, and, in some places, almost upon every tree; and as though the note of each comes to the ear of a listener differently pitched and toned, according to the mass of air through which its pulsations have to be propagated, the two which are in strife which shall 'win the dame,' or charm her the most after she is won, are equally loud to each other. No combination of the letters of the alphabet can give even a notion of the song of the nightingale—of any of the songs, for he has not only more notes than any other bird, but has absolutely a cabinet of music; and though there be a wonderful melody in them all, some are so unlike the others,

that one could with difficulty believe that they are uttered by the same bird. It is vain, however, to attempt describing the music of that minstrel; those who are familiar with it, would, of course, laugh at the most laboured delineation; and to those who are not, description is little better than playing an air to the deaf, or painting a rose-bud to the blind."

We ought to mention that a considerable portion of the volume is occupied by the natural economy of birds, the author considering them "from their greater powers of locomotion, the best animated indexes to the seasons." He does not bow to ill-founded prejudices, or bend to the mere authority of great names: for example, in the question of the cuckoo and hedge-sparrow, the valuable authority of Dr. Jenner (in the *Philosophical Transactions*,) is not quoted.

The work is elegantly printed, and illustrated with several well-engraved cuts of British birds.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

It was on the fifth of August that the Wadds took possession of their new mansion at Turnham Green. On the sixth (Friday), as the clock struck five, and just as they were sitting down to dinner, the stage-coach stopped at the door. The servant announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wadd, and Master Tom. Rufus Wadd stood like one transfixed—like his royal namesake, if you please. "By Jingo, Rufus," exclaimed his cousin Bob, "you are at the most convenient distance!—delightful! Fine afternoon, nothing to do, at half-past three Betsy and I took it into our heads to come down, no sooner said than done. Capital loin of veal that, upon my word. Took little Tom with us,—Tom, my dear, don't be picking the edges of that tart, they'll give you some presently,—jumped into a Turnham Green coach at the Goose and Gridiron, and here we are, just in pudding-time." There was no parrying this blow; but Rufus resolved to avail himself of the sweetest vengeance that occurred to him: knowing that his visiters were fond of a little of the kidney, he swallowed the whole of it himself.—"Capital port this, Rufus. Now see, Betsy, my dear, 'tis, as I told you, a most convenient distance—plenty of time to take one's wine comfortably, get a cup of—Ha! where's Tom? O, I see him among the strawberries." (Rufus's heart sank within him.) "Can't leave the little fellow with you to-night, but he shall come and spend a month with you before we lose the fine weather: nice distance for the boy. As I was saying, time to take our wine and coffee; at half-past eight the stage calls for us, and at ten, there we are at home. Charming distance, isn't it, Betsy, my dear?"—Half-past eight came, and the guests went. This won't do, thought Rufus; but he not only thought it, he said it, and swore it too. That night he slept not.

The next day (Saturday) he gave strict charge to the servants that, if any one should come to dinner, they were to say the family were all out. The order happened to be needless, for no one did come, and Rufus began to resume his usual good humour. At eight o'clock a stage-coach drove up to the gate, and down jumped a little, round, red, fat man, with a small portmanteau in his hand. "*Who—the—devil—is—that*, and what can he want?" It was Mr. Wobble, the underwriter, one of the pleasantest fellows in the——city, and one whom Mr. Wadd was always delighted to see——at other people's houses. "Ha! Wadd, my boy! Mrs. W. I'm yours. Ha! Miss Jemima! Delightful house, I declare—comes up to all I have heard of it! *And* the distance! Stage sets you down at the very door, *the—very—door*. Nice house, indeed, and—Bow, wow, wow—that 'll never do; you must chain up that dog to-night, Wadd; I can't sleep in a house where there is a dog barking."—"Sleep!" echoed Wadd; "why surely you are not come to sleep here?"—"I'm not come to lie awake all night, I can tell you that. Ha! ha! ha! you know my way: I always take the bull by the horns. Ha! ha! ha! first come, first served. Ha! ha! ha! you may have the house full to-morrow—Sunday, you know—and then Sam Wobble might come off second best. But don't put yourselves out of the way; any thing will do for me; a garret, any thing, only let me have a good bed and plenty of pillows. I leave that to you, my dear Mrs. W. I have a short neck, and must sleep with my head high, else I might go off suddenly in the night, and a funeral in a newly-furnished house would make such a mess, wouldn't it, Wadd? I suppose you have dined? So have I. I know you are supping-people, so I

dined early. Well, I'll just go and make myself comfortable, and come down to you. Charming house—delightful distance, I declare!"—"Where can we put him?" inquired Mrs. Wadd; "we can't turn him out now he *is* here."—"There is the blue bed," replied Wadd, "it has never been slept in, and may require airing, in case I should want to use it myself; the very thought of a damp bed makes me tremble, so put him into that."

The next day was, as Mr. Wobble had sagely foretold it would be, Sunday, a day of all others dearest to Rufus Wadd, who liked to have his time, as indeed, he liked to have every thing else—to himself. But to him this "Sabbath was no day of rest." The twelve o'clock coach brought Mr. and Mrs. William Wadd, who *apologised* for not getting down in time to breakfast, the distance being so short it was shameful to lose the fine of the morning; but then the one o'clock coach made ample amends to the amiable host, for it brought Mr. Parkins (the currier), and his son, just in time for luncheon.—"The distance is so convenient," observed the latter, "that one can calculate one's time to a moment; and then the luxury of being set down at the very door!" I'll set fire to the house, thought Rufus. The next conveyance introduced Peter Wadd. "I'm sorry your wife is not with you," said Rufus, putting the best face he could on the matter, yet heartily glad at seeing him *solus*. "You know how it is, Rufus; women are never ready; but as the distance is positively not worth mentioning, I left them to come by themselves by the next stage."—"*Them!!*"—"O—ay—the two Miss Praters are staying with with us, so we couldn't do less than invite them to come with us. As I said to Jane, where two can dine three can dine, and——besides you can make an addition to your provision with so little difficulty at this charming place—you are at such a convenient distance!"

These two or three days are types of most of those which followed. Mr. Wadd saw his projects frustrated, his hopes of leisure and retirement destroyed. He was seldom left alone, except when he would have given one of his ears for society—that was when it rained a deluge, and he was constrained to remain in-doors, and seek amusement in beating the devil's tattoo with his fingers on the plate-glass windows of his front parlour, or watching the little circles, made by the little rain-drops, in the little cistern wherein Cupid stood.

His temper, his patience, his health, and perhaps his income, would not much longer have held out against the daily importations of visiters, consigned to him through the medium of those moving lazar-houses, the Turnham Green stages, carrying only six inside; and he began to think of stealing a mile or two lower down the road. One morning at breakfast, while Rufus was reading the Morning Post, Mrs. Wadd and Jemima were alarmed at hearing a sort of a rattling sound in the good man's throat. The paper had fallen from his hand, and a piece of toast was sticking in his mouth: he was within an ace of choking, but their attentions presently revived him. He spoke not, but pointed to the paragraph which had so fearfully affected him. It ran as follows: "We are happy to learn that four Omnibuses, each carrying sixteen inside, will run daily between the City and Turnham Green."

It is supposed that Mr. Rufus Wadd is gone with his family to reside at one of the most distant settlements on the Swan River.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MUSIC OF BIRDS.

It is not in towns, amid the discordant sounds of artificial life, that the simple denizens of air can be listened to with advantage. The outskirts of a country village in a champaign country, where trees and copses are numerous, but not dense (for song-birds affect neither the wood nor the wild), is the place where these companions of the spring are truly at home; and he who would most exquisitely enjoy their untaught warblings, must wake when they wake. In the heat of noon-tide, when the insect tribe are on the wing, the birds are too busy in procuring subsistence to attend to play. Then it is that the call of business is imperative, in the country as in the town; and the merry lark chants not to the idle, but to the industrious. The morning is the time for enjoying the song of birds; and he who would hear it in perfection, must not grudge to watch for it the livelong night. It is only in this way that the first starting note of the joyous concert, as well as its dying fall, can be heard. The nightingale is said to sing her amorous descant all night long; but there are not a few that go far to rival her in this respect. The thrush will often be heard after twilight has far advanced; and later in the season, the song of the robin echoes round the cottage, when, from the dim decaying light, the body of the warbler can no longer be seen. Most of the

other song-birds cease their notes when the disk of the sun sinks behind the western hills. About half-past nine the thrush begins to nod on the bough (we speak of those latitudes to which Philomel comes not,) the only sound that strikes the ear from the time that she has ceased to charm it, is the cry of the land-rail. It is wonderful how brief is the interruption to the not unpleasing "craik" of this singular bird. We have heard it until within a quarter of twelve, and it sounded again by half-past twelve. This was in a part of the island where, in the middle of June, there is twilight even at the noon of night. By one o'clock, or a very little after, there may be distinguished a few faint twitters at intervals. These are the gathering-call of the lark. At first it does not soar as it sings; the sound is as it were the dream of its day-song. By two, it springs from the dewy daisy which had bent under its breast, to greet the sun from the gates of heaven. For some time the early chorister is unaccompanied. Gradually, however, as it rises, the light increases; the cold blue streak in the far north-east begins to change to red; the breath of morn blows cool; the ruddy glow shoots upward; at length the golden rim of the glorious sun touches the horizon; and in an instant, as if roused by an electric shock, one universal matin-hymn bursts from every tree and bush, as far round as the ear can drink in the notes. The change from the solitary voicing of the lark to the universal chorus, in which

"The linnet, chaffinch, bulfinch, goldfinch, greenfinch,
And all the finches of the grove,"

as *Tilburina* has it, bear their part, is exquisitely pleasing. For it may be noticed, that how various soever may be the notes of singing birds, they all harmonize; there is infinite diversity of tone and of tune, but there is no discord. This universal burst of song continues for about a quarter of an hour, and then the silence becomes almost as perfect as it was before it was broken by the appearance of the sun. The little people having offered up their morning thanks, disperse in search of food; and though the parts of the chorus are taken up by numerous detached pipes in the course of the day, the whole is not rehearsed until another sun has once more given the signal. To those who would investigate the songs of particular birds, the evening is the best time; for as the calm hour approaches, they one by one drop into silence, and their several excellencies may be the more easily appreciated. But if our readers, who have now the liberty which the charge of catering for their amusement denies to ourselves, of rambling over the fields, would hear the whole, they must do as we have been pointing out—watch a summer night for that purpose. —*Spectator*.

Fine Arts.

THE MOSAIC PAVEMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The mosaic pavement was done by Richard de Ware, Abbot of Westminster, in the year 1260, who brought from Rome the stones, and workmen to set them. It is much admired; and there were letters round it in brass, which composed Latin words. The design of the figures that were in it was to represent the time the world was to last, or the *primum mobile*, according to the Ptolemaic system, was going about, and was contained in some verses formerly to be read on the pavement, relating to those figures. The following explication is given of them:—If the reader will prudently revolve all these things in his mind, he will find them plainly refer to the end of the world. The threefold hedge is put for three years, the time a day hedge usually stood; a dog for three times that space, or nine years, it being taken for the time that creature usually lives; a horse, in like manner, for twenty-seven; a man, for eighty-one; a hart, two hundred and forty-three; a raven, seven hundred and twenty-nine; an eagle, two thousand one hundred and eighty-seven; a great whale, six thousand five hundred and sixty-one; the world, nineteen thousand six hundred, and eighty-three;—each succeeding figure giving a term of years, imagined to be the time of their continuance, three times as much as that before it. In the four last verses, the time when the work was performed, and the parties concerned in it, are expressed: that King Henry the Third was at the charge; that the stones were purchased at Rome; that one Oderick was the master-workman; and that the Abbot of Westminster (who procured the materials) had the care of the work.

ANCIENT LEGENDARY SCULPTURES.

Along the frieze of the screen of St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, are fourteen legendary sculptures, respecting the Confessor. The first is the trial of Queen Emma; the next, the birth of Edward; another is his corona-

tion; the fourth tells us how our saint was frightened into the abolition of the Dane-gelt, by his seeing the devil dance upon the money-casks; the fifth is the story of his winking at the thief who was robbing his treasure; the sixth is meant to relate the appearance of our Saviour to him; the seventh shows how the invasion of England was frustrated by the drowning of the Danish King; in the eighth is seen the quarrel between the boys Tosti and Harold, predicting their respective fates; in the ninth sculpture is the Confessor's vision of the seven sleepers; the tenth, how he meets St. John the Evangelist, in the guise of a pilgrim; the eleventh, how the blind were cured by their eyes being washed in his dirty water; the twelfth, how St. John delivers to the pilgrims a ring; in the thirteenth they deliver the ring to the King, which he had unknowingly given to St. John as an alms, when he met him in the form of a pilgrim,—this was attended with a message from the Saint, foretelling the death of the King; and the fourteenth shows the consequential haste made by him to complete his pious foundation.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

IRISH POLLING.

ENTER an octogenarian, staggering, preceded by his landlord, strutting. Landlord (to Sheriff's Deputy)—"Please to poll this man, Michael Moss." Deputy—"Silence in the court! (He opens the book.) Michael Moss."—Moss *(hiccupping)*—"Micky is my name, Purty Micky Moss." Deputy—"Value 50*l.*—house and lands—parish of St. Margaret's—date of laise, 9th May, 1820. Misthur Moss, stand up, sir, if you please." Mr. Moss stands up as well as he is able. Deputy—"For whom do you vote, Misther Moss?" Moss—"For Lord Brabazon and the brave Colonel White." Deputy—"Sit down, Mr. Moss, and don't go away." Moss—"Oh, never *fare*, I am no runaway." Deputy—"Is there any objection to Mr. Moss's vote?" An Attorney—"I will send up an objection in the name of Mr. Hamilton, that he dthrunk too much punch." Another Attorney—"Ordthur Micky a pint of punch." Deputy—"Mr. Moss, you may go away." Exit Mr. Moss.—*Morning Herald.*

In William Hunter's Memoir is the following:—

"When he invited his younger friends to his table, they were seldom regaled with more than two dishes; when alone, he rarely sat down to more than one: he would say, '*A man who cannot dine on this, deserves to have no dinner.*' After the meal, his servant (who was also the attendant on the anatomical theatre) used to hand round a single glass of wine to each of his guests. These trifles are mentioned as a trait of the old manner of professional life, and as a feature of the man who devoted seventy thousand pounds to create a museum for the benefit of posterity."

DEATH.—A FRAGMENT.

DEATH flaps his wings
Over the haughty and the lowly train,
And as the monarch eagle, first in might
Preys on the feather'd tribe—without respect
To kind, age, quality, or strength. So Death
Preys on mortality and man; making
The empire of the earth his own!

CYMBELINE.

AN ECLIPSE.

THE Marchioness of Hastings, when in India, observed that one of her female attendants absented herself during an eclipse of the moon. On inquiry whither she had been, the woman answered, that "she had been paying the cobbler, for that it was quite dark." Not perceiving what connexion the darkness had with the payment, her ladyship naturally required a solution of the mystery. "Oh," said the simple creature, "it is an old story: a long while ago, they borrowed nails and a piece of leather of a cobbler, to nail over the moon. The cobbler never was repaid; so I have been with the rest to pay our share of money to the priest."

Literary Gazette.

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OF

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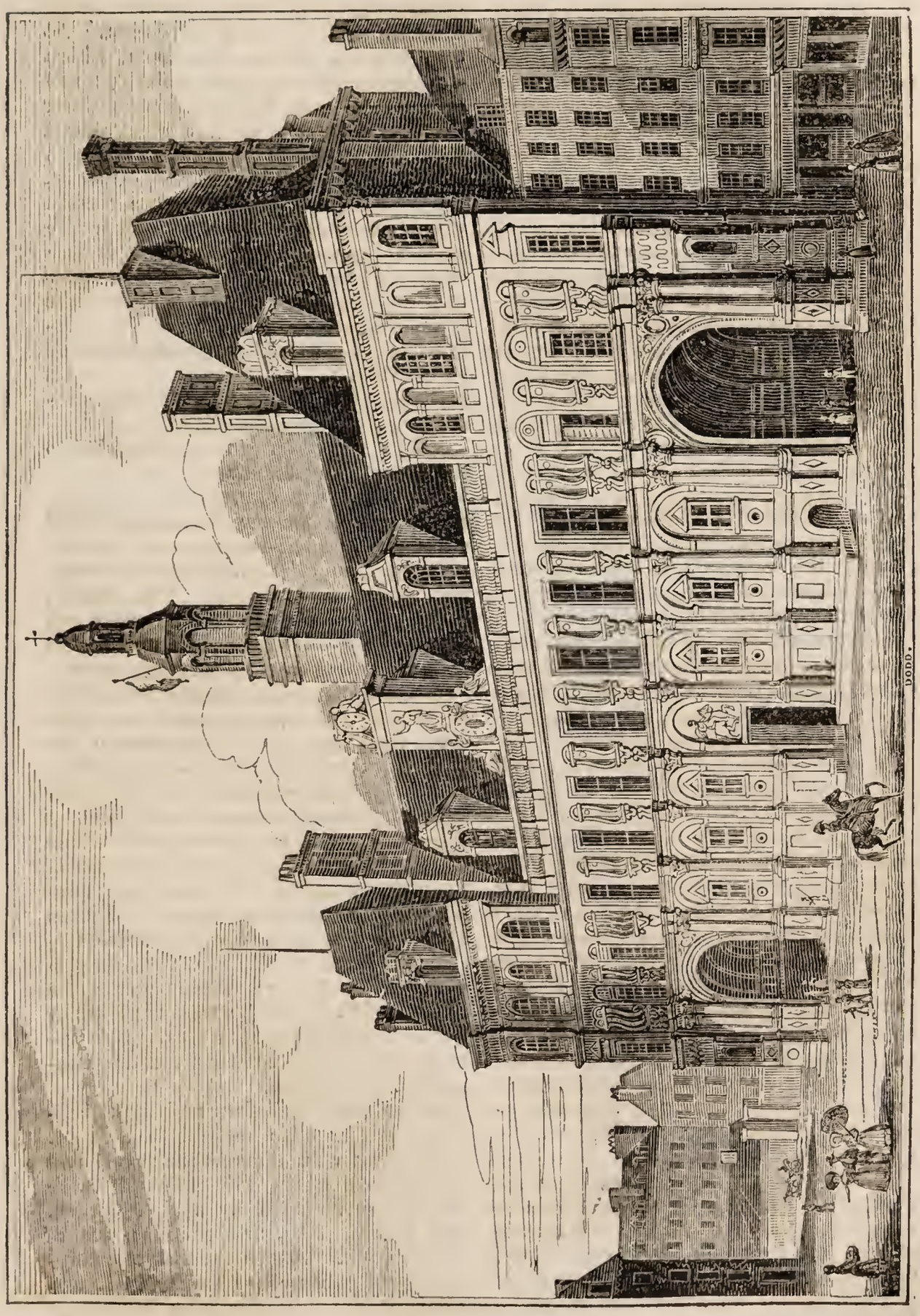

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

This is the Guild Hall of the City of Paris. It is situated in the *Place de Grève,* on the North Bank of the River Seine. It is a place of some importance in the revolutionary annals of France, and was one of the warmly contested positions during the struggles of the 28th and 29th of July last.

The history of the place is as follows:

"The first stone was laid July 15, 1533, by Pierre de Viole, *prévôt des marchands,* The front was raised to the second story. in the Gothic style; but a taste for the fine arts, which had long flourished in Italy, beginning to dawn upon France, the whimsical forms of Gothic architecture fell into disrepute. In 1549, Dominick Boccadoro, surnamed Cortona, an Italian architect, presented a new plan to Henry II. which was adopted; but the building proceeded slowly, and was not completed till the reign of Henry IV. in 1605, under the celebrated *prévôt* François Miron. The architecture of the Hôtel de Ville presents nothing remarkable, except that it is one of the first buildings in Paris which displayed a return to regularity of forms, and a correct style of decoration. The flight of steps leading to the vestibule is grand; the vestibule is spacious, and the porticoes are very convenient. Their decorations, as well as the sculptures of the staircase, are admirably executed. Over the principal entrance, in the semicircular black marble pediment, was a bas-relief in bronze, by Biard, representing Henry IV. on horseback. This was torn down during the war *de la Fronde,* restored by the son of Biard, destroyed during the revolution, and renewed in plaster in 1814. The clock cost an immense sum. It is the work of Lepaute, and may be considered one of the best in Europe. At night it is lighted by a *lampe parabolique,* so that the hour may constantly be seen. The court is surrounded with porticoes, which support the building. Upon the marble frieze were inscriptions in golden letters, which marked the principal events in the life of Louis XIV. from his marriage, in 1659, to 1689. There were also inscriptions of the most striking events in the reign of Louis XV. The court was likewise ornamented with medallions representing portraits of the *prévôts* and the *échevins.* In this court is a bronze statue, by Coysevox, of Louis XIV. dressed *à la Grecque,* but with a court wig; it stands on a pedestal of white marble, which formerly was embellished with ornaments, and bore an inscription.

"If this edifice bears no proportion to the present extent and magnificence of Paris, we must consider that the city has been more than doubled in size and population since the middle of the sixteenth century; and luxury and magnificence have increased in a much greater proportion.

"The Hôtel de Ville was the theatre of violent disorders during the war *de la Fronde,* and also at the revolution. At the latter period its apartments, which contained many valuable paintings and ornaments, were stripped of every thing that could call to mind a monarchical government. The spirit of destruction which then reigned respected, however, the twelve months of the year, carved in wood, in one of the rooms near the *grande salle.* At this period it was called *Maison Commune,* and the busts of Marat and Chalier were placed in the grand hall. Destined afterwards to inferior uses, this edifice seemed devoted to oblivion, when, in 1801, the project was formed of establishing in it the prefecture of the department.

"The execution of this project led to the complete restoration of the Hôtel de Ville, which was effected under the direction of Molinos, with equal skill and celerity. The building was considerably enlarged; to effect which, the Hôpital and church du St. Esprit, and the church of St. Jean en Grève, were added. Upon the return of Louis XVIII. the emblems of the reigning dynasty were restored.

"The ground-floor of the church du St. Esprit is now transformed into a spacious vestibule, destined to receive the king when he visits the Hôtel de Ville; a grand staircase leads from it to the *appartement d'honneur,* formed out of the upper part of the church. The *salle de Saint Jean,* the only remains of the church dedicated to that Saint, presents a vast parallelogram, lighted from above, and decorated with twelve Corinthian columns, behind which is a gallery. This room was fitted up after the designs of F. Blondel, and is admired for the beauty of its proportions. It is appropriated to the drawing for the conscripts.

"The *Grand Salle* forms a banqueting-room, where civic festivals are given. It is hung with superb crimson velvet paper, ornamented with golden *fleurs de lis,* and surrounded by a rich border. The chairs, sofas, and curtains, are of crimson silk. Above the two chimney-pieces are pictures of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. The latter was given by the king to the city, and is a masterpiece in resemblance and execution. In no

other picture is the imitation of velvet, silk, feathers, and ornaments, so natural. When lighted up by eight rich lustres, suspended from the ceiling, this room is extremely magnificent. Upon grand occasions, when splendid civic entertainments are given, temporary rooms are formed at the Hôtel de Ville by covering in the courts." *

The etymology of the *Place de Grève* is thus explained: the word *Grève* signifies a strand, or shore; the name therefore implies its contiguity to the Seine. Louis VII., by letters patent, dated 1141, ordered that the *Place quæ Grævia dicitur prope Sequanam*, should remain open, and without any buildings, for the convenience of the public, in consideration of the sum of seventy livres, which he had received from the citizens, *a Burgensibus suis de Grævia*. The Place formerly possessed a handsome fountain, of which Louis XIII. laid the first stone in 1624, with much ceremony. It was from this fountain which was demolished in 1674, that wine flowed for the populace at public rejoicings.

The *Place de Grève* has long been the spot where criminals are executed. The punishment of death is rare in Paris, and the only mode of inflicting it now allowed by the laws of France is by the guillotine. The first person who suffered here was Marguerite Porette, burnt for heresy in 1310. Allusion is made to this celebrated spot in Prior's humorous song of the Thief and the Cordelier, which begins

Who has e're been at Paris must needs know the *Grêve*,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave.

We have already alluded to the identity of the Hôtel de Ville with the recent struggles. It was one of the places attacked by the Parisians early on Wednesday the 28th. One of the accounts (*the Spectator*) says "From the Porte St. Martin, the mob and boys of the Polytechnic School proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, which was held by a band of Swiss; where, after a murderous attack, continued until near nightfall, the possession remained in the hands of its first occupants. The assailants at one time had possession of the hôtel; but the Swiss were reinforced by a party of Lancers, Guards, and Gensdarmes; and they were compelled to relinquish it. The slaughter in the narrow space was very great—not less on both sides than ten or twelve hundred fell." Again, on Thursday, "The first point of attack was the *Place de Grève*, where the Hôtel de Ville, so unsuccessfully attacked on Wednesday, was still held by the Swiss. The bands which attacked this point were marshalled and led by the Polytechnic boys. They captured the place after an obstinate resistance; the defenders were almost wholly cut to pieces." Again, in an extremely well-written narrative of "The Three Days at Paris," (also in the *Spectator*,) "It appears that the Hôtel de Ville, which was the head-quarters of the fight on the 28th, was won and lost more than once during the day. I have since examined the scene of conflict.—The façade of the Hôtel de Ville, and the front of the opposite houses, attest, by many a star, the smartness of the engagement." All these circumstances *conspire* to render the Hôtel de Ville a place of some interest at the present moment.

We ought to mention that our Engraving is from a Series of Picturesque Views in "Paris and its Environs," now in course of publication.* The drawings have been taken under the direction of Mr. A. Pugin, expressly for this work; and, by the courtesy of the Publishers we are thus enabled to represent the Hôtel de Ville, in its present state, save and except the ball "stars" to which the Parisian correspondent of the *Spectator* has alluded.

* History of Paris, 8vo. vol. ii.

* By Messrs. Jennings and Chaplin, Cheapside.

MODE OF FISHING FOR PEARLS IN THE EAST INDIES.

There are two seasons for pearl-fishing: the first is in March and April, the last in August and September. At the commencement of the season, there are sometimes 250 barks on the banks. The larger barks have two divers, and the smaller one. As soon as they have cast anchor, each diver binds a stone, six inches thick and a foot long, under his body, which serves him as ballast, and prevents him being driven away by the motion of the waves. They also tie another stone to one foot, by which they are speedily sent to the bottom of the sea; and as the oysters are usually fastened to the rocks, they case their hands with leather mittens, to prevent their being wounded in pulling them violently off; but this task some perform with an iron rake. In the last place, each diver carries down with him a large net, tied to his neck by a cord, the other end of which is fastened to the boat. This net is to hold the oysters, and the cord is to pull up the diver when his bag is full, or he wants air. In this equipage he some-

times precipitates himself sixty feet under water; and as he has no time to lose, he soon arrives at the bottom: then he begins to run from side to side, tearing up all the oysters he meets with, and cramming them into his budget.

At whatever depth the divers are, the light is so great that they easily perceive what passes in the sea; and to their consternation, sometimes discover monstrous fishes, from which all their address in thickening the water, &c. will not always save them; and of all the dangers of the fishing, this is one of the greatest and most usual.

The best divers will keep under water nearly half an hour, and the rest do not stay less than a quarter. During this time they hold their breath without the use of oils, or any other liquors, only acquiring the habit by long and early practice. When they find themselves exhausting, they pull the rope to which the bag is fastened, and hold fast by it with both hands, when those in the bark taking the signal, heave them up, and unload them of their fish, which is sometimes five hundred oysters, and sometimes not above fifty.

Some of the divers need a moment's respite, to recover breath; others jump in again instantly, continuing this violent exercise without intermission for several hours. D. R.

THE "LUMS" OF WESTMORELAND.

"But Bonson Wood perhaps them all excels,
Both for its scenery and its Kettle Wells;—
From a high rock the crystal waters flow
Into the deep and beauteous lums below."
The Westmoreland Poet.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

A FORMER volume contains a cursory notice of these romantic "lums," as they are termed, but, as I am given to think it was a very unbecoming abbreviation, I am induced to pen a more faithful history of their beauties. They are formed out of the solid rock (by the incessant motion of the waters), into which the delicious stream pours from a sloping cataract. The water is quite transparent; and though some of these holes are very deep, you may distinctly perceive the bottom, and watch the freaks of the numerous trouts, which being well fed by the shoals of minnows that are swept in by the floods, are not easily taken by a bait. These lums are always seated beneath a rock of gradual declivity, whose surface is surprisingly smooth—so that, in fact, the stream glides over it into the abyss beneath in silent motion. It is amusing to observe the trout, during a fine summer evening, leap up and down the cascade in exultation. I have frequently shot them during their avocations; and I have taken them in a net, in large numbers.

The *Kettle Wells* are two lums, situated in Bonson's Wood, near Stanmore, which are not surpassed for Elysian beauty. The fall of the water into the first well is inconsiderable; but that continually empties itself into the lum below, over a smooth precipice of thirty feet. A continual rumbling noise is heard in the latter well, occasioned by the descending torrent striking against the opposite rocks. I have frequently bathed in these delightful places, and have amused myself by sliding *a posteriori* down the rock into the *Wells*. The circumference of the last lum is very great, and the effect is greatly heightened by overhanging foliage. The stream flows through the wood, and finally empties itself in the river Eden.

I should add, that these lums bear a slight resemblance to a tea-kettle.

W. H. H.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I SOMETIME since sent you an account of moneys expended for the Custom House and Post Office in London, which you inserted at page 13 of your present volume; as an addendum to which, the following statement of the amount expended on account of the reparation of Windsor Castle may not be uninteresting to your readers. It has been as follows—viz.

In 1824 ..	£31,237	6	8
1825 ..	85,655	7	7
1826 ..	101,446	2	11
1827 ..	141,609	19	4
1828 ..	86,309	2	6
To Lady Day 1829 ..	25,988	5	7
	£472,246	4	7
Computed to be due at Christmas 1829	60,000	0	0
Further to Midsummer 1830....	32,000	0	0
Estimates for further indispensable Works	148,796	0	0
And for suggested Improvements ..	340,000	0	0
Making a total of ..	£1,053,042	4	7

J. M.

PALMS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Your correspondent, *G. K.* who writes on the "Sympathy and Antipathy of Plants," inserted in the *Mirror*, of July 3, has extended his subject to a greater length than he can prove.

G. K. informs us that a female palm will not produce fruit unless it is properly placed by the male tree; he has not told us what is a proper situation, or why it is so indispensably requisite; but he has left these points in a glorious uncertainty. But *G. K.* is wrong in his assertion: it is well known to many scientific men, that female palms do produce fruit, although fruit so produced seldom ripens, nor will they germinate; but this is a common occurrence with all seed which have not been impregnated by the pollen, or fertilizing dust of the male, because without this dust no germ is founded. The experiment which I shall relate, occurs in the 47th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and which I consider quite satisfactory. There was a palm tree in the garden of the Royal Academy, Berlin, which flowered and bore fruit for thirty years, but never ripened, and when planted did not germinate, as the flowers of this female tree were never impregnated with the farina of the male, there being no male plant in the garden. At Leipsic, twenty miles from Berlin, was a male plant of this kind, from which a branch of male flowers were produced and suspended over the female palm at Berlin. This experiment was so successful that this tree produced more than a hundred perfectly ripe fruit, from which they had eleven young palms. On repeating the experiment the next year, it produced above two thousand ripe fruit.

Whether these plants love each other or not, I shall not decide; it is evident that they were intended by nature to grow near each other; but whether she has endowed them with that sublimest of passions, I leave to the good sense of others to determine.

Deptford. Z. T. V—s.*

* We have abridged this communication, by omitting our correspondent's well-meaning introductory observations. *G. K.'s* assertion certainly requires qualification; but we do not consider his statement to be utterly disproved.—Ed.

EPIGRAM.

"Ah! cruel wretch!" indignant Damon said:
"'Tis plain you wish your elder brother dead."
"Nay, God forbid!" quoth Tom; "Not I, sir, never;
Those we wish dead, 'tis said, live on for ever."

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER, No. III.

The Story of a Life.

Awaking with a start.
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices. I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on oceans' foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail. Byron.

Among the survivors of the melancholy and remarkable shipwreck of the *Bonne Esperance** was a man for whom I felt, I hardly know why, a deep interest. It has been said, the proper study of mankind is man. I certainly consider the countenance to be the index to the mind; and there was something in the bronzed, manly face of Arthur Havell which awakened all my attention: he was oppressed with melancholy, and seemed to shrink from mankind from other and stronger causes than those that may influence the mere moody misanthrope.

A lofty eminence, composing the termination or point of Brynmorre, a mountain which ran some miles inland, overlooked the beautiful bay of Torwich. A broad natural road, on the level turf, ran for several miles along the summit of the mountain, terminating in this peak; and I used often to stroll thither to enjoy the vast and splendid landscape spread out like a map below me. A singular rock, flanked by a large pile of stones—the relics of Druidical times—formed my post; and more than once I found Havell, apparently unconscious of external objects, seated at this spot. One afternoon, in the early part of September, we accidentally met there. The day had been unusually fine;—the sea, studded with ships, and hardly excited by a gentle breeze, looked like a vast plain of molten silver; whilst the declining sun threw the lofty peaks and convulsed scenery of the western portion of the coast into fine relief. We were both engaged in watching the movements of a grampus, which often attracted my attention in the bay. Our conversation for some time related to various topics connected with the sea, till at last it turned insensibly on Havell

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. pp. 403—8.

himself. There was, probably, something about me that attracted his confidence—the moment was an exciting one; and he gradually, and with many pauses, related some passages in the story of his life. I give it nearly in his own words:

"I was born near Linton, in North Devon. Though I have not been there for thirty years, yet the recollection of it is as vivid and fresh in my memory as on the day when I first left home. My father was the mate of the Fair Trader, a Bristol West India brig, and consequently passed little time with us. He was the last survivor of a numerous family, who had all been, like him, seafaring men: all lost their lives at different periods by that treacherous element; and I recollect, when I was about ten years old, my mother's distress at the loss of the Fair Trader, which was supposed to have foundered at sea, as neither the brig, nor one of her hands, was ever heard of more. My father's death was a sad calamity to us. I was the eldest of five brothers, and my mother was left without a shilling for our support. But our neighbours were kind; and a brother of hers died about this time, who left us a half-share in a fishing-boat, by the aid of which, and making nets, we contrived to live. As I was too young yet to be of much service in the boat, they sent me to sea first, as a cabin boy, in a Mediterranean trader. The captain took a fancy to me, and taught me navigation; and I continued in her till I was eighteen, when she was lost in a gale of wind, when inwards off Lundy. I now returned home, to assist my family in the fishery, and found my brother Charley grown as tall and manly as myself. We were all blessed with good health; and if we had few comforts, we had few wants. I well remember the day of my return—all the village were delighted to see me. A wild and romantic spot is Limouth and Linton; the Valley of Rocks is singularly interesting. My brothers were all brought up fishermen except Tom, who was in an Ilfracombe pilot boat. We had now a boat of our own, which we called the Five Brothers, and they used to go to sea with me by turns. One evening, it was the 18th of August—I remember it well—it was Charley's turn to be with me. The day had been very moist and sultry. The sun, which was near going down as we pushed off in the boat, lit up the land and sea with a wild and supernatural glare; the wind was light, but came in sudden and uncertain squalls, as if it were trying its strength before some mighty onset. The vapours in the horizon became gradually too much for the sun, and some time before he disappeared, his lower limb only was visible, glaring out with a frowning and ominous appearance.

"'A wild roving night, lads!' sung out William Luscombe, a neighbour seaman, who had also pushed off with his boat as we were hoisting our lug—'it would be more wise, I reckon, if we keep close, for yon sky is full of mischief.' Would that I had listened to his advice! Charley was strongly for returning; but, I hardly know why, I pertinaciously opposed him, and the wind soon carried us out. As we made way, we almost forgot the cause of dispute in the management of the boat. The sun had not long disappeared before the deepening furrows, the broken swell and white snowy foam on the sea, excited by the violence of the wind, which came in heavy squalls, gave us warning to return. I never recollect its getting dark so suddenly, at the same season, as on that night. The little boat scudded gallantly along, cresting the waves like a bird; and as it now blew a stiffish gale, I put her head about, and reduced our canvass to a few feet: indeed, accustomed as I had been all my life to the alternations of a nautical existence, I felt the blood mantle in my cheeks when I reflected on the danger I had wilfully brought poor Charley into. He kept at the helm; and, seated on one of the thwarts, I minded the lug, and occasionally baled out the water which the boat shipped. 'We cannot now be far from shore, Charley,' said I; 'mother will give us a fine row for this night's work, though.' Before he could answer, we became distinctly sensible of the immense masses and tumultuous roar of the white breakers, which fell on the rocky beach with tremendous fury.—'Let go, Arthur—let go every thing!' shouted Charley. 'Oh God! we are lost!' he exclaimed, as a land squall took us aback, and we instantly went over, merged in the whirling masses of that raging sea. I instinctively seized one of the oars, and at the same instant a wave cast my brother forcibly against me. I convulsively grasped his hair with my left hand. 'Oh God! save me, Arthur—oh, my poor mother!' he said, as a heavy wave separated us with violence. I let go the oar, called on his name in agony, making a plunge after him in the dark sea—but he was gone! * * * How I got ashore I know not; but I was found at break of day lying,

bleeding and half senseless, amongst the bent which grew a short distance from high-water mark. The disfigured body of poor Charley had been washed to the top of the shingles, almost to my feet.

"After this, I pined for some time in deep melancholy, for I accused myself of my brother's death. Our cottage was situated at the termination of the valley, close under the lee of a bold rock, near the wild sea shore. I have often recalled, with a mixture of delight and anguish, the mountains, the dark cliffs, and rocky hollows of the land of my youth. The scenery once so loved became insupportable to me; and one night, as we were all sitting at home mending our nets, I told my mother I was resolved to go to sea again, if it were only for one voyage. 'The Almighty's will be done, Arthur,' said she; 'I am getting old now—but you have been a good son to me, so, if you must go, I won't be the person to oppose it.' On hearing this, my brother William, who had heard with delight my account of foreign climes, begged also that he might go with me this one voyage,—she would still have Harry, and Tom could be sent for to assist him in managing our boat. In short, a nameless impulse impelled me to join the lad's request, though contrary to my mother's will; and I wrote next day to the mate of the brig Ocean, of Bristol, with whom I was acquainted, to try to get berths for us in her next trip to Newfoundland. I was successful; and we sailed in a few weeks afterwards for that island. Our voyage out was unusually long—we had a succession of contrary winds, and some passengers on board brought a fever with them, which attacked several of the crew, who fell victims to it. Our voyage inwards seemed to compensate for the former delay. We were getting in southern latitudes, and had had a succession of favouring winds and clear skies, so that we made a very rapid run. I was at the wheel one afternoon, when the skipper, who was pacing the quarter-deck, according to his custom, drew my attention to a little mass of clouds, which was just visible in the horizon. It had first a conical shape, but gradually expanded, darkening in its hue every moment. 'We must make all snug, Havell,' was the experienced remark of Captain Stone, 'as sure as we're afloat we shall have a gale ere dark.' All hands were now busy in striking the masts, taking the royal and top-gallant yards on deck, and making every thing secure. The result justified the skipper's precaution, for a gale did come on about sunset, and a terrible gale it was;—the sky became rapidly overcast, and the storm came like a whirlwind, sweeping every thing before it on its desolating course. We were almost thrown on our beam-ends, and our storm-jib (which, with a close-reefed main-top-sail, was all the canvass we had out) were completely shivered by the first blast, carrying away the top-sail-yard also. I can spare you the description of a storm. We had prepared against the danger; and I should have felt little uneasiness, had not a boding and indefinable sensation of evil, excited probably by the dreadful recollection of the last storm I had been in, oppressed me the whole evening. My absence was such, that the ship yawed several times three or four points from her course while I had charge of the wheel. It would have been pitchy dark had it not been for the lightning, which was fearfully vivid and distinct. We drove on under bare poles, as perfectly helpless as man could be supposed to be when opposed to such a power. It was past midnight, and I had fancied the gale was somewhat moderating, when, during a very strong flash of lightning, one of the hands roared out—'Ship-a-head! starboard your helm! hard-a-starboard there!' I was just coming on deck with my brother, when these words sung in our ears like a death-knell. The ship was going ten or eleven knots, lurching heavily in the trough of the convulsed and deeply-agitated sea, which swept her deck clear from stem to stern. In another minute, before any one on board had time for thought, a rushing, whizzing sound—a deep and rapid commotion in the waters, was *felt* by every hand, and a large ship struck us, with a loud and terrific crash, on our weather-bow, with the most tremendous force, carrying every mast, every stick, clean away. Being checked thus suddenly on her course, she recoiled for an instant. The Ocean, reeling over till her lee-gunwale and deck were many feet under water, gave a violent lurch-a-head, which carried us again close to the other ship. I instantly seized my brother's hand, as we held fast by the bulwarks, and instinctively sprung on her deck—how I know not to this day. While in the act of following me, the Ocean reeled convulsively over, and my brother lost his footing: there was one wild yell of agony sent forth on the wings of the storm, and the ship went down head foremost, amidst an eddying gulf of boiling and hissing waters. The strange sail gathered way—there was a blank before me—I was the only living

soul out of seventeen. Merciful God! why was I reserved for this hour!"

His agitation became so great, that the sweat poured down from his forehead in big drops. He made a long pause.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

PROVINCIAL BALLADS.

GAVASTON ON DARTMOOR.*

'Twas a stern scene that lay beneath
The cold grey light of Autumn dawn;
Along the solitary heath
Huge ghost-like mists were drawn.

Amid that waste of loneliness,
A small tarn, black as darkness, lay,
Silent and still—you there would bless
The wild coot's dabbling play.

But not a sound rose there—no breeze
Stirr'd the dull wave or dusky sedge:
Sharp is the eye the line that sees
'Twixt moor and water's edge.

Yet on this spot of desertness
A human shape was seen;
It seemed to wear a peasant's dress,
But not with peasant's mien.

Now swift, now slow, the figure paced
The margin of the moorland lake,
Yet ever turn'd it to the East,
Where day began to wake:—

"Where lags the Witch? she will'd me wait
Beside this mere at daybreak hour,
When mingling in the distance sate
The forms of cloud and torr.

"She comes not yet—'tis a wild place—
The turf is dank—the air is cold;—
Sweeter, I ween, in kingly dais,
To kiss the circling gold.

"Sweeter, in courtly dance, to tell
Love-tales in lovely ears,
Or hear high placed in royal selle,
The crash of knightly spears.

"What would they say, who knew me then,
Teacher of that gay school,
To see me, guest of savage men,
Beside this Dartmoor pool?"—

He sate him down upon a stone—
A block of granite, damp and grey,—
Still to the East his eye was thrown,
Now colouring with the day.

He saw the first chill dawn-light fade—
The crimson flush to orange turn—
The orange take a deeper shade,
As tints more golden burn.

He saw the clouds all seam'd with light,
The hills all ridged with fire;
He saw the moor-fogs rifted bright,
As breaking to retire.

More near he saw the down-rush shake
Its silvery beard in morning's air;
And clear, though amber-tinged, the lake
Pictured its green reeds there.

He stoop'd him by the water's side,
And wash'd his feverish brow;
Then gazed, as if with childish pride,
Upon his face below.

But, while he looks, behold him start—
His cheek is white as death!
He cannot tear his eyes apart
From what he sees beneath.

It is the Witch of Sheepstor's face,
That grows from out his own!—
The eye meets his—he knows each trace—
And yet he sits alone.

Scarce could he raise his frighted eye
To glimpse the neighbouring ground,
When round the pool, white, dense, and high,
A wreath of fog was wound.

Next o'er the wave a shiver ran,
Without a breath of wind;
Then smooth it lay, though blank and wan,
Within its fleecy blind.

And o'er its face a single reed
Without a hand to guide it moved—
Who saw that slender rush, had need
More nerve than lance e'er proved!

Letters were form'd as on it pass'd,
Which still the lake retain'd;
And when the scroll was traced at last,
The reed fell dead, the lines remain'd!

On them the stranger's fix'd eyes cling,
To pierce their heart of mystery:
"*Fear not, thou favourite of a King,*
That humbled head shall yet be high!"

He scarce had read, a sudden breath
Swept o'er the pool and rased the lines;
The fogs dispersed, and bright beneath
The breezy water shakes and shines.

He look'd around—but none was near—
The sunbeams slept on moss and moor;
No living sound broke on his ear—
All look'd as lonely as before.

What had he given that hour to see
The meanest herdsman of the hill;
For, bright as seem'd the prophecy,
A shadow dimm'd his spirit still.

And well it might!—the wanderer there
Had stood too near an English throne—
Had breath'd too long in princely air—
He was the banish'd Gavaston!

Again he turn'd—again he grew
To the boy-bosom of his king—
Trod the proud halls his vain youth knew,
Heard woman's voice and minstrel's string.

But double was the story told
By those dark words of evil power;
And not Plantagenet could hold
The Fates back in their own strong hour.

Beside the block, his thoughts recall
That scene of mountain sorcery—
Too late;—for high on Warwick-wall,
In one brief hour, his head must be!
Oh, how should evil deeds end well,
Or happy fates be told from hell?

New Monthly Magazine.

* The celebrated favourite of our Edward II. During one of his banishments, it is said that he was for a long time concealed in the solitudes of Dartmoor. The scene of the poem is from an early recollection of one in that romantic wilderness

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SINGULAR SMITH.

Mr. John Smith is now a bachelor, on the young side of forty. He is in the prime of *that* happy period, ere the freedom of single blessedness has deteriorated into formality, that "last infirmity of noble" bachelors. Caps have been, and are now, set at him; but he is too shy a bird to be caught in nets of muslin, or imprisoned by the fragile

meshes of Mechlin lace. Widows wonder that he does not marry; wives think he should; and several disinterested maiden ladies advise him to think seriously of something of that sort; and he, always open to conviction, promises that he will do something of that kind. In fact, he has gone so far as to confess that it *is* melancholy, when he sneezes in the night, to have no one, night-capped and nigh, to say "God bless you!" If the roguish leer of his eye, in these moments of compunction, means anything, I am rather more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. One argument which he urges against committing matrimony is certainly undeniable—that there are Smiths enough in the world, without his aiding and abetting their increase and multiplication: he says he shall wait till the words of Samuel, "Now there was no Smith found throughout all Israel," are almost applicable throughout all England: and then he may, perhaps, marry. "Smiths", as he says, "are as plentiful as blackberries. Throw a cat out of every other window, from one end to the other of this metropolis, and it would fall on the head of *one* Smith. Rush suddenly round a corner, and knock down the first man you meet, he is a Smith; he prostrates a second, the second a third, the third a fourth ..... the ninth a tenth — they are all and severally Smiths."

I am indeed afraid that he is irrecoverably a bachelor, for several reasons which I shall mention. He is, at this time, "a little, round, oily man," five feet and a half in his shoes; much given to poetry, pedestrianism, whim, whistling, cigars, and sonnets; "amorous," as the poets say, of umbrageousness in the country, and umbrellas in the town; rather bald, and addicted to Burton ale; and a lover of silence and afternoon *siestas*—indeed, he is much given to sleep, which, as he says, is but a return in kind; for sleep was given to man to refresh his body and keep his spirits in peace; indulgences these which have anything but a marrying look: so that no unwilling Daphne has lost a willing Damon in my duodecimo friend. It is too manifest that he prefers liberty, and lodgings for a single gentleman, to the "Hail, wedded love!" of the poet of Paradise—a sort of clergyman "triumphale" to which his ear is most unorthodoxically deaf when time is called. He has even gone so far as to compare good and bad marriages with two very remarkable results in chemical experiment, by which, in one instance, charcoal is converted into diamond, and in the other, diamond is deflagrated into charcoal. The fortunate Benedict marries charcoal, which, after a patient process, proves a diamond; the unfortunate husband weds a diamond, which, tried in the fire of adversity, turns out charcoal. Yet he is not unalive to those soft impressions which betoken a sensitive nature. He has been twice in love; thrice to the dome of St. Paul's with the three sisters Simpson, and once to Richmond by water with a Miss Robinson, in May, that auspicious month, dedicated to love and lettuces. These are perhaps the only incidents in his uncheckered life which approach the romantic and the sentimental; yet he has passed through the ordeal unsinged at heart, and is still a bachelor. He was, at one time, passionately partial to music and mutton-chops, muffins and melancholy, predilections much cultivated by an inherent good taste, and an ardent love of the agreeable; yet he has taken to himself no one to do his mutton and music, no one to soften his melancholy and spread his muffins. It is unaccountable; the ladies say so, and I agree with them.

I have mentioned "the things he is inclined to;" I must now specify "those he has no mind to." His antipathies are tight boots and bad ale—two of the evils of life (which is at best but of a mingled yarn) for which he has an aversion almost amounting to the impatient. His dislike to a scold is likewise most remarkable, perhaps peculiar to himself; for I do not remember to have noticed the antipathy in any one beside. A relation is, to be sure, linked to a worthy descendant of Xantippe; and this perhaps is the key to his objections to the padlock of matrimony.

It is the bounden duty of a biographer (and I consider this paper to be biographical) to give, in as few words as possible, the likeness of his hero. Two or three traits are as good as two or three thousand, where volume-making is not the prime consideration. He is eccentric, but without a shadow of turning. He is sensitive to excess; for though no one ever has horsewhipped him, I have no doubt if either A. or B. should, he would wince amazingly under the infliction, and be very much hurt in his feelings. Indeed, he does not merit any such notice from any one; for he has none of that provoking irascibility generally attendant on genius (for he is a genius, as I have shown, and shall presently show.) He was never known to have been engaged in

more than one literary altercation; then he endeavoured, but in vain, to convince his grocer, who had beaten his boy to the blueness of stone-blue for spelling sugar without an *h*, that he was assuredly not borne out in his orthography by Johnson and Walker.

To sum up the more prominent points of his character in few words. As he is a great respecter of himself, so he is a great respecter of all persons in authority: his bow to a beadle on Sundays is indeed a lesson in humility. Being a sincere lover of his country, he is also a sincere lover of himself: he prefers roast beef and plum-pudding to any of your foreign kickshaws; and drinks the Colonnade champagne when he can, to encourage the growth of English gooseberries; smokes largely, to contribute his modicum to the home-consumption; pays all government demands with a cheerfulness unusual and altogether perplexing to tax-gatherers; and subscribes to a lying-in hospital (two guineas annually—nothing more.) In short, if he has not every virtue under heaven, it is no fault of Mr. Smith. The virtues, he has been heard to say, are such high-priced luxuries, that a man of moderate income cannot afford to indulge much in them.

These are Mr. John Smith's good qualities: if he has failings, they "lean to virtue's side," but do not much affect his equilibrium: he is a pependicular man in general, and not tall enough in his own conceit to stoop when he passes under Temple Bar. If he *is* singular, he lays it to the accident of his birth: he was the seventh Smith of a seventh Smith. This fortuitous catenation in the links of the long chain of circumstance, which has before now bestowed on a fool the reputation of "a wise man," only rendered him, as he is free to confess, an *odd* man. His pursuits have indeed of late been numerous beyond mention, and being taken up in whimsies, ended in oddities. As I have said, he wrote verses, and they were thought by some people to be very odd and unaccountable. He lost a Miss ——, who was dear to him, in trinket expenses more especially, through a point of poetical etiquette certainly very unpardonable. In some lines addressed to that amiable spinster and deep-dyed *bas bleu*, he had occasion to use the words *one* and *two*, and either from the ardour of haste, or the inconsiderateness of love, which makes the wisest of us commit yourselves, or perhaps from the narrowness of his note-paper, he penned the passage thus:—

"Nature has made us 2, but Love shall make us 1;
1 mind, 1 soul, 1 heart," &c.

This reminded the learned lady too irresistibly of a catalogue of sale—1 warming-pan, 2 stoves, 1 stewpan, 1 smoke-jack, &c. and she dismissed him in high dudgeon.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THEATRICAL FREE ADMISSIONS.

(*From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.*)

Mr. Seward.—To accept a free ticket, under any circumstances, is, I opine, beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

Shepherd.—What! a free ticket?

Mr. Seward.—Yes, sir, a free ticket—admission all your life to a place of public amusement, without putting your hand in your pocket, and paying your own way, like other gentlemen. D—— me, if I would be on any manager's pauper-list! Were I so poor as not to be able to pay for the gratification of my passion for theatricals, for the indulgence of my "strong propensity for the dwama," as our matchless Mathews says, I should think it more honourable to steal than to beg, to pick a rich squire's pocket at the outside of the door, rather than a poor manager's within, and to run the chance of escaping the imputation of being a prig, rather than incur the certainty of being known to be a pauper.

Shepherd.—You're just twa prood fules.

Mr. Seward.—Mr. Hogg, there is a greater difference than merely of one syllable—between humility and humiliation. The receiver of such charitable donations, my dear Shepherd, as he struts into pit or boxes, can have no perception either of the *το καλον*, or the *το πρεπον*. His proper place is—at half price—the one shilling gallery.

Shepherd.—But he wudna see there, sir.

Mr. Seward.—Let him smoke his cigar for supper in his garret in Grub-street.

Shepherd.—But what wou'd become o' a newspaper without a theatrical critic?

Mr. Seward.—Ha! I have Socratically brought you to the point, Jem. Let them get critiques written by gentlemen. Nothing ungentlemanly in living by one's wits. All professional men do so—and why not critics? If a critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's Juliet be worth a guineaa to the proprietor of a newspaper, out of his fob with it, into the fob of the gentleman that does the article. And if a ticket to the boxes be worth a crown to gentlemen in general, let the said critic melt his guinea, and disburden

his fob of a crown at the receipt of custom, like gentlemen in general; or, if not, then that there may be no deception, let him, like a Blue-gown, wear a badge on his breast, inscribed, "Free Admittance," and then, instead of being elbowed on a full night, by pauper-paper-puppies aping the airs of play and pay—we shall know the pensioners; and to prevent ourselves from being incommoded, show them, with all appropriate ceremony, to the door.

Spirit of Discovery.

NOTES ON ECLIPSES.

Under the reign of Chou-Kang, Emperor of China, 2,169 years before Christ, happened an eclipse, the most ancient of which we have any records. Hi and Ho, two astronomers charged with composing a calendar for the regulation of husbandry, were put to death because they had neglected, through intoxication, to foretell it.

In China there is a tribunal of astronomy, the business of which is to calculate eclipses, and to present their types to the emperor and mandarins some months before they occur, with an account of the part of the heavens where they will happen, and how many digits the luminary will be eclipsed. When an eclipse is announced, preparation is made at court for the observance of it; as soon as it begins, a *blind man* beats a drum, upon which the mandarins and great officers mount their horses, and assemble in the great square of the place.

An eclipse happened during Lord Macartney's embassy to China, which kept the emperor and his mandarins the whole day devoutly praying the gods that the moon might not be eaten up by the great dragon which was hovering about her: the next day a pantomime was performed, exhibiting the battle of the dragon and the moon, and in which two or three hundred priests, bearing lanterns at the end of long sticks, dancing and capering about, sometimes over the plain, and then over chairs and tables, bore no mean part.

The dramatic representation of the eclipse of the moon is thus described by De Guignes:—"A number of Chinese placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk or paper, painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her; the moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them, and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire, which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity, a little flushed, however, with the chase which she had sustained."

Du Halde assures us, that the circumstances of no fewer than thirty-six eclipses of the sun are recorded by Confucius, out of which there are but two that are false and doubtful.

Eclipses, especially of the sun, have been always considered as events of the most portentous kind. Isaiah, and others of the sacred writers, speak of them as indicative of the wrath of the Almighty. Homer, Pindar, Pliny, and many others of the ancients, also make mention of them in a similar way; and it used to be noticed, more particularly by the superstitious, that an eclipse was often accompanied by a national calamity, or an occurrence of a striking nature, the malevolent effects of which were to continue, for the sun, as many years as the eclipse lasted hours, and for the moon as many months. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, remarks, that both at the birth and death of Romulus there was a total eclipse of the sun, during which the darkness was as great as at midnight. It is also said that there was a solar eclipse on the day the foundation of Rome was laid, 5th July, 754, B. C.

An eclipse of the moon is mentioned by Ptolemy to have been observed by the Chaldeans, at Babylon, 720 years before the birth of our Saviour; the middle of the eclipse reducing the time to the meridian of Paris, was 6 h 48 m, March 19th. From this eclipse it is determined that the mean revolution of the moon is 27 d 7 h 43 min. 5 sec. This is considered the first eclipse of the moon on record.

Thales rendered himself famous by foretelling an eclipse of the sun; he, however, only predicted the year in which it would happen, and this he was probably enabled to do by the Chaldean Saros, a period of 223 lunations. This eclipse is rendered remarkable by its happening just as the armies under Alyattes, King of Lydia, and Cyaxeres the Mede, were engaged; and being regarded by each party as an evil omen,

inclined both to make peace; it has been clearly proved that this eclipse occurred 610 years before Christ, September 30th. —Xenophon observes, that the King of the Persians laid siege to the city of Larissa at the time the empire was taken from the Medes, but was not able by any means to make himself master of it; finally, a cloud coming over the sun made it disappear, so that the hearts of the inhabitants failed, and the city was taken. This cloud, was, no doubt, the moon eclipsing the sun; for it appears that Cyrus finished the reduction of the Median empire, B. C. 547, in which year there was a great solar eclipse, the centre of which crossed the Tigris, not far from the place where Larissa was situated.

Anaxagoras, who lived about 530 B.C., is said to have predicted an eclipse of the sun, which, according to Thucydides, happened in the first year of the Peloponnesian war.

When the fleet of Pericles was about to proceed to the attack of Peloponnesus, and Pericles himself was on board the galley, there happened an eclipse of the sun, which was considered by the Athenians as a most unfavourable omen; and they were all thrown into the greatest consternation. The result of this would have very probably been a refusal to proceed on the expedition, had not Pericles, who was aware of the cause of the eclipse, explained it by holding up his mantle before the eyes of the pilot, and observing, that the deprivation was occasioned by the interposition of a much larger body in a similar way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

This is a collection of light summer papers, in two volumes, to balance the pockets of the out-door reader. The jokes contained therein have been perpetrated by Mr. Horace Smith, who has much to answer for, of which he need not been ashamed. We take an extract from the second volume:—

"Adventure of a London Traveller."

"Take heed—have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night."—Shakspeare.

"Although it may not occupy any very exalted rank in public estimation, there are perhaps few modes of active life more cheerful and pleasurable than the occupation of a commercial traveller. I mean the personage strictly and literally so termed, who, with a brace of saddle-bags, or a couple of dromedary-like bumps, traverses the country on horse-back from one extremity to the other, exhibiting samples, procuring orders, and collecting debts for some substantial house in the city of London. Such has been my occupation for many years, and I would not change situation with my employers, though I believe them to be as opulent and as much respected as any firm upon 'Change. We travellers are the only representatives of your ancient knights-errant;—the only trading amateurs who combine business with pleasure; variety, air, exercise, and health, with debts and day-books, samples, shipping, and shopkeeping. If a man of this sort be fond of natural scenery, who can enjoy it in such diversity, and with so leisurely a luxury? If he delight in studying human nature, who has more pregnant opportunities? He passes not through the country like a stage-coachman, conversant only with its external features, but dives into the heart of its society in his daily negotiations with its natives, and in his cosmopolitan and comprehensive views is enabled, much better than the philosoper in his closet, to compare, contrast, and relish the never-ending diversities of invidual and collective character. Collision and observation make him, even in spite of himself, a citizen of the world. His cockneyism, if he had any, forsakes him after the first journey; his views become general and elemental, and he looks down from the high table-land of his own calm mind upon the moral as well as the material landscape, both of which seem to be outspread before him for his special observation and amusement. I assume his mind to be calm, for he is only an agent; he has the stimulus of business and the excitement of hope, without the constant cares of the one, or the painful disappointment of the other.

"Whenever I have an idle hour upon my hands, I love to devote it to billiards, which I consider a healthy and delightful recreation. In one of our great manufacturing towns of the North, I had entered a public-house for this purpose, which, as I afterwards found, was frequented by characters of the worst description, and incautiously mentioning that I was going to walk to Mr. M'B——'s, who resided two or three miles off, for the purpose of receiving a sum of money, I inquired the shortest

road to his residence. One of the parties present told me there was a way across the fields which would save half a mile, and gave me particular instructions how to find it, adding that it was a common thoroughfare, and I should doubtless see some of the men going or returning from the manufactory. Interested in my play, I pursued it rather longer than usual, but at length hurried away, discovered the footpath across the fields, received the bank-notes, which, according to my invariable practice, I concealed in the lining of my waistcoat, and was returning briskly by the same path, just as the evening began to close around me, when, as I crossed a stile, I heard a rustling in the hedge, and on looking round beheld a villain advancing towards me with an uplifted bludgeon. I raised a stout stick with which I was provided, to repel the assault; but at the same moment received a tremendous blow upon the head from a second ruffian, which stretched me senseless upon the grass.

"The villains, as it afterwards appeared, rifled my pockets of my watch, loose cash and papers, but without discovering my hidden treasure; and in this state of insensibility I was soon afterwards found by some good Samaritans of the lower orders, who, having ascertained that my pockets were empty, generously contented themselves with my hat and coat, as a fair remuneration for the trouble of carrying me to the hospital of a large suburban poor-house at no great distance. In this miserable establishment I fell into the hands of two occasional nurses then in the place, who, upon exercising a more rigorous scrutiny into my habiliments, with a view to those strays and waifs of plunder which such callous practitioners usually claim as their perquisite, discovered the hidden bank-notes, and divided them upon the spot as the best security for mutual secrecy.

"My wound was shortly examined and dressed by the hospital surgeon; but the severity of the blow, combining with a violent cold caught by lying upon the wet grass, produced a brain fever, which deprived me of my faculties for several days. In this state the nurse removed me from the public ward to a small detached room, under the pretext of my disturbing the other patients, but in reality that she might have a private chamber in which to give little suppers to her friends with the bank-notes which she had pilfered from my person. It was in this small chamber that, on awaking to recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a miserable truckle-bed, and felt that my arms were pinioned to my sides by a strait waistcoat, while I heard the hospital-clock toll the hour of midnight, accompanied by the hollow howling of the wind through the two long wards into which the building was divided. At first my faculties seemed but slowly to recover their power; and the attempt to arouse my memory to a recollection of the past, only served to mix it up in one confused mass with the present. By degrees, however, beginning to suspect that I had suffered under a temporary privation of reason, I endeavoured, without speaking or moving, to divine the meaning of the scene before me, which was well calculated to confound and puzzle apprehension.

"Close to the blazing hearth was a large round table, whereon were flaring three unsnuffed tallow-candles, and in the centre of which fumed a brimming and capacious bowl, surrounded by a profuse display of viands, liquors, lemons, sugar, bottles, and glasses. On the mantel-piece were phials, boxes, lint, rags, cataplasms and surgical instruments; and on the fire beneath, a kettle of goodly dimensions was singing its quiet tune to two female figures who completely filled a couple of wide arm-chairs beside the board, eating, drinking, and chuckling with infinite perseverance and complacency. As one of them had her back to the bed, I could not catch a glimpse of her face; but I observed a pair of red Atlantean shoulders, the flesh of which, heaving up on either side of the shoulder-strap, seemed anxious to escape from the restraint of its bandages. This, as I found by their conversation, was Mrs. Potts, a visitant to my appointed nurse Mrs. Graves, who sat opposite to her in all the dignity of voluminous and undulating fat; and I was enabled to make the further discovery that they were carousing upon the spoil which had been ferreted from the lining of my waistcoat. Falstaff typifying Mother Pratt, the fat woman of Brentford, was not a whit more corpulent and cumbersome than these triple-chinn'd harpies; and as their dialogue proceeded, I was more than once tempted to wish that I had Ford's cudgel in my hand, and Ford's vigour and good-will for its exercise.

"'Come, Mrs. Potts,' quoth the worthy nurse, 'you don't drink; fill your glass, fill your glass. Here have I been drinking Madeira ever since this lucky Godsend, to see if I could fancy it as well as Booth's best; but it's sad

watery, washy stuff, compared to blue ruin or heavy wet. Howsomever, I put a bottle into this here bowl of punch, and I don't think it's much the worse.' ''

"'Hark! there's the gentleman awake,' cried Mrs. Potts, as I gave an involuntary groan at this appropriation of my money.—'Well, never mind if he is,' replied Mrs. Graves. 'Lord love you, he's as mad as a March hare; knows no more what he's talking about than the Pope of Rome.'—'Oh, ay, cracked in the upper-story is he?—they're rummish customers to deal with, those crazy chaps; but I don't dislike 'em, for one's not bound to pay any attention to their freaks and fancies. It isn't as if one had Christians to deal with. One on 'em played me a slippery trick, though some years ago. I was dosing away in my chair, not much caring to get up and notice his clamour for water, when, would you believe it, ma'am? he jumps out of bed, and ere you could say Jack Robinson, whips me up in his arms, and claps me right slap upon a great blazing fire!'

"'Lord!' exclaimed Mrs. Graves, shrieking with laughter till her whole system swagged with repeated undulations, 'how shocking! but it was monstrous comical though, warn't it?'—'Not so comical neither, ma'am, if I hadn't happened to have a thick stuff gown on, and a couple of flannel petticoats, so that I got off for this here burn upon my arm and the loss of my clothes. Business runs shameful slack now, Mrs. Graves; no good jobs stirring; though, to be sure, the little bundle of flimsies done up so knowing in this chap's waistcoat was a famous haul; but we have no nice fevers; a terrible time since we had a good measles among the children, and no influenzy this here season as there was last. People are scandalous healthy to what they used to be. Then that unlucky vaccine spoils trade shamefully. Old Mother Tibbs remembers when she used to lay out eighteen or twenty children every year, all dead of the small-pox, and come in for all their clothes, besides pickings and perquisites.'

"'Very true, very true, Mrs. Potts, our's is a starving business; we must make the most of jobs now; so fill t'other glass, and pick a bit more of the pigeon pie. Here's to you, ma'am. Howsomever I have no reason to complain; for, what with gentlemen's broken limbs from gigs, and their shooting themselves, or one another, in the sporting season, there's always some lucky misfortune or another turning up. 'Twas but last month I set a chap of this sort upon his crutches, who had eighty-three shots lodged in his calf, by his friend Capt. Blinkensop, when taking aim at a hare—'

"'Eighty-three shot! that's a large lot ain't it?'

"'Yes, but one wouldn't be niggardly with a friend, you know. Ha! ha! ha!'

"'Ay, ay, you will have your laugh, Mrs. Graves; but you were always a wag. Well, my last job was with Lady ——. Psha? I shall forget my own name next. Lady What-d'ye-call—she as had the fine funeral t'other day; it's no odds for her name, and a pretty plague she was!—Always a grumbling 'cause I took snuff. Will you have a pinch, Mrs. Graves? What odds if a little did fall into the broth or gruel now and then? I warrant it's as good as pepper any day in the year. That's the second lady of quality as I had the job on. Last Michaelmas was a year (I remember it by the famous goose my nevvy sent me out of Yorkshire,) that I laid out Lady Augusta Yellowley, at last, after she had gone on shilly-shallying for seven or eight weeks; and, would you believe it, ma'am? they were shabby enough not to let me have an Ingey shawl, though she died in it, pretending I wasn't entitled to nothing but the body-linen.'

"'Well, Mrs. Potts, that's the very way they served me when Alderman Sowerby's lady hopped the twig. Howsomever, they got nothing by it; for, in packing up my box, a large white lace veil slipped in by mere accident: and as they never sent for it, of course I warn't bound to give it up.'

"'These accidents will happen to the most careful of us, Mrs. Graves. Ha! ha! ha! and really they shouldn't look too closely into these matters, for our perquisites now-a-days are no great shakes. What's peck and perch, and a pound a week? Why, I got as much twenty year ago, when I was in the wet line and went out a-suckling. I've known the day, too, when a hint of a good subject to a resurrection-man was worth a couple of guineas; but Lord love you! they make such a fuss about the matter now-a-days, that the poor fellows can hardly get salt to their porridge. And then folks dies such shabby shrivelled atomies of late, that they're scarcely worth the cutting up. If one could get hold of a nice proper young man, now, shot in a duel.'

"'Ay, Mrs. Potts, or this here gentleman that's lying on the bed; he's in

the prime of life, stout and healthy, just the proper age and subject for dying; but somehow my mind misgives me strangely that the chap will recover.'

"'Let us hope not, — let us hope not; it would be a monstrous shame:—here's to you, Mrs. Graves.'

"'It would really be a pity,' replied the latter, refilling her glass; 'for, what with the flimsies in his waistcoat, and what with the body, he might be one of the prettiest jobs we have had a long while.'—In this strain the conversation continued some time longer, and as I knew my helpless state, and really apprehended that these harpies might strangle or make away with me if they suspected my recovery, I remained perfectly still, pretending to be asleep, until the huge bowl of Madeira punch being completely emptied, my two companions began to nod at one another, and finally snored so unmercifully that I was effectually prevented from joining in the chorus. Waiting impatiently the arrival of the medical attendant next morning, I communicated to him the recovery of my senses, imploring that I might be instantly sent to a friend's house in the town, as I felt quite able to bear the removal. Here my health was in a few days perfectly re-established, and it was my first care to obtain the dismissal of the nurses, and compel them to refund the remainder of their plunder. As to the scoundrels who had attacked me, although I had no doubt they were the same with whom I had been playing billiards, I had no means of identifying them, so I left them for the present uninterrupted in their progress to the gallows; and mounting my nag and companion, for he deserves both appellations, I joyfully turned my back upon this unlucky town."

LORD BYRON.

We intend to notice *Mr. Galt's Life of Lord Byron*, at some length, in our next Number. For the present we merely quote the following short extracts:—

"It is singular, and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that, with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare's Juliet, when she speaks of Romeo being cut after death into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is flame and ecstacy compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron's amorous allusions. The verses beginning with

> 'She walks in beauty like the light
> Of eastern climes and starry skies,'

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration of beauty and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty; the simile is, however, any thing but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive in its passion the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, must have been enamoured of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars; but it has no place in the feelings of man to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or the evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal. Perhaps, however, it may be as well to defer the criticism to which this peculiar characteristic of Byron's amatory effusions give rise until we shall come to estimate his general powers as a poet. There is upon the subject of love, no doubt, much beautiful composition throughout his works, but not one line in all the thousands which shows a sexual feeling of female attraction—all is vague and passionless, save in the delicious rhythm of the verse."

* * * * * *

"I have never been able to understand why it has been so often supposed that Lord Byron was actuated in the composition of his different works by any other motive than enjoyment: perhaps no poet had ever less of an ulterior purpose in his mind during the fits of inspiration (for the epithet may be applied correctly to him and to the moods in which he was accustomed to write), than this singular and impassioned man. Those who imagine that he had any intention to impair the reverence due to religion, or to weaken the hinges of moral action, give him credit for far more design and prospective purpose than he possessed.—They could have known nothing of the man; the main defect of whose character, in relation to every thing, was in

having too little of the element or principle of purpose. He was a thing of impulses; and to judge of what he either said or did, as the results of predetermination, was not only to do the harshest injustice, but to show a total ignorance of his character. His whole fault, the darkest course of those flights and deviations from propriety which have drawn upon him the severest animadversion, lay in the unbridled state of his impulses. He felt, but never reasoned.

* * * * * *

"One day, as a friend of mine was conversing with his lordship, at the Casa Saluzzi, on the moral impressions of magnificent scenery, he happened to remark that he thought the view of the Alps in the evening, from Turin, the sublimest scene he had ever beheld. 'It is impossible,' said he 'at such a time, when all the west is golden and glowing behind them to contemplate such vast masses of the Deity without being awed into rest, and forgetting such things as man and his follies.'—'Hunt,' said his lordship, smiling, 'has no perception of the sublimity of alpine scenery; he calls a mountain a great impostor.' "

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

IMITATION.

A SILK-MERCER had associated with Shuter till he caught, not only all his best jokes and ditties, but the very manner in which they were given. The latter hearing this, determined to visit a club one evening, which this gentleman frequented, and see what would be the effect of his good things at first hand, which had told so well at second. He did so; but soon lost both humour and temper, at hearing the worthy cits, whenever he attempted to be funny, respond mith mingled wonder and delight, "How like Tom Bennet!"

IN a performance of Romeo and Juliet owing to the limited number of the corps, they were reduced to many shifts, the most humorous of which was, Romeo's having to toll the bell, and Juliet the dead to sing her own dirge.

A "SHORT" JOKE.

A PERSON complaining, at a tavern, of the smallness of some chops brought to table, a coffee-room wag observed—"Probably the sheep was fed on *short commons.*" Q.

COIN OF JAMES II.

TIN farthings and halfpennies were coined by King James II., in 1685; and in 1689, about 1,000,000 in half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, of old brass guns, and utensils of the most refuse metal; a pound of which being worth about 3*d.* or 4*d.* when coined, was £5. by tale; and before he left Ireland, a proclamation was preparing for the currency of pewter money, and even of lead, of which were coined some pence and halfpence.

FIELD MARSHAL.

IT is not generally known that the title of Field Marshal was first created in this country in the month of January, 1736, in the reign of George the First. "His Majesty has been pleased to erect a new post of honour, under the title of Marshal of the Armies of Great Britain and to confer the same on the Duke of Argyle, and the Earl of Orkney, as the two eldest generals." G. K.

GUINEAS

WERE first coined by King Charles II. at the rate of 20*s.*; they afterwards advanced to 21*s.* 6*d.* and in the reign of King William were current at 30*s.*; people being willing to take them at any rate, rather than run the hazard of the silver money, which was then so exceedingly clipped and counterfeited.

G. K.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

(From the Chinese.)

THERE was, in a certain house, a child who was constantly screaming and annoying everybody. At last a doctor was sent for, who gave him a draught, and desirous of ascertaining the calming effects of his potion, stayed in the house during the night. After some time, hearing no more crying, he exclaimed, "The child is cured." "Yes," was the reply, "the child cries no more, but the mother is weeping. W. G. C.

FAIRY RINGS.

IN the days of England's lost and beautiful mythology, it was a common belief that those withered rings which are so frequently observed on the grass, had been the scenes of the moonlight revels of fairies. W. G. C.

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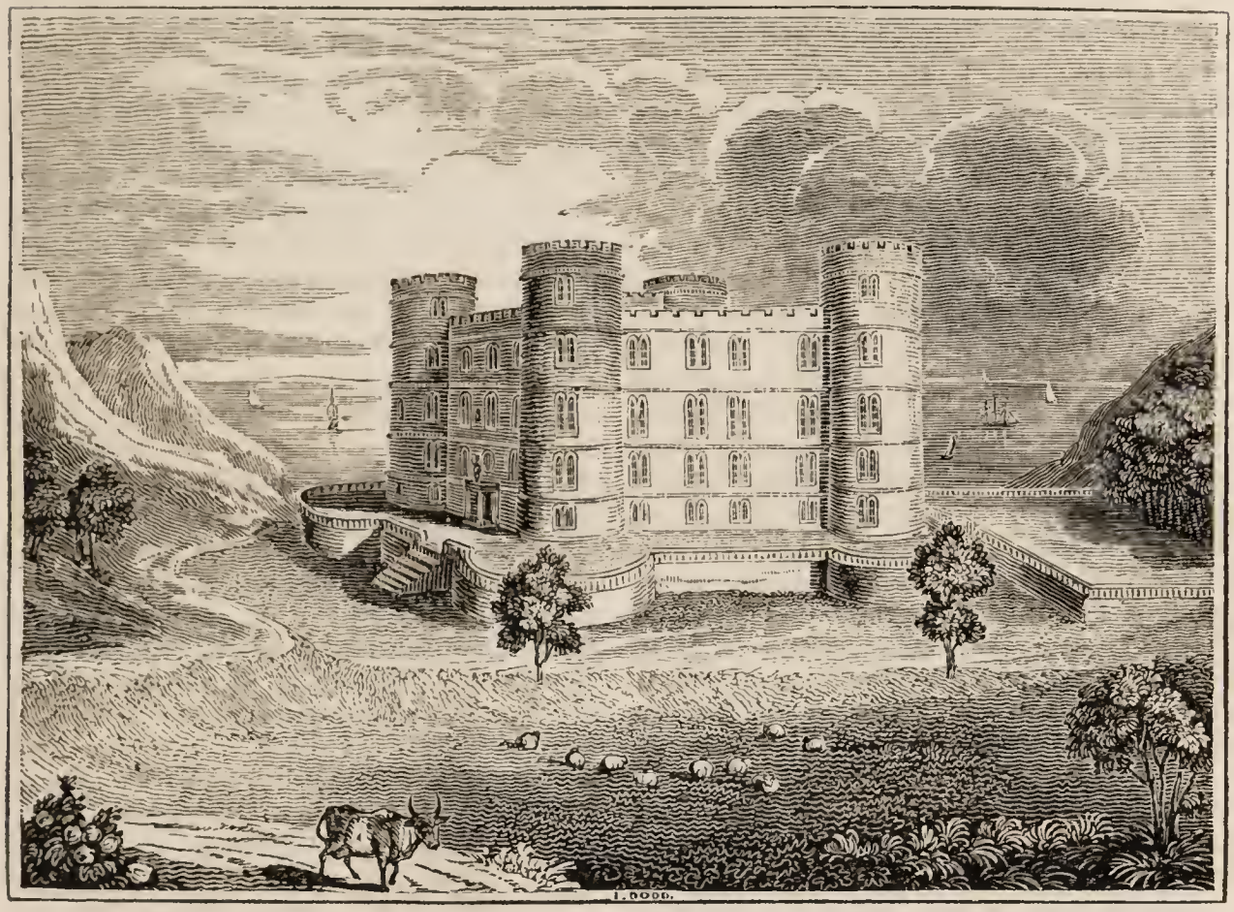
Lullworth Castle, Dorset,



THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF CHARLES, EX-KING OF FRANCE.

We are old enough to remember, circumstantially, the removal of the Bourbon family from their retreat at Hartwell. All the great and glorious doings at Berkhampstead on that occasion are as fresh in our recollection as the incidents of yesterday: how, with about four score and ten companions, we were then let loose from schooldom, to congratulate the exiled king on his restoration. In the sunshine of our enjoyment we thought it a mere holiday treat;—the better and holier influence was to teach us to respect misfortune, and encourage those kindly feelings which spring from the "sweet uses of adversity."

Feelings akin to these invest the above Engraving with peculiar interest at the present moment. The asylum of fallen royalty has some attraction, however lowly the "divinity" which "doth hedge a king," may be rated. The Castle itself is, moreover, a place of note, and is what topographers call "a noble pile." It occupies an eminence in the south-east corner of an extensive park, and commands a fine view of the sea from an opening between the hills, as well as extensive inland prospects. The coast, too, is of great natural beauty; for every tourist must remember the Cove, or beautiful basin of Lullworth, and the arched rock in its vicinity.

The present Castle of Lullworth is not of any great antiquity; but is supposed to be on or near the site of a castle mentioned as far back as the year 1146. The materials for building it were brought principally from the ruins of Bindon Abbey, not very distant. The foundation was laid in the year 1588; and the structure, except its internal decorations, finished in 1609: the latter were not completed till after the year 1641, when the ancestor of the present owner, James Weld, Esq., purchased the estate.* Perhaps we cannot do better than quote the general description of the Castle from Hutchins's History of Dorset:†

"Lullworth Castle is an exact cube of eighty feet, with a round tower at each

* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. iv.
† Vol. ii. p. 227.

corner, thirty feet in diameter, and rising sixteen feet above the walls, which, as well as the towers, are embattled. The walls are six feet thick; the offices are underground, arched with stone. The house has three stories, but the towers four: in each front are three rows of four windows; in the towers are four rows, of three each, exclusive of the offices. The hall and dining-room are large; and the rooms are in general eighteen feet high. In the apartments are some family portraits, executed by the celebrated Sir Peter Lely. The principal front is on the east, and faced with Chilmark stone; before it was a large court, now laid into a lawn leading to the landing-place, which is guarded by a balustrade of stone (which, in the late Edward Weld's time, only extended along the east front), called the Cloisters, because paved with the stones from the cloisters of Bindon Abbey. Over the doors are statues of two ancient Romans, in their gowns. On each side of the door, which is supported by four pillars of the Ionic order, is a large niche, and over them two shields, on which are the arms of Weld properly blazoned. In the niches are the statues of Music and Painting."

In the year 1789, during the residence of George III. and Queen Charlotte at Weymouth, Mr. Weld was honoured with several royal visits, the particulars of which are perpetuated in two inscriptions over the entrance to the castle.

The manor of East Lullworth, in which this edifice stands, came into the possession of the Welds, with the castle, in 1641. They are one of the first Roman Catholic families in England; and the present representative has recently been raised to the rank of Cardinal. About the commencement of the present century, they erected an elegant little chapel, at a short distance from the Castle, for the convenience of the family and dependants. Its interior, from the following description,* must resemble a museum of curiosities:—

"This structure is of a circular form, increased by four sections of a circle, so as to form a cross, and finished with a dome and lantern. It contains a well-toned organ, a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, and two other scriptural pieces lately brought from Italy. The altar-piece is decorated with very costly ornaments, disposed with much taste and effect; it is chiefly composed of the richest and most curious marbles. The front and outside panels of the two supporters of the altar-table are of beautiful oriental rose alabaster, having mouldings of *giallo de Sienna;* within the former are two angels of bronze, in postures of adoration; between them is a vase, composed of one piece of amber-coloured transparent alabaster; the platform on which the latter is placed, is of porphyry, with a base of brilliant *brescia corallina:* the back part and two sides of the space wherein the vase and angels stand, are of a *brescia antiqua,* so variegated as to throw a kind of splendour about the urn; the panels of the altar-steps are of *plasma di smeraldo,* set in *giallo antico;* the small step that projects immediately on the altar-table, is of choice *pecorella minuta* alabaster; the door of the tabernacle, and its frame, are composed of *lapis lazuli, amethyst, verde di Corsica, bianco e nero antico, verde d'Egitto,* and other choice stones. The pedestal of the crucifix is composed of *plasma di smeraldo* and *verde antico;* the entire sides of the cross are incrusted with *lapis lazuli:* the Saviour is carved in ivory, and the Magdalen is of gilt bronze.

"In a magnificent folio Psalter, made by order of Geoffery, Lord Louterell, last baron of that family, who died in the twenty-fifth of Edward I., now in the possession of Mr. Weld, is a most beautiful and curious illumination, an accurate engraving of which is given by Mr. Carter in his 'Specimens of Ancient Sculptures and Paintings.' It represents a knight arming for a tournament, or some martial exercise, the particulars of whose dress are highly curious, and most minutely delineated: two ladies, apparently his wives, assist him. As he sits on his steed, a lady, habited in curled hair, with a fillet, a veil thrown back, and a wimple, her surcoat charged with his arms, lifts up to him, with her right hand, a close pointed helmet; and in her left hand she holds a pennon of his arms round the point of a spear. Behind her is another lady, in the same dress, holding in her right hand a pendant shield of his arms, which are likewise on her surcoat; and on her left arm is hanging, as it may be presumed, the embroidered collar, an usual prize or favour given by some lady to her favourite knight, as a charge to him to meditate some feat of chivalry, which collar was generally fastened above the knee, by some of the lady's female attendants. The ladies' dresses are alike, the hair combed back on the head, and curled at the ears; a fillet of gold beads encircles the head: a red band edges the veil, as a stiff kind of ornament does the ears. Their boddice, or un-

* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. iv.

der dress, is red, with the surcoat of their arms over it."

The Welds have not, we believe, for some time past, resided at the Castle, which, till lately, was tenanted by Mr., now Sir Robert Peel, Bart. This circumstance gave rise to the erroneous notion that the ex-King of France was provided with the asylum of Lullworth by our present administration. The ex-King's temporary abode here is more directly explained by the local advantages of the Castle, and the devotion of its sympathizing proprietor. Neither is this a solitary instance of Mr. Weld's philanthropy, since he long accommodated some emigrant monks of the order of La Trappe, in the vicinity of the site of Bindon Abbey—also his property. This order, founded on the discipline of the Cistercians, had its origin in France.

Perhaps Dorset is one of the most interesting counties of England. Its antiquarian treasnres are unnumbered. Poole was a place of consequence several centuries ago; and Wareham, though a grass-grown street, has still three churches: both these places are parliamentary boroughs. Purbeck has long been famed for its stone quarries; and the Isle of Portland has contributed many embellished piles to our metropolis: witness Whitehall and St. Paul's Cathedral. Weymouth is of other celebrity. Abbotsbury has dwindled to a fishing town, and its magnificent abbey is almost lost. Lyme Regis was a stronghold in the civil wars of Charles I.; and here the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth landed, in 1685. Dorchester, the county town, is of great antiquity; and Wimborne contains in its Saxon and Gothic church, the tombs of Ethelred, brother to the Great Alfred, and of the parents of the mother of Henry VII. Shaftesbury had once a Benedictine nunnery, and the richest and most splendid in the kingdom; and Sherborne was a bishop's see in the time of the Saxon King Ina: part of its castle was built by Sir Walter Raleigh. Milton Abbey, (by name,) and Wolveton, the seat of the Trenchards, in the time of Henry VII.; the Saxon castle of *Corfe*, and remains of a Roman amphitheatre, barrow, camp, &c. likewise attest what we have said to stimulate the reader's curiosity.

We remember passing a day pleasantly enough in tracing one of the last-mentioned relics of olden time, midway between Blandford and Dorchester, which the people to this day call *Castle Rings*. Our stay would not allow us much research; but we finished our excursion by starting from Milborne, on foot, across the fine expanse of Dorset, the bold ridges of part of Hampshire, and thus to Southampton, where the artificial luxury of a stage-coach put an end to all our enjoyment of romantic nature.

THE SLAVERY OF ANIMALS.

(For the Mirror.)

There is something confined and selfish in the sentiment of liberty displayed by man—he is capable of the tenderest sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow creatures in servitude, but his pity rarely extends to the interminable oppression of animals. It would seem that his compassion is excited by the description of grief, rather than by its observation; and that the dumb animals of the creation are deprived of his commiseration, for the want of that eloquence which could portray their situation in its proper colours. Who that ever took a glance with Sterne through "the grated door" of his captive dungeon, did not feel all the amiable and generous feelings of his nature, touched to the extreme? The simplicity of his Calendar of Captivity, a heap of sticks notched with the long days of imprisonment, presents one of the most beautiful and affecting descriptions in our language. The painful emotions the picture excites in our bosoms, seems to arise from the idea that tyranny might place ourselves in the same situation. It is by substituting ourselves ideally in his stead, by lying down in fancy upon his mat, and following the train of his grief and privation in our thoughts, that we are enabled to enter into his soul, and identify ourselves for the moment with his sufferings. But on the other side we can witness the captivity of an animal which nature had formed to roam the forest wild, and feel no other sentiment than wonder while surveying his unfamiliar form. We seldom feel compassion for the Bengal tiger, which we see at our menageries, for ever pacing up and down the limits of his cage, with all the impatience of restraint; no length of time reconciles him to captivity, his sense of confinement like his ferocious nature is untameable.

Our compassion in sympathizing with the captivity of animals is awakened in proportion as we observe in them a consciousness of their situation. We are powerfully affected at the repetition of "I can't get out, I can't get out," by Sterne's stating—we know that it

could not understand the meaning of the sounds, yet there is such truth in their coincidence with the situation that we cannot suppress our sympathy. The notes of the blackbird and thrush are agreeable to us, and we condemn them to waste their little lives in captivity that we may have them near to us. We do not think it is cruelty to confine them, for their songs give us an idea of their contentment.

A practice has lately become very general in London, namely, that of putting dogs to the purposes of beasts of burthen—they are seen every day in our streets, harnessed to loads disproportioned to their strength. Many shopkeepers send home the goods purchased from them, in carriages drawn by these animals. I have seen them panting under the yoke of ponderous loads during the hottest days of this summer, and at a time too when the newspapers were filled with cases of hydrophobia. The perversion of the purposes for which dogs were intended by nature, to labours for which they are physically unequal, must arise from mercenary and unfeeling motives. Their owners are not satisfied that they should be the incorruptible guards of their property at night, but that they must be loaded and driven about during the day. The general manner in which they are used is to have them fastened to the axle of a cart, which has two shafts at the back; a man preserves the equilibrium by holding up the shafts, but all the draught falls on his canine coadjutor. In countries where this paltry economy is not resorted to, the very idea of a man submitting to receive assistance from the strength of a little dog would be treated with ridicule and contempt; but it has become so familiar here that the practice is never considered in this light. I saw a dog a few days since harnessed to a small cart which was filled with parcels; the entire burthen was not too much for the lazy driver, who bore nothing but a whip for the enduring animal; the dog was of the stout mastiff breed, and had that good-humoured expression of countenance which is so often observable in his species; and he tugged his load along at a slow pace, occasionally turning his head round as far as the harness would permit him, to cast a look behind. I turned to see what was the object of his attention, and discovered that his longing looks were directed to the gambols of three other dogs, who were rioting in all the playfulness of a mock encounter. Simple as the incident was, it would have drawn forth the compassion of a savage for the tantalizing situation of this poor dog; his heart was with his fellows there at play, but his limbs were doomed to eternal confinement and servitude by his mercenary owner.

It may be asserted in defence of this cruelty, that dogs are used for similar purposes in other countries. It is true, indeed, that the example of the Esquimaux Indians keeps us in countenance, and others equally civilized might be named who share all the credit with us; but in this particular they derive a sufficient apology from the want of horses and oxen, and the supply of animal food they can procure for their dogs.

I dare say that the owners of these unlucky dogs would not refuse to append their names to a petition for the abolition of Negro Slavery; but their compassion for the victims of servitude is not of that generous kind that would extend to the deliverance of these poor animals from labours disproportioned to their physical capability. But the enemy of slavery should protect every animal subject to the pain of its infliction. We are agreed that providence intended dogs to contribute to the comforts of man, and even formed them of a companionable and faithful nature; but it was never designed that they should endure an existence of torture, to perform offices at variance with their nature, and disproportioned to their exertions.

K.

*** We find the following note in our drawer, which may not unappropriately be appended to our Correspondent's kindly paper.

Of the contrast the reader may say,

Look here, on this picture, and on this.

The other day, looking out of our window, (it matters not where,) we witnessed the following little scene:—A handsome carriage rolled by close to the curb-stone at the corner of the street, where stood a wretched woman with an infant at her breast, and two barefooted boys by her side; the whole group was the very extreme of squalid poverty. The carriage passed on, turned, and stopped at the opposite house. The poor woman curtsied humbly and imploringly to three elegantly-dressed ladies within the vehicle—but in vain: the miserable creature renewed her silent entreaties—but the carriage again rolled off, not, however, without discovering from one of its windows a *lap-dog*, which the inmates of the carriage were fondly petting, whilst they turned a blind eye to the suffering and

starvation of the woful group on the pavement. Is not this the "counterfeit presentment of humanity?"

STEPNEY MARSH, OR THE ISLE OF DOGS.

(For the Mirror.)

The Isle of Dogs is a small tract of low land in the county of Middlesex, opposite to Greenwich, where Togodumnus, brother of Caractacus, is said to have been killed, in a battle with the Romans, A.D. 46.

Tradition derives its name from being the depôt of the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III; and this spot was chosen because it lay contiguous to his sports of woodcock-shooting, and coursing the red deer, in Waltham and the other royal forests in Essex; for the more convenient enjoyment of which, he generally resided in the sporting season at Greenwich.

"In some ancient writings," says Brewer, "possessed by the corporation of the city of London, this marsh is termed the *Isle of Ducks*, a mode of denomination that has not been noticed by any topographer, but which may readily be supposed to allude to the number of wild fowl which formerly frequented the spot."

"In the Isle of Dogs," says Lysons, "stood an ancient chapel, called the Chapel of St. Mary, in Stepney Marsh. It is mentioned by that name in a will of the 15th century. The object of its foundation does not appear. It is not likely that the Marsh should ever have had many inhabitants. Perhaps it was an hermitage, founded by some devout person, for the purpose of saying masses for the souls of mariners."

Stowe tells us in his time, "that oxen fed in this marsh had then been known to sell for 34*l.* a piece."

It is reckoned one of the richest spots of ground in England: for it not only raises the largest cattle, but the grass it bears is esteemed a great restorative of all distempered cattle. P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

THE NIGHTJAR, CUCKOO, &c.

The last *Magazine of Natural History* contains an interesting paper, by J. Rennie, Esq., on the *supposed* parasite habit of the Nightjar "depositing an egg, like the Cuckoo, in the nest of the hedge-sparrow." "The parasite habit in question," observes Mr. Rennie, "has been ascertained to belong exclusively to a singular American bird, the cow-bunting, and to the genuine cuckoos,—the observations of the accurate Vaillant, on several species of Southern Africa, proving that it is not confined to our common cuckoo. Vaillant further ascertained that the cuckoo does not sit on the nest in which she lays her egg, but lays it on the ground, and carries it to the nest made choice of in her bill; as our own cuckoo must do, beyond a doubt, when it deposits its egg in the nest of the wren, the chiff-chaff, or the red-start, as the narrow entrance of these nests precludes any other mode of introducing it."

EXTENSIVE COAL FIELDS.

It is confidently believed in the United States, that beds of coal, of various qualities, extend from the central parts of Pennsylvania westward for four hundred miles, and to a great distance north and south. At present, the flourishing manufactures of glass, iron, &c., at Pittsburgh, are supplied from the mines in the neighbourhood, which appear exhaustless. To this great repository of coal the United States must look forward for their future prosperity and comfort, as a manufacturing nation: for the immense forests that once covered the eastern states have almost disappeared. The nearest considerable extent of woodland to Philadelphia is one hundred and twenty miles distant from that capital.

HERON SWALLOWING A RAT.

A correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*, in a list of birds shot and collected last winter, near Dartford, mentions the following extraordinary fact:—"*Ardea Major*, Heron. A fine full-plumaged male. I particularly enumerate this bird (which was run down by a boy, and captured in Bexley marshes), from discovering in his stomach *a very large-sized mature male water-rat.* It had been lately swallowed, occupying, even to distension (with portions of partially digested fish), the ventriculus of the heron. The only apparent injury to the animal was, a puncture made by the beak of the bird in the frontal part of the skull, by which life was destroyed."

NATIVE GOLD.

The late Mr. Ireton, of Ireton Hall, in Cumberland, in carving a pullet, which had been reared on his farm, discovered

a pallet of native gold in contact with the breast-bone: it was nearly half an inch square; and the probability is, that the fowl had picked it up from the bed of a rivulet which flowed through part of his estate.—*Mr. J. Murray.*

LONGEVITY IN WALES.

CATHERINE HUGHES, of Corwen, 85; William Prichard, Anglesey, 92; Sir W. C. De Crespigny, Blaenpadernyn, 97; Rev. E. Herbert, Caernarvonshire, 83; William Rowland, Caernarvonshire, 88; Robert Owen, Caernarvonshire, 91; John Jones, Brecknock, 92; Dorothy Jones, Denbigh, 104; Hugh Rowlands, Esq. Caernarvon, 80; Jane Hughes, Beaumaris, 87; Arabella Jones, Anglesea, 82; Mary Jones, Glamorganshire, 97. These are all copied from the provincial Welsh papers as they severally appeared. In looking over the list of deaths in the principality which occurred within the present quarter, and are noticed in the *Cambrian* quarterly, out of 40, there were 3 above 20, 6 above 30, 2 above 40, 7 above 50, 3 above 60, 8 above 70, 6 above 80, 4 above 90, and 1 above 100; giving to each of the 40 an average of 64.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

CROCODILES SWALLOWING STONES

MR. AUDUBON, of Louisiana, says—"In those alligators that I have killed, and, I asssure you, I have killed a great many, if opened, to see the contents of the stomach, or take fresh fish out of them, I regularly have found round masses of a hard substance, resembling petrified wood. These masses appear to be useful to the animal in the process of digestion, like those found in the craws of some species of birds. I have broken them with a hammer, and found them brittle, and as hard as *stones, which they resemble outwardly also very much.*" Speaking of the extreme gentleness of alligators during the summer and autumn months, Mr. A. observes—"At this period of the year, to sit and ride on one would not be more difficult than for a child to mount his wooden rocking-horse." This statement fully corroborates the curious account given by Waterton, in his *Wanderings in South America.*

SKATE SPAWN.

THE "*Fairy Purses*" found in abundance along the sea-shore, are the ovaria of the skate; but it is very rare to find an imperforated specimen: they are generally rent, and the young animal has made its escape. Mr. J. Murray has two beautiful specimens from the Indian Seas: both contain the perfect "animal" within, and distinctly perceptible through the envelope. He selected them from a great many: all the rest were empty cases: the threads proceeding from the angles form beautiful curled tassels.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

LEATHER-COAT JACK.

THE grub of *Elophilus tenax* (a drone-looking fly) affords a surprising instance of the power of counteraction: an inhabitant of muddy pools, it has occasionally been taken up with the water used in paper-making; and, strange to say, according to Linné, has resisted without injury the immense pressure given to the surrounding pulp;—like Leather-coat Jack, who, from similar form of muscle, could suffer carriages to drive over him without receiving any injury.—*Kirby and Spence.*

GOLD ON THE TEETH OF SHEEP.

THERE is an opinion among the peasantry of Scotland, that gold may be discovered by examining the teeth of sheep feeding on pastures where it is subjacent. A correspondent of the *Mag. Nat. Hist.* says—"I think in one of the Roman Poets there is a passage to the same effect. I have part of the jaw of a sheep, in which the teeth are covered with iron pyrites, looking like silver. This explains the origin of the above opinions; the coating of silver, or gold-like pyrites, being probably derived from the water or soil of the pastures where the sheep have fed."

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

As there has lately been much kissing of hands at court, the following may not be uninteresting:—

This is not only a very ancient and nearly universal custom, but it has alike been participated by religion and society. From the remotest times, men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand. Job assures us, that he was never given to this superstition (chap. xxxi. ver. 26). The same honour was rendered to Baal (1 Kings xix. 18.) Other instances might be adduced as far as connected with religion.

In Greece, all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having

mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds, that the poor adored them by the simple compliment of kissing their hands. That author gives an anecdote of Demosthenes, which shows this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple: when he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands. When Apuleius mentions Psyche, he says, she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus, in kissing the right hand.

This ceremonial action rendered respectable the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the primeval bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar.

This custom, however, as a religious rite, declined with Paganism. In society an ingenious academician considers the custom of *kissing* hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form, which expresses reconciliation, which entreats favours, or which thanks for those received; it is an universal language, intelligible without an interpreter, which doubtless preceded writing, and perhaps speech itself.

Solomon says of the flatterers and suppliants of his time, that they ceased not to kiss the hands of their patrons till they had obtained the favours which they had solicited.

In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles, while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

This custom prevailed in ancient Rome; but it varied. In the first ages of the Republic it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors; equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time, even the soldiers refused to show this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato, when he was obliged to quit them, was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance at a period of such refinement.

The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators, obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and, instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands.

Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves: inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple, by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor with the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands, in the same manner as when they adored the gods.

It is superfluous to trace this in every country where it exists: it is practised in every known country in respect to sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the negroes and the inhabitants of the new world. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him in touching the earth with their hands which they afterwards carried to their mouths.

Then whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one's own to the mouth, it is of all other customs the most universal. M. Morin, a French academician, who has amused himself with collecting several historical notices of this custom, concludes, that this practice is now become too gross a familiarity, and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hands of those with whom we are in habits of intercourse; and he prettily observes, that this custom would be entirely lost, if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full powers.—*Antiquary's Port.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MR. GALT'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

The plan of this work essentially differs from all other biographies of England's last illustrious Poet. Mr. Galt has, to quote his preface, confined himself "as much as practicable, consistent with the end in view, to an outline of his Lordship's features—a substratum only of the general mass of his character."—The incidents of what Mr. Galt's publisher would call the *personal life* of Lord Byron, are, to borrow another technical term, kept under, and the *mind* of the poet is thus made to form the most prominent portion of the work before us. The design, it will be admitted, is an excellent one; yet we are disposed to question the fulness of its execution; and we confess ourselves to have risen from the perusal of Mr. Galt's volume with much less satisfaction than his preface led us to anticipate. Its force, however, consists in the analytical portions—by which we mean, such passages as include "his Lordship's intellectual features," or the identification of his literary productions with the workings of his master-mind; and, if

these inquiries do not develope much metaphysical acumen on the part of the biographer, it must be recollected that he has written for *the public*, or, as the name of the Series to which this volume belongs, for *the nation.**

We have noted pretty extensively from the above portion. Thus—

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

"At the time when Byron published the satire alluded to, he had obtained no other distinction than the college reputation of being a clever, careless, dissipated student. But his dissipation was not intense, nor did it ever become habitual. He affected to be much more so than he was: his pretensions were moderated by constitutional incapacity. His health was not vigorous; and his delicacy defeated his endeavours to show that he inherited the recklessness of his father. He affected extravagance and eccentricity of conduct, without yielding much to the one, or practising a great deal of the other. He was seeking notoriety; and his attempts to obtain it gave more method to his pranks and follies than belonged to the results of natural impulse and passion. He evinced occasional instances of the generous spirit of youth; but there was in them more of ostentation, than of that discrimination which dignifies kindness, and makes prodigality munificence. Nor were his attachments towards those with whom he preferred to associate characterized by any nobler sentiment than self-indulgence; he was attached, more from the pleasure he himself received in their society, than from any reciprocal enjoyment they had with him. As he became a man of the world, his early friends dropped from him; although it is evident, by all the contemporary records of his feelings, that he cherished for them a kind, and even brotherly, affection. This secession, the common effect of the new cares, hopes, interests, and wishes, which young men feel on entering the world, Byron regarded as something analogous to desertion; and the notion tainted his mind, and irritated that hereditary sullenness of humour, which constituted an ingredient so remarkable in the composition of his more mature character."

MR. GALT'S FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

"It was at Gibraltar that I first fell in with Lord Byron. I had arrived there in the packet from England, in indifferent health, on my way to Sicily. I had then no intention of travelling; I only went a trip, intending to return home after spending a few weeks in Malta, Sicily, and Sardinia; having, before my departure, entered into the society of Lincoln's Inn, with the design of studying the law.

"At this time my friend, the late Colonel Wright, of the artillery, was secretary to the governor; and, during the short stay of the packet at the rock, he invited me to the hospitalities of his house, and among other civilities gave me admission to the garrison library.

"The day, I well remember, was exceedingly sultry. The air was sickly; and if the wind was not a sirocco, it was a withering levanter—oppressive to the functions of life, and to an invalid denying all exercise. Instead of rambling over the fortifications, I was, in consequence, constrained to spend the hottest part of the day in the library; and while sitting there, a young man came in and seated himself opposite to me at the table where I was reading. Something in his appearance, attracted my attention. His dress indicated a Londoner of some fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of a peculiarity of style as served to show, that although he belonged to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a common one.

"I thought his face not unknown to me; I began to conjecture where I could have seen him; and, after an unobserved scrutiny, to speculate both as to his character and vocation. His physiognomy was prepossessing and intelligent; but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered—a habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression; but which I afterwards discovered was undoubtedly the occasional scowl of some unpleasant reminiscence: it was certainly disagreeable—forbidding; but still the general cast of his features was impressed with elegance and character.

"At dinner, a large party assembled at Colonel Wright's; among others, the Countess of Westmorland, with Tom

* Mr. Galt's volume forms the first of Mr. Colburn's new Library, now called *the National*, but originally announced as the Library of General Knowledge. By the way, Mr. Murray, about four years since, announced the National Library, then intended to be under the superintendence of the present able editor of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Mr Colburn thought the "General Knowledge" might clash with the *Useful and Entertaining*: in a commercial point of view, he was right; otherwise no works more intrinsically differ in contents and general character than the Periodical Libraries now in course of publication in London.

Sheridan and his beautiful wife; and it happened that Sheridan, in relating the local news of the morning, mentioned that Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse had come in from Spain, and were to proceed up the Mediterranean in the packet. He was not acquainted with either.

"On the following evening I embarked early, and soon after the two travellers came on board; in one of whom I recognised the visiter to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron. In the little bustle and process of embarking their luggage, his lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more aristocracy than befitted his years, or the occasion;—and I then thought of his singular scowl, and suspected him of pride and irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but it was interesting; and that forehead mark, the frown, was calculated to awaken curiosity, and beget conjectures. * * *

"Our passage to Sardinia was tardy, owing to calms; but, in other respects, pleasant. About the third day Byron relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful, and disposed to contribute his fair proportion to the general endeavour to wile away the tediousness of the dull voyage. Among other expedients for that purpose, we had recourse to shooting at bottles. Byron, I think, supplied the pistols, and was the best shot, but not very pre-eminently so. In the calms, the jolly-boat was several times lowered; and, on one of those occasions, his lordship, with the captain, caught a turtle—I rather think two; we likewise hooked a shark, part of which was dressed for breakfast, and tasted, without relish; your shark is but a cannibal dainty. * * *

"Had we parted at Cagliari, it is probable that I should have retained a much more favourable recollection of Mr. Hobhouse than of Lord Byron; for he was a cheerful companion, full of odd and droll stories, which he told extremely well; he was also good humoured and intelligent—altogether an advantageous specimen of a well educated English gentleman. Moreover, I was at the time afflicted with a nervous dejection, which the occasional exhilaration produced by his anecdotes and college tales often materially dissipated—though, for the most part, they were more after the manner and matter of Swift than of Addison.

"Byron was, during the passage, in delicate health, and upon an abstemious regimen. He rarely tasted wine, nor more than half a glass, mingled with water, when he did. He ate little; no animal food, but only bread and vegetables. He reminded me of the goul that picked rice with a needle; for it was manifest, that he had not acquired his knowledge of the world by always dining so sparely. If my remembrance is not treacherous, he only spent one evening in the cabin with us—the evening before we came to anchor at Cagliari; for, when the lights were placed, he made himself a man forbid; took his station on the railing between the pegs on which the sheets are belayed and the shrouds, and there, for hours, sat in silence, enamoured, it may be, of the moon. All these peculiarities, with his caprices, and something inexplicable in the cast of his metaphysics, while they served to awaken interest, contributed little to conciliate esteem. He was often strangely rapt—it may have been from his genius; and, had its grandeur and darkness been then divulged, susceptible of explanation; but, at the time, it threw, as it were, around him the sackcloth of penitence. Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of the moonlight, churming an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatros. He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.

"The influence of the incomprehensible phantasma which hovered about Lord Byron, has been more or less felt by all who ever approached him. That he sometimes came out of the cloud, and was familiar and earthly, is true; but his dwelling was amidst the murk and the mist, and the home of his spirit in the abysm of the storm, and the hiding-places of guilt. He was, at the time of which I am speaking, scarcely two-and-twenty, and could claim no higher praise than having written a clever worldly-minded satire; and yet it was impossible, even then, to reflect on the bias of his mind, as it was revealed by the casualties of conversation, without experiencing a presentiment, that he was destined to execute some singular and ominous purpose. The description he has given of Manfred in his youth, was of himself."

PRIDE OF RANK.

"THE pride of rank was indeed one of the greatest weaknesses of Lord Byron, and every thing, even of the most accidental kind, which seemed to come between the wind and his nobility, was repelled on the spot. I recollect having

some debate with him once respecting a pique of etiquette, which happened between him and Sir William Drummond, somewhere in Portugal or Spain. Sir William was at the time an ambassador (not however, I believe, in the country where the incident occurred), and was on the point of taking precedence in passing from one room to another, when Byron stepped in before him. The action was undoubtedly rude on the part of his lordship, even though Sir William had presumed too far on his ribbon: to me it seemed also wrong; for, by the custom of all nations, from time immemorial, ambassadors have been allowed their official rank in passing through foreign countries, while peers in the same circumstances claim no rank at all; even in our own colonies it has been doubted if they may take precedence of the legislative counsellors. But the rights of rank are best determined by the heralds; and I have only to remark, that it is almost inconceivable that such things should have so morbidly affected the sensibility of Lord Byron; yet they certainly did so, and even to a ridiculous degree. On one occasion, when he lodged in St. James's-street, I recollect him rating the footman for using a double knock in accidental thoughtlessness.

"These little infirmities are, however, at most only calculated to excite a smile: there is no turpitude in them, and they merit notice but as indications of the humour of character. It was his lordship's foible to overrate his rank, to grudge his deformity beyond reason, and to exaggerate the condition of his family and circumstances. But the alloy of such small vanities, his caprice and feline temper, were as vapour compared with the mass of rich and rare ore which constituted the orb and nucleus of his brilliancy."

Mr. Galt, in his Preface, notices the curious genealogical fact of a baton sinister being in the escutcheon of the Byrons of Newstead. "Lord Byron," observes he, "in his pride of birth, does not appear to have been aware of this stain."

THE GIAOUR.

"It would be to neglect an important occurrence, not to notice that during the time when he was at Athens alone, the incident which he afterwards imbodied in the impassioned fragments of the Giaour came to pass; and to apprize the reader that the story is founded on an adventure which happened to himself—he was, in fact, the cause of the girl being condemned, and ordered to be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea.

"One day, as he was returning from bathing in the Piræus, he met the procession going down to the shore to execute the sentence which the Waywode had pronounced on the girl; and learning the object of the ceremony, and who was the victim, he immediately interfered with great resolution; for, on observing some hesitation on the part of the leader of the escort to return with him to the governor's house, he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot him on the spot. The man then turned about, and accompanied him back, when, partly by bribery and entreaty, he succeeded in obtaining a pardon for her, on condition that she was sent immediately out of the city. Byron conveyed her to the monastery, and on the same night sent her off to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum."

PUFFING.

"Although few men were more under the impulses of passion than Lord Byron, there was yet a curious kind of management about him which showed that he was well aware how much of the world's favour was to be won by it. Long before Childe Harold appeared, it was generally known that he had a poem in the press, and various surmises to stimulate curiosity were circulated concerning it: I do not say that those were by his orders, or under his directions, but on one occasion I did fancy that I could discern a touch of his own hand in a paragraph in the Morning Post, in which he was mentioned as having returned from an excursion into the interior of Africa; and when I alluded to it, my suspicion was confirmed by his embarrassment."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of Discovery.

NOTES ON ECLIPSES..

(Concluded from page 196.)

523 B. C., July 16th.—An eclipse of the moon, which was followed by the death of Cambyses.

502 B. C., November 19th.—An eclipse of the moon, succeeded by the slaughter of the Sabines, and the death of Valerius Publicola.

478 B. C.—When Xerxes undertook his expedition against Greece, in marching from Sardis, an eclipse of the sun took place, which so terrified the army, from its being considered an ill omen of their success, that Pytheas, who had a

son in the army, entreated of Xerxes that he might be dismissed; which Xerxes not only refused, but ordered the young man to be cut asunder, the two parts of his body to be fixed up, and the army to march between them.

463 B. C., April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persian war, and the falling off of the Persians from the Egyptians.

431 B. C., April 25th.—An eclipse of the moon. A great famine at Rome. A plague over all the known world.

413 B. C., August 27th.—When Nicias, the Athenian general, had resolved to quit Sicily with his army, and every thing was ready for embarkation, there happened an eclipse of the moon, at which he was so alarmed, that he delayed his departure until it was too late; the consequence of which was, the loss of his army and the death of himself.

394 B. C., August 14th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persians beaten by Conon in a sea-engagement.

168 B. C., June 21st.—A total eclipse of the moon. The next day, Perseus, King of Macedonia, was conquered by Paulus Emilius. This eclipse was also observed at Rome, and predicted by Q. Sulpitius Gallus.

Seneca, who was born about the commencement of the Christian era, relates from Posidonius, that during an eclipse of the sun, a comet was seen, which had before been invisible by being near that luminary.

It is by a lunar eclipse that a mistake has been found in the Christian era; for it is well known that Christ was born when Herod was King of Judea; and Josephus affirms, that just before the death of this Herod, there was an eclipse of the moon, on the night between the 12th and 13th of March; but it has been clearly proved that this eclipse happened on the fourth year before what is considered the Christian era; wherefore this era ought to be carried back three years at least.

The darkness that occurred at our Saviour's crucifixion, and which continued three hours, cannot be attributed to an eclipse of the sun, the Passover being kept at the time of full moon: had even the two luminaries been in conjunction, the darkness could only have lasted four or five minutes, owing to their apparent diameters being so nearly equal. Dionysius, a judge of Areopagus, being at Heliopolis, and observing this preternatural phenomenon, cried out, that "Nature was either dissolving, or the God of Nature suffering." He afterwards embraced the Christian faith, and suffered martyrdom for the truth of it.

A. D. 14.—A total eclipse of the moon, which terrified the Roman troops, and prevented a revolt.

A. D. 59, April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. This is reckoned among the prodigies, on account of the murder of Agrippinus by Nero.

A. D. 237, April 12th.—A total eclipse of the sun. This was considered to be a sign that the reign of the Gordiani would not continue long. A sixth persecution of the Christians.

A. D. 306.—An eclipse of the sun. The stars were seen, and the Emperor Constantius died.

A. D. 840, May 4th.—A dreadful eclipse of the sun. Lewis the Pious died within six months after it.

A. D. 1009.—An eclipse of the sun. Jerusalem taken by the Saracens.

A. D. 1133, August 2nd.—A terrible eclipse of the sun. The stars were visible. A schism in the church occasioned by there being three Popes at one time.

A. D. 1140, March 20th.—A total eclipse of the sun visible at London. Dr. Halley remarks, that though there are necessarily twenty-eight central eclipses of the sun at some part or other of the globe in eighteen years, and that no fewer than eight of these pass over the parallel of London, three of which are total with continuance,—yet from the great variety of elements whereof the calculus of eclipses consists, it has so happened that since March 20th, 1140, there had not been a total eclipse of the sun visible at London, although the shadow of the moon has often passed over other parts of Great Britain.

A. D. 1191, June 22nd.—A very large solar eclipse in England. The true sun was seen dimly, with an *apparent one*, but very much obscured.

A. D. 1493.—Christopher Columbus was driven on the island of Jamaica, where he was in the greatest distress for want of provisions, and refused any assistance from the inhabitants; on which he threatened them with a plague, and told them that in token of it there should be an eclipse; which accordingly fell on the day he had foretold, and so terrified the barbarians, that they strove who should be the first in bringing him all sorts of provisions, throwing them at his feet and imploring his forgiveness.

One of the strongest proofs against the veracity of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was connected with a lunar eclipse. In recording his observations of it, he describes the shadow as having

advanced some way upon the disc of the moon, at a time when, by calculation, the luminary was several degrees below the horizon, and did not rise till the middle of the eclipse. Bruce's general truth has, however, been confirmed by all later travellers.

The celebrated Bode, author of the *Celestial Atlas*, and other excellent works, was conversing with Professor Encke, on the 23rd of November, 1826, relative to the eclipse of the sun, of the 29th of that month, when he was surprised by death.

The eclipses which happened about the time of the Creation are little more than half way of their ethereal circuit: it will be 4,000 years before they enter the earth any more.

A catalogue of eclipses was calculated, to gratify the curiosity of the French king, who was anxious to know if a total or annular eclipse would soon happen, visible at Paris. From this calculation it appeared, that only one annular eclipse would occur in the nineteenth century, and that it would take place on the 9th of October, 1847. The distance of the centres of the two luminaries will be only 10 sec.; the distance of the south limbs, 1 min. 24 sec.; distance of the north limbs, 1 min. 4 sec.

Clavius observes, that at the total eclipse of 1560, the darkness at Coimbra was greater, or at least more striking, than that of night; and the birds fell to the earth through terror.

At the solar eclipse of 1699, there was only $\frac{1}{180}$th of the sun visible at Gripswald in Pomerania; and the obscurity was so great, that the inhabitants could neither see to read nor write. Two of the planets, and two or three of the fixed stars also made their appearance.

In 1706, at Paris, the sun was eclipsed nearly eleven digits; yet, although only one-twelfth of the diameter was visible, every thing could be distinguished as clearly as in the fullest sunshine.

The sky an azure field displayed—
'Twas sun-light sheathed, and gently charm'd,
Of all its sparkling rays disarm'd,
And as in slumber laid;
Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green.

The grand eclipse of the 22nd of April, 1715, presented most interesting phenomena; it was observed, and minutely detailed, by Dr. Halley: his description of it is said to be the best that astronomical history affords of this species of phenomenon. During the greatest obscuration, the planets Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, and not fewer than twenty of the fixed stars, were visible; so that the sky appeared as starry as during the night of a full moon. An observer at Zurich says, "that the birds went to roost, the bats came out of their holes, and the fishes swam about; a sensation of cold was experienced, and the dew fell on the grass."

The next lunar eclipse visible in Britain, will take place February the 26th, 1831. Digits eclipsed 8 deg. 18 min.; the moon will rise eclipsed.

A very small solar eclipse will occur July the 27th, 1832; 12 min. 30 sec. only, of the sun's southern limb will be concealed.

A great solar eclipse, visible in England, will take place the 15th of May, 1836, when 11 deg. 18 min. will be covered.

Another considerable eclipse of the sun will occur the 15th of March, 1858, when 11 deg. 30 min. will be hidden.

A still more remarkable eclipse of the sun will take place the 19th of August, 1887, when the whole of the disc will be covered excepting 2 min.

A total eclipse, without continuance, will occur the 3rd of February, 1916. The apparent diameters will coincide, and, for an instant, there will be a total concealment of the sun's light. This eclipse will be the greatest that will be visible in England till after the year of our Lord 2000.—*Literary Gazette.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

A SERIES OF STANZAS ON TOBACCO.

NO. I.

FRIEND of the friendless,—philanthropic weed!
On rich and poor alike thy balm bestowing,
In humble clay, or richest hookah glowing,
Blest be thy tillage, fruitful be thy seed;
In happier days from all vile duty reed;
Light be the turf upon the honoured grave
Of him who bore thee o'er the Western wave;
Deathless in fame, if this his only deed;
Immortal RALEIGH! were Potatoes not,
Could grateful Ireland e'er forget thy claim?
"Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,"
That blend thy memory with Eliza's fame;
Could England's annals in oblivion rot,
TOBACCO would enshrine and consecrate thy name.

NO. II.

Let Eastern nightingales, as poets sing,
"Die of a rose in aromatic pain;"
Let Moore take up the imitative strain,
And deck with Persian flowers his dulcet string;
It sickens me to read of endless Spring,
And flowers that seem alike to bud and blow,
Beneath the Summer's sun and Winter's snow,
Heaping their sweets on Zephyr's weary wing,
Doubtless, such odours most delicious are
To votaries of heaven-born Poesy;

But to my senses more congenial far
(Howe'er degrading such confession be)
Th' aroma mounting from a mild cigar,
Choose worthless flowers who will; Havannah's weed for me.

NO. III.

On many a foreign shore, in many a scene
Of beauty, wonder, peril,—seldom prest
By wanderers from the Islands of the West,—
The wayward footsteps of the bard have been:
The Sounder wastes,—Napoleon's prison-isle,—
Where the young Ganges leaves its native snows,—
The woods and wilds where Irawady flows,—
And where Caffraria's dingy damsels smile:
Weary and faint my sinking soul the while,
But for one loved companion of my toil
TOBACCO, in my joy thou didst not flatter·
TOBACCO, from my woes thou didst not flee;
And Fortune to the winds her gifts may scatter,
I shall not miss them—so she leave me thee.

NO. IV.

Let Dantzick boast her matchless eau de-vie;
Let gin, Schedam, immortalize thy name;
Rum and rum-shrub support Jamaica's fame;
Grog—toddy—punch—whate'er the mixture be;
Or naked dram,—shall not be sung by me.
I sing the praises of that glorious weed,
Dear to mankind, whate'er his race, or creed,
Condition, colour, dwelling, or degree;
From Zembla's snows to parched Arabia's sands,
Loved by all lips, and common to all hands!
Hail, sole cosmopolite, TOBACCO, hail;
Shag, long-cut, short-cut, pig-tail, quid, or roll,
Dark Negrohead, or Orinooko pale,
In every form congenial to the soul

Monthly Magazine.

THE DENTIST AND THE COMEDIAN.

(From the Diary of a late Physician.)

FRIDAY, — 18—. A ludicrous contretems happened to-day, which I wish I could describe as forcibly as it struck me. Mr. ——, the well-known comedian, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, after having suffered so severely from the tooth-ach, as to be prevented for two evenings from taking his part in the play, sent, under my direction, for Mons. ——, a fashionable dentist, then but recently imported from France. While I was sitting with my friend, endeavouring to "screw his courage up to the sticking-place," Monsieur arrived, duly furnished with the "tools of his craft." The comedian sat down with a rueful visage, and eyed the dentist's formidable preparations with a piteous and disconcerted air. As soon as I had taken my station behind, for the purpose of holding the patient's head, the gum was lanced without much ado: but as the doomed tooth was a very formidable broad-rooted molar, Monsieur prepared for a vigorous effort. He was just commencing the dreadful wrench, when he suddenly relaxed his hold, retired a step or two from his patient, and burst into a loud fit of laughter! Up started the astounded comedian, and with clenched fists demanded furiously, "What the d—l he meant by such conduct?" The little bewhiskered foreigner, however, continued standing at a little distance, still so convulsed with laughter, as to disregard the menacing movements of his patient; and exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu!—ver good—ver good—bien! ha, ha!—Be Gar, Monsieur, you pull one such d— queer, extraordinaire comique face—Be Gar, like one big fiddle!" or words to that effect. The dentist was right: Mr. ——'s features were odd enough at all times; but, on the present occasion, they suffered such excruciating contortions—such a strange puckering together of the mouth and cheeks, and upturning of the eyes, that it was ten thousand times more laughable than any artificial distorted features with which he used to set Drury-Lane in a roar.—Oh that a painter had been present!—There was, on one side, my friend, standing in menacing attitude, with both fists clenched, his left cheek swelled, and looking as if the mastication of a large apple had been suddenly suspended, and his whole features creating a grotesque expression of mingled pain, indecision, and fury. Then there was the operator beginning to look a little startled at the probable consequences of his sally; and, lastly, I stood a little aside, almost suffocated with suppressed laughter! At length, however, ——'s perception of the ridiculous prevailed; and after a very hearty laugh, and exclaiming, "I *must* have looked d—d odd, I suppose!" he once more resigned himself into the hands of Monsieur, and the tooth was out in a twinkling.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RISING GENERATION AND THE MARCH OF MIND.

I AM old enough to remember a great many things that seem never to have fallen in the way of the present generation, and that, to the generation growing on their heels, must be as far gone as the years before the Flood. I am old enough to remember the time when a gentleman wore the dress of a gentleman, not of his groom, had the manners of good society, not of the race course, the gaming-table, or the green-room, and had the feelings of a gentleman, not of the unhappy danglers on place or the loud-tongued yet equally slavish hunters after rabble applause. I can remember, too, the time when an English merchant was not a swindling speculator with other men's money, but an honest trader; and when a public

man was not necessarily under strong suspicion of roguery. But all this implies, a long time ago; the march of mind is making a brilliant progress, and before a year or two more, we shall probably be the most illuminated people of the globe. But our progress is not to be measured by the expertness of our barbers in conic sections or our greengrocers in the roots of equations; the true fruit is that exquisite refinement which is spreading so visibly over the whole surface of what were once called the lower orders; a class which will henceforth receive and deserve the name of the "superfine."

Of this delightful delicacy, the instances that crowd upon me are too flattering to the hope of universal polish, not to attract the admiration of one who has for the last twenty years been puzzled by the precocious wisdom of the great and the little alike, and who, firmly believing in the proverb, as to setting beggars on horseback, asks only a year or two longer, to have full evidence of its being realized.

I give you a few among the multitude of instances which have satisfied me, that the march of intellect has made the most irresistible progress. If they be more than have fallen within general observation, let it be recollected that I have had my eyes open to the subject, and that, as Sterne says of the "Sentimental Traveller," the man who looks about for any particular absurdity of mankind, will never be disappointed of his crop in a world of such accomplished education. I throw these instances together, with a disregard of chronology which I am afraid may offend some of my heroes and heroines; but I am old, and I have never been fortunate enough to receive the illustration of even a Mechanics' Institute.

A year or two ago, on coming to town for a short period, I took a furnished house, engaged attendants, and so forth. My footman was a smart fellow, and I liked him well enough. But I was not sufficiently fortunate to meet his approval in all points. Within a week he applied for his discharge; his *congé*, I believe he called it. I inquired his reason. He did me the honour of saying, that he had no particular objection to me or my family, but that "he had made it a rule not to live in a *hired* house." He finished with an accomplished bow, and thus dismissed *me*.

As I was staring at the full gallop of a stage through one of our most crowded streets, I was terrified by the hazard of a young servant girl, who was crossing, within a few feet of this outrageous machine. In my terror, I roared out, "Girl, take care of the coach."—"Girl," said the accomplished fair one, indignantly, "I'd have you to know I am lady's gentlewoman." I was fool enough to be angry, and said—"Jenny, go home and be wiser."—"Jenny!" retorted she, with remarkable vigour of tone—"none of that nonsense, old gentleman, my name's Henrietta Matilda!"

In the heat of the summer as I was returning from the city, I felt fatigued by the ascent of Holborn and called a coach. The driver was absent, and my inquiry as to the cause was answered by the waterman. "Your Honour, he's gone over into that there confectioner's, to take his regular ice."

I was drawling homewards in one of those vehicles a few days afterwards, when its lazy motion stopped altogether. On putting my head out I saw my driver calmly quitting his throne. "Only getting down to get a bottle of soda," was the explanation.

At a dinner *en famille* with an old friend, the conversation over our wine was frequently interrupted by what I conceived the agonies of some child in a state of strangulation. As my friend was unincumbered with those delightful sources of all the troubles on earth, I expressed my surprise. "Why hang the fellow," said he, with some appearance of shame at the incident, "I wish he would take some other time for his foolery. I should have turned him out twelve months ago, but they are all the same in this enlightened age. The perpetrator of those horrid sounds is my footman, taking lessons in singing and the guitar!"

A fellow seven feet high, with the limbs of an elephant, a first-rate specimen of the coalheaver, was discharging some of his chaldrons in my cellar. The fellow's muscular power surprised me, and I gave him something more than the usual gratuity. He thanked me, "particularly," said he, as he deposited it with great care in a side pocket, "as it will just make up what I wanted for silks."—"A new name for porter," said I. "No by no means, your honour," was the reply. "But after lecture, we has a ball, and the Professor has written up on the door—'No gentlemen admitted to dance, on no conditions whatever, but in silks and breeches.'"

On a visit to the country, I found at once a professor of the new light in the neighbouring village, and half my servants emigrating. From one of them,

a pretty innocent creature, a tenant's daughter, I at length extracted the secret of the general move. "They preferred the London accent, and wished to leave the country before their organs were *rigidified.*" I scented the professor in the phrase; and was cruel enough to the march of intellect to have him driven out of the village.

Crossing Grosvenor-square, I was followed by one of those wretched beings who volunteer sweeping the pavé. He had some ragged pieces of leather on his hand. The polite mendicant! As he held it out for the penny, "Excuse my glove," said this Chesterfield of the mire.

At the inn at Devizes, I desired the chambermaid to get the warming-pan ready for my bed. "We haven't none of that sort now," said Blouzelind, with manifest contempt. "In this hotel, we uses nothing but Panthermanticons."

"Sir," said my footman, a successor to the gentleman who disapproved of hired houses, "if I might be allowed to make the observation, your clothes are by no means what your figure would justify." Voltaire remarks that "a compliment is a compliment in all cases, as a pearl is a pearl, whether we find it in an oyster-bed or on a beauty's bosom." I demanded the fellow's reason. "The truth is, Sir," said he, with a profoundly operatic bow, "I don't relish any English tailoring. There is a something about the foreign cut for me."—"Oh, oh," said I, scarcely able to avoid the indecorum of laughing in the face of the man of taste, "you wish me to run up a bill with Stultz; but I always pay ready money, and have no bills with any one." "Have no bills?" murmured the fellow, with irrepressible scorn. He gave warning within the week, and, to do him justice, I lost none of my silver spoons.

Some business having led me across the Channel, and having kept me there until I thought that I should never get the snuffling of French out of my ears, nor the fume of the most villanous tobacco on earth out of my nostrils, I hurried homewards with a sort of delight that a prisoner may feel escaping from the society, sight, scents, and sounds of a Deptford hulk. "Here," thought I, as I sat down before my own household gods, drew my chair to the fire, and looking on an unpolluted carpet, a clear blaze, and a bottle of old Port, felt that I was at last in England again, "here I am in the land of comfort and common sense. Here I can sit without being smoked into an asthma, or chattered, grimaced, and grinned into an apoplexy." The congratulation was interrupted by a prodigious double or fourfold knock at the hall door, which prepared me to expect the visit of a peer at least, by its shattering every nerve in my frame. I rose to receive my august visiter. A personage stately as a field marshal, was ushered into the room, in a magnificent military cloak, with a very finished specimen of sleek moustache on his lip, and the remnant of a cigar between them. Having relieved himself of his superabundant smoke, he, by a discharge in my face, addressed me; dropped a few sentences about *nouveautés, la mode,* and *le suprême bon ton,* strung like jewels on some of the most thorough English of Cheapside, and threw open his military caparison. The gentleman was my tailor's apprentice, bringing home a pair of breeches.

This was a day of general discovery. In my rovings through the house, left untenanted by the absence of my family in the country, I found the upper rooms strongly smelling of turpentine, mastic, and so forth; a varnish brush lay on my toilet table, and a fragment of a carmine saucer, satisfied me that other sophistications than my own had been going on there. The story was soon told. My cook had selected the apartment from its being more convenient than the kitchen for rouging herself without inspection; and my housemaid had selected it for its advantage of a northern aspect, in the lessons which she was taking of an "eminent artist," who gave lessons in oil painting and varnishing, at the rate of half-a-crown a-piece. Opening a closet, which I had fitted up as a small study, with my best books, and from which I enjoyed a prospect over Hyde Park, I was repelled by a combination of odours that made me think myself on the other side of the Channel again. My coachman, a huge fellow from Yorkshire, had honoured it in my absence by his company. To this spot the philosopher of hay and oats was in the habit of retiring to solace himself with copying the style of Richardson's love letters, of which I found several brilliant specimens—sketching his observations on the margin of Smirke's edition of Don Quixote, and eating macaroni—of which I found a ready prepared plate, with a cigar burning by its side: my return having evidently disturbed Jehu in his retirement. In this emergency, what was I to do? My servants had evidently so far outwalked me in "the march," that it would have been the highest degree of injustice to expect their further

attendance. I ought indeed rather to have petitioned to clean the shoes and make the fires of such accomplished persons. They had fairly "trod on the heels" of my superiority, as the professors of the new art of marching so munificently promise; and as the next tread might be on my escrutoire, or my neck, I made up my mind to relieve them of the pain of attendance on a being so much less intellectual than themselves. In the course of the next three hours I sent off every sage and siren of them all. There was a considerable reluctance on their part, for which I could not account at the time, but which gave way on my using the argument of a constable from the next office. At eleven o'clock I retired to my pillow, proud of my day's work. But it was unhappily not to sleep. I was suddenly startled by a succession of thunderings at my door, which left me only the choice of suppositions, that the house was on fire, or was attacked by robbers, or was partaking of a general earthquake. I ran to the window—saw successive arrivals of sedans, hackney coaches, and gentlemen wrapped in magnificent military cloaks. The problem was slowly, but perfectly solved. My servants had invited all their fellow students at the Professor of Dancing's Institute, to a quadrille party. The invitation was a month old; but unluckily, my movements in dismissal had been too rapid for them to "put off" their guests. This however must now be done; and I gave them some invaluable advice from the safe distance of a second floor window; not unanswered, I must allow, by some indignant spirits, in language worthy of their injuries, and in particular by one gentleman's gentleman, who acquainted me that but for his despising me, he should send a friend to insist "on satisfaction."

Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A QUEEN DOING PENANCE.

In 1626, Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., was compelled by her priests to take a walk by way of penance, to Tyburn. What her offence was (says Whitelock) we are not told; but Charles was so disgusted at this insolence, that he soon after sent them, and all her majesty's French servants out of the kingdom. J. R. S.

SPICY PROFITS.

In the third voyage of the Company to the East Indies, one of the ships, the Consent, of 115 tons, sailed from the Thames in March 1607, and procured a cargo of cloves. The prime cost was £2,948. 15*s.* and they were sold for £36,287. P. T. W.

A LIVELY DEBATE.

In the senate-house at Barbadoes, the members drink punch. On one occasion, when Pinckard, the traveller was there, two persons suddenly appeared with a large bowl and a two quart glass filled with punch and sangaree. These were first presented to the speaker, who after dipping deep into the bowl, passed it among the members. Nor was the audience forgotten, as it was considered to be correctly in order for strangers to join in this part of the debate. Q.

AN OUTLINE.

When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE WITTY DOCTOR.

Dr. Baillies was made physician to the King of Prussia, on account of his great knowledge and experience. The king telling him, on his being introduced to him, he must certainly have killed a great number of persons in the course of acquiring his experience, the physician is said to have answered, "*pas tant que votre majesté.*" The bon-mot happened not to displease, and the doctor continued in favour with the king to the time of his death. P. T. W.

LINES BY GEORGE MORLAND,

On a Picture of a Calm at Sea.

Calm sea is like a silvery lake,
On its smooth face the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake,
The slumber of the sleeping tides.

"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE."

In the year 1125, the frost was so intense, that the eels were forced to leave the waters, and were frozen to death in the meadows. P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 451.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

St. Mary's Church, Greenwich.

Greenwich is of manifold celebrity: its splendid Hospital, Park, and Observatory entitle it to such note; and Londoners cannot well spare its Fair from the curtailed calendar of their suburban festivals. Neither is the architecture of the Churches of Greenwich to be passed over by sight-seeing visiters; and the last built of these forms the subject of the present Engraving.

This elegant and pleasing edifice may be regarded as one of the best specimens of the adaptation of Grecian architecture to the purposes of a church. The ground plan is divided into a nave, in the usual form of a parallelogram, with a chancel at the east end, and a series of lobbies and a portico at the opposite extremity. The body of the church is not disposed into nave and aisles, the entire area, with the exception of a transverse portion at the west end, separated from the rest by two piers, being open.

The superstructure is built of a clean white brick, with stone dressings, and the tower and portico are also constructed of the latter material. The west front is ornamented with a tetra-style portico of the Ionian Ionic order, raised on a flight of steps, and covered with a pediment; in the returns the epistyles are received on antæ attached to the wall of the church, and the cornice is

surmounted by a blocking course. The main building behind the portico is divided into three portions—*i. e.* a centre flanked by lobbies; in the centre portion are three lintelled entrances; the principal, which is in the middle, is crowned with an entablature, in which is inserted a square slab or tablet, bearing a Calvary cross in relief. Immediately over this doorway is seen a composition of sculpture, representing the two tables of the Law borne by an angel. The ceiling of the portico is unornamented; the lobbies have arched windows on the fronts, and are finished *in antis*, and in elevation with an entablature continued from the portico. At the sides of this front, and forming small wings, are low walls with false entrances, apparently leading to a cemetery, which give additional breadth and value to the façade. The doors are oak, ornamented with Calvary crosses, and inscribed—"PER CRUCEM SOLVIMUR," and the piers are surmounted by urns. The tower rises from behind the centre of the portico, from a low attic answering in breadth to the central division of the front; it is made into two stories, square in plan, and composed of a plinth, and superstructure; the lower story is solid, ornamented with antæ in groups of three at the angles, and crowned with a simple entablature; in each face is a lintelled opening, filled in with weather boards. This story is surmounted by an attic. The pedestal of the upper story is pierced with the clock dials; and the superstructure is open. At the angles are piers, each composed of an anta, and two attached columns of the irregular Corinthian order of the Tower of the Winds at Athens. An entablature surmounted by a parapet, ornamented with a series of small arches, finishes the elevation. At the angles, by way of pinnacles, are square altars with flames.

The east front in arrangement resembles the western extremity of the church; the chancel answering to the portico. In the ends of the walls of the church, and also in the extremity of the chancel, are blank windows, the flanks of the latter having small arched lights.

The view of the church from the south-west, which forms the subject in the Engraving, conveys a faithful idea of the exterior, which is characterized by simplicity and neatness, the architect having judiciously reserved his ornament for the interior. The tower, however, is far from a happy design. It must strike every observer as an imitation of the pinnacled towers of the old English style. As such, it is very deficient in massiveness; on the other hand, it has great claims to originality, and widely differs from the universal designs of the pepper-box genus. At the same time, it must in justice to the architect be said, that there are less faults in the present than in a vast majority of the new churches. The interior approaches to perfection. The propriety of the decorations, and the chasteness and elegance of the whole arrangements, reflect the highest credit on the talents and judgment of Mr. Basevi, the architect.

The first stone of this church was laid on the 17th of June, 1823, by her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda; and it was consecrated on the 25th of July, 1825. It is calculated to accommodate 1713 persons, of which 645 are free sittings. It was built by the parish, with the aid of private subscriptions, and the grant of 11,000*l.* from the Royal Commissioners.*

PORTRAITS.

(*From the Spanish.*)

The love-dreams that haunt the young poet
Are coloured too much by his mind.

L. E. L.

I.

A CHILD of earth, and yet enshrin'd
With charms that seem of heaven;
A beauteous light within the mind,
To poet's visions given.

Thy ringlets cast a gleam of gold
O'er thy blue sparkling eyes,
As shines the moonbeam o'er the stars,
Whose path is thro' the skies.

No mark of grief is on thy brow,
Produced by early sin;
But loveliness and joy without
Suggest the thoughts within.

Thou'rt musing in thy fairy bow'r,
And on thy maiden lute
Thy white hand rests—its tones have pass'd,
And left its spirit mute.

A calmer brow, and sweeter face
To earth were ne'er assign'd;
And rapture breathes in every grace
Of loveliness with mind.

II.

Beautiful the blue sky seemeth,
Worthy of the spirit's rest;
Bright the summer sunbeam gleameth
On the land in visions blest.
Pure and white the mountain's brow—
Such are they, and such art thou!

When thine eyes awake from slumber,
When thy voice dissolves in song,
And thy fairy fingers wander
Thy lute's tender chords among—
Thy polish'd brow is pure and white,
And thou art beautiful and bright!

* Abridged from the *Gentleman's Magazine* November, 1829.

Dreams that haunt the youthful poet
Have their sweetest light from thee,—
Music wafted by the breezes
Of a summer night at sea;
Sunny cheeks, and forehead white,
Are thine, my beautiful and bright!

Deal. R. A.

The Cosmopolite.

BOOKS APPRECIATED.*

From the Italian of Gasparo Gozzi.

(For the Mirror.)

A BOOKSELLER was one day seated behind the counter of his shop, and not far from him sat a stranger, by whose plump appearance, and by a certain expression in his florid, pleasant countenance, it was easy to perceive he had not particularly troubled himself with study. Quoth the bookseller, bemoaning his fate: "What a life is this! scarcely have I time to swallow in extreme haste a mouthful or two, than I am obliged to return to this poor cage, and patiently await the caprice of the ten thousand persons or more who pass this way, until it leads some of them to step in and buy a book. And when they have entered my shop, how many words do they waste ere they come to an agreement. Too dear is this book, and too bulky is the other, whilst it seems that we poor booksellers are a grasping, avaricious race, who make no ceremony of fleecing our neighbours. Now, not taking into account the money which we expend upon paper, nor that which goes for the printing and binding of books; we must pay the rent of the shop, the rogue who opens and shuts it, for the lights which are every evening burnt in it, and in short, during the year, for a thousand other things. This poor body too, condemned never to quit one spot, bound as it were like a slave to the oar, must it reckon for nothing? Now, considering the service that we booksellers render to mankind, no profession ought to meet with such encouragement as our own. Are not our shelves the repositories of those lights, and of experience, which guide people through the darkling tracks of life? Do not they abound in all the recreations of the mind?"

Longer might the eloquent bookseller have harangued, had not the stranger at this juncture burst out laughing; whereupon the tradesman remained in mute confusion, regarding him, and not divining the cause of his mirth, since he could not imagine how a declamation upon matters of the utmost moment to him, should be treated as a jest. However, when the stranger's laughter had a little subsided, he turned to him, and with grave simplicity demanded, "Have I said anything absurd?"—"Yes, my friend," replied the other, "and some of the most ridiculous things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man: so long as you only quarrelled with your fortune, I compassionated you, but when you exalted your profession, I could not, as you perceived, restrain my laughter." The bookseller replied, "I know not why you should laugh at books, or wherefore you should regard them lightly, which are the nutriment of the mind, as bread and other viands are of the body." "So *you* fancy," answered the stranger, "and it is well, although you are ready to die of despair at having made choice of this trade; but the case is otherwise than you suppose; listen to me: would you affirm that the utility of books is real and manifest, could I certainly prove that since their introduction into the world, mankind have been much the same as they were before, or even worse?" "Prove *that*," replied the bookseller, "and I'll turn dancing-master at once." "You say," rejoined the stranger, "that books benefit the intellect and soul of man, and that so to do is their aim and object. Let us see then, in what manner it has been attained. Since the period in which the sciences and fine arts have been spread abroad (and doubtlessly most liberally are they dispensed by books) people have been divided into two classes, the learned, and the illiterate. Hence originates the malevolence borne by one class towards the other, that innate animosity which never existed when everybody lived, as one may say, in the agreeable darkness of ignorance. Is it likely, with this continual discord in the bosoms of the living, that there should be peace in the world? Yes, even this might be patiently endured were life bettered, in at least any other respect. I am vexed, that owing to an aversion which I always felt towards books, I cannot now adduce in evidence of my opinion various states and ages of the world; but this I may safely assert, in spite of all the volumes at present ours, there are wars I understand, as there were of old, and men butcher each other now, much as they

* The translator of the following essay offers it to the readers of the *Mirror*, merely as an ingenious literary curiosity, believing that few persons residing in this enlightened country, and capable of *enjoying* books, as they may be enjoyed in England, will be disposed to assent to the propositions therein contained.

did formerly; and little does it avail, that they do so under better laws and a better discipline than before. As to medical works, do we see that men die at a more advanced age than formerly? Continually are law books printed, and yet only to become more perplexing. Would you know why? We have already received from heaven a sufficient knowledge of things which are most essential to us. This evening the sun will set, we shall leave off work and go to our repose; to-morrow it will rise, and we shall resume our labour. In the Spring we shall sow, in the Summer and Autumn, reap; Winter will follow, when we shall think of shelter. This was the knowledge of which we had need,—it was essential, useful; for the rest, it overburdens the brain, makes volumes without end, and ourselves little short of fools! These are the advantages of books, and they possess some others, of which for brevity's sake, I forbear to speak; but how? If they have not benefited men in one way, surely they have had some influence over manners, and ameliorated them? Yes! I think I see them kissing, and embracing each other with heartfelt sincerity, and those who can do it, rendering quick and affectionate succour to the afflicted. I see, since the introduction of books in every place, the reigning influence of meekness, goodness of heart, sincerity, friendship, and the other charities of life. I see every one in singleness of heart confiding in others, without fear of being himself deceived, and without the intention of deceiving. And truly, these things ought thus to be, since so many have examined the springs of conduct, so clearly defined the nature of virtue, the passions, reason, &c., and so minutely recorded their observations, that he who is not virtuous condemns himself."

The bookseller, wearied and confounded, here interposed, "I believe that you are bantering," said he. "I bantering!" exclaimed the stranger. "Can you not see with your own eyes, how amicable, pacific, meek, and honourable the world has become, since the introduction of libraries and books?" "For myself," answered the other, "I cannot pretend to say, that I *do* see what you mention; but"—"What!" interrupted the stranger, "would you also satirize?—but hold, I have chattered here too long: sell me a book." "Which?"—"I intend to compensate you for the time I have made you lose, and shall spend eight *lire;* give me which you will, I care not for one book more than for another." "Here is one."—"And here are eight good sound *lire.* Adieu."

I have written this dialogue, of which I was an auditor, and may observe, that to it, I have added nothing of my own; and pleasant was it to behold the bookseller, who remained so full of confusion and thought, that he might easily then have been persuaded to relinquish his calling. So I comforted him, saying, "What signifies it to you whether books please or not? From time to time you sell them, and at the close of the year find yourself alive and well. See you not, that the stranger himself, who so severely censured them, has bought one? and what concern is it of yours, whether he purchased from civility or any other motive, so long as you have pocketed the money? Consider how many purchasers of books come to your shop through mere caprice; one from having heard a work much commended; one for the estimation in which he holds the author; some for one reason, and some for another. Therefore, continue your trade, confiding in the caprice of human nature; the buyers of books are more numerous than you are willing to imagine, and books adapt themselves to more purposes than you would believe. Be comforted." At this juncture, as luck would have it, six or seven people entered the shop in succession, who, purchasing several volumes, put the poor bookseller into better spirits, than did all my consolations, and I left him manfully resolved to prosecute his own business, and not to trouble himself with any other.

M. L. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

WESTMORELAND WEDDINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The wedding-day—ay what'n a merry sight,
Sich doings ye may not see every where,
And then we have a weelish 'merry night,'
And gaily toast the newly-wedded pair."
Rhyming Geordy, the Westmoreland Poet.

THE day of marriage has always been devoted to festivity. Among the people of Westmoreland it is passed in boisterous mirth and amusement. Early in the morning the bridegroom, attended by his friends on horseback, proceeds to the house of the bride's father. Here they alight, and the bridegroom salutes his future partner, after which the whole are ushered into the house, where a good stout breakfast is prepared for them. This being ended, the whole

party proceed in cavalcade order to the church, accompanied by a fiddler, who enlivens the scene by appropriate tunes. A garland of such flowers as are in season is thrown across the shoulders of the bride, and a similar emblem adorns the waist of the bridegroom. On the conclusion of the ceremony, they repair to the nearest alehouse, where many a bumper is quaffed to the health of the blooming couple. They then return in the same order they set out, to the house of the bride's father, where they are invited to dine and spend the remainder of the day in mirth and festivity. Immediately on their arrival, however, all the company are presented with a slice of the bridal cake, denominated *wineberry cake*,* which it is the bride's office to cut up, and the bridegroom's to present. The cake, I should note, is cut while the ring is placed in the middle of it, and is handed round with the same prophetic charm upon it. The dinner generally consists of a large spiced meat pie with sundry etceteras, followed by abundance of good country ale, wherewith to drink the happiness of the joyful pair. Dancing and other amusements occupy the remainder of the day, and in the evening the bride and bridegroom are chaired in the garden, amidst the plaudits of the whole company. The whole concludes with a "merry night,"† (as mentioned by my old friend, Rhyming Geordy, of Kirby Stephen,) in the house of the bride's father, which seldom breaks up ere "bright Phœbus" peeps in at the window. W. H. H.

* Currants are here called wineberries; this cake is thickly studded with currants and spices of every description, and marked with many appropriate devices

† A night spent in dancing and revelry.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

GALT'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

(Concluded from page 210.)

So much of the *pro* and *con* of their criticships has already appeared respecting this work, that we feel but little inclination to contribute our *malison*. A continuation of Notes will be more entertaining:—

"That Byron wrote best when he wrote of himself and of his own, has probably been already made sufficiently apparent. In this respect he stands alone and apart from all other poets, and there will be occasion to show, that this peculiarity extended much further over all his works, than merely to those which may be said to have required him to be thus personal. The great distinction, indeed, of his merit consists in that singularity. Shakspeare, in drawing the materials of his dramas from tales and history, has, with wonderful art, given from his own invention and imagination the fittest and most appropriate sentiments and language; and admiration at the perfection with which he has accomplished this, can never be exhausted. The difference between Byron and Shakspeare consists in the curious accident, if it may be so called, by which the former was placed in circumstances which taught him to feel in himself the very sentiments that he has ascribed to his characters. Shakspeare created the feelings of his, and with such excellence, that they are not only probable to the situations, but give to the personifications the individuality of living persons. Byron's are scarcely less so; but with him there was no invention—only experience—and when he attempts to express more than he has himself known, he is always comparatively feeble."

MANFRED.

"That Manfred is the greatest of Byron's works will probably not be disputed. It has more than the fatal mysticism of Macbeth, with the satanic grandeur of the Paradise Lost, and the hero is placed in circumstances, and amidst scenes, which accord with the stupendous features of his preternatural character. How then, it may be asked, does this moral phantom, that has never been, bear any resemblance to the poet himself? Must not, in this instance, the hypothesis which assigns to Byron's heroes his own sentiments and feelings be abandoned? I think not. In noticing the deep and solemn reflections with which he was affected in ascending the Rhine, and which he has embodied in the third canto of Childe Harold, I have already pointed out a similarity in the tenour of the thoughts to those of Manfred, as well as the striking acknowledgment of the "filed" mind. There is, moreover, in the drama, the same distaste of the world which Byron himself expressed when cogitating on the desolation of his hearth, and the same contempt of the insufficiency of his genius and renown to mitigate contrition,—all in strange harmony with the same magnificent objects of sight. Is not the opening soliloquy of Manfred

the very echo of the reflections on the Rhine ?—

My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within—and yet I live and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing man.

"But the following is more impressive: it is the very phrase he would himself have employed to have spoken of the consequences of his fatal marriage:

My injuries came down on those who loved me,
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal.

"He had not, indeed, been engaged in any duel of which the issue was mortal; but he had been so far engaged with more than one, that he could easily conceive what it would have been to have quelled an enemy in just defence. But unless the reader can himself discern, by his sympathies, that there is the resemblance I contend for, it is of no use to multiply instances.

"The following extract from the poet's travelling memorandum-book has been supposed to contain the germ of the tragedy:—

"'September 22, 1816.—Left Thunn in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine; rocks down to the water's edge; landed at Newhouse; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception; passed a rock bearing an inscription; two brothers, one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings, came to an enormous rock; arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfraw) glaciers; torrents, one of these nine hundred feet, visible descent; lodge at the curate's; set out to see the valley; heard an avalanche fall like thunder; glaciers; enormous storm comes on; thunder and lightning and hail, all in perfection and beautiful. The torrent is in shape, curving, over the rock, like the tail of the white horse streaming in the wind, just as might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse: it is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height gives a wave, a curve, a spreading here, a condensation there, wonderful, indescribable!

"'September 23.—Ascent of the Wingren, the *dent d'argent* shining like truth on one side; on the other the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring-tide. It was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance; the side we ascended was of course not of so precipitous a nature; but, on arriving at the summit, we looked down on the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud dashing against the crag on which we stood. Arrived at the Greenderwold, mounted and rode to the higher glacier, twilight, but distinct, very fine; glacier like a frozen hurricane; starlight beautiful; the whole of the day was fine, and, in point of weather, as the day in which Paradise was made. Passed whole woods of withered pines, all withered, trunks stripped and lifeless, done by a single winter.'

"Undoubtedly, in these brief and abrupt, but masterly touches, hints for the scenery of Manfred may be discerned; but I can perceive nothing in them which bears the least likelihood to their having influenced the conception of that sublime work.

"There has always been, from the first publication of Manfred, a strange misapprehension with respect to it in the public mind. The whole poem has been misunderstood; and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use among the students of the black art?"

BEPPO.—LAMENT OF TASSO.

"Before Childe Harold was finished, an incident occurred which suggested to Byron a poem of a very different kind to any he had yet attempted. Without vouching for the exact truth of the anecdote, I have been told that he one day received by the mail a copy of Whistlecraft's prospectus and specimen of an intended national work; and, moved by its playfulness, immediately after reading it, began Beppo, which he finished at a sitting. The facility with which he composed renders the story not improbable; but, singular as it may seem, the poem itself has the facetious flavour in it of his gaiety, stronger than even his grave works have of his frowardness, commonly believed to have been—I think unjustly—the predominant mood of his character.

"The Ode to Venice is also to be numbered among his compositions in that city; a spirited and indignant effu-

sion, full of his peculiar lurid fire, and rich in a variety of impressive and original images. But there is a still finer poem which belongs to this period of his history, though written, I believe, before he reached Venice—The Lament of Tasso: and I am led to notice it the more particularly, as one of its noblest passages affords an illustration of the opinion which I have early maintained—that Lord Byron's extraordinary pretensions to the influence of love was but a metaphysical conception of the passion:

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lovely flowers
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees and dream'd uncounted hours."

GENEROSITY.

"In tracing the course of Lord Byron's career, I have not deemed it at all necessary to advert to the instances of his generosity, or to conduct less pleasant to record. Enough has appeared to show that he was neither deficient in warmth of heart nor in less amiable feelings; but, upon the whole, it is not probable, that either in his charities or his pleasures he was greatly different from other young men, though he undoubtedly had a wayward delight in magnifying his excesses, not in what was to his credit, like most men, but in what was calculated to do him no honour. More notoriety has been given to an instance of lavish liberality at Venice than the case deserved, though it was unquestionably prompted by a charitable impulse. The house of a shoemaker, near his lordship's residence, in St. Samuel, was burnt to the ground, with all it contained, by which the proprietor was reduced to indigence. Byron not only caused a new, but a superior house to be erected, and also presented the sufferer with a sum of money equal in value to the whole of his stock in trade and furniture. I should endanger my reputation for impartiality if I did not, as a fair set-off to this, also mention that it is said he bought for five hundred crowns a baker's wife. There might be charity in this, too."

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

"Lord Byron was at one time much attached to her; nor could it be doubted that their affection was reciprocal; but in both, their union outlived their affection, for before his departure to Greece his attachment had perished, and he left her, as it is said, notwithstanding the rank and opulence she had forsaken on his account, without any provision. He had promised, it was reported, to settle two thousand pounds on her; but he forgot the intention, or died before it was carried into effect.* On her part, the estrangement was of a different and curious kind—she had not come to hate him, but she told a lady, the friend of a mutual acquaintance of Lord Byron and mine, that she feared more than loved him."

A word or two upon the work, generally, and we have done. It is a prodigy of cheapness, as far as concerns quantity—nearly 400 full pages, and two portraits, Byron and Guiccioli, for five shillings. Of its vague and unsatisfactory character as a piece of biography, the reader will loudly complain, unless he be so taken up with its variety as to dispense with higher merit. We confess ourselves puzzled at Mr. Galt's sitting down to write the Life of Lord Byron at all; but we are even more surprised at his imagining himself capable of giving anything like an accurate analysis of the poet's intellectual character. Of Byron's "Life" Mr. Galt seems to know but little more than he has obtained from the unsatisfactory works of others; and of his intellect he appears but to have drawn such a portraiture as scores of the poet's readers might have done.

If the success of this "Life of Byron" warrant the labour, we suggest its close revision, and attention to such "coincidences" as this: At page 248, "Hunt's political notoriety was mistaken for literary reputation;" and again, at p. 252, "Lord Byron mistook Hunt's political notoriety for literary reputation."

* Mr. Hobhouse has assured me that this information is not correct. "I happen," says he, "to know that Lord Byron offered to give the Guiccioli a sum of money outright, or to leave it to her by his will. I also happen to know that the lady would not hear of any such present or provision; for I have a letter in which Lord Byron extols her disinterestedness, and mentions that he has met with a similar refusal from another female. As to the being in destitute circumstances, I cannot believe it; for Count Gamba, her brother, whom I knew very well after Lord Byron's death, never made any complaint or mention of such a fact: add to which, I know a maintenance was provided for her by her husband, in consequence of a law process before the death of Lord Byron.

DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.

"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed an elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a poorfu' preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five bibles!"

Fine Arts.

THE THORNHILL OBELISK,

Near Sturminster Newton, Dorset.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Everything connected with the memory of men eminent for their genius, or renowned for their actions, possesses a high degree of interest with almost every reader; and the annexed sketch of a relic of Sir James Thornhill, well known as the painter of the interior of St. Paul's Cupola, may be acceptable to the readers of your pleasing little publication, for the pages of which it was expressly sketched. It presents a correct view of a monument known in the neighbourhood by the name of Thornhill Spire. It is an obelisk surmounted by a belted ball and cross, erected by Sir James, to the memory of his patron, King George I., and stands but a short walk from Thornhill House, formerly Sir James's residence, now that of —— Boucher, Esq. and distant about three miles from Sturminster Newton. There is a Latin inscription on a square tablet, on the north side of the obelisk; time has made so free with the characters that I could not accurately make it out, but I discerned the date to be MDCCXXVII. The present proprietor, to preserve it from injuries, has very judiciously enclosed it within an iron paling, and should this meet his eye, I would suggest the propriety of renovating the inscription. I do not know the exact height of the obelisk, but if I might be allowed to guess, I should think it between forty and fifty feet; it stands on an eminence, and is seen many miles distant.

Wm. Colbourne.

MEDAL TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE IV.

Mr. E. Avern, a medalist of much promise, has struck a handsome tribute to the memory of our late munificent monarch, George the Fourth. The medal is in silver, and nearly double the size of a crown-piece. On the obverse is the *front* bust of the king habited in a military frock-coat, the fur collar and decoration of which are of delicate execution; the likeness is passing good. On the reverse is a kind of pedestal supporting the bible, crown, and cushion, and at the base is a royal robe, with the sceptre, and coronet, feathers, &c. A figure of Time strives to grasp the crown by ascending the flight of steps supporting the pedestal, &c., and the hieroglyphic bearing of the group is explained by the inscription, "George IV. died June 26, 1830."

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER,

No. III.

The Story of a Life.

(Concluded from page 192.)

"I SUNK down exhausted, and should have been washed overboard, had they not carried me below. I found next morning I had got on board an American ship, bound for China: she had carried away her main-top mast, and sustained considerable damage from her collision with the Ocean. I now sunk into a state of deep despondency: I fancied there was a curse over me, and repeated constantly to myself, *I am a doomed man.* We shaped our course straight for the Cape of Good Hope, from whence I intended to work my passage back in some homeward-bound ship. It belonged to the lubberly Dutchman then, and I waited long and impatiently before a single sail touched. At last my wishes were accomplished, and I got a berth in an East Indiaman. I waited in London only till the ship was paid off, and got on a stage for Bristol. After my arrival there, I went down to Pill, where I got a cast in a pilot-boat as far as Minehead, and commenced to walk the rest of my journey next morning at day-break. I went eagerly on during the day; but as evening approached, I slackened, and became more and more reluctant every minute to reach home. My brother—my brave, my dear brother! the recollection of his fate pressed heavily on me. As I neared the well-known scene, a mist began to spread around, and night was fast closing in. Almost two years had elapsed since I parted from those with whom alone I could claim the relationship of flesh and blood in this world. There is something about our birthplace—which those brought up like me well know—that occasions a gush of feeling, a thrill through the heart, whenever mentioned or recollected, even in the most remote parts of the globe. I took a circuitous route by the coast, to avoid passing the village. The sea-coast is singularly bold and precipitous on this part of Devonshire. Our cottage, as I have stated, was situated by itself, near the sea, not far from where the Valley of Rocks opens its wild and sterile bounds. A shelving mass of rocky shingles, the accumulation of ages, forms, at low-water, a narrow and insecure border at the foot of the gigantic masses of cliffs which bound and check the fury of the ocean. My nearest, indeed the only route by which I could reach my mother's cottage, without passing through the village, was to descend a steep path in the rocks, about three quarters of a mile to the eastward, and after opening a bluff point, follow the course of the coast to the harbour of Lymouth. The wind was high, and the haze and darkness momentarily increased. Absorbed in reflection, I descended the cliffs, and had walked some distance, as fast as the slippiness and the roughness of the way permitted, before I thought once on the stormy appearance of the night, or the state of the flood. I cast an anxious glance to seaward. The tide was coming rapidly and impetuously in, breaking on the rocky beach just below me, sometimes with a report like thunder, sometimes mingled with the rapid rolling of the pebbles, as the waves receded. I could not help feeling some alarm in consequence of the lateness of the hour, but I had gone over the same way a hundred times, when the tide was as far advanced as on this night. I quickened my pace, however, towards the point, sustaining several severe falls in consequence. The shingles had diminished to a foot's-breadth when I passed it, and sheets of spray were already breaking against the rocks. I felt a sinking of mind—a depression of energy I could hardly account for; and I now saw that I must have a run for it, if I wished to escape the salt sea for my winding sheet. The waves struck me momentarily; I had advanced almost within sight of my birthplace, and cast a glance to the frowning cliffs aloft, with the determination, even in that pitchy darkness, of scaling them. I sprung upwards, and caught hold of a projecting point of rock; but a huge mass of wave lifted itself up, and broke over with resistless violence, washing me back in its revulsion. I was stunned; but my heart rose, for I had seen a light glimmering in the distance, which I knew to be my home. I now knew where I was, and made a second attempt with more success: after climbing and struggling a quarter of an hour more, I stood safe on the summit, and rapidly descended into the valley. My heart beat high as I neared the well-known cottage; but before lifting the latch, or discovering myself, I looked through a chink in the window into the interior. There was my favourite brother Harry, now grown a fine lad, sitting as formerly within the chimney nook; but I looked in vain for my mother or Tom. In another corner of the fire-place a female was

stooping, whom I instantly recognised as Sally Luscombe, once a flame of my own. I felt how it was, and gently lifting the latch of the door, sprung into my brother's arms—nature could stand it no longer. At our parting, there had been five of us; we were now reduced to two. But I fear I weary you. After we had become somewhat composed, I learned that poor Tom had met a similar fate to Charley, being drowned off Lundy, with his old master, in the Tiger, of Ilfracome; and my mother, hearing a report about the same time that the Ocean had foundered, with all hands, took to her bed, and died with a broken heart. Will had been married about six months. I joined my brother once more in our old occupation, and we passed twelve months prosperously enough; but my mind was far from happy. One night, about this time, we put to sea;—he, poor fellow, was in great spirits; his wife was expected to be confined daily, and a husband's feelings at such a time are well known. We returned late, and found her almost in the agonies of death,—she had been seized with premature labour, and the surgeon, who was a bungling fellow, declared he could save neither her nor the child. They both perished.

"Poor Harry was inconsolable; our home became irksome to me, and I urged him to go a voyage or two with me, and let the fishing-boat while we were absent. After much reluctance, he at last acceded. We went to Bristol, and Mr. Stone, the brother of my old skipper of the Ocean, who felt much interest in me on that account, made me chief mate, and gave Harry a berth, in the Prosperous, which was then fitting out for Buenos Ayres, under his command. We went down the beautiful river Avon with a fair wind; but after lying the night in King's Road, it veered round to the west, and we were detained some time. Harry here felt misgivings as to the voyage, repented his resolution, and wanted to return to Linton; but I reasoned and ridiculed him out of it. At length, after considerable detention, a fair breeze sprung up, and we pursued our voyage rapidly. A livelier thing than the Prosperous was never afloat—squared away free; but hauled close up to the wind, her sailing was very different. We continued to have favouring breezes, till one day, not long after we passed the line, the wind dropped considerably, and we could not make by the log, even with crowded canvass, more than three knots or so an hour.

"The day was intensely hot. The sails flapped idly about the masts; the sea-birds came flying listlessly round, settling on the shrouds and yards of the ship; the pitch boiled out of the seams under the influence of that blazing sun, and you could not touch anything from out the shade of the awning without creating a blister on your hand. The sea, unless in the ship's wake, was almost like glass, except when a flying fish dipped its glistening wings in the water, or a shark rushed on its prey. The attention of the passengers and crew was in some measure diverted by observing the movements of the latter, a number of which hovered about the ship, and several hooks were baited to catch them. At last a shout aft announced that a shark had been hooked on one of the lines set out on the larboard quarter. Eight or ten of the passengers and crew, including Harry, hastily, and without thought, sprung into the boat swinging astern, calling on those left on deck to be quick and lower it. The last man had hardly jumped into her before one end of the line gave way, and the whole were precipitated into the sea. I was startled by a sudden shriek; I rushed to the quarter-deck, and found all hands there throwing everything portable overboard—hen-coops, capstan bars, empty casks, spars, anything that would float. Captain Stone was almost frantic, exclaiming, 'Lower a boat! d—n— bear a hand there—lower away I say!' Regardless of the consequences, intent only on saving my last surviving brother, I sprung into the larboard mizen-chains, and instantly jumped overboard. The party were already considerably dispersed.—The greatest danger to be apprehended was from the sharks, which hovered in numbers about the ship, seeking voraciously for prey; but my anxiety was such, that personal risk never entered my head—I had one object in view which absorbed all other feelings. I had not swam far before I was aroused by a great stir in the water. Tom Darlington, the under mate, had been making fast for the ship, when he was marked by a shark. He was aware of his situation, but escape was impossible: he sung out for aid though; but the monster sank, prepared itself for a spring, and darted at him, bearing the poor fellow shrieking off in his enormous jaws, crunching and crackling every bone in his body—till every nerve in mine was agonized—as he swifty dived away from the missiles that were now hurled towards him. I sickened with

horror at this dreadful scene, but every instant was worth a life. There had been evidently some delay in lowering the boat; the ship was drifting away fast from us; indeed the scene began to assume a degree of frightful interest, sufficient to paralyze any one but those who, like myself, had been brought up early amidst difficulty and danger. One or two men, whom I fancied were the passengers, went down near me with a faint cry; still I could not meet with my brother, and the worst presentiment forced itself into my mind. The boat was now within hail; I raised my hand, and shouted loudly, but my cries were unheard, as their attention was fully occupied by other sinking wretches. I saw an arm, and then a head, appear for a moment above the surface of the water. I instinctively recognised my brother—a glow of intense delight, mingled with agony, came over me. He sunk;—I yelled in my despair. The exhausted man seemed to revive at the sound of help: with an effort almost superhuman—for I also was exhausted with the long-continued exertion—I grasped him; he eagerly clutched my arm, crying faintly, 'Arthur, I am dying!' 'Cheer up, Harry,' I replied, 'the boat is near us, we shall yet be saved!' and I shouted again—I threw my whole soul in a cry for help. It was not in vain; the sound of the advancing oars brought renewed life into my soul. At this moment the deep breathing of the huge monster we had hooked was heard—oh, God!—near us. They saw the danger in the boat, and raised a loud shout. There was a commotion in the waters; the monster whirled round, lashing his huge tail with great violence. It struck my brother slightly; but it was too much for him—with a loud, convulsive yell of horror and disgust, he sunk for the last time! and I—and I was too weak now to save him. The boat came up. Merciful Providence! there was again a void before me—I never saw him more! * * * *

"Since that time I have wandered over the land and sea, a reckless and broken-hearted man. The blood of my brothers seemed to rise up against me: that withering desolation entered my soul which makes the heart a desert. The dying shrieks of William and Harry pursued me constantly: I even shouted them in my dreams. Sometimes praying to God to overwhelm me, I have rushed into perils on sea and land—yet here I still survive. But Providence is very merciful! His decrees are truly omnipotent! During the progress of a fever, in which my life was despaired of, the consolations of religion were instilled into my mind by a worthy clergyman at sea; and I have learned to become resigned to the past, and to trust to that Providence which has never yet forsaken me. The last survivor in a water-logged ship in the Atlantic, my life was preserved by the *Bonne Esperance*. As you have seen, once more I am a shipwrecked man!" VYVYAN.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE HOUR OF THOUGHT.

BY DELTA.

The orb of day is sinking,
The star of eve is winking,
The silent dews
Their balm diffuse,
The summer flowers are drinking;
The valley shades grow drearer,
The atmosphere grows clearer,
Around all swim,
Perplex'd and dim,
Yet the distant hills seem nearer,—
O'er their tops the eye may mark
The very leaves, distinct and dark.

Now eastern skies are lightening,
Wood, mead, and mount are brightening,
Sink in the blaze
The stellar rays,
The clouds of heaven are whitening;
Now the curfew-bell is ringing,
Now the birds forsake their singing,
The beetle fly
Hums dully by,
And the bat his flight is winging;
While the glowing, glorious moon,
Gives to-night the smile of noon.

Oh, then in churchyards hoary,
With many a mournful story,
'Tis sweet to stray,
Mid tombstones gray,
And muse on earthly glory,
Thoughts—deeds—and days departed,
Up from the past are started,
Time's noon and night,
Its bloom and blight,
Hopes crown'd with bliss, or thwarted;
Halcyon peace or demon strife,
Sweetening or disturbing life.

Then wake the dreams of childhood,
Its turbulent or mild mood—
The gather'd shells,
The fox-glove bells,
The bird-nest in the wild wood;
The corn fields greenly springing;
The twilight blackbird singing
Sweetly unseen,
From chestnut green,
Till all the air is ringing;
Restless swallows twittering by,
And the gorgeous sunset sky.

Then while the moon is glancing,
Through murmuring foliage dancing,
Wild fancy strays
Amid the maze
Of olden times entrancing;—
She scans each strange tradition
Of dim-eyed Superstition,—
The monk in hood
With book and rood,
And Nun in cell'd contrition;
Horsemen winding through the dale,
Morions dark, and shining mail.

Ah, where are they that knew us,
That then spake kindly to us?
Why thus should they
In evil day
So frigidly eschew us?
We call them—they appear not;
They listen not, they hear not;
Their course is run;
Their day is done;
They hope not, and they fear not;
Past for them are heat and cold,
Death hath penn'd them in his fold.

Above their bones unknowing,
Wild flowers and weeds are growing,
By moon or sun
Is nothing done
To them a thought bestowing:
In dark repose they wither,
Like weeds blown hither—thither—
Alone, alone,
The Last Trump's tone
Shall call them up together.
Thou shalt hear it, Silence drear,
Grave oblivious, thou shalt hear,

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHURCH-BELLS, HEARD AT EVENING.

O MELANCHOLY bells, who toll the way
To dusty death!
O damp, green, grassy churchyard—mounds of clay,
Arched inwards by grey bones, which once (men say)
Were moved by breath!

O never seek I *ye*, when the summer day
Is past and flown;
But rather do I wander far away,
Where'er kind voices sound, or children play;
Or love is known:

By some friend's quiet hearth, where gentle words
Unsought are won;
'Mongst cheerful music sweet of morning birds,
Or list to lowings deep of distant herds,
At set of sun!

Where nature breathes or blossoms—sweet thoughts rise—
Or rivers run—
Where'er Life's sunny summer spirit flies—
There let me be, until *my* spirit dies,
And all is done!

Fraser's Magazine.

HORRIBLE THINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COURSE OF TIME."

HEARD ye ever the fiend of the wave
Growl doleful along the dark shore?
Heard ye ever a groan from the grave,
Or the murdered child shriek in its gore?

Heard ye ever despair deeply sigh,
When hope flitted far from his sight?
Heard ye ever the traveller's cry,
When beset by assassins of night?

Heard ye ever the sprite of the blast
Wail through the sad mansions of death?
Heard ye ever a wretched outcast
Blaspheme with his last gasping breath?

Heard ye ever the cold clod of dust,
Crumble down on the coffin low laid?
Heard ye ever the life-seeking thrust
Of the murderer's blood-glutted blade?

Heard ye ever the long thunder-clap
Bellow through the dark womb of the night?
Heard ye ever the death-warning rap,
Or bell tolling without mortal might?

Heard ye ever the ghost of the north
Howl loud from the mountain's dark side?
Heard ye ever the gore gurgle forth
From the throat of the wild suicide?

Heard ye ever the maniac's yell,
Or the clank of the strong iron rings?
Heard ye ever a groan from deep Hell?—
If so—ye have heard most horrible things.

This hitherto unpublished composition by the late highly-gifted author of "The Course of Time," is laid before our readers only as a literary curiosity. We have received it from a source that places its authenticity beyond doubt. It is probably an early composition of the poet; and although, doubtless, never intended to appear in print, it can in no way prejudice the reputation of one whose name is linked "with his land's language."—*British Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

(*From the Menageries*, Vol. ii. *or* Part 13, *of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*)

The Duke of Devonshire's Elephant.

ELEPHANTS have become so easy of attainment in England, that we may readily believe an anecdote told regarding the elephant which lately died at Chiswick,—that the Duke of Devonshire, having been asked by a lady of rank what she should send him from India, and having laughingly answered, "Oh, nothing smaller than an elephant," was surprised to find, at the expiration of some months, a very handsome female of the species consigned to his care.

The Duke of Devonshire's elephant was kept at his grace's villa at Chiswick, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to its health and docility. The house in which she was shut up was of large dimensions, well ventilated, and arranged in every particular with a proper regard to the comfort of the animal. But she often had the range of a spacious paddock; and the exhibition of her sagacity was therefore doubly pleasing, for it was evidently not effected by rigid confinement. At the voice of her keeper she came out of her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the paths or the grass. She would follow him round the enclosure with a pail or a watering-pot, showing her readiness to take that share of labour which the elephants of the East are so willing to perform. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst by an ample draught, she would exhibit her ingenuity in emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she effected in a singu-

larly adroit manner. Pressing the small bottle against the ground with her enormous foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, she gradually twisted out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the water into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop; and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into the mouth. She performed another trick which required equal nicety and patience. The keeper, who was accustomed to ride on her neck like the *mohouts*, or elephant drivers of India, had a large cloth or housing, which he spread over her, when he thus bestrode her in somewhat of oriental state. Upon alighting, which she allowed him to do by kneeling, he desired her to take off the cloth. This she effected by putting the muscles of her loins in action, so that the shrinking of her loose skin gave motion to the cloth, and it gradually wriggled on one side, till it fell by its own weight. The cloth was then, of course, in a heap; but the elephant, spreading it carefully upon the grass with her trunk, folded it up, as a napkin is folded, till it was sufficiently compact for her purpose. She then poised it with her trunk for a few seconds, and by one jerk threw it over her head to the centre of her back, where it remained as steady as if the burden had been adjusted by human hands. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was very great. The man who had the charge of her in 1828, when we saw her, had attended her for five years, having succeeded another who had been with her eight or ten years. When first placed under his charge, she was intractable for some time, evidently resenting the loss of her former friend; but she gradually became obedient and attached, and would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. The elephants of India, in the same way, cannot easily be brought to obey a stranger, and manifest a remarkable knowledge of their old mohouts if they should meet after a long separation.* The elephant of the Duke of Devonshire was about twenty-one years old when she died, early in 1829. We have understood that the disease which carried her off was pulmonary consumption.

The elephants of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, have, by comparison with the elephants of our close menageries, a life of much happiness. Their cells are spacious; they are let out, at particular periods, to range about a large enclosure; and they have a bath which they enjoy with infinite delight in warm weather. We saw, in 1825, the large male (who is since dead) up to his middle in a pool, in hot day in August, spouting the water from his trunk with scarcely less joy than he would feel in his native woods. When his bath was finished, he would stand quietly for a little time in the sun;—and then, gathering a quantity of dust in his trunk, blow it over his back till the crevices in his skin were sufficiently covered to be protected against the flies.

* See Williamson's Oriental Field Sports, p. 41.

CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Christian religion, as given to man by its Divine Author, was perfect in truth and simplicity; but it was sent forth into a world in which error abounded, and the stream had hardly left the fountain when it became defiled with mundane impurities. Earnestly and repeatedly does the zealous Paul inveigh against those who mingled what he called the "beggarly elements" and the "fables" of Judaism with the spiritual precepts of the Gospel; and strongly does he warn to avoid "profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of *knowledge*, falsely so called." But the evil was not to be checked, and Oriental and Grecian philosophy rapidly mingled with Gospel simplicity.

The heat of eastern climates inspires indolence and the love of contemplation. The human mind becomes absorbed in rapturous visions of light and expanse, and men learn to regard the soul, the commencement of whose existence they cannot conceive, as having descended from the realms of supernal light into the body, its present darksome dungeon, whence it was to reascend to its former blissful abode. Hence the body being a prison, and matter evil, the object of the soul was to emancipate itself from their influence. This was to be best effected, it was thought, by mortification of the flesh and senses; and hence the voluntary mutilations, the corporeal tortures, rigid abstinence, and all that system of self-torment which distinguishes the yogee, the fakeer, and the monk. Others, but fewer in number, drew a contrary conclusion, and maintained that

the acts of its impure companion were indifferent to the pure soul; and they freely indulged in the practice of the grossest sensuality.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IX. Outlines of History.*

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

A PUNGENT satire on the public characters of our times—occasionally in good taste, but much more frequently sacrificing feeling to fun. It is affected to be palmed on the Editor of the Court Journal, which is altogether a bungling failure; since not a scintillation of resemblance can be traced in the two works; and it can be neither credit nor advantage for the author of the Devil's Progress to revolve around that orb of illustrious dulness. His genius merits brighter company; and he should recollect that irony is at best like playing with edge-tools.

The opening is warm and glowing, as the reviewer would say:—

The Devil sits in his easy chair,
Sipping his sulphur tea,
And gazing out, with a pensive air,
O'er the broad bitumen sea;
Lulled into sentimental mood,
By the spirits' far-off wail,
That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,
Floats on the brimstone gale!
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,
In spite of all his mummery,
And grave,—though not so prosy quite
As drawn by his friend Montgomery,—
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare!

His musings are of many things,
That—good or ill—befell,
Since Adam's sons macadamized
The highways into hell:—
And the Devil—whose mirth is *never* loud—
Laughs with a quiet mirth,
As he thinks how well his serpent tricks
Have been mimicked, upon earth;
Of Eden and of England, soiled
And darkened by the foot
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,
And those who eat the fruit.

Towards the close is the following:—

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute!
The moon was watching, on the hill,
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair;
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh, woe! oh, woe!—
The flutes of angels, long ago!

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,
By *dreams* that make night shadows bright,
And *truths* that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's *day*, and sorrow's *year*,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief—for hope or fear,
For all hereafter—as for here,
In peace or strife—in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And, yet, they made the waters start
Into *his* eyes who heard,
For, they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird!—
Of a heart that loved—though it loved in vain,
A grieving—and, yet, not a pain!—
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And, early, shed their bloom!—
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost for evermore;
Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!—
A flower that, in its withering,
Preserved its fragrance, long;—
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But, still, retained its song!—
A joy that could not, *all*, be lost,
A comfort in despair!—
And the Devil fled, like a lated ghost,
That snuffs the purer air;
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath
Surrounds them, like a spell,
And he knew that love, "as strong as death,"
Is far too strong for Hell;
And, from the country of its birth,
Brings thoughts—in sorrow or in mirth—
That sanctify the earth,—
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,
And waiting to return to heaven!

This passage and the Hebrew's prayer, still further on, are the best portions of the poem; and in such writing evidently lies the writer's *forte*. There are five etchy illustrations; but the poem would have been "most adorned" by their omission.

QUIN.

QUIN and Foote associated with the best company; and Quin, like Foote, was distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society he courted—namely, the more noble, but less intelligent. Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed—"What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, "What would your lordship have me be?—a lord!" Quin was also distinguished for his attachment to the society of females, though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities, may have led the reader to a contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?" "Oh, yes, madam." "And pray may

I inquire, what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?" "A fly's, madam." "A fly!" "Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your ladyship's neck." There was infinite delicacy in the following:—Being asked by a lady, why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam: we always see more of heaven than earth." —*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

PANORAMA OF SWITZERLAND.

THIS is another of Mr. Leigh's beautifully-executed Panoramic Views. It consists of Switzerland, as viewed from the summit of Mount Righi, with an ingenious circular view of the country, and a book of descriptive notices. In delicacy, finish, and completeness, it equals any of the similar representations which have issued from the same spirited publisher.

By the way, these Panoramas and their concise descriptive references are manifest improvements on the Guide Books of old. By taking one of the former in your *sac de nuit*, you obtain on the spot all the information you desire, and by the panoramic picture you may identify every point of interest.

ALBUM VERSES.

A VOLUME of these trifles, by Mr. Charles Lamb, has been on our table for some weeks, quietly reposing beneath three of Mr. Wilmot Horton's pamphlets on political economy. Perhaps they could not have found a safer concealment.

The "Album Verses" are printed more by way of advertisement for their publisher, than for their intrinsic merit; although we are free to confess they contain some sprightly conceits and well-turned fancies. There is some humour in the following, from an

ODE TO THE TREADMILL:

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill!
That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill,)
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences.
That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human, or divine.

Compared with thee,
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect?
Thou dost not bump,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time,
And leisure to be good;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

Thou best Philosopher made out of wood!
Not that which framed the tub,
Where sate the Cynic cub,
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system all is merely
Peripatetic.
Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality,
(A new art,)
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A "Walking Stewart!"

THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK.

HERE are three and forty Fairy Tales and Nursery Stories, with nearly 300 wood-cuts—a juvenile library and gallery of pictures in one square volume of no extraordinary dimensions. The type is of very readable size, and the getting up of the book is admirable in its way.

The recollections of delight which children of a "larger growth" feel at such a volume as the present must be universal. The tales themselves are the stock pieces of the nursery stage, the first and second ages of the world—the cuts are so many scenes—and the frontispiece, introducing characters from the principal stories, is like the *tableau*, or last scene of a pantomime.

Apart from the primitive enjoyments, only think of the richness and variety of the impressions which these stories left behind them Take a few: *Aladdin*—what a gorgeous picture of Eastern magnificence; *Ali Baba*—with its maraudering romance; *Blue Beard*—and its contrasting shades of exquisite sensibility and ruthless revenge; *The Children in the Wood*, with its cruel guardian and faithful servant; *Cinderella*, and the blessings of meekness and humility; *Gulliver*, and its unique picture of a nation; the chivalrous spirit of *Jack the Giant Killer;* and *La Perouse* and *Philip Quarll*, with their sketches of savage life; *Robin Hood* and all the greenwood freshness of the romance of real life; *Robinson Crusoe*, with the sublime lesson of man's never-failing reliance on the goodness of God and the exertion of his own industry—how many thousand times must such an association have cheered the bitterness of human suffering, and caused its very cup to mantle high with hope; *Whittington* again that brings still closer a

similar lesson to the very core of social life; the *Seven Champions* and *Valentine and Orson*, with their glitter and glare, like so many illuminated leaves from the emblazonments of chivalry: and a host of others. Then the kings and queens, the princes and princesses, of juvenile mythology, are worth all the plain mechanical people of our days; the music and lights of their banquets have not since been equalled; the trap doors and machinery of their castles, &c. are not superseded by the steam-engine enchantment of these times; our palaces are but mere egg-shells compared with their kingly abodes, our castles are but mere turrets, and one of their kings saw and spent more gold in a day than our year's civil list, or a master of the mint issues during his whole service. A thousand other delights give this mythology of the nursery a "long trail of light" in our memories.

It is some recommendation to know that the editorship of the "Child's Own Book" has been entrusted to a lady-hand. The Engravings are mostly *spirited*, as they ought to be for Fairy Tales. The supplement of juvenile poetry by Goldsmith, Cowper, Southey, and Wordsworth, is in good taste.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

(*Written in an exquisitely fair hand.*)

MISS —— presents compliments to the Editor of the *Mirror*, and begs him if at all afflicted with that very worst of human pains, "tooth-ache," to adopt the following simple and truly efficacious plan:—Light a paper match, then blow out the flame, and instantly place it in the mouth as near as possible to the painful tooth; keep the lips closed for a minute or two, when the smoke from the burnt paper will completely remove the pain.

GERMAN HUMILITY.

THE following singular frontispiece was a few years ago affixed to an edition of one of the classics, published on the continent, by one Seger. The copper-plate, which faces the title-page, represents on one side Christ upon the Cross, and on the other a figure of the author, from whose mouth a label appears to issue forth with the following words:—"Lord Jesus, lovest thou me?" His question is thus answered by another label affixed to the mouth of the person addressed:—"Highly famed, excellent, and most learned Doctor Seger, Imperial Poet, and well-deserving Master of the School of Wittenburg—thou knowest I love thee!!!"

Literal Extract of a private Letter from a Quaker in the country to his Friend in town.

"FRIEND JOHN,—I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those *sinful men in the flesh*, called an *Attorney*, and let him take out an *Instrument with a seal fixed thereunto*, by means whereof we may seize the *the outward-tabernacle of Timothy Edgson*, and bring him before the *sheep-skin men at Westminster*, and teach him *to do as he would be done by*. And so I rest thy *Friend in the light*,
"Z. B. M. *Greetham, Rutland.*"

PULLING EARS BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE, &c.

AMONG the Romans it was a custom to pull or pinch the ears of witnesses, present at any transaction, that they might remember it when they were called to give in their testimony. Among the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored; and among the Hebrews and Romans this was a mark of servitude. Butler tells us "that a witty knave bargained with a seller of lace, in London, for so much lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. Mandeville tells of a people somewhere, that used their ears for cushions. And a servant of his (says Dr. Bulwer,) that could not conceal his *Midas*, told me lately in private, that going to bed, he binds them to his crown, and they serve him for quilted night-caps." P. T. W.

GREEK HEROISM.

MIAULIS, the Greek admiral, seeing the government wanted money, collected all the remains of his own fortune, and distributed it amongst the captains and sailors: "If I die (said he,) it will be useless to me; and if we are victorious, my country's safety will be to me an ample reward." W. G. C.

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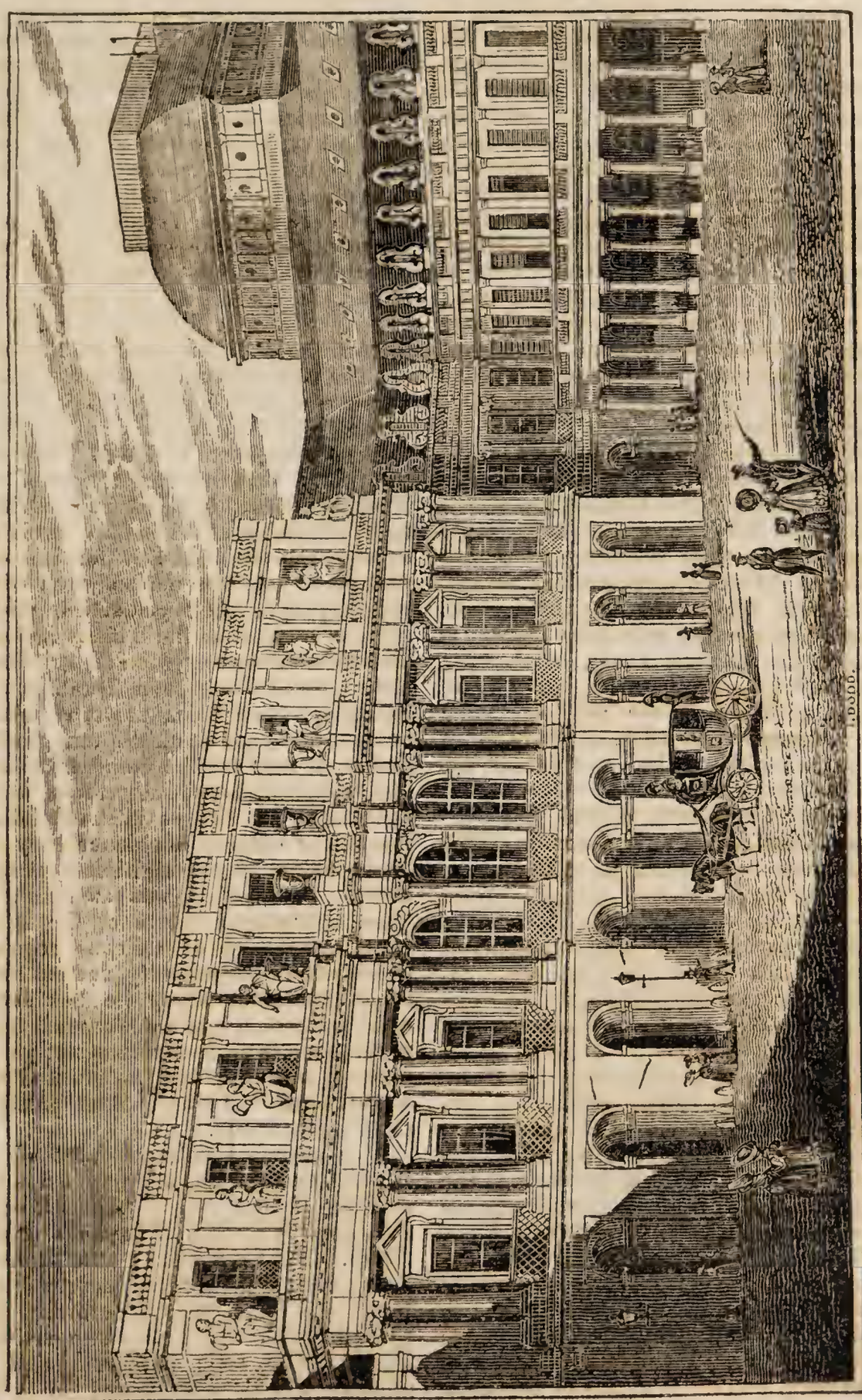

PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.

PALACE OF "THE KING OF THE FRENCH."

THE PALAIS ROYAL, AT PARIS.

The wonders and wiles of the Palais Royal could scarcely be condensed into a Number of the *Mirror*. Its history is, however, of easier compression. The portion represented in the Engraving is the residence of the present "King of the French."

The original palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, but was a plain mansion, called *Hôtel de Richelieu*. As the minister's power increased, his residence was enlarged, and in a few years arose a magnificent palace. It was begun in 1629, and finished in 1636. The architect contrived a world of luxury in miniature: here were ball-rooms, a chapel, boudoirs, galleries, and a theatre which would contain three thousand spectators.

As the Cardinal had derived all this palace-building power from the crown, he very gratefully presented the whole property by will, in 1642, to Louis XIII. reserving the enjoyment of it for life to himself. The Cardinal, however, died in the same year, and Louis XIII. in the year following. The Queen Regent, her son Louis XIV., and the royal family then took up their residence here, and changed the name from *Palais Cardinal* to *Palais Royal*. When Louis XIV. became of age, he ceded the palace for life to his brother, Philip of France; and at his death, in 1692, gave it to Philip of Orleans, his nephew, upon his marriage with Mlle. de Blois. This explains its being the residence of the Dukes of Orleans.

It was afterwards several times enlarged and embellished; and in 1763, upon the destruction of the theatre by fire, the front was rebuilt. Here the company of Molière and that of the Italians performed. The theatre was rebuilt, and again destroyed in 1781, when a larger and handsomer one was erected. The galleries which surround the garden, where are the arcades, shops, and promenade, were erected in 1786.

The Palais Royal somewhat reminds the English visiter of our Carlton House; still their relative situations differ: the Palais Royal is nearly in the centre of Paris, whereas Carlton House stood near the edge of our metropolis.

The scenes of moral and political debasement which have been acted within the walls of the Palais Royal would tire and disgust the reader. During the war of the *Fronde*, it being the residence of the Court, and the intrigues of the crafty Mazarin were carried on here. Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., politics gave place to pleasure; and some of the most scandalous *fêtes* ever dictated by the pruriency of French taste, were given in its *salons*. It was also a fitting place for the defaulter Law to take shelter, when his financial bubble had burst, and exasperated the populace to vengeance on his plotting brain. At the commencement of the revolution, Louis Phillippe (father of the present King of the French), having assumed the name of *Egalité*, the Palais Royal changed its title for that of *Palais Egalité*. This was but of short duration, for on the execution of that Prince, November 14, 1793, the palace fell a prey to the lawless license of the revolutionists; and the galleries, &c. were converted into sale-rooms, *cafés*, ball-rooms, and apartments for gambling. A spacious hall was fitted up for the sittings of the *Tribunat*; and the President and the two questors lived in the palace, which was then named *Palais de Tribunat*. When Buonaparte was proclaimed emperor, the name of Palais Royal was restored. On the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, the Duke of Orleans took possession of this palace of his ancestors, and furnished it for his own residence. At this period, such of the property as had not been sold to private persons reverted to the Duke. His possession was, however, soon disturbed. On the return of Buonaparte from Elba, his brother, Lucien Buonaparte, ensconced himself here, and in all the vain glory of ambition, received the grand dignitaries and ministers, especially those whose convenient consciences allowed them to forget the oath of allegiance they had lately taken to the legitimate government. Retribution was at hand, for upon the second return of the Bourbons, the Duke of Orleans regained possession of his property, and set about its renovation. Here he has subsequently resided, and his recent elevation to the throne of France has not yet induced him to remove; so that the Palais Royal is now the metropolitan palace of the French Court.

The principal entrance-front of the Palais Royal consists of a screen and two pavilions, facing *Rue St. Honoré*, or, as this part is called, *Place du Palais Royal*. Next is a court; and the front, with a central projection, decorated with Doric and Ionic columns, crowned by a pedestal, with two figures supporting a clock. The attic is surmounted by military trophies, sustained by genii. This completes what is called the street-front.

A vestibule, with Doric columns, suc-

ceeds; to the left of which are galleries, skirted with shops; and to the right is the grand staircase of the palace. We now reach the second court, which is seen in the Engraving, that part of the palace which faces it being called the garden-front. It is nearly in the same style as the front already described, and consists of two projecting masses, ornamented with eight fluted Ionic columns, resting upon a basement, and crowned by an attic. The columns of the projection are surmounted by four well-executed emblematical figures in each compartment. The centre of the front has four corresponding columns crowned with vases. The building seen on the right of the Engraving is one of the galleries already mentioned, being to the left as you enter from the street-front. This was formerly occupied as the Exchange. The dome-like elevation above this gallery belongs to the *Theatre Francais*, which a Londoner would call the "Covent Garden" of Paris.

The greater part of the front seen in the Engraving has been completed within these few years. The interior of the palace is open to public inspection, and the state apartments are extremely elegant. One of them, the *Galerie Dorée* (Golden Gallery), is sixty-three feet in length by thirty-three in breadth. It has eight windows towards the second court; opposite to which are frames to correspond, filled with looking-glass.—Corinthian columns, enriched with dead-gold from the capitals to the middle of the shafts, extend the whole length of the gallery, and produce a magical effect. The four doors are paneled with looking-glass, and surmounted with bas-reliefs in marble; the furniture and hangings are blue. When this room is lighted up with the magnificent lustres that adorn it, the dazzling splendour is almost insupportable.

We scarcely dare venture within the area of the *garden* and galleries of the Palais Royal. Raillery apart, the garden seems to have been the very hot-bed of revolution: for here, in 1789, the first revolutionary meetings were held, and the tri-coloured cockade adopted with the same alacrity that mushrooms spring up. Effigies of the Pope, La Fayette, and others, have also been burnt here in lawless triumph; and a counsellor of the *Parlement* was once unceremoniously stripped, and plunged into the basin in the centre of the garden.

To conclude, one of the first events of the recent revolution was the shutting-up of troops in the Palais Royal.

EARLY POEMS BY THOMAS MOORE.

(For the Mirror.)

I was lately residing, for some time, in the most romantic part of the County of Wicklow; the beauties of which have acquired an additional charm, by their having been celebrated in the Melodies of Ireland's immortal bard. During my stay, my attention was directed by some friends, to the following poems of their distinguished countryman. They are contained in an old, and long since defunct Dublin Magazine, called "Anthologia Hibernica; or, Monthly Collection of Science, Belles Lettres, and History," for October, 1793.*

"To the Editor of the Anthologia Hibernica.

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse, seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a Constant Reader,

"Th—m—s M—re."

"TO ZELIA;

"On her charging the author with writing too much on love.

"'Tis true my muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring lofty views;
And chants what Nature's gifts infuse.
Timid to try the mountain's height,
Beneath she strays, retired from sight.
Carelessly culling amorous flowers:
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.
When first she raised her simple lays,
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel love's stings;
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joys thy friendship brings."

"A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"Ah Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
When pity my tears and complaint?
To mercy, my fair, be inclined;
For mercy belongs to a saint.

O dart not disdain from thine eye;
Propitiously smile on my love;
No more let me heave the sad sigh;
But all cares from my bosom remove.

My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes,
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers;
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe, they all flock to my song,
They deck me with laurel and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now,
For Celia despises my strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow.

Then adieu ye gay shepherds and maids!
I'll hie by the woods and the groves!
There complain in the thickest dark shades,
And chant the sad tale of my loves!"

* Mr. Moore was born in 1780, and must, consequently, have been at this time 13 years of age. See the Memoir of the Poet, vol. xiii. of the *Mirror*.

From the date, as well as the diffident letter which precedes these productions, it is evident they must have been among the poet's earliest efforts; and as they are probably unknown in this country, I believe I shall render an acceptable service to the readers of the *Mirror*, by rescuing these *morceaux* from their long continued obscurity, through the medium of that periodical. If so, I shall not regret the trouble of transcription. N. R.

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

The following slight notice respecting the titles assumed by sovereigns at different periods, and in different countries, may not prove an uninteresting companion to the contribution of your ingenious correspondent, *J. R. S.* given in No. 441, of *The Mirror*.

Constantine was the first who received the title of *illustrious*. This title was more particularly given to those princes who had distinguished themselves in battle, but it was not made descendible to any of their posterity. The ancient lawyers of Italy, were not content with calling their kings *Illustres*, for they went a grade higher, and styled them *Super Illustres*.

The Spaniards composed a book containing the titles of their kings; which at length grew to such an insufferable size, that Philip III., (to his honour be it spoken) passed an act which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, (as they termed these strange phrases) they had so ridiculously invented, should be reduced to the simple subscription of "To the King our Lord," omitting those fantastic attributes, the number of which every secretary had vied with his predecessor in increasing.

The usual title of *Cardinals* about the year 1600, was *seignoria illustrissima*; but the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister and Cardinal, in his old age, assumed the title of *excellencia reverendissima*. At that period the Church of Rome was in its fullest glory, and to be called *reverend*, was then accounted a higher honour than to be styled the *illustrious*. But by degrees *illustrious* grew familiar, and *reverend* vulgar, so that at last the Cardinals caused themselves to be distinguished by the title of *eminent*.

The number of titles and attributes assumed by the Grand Signior in a letter to Henry IV. would fill two or three pages of *The Mirror*, which if any of your readers should feel inclined to inspect, they will find them in Selden's *Titles of Honour*, Part I. p. 140.

Highness was first assumed by Ferdinand, King of Arragon. In the time of Henry VIII. and even before that period, it was usual to address the king by the titles of "*Excellent Grace*," "*Sovereign Lord*," "*Highness*," "*Liege Lord*," and "*Kingly Highness*."

St. Foix informs us, that the title of *Majesty* was established by Louis XI., the most sordid and least majestic of any of the French kings: at public audiences he dressed like the meanest of his subjects, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In the household book of this *majestic prince* there is a charge for two new sleeves being sewed on one of his old doublets.

By way of appendix to the foregoing, it may not be amiss to add a few of those energetic descriptions by which the Asiatics have endeavoured to express their notions of the *pure monarchical state*; and which to us appear so truly ridiculous: for instance, the King of Arracan has the following:—"Emperor of Arracan, possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet."

His Majesty of Ava styles himself "king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas." He is always preceded by four and twenty umbrellas, as a mark of his dignity.

Dr. Davey, in his *History of Ceylon*, has given us the following authentic titles of the Kandyan sovereign:—"The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds, the stars, &c.; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and *god by custom*," &c. Σ. Γ.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE CITY WARDS.

(For the Mirror.)

Aldersgate Ward takes its name from a city gate, which formerly stood in the neighbourhood: it was of great anti-

quity, being mentioned in King Edward's charter to the knight's of the Knighton Guild, about the year 967. It was the gate through which the Roman Vicinal way lay to the ferry at Oldford.

Bassishaw Ward, from Basinghall, the mansion house of the family of the *Basings*, which was the principal house in it, and stood in the place of Blackwell Hall.

Billingsgate Ward is supposed to have derived its name from a British king, named Belinus.

Bishopsgate Ward, from the gate, which was pulled down to make that part of the city more airy and commodious. This gate was built by Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in 675; and it is said to have been repaired by William the Conqueror, soon after the Norman conquest.

Bread-street Ward, from the ancient bread-market, which was kept in the place now called Bread-street, the bakers being obliged to sell their bread only in the open market, and not in shops.

Bridge Ward Within, from its connexion with London Bridge.

Broad-street Ward, from the name of *Old Broad-street*, which, before the fire of 1666, was accounted one of the broadest streets in London.

Candle-wick Ward, from a street formerly inhabited by candlewrights, or candle-makers.

Castle Baynard Ward, from a castle built on the bank of a river by one Baynard, a soldier of fortune, who came in with William the Conqueror, and was by that monarch raised to great honour and authority.

Cheap Ward, from the Saxon word *chape*, which signifies a market, kept in this division of the city, now called Cheapside; but then known by the name of *Westcheap*, to distinguish it from the market, then also kept in *Eastcheap*, between Canon or Candlewick-street and Tower-street.

Coleman-street Ward, from Coleman, (according to Stow) the first builder and owner thereof.

Cordwainers' Ward, from Cordwainers-street, now Bow-lane, formerly occupied by shoemakers and others that dealt or worked in leather.

Cornhill Ward, from the corn-market kept there.

Cripplegate Ward, from Cripplegate: an old plain structure, void of all ornament, with one postern, but had more the appearance of a fortification than any of the other gates. It was removed in order to widen the entrance into Wood-street, which, by the narrowness of the gateway, was too much contracted, and rendered dangerous for passengers and great wagons.

Dowgate Ward, from the ancient water-gate called *Dourgate*, made for the security of the city against all attempts to invade it by water.

Farringdon Ward Within, from William Farringdon, a goldsmith.

Langbourn Ward, from a rivulet or long-bourn of fresh water, which anciently flowed from a spring near Magpie-alley.

Lime-street Ward, from some lime kilns that were formerly built in or near Lime-street.

Portsoken Ward: its name signifies the *franchise of the liberty-gate*. This Portsoken was for sometime a guild, and had its beginning in the time of King Edgar, when thirteen knights, "well beloved of the king and realm, for services by them done," requested to have a certain portion of land on the east part of the city left desolate and forsaken of the inhabitants, by reason of too much servitude. They besought the king to have this land, with the liberty of a *guild*, for ever. The king granted their request, on the following conditions, viz.—that each of them should victoriously accomplish three combats, one above the ground, one under ground, and the third in the water; and after this, at a certain day in East Smithfield, they should run with spears against all comers. All this was gloriously performed; upon which the king named it *Knighton Guild*, and extended it from Aldgate to the places where the bars now are on the east, and to the Thames on the south, and as far into the water as a horseman could ride at low water, and throw his spear.—(See Stow's *Survey*, page 115.)

Queenhithe Ward, from the hithe or harbour for large boats, &c. It has the name of Queen, because the Queens of England usually possessed the tolls and customs of vessels that unloaded goods at this hithe, which was very considerable.

Tower-street Ward, from its principal entrance to the Tower of London from the city.

Vintry Ward, from the vintners of Bourdeaux, who formerly dwelt in this part of the city, and were obliged to land their wines on this spot, and to sell them in forty days, till the 28th of Edward I.

Wallbrook Ward, from the rivulet Wallbrook, that ran down the street of this name into the Thames, near Dowgate.

The Ward of Bridge Without, from

London Bridge, with the addition of the word *without*, because the bridge must be passed in order to come at it, as it includes the borough of Southwark.

Stow, in his *Survey*, first begun in the year 1598, says—"Thus these wards have (from time to time) held, and still doe, their severall aldermen, till either death, or occasion of remove, doe make an alteration of them in their aldermen. As for an example, since the last impression of this booke, which is within the compasse of fifteene yeares, of all the aldermen that then were living, there remaine no more than three at this instant." He further saith—"The sheriffes of London (of olden time) chosen out of the comminalty, commoners, and oftentimes never came to bee aldermen: as many aldermen were never sheriffes, and yet advanced to be maiors. But of later times (by occasion) the sheriffes have beene made aldermen, before, or presently after their election. Nicholas Farringdon was never sheriffe, yet foure times maior of this city, and so of other; which reprooveth a by-word, *such* a one will be maior before he be sheriffe, &c."

P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

AN ADVENTURE AT TOURTEMAIN.

(For the Mirror.)

"What a singular fellow!" said the police-officer, as he dashed the tobacco dust from the bowl of his pipe.

The master of the inn did not hesitate to coincide in the expression of his guest: "singular!" he repeated, "the little man is a living curiosity. His nose resembles a mountain-pine bleached by the frosty skies of winter, and his countenance, *ma foi!* it seems as hideous and spectral as a ghost of the Great St. Bernard."

"Did he come from Detriano by the vehicle which conveyed me through the dell at Fondi, landlord?" inquired a tall English traveller, who had just removed his comforter from his neck, and soothed the perturbation of his spirit in a cup of chocolate; "did he come from Detriano?"

"Detriano!" exclaimed the host, "if he came from Detriano, he has had music enough to enchant him for the period of his natural life. There has been a sanguinary contest between the brigands and police at Detriano."

This information excited the curiosity of the Englishman. He was a being of the most nervous and irritable temperament, and the innate fear which had haunted his imagination since his arrival in Italy, only tended to increase it. He had looked with the deepest consternation on every tree that obstructed his path, and doubtless had deemed it a hero worthy of Mrs. Radcliff's romances. As he thus laboured under an infliction of mental inquietude, the recital of the landlord evidently embodied his thoughts in the absorbing interest of the event. His countenance exhibited a portion of the terror which clung to his mind, and the police-officer, who possessed a humorous and volatile character, could scarcely control his risibility as he marked the clouded aspect of the traveller.

The unknown guest again made his appearance; and having adjusted the calibre of his ample black cloak, in which he had hitherto been enveloped, resumed his seat between the police-officer and Englishman.

"A stormy evening, Signor!" observed the officer, casting a melancholy glance at the darkling landscape without.

"True, my friend," replied the little man, adapting his mouth to the expression of the phrase.

A pause succeeded, in which the Englishman contrived to lave his throat with another cup of chocolate.

"And you came from Detriano, Signor, the journey must have been singularly unpleasant."

The Signor expanded his mouth into a brilliant grin, which broke like sunshine on a tombstone. "From Detriano! nay, I deemed it prudent to avoid a collision with brigands, and therefore passed the night at Sempione."

This observation elucidated the event to which the landlord had previously alluded. The police-officer lighted his pipe, and puffed as vehemently as a Dutch Burgomaster; the merry laugh of the Signor, echoed like a demon's voice, and imparted evident marks of terror to a dozen portraits suspended on the wall; the landlord smiled at the truth of the coincidence; and the Englishman regarded his companion with the most equivocal marks of apprehension and dismay.

"Did the police sustain a defeat?" inquired the host.

"The authority from which I adduced my information is problematical, but I am inclined to think that the brigands have been successful, and if my supposition should prove correct, they will surely come to Tourtemain and demand a supper of you."

The feelings of the landlord revolted at this assertion of his guest, and the Englishman displayed his characteristic

fears to a more decided advantage. But the little corpulent Signor maintained his usual cheerfulness, and only replied to their timid expressions with a shout of laughter. Throwing aside his black cloak, he revealed an attire in which the same spectral colour predominated, and when the landlord requested the favour of his name, it seemed an obvious illustration of his exceptionable appearance.

"My name," he replied, "is Joachimo Black."

"And where were you born?" inquired the officer.

"On the borders of the Black Sea."

The imagination of the Englishman was now crammed *quant. suff.* with fearful conjectures, and in the Signor's withered cheeks, fiendish laugh, and unearthly attire, he deemed the indications of the evil spirit sufficiently evident.

The storm had scarcely wept its latest tears from the purple clouds that floated over heaven, ere the silent travellers were interrupted by a discharge of musketry. At the same moment a band of horsemen emerged from the woody solitudes that extended at the foot of the vale below; and although they were enveloped in dark cloaks, their profession was instantly distinguished.

"The brigands! my sword!" ejaculated the police-officer.

"The brigands!" repeated the host.

"The brigands! heaven protect us!" exclaimed the Englishman; and as the words escaped from his lips, the laugh of Signor Black sounded in his ears like the warning voice of a demon.

Two or three of the horsemen having secured their steeds, entered the inn, where the landlord silently bewailed the fate of his sequins; but the adventure terminated like an Italian romance.

The brigands addressed Signor Black with the most unmingled joy, and the little man appeared singularly delighted with the information he elicited from them. Their conversation at length terminated, and my host received a welcome from the Signor, which filled his bosom with an extraordinary degree of surprise and amazement.

"I thank you, my friend, said he, "for the princely reception you have given to the Grand Diavolo; and when I visit you again, I hope you will entertain me with equal liberality. The only circumstance which I regret, is, that I am unable to sup with such a courteous and agreeable host."

"This romance is worthy of Italy!" remarked the landlord, as the Signor waved an adieu from the vale below. "The Grand Diavolo! who would have thought it?" and he concluded his observations with an exhilarating laugh.

The police-officer returned his sword into its sheath, and the Englishman relieved from the presence of his evil genius, again vouchsafed to bury his unpleasant recollections in chocolate.

Deal. R. A.

The Anecdote Gallery.

THEATRICAL HUMOUR.

Two of the most amusing volumes that have lately issued from Mr. Colburn's prolific press, are the late John Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage*. The author was Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary to the Beefsteak Club, and could boast of forty-six years' acquaintance with theatricals in England, Ireland, and America.

Among real and mimic life, he must have seen, heard, and said, hundreds of volumes: indeed, the preface states the MSS. which he left on his death were "too voluminous for publication." His Son has accordingly "picked" and "new vanned" these Retrospections, and has thus produced the best collection of theatrical anecdotes that we have seen since Michael Kelly's volumes—the forerunners of many dull autobiographies. We take a batch from the first volume:

A LONG MEAL.

About half-way between the towns of Chard and Taunton was an inn, where I purposed to stop and refresh myself. A short distance before I reached it, I passed a gentleman on foot, of a very comfortable and clerical appearance: he was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat and a silver-headed cane. Having honoured my person with a particular scrutiny as he passed, he halted at a little distance to look back at me. This notice, and a tolerably empty stomach, induced me to indulge in various pleasing speculations as respected his character and motives. He is the parson of the parish, thought I, and, interested by my young and hungry appearance, he feels half inclined to ask me to his house, and satisfy my wants. Fancy needed but little stimulus to carry me to the worthy man's table, and conjure up the apparatus of a gastronomic performance. The sudden disappearance of their object, however, dissipated my day-dream; and pushing on to the inn, I entered the public room, and rang a hand-bell. My first summons was not attended to; at my second, the door was slightly opened, and a red, round, full-

moon sort of countenance intruded, with a mouth like a horizon, dividing the head into upper and lower hemisphere, and tresses sufficiently golden, to have procured the owner from a poet the name of "Apollo."

"Landlord," said I, "I have had a long walk, and want something to eat."

The sounds had scarcely passed my lips, before the rustic's jaws, opening like the gates of a subterranean abyss, sent forth a roar of laughter. Naturally surprised at such an answer, I requested an explanation; but his wife coming up at that instant (a small, unsymmetrical bundle of fat), he repeated my words to her, and they instantly got up a duet to the same tune, laughing till they were tired of standing, and then sat down to prolong their merriment. Mortified and indignant at what I could only interpret as a piece of bumpkin impertinence, I snatched up my hat, and was about to leave the house, when the landlord recovered his breath, and begged to explain himself.

It appeared that, about half an hour previously, a parson-looking gentleman, as he described him (who corresponded with the person I had passed on the road), had come into his parlour, and pretending that it was too early to dine, yet too long to wait for dinner, inquired what would be the charge for a slight snack of cold meat and bread. The honest farmer, wishing to be moderate, as well as to cultivate his custom, replied, "Sixpence," and that he had got in the house a cold round of beef. "Very well," exclaimed the parson-looking gentleman, "bring it in, and with it a pint of your best ale."

The meat was brought, his customer sat down to it, and giving his knife a good edge, took the entire circuit of the beef, in a slice which must have weighed a pound. The farmer started at this, in the conviction that he should get but small profit from his sixpence. The gastronome was not long in putting this slice away, and its duplicate layer was taken from the round. The farmer was petrified. This was a shilling's worth of beef at the lowest reckoning. He contented himself, however, with the reflection, "that a bargain is a bargain," and perhaps the gentleman would be his customer another time. With the stillness and stiffness of a statue, he now regarded the clerical cormorant convey into his mouth, bit by bit, every vestige of the second pound. He now expected him to rise, when lo! the fatal weapon was again laid to the beef, and his unappeasable customer exclaimed, "Landlord, now bring me the ale—I always drink when I have half done!" At these words, and their accompanying illustrative gesture, the farmer's delicacy was overwhelmed by his interest; he sprang towards the table, seized the dish, and reiterating the words, "haalf done, noa, dem it, measter," said he, "if thee have any more of thic dish for thy little zixpence; do thee get along, or I'll zet Towzer at thee. I don't want thy money, but only do thee moind, never to gome here agin for a zixpenny znack!"

The gentleman in black, it appeared, very indignantly took up his hat and departed; and on my entering the room shortly after, and making a similar request, namely, that having come a long walk, I wanted something to eat, it was very pardonable that the good-humoured host should have indulged in his merriment. I could not now restrain my response to it, and we all laughed together.

HOLCROFT.

Holcroft, the author, once applied to a country manager for an engagement, embracing every good part in the cast-book, from Alexander the Great down to Scrub. Strange as it may appear, this letter was so deficient in orthography and etymology, that the manager sent back the brief reply, that "he would treat with no person to become a member of his company who could neither read nor write!"—As Mr. Holcroft has left behind him works which attest his powers not only as a man of genius, but a critic, it is by no means an absurd conjecture to attribute to the very letter in question some portion of the stimulus which was necessary to have drawn those powers forth.

WEEKS AND HIS "WOE."

An old gentleman in the company by the name of Weeks, who played the Friar in Romeo and Juliet (and whose body seemed to resemble a Norwegian deal, never fit for use till it had had a good soaking), on arriving at the concluding speech, which, as it contained a moral, was never omitted in the country,

"From such sad feuds what dire misfortunes flow,"

espied a carpenter behind the scenes, very cautiously, but decidedly, approaching a tankard of ale, with which he had been solacing himself during the evening, in order, as he used to say, "to get mellow in the character." The tankard was placed in a convenient niche, with a good draught at its bottom; and whenever he was on, his eye would glance off, to watch over its safety. Being a little

tipsied, he was somewhat stupified at the treachery of the varlet; and fixing his eyes, cat-a-mountain like, on him, momentarily forgot his audience in himself, who interpreting this as a piece of deep acting, began to applaud. The carpenter was now within a step of the tankard, and Weeks slowly articulated—

"Whate'er the cause—

(Here the fellow raised his hand)

"the sure effect is—

The knight of the hammer had clenched the pewter—Weeks at the same instant staggered off, wrenching the jeopardized liquid from his grasp,—the friar tucked it under his arm, and popping his head on at the wing, with a significant nod, shouted the last word, "woe!" at which the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter—a termination very rarely contemplated to the "Tragedy of Tragedies."

CORRECT READING.

The stage-struck son of a neighbouring farmer, who had lately joined the company, and received for his services permission to put on stage clothes, was entrusted (through necessity) with the part of Catesby, in "Jane Shore;" and at the scene where he suddenly appears to arrest the unfortunate woman and her friend, instead of saying, "Seize on them both as traitors to the state!" he turned the last word into "stage," at which the solitary occupant of our boxes responded in a very audible tone, "Bravo! that's the best reading I have heard to-night!"

BARBER'S POLE.

King, who had been brought up a barber, and on his theatrical success, not only disowned his early occupation, but was keenly sensitive of any allusions to it. In playing a particular character one evening, which required a stick, King mislaid his own, and seized another at the wings, which was too large and clumsy. Garrick met him as he was going on, and observed it.—"Eh, eh, Tom, what's that? that won't do—cudgel, Irish shilelah;—you're a man in high life—ought to have a gold-headed cane." King was conscious of its impropriety, and Garrick's observation nettled him; he therefore answered rather testily, that "he had lost his own, and must use that, or go without one."—"Curse it, Tom!" said the manager, "the people will say you're going back to your old business, and have brought your *pole* with you." The allusion was sufficient—King threw down the stick, and ran about for another.

IRISH CALCULATION.

Bob Bowles' landlady was what was termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whisky. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had anything to eat and drink. "To be sure," she replied; "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that comes ounly to twopence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money!"—"Both twopence?"—"Both the same, as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."—"Fill me the whisky, if you plase."—She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined—"It comes to twopence, my jewel; I'm not hungry, take back the loaf," tendering it.—"Yes, honey, but what pays for the whisky?"—"Why the loaf, to be sure!"—"But you haven't paid for the loaf?"—"Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat?" A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

MRS. INCHBALD

Was a pretty, but not clever woman, with an impediment in her speech, which stage-fright always took away. This was a curious effect to observe behind the scenes.

HUMOURS OF A FREE NIGHT.

The first house that opened for the season was Crawford's (at Dublin); and he was obliged to commence with a "free night," by virtue of his patent. (The house was, of course, crammed in a few minutes.) The play was "Douglas;" and on this occasion all the principals of the theatre were exempted from duty, and the characters were allotted to understrappers. That of Glenalvon fell into the hands of a little black-browed, bandy-legged fellow, by the name of Barret, well known throughout Dublin for his private particularities, and possessing at all times a great circle of acquaintance in Mount Olympus. The Irish people have great sympathy and enthusiasm; and notwithstanding their personal inconvenience, and the caricature daubings of the beauties of Home (the actors appearing to be all abroad when they were at home) then and there exhibited, they saw and heard the whole with profound attention. Barret's entrance was the signal for an uproar; but it was of a permissible order. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with a black wig, and a black velvet hat

crowned with an immense plume of black feathers, which bending before him, gave him very much the aspect of a mourning coach horse. Barret had some vanity and some judgment; he was fond of applause, and determined (to use his own phrase) to have a belly-full. He accordingly came on left hand upper entrance, and cutting the boards at a right angle, paced down to the stage-door right hand, then wheeled sharp upon his heel, and marched over to the opposite side; his arms stuck a-kimbo, his robe flying, and his feathers nodding, in pretty accurate burlesque of the manner of Mossop. His friends composing a major portion of the audience, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and yelling of lips that greeted him, I, having no powers of expression to describe, must leave to my reader's "powers of conception." When the tumult had a little subsided, Barret began to act; but some of his more intimate anquaintance, taking a dislike to his costume, interrupted him with exclamations of "Paddy Barret, Paddy Barret!" Barret, however, was conscious of the proprieties of his station, and, turning a dignified deaf ear to such addresses, proceeded. His friends now resorted to a species of notice to obtain his, which is beautifully peculiar to an Irish audience—"a groan for Mr. Barret." That happened, however, not to be the first time he had heard it; and as we pay little respect to things we are familar with, Barret proceeded. The "darlings" were now stimulated to a decisive measure, by aiming an Irish apricot at his nodding plume, and shouting out, "Divil burn ye, Paddy Barret! will ye lave off spaking to that lady, and listen?" The potato triumphed; and the actor, walking forward to the lamps, desired to be acquainted with his patrons' wishes.—"Put some powder in your jasey, you black-looking coal-haver!"—"Oh! is that all you want, my jewel? why didn't you say so before? Put some powder in my wig! surely I'll do that thing; but I have ounly to tell you, my darlings, that I'm a Scotch jontleman to-night, and not Mr. Benjamin Barret; and so——" "Get out wid your dirtiness, Paddy—you chimney-swaper—you tragedy crow! Do you think to bother us wid your black looks? Go and powder your jasey, you divil's own body-box-maker."*—"Oh, to be sure, I'll do that thing." Saying which, he made a low bow, and retreated to the green-room, leaving the audience and Lord and Lady Randolph to amuse themselves *ad interim* as they pleased. Barret on this occasion wore a stiffly-starched lady's ruff; and the waggish barber powdered him so sufficiently as to lodge a ridge round his throat, and give him the face of the ghost of Hamlet's father. When he returned to the stage, he was received with a shout of laughter that threatened to rend the roof. Paddy bowed full low for the honour conferred on him, and was about to proceed, when the "Norman Quay" critics were at him again. "Arrah! the boy's been in a snow storm. By the powers! he has put his head in a flour-sack! Paddy, Paddy Barret!" Glenalvon disregarded them sometime with a very laudable spirit of contempt, till the yells, groans, epithets, and exclamations, swelled the diabolic chorus to a negation of the sense of hearing. He then came forward a second time to inquire their wishes.—"Leedies and Jontlemen, what may it plase ye to want now?"—"Put some paint on your nose," was the reply.—"What!"—"Put some paint on your nose, you ghost alive!"—"Paint my nose to play tragedy! Oh, bad luck to your taste! I tell you what, Terence M'Mulligun, and you, Larry Casey, with your two ugly mugs up in the boxes yonder, I see how it is: the Divil himself wouldn't plase ye to-night; so you may just come down and play the karakter yourselves—for the ghost of another line will I never spake to-night."—Saying which, he took off his wig, and shaking its powder at them contemptuously, walked off the stage in a truly tragical strut. The prompter was consequently obliged to come on and read the remainder of the part.

* i. e. Undertaker.

GENIUS ON THE WING.

GALWAY, when representing the Player King (in Hamlet), stepped forward to repeat the lines—

> "For us, and for our trage-dy,
> Here stooping to your clemen-cy,
> We beg your hearing patient-ly."

Here he should have rested with Shakspeare; but genius was on the wing, and he could not bring the eagle-bird to earth; therefore he continued—

> "And if on this we may rely,
> Why, we'll be with you by and by."

At which Whitely, who lay on the ground, as Hamlet, snarled out, loud enough to be heard by all the audience—

> "And if on pay-day you rely,
> Take care I stop no sala-ry."

Thus justifying the rhyme by a very serious reason.

THE "SIX-BOTTLE MEN."

I VISITED a "six-bottle club" but once, and from the headach it cost me, was wise enough ever afterwards to decline an *encore:* but I remember very well being invited to one which held its orgies at a sea-side hamlet, and was very generally attended, with the following highly cheerful inducements: "Will you come over to us, Mr. Bur-nard, for a wake? You'll be mightily plased with the fillows you'll mate there, and plinty of variety: for one Sunday night you'll see as merry a set of divils round the table as your heart could desire; and the nixt, more than half will be under the sod, and a set of frish faces will pop into their places. Will you come, Mr. Bur-nard?"

THE WRONG LEG.

AMYAS GRIFFITHS was deformed both in his back and legs, which procured him from many the title of the modern Æsop. One evening he was rattling and sparkling away, with the least crooked leg of the two thrown over the other (a piece of pardonable policy), when the conversation happened to turn upon dancing. A wag in company, who knew his good humour, asked him "if he was fond of the amusement?"—"Yes," he replied, "and mean to subscribe to the winter-balls."—"What! with that leg?"—"Ay, with this leg; and, notwithstanding your sneering, I'll bet you a rump and dozen, there's a worse leg in the room."—"Done, done!" cried a dozen voices. Amyas shook the hands of each. "Now," said his antagonist, with a smile of confidence, "come forward, gentlemen, and let Mr. Griffiths point out such another limb as that."—"Here it is," he replied; and throwing off his left leg, raised his right in the air, immeasurably more hideous that the other. A general laugh was the result, and the society decided he had fairly won his wager.

ON A BRUTAL MANAGER, NAMED SHEPHERD—BY ONE OF THE COMPANY,

"How different David's fate from mine!
His blessed, mine is evil;
His 'shepherd' was the Lord divine,
My 'shepherd' is the Devil."

THE TWO "WAT TYLERS."

MY. TYLER had a brother Watkins, who commanded in a corps of volunteers, and was invariably present in our boxes. This gave rise to a droll coincidence: Cherry was playing Lingo in "The Agreeable Surprise" one evening; and when he came to the question to Cowslip—"You never heard of the great heroes of antiquity, Homer, Heliogabalus, Moses, and Wat Tyler?" the audience laughed loudly, and turned their eyes upon Captain Wat Tyler in the boxes. Cherry was known to be in the habit of introducing jokes of his own; and the gallant officer concluding this to be such a one, left his seat when the act was over, and went behind the scenes, where he desired Dick Row, our prompter, to let him look at the book. He was greatly agitated, and Row in an instant surmised the cause. "Sir," said he, as the captain turned over the leaves hurriedly, his face burning, and throat choking with indignation, "Mr. Cherry spoke the author."—"Indeed, sir!" replied the son of Mars; "I'm afraid not, sir—I'm afraid not; and by St. Patrick and the seven holy stars! if he dared to—I—eh—" At this moment he had found the right place, and the words met his eye: his features instantly relaxed into a comical smile, and, looking at Row, he exclaimed, "By the powers! there's two of us, sure enough! Mr. Cherry, sir, was correct, and I beg you ten thousand pardins for this intrusion:" saying which he returned the book, made an elegant bow, and retreated.

The Naturalist.

THE SHIP-WORM.

MR. CARPENTER (in *Gill's Repository,*) relates the following very curious particulars of these destructive little creatures:—Alarming as the depredations of white ants appear, yet they fall infinitely short of the dangerous ravages made on the timbers of ships, &c., by various species of sea-worms. I herewith send several portions of ship timber, which has been perforated by one particular species, *teredo navalis;* you will observe among the whole number of pieces that every part of the interior has been excavated by these animals. I wish to direct your attention to one of the pieces in particular, it being part of the false keel of a ship. The whole of the keel was perforated throughout in a similar manner to this piece. You will observe numerous minute openings on the under side, which were made by the animals whilst in their young state, in order to work their way into the interior; and, as they increased in size, they enlarged or scooped out their dwellings; the wood which they thus scooped out, serving them as food. They are also provided with two singular organs, by one of which they draw through the holes they made at

the entrance into the timber, the sea-water, in which they find animalculæ which serve as their nourishment; the other organ is used by the animal to convey away the waste fluid through their intestinal canal, and which fluid carries off with it the portions of the wood, after the animals have extracted those virtues from it which are necessary for their sustenance.

This destructive animal is in general, when full grown, from four to six inches in length, of a grey colour, and about the thickness of the middle finger. It is covered with a very thin cylindrical and smooth shell, and has two calcareous hemispherical jaws, flat before, and angular behind. Great numbers of these worms, which are supposed to have been introduced from India into Europe, are, as before observed, found in the sides and bottoms of ships, so much so, indeed, as often to endanger them! It is said that our vessels never suffered from these enemies till within the last century, and that we imported them from the sea about the Antilles.

In the year 1730, the inhabitants of the United Provinces were under serious alarm concerning these worms, which had made dreadful depredations in the piles that support the banks of many parts of those coasts. One of the persons who had the care of the Dutch coasts at that time, observed, to his astonishment, that some of the timbers were, in the course only of a few months, made so full of holes, that they could be beaten in pieces with the least force.

The perforations, when the mud was scraped off, did not appear much larger than to admit a pin's head to be thrust into them. A very thin piece of whalebone being put into one of these, would enter straight forward for three or four lines, and the holes then generally for some distance farther proceeded upwards. One of the piles being split lengthwise with a hatchet or wedge, was found full of passages, or hollow cylindrical ducts, each of which contained a worm, enclosed in a kind of testaceous tube or covering, of a white colour, which it exactly filled, but in such a manner as to be able to move with freedom. This tube was found straight or bent, according to the form of that part of the hole where the animal was employed. The holes at the outer surface were very narrow, but increased in width within, evidently as the worm increased in size. They were never found to run into each other, but all to proceed separately. It was happily discovered, a few years afterwards, that these creatures had totally abandoned these coasts. Thus a contemptible worm, multiplying beyond its usual limits, is capable of destroying the most boasted efforts of human industry! No contrivance has yet been suggested by human ingenuity that has been found fully sufficient to prevent the formidable ravages of these animals.

When Professor Thunberg was in Japan, he observed the manner in which the Japanese contrived to preserve their vessels against the ravages of this destructive worm. This was, simply to drag them on the strand, and burn the sides of them as high as the water usually reached, till they were well covered with a coat of charcoal.

The head of this creature is well prepared for the office of boring, being coated with a strong armour, and furnished with two sharp instruments, by means of which it scoops out the wood. The neck is provided also with muscles of great strength. It is very minute when it first issues from the egg; but, as before observed, grows to the length of near six inches. This tribe of animals generally act gregariously, and take especial care not to interfere with each other's cells or habitations; externally, the opening is scarcely visible; but when they have committed their depredations, on taking off a layer of the plank, the whole of the interior exhibits a honey-comb appearance, and is generally entirely destroyed. In some sense, this tribe may be said to co-operate at sea with the labours of the *termites fatales*, or white ants, on land. While, however, it commits enormous mischief on the labours of the shipwright, it also effectually removes those obstructions in rivers, and even in many parts of the ocean itself, which would otherwise ensue from such immense quantities of trees as are often washed down by rapid torrents from the mountains, and which would otherwise remain in a state of perfect preservation under water for centuries.

THE GNAT.

The wings you will find ornamented with a fringe of feathers or scales, as are also the ribs of the wings. The wings, when viewed as transparent objects, present a most interesting spectacle; but when viewed under the opaque speculum, and placing a black ground behind them, they present to the eye of the observer the most splendid colours, equalling some of the most brilliant specimens of minerals! The

horns are also fine objects, so also are the head, eyes, and legs; in short there is no part of this insect but is highly interesting in the examination! Every part of it is profusely ornamented with scales or feathers, varying in their characters from each other, according to the part from whence they are taken. Each of these deserves minute inspection under the microscope, in order to discover the beauties with which this insect is adorned.—*Gill's Repository.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

THERE is so much attractive reading both *new and old,* in this volume of the *Family Library,* that we would rather take an evening or two before we fully introduce it to the reader. In the meantime we extract two narratives related by Sir Walter:—

Of the friend by whom the facts were attested, I can only say, that if I found myself at liberty to name him, the rank which he holds in his profession, as well as his attainments in science and philosophy, form an undisputed claim to the most implicit credit. It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called in to attend the illness of a person now long deceased, who in his life-time stood, as I understand, high in a particular department of the law, which often placed the property of others at his discretion and control, and whose conduct, therefore, being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind, apparently with all its usual strength and energy, to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a superficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, while so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect, or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman—the embarrassment, which he could not conceal from his friendly physician—the briefness and obvious constraint with which he answered the interrogations of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the source of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient. The persons applied to, after conversing together previously, denied all knowledge of any cause for the burden which obviously affected their relative. So far as they knew—and they thought they could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs were prosperous; no family loss had occurred which could be followed with such persevering distress; no entanglements of affection could be supposed to apply to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse could be consistent with his character. The medical gentleman had finally recourse to serious argument with the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly of devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy death, rather than tell the subject of affliction which was thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon him the injury which he was doing to his own character, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret cause of his dejection and its consequences, was something too scandalous or flagitious to be made known, bequeathing in this manner to his family a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, expressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr. ——. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confession in the following manner:—"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did, I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it." "It is possible," said the physician, "that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resources, of which those unacquainted with its powers never can form an estimate. But until you plainly tell me

your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power, or within that of medicine." "I may answer you," replied the patient, "that my case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of Le Sage. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?" "Of the idea," answered the medical gentleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence." "I, my dearest doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease." The medical gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick man's preconceived fancy, contented himself with more minute inquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he conceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an attack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease:—"My visions," he said, "commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant Highland chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat, by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tamboured waistcoat, and chapeau-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce upon my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone, or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me." The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies

as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "The skeleton, then," said the doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?" "It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it." "Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?" "To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man. "And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired. "Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space." "You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend; "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder." It is alleged, the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect, of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.

The next is—

A VISION AT ABBOTSFORD.

Another illusion of the same nature we have the best reason for vouching as a fact, though, for certain reasons, we do not give the names of the parties. Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visiter was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured. There is every reason to believe that instances of this kind are frequent among persons of a certain tem-

perament; and when such occur in an early period of society, they are almost certain to be considered as real supernatural appearances.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

MONS. DE FONTENELLE, who lived till within one month of 100, was singular in his conduct; for it was remarked of him that he was never known either to laugh or to cry, and he even boasted of his insensibility. One day a certain *bon vivant Abbé*, with whom he was particularly intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbé was fond of asparagus dressed with butter (for which also Fontenelle had a great *goût*, but liked it dressed with oil.) Fontenelle said, that for such a friend, there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable; and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together thus friendly, the poor Abbé fell suddenly down in an apoplectic fit; upon which his friend, Fontenelle, instantly scampered down stairs, and bawled out to his cook, with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first."—*The Age.* (This is we should call the "ruling passion strong in" mouth.)

GENEROUS BOOK LENDER.

MICHAEL BEGON, who was born at Blois, in 1638, was possessed of a valuable library, which was free of public access. In most of his books was written, "Michaelis Begon et amicorum," i. e. the property of Begon and his friends; and when he was once cautioned by his librarian against lending his books, for fear of losing them, he replied, "I would rather lose them than seem to distrust any honest man."

P. T. W.

EYES.

DESCARTES preserved all his life an astonishing predilection for women who squinted; and why? because the first woman who made an impression on his heart, had that defect; and that defect wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he once had experienced.

SOUTHEY, speaking of the late Rev. Geo. Whitfield, says, "his complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more remarkable, than any degree *lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness.*"

PARODY

On Goldsmith's verses—"When lovely Woman stoops to Folly," &c. Extracted from the "Anthologia Hibernica," for December, 1793.

WHEN foolish man consents to marry,
And finds, too late, his wife's a shrew;
When she her point in all must carry,
'Tis hard to say what's best to do.

Alas! the breeches to recover,
To 'scape her tongue and lightning eye,
And be as free as when her lover;
The only method is—to fly.

REGAL WINE.

BERNARD tells us that Sir John Danvers had a humorous knack of bestowing upon wine a regal appellation, and making its various species represent, when placed upon the table, the sovereigns of the countries that produced them: thus, a bottle of port stood for the King of Portugal, champagne for that of France, Madeira for his Spanish Majesty, while a bottle of porter represented our beloved monarch. If he turned, therefore, from one wine to another, he would exclaim—"Now we have bled the King of Spain to death, what if we decapitate the King of France!" (What a king-killer! This was making "Flow thou regal purple stream" a sort of mild Marseilles hymn.)

QUIN used to say that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on the 30th of January, (King Charles's Martyrdom, 1730.)

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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The Old Church, Marybone.

Here is a humble specimen of church-building in the last century: ay, and about the middle of the last century, and that too in what is now considered one of the wealthiest of the London parishes. The fabric is plain enough for the most penurious vestryman, as the reader must acknowledge. It is not recommended to our notice by any architectural ornament; but its history, in connexion with the rise and progress of Mary-le-bone parish has many attractions for the curious inquirer. The details are so numerous that it requires a forty-pen power to condense them into a reasonable space.

Marybone, or St. Mary-le-bone, once a country village to the N. W. of London, was anciently called Tybourn, from its situation near a small *bourn*, or rivulet, (formerly called Aye Brook, or Eye Brook, and now Tyburn Brook,) which ran from the south side of Hampstead, by Belsyse, and after a subterranean course through different parts of Mary-le-bone, Oxford-street, St. James's Park, &c. flowed through Tothill Fields into the Thames. Hence it is conjectured by the accredited Mr. Lysons, that when the site of the church was altered to another spot near the same brook, it was called St. Mary *at the bourn*, now corrupted to St. Mary-*le-bone*, or Mary *bone*.

The site of the original church and its removal abovementioned is thus described by Mr. Lysons:—

"In 1400, Bishop Braybrook granted a license to remove the old church of Tybcurn, (dedicated to St. John,) which stood in a lonely place near the highway (on or near the site of the present court-house, at the corner of Stratford-place,) subject to the depredations of robbers, who frequently stole the images, bells, and ornaments, and to build a new church of stones or flints, near the place where a chapel had been then lately erected, which chapel might in the meantime be used. The bishop claimed the privilege of laying the first stone. The old churchyard was to be preserved, but the parishioners were allowed to enclose another adjoining to the new church." *

The church was accordingly rebuilt on the site of the present one, at the

* Environs, vol. iii. 1795.

end of what is now called the High-street, and just verges on the New Road. The removal of the church from the Oxford-street site to place it *out of harm's way* is not the least curious part of its history.

We must turn again to *Lysons*, where we find it stated that "In the year 1741, Marybone Church being in a very ruinous condition, it was necessary to take it down; when the present structure, which is very small and ill-suited to the population of the parish, was erected on the same site. The inside of the old church is shown in one of Hogarth's plates of the Rake's Progress. The monuments are represented as they then existed, and some ill-spelt verses,* pointing out the vault of the Forset family, were accurately copied from the originals. The inscription denoting the church to have been beautified when Thomas Sice and Thomas Horn were churchwardens, was not fabricated for the purpose of ridicule (though it might have served that purpose, when contrasted with the ruinous appearance of the church,) but proves to have been genuine.† The present church is a small oblong square, and has a gallery on the north, south, and west sides." The exterior is represented in our Engraving.

Mr. Lysons contiues:—

"The church of Marybone (or Tybourn, as it was then called) was appropriated, in the reign of King John, by William de Sancta Maria, Bishop of London, to the priory of St. Lawrence de Blakemore, in Essex, a competent maintenance being reserved to the vicar. On the suppression of that priory, which took place in the year 1525, the King gave the rectory to Cardinal Wolsey, with license to appropriate it to the dean and canons of Christchurch; who, at his request, granted it to the masters and scholars of his college at Ipswich.

"When the cardinal fell into disgrace, the king seized this rectory as part of his property; and it continued in the crown till the year 1552, when it was granted to Thomas Reeve and George Cotton, in common socage. It then came into the Forset family, then proprietors of the manor before the year 1560, and they have since passed through the same hands. The rectory still continues inappropriated; the benefice has been considered as a donative from a very early period. The Duke of Portland, as rector, nominates the curate, who is licensed by the Bishop of London. In the year 1511, the curate's stipend was only 13*s.* per annum, paid by Thomas Hobson, then lessee under the priory of Blakemore. In 1650, the impropriation was valued at 80*l.* per annum;‡ at that time the whole of his emoluments could be scarcely double. From the prodigious increase of buildings and population, its contingencies are now such as to make it a very valuable benefice."

The earliest date of any parish register now extant at Marybone, observes Mr. Lysons, is 1668. The entries for several years subsequent to that date are copied from a book damaged by fire, and rendered in many instances imperfect. An abstract of the baptisms and burials within five years of the present century is subjoined:

	Average Baptisms.	Average Burials.
1680—1689	13 ½	34 7-10
1712—1721	35 1-10	89 ½
1730—1739	173 ½	313 4-5
1770—1774	798 4-5	930
1775—1779	1008 1-5	1140
1780—1784	1119 3-5	1259 3-5
1785—1789	1334 4-5	1286 4-5
1790—1794	1693 1-5	1413 2-5

In the register, too, we find several names of literary and artistical note. Thus, among the registered burials, are Humphrey Wanley, an indefatigable bibliographer, and son of the author of "The Wonders of the Little World:" James Figg, of more questionable notoriety, who kept a boarded house in Marybone Fields, where

Long lived the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marybone plains§

Here also are John Vandrebank, a portrait painter of celebrity, in the reigns of George I. and II.: James Gibbs, who built St. Martin's in the Fields (the facade of which is his *chef d'œuvre)*, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Redcliffe Library, at Oxford, &c.: Edmund Hoyle, aged 90, who played the game of life as adroitly as he would a rubber of whist: Rysbrach, the eminent statuary: William Guthrie, a pains-taking editor: James Ferguson, a self-educated genius, who rose from poverty, step by step, to the fellowship of the Royal Society: Allan Ramsay, a portrait painter, and

* "These pewes unsound, and tane in sundir,
In stone there's graven what is under:
To wit a valt for burial there is,
Which Forset made for him and his."
These two first lines are preserved in one of the galleries; they are raised in wood on the panel of a pew.

† Nichols's Life of Hogarth.

‡ Parliamentary Survey, Lamb. MSS. Lib. Richard Bonner was then curate.

§ A portrait of Figg is introduced by Hogarth, in his second plate of The Rake's Progress.

son of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd:" the Rev. C. Wesley, younger brother of the pious John: Baretti, the friend of Dr. Johnson; and many others. The registers of right honourable rank and fortune are also very numerous.

The vast increase of Marybone parish (of which we shall speak presently), naturally led to the erection of several chapels of ease, besides many sectarian meeting-houses. Mr. Lysons notices one of the latter, belonging to Huntington, in good set orthodox terms:

"In Little Titchfield-street is a chapel (called Providence Chapel) belonging to a congregation who profess the doctrines of the late Mr. Whitfield, and style themselves Independents. Their minister is a man who was a coal-heaver, and for some whimsical reasons changed his name from Hunt to Huntington."

Indeed, the church in the Engraving resembles one of these conventicles.—Moreover, it is a *parish chapel*, which is explained as follows: A private chapel (that is to say, built by a private individual, *on speculation*) being nearly completed in 1817, on a very capacious plan, the inhabitants purchased the building, and converted it into a handsome church, at the expense of 60,000*l*. This magnificent structure faces the New Road, in the immediate vicinity of the original church, which is now used for a chapel, as is denoted by the following memorandum, on a stone tablet:

CONVERTED INTO A PARISH CHAPEL,
BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, LI. GEORGE III.
ON THE IV. OF FEBRUARY,
A.D. MDCCCXVII.
THE DAY OF CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH.

Above this tablet is another bearing the date of the rebuilding:—

"Rebuilt in ye year 1741.
Walter Lee } Church-
John Deschamps } wardens."

The situation of the old church will assist the reader in forming some idea of the rapid increase of Mary-le-bone parish. We have shown that the first church was removed from the spot now occupied by the Court-House, in Oxford Street, on account of its being "a lonely place, near the highway, subject to the depredations of robbers." Starting from this point, Mary-le-bone Lane intersects the streets in the vicinity of Cavendish-square till we reach High-street, at its junction with Thayer-street. The line of street from hence to the New Road has all the appearance of a thickly peopled and established neighbourhood. On each side are well-appointed shops, till we reach the old church; beyond which is the line of the New Road, and the picturesque domain of the Regent's Park, itself *urbs in rure*.

In Vertue's Plan of London, (the date about 1560,) the last houses seen are those of the village of St. Giles's, then indeed *in the Fields*; and the only building between this spot and Primrose Hill is the little solitary church of Marybone.*

By way of supplementary conclusion, we subjoin a few notes on the increase of the parish, partly abridged from *Lysons*.

At the beginning of the last century, *Marybone* was a small village nearly a mile distant from any part of the metropolis. In 1715, a plan was formed for building Cavendish Square, and several streets on the north side of Tybourn-road, and in 1718, the ground was laid out, and the circle in the centre enclosed; in which a gilt lead statue of William Duke of Cumberland, was set up 1770. The Duke of Chandos, and Lords Harcourt and Bingley took portions of the ground, and the rest was let to builders; but the failures of the South Sea put a stop to the improvements for some time, and it was several years before the square was completed. The row of houses on the north side of Tybourn Road was finished in 1792, and it was then called *Oxford Street*. About the same time, most of the streets leading to Cavendish Square and Oxford-market † were built, and the ground was laid out for several others.‡ Maitland, whose History of London was published in 1739, says there were then 577 houses in the parish of Marybone, and thirty-five persons who kept coaches. Still there remained a considerable void between the new buildings and the village of Marybone, which consisted of pasture fields. Portman Square was begun in 1764, but it was nearly twenty years before it was completed. In 1770, the continuation of Harley-street was begun. Portland Place was built soon afterwards; and Manchester Square in 1776. The number of houses in the parish of Marybone in the year 1795, was 6,200; in 1801—7,664; in 1811—8,330; and in 1821—9,761. The population at the last census, (1821,) was 96,040.

* A friend of ours, about fifty years of age, remembers hearing his father and mother speak of walking out through the fields, to be married at Marybone Church.

† Henrietta, Vere, Holles, Margaret, Cavendish, Welbeck, Wimpole, Princes, Castle, John, Market, streets, &c.

‡ Lower Harley Street, Wigmore, Mortimer Street, &c.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

I LOVED thee! I loved thee! when my heart was fresh and young,
And round it all the holy things of innocence were flung—
Ere passion withered up the soft sweet down of early years,
Or first affection passed away in solitude and tears.

I loved thee! I loved thee when thy heart was like a flower
Unopened by the zephyr's breath, unrifled by its power—
Whose honey-cup had never known the sun-beam or the bee,
And its first gush of nectar rose in purity for me.

I loved thee! I loved thee while thou wert young and fair,
Before thy lovely brow had known the shadow of a care—
While roses blossom'd on thy cheek, and heaven was in thine eye,
And ere thy snowy breast was stirr'd by passion or a sigh.

I loved thee! I loved thee while that bosom was a shrine
Of *feelings* meek and holy—of *thoughts* that were divine—
Of wishes scarcely born amid these regions dim and drear,
And hopes of no connexion with this sin-polluted sphere.

I loved thee! I loved thee! and saw thy heart a prey
To canker cares, that gnaw'd its peace and blithesomeness away;
I marked thy beauty fading fast, but scarcely could deplore,
For 'mid its wreck and ruin, oh! I felt I loved thee more.

I gazed upon thy pallid face, that told of joys departed—
I looked upon thy sunken brow, that spoke thee broken hearted:
And loved thee still, although I knew they marked thee for the tomb,
For they were dearer thus to me than when in highest bloom.

I loved thee! I loved thee! ay even when thou lied
Embraced by sullen atrophy that took thee for his bride;
More fervent, too, upon thy lips I hung sweet maid in death,
Than even when I drank in life their balmy vital breath.

I love thee! I love thee! though thou'rt passed away,
And all I gazed with rapture on is blended with decay;—
I love thee! I love thee! and shall not cease to sigh,
For love like that I bore to thee will never, never die.

September 6, 1830. W. M.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

ABSENTEEISM is a great, and we fear, an increasing evil. The present unsettled state of the continent will, however, do more towards its prevention than anything that ever has been, or can be, written on the subject. Some go for the sake of economy, others for change; but it has been well remarked that few, very few Englishmen know much of their own country, where there exists abundant, we may say almost exhaustless, objects and scenes to repay the seeking; and it is becoming sufficiently notorious to the inquirer on the subject, that in point of cheapness, France cannot exceed, nor indeed equal, Wales, or the two western counties of England, while the climate along our southern shores from Penzance (to which we shall shortly introduce our readers) eastward, in point of salubrity, may fairly challenge the whole world. This is strong language, but we use it deliberately. Few studies are more interesting than that of topography—we may derive an almost exhaustless fund of entertainment and instruction from studying that of our own country; while a personal inspection of the various objects or scenes not only leads us to trace the wonderful transactions of Providence, but enhances the interest in a high degree. It is true, some of these remarks are common-place, but the ignorance which still exists on the difference between England and the continent on many points of inquiry is surprising, considering that thousands of families have been emigrating there since the peace. The result of a few practical observations on this subject shall be adverted to in the course of these Notes. Steam has now rendered the most remote parts of these islands accessible even to the valetudinarian.

The fragments which follow, may be considered as the commencement of a series of "Rough Notes," from personal observation and inquiry. So without further preface, I will set the reader down at Pyle, in Glamorganshire—a county which presents features of considerable interest, whether regarded in a mineralogical, commercial, agricultural, or even antiquarian point of view.

National Peculiarities.—The observant traveller will not have journeyed far in Wales, before the striking difference between the people and those whom he

has been accustomed to see, will forcibly attract his attention. The high cheek bones and Gaelic appearance of the men betoken a different race—the language is entirely strange and new—and the dress and habits of the fair sex are at first remarkable to a stranger. The almost universal costume of the women consists of a man's hat, and large coarse red shawl "negligently disposed" round the body. It is a serious matter to a stranger to meet a squadron of these old ladies going along the road at a round "butter and egg" trot to Swansea, or any large town, on a market-day, sitting astride on horseback between two large projecting panniers of provisions. Luckless is he who does not draw into the ditch, particularly if it is dusk, as they advance, sweeping the road before them like a sirocco. The writer has often seen twenty or thirty together in a body, and has more than once when on horseback, been nearly overturned from the want of a timely attendance to the above precaution. Such is the force of habit, that we had not resided long in Wales before we came to consider a man's hat as the fittest ornament for the head of the fair sex! the great similarity in the features and appearance of the people may, perhaps, be attributable to this dress.

Anecdote of Nelson: Welsh Boroughs.—At a village a few miles from Pyle, we heard a characteristic anecdote; but first we must say a word or two on Welsh boroughs, several of which as in Scotland, unite in returning a member to parliament. An election here is a widely different affair from one in England; and the dignity of the Portreeve and Aldermen seems to increase in an inverse ratio with the size and insignificance of their borough. We question much if some of these dignitaries would yield the precedence to the Metropolitan Corporation. In these small boroughs it of necessity happens that the larger number of the aldermen are composed from the working classes. Very ludicrous incidents sometimes occur in consequence, many of which have come under the writer's observation. The story of the Cornish Portreeve who was found plastering a house when summoned to attend the election of the parliamentary candidate for the borough, is well known. A similar incident occurred on the present occasion. Lord Nelson passing the village on a journey to Pembroke Dock Yard, whilst the horses were changing, sent a message, according to his custom, that he should be most happy to pay his respects to the Portreeve. Unluckily his worship was totally unprepared for this honour, being busily engaged repairing the roof of a neighbouring house. He contrived, however, to slip on his best clothes, and after due congratulations had passed between the parties, his lordship was attended to his carriage by our dignitary, and just as he was going to order the postilions to proceed, his worship advanced, made a bow, stammered, and touching his hat, said he hoped "his lordship would please remember the portreeve!" The admiral could no longer check the mirth that was uppermost—"I will remember you, by ——! I never shall forget you to the last day of my life!"

Welsh Graves.—At Pyle churchyard we were much pleased with the interesting custom of planting and decorating the graves with flowers or shrubs, by the surviving relations. There is something which appeals to the best feelings of our hearts in the simple custom, which is one of high antiquity. Those at Pyle had been apparently attendde with care, and we need not add watered, as Pyle is one of the wettest spots near the coast. We were subsequently much struck with this custom at the singularly romantic village of Penrice in Gower, about fifteen miles from Swansea.

Neath.—The scenery along the road to this thriving little town, skirts the coast, and is often of the finest description. Britton Ferry and the entrance to the Vale of Neath, which stands in a sort of immense natural amphitheatre, is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The traveller is struck with the immense heaps or hills of Copper Slag (the scoriæ or refuse of the ore) marking the site of copper works that have long since ceased to exist. The roads in this district are almost entirely composed of this novel material, which for such purpose is certainly unrivalled. In Neath and its neighbourhood are large iron and copper works, and collieries of coal and culm. You begin to see you are entering a new region. The ruins of Neath Abbey may rank among the finest in Wales. They are now almost literally surrounded by iron works. We could not help picturing to ourselves the wide contrast afforded by the scene of busy industry around us, with the indolent and luxurious life of the former tenants of this once extensive abbey, and its rich domain. If our thoughts wandered to days of old, it was only for an instant; the clanking of hammers, the noise of workmen, and the rattling of a

ramroad, which passes through what was once consecrated ground, speedily dissipated such feelings. To the reflecting mind the scene was rife with interest. In our next paper we shall give a sketch of the history of this fine ruin.

At Neath we met, for the first time, with the *Jumpers*, a religious sect almost peculiar to Wales. Being attracted by the most dissonant and uncouth sounds in a chapel, we entered and witnessed what we cannot but consider a most extraordinary scene. The preacher had gradually worked himself up into a frenzy, until he began to jump; the infection soon became universal — men, women, and children — the whole congregation threw themselves into the most violent and extravagant attitudes, sometimes seizing each other by the head in a perfect frenzy— resembling, *en masse*, the waves of an agitated sea, and uttering yells which we cannot better describe than as hideous. This fanatical frenzy does not desert them until they reach their respective homes (and some come a considerable distance) dancing along the whole way. When the meeting broke up, we observed the merest children affected similarly to those of a larger growth. This is no overdrawn picture, but rather the reverse; we forbear making any remarks on it; there was a sort of a controversy in the *Cambrian* newspaper, on the subject, a year or two ago.

Road to Swansea: Night Scene.—At Morriston, about five miles from Neath, the entrance to the Vale of Tawy, leading to Swansea, (distant three miles) when seen at night is at once novel and surprising. Most of the copper ore in the kingdom is smelted in this vale, which forms no bad representation at night of the infernal regions; all vegetation in the immediate vicinity of the copper works is totally blasted—it is a desolate-looking place. A lurid glare is first seen spread over the landscape. On nearing the works, some of which are in the hollow close to the road side, some on the rise of the hill in the distance, a vast congregation of flues vomiting forth deep coloured flames and fire—once or twice varied with the brilliant glare of a blast furnace, and overshadowed by an immense cloud of smoke, which forms a heavy canopy over the scene, certainly impresses a stranger very forcibly, and leads him to form no very favourable opinion of the environs of Swansea. But it affords a wide contrast to the rich and beautiful scenery of the road from Swansea to the Mumbles, on the other side of the town. All this, however, is nothing to the Vale of Merthyr Tydvil (the seat of the works of Messrs. Crawshay, Guests, &c.) which when seen under similar circumstances, is most wonderful. But here we must pause. VYVYAN.

The Naturalist.

THE ELEPHANT.

(From the Menageries, Vol. ii. *or* Part 13, *of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)*

Food.—The quantity of food required for the daily consumption of a full-grown elephant is enormous. The elephant of Louis XIV. had daily eighty pounds of bread, twelve pints of wine, and a large quantity of vegetable soup, with bread and rice; this was exclusive of grass, and what he got from visiters. Desmarest states, that the domesticated elephant requires daily about two hundred pounds of aliment of all sorts. It is recorded by one of the Roman historians, that the elephants which were taken from the Carthaginians, by Metellus, were so expensive to keep, that they were put to death in the Circus.* The elephant, if not well-fed, and with regularity, soon becomes a miserable object.† Bishop Heber witnessed the wretched condition of an old elephant that had been cheated of his proper allowance. "Adjoining the pool we saw a crowd of people assembled round a fallen elephant; apprehending that it was one of our own, I urged my horse to the spot. On asking, however, whose it was, a bystander said it belonged to 'the asylum of the world,' and had fallen down from weakness, which was not surprising, since, instead of an allowance of twenty-five rupees a month, necessary for the keep of an elephant, I was told that these poor creatures, all but those in the immediate stable of his majesty, had, for some time back, owing to the dilapidated state of the finances, and the roguery of the commissariat, received only five. They had now given the wretched animal a cordial, and were endeavouring to raise it on its legs, but in vain. It groaned pitifully, but lay quite helpless, and was, in fact, a mountain of skin and bone."‡ This happened in the Nawâb Vizier's country, where elephants, not many years ago, were maintained in great numbers,

* See Pliny, liv. viii. c. 7.
† Williamson's Oriental Field Sports.
‡ Journal, vol. ii. p. 46.

from those resources which only Asiatic despotism could command. The cost of a stud of elephants, such as the Mogul princes kept up, must have been enormous. To each of the hundred and one elephants that were set apart for the Emperor Akbar's own riding, the daily allowance of food was two hundred pounds in weight. Most of them, in addition, had ten pounds of sugar, besides, rice, pepper, and milk. In the sugar-cane season, each elephant had daily three hundred canes.* The elephants of our English menageries are principally fed upon hay and carrots.

Size.—The elephant is, beyond comparison with others, the largest of all land animals. An old anatomist has properly described him as "animal vastissimum;"—and we may admit this description without adopting the exaggerated accounts of his height which have been so commonly circulated. Mr. Corse, who, perhaps, saw more Indian elephants than any other European, never heard of more than one elephant whose height much exceeded ten feet. This was a male belonging to the late Vizier of Oude. His dimensions, as accurately measured, were as follow:—

	Ft.	In.
From foot to foot, over the shoulder	22	10½
From the top of the shoulder, perpendicular height	10	6
From the top of the head, when set up	12	2
From the front of the face to the insertion of the tail	15	11

The East India Company's standard, for serviceable elephants, is seven feet and upwards, measured at the shoulder, in the same manner that horses are measured. At the middle of the back, which is curved, they are several inches higher. The height of a living elephant is exceedingly deceptive, even to those who are most accustomed to the animal. Mr. Corse measured a celebrated elephant of the Nabob of Dacca, which was generally stated to be fourteen feet high, and which he considered to be twelve; it was found not to exceed ten feet.

It seems agreed that a large elephant weighs from six thousand to seven thousand pounds. Of this weight the carcass is about four-fifths.

Ear for Music.—Sir Everard Home is of opinion, that the elephant has not a musical ear; but, however this may be, the animal is evidently not insensible to musical sounds. We have observed the female elephant now at Mr. Cross's menagerie bring forward her ears, as the Guards have marched from the adjoining barrack to the loud notes of a military band; and the motions of her restless body have certainly been adapted to the movement of the air, which she gave evidence of having heard. Sir Everard Home presents us with an example of the power of the elephant to discriminate between the two great properties of musical sounds—a different capacity, certainly, from that of a musical ear, but still very remarkable:—

"As a matter of curiosity, I got Mr. Broadwood to send one of his tuners with a pianoforte to the menageries of wild beasts in Exeter 'Change, that I might know the effect of acute and grave sounds upon the ear of a full-grown elephant. The acute sounds seemed hardly to attract his notice; but as soon as the grave notes were struck, he became all attention, brought forward the large external ear, tried to discover where the sounds came from, remained in the attitude of listening, and after some time made noises by no means of dissatisfaction."

The present Part is full of Engravings of the most interesting character, when contrasted with the common-place embellishments of many popular works on the history of animals.

* Ayeen Akbery.

Fine Arts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Continued from page 57.)

Above the Waterloo *relief* is a large pedestal, with statues of Victory at each corner, having in the centre Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington. Surmounting the whole will be an equestrian statue, in bronze, of his Majesty. The equestrian statue is by Chantrey; the other sculpture was designed and executed by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The side of the triumphal arch facing the Palace presents emblems and decorations of a similar character to those on the other side. Over the small gateways are figures of Valour and Virtue on the one one side, and Peace and Plenty on the other. Occupying the same place with the representation of Waterloo is the battle of Trafalgar, in bold relief, and corresponding with Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington, is Britannia with her attendants, contemplating a medallion of Nelson. The bas-reliefs are from designs by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The

whole of this gorgeous pile will, when finished, be about sixty feet high. The gates are to be of mosaic gold; and the palisade, which is to connect it with the wings of the Palace, are to be spears of the richest workmanship that has yet been executed for such a purpose in that superb metal.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, admittance is gained to the interior under the portico which opens into the hall.

Hall.—Here the taste and skill of the architect justly entitle him to great applause. The ceiling, as we before mentioned, is only eighteen feet high; but he has so arranged the double columns which support it, that the eye is at once attracted to details, and the attention taken from the general defect of the lowness of the ceiling by statues placed in front of those coupled columns, and by the white marble pavement being surrounded by a mosaic border, formed of different marbles, as a Vitruvian scroll.

Guard Chamber.—Ascending from the hall by a wide flight of steps is a superb guard-chamber, about one hundred and twenty feet in length, also ornamented with marble pillars, each of a single block.

The total number of columns in the hall and guard-room is one hundred and four, all of white marble, with golden capitals.

The Great Staircase.—On the left hand, at the end of the hall, a spacious flight of two or three marble steps leads to the great staircase, which is also of white marble. It consists of a centre, and two returning flights. The centre flight beyond the first landing is carried up to the entrance of the armory, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. But the staircase, notwithstanding its beauty of outline and details, is perhaps liable to objection, as being too small for a palace. The impression, however, of the columns, the statues, and the reliefs, is undoubtedly elegant in the strictest meaning of the term.

We shall now proceed through the state apartments, as they are intended to be used on high days and holidays.

Saloon and Throne-Chamber.—On ascending the great stairs, leaving the flight which leads to the armory on the right or on the left, the landing-place opens into a vestibule. The saloon is beyond the vestibule, and the throne-chamber beyond the saloon. These apartments are of noble dimensions; the saloon is fifty, and the throne-chamber sixty feet in length, and forty in elevation. They will, when furnished, be the most gorgeous in the palace. It is, indeed, not easy to conceive anything more splendid than the designs for the ceilings, which are to be finished in a style new in this country, partaking very much of the boldest style, in the Italian taste, of the fifteenth century, and recall to recollection the splendid works of the great masters of that school, as seen in the works of Bibiena and others. They will present the effect of embossed gold ornaments, raised on a ground of colour suitable to the character and other decorations of the rooms. The walls are to be hung with silks. The cove ornaments of the throne-chamber will exhibit the arms of the Kings of England, and those of distinguished warriors, and other individuals connected with the royal family: four bas-reliefs will occupy as many compartments of the walls, each representing some celebrated circumstance in the history of the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, and the St. Patrick. The walls of the saloon are also to be decorated with bas-reliefs; and it will be particularly agreeable on crowded court days, as it opens into the portico, which affords to the visiters in the state apartments the enjoyment of a splendid pavilion for promenading in the open air, and will be one of the most attractive parts of the palace.

Picture Gallery.—It is one hundred and seventy five feet in length, lighted by two rows of circular windows of ground glass in the ceiling, representing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. It would seem that a star-chamber is a necessary appendage to the English monarchy; but from the gaiety of this room, we have some assurance that it will be applied to far different uses than those of the ancient star-chamber in the palace of Westminster. The ceiling of this gallery is not only picturesque and splendid, but really curious; possessing all the richness and play of outline of Gothic architecture, produced by a most skilful combination of classic forms; and certainly overthrows a position frequently advanced, that classic architecture could not in this effect vie with the Gothic.

State Bedchamber.—Passing across the gallery, a door leads into the state bedchamber, behind which is the King's closet. This chamber is fifty feet in length, and, like those of all the other state-rooms, the ceiling is of that richly-ornamented character already described.

Drawing Rooms.—The next apart-

ment is the bow drawing-room: it is nearly finished, with the exception of the gilding. The cornice is supported by eighteen Corinthian columns of lapis lazuli in scagliola. The stucco work of the dome exhibits the national emblems, and is in effect exceedingly rich, but at the same time light.

From this room the great drawing-room opens, which, from its dimensions, and the style of the ornaments, will be extremely superb and striking, even in this suite of splendid apartments. It is seventy feet in length. The cornice is supported by coupled columns of a rose-coloured scagliola, formed in imitation of a very rare Bohemian mineral granulated with gold, like lapis lazuli.

(To be continued.)

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE NETHERLANDS.

Opportunely enough, the last published volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* is a *History of the Netherlands.* The author is Mr. T. C. Grattan, who has written many continental sketches and romances of considerable merit. His present is a task with less scope for exuberant fancy; since, to compress the history of a country, for nearly 1600 years, into 350 pages, as in the volume before us, must have involved much patient and laborious research. Mr. Grattan's name is associated with the Netherlands: if we mistake not, several of his sketches, and the incidents of their narratives are laid in this country, so that he is likely to be somewhat familiar with its history; and this attachment, joined with his graphic neatness as a writer, has enabled him to produce a work in spirit beyond an ordinarily compiled history.

We have mentioned the appearance of this work as very opportune; and any file of newspapers for the last month will support our opinion: of course we allude to the revolutionary events in the Netherlands. The present book, therefore, comes in the nick of time, just when it is wanted, and that is a chance of success which, comparatively, few books have. Of course, there is a "turn of the market" in book-selling as well as elsewhere.

It has often occurred to us that newspapers are stronger inducements to the acquirement of knowledge than they are commonly thought to be. All the political changes which they detail in their dispatches ought to revive our historical acquaintance with the countries in which these changes are taking place. Thus, a commotion no sooner takes place on the continent, than maps, prints, and plans of the country become of peculiar interest. Hundreds and thousands are not, however, thus satisfied, and they seek for *popular histories;* and to supply these, so as to be accessible to all, ought to be the aim of the periodical libraries now publishing. The Useful Knowledge Society have set about this labour, by publishing "Greece," and, very lately, "The American Revolution."

The Family Library already contains "The Jews" and "British India," besides historical lives: and six of the ten volumes of the Cabinet Cyclopædia now published, consist of Histories. The plan to which we have adverted is thus in progress, and its advantages are too obvious to need further exemplification.

This brings us back to Mr. Grattan's "Netherlands." Of its actual value, we do not pretend to speak critically. We are glad to see the pages with footnote references, among which it is not difficult to recognise those of sterling character. The reader will probably expect a few extracts:—

Curious Factions.

"We must not omit to notice the existence of two factions, which, for near two centuries, divided and agitated the whole population of Holland and Zealand. One bore the title of *Hoeks* (fishing-hooks); the other was called *Kaabeljauws* (cod-fish). The origin of these burlesque denominations was a dispute between two parties at a feast, as to whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook the cod-fish? This apparently frivolous dispute was made the pretext for a serious quarrel; and the partisans of the nobles and those of the towns ranged themselves at either side, and assumed different badges of distinction. The *Hoeks,* partisans of the towns, wore red caps; the *Kaabeljauws* wore grey ones. In Jacqueline's quarrel with Philip of Burgundy, she was supported by the former; and it was not till the year 1492 that the extinction of that popular and turbulent faction struck a final blow to the dissensions of both."

Assassination of William, Prince of Orange.

"On the 10th of July, 1584, as he left his dining-room, and while he placed his foot on the first step of the great stair leading to the upper apartments of his

house, a man, named Balthasar Gerard (who, like the former assassin, waited for him at the moment of convivial relaxation), discharged a pistol at his body: three balls entered it. He fell into the arms of an attendant, and cried out faintly, in the French language, 'God pity me! I am sadly wounded—God have mercy on my soul, and on this unfortunate nation!' His sister, the Countess of Swartzenberg, who now hastened to his side, asked him in German, if he did not recommend his soul to God? He answered, 'Yes,' in the same language, but with a feeble voice. He was carried into the dining-room, where he immediately expired. His sister closed his eyes: his wife too was on the spot, Louisa, daughter of the illustrious Coligny, and widow of the gallant Count of Teligny, both of whom were also murdered almost in her sight, in the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew. We may not enter on a description of the afflicting scene which followed; but the mind is pleased in picturing the bold solemnity with which prince Maurice, then eighteen years of age, swore—not vengeance or hatred against his father's murderers—but that he would faithfully and religiously follow the glorious example he had given him.

Whoever would really enjoy the spirit of historical details should never omit an opportunity of seeing places rendered memorable by associations connected with the deeds, and especially with the death, of great men: the spot, for instance, where William was assassinated at Delft; the old staircase he was just on the point of ascending; the narrow pass between that and the dining-hall whence he came out, of scarcely sufficient extent for the murderer to hold forth his arm and his pistol, two feet and a half long. This weapon, and its fellow, are both preserved in the museum of the Hague, together with two of the fatal bullets, and the very clothes which the victim wore. The leathern doublet, pierced by the balls and burned by the powder, lies beside the other parts of the dress, the simple gravity of which, in fashion and colour, irresistibly brings the wise great man before us, and adds a hundred fold to the interest excited by a recital of his murder."

(The title-page contains a vignette of this tragical event.)

Fire-ships at the Siege of Antwerp, 1585.

"Early on the night of the 4th of April, the Prince of Parma and his army were amazed by the spectacle of three huge masses of flame floating down the river, accompanied by numerous lesser appearances of a similar kind, and bearing directly against the prodigious barrier, which had cost months of labour to him and his troops, and immense sums of money to the state. The whole surface of the Scheldt presented one sheet of fire; the country all round was as visible as at noon; the flags, the arms of the soldiers, and every object on the bridge, in the fleet, or the forts, stood out clearly to view; and the pitchy darkness of the sky gave increased effect to the marked distinctness of all. Astonishment was soon succeeded by consternation, when one of the three machines burst with a terrific noise before they reached their intended mark, but time enough to offer a sample of their nature. The Prince of Parma, with numerous officers and soldiers, rushed to the bridge, to witness the effects of this explosion; and just then a second and still larger fire-ship, having burst through the flying bridge of boats, struck against one of the estoccades. Alexander, unmindful of danger, used every exertion of his authority to stimulate the sailors in their attempts to clear away the monstrous machine, which threatened destruction to all within its reach. Happily for him, an ensign who was near, forgetting in his general's peril all rules of discipline and forms of ceremony, actually forced him from the estoccade. He had not put his foot on the river bank when the machine blew up. The effects were such as really baffle description. The bridge was burst through; the estoccade was shattered almost to atoms, and, with all that it supported—men, cannon, and the huge machinery employed in the various works—dispersed in the air. The cruel Marquis of Roubais, many other officers, and eight hundred soldiers, perished, in all varieties of death—by flood, or flame, or the horrid wounds from the missiles with which the terrible machine was overcharged. Fragments of bodies and limbs were flung far and wide; and many gallant soldiers were destroyed, without a vestige of the human form being left to prove that they had ever existed. The river, forced from its bed at either side, rushed into the forts, and drowned numbers of their garrisons; while the ground far beyond shook as in an earthquake. The prince was struck down by a beam, and lay for some time senseless, together with two generals, Delvasto and Gajitani, both more seriously wounded than he; and many of the soldiers were burned and mutilated in the most frightful manner."

(The well-remembered escape of Grotius in a chest is neatly related.)

Union of Belgium and Holland.

"It has been asked by a profound and sagacious inquirer, or at least the question is put forth on undoubted authority in his name, 'Why did England create for herself a difficulty, and what will be by and by a natural enemy, in uniting Holland and Belgium, in place of managing those two immense resources to her commerce by keeping them separate? for Holland, without manufactures, was the natural mart for those of England, while Belgium, under an English prince, had been the route for constantly inundating France and Germany.'*

So asked Napoleon, and England may answer and justify her conduct so impugned, on principles consistent with the general wishes and the common good of Europe. The discussion of the question is foreign to our purpose, which is to trace the circumstances, not to argue on the policy, that led to the formation of the Netherlands as they now exist. But it appears that the different integral parts of the nation were amalgamated from deep-formed designs for their mutual benefit. Belgium was not given to Holland, as the already-cited article of the treaty of Paris might at first sight seem to imply; nor was Holland allotted to Belgium. But they were grafted together, with all the force of legislative wisdom; not that one might be dominant and the other oppressed, but that both should bend to form an arch of common strength, able to resist the weight of such invasions as had perpetually perilled, and often crushed, their separate independence."

The last passage bears upon the very topic of the day, and proves Mr. Grattan's volume to be up to the spirit of the times.

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

Few men could fail to *make* an interesting book on these subjects. The materials are superabundant, and whoever sits down to the task of their arrangement will probably be able to add something from his own experience, and much more by his inferences from the narratives of others. Old books on witchcraft, and superstitions generally, are somewhat scarce; that is, they are comparatively of greater cost than other books of the same date. Perhaps this is explained by collectors of such works cherishing their curiosities with more zest than do many book-buyers. Sir Walter Scott is a bibliomaniac in this way, and has a more valuable collection of works on Demonology and Witchcraft than has any other person of his time. Glanville, Reginald Scot, and Sinclair must be *familiars* in his supernatural stores; nay, the very atmosphere of the apartment or depository of these treasures must resemble that of a sulphur bath.

Our slight notice last week intimated that the work before us contains much that is new and old, to amuse the reader. Looking further into the book we, however, find the new to be considerably less striking than the old, and to bear about the same relation to each other, that the plain manners of the present day do to the startling chivalric characteristics of ages long past. Neither are the *old* contents so forcibly chosen as the lovers of the supernatural had a right to expect from Sir Walter Scott's ready access to rare materials. The author has, however, already by his own confession, proved himself more skilful in fiction, than he is, or chooses to be, diligent in mere matters of fact; and this concession would afford proof, if such were wanted, of the labour requisite to produce anything like a finished compilation. Thus, in the Letters on Demonology, several important works on the subject are unnoticed, and altogether there is less *lore* in the book than must have been expected. This lack of rarities will not be extensively acknowledged, especially if we are to judge by the old story of Booty's ghost now appearing in our newspapers, verbatim from the Westminster record.

We quote a few more extracts.

Scottish Customs.

These customs still linger in the south of Scotland. The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females, that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride, which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting mar-

* Las Cases, Journal de la Vie privée et Conversations de Napoleon, t. iii. p. 83.

riage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, Popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman Pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.

The custom of saying, God bless you, when a person in company sneezes, is, in like manner, derived from sternutation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery.

The Lancashire Witches.

The celebrated case of "the Lancashire Witches," (whose name was, and will be, long remembered, partly from Shadwell's play, but more from the ingenious and well-merited compliment to the beauty of the females of that province, which it was held to contain,) is as follows. Whether the first notice of this sorcery sprung from the idle head of a mischievous boy, is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it was speedily caught up and fostered for the purpose of gain. The original story ran thus:

These Lancaster trials were at two periods, the one in 1613, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, Barons of Exchequer, when nineteen witches were tried at once at Lancaster, and another of the name of Preston, at York. The report against these people is drawn up by Thomas Potts. An obliging correspondent sent me a sight of a copy of this curious and rare book. The chief personage in the drama is Elizabeth Southam, a witch redoubted under the name of Dembdike, an account of whom may be seen in Mr. Roby's Antiquities of Lancaster, as well as a description of Maulkins' Tower, the witches' place of meeting. It appears that this remote county was full of Popish recusants, travelling priests, and so forth; and some of their spells are given, in which the holy names and things alluded to form a strange contrast with the purpose to which they were applied, as to secure a good brewing of ale or the like. The public imputed to the accused parties a long train of murders, conspiracies, charms, mischances, hellish and damnable practices, "apparent," says the editor, "on their own examinations and confessions," and, to speak the truth, visible nowhere else. Mother Dembdike had the good luck to die before conviction. Among other tales, we have one of two *female* devils, called Fancy and Tib. It is remarkable that some of the unfortunate women endeavoured to transfer the guilt from themselves to others with whom they had old quarrels, which confessions were held good evidence against those who made them, and against the alleged accomplice also. Several of the unhappy women were found Not Guilty, to the great displeasure of the ignorant people of the county.

Last Execution for Witchcraft in England.

As late as 1682, three unhappy women, named Susan Edwards, Mary Trembles, and Temperance Lloyd, were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft, and, as usual, on their own confession. This is believed to be the last execution of the kind in England, under form of judicial sentence. But the ancient superstition, so interesting to vulgar credulity, like sediment clearing itself from water, sunk down in a deeper shade upon the ignorant and lowest classes of society, in proportion as the higher regions were purified from its influence. The populace, including the ignorant of every class, were more enraged against witches, when their passions were once excited, in proportion to the lenity exercised towards the objects of their indignation, by those who administered the laws. Several cases occurred in which the mob, impressed with a conviction of the guilt of some destitute old creatures, took the law into their own hands, and, proceeding upon such evidence as Hopkins would have had recourse to, at once, in their own apprehension, ascertained their criminality, and administered the deserved punishment.

Pricking for Witchcraft.

One celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same

time, to draw forth confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search, the practice of the infamous Hopkins, was in Scotland reduced to a trade; and the young witchfinder was allowed to torture the accused party, as if in exercise of a lawful calling, although Sir George Mackenzie stigmatizes it as a horrid imposture. I observe in the Collections of Mr. Pitcairn, that, at the trial of Janet Peaston, of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid, of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her, "who found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when they were taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length."

Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point, or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. But, were it worth while to dwell on a subject so ridiculous, we might recollect, that in so terrible an agony of shame as is likely to convulse a human being under such a trial, and such personal insults, the blood is apt to return to the heart, and a slight wound as with a pin, may be inflicted, without being followed by blood. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, this childish, indecent, and brutal practice, began to be called by its right name. Fountainhall has recorded, that in 1678, the privy council received the complaint of a poor woman, who had been abused by a country magistrate, and one of those impostors called prickers. They expressed high displeasure against the presumption of the parties complained against, and treated the pricker as a common cheat.

Refutation of Apparition Stories.

It is the same with all those that are called accredited ghost stories usually told at the fireside. They want evidence. It is true, that the general wish to believe, rather than power of believing, has given some such stories a certain currency in society. I may mention, as one of the class of tales I mean, that of the late Earl St. Vincent, who watched, with a friend, it is said, a whole night, in order to detect the cause of certain nocturnal disturbances which took place in a certain mansion. The house was under lease to Mrs. Ricketts, his sister. The result of his lordship's vigil is said to have been, that he heard the noises, without being able to detect the causes, and insisted on his sister giving up the house. This is told as a real story, with a thousand different circumstances. But who has heard or seen an authentic account from Earl St. Vincent, or from his "companion of the watch," or from his lordship's sister? And as in any other case, such sure species of direct evidence would be necessary to prove the facts, it seems unreasonable to believe such a story on slighter terms. When the particulars are precisely fixed and known, it might be time to inquire whether Lord St. Vincent, amid the other eminent qualities of a first-rate seaman, might not be in some degree tinged with their tendency to superstition; and still farther, whether, having ascertained the existence of disturbances not immediately or easily detected, his lordship might not advise his sister rather to remove, than to remain in a house so haunted, though he might believe that poachers or smugglers were the worst ghosts by whom it was disturbed.

The story of two highly respectable officers in the British army, who are supposed to have seen the spectre of the brother of one of them in a hut, or barrack, in America, is also one of those accredited ghost tales, which attain a sort of brevet rank as true, from the mention of respectable names as the parties who witnessed the vision. But we are left without a glimpse when, how, and in what terms, this story obtained its currency; as also by whom, and in what manner, it was first circulated; and among the numbers by whom it has been quoted, although all agree in the general event, scarcely two, even of those who pretend to the best information, tell the story in the same way.*

The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttleton,

* Sir Walter, we conclude, refers to the story of Sir John Sherbroke and Gen. Wynyard.—See "Signs before Death and Authenticated Apparitions." 12mo. 1825.

prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

By the way, Sir Walter has not noticed the Sampford ghost, the last apparition story of any lengthened interest, and the more curious from its association with one of the best wits of the day, the author of "Lacon." Perhaps Sir Walter thought with Dryden, that

Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide.

Talking of wits and apparitions reminds us also of Swift on the latter subject. "One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy." This single paragraph is worth a volume of handling by the writers of our day.

The Novelist.

THE ROCK OF THE WATER-FAIRY.

A Legend of the Rhine.

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine,
Would sweeten more these Banks of Rhine.
BYRON.

THE scenery around the Rhine is proverbially beautiful. Hallowed by the charm of tradition which invests the faded record of other days with the most startling interest, and graced with prolific vegetation, the Banks of the Rhine are consecrated to romance. Nor has poetry neglected to embalm their loveliness in its ethereal spirit The creative imaginations of La Motte Foqué, Hoffman, Goethe, and Gleim, assisted by the lofty and elevated fancy of the British Muse, have thrown an enchantment around them, that, while the language exists, and man is capable of relishing it, will form their attractive excellence. From the vivid and majestic poetry of Lord Byron and L. E. L., the Petrarch and Corinna of English song, I might adduce several passages of the most polished and exquisite beauty, and thereby exemplify the truth of my assertion; and the tale which I shall now relate is, perhaps, illustrative of one of those incidents that constitute the peculiar charm of German romance.

The storm had quietly subsided over the lofty turrets of Ruthenwold Castle, and the stars were reflected in the Rhine, like fairy-isles enshrined in its dark-blue waters. There were clouds suspended in the lovely skies, but they seemed of a light and silvery texture, and formed a veil behind which the lunar enchantress could conceal her brilliant diadem. These clouds floated along their airy panorama like snowy masses driven from some Elysium in which none but pure and virtuous spirits sustain their immortality; and as their images quivered transparently in the noble river beneath, they appeared like the phantasies of a visionary and distempered mind. The scenery around was worthy of the glorious and beautiful night; and if the painter could have deified its magnificence on convass, it would have impressed his genius with the stamp of eternity. The surrounding plains rich with summer blossoms, and kissed by the glancing moonbeams, the varied dells through which the sweet streams poured their nocturnal melody as if some genii had touched the wind-harp of Paradise, and the scattered hills with woods and waterfalls, presented to the imagination

"The glory and the freshness of a dream

The young Count of Ruthenwold had arisen from his couch, to the casement to refresh his languid brow with the balmy breath of night. As he surveyed the magnificent scene which lay before him, the summer breeze imparted a coolness to his pale but feverish cheeks. His sleep had been haunted by a vision of the most surpassing loveliness, and a powerful spell had entwined it with his memory.

His fancy had represented to him a dark and majestic rock whose giant form was reflected in the blue water-foam of the river beneath. As his buoyant skiff glided by it, he heard music ascend from the rippling wavelets, deep, solemn, and dreamlike music, which entranced his heart with its witchery. Soon as the magic strain had ceased, a lovely nymph, whose person was more symmetrical than the noblest conception embodied in marble by the sculptor,

arose from the waters, and threw aside her golden hair to gaze upon Ruthenwold. The young count could not withdraw his sight to avoid her fascinations, and thus became enthralled by a charm he was unable to resist. As his skiff approached that portion of the river on which she sat arranging her beautiful ringlets, he sprang into her arms, and her kisses melted on his lips. "I love thee," said the nymph, as he hung on her snowy bosom, "thou shalt live with me in a land where the sparkling moonbeams glance on the treasures of the mighty deep, and in our festal halls thy sleep shall be charmed with the music of fairy-lutes. Thou art mine, beautiful youth! and I will love thee as the water-maiden alone can love." As she breathed this bewitching language into his ears, they gradually descended with the tide, and Ruthenwold awoke to ruminate on this singular dream. As he stood surveying the distant scenes, he perceived a rock which formed an exquisite resemblance to the object of his vision, and deeply excited his curiosity. Determined to obtain an elucidation of the mystery, he left his father's castle, and submitting his small skiff to the dark-blue element, was soon borne along to the place of which he was in quest. As he approached the rock, he heard a manly voice chant this irregular but spirited song:—*

There where yon rock is sleeping,
Beneath the bright moonshine,
A nymph her watch is keeping,
And gazing on the Rhine.

She looks upon the river,
As the vessels glide along,
She sings and gazes ever,
But, Youth! beware her song.

With eyes so softly beaming,
Thus doth she look on all,
Whilst, like clustering sunbeams streaming,
Her golden ringlets fall.

But, like the inconstant water,
Those glances still have roll'd;
Beware the flood's fair daughter,
For the wave is false and cold!

As Ruthenwold glided past the verdant banks of the river, the forester of his sire, the old Count Palatine, hailed him from the shore, and it was he who had sung the lay which at first startled the young adventurer. Ruthenwold pursued his way, and at length attained that portion of the river where the rock displayed its magnificent brow. The calmness of the night, and the beauty of his native Rhine, soon led him into a contemplative reverie. The scene was indeed worthy of some lofty poetical imagination to consecrate and enshrine it with the graces of verse; and, as Ruthenwold pressed lightly on the lute which hung from his shoulder by a purple ribbon, he felt inclined to celebrate its beauty in one of his most impassioned songs. But, as he gazed intensely on the reflected stars, he heard a musical sound, such as the wind snatches from the strings of an Æolian harp, and, on raising his head, beheld a maiden of the most exquisite loveliness arranging her sunny ringlets on the rock. Her person exhibited a fine display of symmetry, and the sweetness of her smile contained much persuasiveness. Ruthenwold had never beheld so much beauty concentred in a human form; he bowed homage to the enchantress, who waved her snowy hand as a signal for his approach. His boat glided steadily beneath the rock, and she descended from its brow to encircle him in her arms.

Ruthenwold lay entranced upon her bosom, and her tender lips pressed upon his with all the fervour of impassioned love. At the same moment a strain of liquid music breathed around him, and captivated his heart with a dream of delight; and as its cadence melted away into the balmy air, a sweet but plaintive voice sung, "I love thee."

"I have been awaiting thy boat, beautiful youth!" exclaimed Endein, "and blessing the stars that lighted its course along the Rhine. But thou art come—at length thou art mine, and shalt dwell with me in the crystal palaces of the deep."

"As thou wilt, my lovely one!" replied Ruthenwold, "a vision of thee enchanted my sleep in my father's hall, but I have left it, and only wish to live in the light of thy beauty."

"Ruthenwold!" cried a powerful voice which seemed familar to the count, "hapless boy! thou art lost! Reject the arts of that false and deceitful siren, and avoid her fascinations. She will allure thee to a crystal grave beneath the Rhine. Leave her, count, it is thy father's forester who speaks to thee."

Endein placed the youthful count in his skiff, but still clung to him with the fondest embraces that ever betrayed the affection of woman. "Alas!" she sighed, "wilt thou forsake me?" I shall pine for thy presence when the stars sparkle in their azure fields like spirits of the air."

Still old Heinbach, the forester, vociferated his exclamations from the banks of the river, but at length finding he employed them ineffectually, he loaded his musket, and discharged its

* Translated from the German of M. Von Loeben, by B. St. Leger, Esq.

contents at the water-nymph. A thrilling shriek announced the destructive execution of his cruelty, and Endein breathed her last sigh on the bosom of her lover. As she fell bleeding into his arms, her sweet maidenly voice soothed his spirit with the words, "I love thee."

"Heinbach — villain!" exclaimed Ruthenwold, "thou wilt yet remember this atrocity with regret."

"Never, count," replied the forester, "nor will thy noble sire, of whom thou art the hope."

The young heir of Ruthenwold returned to the castle of his father, the old Count Palatine, but a languid gloom had enshrouded his hitherto fervid imagination, and his lute was permitted to hang on the cypress-tree untouched by all save the gentle wing of Zephyr.—A mental apathy seemed to colour all his actions, and whenever he approached the rock where his adventures with the water-maiden had impressed such powerful recollections on his mind, a gush of tears suffused his cheeks, and it required a considerable time to restore him to his usual tranquillity. But the chain which entwined him to this earthly wilderness was soon divided by death, and his spirit melted away from earth like the faint music of a huntsman's horn dying in the space of air!

Deal. R. A.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

EPITAPH IN HADLEIGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

THE charnel mounted on this w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron playn domestic
In housewiefry a princip
In care and payns continu
Not slow, nor gay, nor prodig } all
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her children seven yet living
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hope to rise spiritu

Ellen, wife of Robert Reson, alderman of this town; shee deceased January 8th, 1630, and is interred below hereby.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS.

ALL the young girls who were marriageable were assembled in one place, and a public crier put them up to sale one after another. The money which was received for those that were handsome, and fetched a high price, was bestowed as a portion with those whose persons were more plain and homely. When the most beautiful were disposed of, the more ordinary were offered with a certain sum, and allotted to those who were willing to take them with the smallest portion. In this manner all the young women were provided with husbands. If at any time it happened that the parties could not agree, the man was obliged to refund the money which he had received. It was likewise very expressly forbidden to use women ill, or to carry them into any foreign country. P. T. W.

JEMMY WHITELY, an eccentric manager of a travelling corps, was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind:" he would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c. value them by scales, &c. and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening, for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth, and said—"I beg your pardon, my darling—I am extramely sorry to refuse you; but if we eat any more fish, by the powers! we shall all be turned into mermaids!"—*Bernard's Reminiscences.*

MONTAIGNE instances a very ungrateful return for the *jus divinum*, in a story which he remembered to be current when he was a boy, of a neighbouring king, who having received a blow by the hand of God, swore he would be revenged; and in order to do it, made a proclamation, that for ten years to come, no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him throughout his dominions. "By which," says he, "we are not so much to take measure of the folly, as the vain-glory of the nation," (Spain) of which this tale was told.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 454.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Gibbon,

IN HIS GARDEN AT LAUSANNE.

GIBBON, IN HIS GARDEN AT LAUSANNE.

Print-collecting is one of the pleasantest pursuits of our leisure. It reminds us of our patrons, and up spring thousands of grateful recollections; so that we often pass an hour where we intended but to stay a few minutes. In one of these rambles we chanced to glean the original of the annexed cut. It is a lithograph, about one-third larger than our copy, with "Brandoin del." to the left, and at the opposite corner, "lith. de C. Constans." Beneath the centre is

"Gibbon,
after the original, in the
possession
of Monsr. Le Profr. Levade,
de Lausanne."

We first saw the print at Molteno's, in Pall Mall.

Gibbon, it will be recollected, lived some time at Lausanne, where, in early life, he was banished by his father, for embracing the doctrines of Catholicism;* and, observes his biographer, "his residence at Lausanne was highly favourable to his progress in knowledge, and the formation of regular habits of study;" "and to this fortunate period of retirement and application, he was chiefly indebted for his future reputation as a writer and a thinker." His first settlement at Lausanne was in the year 1753. He returned to England in 1758; revisited Lausanne in 1763, where he prepared for a journey to Italy; and it was at Rome, as he informs us, on the 15th of October (in the year following), as he sat musing among the ruins of the capitol, "while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter," that his idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire entered his mind.

Gibbon returned to England in 1765. In 1776 appeared the first volume of his great work. In the previous year he had been returned to parliament for Liskeard, but at the subsequent election he lost this seat, and was brought in by ministerial influence for Lymington. After uniformly supporting the North administration for eight years, by their retirement, he lost his appointment by the dissolution of the Board of Trade, and immediately retired to his favourite Lausanne, (in 1783). Here he became joint possessor, with his friend Deyverdun, of a handsome and finely-situated house, and commenced a mode of living happily compounded of the man of letters, and the gentleman of easy fortune. He resided here till the year 1793, when he returned to England. In the year following he died.

Lord Sheffield, in his "Sequel to the Life of Gibbon," thus describes the house at Lausanne:—

"It may perhaps not be quite uninteresting to the readers of these Memoirs, to know that I found Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne, in possession of an excellent house; the view from which, and from the terrace, was so uncommonly beautiful, that even his own pen would with difficulty describe the scene which it commanded. This prospect comprehended everything vast and magnificent which could be furnished by the finest mountains among the Alps, the most extensive view of the Lake of Geneva, with a beautiful varied and cultivated country, adorned by numerous villas and picturesque buildings, intermixed with beautiful masses of stately trees. Here my friend received us with an hospitality and kindness which I can never forget. The best apartments of the house were appropriated to our use; the choicest society of the place was sought for to enliven our visit, and render every day of it cheerful and agreeable. It was impossible for any man to be more esteemed and admired than Mr. Gibbon was at Lausanne. The preference he had given to that place, in adopting it for a residence rather than his own country, was felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants; and he may have been said almost to have given the law to a set of as willing subjects as any man ever presided over. In return for the deference shown to him, he mixed without affectation in all the society, I mean all the best society, that Lausanne afforded; he could indeed command it, and was perhaps for that reason the more partial to it; for he often declared that he liked society more as a relaxation from study than as expecting to derive from it amusement or instruction; that to books he looked for improvement, not to living persons. But this I considered partly as an answer to my expressions of wonder that a man who might choose the most various and most generally improved society in the world, namely, in England, should prefer the very limited circle of Lausanne, which he never deserted but for an occasional visit to M. and Madame Necker. It must not how-

* Mr. Gibbon, it is well known, although educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, became converted to the Roman Catholic religion at the age of sixteen. Lord Sheffield, his friend and biographer, says—"Mr. Gibbon never talked with me on the subject of his conversion to Popery but once; and then he imputed his change to the works of Parsons, the Jesuit, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and who, he said, had urged all the best arguments in favour of the Roman Catholic religion."

ever be understood, that in choosing Lausanne for his home, he was insensible to the value of a residence in England; he was not in possession of an income which corresponded with his notions of ease and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland his fortune was ample."

Gibbon appears to have taken some delight in embellishing his retreat at Lausanne; for, in a letter dated 1792, he says, "Instead of the monsters which Lord Hercules Sheffield extirpated, the terrace is already shaded with the new acacias and plantains; and although the uncertainty of possession restrains me from building, I have myself placed a bouquet at the bottom of the garden, with such admirable skill, that it affords shade without intercepting prospect."

At Lausanne, Gibbon finished his "Decline and Fall;" and the *event*, for such its completion deserves to be called, is thus noted in his Memoirs:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes excepting those of the author and the printer; the faults and the merits are exclusively my own."

Extract from Mr. Gibbon's Commonplace Book.

"The IVth Volume of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire	begun March 1, 1782—ended June 1784.
"The Vth Volume ..	begun July 1784—ended May 1, 1786
"The VIth Volume ..	began May 18, 1786—ended June 27, 1787.

"These three volumes were sent to press August 15, 1787, and the whole impression was concluded April following."

From recent tourists we learn that Gibbon's house is one of the main sights of Lausanne, and that the occupants are rather annoyed with the increasing multitude of curious travellers. "The principal rooms are now used as a counting-house; the few trees on the terrace have been cut down, and the grounds below are very littery, and planted with shabby fruit-trees, but were doubtless better in Gibbon's time. You descend to this terrace by a long flight of narrow stone stairs, inside the house, as if to a cellar: the terrace itself is a mere slip, seventy or eighty yards long, by ten in width, with a low parapet wall towards the prospect—an old-fashioned arbour of cut dwarf birch at the end of the terrace encloses the cabinet where the historian dated his celebrated work. But the place is fast falling into ruin, and the people of the house are much diverted at many of the visiters picking up a little of the earth to carry away." One of the tourists (we think Simond) says—"Gibbon has not left here a pleasing remembrance of himself: whimsically particular about his hours, very selfish, disgusting in his appearance. An English traveller published an account of him and his mode of life (absurd and rather offensive); yet a gross mistake he had committed was so gratifying to Gibbon, that he forgave all the rest—he said that the historian rode on horseback every morning."

Gibbon's own description of the villa at Lausanne differs from that of the tourists. In one of his letters, he says, "My library commands a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water." * * * "A terrace one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard." * * * He also says, "few persons, either princes or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence."

The portrait, we think, must have been taken during Gibbon's last abode at Lausanne, between the age of forty-six and fifty-six.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT CITY FEASTS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The first time (says Pennant) that Guildhall was used on festive occasions was by Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, knighted in the field of Bosworth.—After building the essentials of good kitchens and other offices, in the year 1500, this gentleman gave here the mayor's feast, which before had been usually done in Grocer's Hall. The bills of fare at length grew to such excess, that, in the time of Philip and Mary, a sumptuary law was made, to restrain the expense both of provisions and liveries; but the city did not long observe it, for in 1544 they thought proper to renew the order of council, by way of reminding their fellow-citizens of their relapse into luxury. Among the great feasts given here on public occasions, may be reckoned that given in 1612, on occasion of the unhappy marriage of the prince Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who, in defiance of the remonstrances of his better-judging father-in-law, rushed on the usurpation of the dominion of another, and brought great misery on himself and his amiable spouse. The next was in 1641, when Charles I. returned from his imprudent, inefficacious journey into Scotland. In the midst of the most factious and turbulent times, when every engine was set to work to annihilate the regal power, the city, under its Lord Mayor, Sir William Acton, made a feast unparalleled in history for its magnificence. All external respect was paid to his majesty, the last he ever experienced in the inflamed city. Of the entertainment we know no more than that it consisted of five hundred dishes. The *soteltics*, or the subtilities, as they were called, were the ornamental part of the dessert, and were extremely different from those in present use. In the enthronization feast of Archbishop Wareham, on March 9, 1504, the first course was preceded by "*a warner*, conveyed upon a rounde boorde of viii. panes, with viii. toures embattled and made with flowres, standynge on every towre a bedil in his habite, with his staffe; and in the same boorde, first the kyng syttinge in his parliament, with his lordes about hym, in their robes; and Saint Wylliam, like an archbishop, sytting on the ryght hand of the kyng; then the Chaunceller of Oxforde, with other doctors about hym, presented the said Lord Wylliam, kneelyng, in a doctor's habite, unto the kyng, with his commend of vertue and cunnynge, &c. And on the third boorde of the same warner, the Holy Ghoste appeared with bright beames, proceeding from hym of the gyftes of grace towarde the sayde lorde of the feaste."—This is a specimen (says Pennant) of the ancient sotelties. This was a *Lenten* feast of the most luxurious kind. Many of the sotelties were suited to the occasion, and of the legendary nature; others historical; but all, without doubt, contrived "with great cunnynge."

To these scenes of luxury and gluttony, let me oppose (says he) the simple fare at a feast of the wax-chandlers, on October the 28th, 1478. These were a flourishing company in the days of old, when gratitude to saints called so frequently for lights. How many thousands of wax-candles were consumed on these occasions, and what quantities the expiatory offerings of private persons, none can enumerate. *Candle-mass* day wasted its thousands, and these all blessed by the priests, and adjured in solemn terms. "I adjure thee, O waxen creature, that thou repel the devil and his sprights," &c. &c.—(See Rev. Mr. Brand's edition of Bourne's Antiquitates Vulgares, page 222).

Certainly this company, which was incorporated in 1484, might have afforded a more delicate feast than "Two loins of mutton, two loins of veal, a loin of beef, a leg of mutton, a pig, a capon, a coney, one dozen of pigeons, a hundred of eggs, a goose, a gallon of red wine, and a kilderkin of ale, which cost *seven shillings!*"

The whole of the entertainment given to their majesties in 1761, cost the city 6,898*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* The feast consisted of 414 dishes, besides the dessert. The king and queen viewed the inaugural procession from the windows of Mr. Barclay, a linendraper, in Cheapside.

Adjacent to Guildhall was, formerly, Guildhall chapel, or college, a Gothic building, founded by Peter Fanlove, Adam Francis, and Henry Frowick, citizens, about the year 1299. The establishment was a warden, seven priests, three clerks, and four choristers. Edward VI. granted it to the mayor and commonalty of the city of London.—Here used to be service once a week, and also at the election of the mayor, and before the mayor's feast, to deprecate *indigestions*, and all *plethoric* evils.

P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

A German Adventure.

(For the Mirror.)

"THERE must be a fine prospect from the top," I exclaimed, cheering myself with the thought, as I was toiling up one of the highest and steepest mountains of Germany. The way was narrow and rugged, but I was fresh and strong, and I soon arrived at the point which I had imagined to be the summit. I was deceived: it was still far, far above me; this is a common illusion in ascending hills, so I thought little of it, but sprang forward with increased activity, especially as I saw the shadows lengthening round me, and feared I should be too late to see the sun set on the opposite side. But my difficulties increased as I proceeded; again and again did I reach (as I thought) the mountain's brow, and as often was I disappointed, it was strange, passing strange, and I took note of it, to insert in my journal among the natural phenomena of the country.

Now, however, I was certain of gaining my point, for I could see at some distance an old withered tree, drooping mournfully over the extreme edge of the mountain; thus refreshed with hope, I pressed on more eagerly than before, till I gained the spot where I had thought the tree stood; but to my astonishment and perplexity, my new landmark had passed away like the others, and at the end of another hour's fatiguing walk, I was as far from the summit as ever. I sunk down to rest for a few moments, muttering in a tone of vexation, "how provoking to lose so fine a prospect."

"It is a great pity, Sir, will you take my arm, I am used to travelling here, and we shall be up directly." Startled by such an answer when I thought myself far from any human being, I turned hastily round, and saw standing by my side, a little old man curiously dressed, with a pale face, and bright fiery eyes; he had a stick in his hand with a carved serpent twining round it, the eyes of which seemed to be made of some brilliant gem, for they sparkled on the slightest motion.

There was something in the appearance of my new companion which I did not much like, and in spite of his civility, I declined his assistance, and walked on, saying, that "I should get up very well now." Notwithstanding all my efforts to hide them, I began now to show some symptoms of weariness, and very soon my follower again came forward and offered his arm, adding, "that I should not reach the top unless I took it." I again refused and hurried on to get before him, but he walked at a pace quite inconsistent with his aged appearance, keeping constantly by my side, and repeating his offer till I grew wearied and impatient of his obstinate politeness. What could I do? to descend was impossible, with such a companion; I raised my cudgel several times when he approached, and truly I believe I should have knocked him down, (or tried to do so) but ever as I turned to him, the serpent looked as if it were curling round on his stick, and rolling its fiery eyes at me.

I was now wearied to exhaustion, the road became more intricate, and at every obstacle I met with, the fellow stood grinning in my face, and poking his abominable arm before me. Enraged and terrified at his perseverance, I repeated my refusals with such violence that they seemed to have some effect on him; he slunk behind, and I thought myself freed from his company.

Just at this moment, in scrambling up with hurried steps, I slipped, and was falling down a deep gap, when I caught what I thought was the branch of a tree, to support me. What was my amazement to find myself in a moment linked arm in arm with the mysterious stranger, travelling up the mountain with wonderful velocity, "We shall be there soon enough now," said he with a sneering laugh. All my recollections of the spirits of Germany, and the demons of the Hartz, burst upon me with appalling force, and my blood chilled at the thoughts of being in their power. But there was short time for thought; never was there flight like ours; away we went up the steep mountain faster than the wind in a storm. Precipices frowned before us, deep ravines crossed our path, but we sprung over them light as air; rocks rose to a fearful height above our heads, but he raised his stick, and the serpent uncoiled from it, caught the highest trees, and drew us up. It seemed but a moment since we commenced our flight, and now we stood beside the withered tree, I had seen at such a distance.

I looked in vain towards the west for the sun, though he was still shining brightly on the objects behind us. Before me was a mass of dim vapour, with gleams of fire, and indistinct half-formed figures floating about in the midst. It

seemed as if the huge mountain had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, and the chaos of unknown ages was now bursting from the prison which closed on it at the Creation.

Faint and shuddering, I turned from the scene before me, and would have rushed back, but the arm of the stranger still held me with an iron grasp. "You like not the prospect," said he, "but you have seen little yet; you must descend." I hung half senseless by his side, while he dragged me furiously along the edge of the mountain for an immense distance, till we came to a rocky peak branching out into air, and overhanging the deep gulf; here we paused for a moment, the figure grew to a gigantic size, bent his fiery eyes on me, and smiled with satisfaction to see me in his power. Never can I describe the emotion I felt when he seized and held me at arm's length over the precipice. I clung with a death-grasp to his flowing garments, but it was in vain; the serpent writhed itself in a murky air, darted its sting full at my breast, and I sunk into the abyss; but one wild cry burst from me before my voice was quenched by the suffocating rush of air as I descended.

What a descent it was! clouds were rolling round me, fire flashing in my face, and ghastly forms sweeping the air by my side. I fell with the speed of lightning, yet it seemed long ere I reached the bottom of the gulf, where I had scarcely recovered my breath, when I perceived a dusky figure standing over me, crying loudly, "Bringt Lichter, Bringt Lichter." Summoned by the voice, a number of frightful spirits of different forms gathered round me, flashing their torches in my eyes, and bursting into furious exclamations: at first all was unintelligible, but the figures soon became more distinct, the voices more clear, and I could distinguish the words, "Vas giebts—Vas can dies alles heiken," and other unknown sounds. Convinced that the spirits were performing their incantations over me, I bent down in agony, covering my eyes lest I should see the horrid objects; but one voice louder than the others roused me to all the horrors of my situation, by growling out in my own language, "If he did tumble out of bed he need not have made such a noise about it as to bring all the hotel into his room."

I sprang to my feet in an instant, the horrors of my vision left me, my scattered senses returned, but the lights vanished, and I was left to grope my way to bed in the dark, well pleased that there was no time for another long dream before daylight. B. R. S.

Fine Arts.

ORIGIN OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

(For the Mirror.)

This club derived its name from a person called *Christopher Cat*, who was either a pastry-cook or a tavern-keeper, and supplied the members with delicious mutton pies at the original place of their meeting in London.

Tonson, the bookseller, while secretary to the club of Kit-Cats, caused the meetings to be transferred to a house belonging to himself at Barnes' Elms, and built a handsome room for the accommodation of the members. The portrait of each member was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; but the apartment not being sufficiently large to receive half-length pictures, a shorter canvass was adopted; and hence proceeded the technical term of Kit-Cat size. Garth wrote the verses for the toasting glass of this club, which as they are preserved in his works, have immortalized four of the principal beauties at the commencement of the last century: Lady Carlisle, Lady Essex, Lady Hyde, and Lady Wharton. (See Manning and Bray's Surrey.) P. T. W.

*** It may not be uninteresting to append to our indefatigable correspondent's note a further account of the Kit-Cat Club, from the graphic pen of Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, 1817:—

"On leaving the poor-house, I crossed Barnes Common in a north-eastern direction, with a view to visit at Barnes' Elms the former residence of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, and once the place of meeting of the famous Kit-Cat Club.

"A lane, in the north-west corner of the Common, brought me to Barnes Elms, where now resides a Mr. Hoare, a banker of London. The family were not at home; but, on asking the servants if that was the house of Mr. Tonson, they assured me, with great simplicity, that no such gentleman lived there. I named the Kit-Cat Club, as accustomed to assemble here; but the oddity of the name excited their ridicule; and I was told that no such club was held there; but, perhaps, said one to the other, the gentleman means the club that assembles at the public-house on the common. Knowing, however, that I was at the right place, I could not

avoid expressing my vexation, that the periodical assemblage of the first men of their age, should be so entirely forgotten by those who now reside on the spot—when one of them exclaimed, 'I should not wonder if the gentleman means the philosopher's room.'—'Ay,' rejoined his comrade, 'I remember somebody coming once before to see something of this sort, and my master sent him there.' I requested then to be shown to this room; when I was conducted across a detached garden, and brought to a handsome structure in the architectural style of the early part of the last century — evidently the establishment of the Kit-Cat Club!

"A walk covered with docks, thistles, nettles, and high grass, led from the remains of a gateway in the garden wall, to the door which opened into the building. Ah! thought I, along this desolate avenue the finest geniuses in England gaily proceeded to meet their friends yet within a century, how changed—how deserted—how revolting! A cold chill seized me, as the man unfastened the decayed door of the building, and as I beheld the once elegant hall, filled with cobwebs, a fallen ceiling, and accumulating rubbish. On the right, the present proprietor had erected a copper, and converted one of the parlours into a wash-house! The door on the left led to a spacious and once superb staircase, now in ruins, filled with dense cobwebs, which hung from the lofty ceiling, and seemed to be deserted even by the spiders! The entire building, for want of ventilation, having become food for the fungus, called dry-rot, the timber had lost its cohesive powers. I ascended the staircase, therefore, with a feeling of danger, to which the man would not expose himself;—but I was well requited for my pains. Here I found the Kit-Cat Club-room, nearly as it existed in the days of its glory. It is eighteen feet high, and forty feet long, by twenty wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of its age; but the whole was falling to pieces, from the effects of the dry-rot.

"My attention was chiefly attracted by the faded cloth-hanging of the room, whose red colour once set off the famous portraits of the club, that hung around it. Their marks and sizes were still visible, and the numbers and names remained as written in chalk for the guidance of the hanger! Thus was I, as it were, by these still legible names, brought into personal contact with Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and Garth, and Dryden, and with many *hereditary* nobles, remembered, only because they were patrons of those *natural* nobles!—I read their names aloud!—I invoked their departed spirits!—I was appalled by the echo of my own voice!—The holes in the floor, the forests of cobwebs in the windows, and a swallow's nest in the corner of the ceiling, proclaimed that I was viewing a vision of the dreamers of a past age,—that I saw realized before me the speaking vanities of the anxious career of man! The blood of the reader of sensibility will thrill as mine thrilled! It was feeling without volition, and therefore incapable of analysis!

"On rejoining Mr. Hoare's man in the hall below, and expressing my grief that so interesting a building should be suffered to go to decay for want of attention, he told me that his master intended to pull it down and unite it to an adjoining barn, so as to form of the two a riding-house; and I learn that this design has since been executed! The Kit-Cat pictures were painted early in the eighteenth century, and, about the year 1710, were brought to this spot; but the room I have been describing was not built till ten or fifteen years afterwards. They were forty-two in number, and were presented by the members to the elder Tonson, who died in 1736. He left them to his great nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in 1767. They were then removed from this building to the house of his brother, at Water-Oakley, near Windsor; and, on his death, to the house of Mr. Baker, of Hertingfordbury, where they now remain, and where I lately saw them splendidly lodged and in fine preservation. It may be proper to observe, that the house of Mr. Hoare was not the house of Mr. Tonson, and that Mr. Tonson's house stood nearer to the Kit-Cat Club-rooms, having a few years since been taken down. The situation is certainly not a happy one, being on a level with the Thames, and the adjacent grounds being deeply flooded at high tides. It is, however, completely sequestered from vulgar approach, and on that account was, perhaps, preferred as the retreat of a man of business."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

Yes, let them write, let cook and scullion scrawl—
Let Colburn or Minerva print them all!
If lively Betty in her book transfer
To Lady Jane, what Thomas sighs to *her*;

If the old Earl's the coachman in disguise,
And if the Duchess Dolly's place supplies;
If John, ennobled, holds a high debauch,
And breaks the head of Priscian and the watch,
What is't to me? The tale's a pleasing tale,
And murdering nature scarce deserves the jail.
Flourish ye vulgar drivellings of the vain,
The fill'd with folly, and the void of brain!
Ye Tales of Ton shine on for countless years,
Proud of your idiot squires and witless peers!
Tales of High Life, in endless beauty bloom
Mirrors of grandeur in the butler's room—
And ye, in servants' hall for aye be seen,
Obscure Blue Stockings, Davenels, and D'Erbine;
Yet Sympathy her gentle woes may add,
Where sorry authors made their readers sad—
The thoughtful student well may sigh to know
That mortal dulness ever sank so low—
The pensive tear may innocently fall
On scenes where simple Folly rules o'er all—
Not so, when Ribaldry, 'neath Fiction's name,
Shows equal dulness with a deadlier aim—
Paints not Almack's to bid the kitchen stare,
Nor fills the pantry with St. James's air—
But soars to crime, and strives to gain the art,
To sap the morals, and corrupt the heart.
See where Ecarté's prurient scenes betray
The madd'ning reign of beauty and of play—
Seeming to guard against the bait they throw,
Seeming to hide what most they mean to show.
Tempting, like Spartan maids, by half revealing,
And tempting more, perhaps, by half concealing.
Where'er we move, some yielding beauty woos,
Rich in the sensual graces of the stews—
While warm descriptions every charm define,
And all the brothel breathes from every line.
Nor pass the Roué in this list of shame,
Whose equal faults an equal scorn may claim,—
Where Drury Lane her morals deigns to teach,
And Covent Garden yields her flow'rs of speech;
Where heroes, witty, graceful, gay, polite,
Act like Count Fathom, and like Egan write;*
Describe such scenes as Harriet might disgrace,
Or call a blush on pimpled Hazlitt's face!
Ingenious authors! who so closely shape
Your course betwixt seduction and a rape,
That wondering readers catch the pleasing hope,
To see your heroes dangling from a rope,
Think ye the "morals" ye drawl forth at last,
Shall shield, like penitence, your actions past;
Even though your rake, by one unchanging rule,
Is tamed and married to a flirt or fool?
Or, harder fate, if harder fate you know,
Dies ere his pen has traced the last huge O!!!†
Think ye two ribald volumes are forgiven,
Provided in the third he talks of heaven?
As if, dull rogues, our scorn ye could assuage,
For Berkeley's youth by Zachary's old age.
Nature, which all things righteously ordains,
Gives rascals malice, but denies them brains—
So to some puppy fill'd with fear and spite,
She gives the wish—without the power—to bite—
So to Sir Roger, scarce released from school,‡
She gives obsceneness—but proclaims him fool.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BROKEN HEART.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London.—Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory: all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal fêting! Mrs. ——, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstacy at the eclât with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady, of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air, *The Banks of Allan Water.* For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss —— was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

"Return to claim his blushing bride"

—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle. As, however, Miss ——'s rich contralto voice,

* The comparison here is only to the "slang," not to the vivacity of that ingenious Historiographer of the Ring.

† The Roué concludes with this very appalling exclamation.

‡ This blockhead has published a novel called "Sir Thomas Gasteneys, a minor:" of which the less that is said the better.

and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

> "For his bride a soldier sought her,
> And a winning tongue had he,"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne! what now is the matter?" Miss —— made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek!—Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister! Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss —— did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God! how strange. What a piercing shriek!" &c. &c. At length Miss ——'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns! Oh! they are looking out for the *de—a—d!* They turn over the heaps. Ah! now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see! they are turning them over, one by one. There! *there he is!* Oh, horror! horror! horror! *right through the heart!*" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law). She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have awoke again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh! wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length—"why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I *must* go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest! Why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh! never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss ——, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I,

holding her hand in mine. "Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not, indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! *Shot right through the heart!* They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. ——, the lady of the house (the sister-in-law of Miss——, as I think I have mentioned), could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss —— once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss —— for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. —— had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss ——'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening, only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe, but invisible stroke; she said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation: she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss ——'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' those cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

'For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he—
On the banks of Allan Water
None so gay as she;
But the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier—false was he.'

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter, faintly, some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!" During the two next days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour particularly noticed was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss ——'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles —— had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry

officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart!* The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss ——'s prediction.

How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, entrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received—that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter, which I then held in my hand. After awhile she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, "My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eyes assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from Col. Lord ——, and brings word that—that—that" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words. "That my Charles is *dead!*—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss ——, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss ——. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

> "Like a lily drooping,
> Bow her head, and die."

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear Miss ——, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? Oh! give it, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh—that I could weep, doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, "I am—I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it! With much trepidation, I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!"—she sobbed, and knelt down by the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling!—Don't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer, but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed, "Oh, God! *she's dead!*" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor.

Alas, alas! it was too true;—my

sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PAUL CLIFFORD

Is an exception to the *fashionable* lumber which we have from first to last treated with as much respect as it deserved. Our manifesto is probably about as powerful as "a pennyworth of spirit in a glass of water," and we are glad to see so powerful a hand as Christopher North's resolved not to spare the rod on these canker-worms of literature.

Paul Clifford appears to have reached a second edition; and one of the author's "additions" is the following piece of grave humour. We need not point its moral, for the reader's perception must be blunt indeed to require such aid. He must remember "Gentleman George." The style reminds one of the funeral tributes of the ancients; but probably Mr. Bulwer has drawn its burlesque from our own times:—

"For thee, Gentleman George, for thee, what conclusive valediction remains? Alas! since we began the strange and mumming scene wherein first thou wert introduced, the grim foe hath knocked thrice at thy gates; and now, as we write, thou art departed thence—thou art no more! a new lord presides in thine easy chair, a new voice rings from thy merry board—thou art forgotten! thou art already, like these pages, a tale that is told to a memory that retaineth not! Where are thy quips and cranks? where thy stately coxcombries and thy regal gauds? Thine house, and thy pagoda, thy Gothic chimney, and thy Chinese sign-post;—these yet ask the concluding hand; *thy* hand is cold, their completion, and the enjoyment the completion yields, are for another! Thou sowest, and thy follower reaps; thou buildest, thy successor holds; thou plantest, and thine heir sits beneath the shadow of thy trees:

> 'Neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
> Te, præter invisas cupressos,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!'

At this moment thy life—for thou wert a great man to thine order, and they have added thy biography to that of Abershaw and Shepherd—thy life is before us! What a homily in its events! Gaily didst thou laugh into thy youth, and run through the courses of thy manhood. Wit sat at thy table, and Genius was thy comrade; Beauty was thy handmaid, and Frivolity played around thee;—a buffoon that thou didst ridicule, and ridiculing enjoy! Who among us can look back to thy brilliant era, and not sigh to think that the wonderful men who surrounded thee, and amidst whom thou wert a centre and a nucleus, are for him but the things of history, and the phantoms of a bodiless tradition? Those brilliant suppers, glittering with beauty, the memory of which makes one spot (yet herited by Bachelor Bill) a haunted and a fairy ground; all who gathered to that Armida's circle, the Grammonts, and the Beauvilliers, and the Rochefoucaults of England and the road—who does not feel that to have seen these, though but as Gil Blas saw the festivities of his actors, from the sideboard and behind the chair, would have been a triumph for the earthlier feelings of his old age to recall? What, then, must it have been to have seen them as thou didst see—(thou, the deceased, and the forgotten!)—seen them from the height of thy youth, and power, and rank (for early wert thou keeper to a public,) and reckless spirits, and lusty capacities of joy! What pleasures, where sense lavished its uncounted varieties! What revelling, where wine was the least excitement!

> 'Inde alitur nudus placidâ sub matre Cupido,
> Inde voluptates, inde alimenta Dei.'

Let the scene shift—how stirring is the change! Triumph, and glitter, and conquest! For thy public was a public of renown—thither came the warriors of the ring—the heroes of the cross, and thou, their patron, wert elevated on their fame—*principes pro victoriâ pugnant, comites pro principe.* What visions sweep across us! What glories didst thou witness! Over what conquests didst thou preside! The mightiest epoch—the most wonderful events which the world, *thy* world, ever knew—of these was it not, indeed, and dazzlingly thine,

> 'To share the triumph, and partake the gale?'

Let the scene shift—manhood is touched by age; but lust is 'heeled' by luxury, and pomp is the heir of pleasure; gewgaws and gaud, instead of glory, surround, rejoice, and flatter thee to the last. There rise thy buildings—there lie secret, but gorgeous, the tabernacles of thine ease; and the earnings of thy friends, and the riches of the people whom they plunder, are waters to thine imperial whirlpool. Thou art lapped in ease as is a silkworm; and profusion flows from thy high and unseen asylum,

as the rain poureth from a cloud. Much didst thou do to beautify chimney-tops—much to adorn the snuggeries where thou didst dwell;—thieving with thee took a substantial shape, and the robberies of the public passed into a metempsychosis of mortar, and—became public-houses. So there and thus, building and planning, didst thou spin out thy latter yarn, till death came upon thee; and when we looked around, lo! thy brother was on thy hearth. And thy parasites, and thy comrades, and thine ancient pals, and thy portly blowens, they made a murmur, and they packed up their goods—but they turned ere they departed, and they would have worshipped thy brother as they worshipped thee—but he would not! And thy sign-post is gone, and mouldered already; and to the 'Jolly Angler' has succeeded the 'Jolly Tar!' And thy picture is disappearing fast from the print-shops, and thy name from the mouths of men! And thy brother, whom no one praised while thou livedst, is on a steeple of panegyric, built above the churchyard that contains thy grave. Oh! shifting and volatile hearts of men! Who would be keeper of a public? Who dispense the wine and the juices that gladden, when, the moment the pulse of the hand ceases, the wine and the juices are forgotten? To history—for thy name will be preserved in that record, which, whether it be the Calendar of Newgate or of nations, telleth us alike how men suffer, and sin, and perish—to history we leave the sum and balance of thy merits and thy faults. The sins that were thine, were those of the man to whom pleasure is all in all: thou wert, from root to branch, sap and in heart, what moralists term the libertine;—hence, the light wooing, the quick desertion, the broken faith, the organized perfidy, that manifested thy bearing to those gentler creatures that called thee—Gentleman George. Never, to one solitary woman, until the last dull flame of thy dotage, didst thou so behave as to give no foundation to complaint, and no voice to wrong. But who shall say—Be honest to one, but laugh at perfidy to another? Who shall wholly confine treachery to one sex, if to that sex he hold treachery no offence? So in thee, as in all thy tribe, there was a laxness of principle, an insincerity of faith, even unto men:—thy friends, when occasion suited, thou couldst forsake; and thy luxuries were dearer to thee than justice to those who supplied them. Men who love and live for pleasure as thou, are usually good-natured, for their devotion to pleasure arises from the strength of their constitution, and the strength of their constitution preserves them from the irritations of weaker nerves; so wert thou good-natured, and often generous, and often with thy generosity didst thou unite a delicacy that showed thou hadst an original and a tender sympathy with men. But as those who pursue pleasure are above all others impatient of interruption, so to such as interfered with thy main pursuit, thou didst testify a deep, a lasting, and a revengeful anger. Hence the early gallants who rivalled thee in thy loves, know that to thy last day thou didst never forgive—hence thy bitter and unrelenting hatred of thy unfortunate, though not unoffending wife; hence thy rash and arbitrary indignation when the mob took the part of that forsaken landlady, and insulted thee!—hence the six unjust bills thou didst order to be made out, when thy tax-cart was hit by a stone. But let not these vices of temperament be too severely judged! thou wert in such respects no worse, perhaps, than the members of what may be termed the robbers' aristocracy! Thy tastes, thy qualities, thy principles, thy errors, were rather those of a man frequenting a public, than ruling it. Thou wert the H——d of ale-houses! thy talents, such as they were—and they were the talents of a man of the world—misled thee, rather than guided; for they gave thy mind that demi-philosophy, that indifference to exalted motives, which is generally found in a clever rake, and which we grieve to say characterized the whig-rufflers of thy period. Thy education was wretched; thou hadst a smattering of Horace, but thou couldst not write English, and thy letters betray that thou wert wofully ignorant of logic. The fineness of thy taste has been exaggerated; thou wert unacquainted with the nobleness of simplicity; the idea of a whole was grotesque and over-loaded; and thy fancy in details was gaudy and meretricious. But thou hadst thy hand constantly in the public purse, and thou hadst plans and advisers for ever before thee: more than all, thou didst find the houses in that neighbourhood wherein thou didst build, so preternaturally hideous, that thou didst require but little science to be less frightful in thy creations. If thou didst not improve thy native village and thy various homes with a solid, a lofty, and a noble taste, thou didst nevertheless very singularly improve. And thy posterity, in avoiding the faults of thy masonry, will be grateful for the effects of thy ambition.

The same demi-philosophy which influenced thee in private life, exercised a far benigner and happier power over thee in public. Thou wert not idly vexatious in vestries, nor ordinarily tyrannic in thy parish; if thou wert ever arbitrary, it was only when thy pleasure was checked, or thy vanity wounded. At other times thou didst leave events to their legitimate course, so that in thy latter years thou wert justly popular in thy parish; and in thy grave, thy great good fortune will outshine thy few bad qualities, and men will say of thee, with a kindly, nor an unerring judgment—'In private life he was not worse than the Rufflers who came to his bar; in public life he was better than those who kept a public before him.' Hark! those huzzas! what is the burthen of that chorus? Oh, grateful and never time-serving Britons, have ye modified already for another the song ye made so solely in honour of Gentleman George? and must we, lest we lose the custom of the public, and the good things of the tap-room, must we roar with throats yet hoarse with our fervour for the old words, our ardour for the new?

'Here's to *Mariner Bill*, God bless him!
God bless him!
God bless him!
Here's to *Mariner Bill*, God bless him!'"

THE GUILTY PHANTOM.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

I CANNOT forbear giving you an instance of a guilt-formed phantom, which made considerable noise about twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay-sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, then a large sum, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on the recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived discovery was at hand, and would have deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and avail himself of some balance of money to make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and, changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted, and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after remembered, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him."

Matcham went to the seaport by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was afloat for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were dismissed as too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Jarvis Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering, with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?"—"I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. "What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons!" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him, if he had any thing on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer

to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable. Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded Not Guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty, and executed. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession, and with his dying breath averred, and truly, as he thought, the truth of the vision on Salisbury Plain. Similar stories might be produced, showing plainly that, under the direction of heaven, the influence of superstitious fear may be the appointed means of bringing the criminal to repentance for his own sake, and to punishment for the advantage of society.

The preceding is from the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*. But Sir Walter is at fault in the date: as Hamlet says, "the time is out of joint." The murder was perpetrated on the Great North Road, near Alconbury, so that the villain's walk must have been "long" indeed. The date is nearly forty years since. The gibbet on which the murderer was hung at Alconbury, has only been removed within these five or six years.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE following piquant passage occurs in a very ably written article in the *Westminster Review*:—"Patronage of art! Why not patronize poetry? It has, indeed, been the fashion more than once; and what was the result? A Shakspeare or a Milton? No.—Stephen Duck and Mrs. Yearsley. And who are they? Ask Queen Anne and Hannah More, they patronized them, and not we. But was not Burns patronized? Ay, truly—but it was nature made him a poet—patronage made him an exciseman. So much for patronage!"

"MILADI MORGAN."

WE like the sprightly, unaffected tone of Lady Morgan's triumph over the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, when she tells us, that at a dinner given to her at Paris, she saw her name elegantly emblazoned "*in sugar*," upon some delightful dish, which it was almost a pity to partake of. She refers to the fact with a kind of good-humoured glee, and repeats and dotes on the words, "Lady Morgan in sugar," with a full sense of satisfaction, and a half consciousness of the ridiculous, that is perfectly irresistible.—*British Magazine*.

ASSOCIATIONS.

EVERY thing now is effected by joint-stock companies and co-operative societies; and, from a railway or a tunnel to the dissemination of a Methodist tract, or the reclaiming of a drunkard, all functions, moral or political, are performed in common. Morality is *exploitée en grand* by the Vice-suppression Society, religion by the various missionary companies, politics by the Birmingham Society and its affiliations; light is served at every man's door by the Portable Gas Company; water is filtered on the same principle; and subscriptions are about forthwith to be taken for a conspiracy to deliver at demand, any where within four miles of the Royal Exchange, a hot mutton-chop and potatoes, every day at six o'clock.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

NOTHING brings the courage back to the sticking-post so much as a plain, homely expression. This has been proved about one score of times. When Captain Brenton, in the Spartan, was surrounded by a host of enemies superior to his own ship, he called his ship's company on the quarter-deck, and merely said, "There they are, my lads! now, d—n them, we'll thrash them all in a moment, and when we get back to Portsmouth, you shall have your Sallys on board, and I'll hand the pattens up!" It need not be mentioned how gloriously this succeeded!—*Ibid.*

JUS DIVINUM.

KING JAMES used to say, "to scratch that part of the body which itched, was a pleasure *too great for a subject.*" No doubt his most gracious majesty believed what he said, and lamented he could not monopolize all that pleasure.

"TO MY EMPTY PURSE."

A Song by Chaucer.

To you my purse, and to no other wight,
Complain I; for ye be my ladie deare;
For certis ye now make me heavy chere,
We were as lefe be laid upon a bere;
For which unto your mercie thus I crie.
Be heavie once again or els I die.

Now vouchs-afin this day, or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or se your colour lyke the sonne bright;
Ye be my lyfe, ye be my hearti's chere;
Quene of comfort and of good companie,
Be hevie once again, or els I die.

Now, purse, thou art to me my lyfe's light
And savour, as down in this world here;
Out of this towne help me by your might,
Or I must droop and die without a tear;
But now I pray unto your courtisie,
Be heavie once again, or els I die.

CORNISH "INTELLECT."

On a certain occasion, a letter was presented to the Mayor of Bossinney, who on receiving the same, began very deliberately to read it upside down; his man, John, on perceiving his master's mistake, attempted to set it right, when his worship replied, "*Ner meend thet, Jack, des'nt thee know that I ken reahd za well wan way ez tha tether.*"

On another occasion the venerable Mayor of Bodmin, (the seat of the empire of *Cornish larnin,*) issued a proclamation to this effect:—"*Thess ghees notees, thet haul qearhts en pynts be markt, wan wey H var Hale (Ale,) en tha tether way S var Sider (Cider.)*

P. O. A POLISHED CORNISHMAN.

ACME OF PICTORIAL DECEPTION.

Zeuxis and Parrhasius were two famous painters of antiquity. When they contended together for the prize, Zeuxis painted some fruit so naturally, that the birds came to peck at it. When the judges were assembled to decide the contest, they desired that the curtain might be withdrawn, behind which they supposed Parrhasius' picture was placed — but they were deceived; the curtain itself was his picture. To Parrhasius was therefore awarded the prize, as he had deceived men, while his rival had only deceived the birds. W. N.

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD POETS.

Withers was a puritanical officer in the parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry; but so bad a poet, that when he was taken prisoner by the cavaliers, Sir John Denham, the poet, (some of whose land, at Egham, in Surrey, Withers had got into his clutches,) desired his majesty not to hang him; because as long as Withers lived, Denham would not be accounted the worst poet in England.—*Butler.*

REVENUE OF ENGLAND SINCE THE CONQUEST.

	Anno.		£.
Will. the Conqueror	1066	.....	400,000
Will. Rufus	1087	.....	350,000
Henry I. ..	1100	.....	300,000
Stephen	1135	.....	250,000
Henry II...	1154	.....	200,000
Richard I..	1189	.....	150,000
John.....	1199	.....	100,000
Henry III..	1216	.....	80,000
Edward I..	1272	.....	150,000
Edward II..	1307	.....	100,000
Edward III.	1327	.....	154,140
Richard II..	1377	.....	130,000
Henry IV..	1399	.....	100,000
Henry V...	1413	.....	76,643
Henry VI..	1422	.....	64,976
Edward V..	1460	.....	100,000
Edward VI.	1483	.....	100,000
Richard III.	1483	.....	100,000
Henry VII.	1485	.....	400,000
Henry VIII.	1509	.....	800,000
Edward VI.	1547	.....	400,000
Mary.....	1553	.....	450,000
Elizabeth..	1558	.....	500,000
James I...	1602	.....	600,000
Charles I..	1625	.....	895,819
Common-wealth.	1648	.....	1,517,247
Charles II..	1648	.....	1,800,000
James II...	1685	.....	2,001,855
William III.	1688	.....	3,895,205
Queen Anne	1706	at the Union	5,691,803
George I...	1714	.....	6,762,643
George II..	1727	.....	8,522,540
George III..	1760	(1788)..	15,372,971
Ditto.....	1800	.....	36,728,000
Ditto.....	1815	(War) ..	71,153,142
Geo. IV.	1820 1828	averaging	58,000,000

W. G. C.

HUMOUR.

Sterne writes thus:—"It is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it: *it is the gift of God,* and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him."—(*Letter* 125.)

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OF

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Rolandseck and the Drachenfels, on the Rhine.

(From a Correspondent.)

The picturesque little island of Nounenwert, situated at the foot of the rock of Rolandseck, or Roland's Tower, with the Drachenfels in the distance, form the subject of the above illustration.

It is here that the beauties of the Rhine (in ascending the river) begin to unfold themselves;* the richness of the vineyards extending from the water's edge to the summit of the rocks, the number of ancient feudal castles that crown the heights, the cheerful appearance of the towns and villages strewed along its banks, with the happy character of the peasantry, combine to impress the mind with those feelings of delight which the memory loves to recall long after we have parted from the objects that aroused them.

Lord Byron, on viewing this spot, breathed in the following song the very spirit of this lovely river:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I would see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
But one thing wants these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!"*

* * * *

The following old legend, connected with the building on the Island (formerly a convent) and Roland's Tower, was related to the correspondent who furnishes the present sketch, while travelling in this delightful country, by one well versed in its legendary lore:

* In many places where the ground is too inaccessible to allow of cultivation, terraces have been erected.

* *Childe Harold*, canto iii.—In the note to this song is the following:—"The Castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "The Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks. It is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river. On this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jews' Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother."

Roland the brave, nephew of Charlemagne, had joined the banners of the Cross, in Palestine, leaving the Lily of Ingelheim, to mourn his absence in solitude.

Naught can soothe the grief of the fair Hildegunda, save listening to the lays of wandering minstrels, whose only theme is Roland — the pride of chivalry, the flower of knighthood.

At length came one with tidings of a glorious peace ;—the beauteous Hildegunda names her lover. Alas ! his companion in arms had seen him fall—overpowered by numbers, covered with wounds !

The rose has faded from the cheek of the once lovely Hildegunda ; she has lost all she loved on earth, and hastens to join the holy sisterhood, in the peaceful convent of Nounenwert. Fatal precipitation !

Roland suddenly arrives at the Castle, to claim his betrothed bride. Learning the solemn ties which have torn them asunder for ever, he casts aside the laurels won by his dauntless prowess, and builds a tower upon a rock, from whence he may look on the walls that entomb his happiness.

Two long years have passed ; a knell is ringing from the holy Isle ; and he descends to the new-made grave only to find his worst presentiments fulfilled—Hildegunda is no more !

The next sun dawns upon the lifeless form of Roland, his glazed eye fixed as when he breathed—on Nounenwert.

Miss Landon has taken the leading incidents of "A Legend of the Rhine," one of the poems in the Improvisatrice, from this tradition ; and Schiller has made it the subject of one of his ballads.

EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS BY THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

(For the Mirror.)

As, in your account of Algiers in a late number of the *Mirror*, you but briefly noticed the unfortunate expedition of Charles V. perhaps the following particulars may not be uninteresting :—

Algiers, from the time that Barbarossa commanded the Turkish fleet, 1535, had been governed by Hassan, a renegado eunuch, who, by passing through every station in that corsair's service, had acquired such experience in war, that he was well fitted for a station which required a man of tried courage. Hassan, in order to show how well he deserved that dignity, carried on his piratical depredations against the Christian states with amazing activity, and outdid, if possible, Barbarossa himself in boldness and cruelty. The commerce of the Mediterranean was greatly interrupted by his galleys ; and such frequent alarms were given to the coasts of Spain, that there was a necessity for erecting watch-towers at certain distances, and keeping a guard constantly employed, in order to descry the approach of his squadrons, and to protect the inhabitants from the depredations of the rapacious ruffians by whom they were manned.

The Emperor Charles V. was extremely eager to humble this daring corsair, and to exterminate the lawless crew who had so long infested the ocean ; and although the autumn was now far advanced, he obstinately persisted in his purpose, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Andrew Doria, who conjured him not to expose his armament to the hazard of destruction, by venturing, at so late a season, to approach the stormy coast of Algiers.

Doria's words proved prophetical. Charles embarked, in October, 1541, on board Doria's galleys, at Porto-Venere, in the Genoese territories, and soon found that this experienced sailor had not judged wrong concerning the element with which he was so well acquainted ; for such a storm arose, that it was with the utmost difficulty and danger he reached Sardinia, the place of general rendezvous. His force consisted of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, mostly veterans, together with 3,000 volunteers, the flower of the Spanish and Italian nobility, fond of paying court to the emperor by attending him in his favourite expedition, and eager to share in the glory which they believed he was about to reap. To these were added 1,000 soldiers, sent from Malta by the order of St. John, led by a hundred of its most gallant knights.

The voyage from Majorca to the African coast was not less tedious or full of hazard than that which he had just finished. When he approached the land, the roll of the sea and vehemence of the winds would not permit the troops to disembark ; but at last the emperor, seizing a favourable opportunity, landed them, without opposition, not far from Algiers, and immediately advanced towards the town. To oppose this mighty army, Hassan had only 800 Turks and 5,000 Moors, partly natives of Africa, and partly refugees from Grenada. He returned, however, a fierce and haughty answer when summoned to surrender.

But with such a handful of soldiers, neither his desperate courage, nor consummate skill in war, could have long resisted forces superior to those which defeated Barbarossa, at the head of 60,000 men, and which had reduced Tunis, in spite of all his endeavours to save it.

But how far soever the emperor might think himself beyond the reach of any danger from the enemy, he was suddenly exposed to a more dreadful calamity. On the second day after landing, and before he had time for any thing but to disperse some light armed Arabs, who molested his troops on their march, the clouds began to gather, and the heavens to present a fierce and threatening aspect. Towards evening rain began to fall, with violent wind; and the rage of the tempest increased during the night. The soldiers having brought nothing ashore but their arms, remained exposed to its fury, without tents, or shelter, or covering of any kind. The ground was soon so wet that they could not lie down on it; their camp, being in a low situation, was overflowed with water, and they sunk at every step to the ancles in mud; while the wind blew with such impetuosity, that, to prevent their falling, they were obliged to thrust their spears into the ground to support themselves. Hassan was too vigilant an officer to allow an enemy in such distress to remain unmolested. About the dawn of the morning, he sallied out with soldiers who, having been screened from the storm under their own roofs, were fresh and vigorous. A body of Italians, who were stationed nearest the city, dispirited and benumbed with cold, fled at the approach of the Turks. Almost the whole army, with the emperor himself in person, was obliged to advance before the enemy could be repulsed, who, after spreading such general consternation, and killing a considerable number of men, retired in good order.

But all feeling or remembrance of this loss and danger was quickly obliterated, by a more dreadful, as well as afflicting, spectacle. It was now broad day; the hurricane had abated nothing of its violence, and the sea appeared agitated with all the rage of which that destructive element is capable; all the ships, on which alone the whole army knew that their safety and subsistence depended, were seen driven from their anchors, and dashing against each other; some beat to pieces on the rocks, many forced ashore, and not a few sinking in the waves. In less than an hour fifteen ships of war, and a hundred and forty transports, with eight thousand men, perished; and such of the unhappy crews who escaped the fury of the sea, were murdered without mercy by the Arabs, as soon as they reached land. At last the wind began to fall, and to give some hopes that as many ships might escape as would be sufficient to save the army, and transport them back to Europe. But these were only hopes. The approach of evening covered the sea with darkness; and it being impossible for the officers aboard the ships which had weathered the storm to send any intelligence to their companions who were ashore, they remained during the night in all the anguish of suspense and uncertainty.

Next day a boat, dispatched by Doria, contrived to reach land, with information, that having weathered out the storm, to which, during fifty years knowledge of the sea, he had never seen any equal in fierceness and horror, he had found it necessary to bear away with the shattered ships to Cape Metafuz. He advised the emperor, as the face of the sky was still lowering and tempestuous, to march with all speed to that place, where the troops could re-embark with greater ease. Metafuz was at least three days' march from his present camp; his soldiers, worn out with fatigue, were hardly equal to such a march, even in a peaceable country; and being dispirited, by a succession of hardships, which victory itself would scarcely have rendered tolerable, they were in no condition to undergo new toils. They were ordered instantly to march, the wounded and the sick being placed in the centre; the most vigorous being put in the front and rear. Some could hardly bear the weight of their arms; others, spent with the toil of forcing their way through deep and almost impassable roads, sunk down and died; many perished by famine, as the whole army chiefly subsisted on roots and berries, and the flesh of horses, killed by the emperor's orders. Not a few were killed by the enemy, who, during their retreat, alarmed and harassed them night and day. At last they arrived at Metafuz; and the weather being calm, so as to restore their communication with the fleet, they were supplied with plenty of provisions, and cheered with the prospect of safety.

The calamities which attended this unfortunate enterprise did not end here; for no sooner were the forces on board, than a new storm arising, though less furious than the former, scattered the fleet, and obliged them separately to make towards such ports of Spain and

Italy as they first could reach. During this dreadful series of calamities, the emperor discovered great qualities, many of which a long-continued flow of prosperity had scarcely afforded him an opportunity of displaying. He appeared conspicuous for firmness and constancy of spirit—for magnanimity, fortitude, humanity, and compassion. He endured as great hardships as the meanest soldier; he exposed his own person wherever danger threatened; he encouraged the desponding, visited the sick and wounded, and animated all by his words and example. When the army embarked, he was among the last who left the shore, although a body of Arabs hovered at no great distance, ready to fall on the rear.

By these virtues Charles atoned, in some degree, for his obstinacy and presumption, in undertaking an expedition so fatal to his subjects. J. R. S.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "FRENDSBURY BATS."

LOOKING over an old edition of Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent (1656) the other day, I was much amused with the following account of a religious skirmish between the monks of Rochester and the brethren of Stroud.

A CONSTANT READER.

"It befell in the reign of King Edward the First* (by occasion of a great and long drought of the aire), that the monks of Rochester agreed among themselves to make a solemn procession from their own house, through the citie, and so to Frendsbury, on the other side of the water, of a special intent and purpose to pray to God for rain.

And because the day of this their appointed journey happened to be vehemently boisterous with the winde, the which would not only have blown out their lights, and tossed their banners, but also have stopped the mouths of their singing men, and have toiled themselves in that their heavie and masking attire, they desired lycence of the Master of Stroud Hospitall, to pass through the orchard of his house, whereby they might both ease their company, and save the glorie of their shew, which otherwise, through the injurie of the weather, must needs have been greatly blemished.

The Master assented easily to their desire, and (taking it to be a matter of no great consequence) never made his brethren of the house privie thereunto. But they, so soon as they understood of this determination, called to minde that their hospitall was of the foundation of Gilbert Glanville (sometime a bishop of Rochester), between whom and the predecessors of these monks there had been great heats for the erection of the same; and therefore, fearing that the monks (pretending a procession) intended to attempt somewhat injuriously against their priviledges (as, indeed, all orders in Papistrie were exceeding jealous of their prerogatives), they resolved with all might and main to resist them.

And for that purpose (not calling their master to counsell) they both furnished themselves, and procured certain companies also (whom the historie calleth *Ribaldes)*, with clubs and bats, to assist them; and so (making their ambush in the orchard) they awaited the monks comming.

It was not long; but the monks, having made all things readie, approached in their battell array, and with banner displayed, and so (minding no harm at all) entered boldly into the house, and through the house passed into the orchard, merrily chanting their Latin Litanie. But when the brethren and their ribalds had espied them within their danger, they issued out of their lurking holes, and ran upon them, and made it rain such a shower of clubs and coulstaves upon the monks' copes, cowles, and crowns, that for awhile the miserable men knew not which way to turn them.

After a time, the monks called their wits and spirits together, and then (making vertue of the necessitie) they made each man the best shift for himself that they could: some traversing their ground, declined many of the blows, and yet now and then bare off with head and shoulders; others used the staves of their croses, and behaving themselves like prettie men; some made pikes of their banner poles; and others, flying into their adversaries, wrested their weapons out of their hands.—Amongst the rest, one (saving this charity) laid load upon a married priest, absolving him *a culpa*, but not *a pœna;* another drove one of the brethren into a deep ditch; and a third (as big as any bull of Basan) espied at the length the postern (or back dore) of the orchard, whereat he ran so vehemently with his head and shoulders, that he bore it clean down before him, and so both escaped himself, and made the waie for the rest of his fellows, who also, with all possible

* Edward I. was raised to the crown in 1272.

haste, conveied themselves out of the jurisdiction of the hospitall, and then shaking their ears, fell afresh to their *orgia*—I should have said, to their former orisons.

After this storm thus blown (or rather born) over, I doe not marvail if the monks (as the reporter saith) never sought to carrie their procession through *Stroud* Hospitall for avoiding of the winde, for indeed it could not lightly blow more boisterously out of any quarter.

And thus out of this tragicall historie arose the by-word of "Frendsbury Clubs," a tearm not yet clean forgotten; for they of Frendsbury used to come yearly after that upon Whitson Monday to Rochester, in procession, with their clubs, for penance of their fault, which (belike) was never to be pardoned whilst the monks remained. For albeit, I read not of any that was slain in the affray, as peradventure these monks had the priviledge of those that performed their sacrifice, *Fustuaria pugnas*, in which none could be killed, as Herodotus, in his *Euterpe*, writeth of the Egyptian's Report. Yet I doubt not but that they were so well blissed with Frendsbury Batts, that they had good cause to remember it many a year after."

NUTHOOK.

Dr. Johnson says the word "nut-hook was anciently, I know not why, a name of contempt." Now it is very obvious, from the following note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, that "thief" was the precise meaning of the word. "Nuthook was a term of reproach in cant strain; and, 'if you run the nut-hook's humour on me,' is, in plain English, 'if you say I am a thief.'"

"His fingers are like fish-hooks" is still a vulgar phrase, often applied to people of a pilfering disposition.

W. C. R. R.

CRIMINAL PUNISHMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

The punishment of felons by death, with hanging upon the gallows, is very ancient, being ordained by the laws of Ina, nearly eleven hundred years since. This was abolished by the Conqueror, who appointed instead of it, the punishment should be, pulling out eyes, cutting off hands or feet, and otherwise mutilating criminals, according to the grossness of the offence, to the end that they may live, and be a terror to others.

A miracle is reported by Fox, in his Martyrology of one Elivard of Weston Regis, in Bedfordshire, who being convicted, in the time of Henry the Second, for stealing a pair of hedging gloves, and a whetstone, for the same offence lost his eyes, but was, through his devout prayers made at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, restored to them again.

This kind of punishment for felons continued but a short time, for Henry the First, in the year 1108, decreed, that for theft and robbery they should be hanged.

The first nobleman on record that was beheaded was Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, who suffered in 1075.

Herbert, in his Antiquities of the English Law, informs us that felons were also put to death by drowning, as appears by an instance in the sixth of Edward the Second, where, says he, "the jury for the hundred of Cornylo, in Kent, exhibited a presentiment to Hervi de Stanton and his fellow justices, intinerant, sitting at Canterbury, in the octaves of St. John the Baptist, importing that the prior of Christchurch, in Canterbury, did, about ten years then past, divert the course of a certain water called Cestling, in which such felons as are condemned to death within the before specified hundred ought to suffer judgment by drowning." H. B. A

YORK AND LANCASTER.

(For the Mirror.)

It is probable that the respective standards of the houses of York and Lancaster had their origin in the Temple Garden. The scene is preserved in the first part of Henry IV. (act ii. scene iv.), where Richard Plantagenet plucks a *white rose*, and the Earl of Somerset a *red* one. After a long and heated controversy between them, the Earl of Warwick thus prophesies—

"This brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall rend, between the *red* rose and the *white*,
A thousand souls to death, and deadly night."

W. C. R. R.

The Anecdote Gallery.

(From Bernard's Retrospections.)

JEMMY WHITELY AND MACKLIN.

When Macklin produced his comedy of "The Man of the World," Whitely, by some means, procured a copy of it before it was published, and announced it in a town where he was playing. Macklin happened to be passing through this place, on his way to Ireland, and observed the bill. Knowing that the

play must have been obtained unfairly, a sense of his own reputation and rights carried him immediately to the manager, to demand an explanation. Whitely, however, not only evaded the charge by the coolness and comicality of his replies, but compelled the author to take refuge in his usual resource, when he would obtain a triumph over his professional brethren—his intellectual attainments. "Puh, sir!" said Macklin, "you can't argue at all; you are a man of no information."—"What, sir!" exclaimed Jemmy, "a man of no information! Prove your words, Mr. Macklin, prove your words!"—"Well, then," said Macklin, taking cool aim at his antagonist's pericranium, with a question which he expected would crush him into nothingness, "Did you ever read 'Locke on the understanding?'"—Macklin at this time had very little hair, but cherished a particular curl, which crowned the apex of his skull like a small ridge of snow. Whitely raised his hand to this tuft, and twinkling his eye with infinite sarcasm, replied, "And do you call this Locke on the Understanding, Mr. Macklin?"

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

The first and greatest novelty of the Bath season (1777-8) was the production of "The School for Scandal;" to superintend the rehearsals of which, the author came down in person. This was no slight compliment to the judgment of the Bath audience, who were to confirm or cavil at the verdict passed upon the merits of his composition in London. We were certainly not a body of clumsy or ignorant people in the Bath theatre; but such was Sheridan's particularity, that he took a fortnight to get up the play, and drilled all the servants and underlings himself; nothing, however, could be more pleasant or polite than his manner of doing so. In his sensitiveness as an author, he never lost sight of his propriety as a gentleman. The person that gave him the most trouble was Edwin, who was continually forgetting his business, making wrong exits, entrances, and crossings. Sheridan, with the utmost good humour, put him right every morning. On the playday, it was expected every gentleman would be as *au fait* to the mechanism of his character as the words;—every one was but John, who had been out to supper the previous evening, and sponged away, with the punch he had drunk, nearly all the remarks upon the "book and volume of his brain" Sheridan had made. The latter could not now restrain his feelings, but at the first lapsus shouted out, "Good God, Mr. Edwin, there you go again!—you've lost your situation, sir!" Mr. Palmer was on the stage, and Edwin, cocking his eye on him, replied, "I hope I'm not discharged!"

The success of this comedy's production amply compensated for the trouble thus bestowed. The hit was even greater here than in town: on two accounts—the superiority of talent in its original performance, and the higher ordeal it was submitted to, being played before what is termed an exclusive box-audience.—Sheridan had thus the gratification of meeting the full accomplishment of his ambition.

THE NORWICH PEOPLE.

The character of the good people who reside in this part of the world, whilst laying claim to as great a portion of integrity and generosity as any others in Christendom, is (or was) nevertheless distinguished for a peculiar simplicity. It was quite common for a servant who would come to the box-office to learn what was the play, and being informed, "The Beaux Stratagem" and "The Virgin unmasked," to go home and say we intended to do "The Boar Strangled" and "The Virgin Mary!" A grazier, who had got into the theatre and seen Griffiths play Richard, on one occasion waited upon the manager the next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

Bowles took me to a club one evening, where the subject of public speaking being debated, a gentleman asked his friend, what he thought of Mr. Hopkins' style, who replied, that he considered it to be very troublesome, and wished it was broken down, as he had to get over it every morning in going to his farm, at the hazard of dislocating his hip.

I believe the joke is pretty well known of the Norwich alderman, who being called on at a public dinner, when the cloth was removed, to give a toast, said he would propose one, which he had had the honour of hearing Sir Edward Afflick deliver at the breaking up of a party, "Here's Bon repos, gentlemen!" But one infinitely more whimsical than this occurred during my stay at a dinner given by the "body corporate" to Sir Thomas Jerningham, the member. One of that illustrious number being asked (at a late hour in the evening) to name as a toast the finest demirep in Nor-

wich! filled his glass, and, rising with formal politeness, replied, "Here's Sir Thomas Jerningham, gentlemen!"

Old Poets.

FEAR.

Whoso for fickle fear from virtue shrinks,
Shall in his life embrace no worthy thing,
No mortal man the cup of surety drinks.

Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
Where each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not evil view'd in reason's light.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

LEARNING.

Oh blessed letters that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live withal;
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead living unto council call,—
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth best befall.

DANIELL.

CUSTOM.

Custom the world's judgment doth blind so far,
That virtue is oft arraigned at vice's bar.

SYLVESTER.

HEARING.

Ears' office is the troubled air to take,
Which in their mazes form a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make;
The wickets of the soul are placed on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft:
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

DAVIES.

SLANDER.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poison round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharp and short,
Appear'd like asps' sting, that closely kills
Or cruelly does wound, whomso she wills;
A distaff in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spins but spills,
And fain to weave false tales and leasings bad
To throw among the gods which others had dispread.

SPENSER.

MAN.

——The milder passions doth show man;
For as the leaf doth beautify the tree,
The pleasant flowers bedeck the flourishing spring,
Even so in men of greatest reach and power,
A mild and piteous thought augments renown.

LODGE.

PRIDE.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queen of Hell;
Yet doth she think her peerless worth to pass,
That parentage, with pride so doth she swell,
And thundering Jove that high in heaven doth dwell;
And wield the world she claimed for her sire:
Or if that any else doth Jove excel,
For to the highest she doth still aspire,
Or if aught higher were, then that doth it desire.

SPENSER.

——Lofty pride, that dwells
In towered courts, is oft in shepherds' cells.

MARLOWE.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Necessity enforceth every wight
To love his native seat with all his might.
A happy quarrel and a good,
For country's cause to spend our dearest blood.

GASCOIGNE.

COURTESY.

'Tis meet a gentle heart should ever show
By courtesy, the fruits of true gentility,
Which will by practice to a habit grow,
And make men do the same with great facility;
Likewise the dunghill-blood a man shall know
By churlish parts and acts of incivility,
Whose nature apt to take each lewd infection
Custom confirms, and makes ill in perfection.

S. J. HARRINGTON.

GLUTTONY.

Your appetites O gluttons to content,
The sacred breast of Thetis blue, is rent;
The air must be dispeopled for your maws,
The Phœnix sole can scarce escape your claws.

HUDSON.

LOVE.

Love is a brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind,
A wilful thought which reason cannot move,
A flattering sycophant, a murdering thief,
A poisoned choking bait, a ticing grief,
A tyrant in his laws, in speech unknown,
A blindfold guide, a feather in the wind;
A right camelion for change of hue,
A lame-lime-lust, a tempest of the mind.
A breach of charity, all virtue's foe,
A private war, a toilsome web of woe.
A fearful jealousy, a vain desire,
A labyrinth, a pleasing misery,
A shipwreck of man's life, a smokeless fire,
A ship of tears, a lasting lunacy.
A heavy servitude, a dropsy thirst,
A hellish jail, whose captives are accurst.

WATSON.

——One loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense.
A dram of sweet, is worth a pound of sorrow.

SPENSER.

MIND.

The mind hath in itself a deity,
And in the stretching circle of her eye
All things are compass'd, all things present still,
Will fram'd to power, doth make us what we will.

CHAPMAN.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain that none shall ever find
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

EARL OF OXFORD.

POLICY.

Say military virtues do require
A valiant heart, great strength and constancy;
The self like gifts in civil policy,
Are requisite for such as do aspire
To gain renown by counsel for their hire.

LODGE.

A clergyman his calling much impairs
To meddle with the politic affairs.

STORER.

MAN.

Like as the fatal raven that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightful parts,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims;
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion.
So wretched man displeased with those delights,
Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstanched thirst,
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.

G. PEELE.

Man is a little world, and bears the face
And picture of the university;
All but resembleth God, all but this glass,
All but the picture of His majesty.
Man is the little world (so we him call)
The world the little God, God the great all.

BASTARD.

BEAUTY.

Stars fall to fetch fresh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright brow drives the sun to clouds beneath,
Her hairs reflex, with red streaks paint the skies,
Sweet morn and evening dew falls from her
breath. NASH.

THE SOUL.

The soul a substance and a body is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man; or every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.
And though the spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt mean her power to exercise:
Which are life, motion, sense, and will and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies.
She is a substance and a real thing,
Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses' power doth
spring,
Nor from the body's humors tempered right.
She is a vine which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright—
She is a star whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.
DAVIES.

Spirit of Discovery.

Cleanliness of Animals.

In the *Journal of the Royal Institution* (No. I.) we find, under the above head, one of the most interesting contributions to Natural History that we have read for a long time: it is from the popular pen of Mr. Rennie. One of the ingenious gentleman's illustrations is the grub of the glow-worm, which is furnished with a "caudal instrument," consisting of rays in a circle, one row within the other—which rays can be drawn in, similarly to the horns of the snail. The rays, it appears, are united by a soft, moist, membrane. "It is furnished, moreover, in the interior, with a sort of pocket, of a funnel shape, formed by the converging rays, into which was collected whatever dust or impurities were detached from the body, till it could hold no more, when, by a vermicular movement of the rays, the accumulated pellet was extruded, and placed with great care in some place where it might be out of the way of again soiling the glossy skin of the insect. This skin, if I may so call it, was of a soft, leathery appearance, exhibiting, when magnified, a minute delicate dotting, similar to shagreen; but to the naked eye this was not apparent." The singular instrument (just described) also assists the animal to walk, and particularly to maintain a position against gravity, which its feet are ill calculated to effect. Mr. Rennie has also established this grub to be a carnivorous feeder; whereas De Geer, Dumeril, and Latreille, either thought its food to be vegetables, or only supposed it to be carnivorous. Mr. Rennie, however, saw the grub in question thrust its head into a snail, half to the bottom of the shell, which it did not quit till it had devoured the inhabitant. The grub cannot devour one of its victims without being soiled with slime; and accordingly, after every repast, Mr. Rennie observed that it went carefully over its head, neck, and sides, with its cleaning instrument, to free them from slime.

Another instance of this remarkable provision occurs in the fern-owl, or night-jar, popularly called the goat-sucker, from an erroneous notion that it sucks goats. The bird alluded to has the middle claw cut into serratures, like a saw, or a short-toothed comb. Wilson, the celebrated American ornithologist, describes another—the whip-poor-will: he says "the inner edge of the middle claw is pectinated, and, from the circumstance of its being frequently found with small portions of down adhering to the teeth, is probably employed as a comb, to rid the plumage of its head of vermin, this being the principal, and almost the only part so infested in all birds."

Mr. Rennie also quotes another American bird similarly provided, and mentions the herons, which have the same advantage. Passing over these, we find more familiar illustrations in the *cat* and the *house-fly*, both of whom may frequently be seen cleaning themselves with the utmost care. "The chief instrument employed by the cat is her tongue; but when she wishes to trim the parts of her fur which she cannot reach with this, she moistens, with saliva, the soft spongy cushions of her feet, and therewith brushes her head, ears, and face, occasionally extending one or more claws to comb straight any matted hair that the foot-cushion cannot bring smooth, in the same way as she uses her long tusks in the part within her reach.

"The chief and most efficient cleaning instrument of the cat, however, is her tongue, which is constructed somewhat after the manner of a currycomb, or rather of a wool-card, being beset with numerous horny points, bent downwards and backwards, and which serve several important purposes, such as lapping milk, and filing minute portions of meat from bones. But what falls chiefly to be noticed here, is its important use in keeping the fur smooth and clean; and cats are by no means sparing in their labour to effect this. The female cat is still more particular with her kittens than herself, and always employs a considerable portion of her time in licking their fur smooth.

"It requires the employment of a microscope of considerable power, to observe the very beautiful structure of the foot of the two-winged flies *(Muscidæ)*, which still more closely resembles a currycomb, than the tongue of the cat does. This structure was first minutely investigated by Sir Everard Home and Mr. Bauer, in order to explain how these insects can walk upon a perpendicular glass, and can even support themselves against gravity. Of the structure of the foot of flies, considered as an instrument for cleaning, I have not hitherto met with any description in books of natural history, though most people may have remarked flies to be ever and anon brushing their feet upon one another, to rub off the dust, and equally assiduous in cleaning their eyes, head, and corslet with their fore legs, while they brush their wings with their hind legs. In the common blow-fly (*Musca carnaria)* there are two rounded combs, the inner surface of which is covered with down, to serve the double purpose of a fine brush, and to assist in forming a vacuum when the creature walks on a glass, or on the ceiling of a room. In some species of another family *(Tipulidæ)*, there are three such combs on each foot. It may be remarked, that the insects in question are pretty thickly covered with hair, and the serratures of the combs are employed to free these from entanglement and from dust. Even the hairs on the legs themselves are used in a similar way; for it may be remarked, that flies not only brush with the extremities of their feet, where the curious currycombs are situated, but frequently employ a great portion of their legs in the same way, particularly for brushing one another."

Spiders also are furnished with the means of similar *combing*. But we have quoted enough to stimulate the reader to seek the remainder of Mr. Rennie's paper.

Light of the Glow-worm.

The common doctrine respecting the light of the glow-worm is that it is a lamp, lit up by the female, to direct the darkling flight of the male. This proves to be a fallacy. The author of *the Journal of a Naturalist*, refining upon this notion, conjectures that the peculiar conformation of the head of the male glow-worm is intended as a converging reflector of the light of the female, "always beneath him on the earth." "As we commonly," he adds, "and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above, which enables us to see clearer an object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath."

Upon this Mr. Rennie observes, "Unfortunately for this theory, the grubs—which, being in a state of infancy, are therefore incapable of propagating—exhibit a no less brilliant light than the perfect insect. De Geer says the light of the grub was paler, but in the one which I had it was not so. He also remarked the same light in the nymph state, which he describes as 'very lively and brilliant;' and, in this stage of existence, it is still less capable of propagating than in that of larva. 'Of what use then,' he aks, 'is the light displayed by the glow-worm? It must serve some purpose yet unknown. The authors who have spoken of the male glow-worms say positively that they shine in the dark as well as the females.' These plain facts appear completely to extinguish the poetical theory."

Sharpening a Razor.

Mr. Knight, President of the Horticultural Society, has contributed a paper on this subject, which has probably been admitted into the Journal of the Royal Institution, upon the principle set forth in the motto: *Illustrans commoda vitæ.* The improved apparatus and method are as follow:

"This consists of a cylindrical bar of cast steel, three inches long without its handle, and about one-third of an inch in diameter. It is rendered as smooth as it can readily be made with sand, or, more properly, glass-paper, applied longitudinally; and it is then made perfectly hard. Before it is used, it must be well cleaned, but not brightly polished, and its surface must be smeared over with a mixture of oil and the charcoal of wheat straw, which necessarily contains much siliceous earth in a very finely reduced state.

"In setting a razor, it is my practice to bring its edge (which must not have been previously rounded by the operation of a strop) into contact with the surface of the bar at a greater or less, but always at a very acute angle, by raising the back of the razor more or less, proportionate to the strength which I wish to give to the edge; and I move the razor in a succession of small circles from heel to point, and back again, without any more pressure than the weight of the blade gives, till my object is attained. If the razor has been properly ground and prepared, a very fine

edge will be given in a few seconds; and it may be renewed again, during a very long period, wholly by the same means. I have had the same razor, by way of experiment, in constant use during more than two years and a half; and no visible portion of its metal has, within that period, been worn away, though the edge has remained as fine as I conceive possible; and I have never, at any one time, spent a quarter of a minute in setting it. The excessive smoothness of the edge of razors thus set led me to fear that it would be indolent, comparatively with the serrated edge given by the strop; but this has not in any degree occurred; and therefore I conceive it to be of a kind admirably adapted for surgical purposes, particularly as any requisite degree of strength may be given with great precision. Before using a razor after it has been set, I simply clean it on the palm of my hand, and warm it by dipping it into warm water; but I think the instrument recommended operates best when the temperature of the blade has been previously raised by the aid of warm water." *

All our thin-skinned and strong-bearded readers will join with us in thanking Mr. Knight for the pains he has taken upon a subject apparently trifling. Notwithstanding our editorial labours, we are still thin-skinned.

Destructive Fly.

In some parts of Africa, the elephant and the rhinoceros, in order to protect themselves from flies, roll themselves in mud, so as to form an impenetrable crust upon their skin when it becomes dry. Their most formidable insect pest, according to Bruce, is a fly said to be not larger than a common bee, but more terrible to these two animals than the lion himself. It has no sting, but insinuates its sucker through the thickest skin—the effects of which are such, that the part not only blisters, but frequently mortifies, and in the end, destroys the animal; but the coating of mud dried over the skin affords them effectual protection, and therefore cannot be justly quoted as an instance of their dirty habits.—*Mr. Rennie.*

Evaporation Prevented.

Mr. Gilbert Burnett says—"To prove the power of oil in preventing the evaporation of water, I have kept two ounces of water in an open graduated measure, covered only by a very thin stratum of oil, for upwards of two years, without any sensible diminution."

Gunpowder.

The English sporting gunpowders have long been an object of desire and emulation in France. Their great superiority for fowling-pieces over the product of the French manufactories is indisputable. Unwilling to ascribe this superiority to any genuine cause, M. Vergnaud, captain of French artillery, in a little work on fulminating powders, lately published, asserts *positively*, that the English manufacturers of "poudre de chasse" are guilty of the "charlatanisme" of mixing fulminating mercury with it. Dr. Ure has, however, proved the captain's charge to be groundless. The doctor's conclusion is admirable: "The superiority of our sporting gunpowders is due to the same cause as the superiority of our cotton fabrics—the care of our manufacturers in selecting the best materials, and their skill in combining them."

Protraction of Vegetable Life in a dry state.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, Mr. Houlton produced a bulbous root, which was discovered in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, in which it had probably remained for two thousand years. It germinated on exposure to the atmosphere; when placed in earth, it grew with great rapidity.

Size for Artists, &c.

Dissolve over the fire in a pint of water, four ounces of Flanders glue and four ounces of white soap; then add two ounces of powdered alum; stir the whole, and leave it to cool. This size is much used by those who have to colour unsized paper, on which it should be spread cold, with a sponge or pencil.

Frozen Potatoes.

In the time of frost, the only precaution necessary is to keep the potatoes in a perfectly dark place for some days after the thaw has commenced. In America, where they are sometimes frozen as hard as stones, they rot if thawed in open day; but if thawed in darkness, they do not rot, and lose very little of their natural odour and properties.

Quassia.

This shrub, a native of Surinam, was named in honour of a negro, Quassi, who, Stedman observes, was a drunken

* Probably this explains the razor-strop makers recommending a razor to be stropped after using before it is put by in its case—thus leaving it in good condition.—*Ed. M.*

doctor, but had discovered the virtue of the wood in curing the malignant fevers of that hot, marshy country.

Quassia is much used in adulterating porter; so that had Quassi lived in this country, he would probably have taken much of his own physic.

Public Journals.

THE MUSING MUSICIAN.

I BEG leave to present my card, and to solicit the reader's patronage, as a professor of music. Fifty summers and winters have passed over my head. I have not, however, kept time in the orchestra of life—for life may be aptly likened to an orchestra, whose best performance is but an overture, a promise of something to come; a place where the thunder of the drum and the whisper of the flute, the light violin and the heavy violoncello, are by turns uppermost, and whose most complicated harmony may be entirely jarred by the error of one solitary fiddler—a Nero, or a Napoleon;—I have not, I say, taken part in this performance for half a century, without acquiring a certain degree of experience, and picking up a considerable number of axioms which I believe to be incontrovertible. One of these is, that people who go to parties are more unreasonable than the rest of the world; another is, that the man who hath "music in his soul" hath seldom any mercy in it for the musician; a third is, that gentlemen — quadrilles being once started in an assembly—continue dancing for the rest of their lives, until the gout seizes hold of them; and that ladies never do sit down afterwards.

These reflections have been forced upon my mind by a circumstance that occurred the other evening. I was engaged professionally to attend a little party where the mistress of the ceremonies was understood to be an advocate for regular hours, and I accordingly entertained strong hopes of getting home by two or three o'clock. When I entered the room, conceive my dismay and disappointment at beholding, ranged before me, not less than a dozen of the most indefatigable and determined torturers of the fantastic toe that ever danced till seven, drank coffee, and danced again. There were many others scattered about; but the dreadful dozen that formidable twelve—they were the jury by whom my temper was to be tried —the signs of the Zodiac through which I was destined to travel. They were stars that did not think of shining till the morning — planets that would scorn to turn pale till daybreak. I read my doom in their eyes—they had dressed for my destruction. Seeing that there was to be no mercy, I made up my mind for mischief. After bowing to the multitude — like one who is brought forth to suffer some dreadful sentence for the benefit of society—(the parallel will not hold good, for I lacked the necessary nightcap—how I longed for it!) —I took my seat with a smiling face and a desponding heart. I was determined to endure calmly. I was quite patient—the very personification of an angler fishing for philosophic consolation.

Dancing commenced. The company proceeded to take their pleasure in pairs, entering the ark of happiness two and two; each fop with a female—I with my piano. What a partner!—and to have it for life, too, as appeared at length to be my lot. I bore my fate with calmness—nay, with contentment; particularly as they commenced with some show of moderation, and allowed me nearly a minute and a half between each quadrille. This playing and purrying with me, however, was only to enable them to devour me at last with the greater relish. They appeared to regard me as a mouse instead of a musician. At least it never seemed to enter into the imagination of anybody that I was anything but a part of the instrument; a piece of mortal machinery, that, when out of order, might be tuned or wound up with wine and water.

The situation of the frog renowned in fable presented itself to my recollection, and I felt that their rapture was to be my ruin. I relieved my mind in some degree from the pressure of sorrow, by inveighing bitterly against the legislature, that, while it has provided such appropriate punishments for housebreaking, suffers heart-breaking to be practised with impunity.

It was now long past midnight, and they continued to glide and glisten about the room, with as much vigour and brilliancy as if they had only just commenced. I could read in every face at the termination of a dance, "to be continued in our next." Like authors who are paid by the sheet, a conclusion was with them quite out of the question. They appeared insensible to fatigue, and were evidently disposed to dance on for ever. Life in their philosophy seemed so short, but it was hardly worth while to leave off. A quadrille was there pursuit, their occupation — the object they

were born for. There was nothing else in nature in their eyes. People were created but to dance and die. The world itself had been for ages past performing a minuet with the sun, and appeared at that moment to be waltzing away with the moon!

My fingers and my faculties began to rebel. I continued to play, however, though I could perceive the incipient symptoms of daylight just breaking through the window-curtains. I wished a vast number of things — the principal and most preposterous of which was, that they would give over. I wished that handsome women were prohibited by Act of Parliament, or that boarding-school beauties, in their eighteenth year, were human beings — as in that case some small degree of pity might be expected from them. The lamps and candles were burning low — I fancied they began to burn blue! How I wished that, by some necromantic misfortune, there might be no more oil or long-fours in the house! I ardently longed for the appearance of an apparition or a housebreaker. Jack Sheppard and the Hammersmith ghost came alternately into my mind, and I wished that we had all been born in an earlier era. Hope would not then have been so utterly hopeless. It seemed just possible that the kitchen chimney might catch fire;—what a relief would that have been to the fever under which I was suffering! I prayed fervently that the mistress of the house might find the fatigue too much for her; a fainting fit would have administered much consolation to me—particularly if there were no *sal volatile* to be had. I wished most especially that her husband would get cross and sleepy. And then my imagination would settle again upon those lovely but provoking pests—those laughing, persevering plagues, who were the real movers of my misery, and whom I heard every instant proposing some new mode of torturing me and prolonging the time. It was clear that, having the persons, they considered themselves entitled to the privileges of angels, and had consequently mistaken time for eternity. I hoped that their brothers and uncles might be desperately alarmed at their stay; or that Queen Mab might pay a visit to their grandmothers, frightening them with dreams of elopements, and handsome clerks with eighty pounds per annum.

At last, worn out with incessant exertion, and overpowered with sleep down to my fingers'-ends — that continued to touch the keys, though my ears were utterly unconscious of the sounds they produced—I fell into a kind of conscious stupor, a waking vision, a delusion of the senses. A film grew over my mind, and obscured its perceptions. My imagination seemed to have been let on a building lease, and fabrics of a most fantastic architecture were everywhere springing up on its surface. I could not help fancying that I had been playing there for many years without once leaving off, and that the company had continued dancing for the same length of time. I endeavoured in vain to recollect at what period I had commenced my performance, but I could not divest my mind of a belief that half a century had elapsed since I began. Glancing at a mirror opposite to me, I perceived that I looked alarmingly old—that my whiskers were quite grey, and of more than military dimensions. I observed also that my coat was fearfully unfashionable in its cut, and as shabby as a member of parliament's that has been twice turned. My hat, I conjectured, must be the only part of my apparel that was not worn out. The portion of my dress nearest to the seat, had suffered severely. The very horse-hair was peeping out of the cushion. The dress and appearance of all around me had likewise undergone a change for the worse. The long-flounced drapery, and large loose hanging sleeves—the starched cravats and pigeon-tailed dress-coats gave the figure a most odiously antiquated effect. Seen through the telescope of time, nothing could be more outré and ridiculous. Fancy how the fashions in "La Belle Assemblée" will look fifty years hence, and then imagine my amusement in contemplating the scene around me.

I could not account to myself for this singular delusion but by supposing that we had all been so much interested in the festivities, that months had imperceptibly passed on, and we had counted them as minutes. Still, however, they continued dancing, but I consoled myself by reflecting that it could not last much longer, as the charms of the females were rapidly fading away, their cheeks being already pale with age and fatigue—their tresses, whether raven or auburn, requiring the magical and gloss-giving aid of Rowland—and their few remaining teeth beginning to ache — so that no longer able to "show off," they would soon cease to have any reasonable motive for prolonging the dance. As for the other portion of the party, I could easily perceive that they did not caper about with their former ease and alacrity.

Their youthful harlequinism had turned into a very Grimaldi-like old age. The gout had done wonders. They limped through the figures like people galloping over burning ploughshares; and, in spite of every effort to disguise it, it was clear that their imaginations were settling very comfortably into easy chairs and velvet caps. They seemed to treat their legs with particular tenderness and indulgence, and were evidently longing to put their feet into wool. I could see very well where the shoe pinched, and how they gilded every twinge with a smile. There was a little girl—one of the musical marvels with which every private family abounds — who had been fondly forced by considerate parents and admiring friends to sing every thing, from the Tyrolese air to Tom Bowling, in the earlier part of the evening; and there to my imagination she stood, in the same spot—ogling what had been an agile young ensign when he entered the room, but who was now probably a corpulent colonel without being at all aware of the change. I could not but smile, amidst all my anxieties and uneasiness, when, reflecting on the gay, airy, tripping step that had distinguished every one on entering, I anticipated a view of their approaching exit, hobbling and humiliated. A feeling of revenge sweetened my regret, as I pictured one of the most youthful of my tormentors, dim and decrepit, leaning for support on the arm of a tender juvenile, who was obliged to send the servant for a stick to sustain him.

In contemplating the changes that had taken place in others, I was not unmindful of myself. And here the first thing that occurred to me was—what would my wife say to me for my long absence! The reflection that followed this was —and I felt the piano tremble beneath the violence occasioned by the overwhelming idea—perhaps she had eloped! This, indeed, appeared the more probable to my apprehension, as fortune had blessed me with a very intimate friend. Perhaps—the thought was succeeded by a strange mixture of sensations—perhaps my poor wife was dead! —and by some extraordinary association of circumstances, I immediately seemed to shake off my years, and to assume something like the semblance of juvenility. I could not help indulging a hope that, amidst the wreck of my property, my favourite violin had been preserved. I wondered moreover whether my eldest boy's voice had turned out a tenor, and whether the other had left off playing on the jew's-harp.

But my attention was soon called to the state of public affairs, and I began to marvel as to the improvements that had been effected and the changes that had happened during the period of my trance. My first conjecture was — whether the National Debt and the Pimlico Palace were still standing: or had Rothschild paid the one out of his own pocket, as an acknowledgment for the admission of himself and his people into parliament; Nash being condemned to inhabit the other through all eternity, as a punishment for building it. I took some pains to calculate how many new worlds Mr. Buckingham had discovered in the course of his voyage round this; an excursion undertaken with so much regard to the interests of science, and with such manifest indifference and detriment to his own. I wondered also whether there was any one in existence that recollected who Mr. Milton Montgomery was; or whether the exact extent of and duration of a modern immortality had been finally fixed! Had the nation begun to like music, or did they only patronize it! Had Liston really assumed, on his retirement, the honours of the baronetcy (I tried to imagine a Sir John Liston) to which rumour had assigned him the right; and had the mariner-monarch, King William, called Mr. T. P. Cooke to the peerage, as a reward for his talent in the personation of nautical characters, and making the navy popular! I felt a desire to know whether Sir Francis Burdett had ever ascertained the difference between water and prussic-acid; and how many revolutions had taken place in St. Giles's since 1830! Who was Lord Mayor—and were state-carriages drawn by steam! I indulged in a momentary surmise whether steam had been rendered applicable to the purposes of public orations, by bringing one vapour to act upon another; and whether La Porte had introduced it into the Opera to give effect to the chorusses, and to relieve the wind-instruments. Had the works of any more of our popular authors been advertised at half-price! I hoped that the army had recovered from the shock which it sustained in the loss of its mustachios. Had the North-West Passage been discovered!—if so, had Sir Edward Parry, or any navigator in the ocean of human nature, found out——and here my mind rambled over an infinite catalogue of desiderata, comprising the integrity of a stock-jobber, the independence of a state-pensioner, the morality of an actress, the skill of a self-taught curer of

consumptions, the enlightenment of his patients, the unimpeachable honour of a representative, the incorruptible honesty of an elector, the diffidence of a counsellor, the disinterestedness of a subscriber to public charities, the meekheartedness of a judge, the sincerity of a saint, the dignity of a city magistrate, the love of criticism of an artist, the conscience and classic taste of a government architect, the humour of a translator of farces, the anything of a fashionable novelist, the—— But I broke off, as I do now, in the middle; I had stumbled over more improbabilities than the most sagacious expounder of mysteries, the most enthusiastic supporter of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, could hope to discover between this and the millennium. A thousand questions started up involuntarily, pressing for answers on all subjects, from poetry to pugilism. Every thing had acquired an interest from time—the most trivial objects had become hallowed in my absence. How anxiously I longed to see the times "Times:" even the advertisements would have been welcome.

From this dream, or whatever it may be called, I was at length aroused by the actual breaking up of the party. They were positively going. I had glimpses at first, and then full views, of hats and cloaks—my dungeon-bolts were withdrawn. Alas! I felt myself in the situation of the "Prisoner of Chillon," so affectingly described by our great poet. I had become so accustomed to my confinement, that I was almost indifferent to release—and at length

"Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

I resembled a person that was so exceedingly hungry that he had lost his appetite. I would as soon stay as go. I had no relish for home—indeed I had almost forgotten the way to it. With some difficulty I succeeded in tracing it out, and reached it in time for breakfast. There, faithful as the eggs and coffee themselves, presided my wife, who, notwithstanding my friend, had never even dreamed of eloping. The girls were as guiltless of marriage, and the boys as innocent of music as when I left them. One of them was spoiling my favourite violin and a newly-published air at the same moment; and the other was, as usual, playing the jew's harp to a favourite poodle, who sat shaking his ears over it with all the solemnity of a profoundly fashionable critic at a composition of Handel's.—*Monthly Mag.*

A LUNATIC LAY.

"Adieu my Moustachios! farewell to my Tip!"*

ADIEU my moustachios, farewell to my tip,
Lost, lost is the pride of my chin and my lip,
His majesty wills it, like Samson I'm cropt,
And the killing career of Adonis is stopt;
The razors are ruthless, my honours they nip,
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

Alas! what avails the loud clank of my spurs,
What signify tassels, and feathers, and furs;
The padding above that the waist may look slim,
The trouser's compress'd to exhibit the limb;
My form I no longer exulting equip—
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

I know they deride a commander who stoops
To cull foreign fashions to deck British troops;
But surely the *biggest* look *rather more* big
In moustachios and tip—like a judge in his wig;
I know *I* look *small* with my sword on my hip,—
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

When Laura *last* saw me, she own'd that the world
Contained no moustachios so charmingly curl'd;
She thought my head *foreign*, and unlike the skull
Of the money-bag, mercantile fellow, John Bull;
But now she will call me "contemptible rip"
—Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

I went to the levee both pensive and pale—
I felt like a puppy-dog robb'd of his tail;
The duke eyed me coldly when notice I craved,
—Ah, would he had seen me before I was shaved;
And as I kissed hands, I'm *afraid* I let slip
"Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip."

Oh, at a mess dinner, how graceful to dip
My napkin, and wipe off the *mess* from my lip;
The hair that grew on it was steep'd in each dish,
And nourish'd by gravy—soup—sauces of fish—
They are gone—and my claret I pensively sip—
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

They were *red*—and I dyed them—and *now* at the stain
Which remains on the *skin* I scrub daily—in vain;
The hair is shaved off, but a *something* is seen
Which I *fear* may be thought to look *rather* unclean.
I *hope* it don't look like a chimney-sweep's lip—
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

My principal reason, I frankly confess,
For being a soldier *at all*—was the dress;
The line on my lip, and the dot on my chin,
Became me—the change is a horrid take in—
I might just as well now have gone on board ship,
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

I know that they deem it unmanly to weep
So into half-pay I'll despondingly creep;
The star of my beauty is lost in eclipse;
I'll sit in seclusion and sigh for *hair-lips!*
The tears down my nose now incessantly drip—
Adieu my moustachios, farewell to my tip.

New Monthly Magazine.

PATRIOTIC PROPENSITIES.*

I GO twice a-year to political dinners.
D—n the cause of the people! what care I for that?
Purer motives guide me than your liberal sinners;
When I go it is only to get—a new hat.

Literary Gazette.

* Dear Sir,—I went to a public dinner, and had my hat exchanged for one which I doubt not is water-proof, since it is thoroughly lined with grease; the above tetrastic I believe to be penned by the *gentleman* who deprived me of my best "Bishnell."—*The Writer.*

CRITICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

I HATE your phrenology: no help it lends
To tell why our critic so oft *cuts* his friends.
Cuts down our pretensions, *cuts up* all our books—
Phrenology knows not, 'tis told in his looks.
'Tis not that his bumps are unusually big,
For Spurzheim in eagerness tore off his wig—
'Tis not that he's saturnine, sanguine or yellow;
'Tis his features denote a *sharp, hatchet faced fellow!* *Ibid.*

GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

"WHY plate all your shutters, and make your bars broader?
What new whim is this, is it fear or caprice?"
"'Tis the former, I own: for I do it in order
With better effect to keep out—the Police."
Ibid.

VERSATILITY OF TALENT.

"I PLAY on the fiddle, the flute, and the harp;
On the horn and the harpsichord, none reach my level,"
"Very fine, my good friend; and add also to these,
That you oft *play* the *lyre*, the *fool*, and the *devil*." *Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PALL-MALL.

THE Mall is so denominated from the game of Mall (*Pall Malle*, or *Palle Maille—Pallere Malleo*, to strike with a mallet), an amusement in which Charles greatly indulged and excelled. In that game, a round bowl, or large ball, being struck by a heavy bat, was sent through an iron ring of considerable diameter, mounted on a high poll, usually placed at the end of an alley of trees, as was the case in St. James's Park, the middle walk whereof was carefully strewed with cockle-shells, which, when properly managed, produce a very hard smooth surface. To conduct this business, Charles actually created the important and dignified office of *Cockle-strewer!*

A RAT STORY.

"THE cunning of rats is surprising," said a gentleman, in company, "for having missed upwards of a hundred weight of potatoes from my cellar, in one night, and being at a loss to find out the thief, I thought of going to a back shed, where, perhaps, they might be hid previous to their final removal, when I discovered the whole of the potatoes, which had been carried there by the rats, and they were feasting on their plunder." "I remember it perfectly well, gentlemen," said one of the party, "for I went with my friend in search of the stolen property, when on entering the place of rendezvous, (whither we were attracted by smoke issuing through the door,) we discovered a number of rats boiling the potatoes in a large iron pot; some were stirring the fire, and the rest eating them with salt, out of a salt-cellar, which one of the rats had been seen to carry, a short time before, out of the kitchen." W. G. C.

PHILOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

SEVENTY-TWO different words may be made from the word *strange;* the following are fifty-eight of the number:—
Art, anger, are, agent, age, ate, ant, at, an, as, ear, eat, east, great, gate, gnat, get, gear, grate, grant, garnet, gas, agnes, net, nest, near, neat, nag, range, rest, ran, rag, rate, rat, rent, rage, sage, sane, sent, sea, star, set, sat, seat, stage, sear, stag, stern, sang, snare, stare, tare, tear, tan, ten, tar, tea, tag.
J. B. N.

INSCRIPTION

In a gentleman's garden at Brentwood, Essex, under an hour-glass, in a grotto, near the water.

THIS babbling stream not uninstructive flows,
Nor idly loiters to its distant main:
Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded glides
Time's current stealing on with silent haste,
For lo! each falling sound his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waste. C. K—Y W.

OBSTINACY.

HAKEWELL, in his *Apology*, &c. tells us, "Notwithstanding the service was read in Latin, yet so little was that understood, that an old priest in the time of Henry VIII. read *Mumpsimus Domine* for *Sumpsimus*. And being admonished of it, he said, he had done so for 30 years, and would not leave his old *Mumpsimus* for their new *Sumpsimus*." P. T. W.

AT a dinner of the African Institution, one of the toasts intended to be given was "The health of King Henry of Hayti," which the person who was to announce it to the company, and who had never heard of such a personage, converted into "The health of Henry the Eighth."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(For the Mirror.)

I RECEIVED the following anecdote illustrative of the kindness and good-nature of this great painter, from Mr. Williamson the artist, a schoolfellow of the person mentioned; if you think it worthy a place in your interesting pages, it is at your service. R. ROFFE.

In the year 1790, a youth of the name of Buckingham, a scholar at Mr. King's academy, Chapel-street, Soho, presuming upon his father's knowledge of Sir Joshua Reynolds, asked the president if he would draw him a flag for the next breaking-up; Sir Joshua told him if he would call at a certain time, he would see what he could do. The youth went accompanied by his schoolfellow, Williamson, when Sir Joshua presented him with a flag about a yard square, on which he had painted the king's coat of arms; this flag was carried with the breaking-up to the Yorkshire Stingo, an honour to the boys, and a still greater honour to him who painted it, and gave up his valuable time to promote their holiday amusements.

BEER AND GIN.

THE following verses are copied from beneath Hogarth's engravings of "Beer Street and Gin Lane."

Beer.

BEER! happy produce of our isle,
Can sinewy strength impart,
And wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Labour and art upheld by thee,
Successfully advance,
We quaff thy balmy juice with glee;
And, water leave to France.

Genius of health! thy grateful taste
Rivals the cup of Jove,
And warms each English generous breast
With liberty and love.

Gin.

Gin! cursed fiend with fury fraught,
Makes human race a prey,
It enters by a deadly draught,
And steals our life away.

Virtue and truth, driven to despair,
Its rage compels to fly,
But cherishes with hellish care
Theft, murder, perjury.

Damn'd cup that on the vitals preys,
That liquid fire contains,
Which madness to the heart conveys,
And rolls it through the veins.

"FINE" ART.

A LADY, with a party at the Dulwich Gallery, was asked if she could tell an *Ostade* from a *Wouvermans*, and replied "No! but I can tell a *Teniers* from *Both*."

FATE OF SOVEREIGNS.

MARY died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon a prisoner.

A LEVEE OF KINGS.

IT is said that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Mark Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.

LORD BYRON tells us, that the most beautiful women he ever beheld, (and he had some experience) he saw *levelling the road* broken down by the torrents of Delvinachi and Libochabo, in Albania.

GRECIAN BURIAL.

IT was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the great Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease, and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c. and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

LOSS OF A FRIEND.

"I HAD known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine."—*Lord Byron.*

BENEFIT OF ABBREVIATION.

THE brother of Praise-God-Barebones wrote his name thus:—"If-the-Lord-help-me-not-I-am-damned;" but, for shortness, he was commonly called "Damned Barebones."

THERE is a town in America, Lynn, in Massachusetts, of which all are shoemakers. There are more than 5,000 inhabitants, who make annually 1,200,000 or 1,400,000 pairs of shoes, valued at 1,000,000 dollars. The women of Lynn earn 60,000 dollars a year by binding shoes.—*French Paper.*

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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St. Saviour's, Southwark.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON removing the houses on the western side of High-street, in the borough of Southwark, in order to make the approaches to the new London Bridge, two ancient chapels, belonging to the fine old church of St. Saviour, are exposed to view. These chapels form the subject of the accompanying sketch. The church of St. Saviour is on the plan of a cathedral, having a nave and side aisles, transepts, and choir with side aisles, besides the additional chapels—the one dedicated to Our Lady, and a smaller one at the east end, called The Bishop's, from its containing the tomb of Bishop Andrews.

The chapels at the east end are in a ruinous condition, and used as receptacles for planks, lumber, &c. The tomb of the bishop is boarded off; and, with some difficulty, and through much dust, I clambered over the partition. It is an altar tomb, with a recumbent figure of the bishop, in his scarlet robes, as Prelate of the Order of the Garter. He wears a black cap, and a small ruff—a book held in his right hand lies on his breast. He died in 1626, aged 71.* Here also is a monument to the well-known Abraham Newland. In the chapel of Our Lady is a grave-stone of a bishop *in pontificalibus*, supposed to have been for the celebrated William of Wykeham, bishop of Lincoln, who was buried in this church. He was the most renowned architect of his day, and not only founded New College, Oxford, and St. Mary's, Winchester, but also raised the stately pile of Windsor Castle. In this churchyard lay the bones of Massinger, the poet; but no stone marks the spot;—obscure in his life, the parish register records, with melancholy brevity, his interment, "*March* 20, 1639, *buried*, Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!" Not so with Gower, the early English poet, to whom is a handsome monument in the north aisle. A fillet set with roses

* On turning to Moss and Nightingale's "History and Antiquities of the Parochial Church of St. Saviour, Southwark," we find that the Bishop's Tomb was repaired in 1703, and again in 1810; at the latter period in the manner described by our correspondent. If we mistake not, the remains of the Bishop and the monument itself have been removed.—*Ed. M.*

is bound round the head of the recumbent figure of the bard, and his head reposes on three of his works—"*Vox Clamantis,*" "*Speculum Meditantis,*" and "*Confessio Amantis.*" *

I must not omit to record the virtues of one Susanna Barford, whose eulogy is immortalized in the following pithy and exquisite verse—

"Such grace the King of Kings bestowed upon her,
"That now she lives with him a Maid of Honor."

JAMES SYLVESTER.

* For an engraving and description of Gower's Monument, and a few descriptive particulars of the venerable church of St. Saviour, see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 225.

VISIT TO ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—DEAN SWIFT.

(For the Mirror.)

IN Sir Walter Scott's life of this eminent character, celebrated equally for his talents and eccentricities, (when relating the Doctor's appointment as Dean of St. Patrick's,) he observes, that "the name of that cathedral has since become a classical sound, because connected with his memory." During a late residence of many months in Dublin, I was neither a reluctant nor unfrequent visiter of that interesting spot. The edifice itself has but slender claims to admiration; and whether regarded as to its external appearance, or internal appointments, is scarcely worthy of the Irish metropolis. The dingy state of the hangings, and dirty appearance of every thing around (though partially relieved by the banners, swords, and helmets of the Knights of St. Patrick,) contrast strongly with the cleanliness of English cathedrals. But here, how reluctantly soever, I must reverse the picture. Patriotism must give way to truth; and in pursuing the parallel farther, I must admit, that if deficient in the particulars I have mentioned, in other and much more important respects, St. Patrick's manifests a decided superiority. The service is performed in a style of magnificence only excelled at our musical festivals. One of the finest and most powerful organs in the united kingdom, under the skilful control of a masterly performer, sends forth its tones of mingled grandeur and sweetness; and the choir is maintained on a scale of efficiency, which those who have been present will bear me out in the assertion, is utterly unknown in the cathedrals of this country. Who that ever listened to the astonishing powers of the lamented Spray, will not promptly accede to this remark? And who that visits Ireland does not hear of him from every mouth, in terms equally expressive of admiration of his transcendent talents, and regret for his irreparable loss? * True the choir has suffered much by his removal; but in the mellow notes and brilliant shake of Smith, the powerful voice of Frank Robinson, and the clear, deep tones of his brother, not to mention Jager, Buggan, Magrath, &c. sufficient yet remains to render St. Patrick's a centre of general attraction. Full service is performed only on Sunday, at three o'clock; and I never failed to make one of its crowded congregation. Before the commencement of service, it is a common practice to stroll along the aisles, gazing at the monuments. Among these, which are but little remarkable either for number or importance, there is no one which so much attracts the general observation, as that of Dean Swift. The inscription is in gold letters on a black ground; and as it is not quite correctly given in Scott, I shall insert it here:—

Hic depositum est corpus
Jonathan Swift, S. T. D.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani,
Ubi sævi Indignatio
Ulterius
Cor lacerare nequit.
Abi Viator
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili
Libertatis Vindicatorem.
Obiit 19º Die Mensis Octobris
A. D. 1745. Anno Ætatis 78º.

* The following tribute to his memory has been erected in the cathedral. From its intrinsic elegance of composition, as well as the honourable testimony it bears to the feelings which prompted its erection, I shall be easily pardoned its introduction here:—

To the Memory
of
John Spray, Mus. Doc.
who
For a period of thirty years
discharged the duties
of
Vicar Choral
In both the Cathedrals
of the
Irish Metropolis.
This Tribute
is erected at the expense of
Friends,
Whose estimation of his virtues in private,
and of his qualities in social life,
was commensurate with their admiration
of his talents as a musician,
and his
transcendent powers as a vocalist.
To the one
He was indebted for the highest honorary degree
in his profession;
To the other,
For the character he acquired and maintained,
that of the
First Tenor Singer in the Empire.
Doctor Spray died on the
21st day of January, 1827,
in the sixtieth year of
his age.

This tablet is white marble, surmounted by a bust of the deceased, having on one side a lyre,

Above is a bust of Swift, contained in a circular recess, round the margin of which is inscribed, "This bust is the gift of S. T. Faulkener, Esq." Below this are his arms, bearing the following motto: "Cum magnis vixisse."

On the next pillar to this is a tablet, which I regarded with equal curiosity, from the romantic and mysterious connexion, of the person to whose memory it is erected, with Dr. Swift. It is surmounted by a skull, and bears the following inscription; which as it is little known to the English reader, will be perused with interest:—

"Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson; better known to the world by the name of Stella; under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this cathedral.

"She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplisments,* in body, mind, and behaviour; justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections.

"She dyed January the 27th, 1727-8, in the 46th year of her age; and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the hospital founded in this city by Doctor Steevens."

Of this extraordinary person, (who to use the language of Scott) "purchased by a life of prolonged hopes, and disappointed affection, a poetical immortality under the name of Stella," a few particulars may not be uninteresting. It was during his second residence at Moore Park, the seat of Sir William Temple, that Dr. Swift became acquainted with Hester Johnson; who, with her mother and sister, was many years an inmate. He was then at the age of thirty, and she thirteen; and on him devolved the task of her instruction in writing, and other common rudiments of education; but notwithstanding the style of encomium in which the epitaph speaks of her "extraordinary endowments and accomplishments," and "great natural and acquired perfections," there is pretty good evidence of her deficiency on many of the most ordinary points of information. This relation of instructor and pupil continued four years; and it is not to be wondered at, if the confidential habits it induced, should have given rise to feelings of a more tender character. In fact an attachment sprung up; which though it continued till the lady's death, (a period of more than thirty years) never passed beyond Platonic bounds. On the death of Sir William Temple, Swift went to Ireland with Lord Berkeley; and two years afterwards, settled at his living in Laracor; where, at his invitation, he was soon joined by Stella, (now a full-grown beautiful girl) accompanied by a friend, Mrs. Dingley. To avoid misconception, they lived in separate houses, and never met but in the presence of a third person. When Swift was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Stella and her companion returned also to Dublin. Her tranquillity, however, was after some years disturbed, by the arrival of Miss Vanhomrigh, styled Vanessa by the Dean, to whom she became attached during a visit, which he had recently paid to England. To the tender of her affections which she made to the doctor, he replied only with offers of friendship. Stella was seriously affected by her rival's appearance in Dublin; and to quiet her apprehensions, and save her declining health, Swift consented to go through the ceremony of marriage, provided it should be kept secret, and that they should never live together. With these hard conditions they were married in the Deanery Garden, by the Bishop of Clogher, in 1716. It is right to add, that this marriage is on some hands denied altogether; but the reader may see the arguments on both sides, in the life by Scott, who gives his suffrage to the affirmative side of the question.

Vanessa, who was ignorant of this event, retired to Marley Abbey, Celbridge, where the Dean paid her occasional visits. "This abbey," says Scott, "is built much in the form of a real cloister. An aged man showed the grounds to my correspondent. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well; and showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower; where she used often to sit with the Dean. The bower commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. During the past year I repeatedly visited this abbey, the residence of my lamented friend, Jeremiah Houghton, Esq., from Yorkshire. He was, of course, particular in showing me the bower, and other spots, consecrated by their connexion with the romantic story we are tracing. The scenery about the winding river, with the trees

anthems, &c.: and on the other a funeral urn. Spray was an Englishman: and Smith and most of the choir were collected from English Cathedrals; which doubtless they would not have quitted, had their talents been properly appreciated and encouraged.

* Thus spelt in the original.

overhanging its glossy bosom, is certainly beautiful." The "cascade" alluded to, is more properly a wear or dam, of considerable breadth, but small height, constructed for the convenience of the neighbouring mills. In this sequestered retreat Vanessa continued for some years to nourish her hopeless passion; to which she at last fell a victim, unable to survive the discovery of Swift's marriage with Stella. The acquaintance of the two latter was maintained in the same guarded manner till the lady's death, about five years after her rival's.

I have yet another relic of the Dean, an inscription which he placed on the tomb of a servant:—

Here lieth the
Body of Alexandre.
Mc Gee, servant to
Dr. Swift, Dean of
St. Patrick's.
His Gratefull
Master caused
this Monument
to be erected in
memory of his Discretion, Fidelity,
and Diligence,
in that humble
station.
Ob. Mar 24, 172-2-1,
Ætat 29.

This is copied from a tablet behind one of the doors of the cathedral; and is a pleasing memorial, as a testimony of the proper sense entertained by the master, of the good offices of a faithful servant. N. R.

CITY WARDS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 452 of the *Mirror*, there is an article by *P. T. W.* on the Origin of the Names of the City Wards. Thinking that the following must have escaped his notice, I have been induced to send them. J. G. B.

Aldgate Ward takes its name from the eastern gate of the city, anciently called Ealdgate. The principal streets in this ward are Aldgate High-Street, Leadenhall-street, as far as Lime-street; Fenchurch-street, as far as Fishmonger's-alley, inclusive; Jewry-street and Crutched Friars, as far as Seething-lane; Shoemaker-row and Bevis Marks, to Camomile-street; St. Mary-Axe and Lime-street, as far as Cullum-street.

The Wards of Farringdon Within and Without, were anciently but one ward under one alderman, who obtained the possession of it either by inheritance or purchase. It received its name (according to Thornton's *History and Survey of London and Westminster*,) from William Farrendon, citizen and goldsmith, who purchased the aldermanry in 1279; under whom and his son, Nicholas, it remained for many years, and ever after retained their names. This ward, however was of such considerable extent, that in the year 1395, it was divided into two, viz. Farringdon Within, and Farringdon Without.

N. B. *P. T. W.* has not mentioned the Ward of Aldgate at all, and in his account of the Ward of Farringdon, *he has mentioned William Farringdon for Farrendon.*

DAYBREAK.

(For the Mirror.)

O sweetly sings the nightingale,
And fresh the breezes play,
The Day Star's beam
On Avon's stream,
Foretells the rising day.

Fair Cambria's lovely mountains,
And Severn's rapid sea,
In glory bright
Reflect the light
That rises o'er the Lea.

And clouds of brilliant hue,
Succeed the morning grey,
The golden sun,
His race to run,
Is on his glorious way.

The woody verdant groves,
The sunny water's spray,
The breathing gale,
The spreading sail,
All tell of Rising Day.

O use thy moments well,
For short thy time must be,
Life glides away,
Swift comes the day,
No Sun shall rise for thee. W.

The Novelist.

THE LORD OF LITTLEFENCE; OR, "WITTE WINNETH THE WARRE."

(For the Mirror.)

"Sit ye down here awhile, sir," said the honest country lad who acted *cicerone* to a traveller viewing the ruins of an ancient fortalice, "and I will, to the best of my knowledge, tell you the story of *Winwar* Castle, and the reason of its name.

"You see—or some years ago, sir, you might have seen, for time weareth away even stone letters—an inscription above the great gate, and beneath every one of the windows, which said, '*Witte winneth the warre,*' being, as I suppose, of the same meaning with that scripture which says, '*The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the*

strong;' or, as you may interpret it after you have heard my story, *craft overcometh strength.* Well then, there lived in this castle, so long ago as the days of the old knights, a great baron, who, for power, and men, and money, beat them all. On account of his great strength, and the surety wherewith he slew his enemies in battle, he was called William of the Ironhand. One day he made a great feast, in the hall of this very castle; and getting, in his wassail, proud and boastful, all unlike a Christian man, he swore so great was his power, that he feared neither men nor spirits, and as for the possessions of his neighbour, the *Lord of Littlefence,* he meant next day to make himself master of them, without striking a blow. Now, *Georgie of the Greenwood*—so was his neighbour called—being one of those good-natured, careless men, who, living without a dread of danger, are wholly unprepared for it, and being moreover upon very friendly terms with Ironhand, did not care to put himself to much trouble and expense in fortifying his house and grounds, especially as he had little idea of sustaining an attack from the very quarter whence, in time of need, he expected the readiest aid.—Hearing therefore, for he was one of the baron's guests that night, his good friend Ironhand thus discover the secret purposes of his soul, in the *truth* with which *wine* is said to inspire men's tongues, he quaked so greatly with fear, that he shook the very settle upon which he sat. Georgie of the Greenwood was, in fact, a thoughtless, timorous man, who loved a sylvan life—never made war but upon wild animals proper for the chase, and knew that Littlefence had neither wall nor ditch capable of barring his premises from the intrusion of dog or cat; therefore, alarmed he was, yet whilst Ironhand was loudly swearing his ruin, he durst not proffer a word, good or bad, lest the drunken baron should be tempted to put him to death; but calling aside a trusty friend, and one who was also extremely dear to Ironhand, he conjured Sir Wilfred to speak on the morrow with Lord William, and dissuade him from prosecuting his evil designs, at least for a few days. Greenwood then, hastening from the castle of his quondam ally, rushed home, as if pursued by a dozen demons. Next day, as the Lord of Littlefence stood beside the workmen whom he had hastily collected, encouraging them to hollow trenches, throw up ramparts and breastworks, and rear walls and barricadoes, yet expecting every moment to behold the advance of Ironhand and his formidable bands, Sir Wilfred galloped up, and delivered to him a message from the baron to this effect: He greeted the Lord of Littlefence most heartily, and was grieved from his soul for what he had said when overcome with wine; but, nevertheless, as a leal knight, feeling that his honour was concerned where he had passed his word, he could not do otherwise than keep it, and gave the proprietor of Littlefence three good weeks in which to prepare it for his assault, bidding him in the meanwhile, 'God speed.'

"The unfortunate owner of a fine, but neglected demesne, employed the respite thus awarded, aided by the instruction of Sir Wilfred and other military friends, to the best advantage; so that when Ironhand, at the expiration of his time, led a strong company to the attack of his friend's place, he began much to doubt the success of his undertaking, should its garrison at all compete, with the now solid defences wherewith it was environed. No opposition, however, was offered him from battlements and towers, which seemed utterly unguarded and desolate; and deeming that they were so, because their defenders feared to trust anything so unstable as new masonry, he dreaded to enter the place, lest an ambuscade—against which he knew strength would little avail—should pick him and his men clean off, in a manner equally inglorious and unsatisfactory. He hesitated; but his men-at-arms, perceiving his perplexity, clamorously desired him to proceed; wherefore, the redoubtable Ironhand entered the habitation of his friend, and found it *desolate!*—nor this alone; wall after wall had been run up in a manner so ingenious, as to form narrow passages wherein it was impossible for two to walk abreast. Ironhand and his men traversed them in search of the inmates of the house, but were quickly dispersed, and lost as in a labyrinth. Moreover, the furniture was all gone; so that there was nothing to reward the disappointed depredators for their pains.—Then did Ironhand desperately rage at the manner in which he had been beguiled; and dispatching half his party to scour the country in search of the Lord of Littlefence, who could not he conceived have travelled far, he remained with the other division, to keep and clear the *valuable* prize he had taken, according to his intention, without striking a blow. But no sooner had this force departed, than a larger, in the pay of Littlefence, rushed from the thick woods

n rear of the mansion; and overcoming, though with terrible slaughter, those who possessed the house, made themselves masters of it, and of the person of the baron.

"'Whither are you conducting me?' said he to the stout band of yeomen, who had bound him upon a horse, which they led in the direction of his castle. 'To our master, and to your's, my lord baron,' replied the leader; 'know you not that when you came out against the castle of our chief, he returned the compliment by going straight to your own? There, please God, he now bears supreme sway;—wherefore, see, proud boaster, that you vaunt no more of a strength which is no match against *cunning!*'

"This news was, indeed, true. Ironhand fancying, from the inertness, ignorance, and carelessness of his neighbour, that he should obtain over him and his possessions a victory as rapid as easy, had, instead of levying succours from powerful chieftains with whom he was in alliance, left his own place, in bringing a force against Littlefence, almost unprotected, little dreaming of the craft which would deprive him of it for ever! Of this Greenwood had been fully apprized by his ally, Sir Wilfred, who, shocked at the ungenerous proceeding of Ironhand, was resolved to afford every possible assistance to his intended victim.

"As a victor, Greenwood was generous, merely banishing the treacherous baron, when he might have struck off his head; but, as he had gained by stratagem this castle of Ironhand's, he had inscribed upon its gates and windows the legend, '*Witte winneth the Warre:*' so that it hath been called ever since, *Winneth War*, or *Winwar Castle*—and proves, even unto this day, that *cunning* is the *strength* of the weak, and that the strong man may, in the pride of his power, be brought to naught by a very little craftiness. And this, sir, is the whole legend, and real true history, of the ruined place before you."

M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

TRACTS, PAMPHLETS, &c. RELATING TO ROYAL CITY ENTERTAINMENTS.

(For the Mirror.)

"*The Passage of our most sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth,* through the City of London to Westminster, the day before her Coronation." London, 1558. 4to. This contains an account of all the pageants erected to adorn the procession, with verses and orations.

It was from the top of the corner house, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, that several cherubim flew down and presented the queen with a crown of laurels and gold, together with some verses, when she was going into the city upon a visit to Sir Thomas Gresham.

"*The King's* (James I.) *royal and magnificent entertainment* in his passage through the citie of London, in March, 1603. London, 4to. The six triumphal arches were designed by Stephen Harrison, joiner and architect." The speeches &c. were compiled and written by Ben Jonson, and were reprinted among his works, vol. iii. page 203.

"*The whole magnificent entertainment* given to King James and Queen Anne, his wife, and Henry Frederick, the prince, upon the day of his majesty's triumphal passage (from the Tower) through his honourable citie and chamber of London, being the 15 of March, 1603, as well by the English as by the strangers, with the speeches and songs delivered in the several pageants, and those speeches that before were published in Latin, now newly set forth in English, by Thomas Dekker." London, 1604. 4to.

"*Civitatis Amor.* The City's Love. An Entertainment by water, at Chelsea and Whitehall, at the joyful receiving of that illustrious Hope of Great Britain, the high and mighty Charles, to be created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, &c." London, 1616.

"*Ovatio Carolina. The Triumph of King Charles;* or, the triumphant manner and order of receiving his majesty into his City of London, Thursday, 25th November, A. D. 1641, upon his return safe and happy from Scotland; with Master Recorder's speech to his majesty, and his majesty's most gracious answer." London, 1641. 4to.

"*The Entertainment of his most excellent majesty, Charles II. in his passage through the City of London to his Coronation;* containing an exact account of the whole solemnity. The triumphal arches and cavalcade, delineated in sculpture, the speeches and impresses illustrated from antiquity. To these are added, a brief narrative of his majesty's solemn coronation; with his magnificent proceeding and royal feast in Westminster Hall." By John Ogilby. London, 1661.

"*Aqua Triumphalis;* being a relation of the Honourable the City of London entertaining their sacred majesties

upon the River Thames, and welcoming them from Hampton Court to Whitehall, expressed and set forth in several shews and pageants, the 23rd day of August, 1662. Engraved by John Tatham, gent." London, 1662, folio.

"*London's Anniversary Festival*, performed on Monday, October 29, 1688, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Chapman, knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London; being their great year of Jubilee; with a panegyric upon the restoring of the Charter, and a Sonnet provided for the entertainment of the King." London, 1688. 4to. P. T. W.

REPORT RELATING TO THE CITY FEAST GIVEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES, IN THE YEAR 1761.

(For the Mirror.)

The following is extracted from the "Report of the Committee appointed by the Common Council, to provide the entertainment:"

"In the preparations for the intended feast, your Committee omitted no expense that might serve to improve its splendour, elegance, or accommodation; whilst, on the other hand, they retrenched every charge that was not calculated to that end, however warranted by former precedents. Their Majesties having expressed their royal inclinations to see the procession of the Lord Mayor to Guildhall, the Committee obtained Mr. Barclay's house, in Cheapside, for that purpose, where proper refreshments were provided, and every care taken to accommodate their Majesties with a full view of the whole cavalcade.

"The Great Hall and adjoining apartments were decorated and furnished with as much taste and magnificence as the shortness of the time for preparation, and the nature of a temporary service, would permit; the hustings, where their Majesties dined, and the new Council Chamber, to which they retired both before and after dinner, being spread with Turkey carpets, and the rest of the floors over which their Majesties were to pass with blue cloth; and the whole illuminated with nearly three thousand wax-tapers, in chandeliers, lustres, girandoles, and sconces.

"A select band of music, consisting of fifty of the best hands, placed on a superb gallery, erected on purpose at the lower end of the Hall, entertained their Majesties with a concert during the time of dinner, under the direction of a gentleman celebrated for his great musical talents; whilst four other galleries (all covered with crimson, and ornamented with festoons) exhibited to their Majesties a most brilliant appearance of life of the principal citizens of both sexes.

"Their Majesties' table was served with a new set of rich plate, purchased on the occasion, and covered with all the delicacies which the season could furnish, or expense procure, and prepared by the best hands.

"A proportionable care was taken of the several other tables provided for the foreign ambassadors and ministers; the lords and gentlemen of his Majesty's most honourable privy council; the lord chancellor and judges; the lords and ladies in waiting; the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and common council; and many others, both of the nobility and gentry: the whole number of guests within the Hall, including the galleries, being upwards of twelve hundred; and that of the gentlemen pensioners, yeomen of the guards, and servants attendant upon their Majesties and the Royal Family, and who were entertained at places provided in the neighbourhood, amounting to seven hundred and twenty-nine."

The particulars of the expenditure, with the bill of fare, &c. were attached to the report; and may likewise be seen in Pennant's London—"The city procession (says Brayley) was on this occasion distinguished by a most unusual display of magnificence and pageantry, in which the different companies strove to excel in splendour. The banquet was conducted with great order; and the tables were profusely spread with every delicacy that the season could furnish, or expense procure."

Notes of a Reader.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(Just published.)

This number (86) is altogether of important and striking character. The papers on the Decline of Science in England—the Bank of England—the Greek Question—and France, especially merit this distinction. There is, too, a delightful paper on Southey's Life of John Bunyan, and a review of Mr. Lyell's new work on Geology. Of course we can only seize a few points interesting to the general reader:

Decline of Science in England.

"After a brief sketch of the honours which have been conferred by princes on those illustrious men, by whose labours the temple of modern science has

been reared, in which enumeration England holds a very subordinate place, the reviewer continues: Her liberality to Newton is the only striking instance which we have been able to record, because it is the only one in which the honour of a title was combined with an adequate pecuniary reward. Sir W. Herschel, indeed, was made a Hanoverian knight, and Sir Humphry Davy a baronet; but the comforts which these distinguished men enjoyed, and the stations which they occupied in society, were neither derived from the sovereign nor from the nation. No monument has been reared to their memory, and no honours have descended to their families. Nor are these the only instances of national ingratitude. The inventive genius of Wollaston, and the talents and literature of Young, have passed like a meteor from our sight. No title of honour has illustrated their name, and no tribute of affection has been pronounced over their grave. He who buckled on the weak arm of man a power of gigantic energy; who taught his species to triumph over the inertia of matter, and to withstand the fury of the elements; who multiplied the resources of the state, and poured into the treasury the spring tide of its wealth—the immortal Watt, was neither acknowledged by his sovereign, nor honoured by his ministers, nor embalmed among the heroes and sages of his country.

"There is not at this moment, within the British isles, a single philosopher, however eminent have been his services, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, or to the humblest servant of the crown!

"There is not a single philosopher who enjoys a pension, or an allowance, or a sinecure, capable of supporting him and his family in the humblest circumstances!

"There is not a single philosopher who enjoys the favour of his sovereign or the friendship of his ministers!

"Mr. Dalton, the most distinguished chemist in Britain, and the man who has given to chemistry her numerical laws, has been allowed to spend the flower of his days in the drudgery of teaching the elements of mathematics at Manchester, and has never been honoured by a single mark of national gratitude. Mr. Ivory, the first mathematician in England, after exhausting the vigour of his life as a mathematical teacher at Marlow, has retired, as his humblest colleague would have done, on a superannuation, and has been allowed to spend his latter years in comparative poverty and obscurity.

"When the eldest and the most illustrious of our sages have been thus neglected, need we inquire into the condition of those younger men who are destined to succeed them? Need we ask what mark of respect has been conferred upon Brown, the first botanist of the age; on Herschel, the morning star of our science; on Babbage, the inventor of a machine which seems to be actuated with almost intellectual power; on Kater, Barlow, Christie, and South,* who have extended the boundaries of physical science; on Thomson, Henry, and Faraday, who have shone in the field of chemical discovery; or on Murdoch and Henry Bell, who first introduced into actual use the two greatest practical inventions of modern times? Of the two last, it has been the fortune of Mr. Murdoch to rise to wealth and consideration in the field of commercial enterprise; but Henry Bell has been preserved from starvation only by the private contributions of his fellow citizens.

"Were not the detail likely to prove tedious, we might unfold to our readers a series of grievances of the most afflicting kind. We might point out English inventions rejected at home and adopted abroad. We might adduce the cases of ingenious men, who, when denied public aid, have exhausted upon their inventions their private resources, and terminated their days in poverty, or in prison. We might bewail those melancholy examples where youthful enthusiasm has been chilled by the apathy of power, and where disappointed hope has turned the luxuriance of genius into the wild shoots of mental alienation. Every day indeed we meet with the victims of our patent laws, that fraudulent lottery, which gives its blanks to genius, and its prizes to knaves—which robs the poor inventor of the wealth which he has either earned or borrowed, and transfers it to the purse of the attorney-general and the keeper of the great seal of England."

It is to be hoped that something will be done to wipe away this national obloquy. A popular contemporary has suggested the reward of science and literature by honours of an especial order. The "Royal" Institution, we perceive, is rallying in its newly-featured journal; but great names are, it is to be feared, the mock suns of human greatness.

The Bank and the Treasury.

"For the trouble taken in receiving

* We are happy to observe that, since the first part of this article was printed off, the honour of knighthood has been conferred on Mr. South. *Note to a subsequent page.*

the taxes, paying the interest of the public debt, and conducting the various other pecuniary transactions of the exchequer, the bank now receives a per centage, or commission, which amounts annually to about 260,000*l.*; to which must be added, the profit derived from the use of a floating balance due to the public, never less in amount than four millions sterling. This balance, employed in discounting mercantile bills at the rate of four per cent. yields a revenue of 160,000*l.* per annum, which being added to the commission of 260,000*l.* gives a total of 420,000*l.* as the profit which the proprietors of bank stock derive every year from the connexion subsisting between that establishment and the treasury."

Niagara.

"The fall of Niagara is an instance of the power running water may exercise in altering the features of a country. It is calculated that, by the sap and fall of the hard limestone rock, over which the river is precipitated into a softer shale formation beneath, the cataract retrogrades towards Lake Erie at the rate of fifty yards in forty years. The distance already travelled by it, from the lower opening of the narrow gorge it has evidently cut by this process, is seven miles, and the remaining distance to be performed, before it reaches Lake Erie, is twenty-five. Had the limestone platform been less extensive, this enormous basin might have been already drained, as it must ultimately be, when the fall has receded to its margin, its average depth being far less than the height of the cataract."

Immense Rafts on the Mississippi.

"One of the most interesting features of this river is the enormous rafts of drift timber it floats towards the sea, occasionally depositing them for a time, together with vast beds of mud and gravel, in some of its deserted channels. One of these rafts is described by Darby, in 1816, as *ten miles* in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep. It is continually increasing by the addition of fresh driftwood, and rises and falls with the water on which it floats—evidently waiting only an extraordinary flood to bear it off into the gulf of Mexico, where far greater deposits of the same kind are in progress at the extremity of the delta.

"Opposite the opening of the Mississippi large rafts of drift timber are met with, matted into a network, many yards in thickness, and stretching over *hundreds of square leagues.* They afterwards become covered with a fine mud, on which other layers of trees are deposited the year ensuing, until numerous alternations of earthy and vegetable matter are accumulated. The geologist will recognise in this relation of Darby the type of the formation of the ancient lignites and coal-fields."

Devastations of the Ocean.

"Proofs of the great power of the waves of the sea in removing masses of rock of enormous weight, are found in the Shetland isles, which are both battered by the waves of the Atlantic, and ground down by a strong current. A block of nine feet by six, and four feet thick, is described by Dr. Hibbert as having been, in the winter of 1818, hurried up an acclivity to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, with many other equally striking facts of the same nature. Indeed, the erosive force acting on the western coasts of Britain and Ireland is far more powerful than that which attacks the other side; though the coast being composed of harder rocks, the degradation is perhaps not so rapid. The remarkable ragged sea-line of the western isles, the Shetlands, Orkneys, and the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, as well as of Norway, is no doubt chiefly attributable to their exposure to the violence of the westerly swell of the Atlantic, and the equally powerful northwest current that sets directly against them. Hence these coasts are worn to a mere skeleton, the hardest rocks offering the longest resistance, and projecting in bluff capes and islands, or clusters of needle-shaped rocks, the last shreds of masses once continuous. Even these appear, from the observations of Dr. Hibbert, to suffer perceptible degradation by almost every storm. We learn from the same source that lightning cooperates on this coast with the violence of the ocean in shattering solid rocks, and heaping them in piles of enormous fragments both on dry land and beneath the water.

"In the isle of Sheppey fifty acres of land, from sixty to eighty feet above the sea, have been swept away within the last twenty years. The church of Minster, now near the coast, is said to have been in the middle of the island only fifty years ago; and it is computed that, at the present rate of destruction, the whole of the island will be annihilated in another half century! The tradition that the Goodwin Sands were once the estates of Earl Goodwin, points, no doubt, to the former existence of an island or extension of the coast in that

direction, which, like Sheppey, has been washed away; and the idea of the former union of England with France gains an appearance of probability from the proofs of rapid degradation still occurring on our coasts, collected by Mr. Lyell.—The French side of the channel is equally corroded by the violence of the great tidal current which flows up this passage in the manner of a vast river."

Icebergs.

"Icebergs are probably active instruments in the transportation of gravel and rocks, from the mountainous shores against which they form in high latitudes, to the bottom of the distant seas where the ice is dissolved. 'Scoresby counted five hundred icebergs in latitude 69 deg. and 70 deg. north. Many contained strata of earth and stone, or were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness.' Such ice islands, before they are melted, have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores, and from the South Pole to the neighbourhood of the Cape."

Volcanoes.

"The number of principal volcanoes known to be occasionally in eruption is upwards of two hundred; but thousands of mountains of similar form and structure, and bearing the marks of (geologically speaking) exceedingly *recent* activity, are scattered around and between them, the fires of which, though to all appearance slumbering, are likely in many instances to break forth again, since nothing can be more common than the renewal of eruptions from volcanic hills which had never been in activity within the range of traditon. The subterranean fire is observed to shift its outward development capriciously from one point to another, occasionally returning again to its earlier vents, according to circumstances, with some of which we are probably not yet acquainted, but which seem chiefly to consist in the accumulation both of congealed lava and ejected fragments, by which every habitual vent tends continually to block up its channels of discharge."

We entreat the reader not to content himself with these extracts from the paper on Lyell's Geology, but to turn to the Review, read it, and judge for himself. In matter and manner, the article to which we have alluded can scarcely be surpassed: at least such is the impression it has left on ourselves.

We reluctantly break off here; but hope next week to proceed, pencil-in-hand, for the gratification of all who delight in the pursuit of knowledge.

NAPOLEON'S CHAIR.

When the late Mr. Huskisson was in office, he was presented with the chair which the exiled emperor usually sat in during his dismal sojourn at Longwood. This relic Mr. Huskisson appeared to set a great value on, and a place was appropriated for it in his library. He had a small brass plate affixed to the chair, on which were engraved the following lines from Byron's *Ode to Napoleon*:—

> Nor till *thy* fall could mortals guess,
> Ambition's *less* than nothingness.

Atlas.

SHERIDAN'S "DUENNA."

There is an anecdote connected with the first appearance of the *Duenna*, which the press has not hitherto told. The last rehearsal but one was just over. when Sheridan said to Linley, as they quitted the boards—"Sir, I admire all your music, except the friars' glee, 'This bottle's the sun of our table.' I can't sing, but if I could, it would not be such a tune as yours, under the circumstances in which those reverend and good-living fathers are placed." "My dear friend," said Linley, "why did you not mention your objection before? it is now too late for alteration. The opera comes out to-morrow night." "Not too late at all," replied Sheridan, "imbibe a little inspiration from a flask of your best Burgundy, and the task will be done." In walking home from the theatre, a new air struck the composer; he reduced it to score on his return, sent the parts early to the singers, and in the morning it was tried at the last rehearsal with the new arrangement. Sheridan heard it with evident pleasure — "My dear Sir," said he, "that is the very tune I had in my mind when I wrote the words; but unfortunately, my musical education was too meagre to allow of my reducing it to crotchets and quavers. Be assured, Sir, *it will grind;*" meaning that it would be so popular as to get on to the barrel-organs in the streets. And he was prophetic—it was encored at night, and was soon heard in every corner of London.—*Spectator Newspaper.*

Fine Arts.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1830.

We have received a dozen India proofs of the embellishments of this beautiful Annual, which from its commencement, has maintained a character for pictorial merit of high order. Among the present *collection*, (for each set of the

"Annual" prints is a little gallery,) we feel disposed to particularize *St. Mark's Place, Venice*, by E. I. Roberts, from Mr. Prout's spirited pencil: *the Mountain Torrent*, exquisitely engraved by E. Goodall, and painted by W. Purser; every point flashes with romantic beauty: *Adelaide*, a life-breathing picture of loveliness and delicacy: *Poesie*, by W. Finden, from Carlo Dolci: and a pair of Indian scenes—*the Maid of Rajasthan*, and the *Halt of the Caravan*, with all the warmth and sunset glow of the clime. These six are admirable, and the remaining half dozen are of nearly equal excellence.

A few cuts of "The Comic Offering" accompany these plates. The object of this work is to provide our fair countrywomen with "literary mirth," so as to rid society of the *blues* altogether. We like the design: the cuts are light, sketchy, and pleasant enough.

By the way, few things are pleasanter than to join three or four tender-aged females in a good laugh. They have almost uniformly a nice perception of the humorous, and a ready relish for the ludicrous. The other evening at Drury Lane Theatre it did our hearts good to hear the female number of a party in an *alto* laugh at Liston's drolleries in a broad farce. We laughed too, again and again, although we had almost yawned at the same drollery an evening or two before without the lady-accompaniment.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ACKERMANN'S FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1831.

We are unable to wait for the regular appearance of this elegant volume—usually first in the field—but must give the reader a foretaste of the humorous portion of its contents:

The Haunted Hogshead—a Yankee Legend.

"You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather every man in the state; but I could lick my father. Well, when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, act*ive*, young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel, by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pinkney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New York. I was always a *leetle* bit of a favour*ite* with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me—'Jonathan W.' says he—for he calls me Jonathan W. for short—'I'll tell you what it is,' says Uncle Ben; 'you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whisky-toddy or so.' 'Oh yes, Uncle Ben,' says I; 'I should admire to have a grain, if it's hand*som*.' 'Considerably superb,' says he; 'it's of the first grade, I guess; for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genu*ine* good story about them, such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised.' And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon—so it was. And as you're a *strannger* from the old country, and seem a right-slick-away sort of a chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisit*ive* after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genu*ine* as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger. You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood-house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Colombia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was some time after fall in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* bit madded at this—he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I'll lay

you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it—because they never moved it at all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbours pulled and tugged at it like *natur!* But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strannge* sounds came out of it, just as if it didn't like to be disturbed and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last, old Van Soak began, to be a *leetle* bit *afeard,* and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it shouldn't be buried without his having a drop out of it; for he was a bold, act*ive* man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic,* to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston. 'Hand*som!* considerably hand*som!* mighty smart rum, I guess,' says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; 'mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!' So he filled him another glass; and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same; and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of New York.—Well, I calculate that they might at last be a *leetle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free, gratis, for nothing, into the bargain. Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, 'Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!'—which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum. 'Don't open the hogshead,' cried the helps and neighbours, in mighty great fear; 'it's the devil!' 'Potstausend!' says my Uncle Ben—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German—'you're a cowardly crew,' says he, 'that good liquor's thrown away upon.' 'Thunder and storm!' called out the voice again from the barrel, 'why the Henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?' 'Stille! mein Herr!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeared,* only a *leetle* madded and wondered he was; 'behave yourself hand*som,* and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is, before you come out, I should like to make an *enquerry* of you. Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speed*ily,* or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate. 'Open the hogshead, brother!' said the man in the tub, says he, 'and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more, and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you.' 'Hole mich der Teufel!' said my Uncle Ben, 'but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once.' So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you; but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swingeing cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genu*ine* privateer, bull-dog-bred, and his broad, swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black, or purple, marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. If the helps and neighbours were *afeard* before, they were now astounded outright, and 'specially so when the *strannge* sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay

about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp—'Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did.' Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbours he soon made a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all *afeard*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, 'As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll be sworn friends, I warrant me.' But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying the treasure at Boston, before he was hanged. 'Hagel!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, 'what's that in your right hand, my friend?' 'What's that to you?' said the old sailor. 'We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.' 'Then,' says my Uncle Ben again, says he, 'may I make an *enquerry* of you? Where were you *raised?* and who's your *Boss?*' 'Oh!' says the sailor, 'I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why he's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.' 'And pray, where's your *plunder?*' says my Uncle Ben to the *strannge* sailor; 'and how long have you been in that hogshead?' 'Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don't show every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship, and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder every where for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.' 'Lord who?' says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered. 'Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure,' answered the *strannge* sailor, 'the English governor of New England, and admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third.' 'Governor and admiral in your Teeth!' says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; 'what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? This is the free city of Boston, in the independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you're either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know I'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Fork by the Elkhorn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate! and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!' My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up, for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strannge* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush—like a mighty, smart, act*ive* man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stontly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling along upon the ground.—Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the headboards of the barrel was wrote, 'W. K. The Vulture, 1701,' which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said he was once a loblolly boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickaroon-ing privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried;

and as every body knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomly, and would'nt 'bate a word of it for nobody. When Uncle Ben had finished, he says—'Jonathan W.' says he, I'll tell you what it is: I'll take it as a genu*ine* favour if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.' And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me, from that time to this!' "

THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

"Draw, sir!"—Old Play.

"Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who? and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle—on the rack.

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of 'coming to the scratch.'

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvass still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;

And 'aching void' that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying 'Tint!'

But what to tint? Ay, there's the rub
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk like, I sit without
A subject for my *ile*.

'Invention's seventh heaven' the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always 'smell of oil.'

Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the camel's hair!

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day,
With all my canvass spread, and yet
Without an inch of way?

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself—
But no—I'll 'strike my colours.'"

Hood.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

HORRORS OF WITCHCRAFT.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, it is certain that the belief of witchcraft existed, and must occasionally have been employed by strong minds as an instrument of terror to the weak; but still the frame of society itself was not shaken; nor, with one exception,* does the crime begin to make any figure in history till the bull of Innocent VIII. in 1414, stirs up the slumbering embers into a flame.

Of the extent of the horrors which for two centuries and a half followed, our readers, we suspect, have but a very imperfect idea. We remember, as in a dream, that on this accusation persons were occasionally burnt; and one or two remarkable relations from our own annals, or those of the continent, may occur to our recollection. But of the extent of these judicial murders, no one who has not dabbled a little in the history of dæmonology has any idea. No sooner has Innocent placed his commission of fire and sword in the hands of Sprenger and his brethren, and a regular form of process for the trial of this offence being laid down in that unparalelled performance, the *Malleus Maleficarum*, which was intended as a theological and juridical commentary on the bull, than the race of witches seems at once to increase and multiply, till it replenishes the earth. The original edict of persecution was enforced by the successive bulls of the infamous Alexander VI., in 1494 (to whom Satan might indeed have addressed the remonstrance 'et tu Brute!') of Leo X. in 1521, and of Adrian VI. in 1522. Still the only effect of these commissions was to ren-

* The trials at Arras, in 1459. Vide Monstrelet's Chronicle, vol. iii p. 84. Ed. Paris: 1572. But these were rather religious prosecutions against supposed heretics, and the crime of witchcraft only introduced as aggravating their offences.

der the evil day more formidable, till at last, if we are to believe the testimonies of contemporary historians, Europe was little better than a large suburb or outwork of Pandemonium. One-half of the population was either bewitching or bewitched. Delrio tells us, in his preface, that 500 witches were executed in Geneva in three months, about the year 1515. A thousand, says Bartholomæus de Spina, were executed in one year in the diocese of Como, and they went on burning, at the rate of a hundred per annum, for some time after. In Lorraine, from 1580 to 1595, Remigius boasts of having burnt 900. In France, the multitude of executions about 1520, is incredible; Danæus, in the first part of his dialogue concerning witches, calls it 'infinitum pene veneficorum numerum.' The well-known sorcerer, *Trois Echelles*, told Charles IX. while he was at Poictou, the names of 1,200 of his associates. This is according to Mezeray's more reasonable version of the story, for the author of the *Journal du regne de Henry III.* makes the number 3,000; and Bodinus, not satisfied even with this allowance, adds a cipher, and makes the total return of witches denounced by Trois Echelles 30,000; though he does at the same time express some doubt as to the correctness of this account.

In Germany, to which indeed the bull of Innocent bore particular reference, this plague raged to a degree almost inconceivable. Ramberg, Paderborn, Wurtzburg, and Treves, were its chief seats, though for a century and a half after the introduction of the trials under the commission, no quarter of that great empire was free from its baneful influence. It would be wearisome and revolting to go through the details of these atrocities, but 'ab uno disce omnes.' A catalogue of the executions at Wurtzburg, for the period from 1627, to Feb. 1629, about two years and two months, is printed by Hauber, in the conclusion of his third volume of the *Acta et Scripta Magica*. It is regularly divided into 29 burnings, and contains the names of 157 persons, Hauber stating at the same time that the catalogue is not complete. It is impossible to peruse this list without shuddering with horror. The greater part of this catalogue consists of old women, or foreign travellers, seized, it would appear, as foreigners were at Paris, during the days of Marat and Robespierre: it contains children of twelve, eleven, ten, and nine years of age; fourteen vicars of the cathedral, two boys of noble families, the two little sons (söhnlein) of the senator Stolzenburg, a stranger boy, a blind girl, Gobel Babelin, the handsomest girl in Wurtzburg, &c.

Sanguine placârunt Deos *et virgine cæsa!*

And yet, frightful as this list of 157 persons executed in two years appears, the number is not (taking the population of Wurtzburg into view) so great as in the Lindheim process from 1660 to 1664. For in that small district, consisting at the very utmost of six hundred inhabitants, thirty persons were condemned and put to death, making a twentieth part of the whole population consumed in four years.

How dreadful are the results to which these data lead! If we take 157 as a fair average of the executions at Wurtzburg (and the catalogue itself states that the list was by no means complete), the amount of executions there in the course of the century preceding 1628 would be 15,700. We know that from 1610 to 1660 was the great epoch of the witch trials, and that so late as 1749 Maria Renata was executed at Wurtzburg for witchcraft; and though in the interval between 1660 and that date, it is to be hoped that the number of these horrors had diminished, there can be little doubt that several thousands fall to be added to the amount already stated. If Bamberg, Paderborn, Treves, and the other Catholic bishoprics, whose zeal was not less ardent, furnished an equal contingent; and if the Protestants, as we know,* actually vied with them in the extent to which these cruelties were carried, the number of victims from the date of Innocent's bull to the final extinction of these prosecutions, must considerably exceed 100,000 in Germany."

English Worthies.

If we turn to 1651, we find our English Jacob Böhme, Pordage, giving an account of visions which must have been exactly of the same kind, arising from an excited state of the brain, with the most thorough conviction of their reality. His Philadelphian disciples, Jane Leade, Thomas Bromley, Hooker, Sabberton, and others, were indulged, on the first meeting of their society, with a vision of unparalleled splendour. The princes and powers of the infernal world passed in review before them, sitting in coaches, surrounded with dark clouds, and drawn by a cortege of lions, dragons, tigers, and bears: then fol-

* Christoph von Ranzow, a nobleman of Holstein, burnt eighteen at once on *one* on his estates. Westph. *Monum, Inedita*, Tom. iii.

lowed the lower spirits, arranged in squadrons, with cats' ears, claws, twisted limbs, &c.; whether they shut their eyes, or kept them open, the appearances were equally distinct; 'for we saw,' says the master-spirit Pordage, 'with the eyes of the mind, not with those of the body.'

And shapes that come not at a mortal call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid.
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid
Once raised remains aghast, and will not fall.
Wordsworth's Dion.

Thus, while phenomena which experience has since shown to be perfectly natural, were universally attributed to supernatural causes, men had come to be on the most familiar footing with spiritual beings of all kinds. In the close of the sixteenth century, Dr. Dee was, according to his own account, and we verily believe his own conviction, on terms of intimacy with most of the angels. His brother physician, Dr. Richard Napier, a relation of the inventor of the logarithms, got almost all his medical prescriptions from the angel Raphael. Elias Ashmole had a MS. volume of these receipts, filling about a quire and a half of paper.* In fact, one would almost suppose that few persons at that time condescended to perform a cure by natural means. Witness the sympathetic nostrums of Valentine Greatrakes and Sir Kenelm Digby; or the case of Arise Evans, reported by Aubrey, who 'had a fungous nose, and to whom it was *revealed* that the king's hand would cure him, and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and *rubbed his nose with it, which troubled the king, but cured him.*' In Aubrey's time, too, the visits of ghosts had become so frequent, that they had their exits and their entrances without exciting the least sensation. Aubrey makes an entry in his journal of the appearance of a ghost as coolly as a merchant now-a-days makes an entry in his ledger.—'Anno 1670. Not far from Cirencester was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, returned no answer, but disappeared, with a curious perfume and a melodious twang.'"
Foreign Quarterly Review.

The history of Witchcraft in Scotland is still more tragical, but must stand over for the present.

* We cannot help thinking that the prefixed characters which Ashmole interprets, to mean Responsum, Raphaelis, seem remarkably to resemble that cabalistic looking initial which in medical prescriptions is commonly interpreted "Recipe."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

LOVE, SWEET LOVE.

A DUMFRIES poet of the last age, thus celebrated the charms of his mistress:

O, honey it is very sweet,
But sugar it is sweeter,
And my love as far excels sugar
As sugar does saltpetre.

"AS LAME AS ST. GILES', CRIPPLEGATE."

THE origin of this old saying is derived from Saint Giles's voluntary lameness, which perhaps is no bad type of that of numerous of his followers, and from Cripplegate, in London, where even before the Conquest, cripples used to assemble to solicit charity, at that entrance of the city. H. B. A.

DIMENSIONS OF THE NELSON, 120 GUNS.

LENGTH from the figure to the end of the tafferail, 241 ft. 6 in.; length on the gun deck, 205 ft. 10 in.; length of the keel for tonnage, 190 ft. 10 in.; breadth extreme, 53 ft. 6 in.; depth in the hold, 24 ft; burthen, 2,061 tons, 4 cwt. 3 qrs.; height from the keel to the tafferail, 58 ft. 6 in.

ODD EPITAPHS.

On Teague O'Brian, in Ballypooreen Churchyard.

Written by himself a short time before his death, with the smoke of the candle, and which he called a "*wicked pace*" of writing.

HERE I at length repose,
My spirit now at AISE is,
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose,
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

In West Grinstead Churchyard, Sussex.

VAST strong was I, but yet did die,
And in my grave asleep I lie,
My grave is stoned round about,
Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 457.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Birthplace of the Rev. Gilbert White.

SELBORNE, HANTS.

Every reader of Nature—in book or bower—folio or field—must have heard of *Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne*. Few works have been more frequently quoted by writers on the natural history of our country, and fewer still have enjoyed so well-earned a reputation as the above. The birthplace of its author is, therefore, a place of no common interest, and well deserves to rank among the original houses of native genius and philosophy.

In the last edition of his works we have the following biographical sketch of his life, perhaps the only one extant: "Gilbert White was the eldest son of John White of Selborne, Esq., and of Anne, the daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham, in Surrey. He was born at Selborne, on July 18, 1720, and received his school education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that place, and father of those two distinguished literary characters, Dr. Joseph Warton, master of Winchester school, and Mr. Thomas Warton, poetry professor at Oxford. He was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in December, 1739, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1743. In March, 1744, he was elected Fellow of his College. He became Master of Arts in October, 1746, and was admitted one of the senior Proctors of the University in April, 1752. Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially in the study of Nature. This he followed with patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Though several occasions offered of settling upon a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. Thus his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26, 1793."

Mr. White was, as the reader will perceive, a home-philosopher. His life was one of useful retirement. His pursuits were a refinement of the shepherd's philosophy in *As you like it*, whose greatest pride was to see his ewes graze, and his lambs suck. He might, too, say with the Duke in the Forest of Arden—

——this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

We could stray into a rhapsody, long and loud, on these intellectual pursuits, this philosophic ease, of rural retirement; but we must proceed to give the reader some account of the work by which Mr. White was principally known in the literary world, and which renders the rustic abode at Selborne of such peculiar interest.

Mr. White appears to have written the *Natural History of Selborne* at the suggestion of Mr. Pennant, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and several distinguished contemporary naturalists, with whom Mr. White was in frequent correspondence. "The work consists of a series of letters, addressed to these gentlemen, written in a clear and elegant, yet somewhat popular, style; containing very varied information upon most subjects connected with the Natural History of the age, and is rather the description of an extensive district than of a particular spot or village. It was first printed in 1789, four years previous to the author's death, in a quarto volume, containing besides an account of the antiquities of Selborne. Copies of the work becoming scarce and expensive, it was reprinted, in two octavo volumes, in 1802, chiefly under the superintendence of Dr. Aikin, and some of Mr. White's friends. It was again reprinted in 1825." In the later editions, the "Antiquities" are omitted, and their place is supplied by "The Naturalist's Calendar, and Miscellaneous Observations," which had been originally published in a small volume after the author's death. These, with some papers on subjects connected with natural history, and published in various transactions of learned societies, with some poems, are all his writings that have ever been printed.

The Natural History of Selborne has, however, been till very recently only suited to the pockets of liberal book buyers, the cheapest edition having hitherto been sold at 16*s*. or 18*s*. Towards the close of last year, however, another reprint appeared (at 3*s*. 6*d*.) as a volume of *Constable's Miscellany*, with the advantages of the editorship of Sir William Jardine, Bart. F. R. S. &c. who has included extracts from the author's Miscellaneous Observations, which are occasionally given as notes, with such additional Memoranda as modern discoveries and the advanced state of knowledge rendered necessary.*

As the Natural History of Selborne † is now purchaseable at so easy a price, we need not say more to recommend it to our readers. Nevertheless, it is somewhat extraordinary that its literary reputation and success from its first appearance have not stimulated the production of similar descriptions of other districts. The example has, however, lately been followed, though not closely, in the *Journal of a Naturalist*, by an ingenious gentleman named Knapp, who has thus produced a history of the natural year in a pleasant village in the west of England, where he resides. This work has already passed into a third edition. In the preface the author with an amiable modesty, says

"Many years have now passed away since we were presented with that very interesting and amusing book, the "Natural History of Selborne:" nor do I recollect any publication at all resembling it having since appeared. It early impressed on my mind an ardent love for all the ways and economy of nature, and I was thereby led to the constant observance of the rural objects around me. Accordingly, reflections have arisen, and notes been made, such as the reader will find them. The two works do not, I apprehend, interfere with each other. The meditations of separate naturalists in fields, in wilds, in woods, may yield a similarity of ideas; yet the different aspects under which the same things are viewed, and characters considered, afford infinite variety of description and narrative: mine I confess are but brief and slight sketches; plain observations of nature, the produce often of intervals of leisure and shattered health, affording no history of the country; a mere outline of rural things; the journal of a traveller through the inexhaustible regions of nature."

* The selection of this work is highly complimentary to the judgment of the editor of *Constable's Miscellany*; but it has been matched by the *Family Library* editor reprinting *Southey's Life of Nelson* in his series.

† "The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles south west of London, in latitude 51, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield."—Part I. Letter 1.

I AM THINE.

I AM thine where the lights of the banquet glow
O'er the gem-wreath'd hair of the guests below—
Where the lute is touch'd, and the wine is pour'd:
Yes! I am thine at the banquet-board!

I am thine where the pennons are toss'd on high,
And the trumpet proclaims that the strife is
high;
Lo! how the crests with their white plumes
glance,—
I am thine with the wreath on my shining lance!

I am thine where the battle's dark tide is driven,
Like storm clouds o'er the starlit heaven;
Weep not—the sword to its hilt is red!
I am thine with the victors, or with the dead!

I am thine!—in the shade of the cypress tree
Let thy beautiful eyes give their light to me.
Here shall the hero await his doom,
And here shall the roses spring o'er his tomb!

Deal. G. R. C.

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

"The city arises in beauty and tears
At the tramp of her troops, and the flash of her
spears." *Rudekki by I. A. Shea.*

HUNTER! awake—awake—
A glorious grave is thine;
Go, like the stormy lake
O'er the tempest-riven pine.
Sword!—it is at thy side,—
Plume!—it is o'er thy brow;
And Fame shall be thy deathless bride;—
Then on to battle now!

Soldier!—away—away—
The thrilling trumpet sounds;
And, to thine ears, its lay
Is more wild than horn or hounds.
Like eagles darting bright
From the mountain's lofty brow,
The warriors' glancing plumes unite;
Then on to battle now!

Lord of the proud domain,
The splendid palace-hall,—
There are lips that will complain
O'er their valiant leader's fall.
Around thee pennons gleam,
Beside thee drums resound;
But ere the sunset's pageants beam,
Thy crest shall touch the ground!

Hunter! thou'rt called away—
A bloody grave is thine!
Soldier! the torch's ray
O'er thy midnight bier shall shine!
Noble! the pennons gleam
Around thee like a flame;
But Death shall quench thy brightest dream!
Such are the hopes of Fame!

Deal. G R. C.

Importunate Authors.—I am plagued with bad authors in verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me.—*Swift.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CAMBRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

(From a volume of that title now in the course of publication, by our esteemed correspondent, W. H.)

FAIRY TALE, OR GULLIVERIAN STORY.

THE superstitious Giraldus, of Cambrian notoriety, related that a priest named Elidar, living about the year 1200, testified several times to the then Bishop of St. David's, that when he was ten years of age, and accustomed to go to school, growing, like most boys of his age, fonder of diversion than hic, hoc, he absconded; and to screen himself from the power of his preceptor, took shelter in a cave near the sea shore, where he had not long remained before two little beings about two spans high, made their appearance, and informed him, that if he would follow them, he should enjoy as much felicity as his heart court desire. Upon repeated solicitations, he accepted their kind invitation, and followed them. After proceeding a short distance, they arrived at a small aperture in a meadow, through which they descended into the bowels of the earth, and after travelling a little way through a region, "dark as the raven's dark wing," a beautiful and pleasant country burst open to their view, replenished with delightful fields, trees, and rivers; in fact, it was a perfect Elysium, but was not furnished with as much light as the great world they had just quitted. The pigmies who inhabited this nether world, he related, were very numerous, yellow haired, and of the size of his conductors; their chief diversion was riding on their rosinantes, which to him appeared like hares, compared to our steeds. Their aliment was milk and roots, they neither cursed nor swore, paid the strictest adherence to truth, and hated nothing worse than a falsehood; after paying visits to the earth, which they frequently did *ad libitum*, they always expressed their abhorrence and disgust at our mode of living. Elidar dwelt with them a considerable time, and became so much in favour, that they appointed him playfellow and companion to the son of their monarch, whose most frequent amusement was bowling on a green with golden bowls; he was at length permitted by them to visit his mother, to whom he related all the particulars respecting this enchanting country, and of the enormous quantum of gold and treasures which the puny folks

possessed; at this the old lady "pricked up her ears" and desired him to endeavour to purloin some of the bowls, and bring with him on his next visit; in obedience to the maternal injunction, he seized the first opportunity, and was just approaching his mother's door with his unlawful treasure, when two of the Lilliputians overtook him, and deprived him of them. This caused him considerable uneasiness, when thinking to crave their pardon, he proceeded to the opening which led to this "delightful land of fairy," but alas! he could not discover it, for it was closed upon him for ever!

TRADITION.

In Pembrokeshire there is a famous tradition, of which Giraldus speaks in his work, respecting a stone which was supposed to be miraculous, and denominated Lechlaver, or the speaking stone. It is a fine marble stone, under which the river Alyn runs, and is used as a substitute for a bridge; it was said that whenever a dead body was borne over it, it invariably spoke, and that in one of its efforts by overstraining, it cracked, which crevice is still to be seen. It is also related that when Henry II. after his return from Ireland, was proceeding to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. David, a Welsh woman fell down at his feet, and complained of a Bishop of St. David's; but his majesty not paying much attention to her, she exclaimed with vehement gesticulations, "Avenge us this day, Lechlaver, avenge us and the nation in this man," referring to a prediction of Merlin's, that a King of England and conqueror of Ireland, should be wounded by a person with a red hand, and die upon Lechlaver, on his return through St David's. It is needless to add, the event did not occur.

CORPSE CANDLES.

Almost every nation has its peculiar superstitions, and as regards corpse candles, they are universally known to be indigenous to Cambria. As may be supposed, there are many fictitious tales respecting them, for doubtless were a Will o' the Wisp seen, it would be instantly set down for a corpse candle. It appears that these lights are always observed to veer their course towards the churchyard, which they enter, and after hovering over the spot where the destined victim of death is to be buried, disappear; the light varies in brilliancy and size according to the person whose doom it is to leave the world; thus an infant's would not be larger than a candle, whilst a child's "of the larger growth" would be of a proportionate size. The colour is said to be a sulphureous blue, and sometimes red. If two are seen to meet each other, the corpses at the burials will do the same, and if seen to stay a short time, the funeral will do so; and should any persons meet one of these supernatural lights, it is said that if they do not turn aside they will be struck down by its force. The reason of their appearing in Wales, report says, is because a Bishop of St. David's, in days of yore, prayed that they might be seen before a person's death, in order to impress the minds of people that they might be fitted to depart to another world.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SCRAPS RELATING TO ANCIENT LORD-MAYORS OF LONDON, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

King Richard the First, A. D. 1189, first changed the bailiffs of London into mayors.

The first maior (says Stowe,) was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, draper, who continued maior for 24 yeares and somewhat more. In the yeere 1208, the king, by his letters patent, granted to the citizens of London liberty and authority, yeerely to chuse themselves a maior.

In 1241, Gerard Bat was againe elected maior for that yeere to come, but the king would not admit him, being charged with taking money of the victuallers in the precedent yeere.

In 1251, the king granted that the maior should be presented to the barons of the Exchequer, and they should admit him.

In 1357, Henry Picard, maior, feasted the kings of England, of France, Cyprus, and Scots, with other great estates, all in one day. Stowe tells us in his *Annals*, "The King of Cyprus playing with Picard, in his hall, did winne of him fiftie markes; but Henry being very skilful in that arte, altering his hand, did after winne of the same king the same fiftie markes, which when the same king began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Henry sayd unto him, 'My lord and king, be not agreeved, I covet not your gold but your play; for I have not bid you hither that I might greeve you, but that amongst other things, I might trie your play;' and gave him his money

againe, plentifully bestowing of his owne amongst the retinue; besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glorie of the citizens of London in those days."

In 1454, Sir John Norman, maior, was the first that was rowed by water to Westminster. For joy whereof the watermen made a song in his prayse, beginning

"Row thy boate Norman."

He caused a barge to be built at his owne charge, and every company had several barges well decked and trimmed, to passe along with him. The aldermen (before) rode by land on horseback to Westminster, early, and visited the tombs in the abbey.

In 1520, the maiors began to be knighted by courtesie of the king.

In 1556, when Sir William Garret was maior, seven aldermen dyed in London in lesse than ten months.

In 1557, Sir Thomas Offley first ordained the night bellman.

In 1564, when Sir John White was maior, there was no feast, by reason of the plague.

In 1610, when Sir Thomas Cambell was maior, the shews long left off, were now revived againe by order from the king.

In 1617, Sir John Leman was the second bachelor maior; the first was John Matthew, in 1491. P. T. W.

MAGNIFICENT CITY FEASTS.

(For the Mirror.)

In January, 1644, the city gave a splendid entertainment at Merchant Taylors' Hall, to both houses of parliament, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, and Manchester, with other lords, the Scotch commissioners, and the principal officers of the army. The company assembled at "Sermon, in Christ Church, Newgate-street, and thence went on foot to the hall." The lord-mayor and aldermen led the procession; and as they went through Cheapside, on a scaffold, many Popish pictures, crucifixes, and superstitious relics were burnt before them." This entertainment (says Brayley) was given in consequence of the discovery of a design to read a letter from the king at a common-hall, the obvious tendency of which was to destroy the prevailing unanimity of the citizens in favour of the parliament.

On the 19th of June, 1645, both houses of parliament were magnificently entertained by the citizens, in Grocers' Hall, on occasion of the decisive victory obtained by Fairfax and Cromwell, over the king's army at Naseby; "and after dinner they sang the 46th Psalm, and so parted."

On the 7th of January, 1649, the lord-mayor and common-council gave a splendid entertainment to the house of commons, and principal officers of the army, at Grocers' Hall, in commemoration of the late suppression of the Levellers.

In February, 1653, Cromwell dined with the corporation of the city, at Grocers' Hall, and the entertainment was conducted with regal splendour; on this occasion Cromwell exercised one of the functions of a sovereign, by conferring the honour of knighthood on the lord-mayor.

On Lord-Mayor's Day, 1677, the sovereign, with his Queen, the Duke of York, and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, the Prince of Orange, and most of the nobility were sumptuously feasted by the citizens in Guildhall, in testimony of the general satisfaction of the nation, at the recent marriage (on November the 4th,) of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary.

On Lord-Mayor's day, 1689, their majesties accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and both houses of parliament, were sumptuously entertained at Guildhall.

On Lord-Mayor's day, 1727, the royal family, with all the great officers of state, and a numerous train of nobility and foreign ministers, were entertained by the citizens at Guildhall; on which occasion his majesty ordered £1,000. to be paid to the sheriffs, for the relief of insolvent debtors. The whole expense of the feast amounted to about £4,890. P. T. W.

In the explanation of "York and Lancaster," at page 285, of our No. 455, the reference should be to Henry VI. Part I. Act ii. Scene 5.—for which correction we thank an old subscriber.—TYPO.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ANNUALS FOR 1831.

We give a spice of pathos and humour from "*Friendship's Offering*" and the *New Comic Annual;* so that our extracts may be said to be of "smiles, and sighs, and tears." The special merits of these and similar volumes stand over for our customary Supplements from the Annuals:

THE DREAM OF THE SEVENTH SON.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

"THREE times thy red lip kissed the cup,
Three times I drained it dry,
At every pledge thy beauty seemed
To shine more gloriously—

"I had no fear for God above,
No care for man below.
In this lone room, at that still hour,
Lay all my weal or wo—

"In this lone room, at that still hour,
Thy lily hand in mine,
We made a vow, unblessed of Heaven,
Unwitnessed at its shrine—

* * * * * *

"Thy words are wild, as is the wind
That sweeps the billowy sea—
Thou hast a grim and ghastly look,
What spirit works in thee?

* * * * * *

"I told thee, girl, how softly sleep
Descended on my brow;
Of that which followed afterwards
I am to tell thee now.

II.

"I stood upon a pleasant hill,
Which overlooks the home
I once called mine, before I learned
From my own land to roam—

"I felt like one who has returned
From exile o'er the deep,
Who will not smile until he knows
He has no cause to weep.

"It was high summer noon, the sun,
O'er the sweet sylvan world,
The banner of his majesty
Most gorgeously unfurled.

"In all my days, I never saw
The mountains seem so near,
Or town and tower, wood, lake, and stream
So vividly appear—

"Yet, far or near, I could not mark
The form of living thing,
By forest, flood, or field, not even
An insect on the wing!

"A sultry silence reigned around,
Unbroken by a breath,
As it had been a paradise,
Of which the lord was Death!

"The garden that my sister loved,
With flowers and fruit-trees fair,
Bloomed brighter than in by-gone times—
But Mary was not there!

"The orchard where my grey-haired sire
Retired in summer's heat,
Flung its broad shadows o'er the grass—
But 'twas not his retreat!

"I was the youngest son of seven,
The rest remained behind,
To till the ground and tend the flocks—
Yet none my eye could find!

"Not one of all that goodly band,
Who prized the lightsome air
Of their youth's haunts like life itself,
Could I see anywhere.

"I left the hill—I quickly passed
The meadow and the lane;
Our own old hall was darkened with
My shadow once again!

III.

"The shadow of his youngest son
Darkened my father's hall—
It was the only thing that might
The dream of life recall,
The sole thing left to mourn with me,
My kindred vanished all!

"There swept a sickness o'er my soul—
A sickness without name;
God! 'twas a fearsome sight to see
All household forms the same,
Save that the place was tenantless,
And on the hearth no flame.

"I had been happy to have heard
The dog bark as of yore!
I could have blessed a little mouse
For sporting on the floor!

"I bent me o'er my father's bed,
His night gear still was there,
And many an antique ornament
My mother used to wear.

"I call'd on each beloved one,
None answered me again—
I prayed that storms might rise and break
The stillness; but in vain!

"Through the barred lattice of the room
Entered the shimmering sun,
And settled where my sire of old
Made frequent orison.

"'Twas a tall chair of polished oak,
And on its seat there lay
The holy book the good man read,
Devoutly, every day:

"'Twas open where the names of all
Our house inscribed had been;
I took it up, in haste, to note
What changes were therein—

"Woe and despair! Death's dismal seal
Marked every name but mine,
And it avenging Heaven had stamped
With a heart-withering sign.

"I dashed the blessed book to earth—
I staggered to the bed—
My body battled with my soul—
I knew that I was dead.

IV.

"It was as if a voice had cried,
'Let him and his appear!'
I felt it so, although no sound
Commanding did I hear.

"And, instantly, I stood before
The awful judgment seat,
Where Adam's sin-bewildered race
Their last award shall meet.

"Within was light, fierce light, as of
Ten thousand suns in one;
Though freed from earthly bonds, its power
I could not choose but shun.

"The outward space was dark, death-dark,
No object blessed the sight,
Save an old man, who stood with all
His household on the right—

"O not with all! One son of seven
Gloomed on the left alone—
His the sole eye reflecting not
The glory of God's throne—

"His the sole ear that greeted not
The mystic thunder note,
Which through Eternity's dim halls
On silence seemed to float—

"'Twas the dread charge, omnipotent,
To show what we had been
Ere closed our dying lids upon
Earth's transitory scene.

"For every form arose a form,
A mirror of the past,
And each shone wondrous beautiful
And happy, save the last.

"That was a damned sulphur shape,
A record of the times
In which the loathsome clay had marred
My spirit by its crimes.

"It seared my soul with agony,
A hopelessness and shame—
The wine, my girl!—the curse still clings
Unto this fainting frame!

V.

"To melody, deep melody,
They passed in light away;
I to abide in endless night,
They in eternal day.

"In vain I called—the youngest born—
On my mild-featured mother,
My patient sire, my sister kind,
And every dear-loved brother.

"Away—away—they passed away—
Gazing with soft, bright faces
On him who ne'er might follow them
To their appointed places.

"To part from lover, or from friend
Or kindred, is severe
To the distracted sojourner
In this uncertain sphere;

"But O! the anguish infinite,
In torture doomed to sever
From all we love, without a hope
That we shall meet them ever!

"'Twas thus with me—and yet not thus—
For I had still a mate,—
I could have borne my doom, perchance,
Had I been desolate—

"I could have suffered any thing
But that—I see it now—
As I'm a man, I think I see
Hell's brand upon thy brow;

"Full many a fathom deep, my girl,
In guilt's black tide we've been—
Last night I bore the punishment,
Last night I shared the sin.

"Dream that the honey of our hearts
Is turn'd to fellest gall—
Dream that our vows are curses, dire
As ever fiend let fall.

"Fancy my frame a cankered thing,
A foul and festering sore—
And thou a folded snake, that gnaws
Endurance to the core—

"And then—O no!—not even then—
Couldst thou the tithe discover
Of that which came last night to blast
The slumbers of thy lover!"

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SIDE FAMILY.

"Sublimi feriam *side*ra vertice."—HOR.

"THE Side family are of very high antiquity. Our earliest progenitor was collaterally related to Adam, and had the honour to be father-in-law to that distinguished individual. At this day, so extended is our connexion, that one or other of us is always at the prime minister's elbow; and the king himself, God bless him, never stirs without one of us under each arm. For we are upon record as most pertinacious hangers on, ever since the time of the Phœnician merchants, who colonized us from Tyre and Sidon.

"There are good and bad in all families—a mingled yarn, as Shakspeare has it. I suppose it was owing to our ancestress Eve's original slip, that in parlour polemics the fault is always laid to us; it being regularly pronounced by both parties to be all on one side. Before the Conquest, we boasted of royal affinity in the person of Edmund Ironside, whose descendant, Nestor Ironside, appointed himself guardian to all the minors in England. One of this branch was attached to a certain General Buonaparte, whom he assisted in turning the world upside down. His immediate posterity, as might have been expected, from such a parentage, are a couple of notorious scoundrels, most paternally acquainted with whipping-posts and prisons—Commons-Side and Debtors-Side, the first of whom is an incorrigible cribbage player, while the latter gets into every tradesman's books from Piccadilly to Pie-Corner. These slippery personages will not own kindred with Under-Side, who has gone wonderfully down in the world; and in their turn they are disclaimed by Upper-Side, a snug old fellow, who would not give sixpence to save the twain of them from the gallows.

"In-Side and Out-Side are both men of letters; the former is a universal correspondent, and the latter is distinguished by his particular address. They have made so much money in the travelling line—In-Side by publishing his tours, and Out-Side by driving the mail—that each has got into Parliament; where the main business has ever since been to turn In-Side out. They met there a brace of cousins, Right-Side, who was returned for the borough of Suppleton, and Wrong-Side, who represents the county town of Oldways. The former, after voting against a certain question through the last twenty years, voted for it the other day, and retained his office; the latter stuck to his opinions, and lost * * [Here the MS. is blotted so as to be quite illegible.—*Printer's Devil.*] * a pair of Londoners among us, respectable folks enough in their way: Bank-Side, who occupies a whole quay near Blackfriars; and Cheap-Side, who cuts calicoes somewhere about St. Paul's. The magnates of the family are not over fond of those gentry, though each of them has very lately been Lord Mayor, I assure you. We are, however, prodigiously fond of Broad-Side and Along-Side; two worthy Admirals, without whose services, we flatter ourselves, Nelson would have done but small service at Trafalgar. They were equally busy at Algiers with one Sir Edward, who was created Lord Exmouth; and at Navarin with the other Sir Edward, who has not been created Lord Anything. The old lads are at present rusticating with their cousin Sea-Side; who, by the by, complains sadly of his retirement being disturbed every summer by loungers and ladies. It would be pleasanter, he

says, to be shut up at home with a body's wife, looking out for squalls. They are, however, still more annoyed by a pair of dull prosers, called Sober-Sides, whom they cannot persuade to relish grog or flip; so they occupy themselves with preparing a new edition of their works, which may perhaps be published ere long under royal patronage. It is odd, however, that they should agree almost as ill with their honest kinsman, Fire-Side, whose domestic qualities and warm feelings recommend him to every Briton, being quite a family man, and never giving his visiters a cold reception. The sailors, to be sure, are out of their element in his company; yet if an enemy were to give them the slip, and venture upon his territories, how he would fight *pro aris et focis!*

"Our vanity is somewhat abated in Counsellor Either-Side, whose practice was double that of any other Westminster Blue Bag. He had an ancestor who was executed in Greece, under the statute of Neutrality, 2nd Solon, chap. 5, section 42. This unlucky gentleman's name was Neither-Side.

"A-Side was a celebrated actor, whose mode of delivery gave occasion to the phrase—a playhouse whisper. Alderman Left-Side was of a peculiarly hearty constitution; but Governor Right-Side (not the member) was notorious for a bad liver—thanks to his East India residence. He died at Cheltenham, under the care of Mother Bed-Side: a very experienced matron, who had attended the clinical lectures of Surgeon Heavy-Side. His rupees went to his nephews, Weak-Side and Blind-Side. There is honest old Rough-Side, who never told a lie or said a civil thing in his life: whereby you may safely infer him to be one of our poor relations: the opposite in all points of Bobby Smooth-Side, who never uttered a truth beyond the fact of a fine day, or contradicted a customer. Bob has sneaked himself into an alderman's gown, is a great man at public meetings, and tags M.P. to his name. Dark-Side and Bright-Side are his worship's humble imitators, and almost as illustrious at the small clubs; where the first will persuade you that the empire is about to be blown up by gas and steam, and the second, that beer is going to be a penny a pot. These gentlemen are almost as eloquent, in their way, as the illustrious orator who used to travel about Westmorland, crying 'Ye men of Ambleside!'

"We have some illegitimate slips amongst us, who must in all candour be mentioned: Side-Curls, a journeyman hair-dresser at Macalpine's; Sides-Bone, a tailor's apprentice who is always to be found in the Poultry; Side-Scene, a call-boy at the Coburg; Side-Board, who is butler to a bishop; and Side-Table, who is his lordship's chaplain. Neither must Sides-Man be forgotten, the deputy-churchwarden of St. Omnibus, who has grown fatter than the rector himself, upon vestry feeding.—Then there is that puppy, Side-Look, cocking his eternal eye-glass, and squinting like the Saracen's head—Side-Box and Side-Saddle, too, a brace of dandies, who fancy the ladies cannot show a nose in the Haymarket without them. As for Side-Blow, Side-Ways, Side-Wind, and Side-Long, honest men will do wisely to keep them at a civil distance. The last of these worthies, an insinuating rascal! affects to pass for the son of our straight-forward friend Along-Side; but if the old gentleman comes up with him, he'll rectify his crabs-ancles, I warrant you.

"I wish those people would learn to spell, who assert Regicide, Parricide, and Suicide to be our relations, or that supple scoundrel Coincide.

"As to my own connexion with the Side family, I need tell neither my name nor quality, for the reader must have long since been satisfied that I am

"BE-SIDE MYSELF."

By the way, of the "smaller growth," we have received Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-not*, for which we have reserved a page in our next Number. We have as yet only glanced at the plates: one of them, the frontispiece, *Docility*, must rivet the interest of young and old.

We chanced to fall upon a pretty, if not novel simile of the mind to an album: we have never seen Locke's great moral position more tenderly illustrated:

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

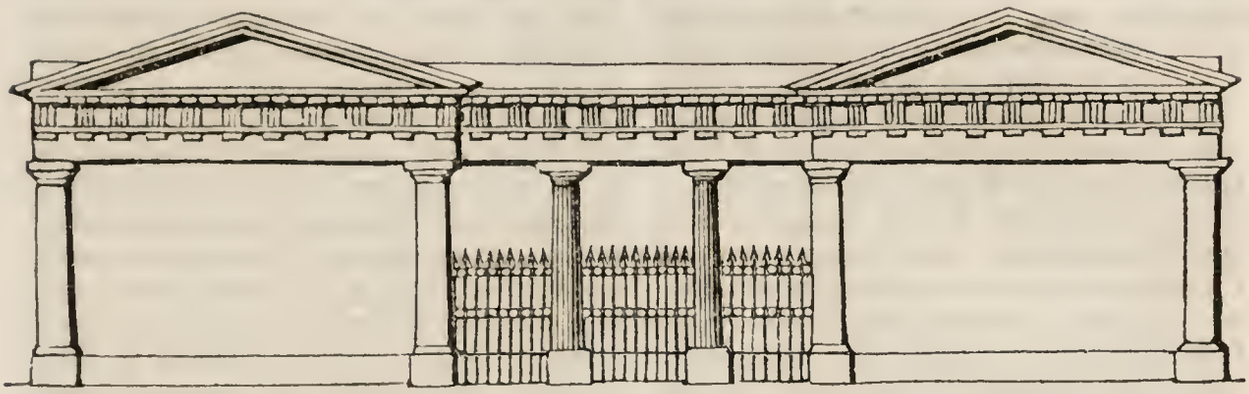
My gentle sister, let this leaf
A moral point, a lesson bear;
It may be prosing, dull as brief,
Yet *much* may be recorded there.

Mine is the power this page to fill
With stains, or words far worse than stains;
Yet be my language good or ill,
The tracing of my pen remains.

So with the mind—the stamp it takes
In youth, to age it will retain;—
Then watch and pray for that which makes
An impress deep without a stain.

S. C. H.

Low Hill Cemetery, Liverpool.



ENTRANCE GATE.

In our last volume we inserted an original paper of some half-dozen columns, on the propriety of "Burying in Vaults," then a question of immediate interest. The arguments of the writer appeared to us as convincing as they were ingenious; and the importance attached to the subject drew forth another paper, by the same writer, "On crowded Churchyards, and a Metropolitan Cemetery." The above Cut, in connexion with the latter paper especially, is worthy of the reader's attention, inasmuch as it represents the very efficient furtherance of the writer's views.

The object of the Liverpool Cemetery, and the regulations adopted for its management may be thus briefly stated:

The new cemetery, called the "Low Hill General Cemetery," has been established by a number of persons of various religious faith and persuasions, with a view of altering the custom that has hitherto prevailed of interring the dead amidst a dense population; and also at the same time of giving that decency and retirement to the ceremony, and security against depredations, that is so peculiarly gratifying to surviving friends.

The cemetery contains about 24,000 superficial square yards. The form of the enclosure is an oblong square, secured by a thick brick wall, thirteen feet high.

The house of the registrar, and the chapel, are in the Grecian style of architecture, built after a design of Mr. John Foster, jun. of Liverpool. The front of the buildings and the adjoining wall are of cut stone. A border of ten feet wide, immediately adjoining the interior side of the wall, and surrounding the whole ground, is set apart for an arcade, or colonnade, roofed with slate, and railed in by ornamental iron-work, set upon a stone plinth; this border will be used for tombs and any monumental inscription, tablet, or work of sculpture, that may be erected, will be placed against the wall at the head of the respective tombs.

The centre of the ground is appropriated to vaults and graves, laid out in regular order, and numbered according to a plan that may be seen at the registrar's office. Each corpse interred is regularly registered in the books of the institution.

The chapel will be at the service of such persons who may wish to use it; and any religious funeral ceremony may be performed in it by the minister, or other person chosen by the parties who may require its use, provided such ceremony is not an outrage upon the decencies of life, or offensive to civilized society; but, if the friends of the person to be interred prefer the ceremony being performed by the registrar of the cemetery, it is his duty to perform it, according to a prescribed form, which may be seen on application to him, and without any charge of fee for such performance; or, if preferred, the interment may be made without any form or religious rite.

Such part of the ground as is not immediately wanted for graves is planted with ornamental shrubbery, under the direction of Mr. Shepherd, Curator of the Botanic Garden.

For the purpose of greater security, a watchman will at all times of the night be upon the ground.

A committee will at all times have a superintending control, and will take care that nothing offensive, ludicrous, or

in evident bad taste, shall appear among the monumental inscriptions, or in any other way.

A system of the utmost liberality pervades the entire management of this cemetery; and it is hoped that no religious distinctions or prejudices may arise to prevent its being the earthly resting-place of those, who, for its security, or from other motives of preference, may be disposed to adopt it.*

The Cemetery is the property of a public company; and the expense of the whole was at first stated at £8,000.

The funds of the company may be considered in a prosperous condition; the shares yielding 8½ per cent.

A Cemetery of this description has likewise been formed at Manchester, the shares in which yield 12½ per cent. At Cheltenham too, a similar project is mooting, and, sooner or later this salutary plan of interment will be adopted by the inhabitants of all large towns.

* From the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 86.

Volcanoes (continued).

HERE is the promised continuation of our Notes. The reader must not suspect us of any *ruse* in placing Volcanoes, Earthquakes, and the State of Greece consecutively.

"One remarkable law characterizes the geographical distribution of points of volcanic eruption; namely, that they almost invariably occur in *linear trains*, stretching in some cases *across a third of the globe*. Such, for instance, is that which, beginning in the south of Chili, or rather at Cape Horn, if we believe the reports of burning mountains in Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, runs northwards in an uninterrupted chain through the Andes of Peru and Quito, and thence across the provinces of Pasto, Popayan, Guatimala, Nicaragua, and the plateau of Mexico, up to the northern extremity of the peninsula of California. If the west coast of North America were explored, we should probably find this linear series of volcanoes prolonged in that direction to unite with the yet more remarkable train which commences in the vicinity of Cook's Harbour, threads the whole length of the Aleutian Isles in an easterly direction for the space of a thousand miles, then turns southwards, and pursues an uninterrupted course of between sixty and seventy degrees of latitude, through Kamskatchka, the Kurile, Japanese, Loochoo, Philippine isles, and the Moluccas, where it branches off in different directions towards the east and north-west. One line traverses Java and Sumatra, and turns northwards through the Andaman isles to the west coast of the kingdom of Ava; the other is prolonged across New Guinea into the Polynesian archipelago, which seems to be one vast theatre of igneous action, the greater number, if not all, of the islands being formed of coralline reefs, interstratified with or based upon volcanic rocks. Throughout the two great lines we have noticed, which, if they prove, as we suspect, to be continuous with each other, will be longer than *the whole circumference of the globe*, not only are there a vast number of volcanic apertures, which, within the last few years, have been in eruption, but the intervals are filled by strings of eminences evidently produced by similar phenomena, all of which have been, and many no doubt will again be, habitually active. Sometimes points of eruption are collected in groups, as those of Iceland, the Canaries, and the Azores; but as these are uniformly insular, and only, in fact, the summits of a group of submarine volcanic mountains, we cannot be certain that they do not form a part, the inosculations probably, of one or more lengthened trains, continued in the depths of the ocean, and not yet raised above its surface. * * *

"One continuous eruption will frequently throw up a number of simple cones. Every considerable eruption is described as commencing with the splitting of the solid ground, and the production of a crevice prolonged sometimes many miles. The explosions, as well as the lava streams, then break out from one, or from several points on this great crack. Thus, in the eruption of Etna in 1811, seven cones were successively thrown up in a line from the summit nearly to the foot of the mountain. In 1536, twelve mouths opened one below the other, and threw out lava and scoriæ. In 1669, the whole flank of the mountain was split open, a wide fissure showing itself, twelve miles in length, from the top halfway to the base. This crevice is figured in the old engravings of Etna, and is reported to have emitted a vivid light, showing it to be filled to some height with incandescent lava. Two cones were formed upon it. These circumstances are not confined to the flanks of a volcanic mountain, but take place equally when the eruption breaks through horizontal strata. In 1730, the

island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, was split by longitudinal fissures running the whole length of the island, from which so much matter was discharged during five successive years, as formed thirty cones, some of them six hundred feet high, and overwhelmed with a flood of lava nearly the entire island. The eruption of Jorullo, in 1759, threw up six cones upon one line in the middle of a flat plain. That of Skapta Jokul, in 1783, was accompanied by the outburst of three copious sources of lava in the plain, stretching from the foot of that mountain, about eight miles apart; while a fourth, on a continuation of the same line, but beneath the sea, created a new island, at a distance of thirty miles from the coast. The lava produced by the three inland vents alone covered a space of *one thousand square miles*, with a thick mass of solid rock. It is probable that many of the volcanic cones of Auvergne and the Velay, some hundreds of which are arranged in a linear chain, were the product of continuous eruptions. Such lengthened subterranean fissures do not always show themselves on the surface, the loose earth sinking into, and concealing them; and hence partial subsidences are usually observed along the line of volcanic orifices. Nor are they in general opened at once throughout their whole length, but prolonged by degrees, the first orifices becoming obstructed by the ejections and the consolidation of lava, so as to cause others to be burst in succession along the line of the original cleft. Analogy leads us to conclude, that the linear arrangement of the principal vents in a volcanic train or system, even when they stretch across half the globe, is owing to the same general cause as that of the secondary apertures, the creation, namely, of a fissure through the crust of the globe. The law already noticed, that the neighbouring volcanoes of a train or group are found in activity by turns, the one serving for a time as a vent for the energy of the whole district, is as true on the small as on the large scale, and is shown from a great body of concurrent facts, to have prevailed in ages preceding any historical records of eruptions, as well as since."

Effects of Earthquakes at Sea.

"The sea shares in the agitation of the solid earth. Ships feel every shock as if they had struck on a shoal, and loose articles lying on their decks are often thrown several feet into the air, showing the violence of the upward movement communicated to the water. The sea often deserts the coast, and returns immediately in a terrific wave (that of Lisbon and the coast of Spain in 1755 was fifty feet high), which sweeps over the shore, and must leave lasting traces of its devastating power. It is probably caused by the sudden upheaving of a portion of the bed of the sea, the first effect of which would be to raise a body of water over the elevated part, its momentum carrying it much above the level it would afterwards assume, and causing a draught or receding of the water from the neighbouring coasts, immediately followed by the return of the displaced water, which will be also impelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level. The undulatory shocks of the earthquake of 1755 travelled over sea and land at the rate of twenty miles in a minute, as appears from the interval between the time when the first shock was felt at Lisbon, and that of its occurrence at distant places, in the West Indies, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and North Africa. The earthquake felt at Conception in 1750 uplifted the bed of the sea to the height of twenty-four feet at the least, and it seems probable that the adjoining coast shared in the elevation, for an enormous bed of shells, of the same species as those now living in the bay, is seen raised above high-water-mark along the beach. These shells, as well as others which cover the adjoining hills of mica-schist, to the height even of fifteen hundred feet, have been identified with some taken at the same time in a living state from the bay. There is, therefore, every reason to conclude, that the whole extent of this coast, so often visited by severe earthquakes, has suffered a very great amount of elevation within an exceedingly recent period."

Prince Leopold and the sovereignty of Greece.

"We can easily conceive that the singular concurrence of circumstances which combine to make his position in this country one of almost overpowering ennui, would also make him fancy himself ready to exchange it for any prospect—while that prospect was distant—of manly enterprise and generous adventure. The very estimable qualities which distinguish him must contribute to make him weary of the at once cloying and unsatisfactory advantages of his present station. He is neither rake nor gamester: he has too much virtue for vicious occupations—too much understanding for very frivolous ones; but (it

would be disparagement of few men to add) apparently not quite virtue nor understanding enough for great and exalted action. In truth, neither nature nor art seems to have formed his royal highness for a paladin. He is respectable, highly respectable; but there seems to be nothing romantic, much less heroic, in his composition. Although, therefore, he may have gratified his imagination, as well as soothed a very natural self-complacency, by contemplating the *coming* crown, yet, when the crown was actually come, and turned out, after all, not what a crown should be—a congeries of costliest gems, set on a well-wadded bonnet of velvet—but a plain hard circlet of biting steel; when such a crown as this was come, and it was time for its wearer to *go*, it was quite another affair. In truth, we cannot help picturing to ourselves the sovereign elect of Greece, ruminating on the arrangements of his future court—balancing the rival pretensions of blue, and scarlet, and green, for the uniform of his guards, or devising some amiable project for the improvement of his subjects, and the fair reputation of himself, in one of the saloons of Marlborough House, or amidst the groves and lawns of Claremont. His reverie is interrupted by the announcement of dispatches from his new sovereignty: he breaks the seal with as much eagerness and alacrity as even a sedate and well-regulated mind may allow itself to feel at the sight of such a communication—when, traced by the well-known hand of Count Capo d'Istrias, his eye glances over the following appalling paragraph:

"'I beg permission once more to express to your Royal Highness the hopes which I entertain, that it may be your determination to come to Greece as soon as possible.'.....'From the moment of your Highness's accepting the *immense task of fulfilling the destinies of Greece*, the means of commencing this great work under happy auspices are only to be found in your own hands. You cannot, mon Prince, entrust it to other hands without weakening their power, and rendering it ineffective;—moreover, the establishment of the boundaries cannot fail to subject Greece to *a serious crisis*. Why should not your Royal Highness seize this first opportunity to give her an earnest of the paternal feeling with which you are animated in her behalf, and of the sacrifices which your Royal Highness is resolved to make for her welfare? If I have made any progress in the good opinion of this people, if they continue to give me proofs of their sincere and unlimited confidence, it is because they see me constantly *sharing in person their miseries and their sufferings*, with the sole object of alleviating them. It is *during the bivouac*, it is *under the wretched shelter of a hut*—no matter what the inclemency of the seasons, what my age and my infirmities—that the people and the soldiery have often discoursed with me upon their interests, that they have learnt to know me, and that I have been able to inspire them with a feeling of what they owe to themselves, to their government, and to the civilized world. I will venture to tell you, mon Prince, that it is by this first test that the Greeks will judge you. If you present yourself to them as a great personage, unable to endure their poverty and their privations, instead of inspiring them with respect for you, you will voluntarily deprive yourself of the surest means of making an useful impression on their minds. The opportunity of making this first sacrifice is presented to you. Come, then, and assist in person at the difficult and painful operation of establishing the boundaries, and do not allow others to undertake them in your place.'

"The effect on his Royal Highness was galvanic—the conclusion inevitable. A dispatch was instantly sent to the Foreign Office, declining the perilous honours of a revolutionary sceptre, and devoting the remainder of his days to the more congenial duties of an exemplary brother."

Notes of a Reader.

THE CIVIL LIST.

Dipping into one of the political articles of the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 33, we find the following unique account of the origin of the Civil List. The date is 1820, at the commencement of the late king's reign, so that the extract possesses a kindred interest at this moment:

"The beginning of a new reign, as the reader probably knows, brings forward one of the most momentous subjects on which the representatives of the people can at any time be called to deliberate—the formation of the Civil List: that is, the arrangement of nearly the whole civil expenses of the country, including the charges of executing the laws at home, representing it abroad, and providing for the support, the dignity, and the splendour of the crown.—In the ancient times of the monarchy, the sovereign, who was rather the first of the feudal barons than the ruler of a

great people, derived his revenues chiefly from land vested in him as a great proprietor, and from certain occasional perquisites given to him for the better support of his office; and, it may be added, that the services which his vassals were bound to perform in war, or to redeem with money, helped him mainly to defray its expenses. On extraordinary occasions, taxes were levied directly upon the subject; but the bulk of the revenue was that which the king derived from his possessions and his prerogative, independent of any consent of parliament for raising it, and of any control in its expenditure. In return for the funds thus vested in the crown, it was bound to defray all the expenses of the state in peace and war; and, while the hereditary revenues remained entire, and the feudal services belonged to them, the sovereigns of this country could well support this burthen. Repeated dilapidations, however, reduced the former in process of time; and as the feudal scheme fell into disuse, the other great branch of the monarch's resources was lopt off also; so that from time to time he was, happily for the liberties of the nation, compelled to ask supplies from parliament; and by degrees, one after the other, all the great branches of public expenditure were transferred from the crown to the country.

"The sovereign being thus exonerated from his payments, it was natural to expect that he should also relinquish those funds which had been allotted to him to make those payments;—that having no longer, for example, to pay the army and navy, he should no longer retain the perquisites of Admiralty and Prize which had been destined to support those services, but should transfer to the public, to whose shoulders he had shifted the burthen, those profits which are inseparably connected with it. This part of the process, however, was altogether omitted. Notions of right and prerogative were conveniently enough introduced. The king was said to have those branches of revenue by a high title, and that they were inherent in the crown by virtue of his royal prerogative; no account being taken of the material circumstance, that, while so possessed by the crown, they had been burthened with disbursements now undertaken by the state. However, things were suffered to go on in this unfair and unsatisfactory manner for a long course of years. Several attempts, no doubt, were made to arrange matters equitably and amicably between the parties. As soon as parliament began to show a due jealousy of the executive, and a proper vigilance over the public purse, the nature of these hereditary revenues came to occupy their attention; but rather with a view to their vexatious origin, than their large amount. The worst of the whole, *wardship*, or the king's right of seizing or granting the guardianship and estates of infants—*purveyance*, or the power of seizing cattle, carriages, and provisions for the royal household—and the various feudal incidents of tenure by knights' service, were so extremely oppressive, that the full exercise of them could not be borne; and even a mitigated exercise was wholly destructive of liberty. Early in James the First's reign, we accordingly find a treaty entered into between the parliament and the crown, by which a commutation was intended to be stipulated; and the learned, ingenious, and indefeasible monarch estimated the value of his right by a sufficiently recondite process of calculation. He observed that there were nine muses, the patronesses of poets, who were always poor; therefore, he must have more than nine score thousand pounds by the year, which the commons had tendered him: also, there were eleven apostles, deducting Judas, as unfit to be named among honourable contracting parties. Now it was plain that ten, the medium between the muses and apostles—even if it were not also the number of the commandments—ought to be the sum chosen. And to this the commons, moved by his majesty's great wit and solid judgment, assented. So that, had the treaty been concluded, he would have had 200,000*l.* a year, in lieu of the remaining feudal perquisites of the crown. Upon the restoration, in 1660, Charles the Second, desiring to gain the affections of his subjects, renewed the negotiation; and the memorable act was passed, abolish- the court of wards, purveyancing, &c.; in return for which, an hereditary excise was settled on the sovereign, beside other grants, for his life; out of which he was to defray both the charges of his household and family, and those of the civil government of the country. This is the first instance of anything like an arrangement of the civil list. In James the Second's reign, a similar provision was continued; and in the reigns of William and Anne, a more regular plan was pursued, which has ever since been followed, of voting, at the accession of each sovereign, a certain yearly sum, to continue during the reign, to cover all the expenses of the royal household and family, and many of the charges con-

nected with the civil government of the country.

"In consideration of these grants for life, each succeeding sovereign has given up all claim to those branches of the separate property of the crown which are technically termed its *hereditary revenue;* that is, the crown lands, the hereditary excise, first granted in Charles the Second's time, in lieu of warding and purveyance, and the smaller branches arising from fines, &c. But, by some strange accident, very considerable branches of revenue, or perquisites *exactly of the same nature,* have been kept separate, and retained by the crown, notwithstanding the provision made by the country both for the household and for all the other branches of the public service, formerly supported out of those hereditary and separate funds. A new reign necessarily brings forward this question in all its bearings; and a new parliament as necessarily is summoned to form the plan for the king's life.

The Anecdote Gallery.

FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1830.

GALIGNANI'S "Narrative" of the *commencement* of this astounding affair has at length reached us. A literary friend at Paris told us about a month since that its editorship had been entrusted to Mr. Colton, the author of "Lacon," whose domiciliation at Paris, has yielded him many advantages for the task. It appears to us to be carefully executed; the narrative itself not being an *indigesta moles* of newspaper extracts, but a well-condensed and consecutive *train* of occurrences, with an appendix of state papers, documents, and anecdotes. We receive it as a kind of *Memoir pour servir.*

The most extractable portion is the anecdote supplement, of which we subjoin a few specimens:

At the commencement of the popular ebullition on Monday, July 26, the Palais Royal was thronged by men mounted upon chairs, surrounded by dense groups of listeners, who were attentively hearing the obnoxious Ordinances read to them. A gendarme, in the act of dismounting one of these orators, exclaimed, "Get about your business—you are sowing discord among the people." The individual holding up the Ordinance to the view of the man in office, replied, "I am only blowing the trumpet—if you dislike the notes, settle the matter with those who composed the music."

M. Casimer Périer having learnt that some gendarmes were besieged by the populace in the hotel of the Prince de Polignac, sent his friend, Dr. Laberge, accompanied by M. Rollet, to endeavour to procure their release. These gentlemen upon gaining admission found the gendarmes concealed in an obscure retreat, in a most pitiable condition, being almost naked, as they had divested themselves entirely of their uniform. They were furnished with plain clothes, and let secretly out by a back door into the Rue des Capucines.

The major commanding the cuirassiers at the Place de Grève had a very providential escape. During the combat his horse was shot under him, and he fell, but thought it most prudent to remain quiet. After waiting for about an hour, the people succeeded in driving off the troops, and during the cessation the major thought it a good opportunity to gain some shelter. He was perceived by a party of the enraged populace, who instantly pursued him. He gained the open door of a house, rushed up stairs, and burst open a door upon the fifth story; it was a granary. He hastily divested himself of his helmet cuirass, coat, &c. and returned down stairs. At the door he met the party, who said that an officer had entered the house, and they were determined to have his life. The major assured them they were mistaken, that he was only a brigadier (a non-commissioned officer,) and was compelled to obey orders. This satisfied them, and he was allowed to pass. He afterwards threw himself on the compassion of the keeper of a wine shop in the neighbourhood, was accommodated with an apron, disguised, and placed behind the counter, where he remained until tranquillity being restored, he rejoined his family, whom he found mourning his loss, as he had been returned in the list of killed.

Three officers of superior rank having fallen during the combat in the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, by the fire kept up from the houses 78, 80, and 82, a party of artillery directed their vengeance upon them. Their battery consisted of twelve field pieces and two howitzers. The first cannon-shot directed against these devoted mansions destroyed the upper part of the roof; the second struck the corner; and the third passed through a wall which sup-

ported a large and heavy stack of chimneys. These shots having been so successful, they probably thought to batter the houses to the ground, and pointed a howitzer against the chimneys supported by the tottering wall. The shell struck one of the angles of the wall, made a considerable breach, and fell upon the already shattered roof, where it exploded, carrying away a great part of it. The second shell passing through three chimneys, fell in the last of them, and descended to the first floor, where it burst. A pier-glass was shivered to atoms, a partition thrown down, some wardrobes broken to pieces, and the two windows forced into the street, carrying with them the curtains and draperies. The attacks of the populace afterwards forced the troops to abandon the further bombardment of these houses.

In the midst of the fusillade at the Place de Grève, a working mason perceiving that a cornice of one of the pilasters of the Hotel de Ville, threatened to fall, and crush beneath it the citizens who were fighting, procured a ladder and some plaster, fixed it firmly, and then came down with as much coolness as if he had been pursuing his occupation in a time of the most profound peace.

The keeper of a wine shop, in the Rue des Canettes, received a ball, which passing through his breast, lodged near his shoulder. When it was extracted, he took up the ball, and kissing it, said, "Carry it to my wife, and tell her that I die for my dear country." In an hour after his prognostic was verified.

When the archbishop's palace was attacked by the people they did not at first commit any excesses, but their pacific disposition was altered when they found two barrels of powder and about one hundred daggers; the fury of the multitude at this discovery knew no bounds; they destroyed the splendid furniture and pictures, excepting a magnificent whole-length of Jesus Christ, which they respected with religious reverence. None of the movables were applied by the people to their own profit. Many valuables were thrown into the Seine; men were afterwards employed to dive, and several magnificent candelabra, rich crosses, &c. were picked up. The cellar was found most bountifully stored, to the great joy of the thirsty populace. A poor workman, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, principally attached himself to the Bourdeaux Laffitte, of which he admired the form and delicacy of the bottle. "Ah!" he cried, "my wife always says that I am a heathen, and have no religion. I have now entered into the very heart of it, and most delicious it is." He again had recourse to the episcopal corkscrew, and after a long draught, drawing his breath, he exclaimed, "I hope my wife will never call me a heathen after this!"

On the Quai de Tournelles seven cannon balls struck the houses. They were fired from the Place de Grève to disperse the people assembled on the Pont de la Cité and the adjoining quays. One eight pound shot entered the first floor of a house, and carried off the two legs of a lady lying in bed. Another passed through the shop of a Marchand de Vin, where eight people were sitting at a table, swept all the glasses off in the midst of them, and without injuring any one, took about a yard's length of stone from the corner of the room. The people have suspended the bullet in the front of the shop, with the following inscription—"*Orange de Charles X., ou dernier témoignage de l'amour paternel.*"

On seeing the almost miraculous dispatch with which the paving stones left their peaceable destination to strengthen those formidable, and as it turned out, impregnable barriers, thrown up by the people, a foreigner, who watched their work, exclaimed, "This reminds one of the text, but here I see the comment, 'The very stones in the streets shall rise up in judgment against them.'"

During the attack on the Hotel de Ville, when the banks of the Seine echoed with discharges of cannon and musketry, an elderly humourist was seen with great tranquillity fishing near the baths of Vigier. On being advised to relinquish his sport on that day at least, he coolly remarked, "They are making such a cursed noise yonder, that the very fish are frightened; I have not had a bite these two hours!"

A young man, erroneously said to be one of the Polytechnic School, was killed in one of the apartments of the Tuileries. His body was respectfully taken up by those whom he had led to victory, deposited on the Throne, and covered with pieces of crape gathered up by chance. Here it remained until the brother and other members of the family of the deceased came to recognise and remove his remains.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ANCIENT MILL.

A FINE specimen of a "querne," or hand-mill, as used in ancient times, was dug up some time since, in a field south of the Eden, Fifeshire; and about three feet from the surface. The diameter of the stones may be fifteen inches, the upper one being granite, and the lower sunk trap or whinstone. There is one hole pretty deep on the upper convex surface, at about four inches distance, by a gash or cleft, as if an axe had been used in the formation. From the size of these stones being very small and portable, it is not at all improbable that they are Roman. W. G. C.

TOLERATION.

JAROSLOF, Prince of Novogorod, demanded assistance from the inhabitants of Pleskof, against the city of Riga, lately built, which he wished to attack and destroy. Having some alliance with the menaced people, they answered the prince, who endeavoured to persuade them to join him:—"Thou art prudent, thou knowest that all men are brothers, christians and infidels, we are all of the same family. It is not necessary to make war upon those who do not participate in our creed, nor to assume to ourselves the punishment of their errors, it is much wiser to live in peace with them. Then they will cherish our mildness and our virtues; they will be affected by them; and from the friendship they will conceive, will pass to a love of our religion."

MORLAND.

THE following is a copy of some original lines by George Morland, the celebrated artist, which are in the possession of his brother, H. Morland, and which I saw at his house, in Dean-street:—

Lines on a picture of his wife, by G. Morland.*

IN the choice of a husband this shall be the plan
I intend to pursue ere I wed,
To meet with a prudent and sensible man,
Who can govern and sometimes be led. GEO. ST. CLAIR.

* Her name was Nancy Ward, sister to the present academician of that name.

ODDITIES,

(From Swift's Letters.)

IT is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some, through perverse thinking, not see any reason for it; but the bulk of mankind will love their children.

It is with men as with beauties: if they pass the flower, they lie neglected for ever.

Courtiers resemble gamesters: the latter finding new arts unknown to the older.

A Levee.—I peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting and two streets were full of coaches.

After dinner.—We were to do more business *after dinner;* but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking, little thinking.

Monday is parson's holiday.

Lenten Dinner.—I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish.

Boiling Oysters.—Lord Masham made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water.

The Mohocks in 1711-12.—A race of rakes that play the devil about London every night, slit people's noses, and beat them.

A WORSE prince than King John scarcely, ever disgraced the English throne; and the historian may save himself the odious task (it has been observed) of drawing up his character, by referring to the annals of his life, as son, uncle, and king, by a contemporary writer, who says, "*Hell felt herself defiled by his admission.*"

ERRATA.

Two vexatious typographical errors appeared in our last Number:—In Dean Swift's Epitaph, page 298, for *unitare*, read *imitare;* and for *sævi*, read *sæva*—At page 299, the quotation from Sir Walter Scott respecting Marley Abbey, should end at the word "*distance.*" What follows, "*during the past year,*" &c., is our correspondent's N. R.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 458.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

St. Mark's Chapel, North Audley Street.

The portico of this Chapel, which ranges with the houses on the eastern side of the street, is the only portion of the building open to public observation.

It is composed of two handsome columns and two piers, the latter ornamented with antæ in pairs, the columns fluted; the order is Ionic, from the Erectheum. The whole is surmounted by an entablature composed of an architrave of three faces, a frieze and a dentil cornice of bold projection, the cymatium enriched with honeysuckles and charged with lions' heads at intervals; and crowned with a lofty blocking-course, having a pedestal at each end.

The tower, in consequence of its distance from the street (owing to the depth of the portico), can scarcely be seen in a near point of view. The elevation is in two portions, first a cubical pedestal, which seems to be unnecessarily and uselessly guarded at the angles by square pedestal-formed buttresses; it is crowned by a cornice, and forms a stylobate to the second story, which is an irregular octagon in plan, the smaller sides placed against the angles of the square plan. At each angle of the superstructure is an anta, the intervals between which are open, the larger spaces filled to about a third of their height by a breastwork, and the remainder, which is divided in breadth by a small anta, is filled in with iron work, pierced in circles; the whole is surmounted by a neat entablature, the eaves enriched with Grecian tiles, and covered with a pyra-

midal stone roof. On the apex is a pedestal sustaining a gilt ball and cross. The portion before described is all that has any pretension to architectural character. The front of the body of the Chapel is shown in the engraving; above the portico, it is devoid of ornament, and the flanks are in a corresponding style; each flank is pierced with ten windows in two series, the upper arched and lofty; a string course of brick-work being introduced by way of impost cornice. These portions abut on small yards, from which are entrances to the Chapel, and the southern one communicates with a street in the rear.

The interior is not remarkable for originality; it belongs to a class unfortunately too numerous; the unbroken area borrowed from the meeting-house is so ill-suited to the dignity of a church, that it is to be regretted the commissioners had not enforced the ancient division into nave and aisles, in every new church of magnitude.

The west front and tower possess undoubted claims to originality, and are not devoid of elegance. The turret is a pleasing specimen of Grecian design. It approaches, however, to the common parent of modern Grecian towers, the Temple of the winds at Athens.

This building is a chapel of ease to St. George, Hanover-square. It is calculated to hold 1610 persons, of whom 784 are accommodated with free sittings. The royal commissioners made the same grant to this as to the others in the parish, viz. 5,555*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* The first stone was laid on Sept. 7, 1825, and the building was consecrated on April 25, 1828.

The architect is Mr. J. P. Gandy-Deering.

The building at the right hand side of the chapel, in common with most of the houses in the street, shows the heavy style of Sir John Vanbrugh.*

TO THE UNFORGIVING ONE.

(For the Mirror.)

I LOVE thee, oh I love thee, unforgiving as thou art,
With the wild ungovern'd passion, of a young, but broken heart.
Thou hast cursed me for a folly, (for thou could'st not call it crime:)
And that dreadful curse has fallen like a mildew o'er my prime.

Had I deem'd thy soul so haughty in its deep affection's tone,
That it might not brook one instant's dereliction of mine own;
I had fled the strong temptation, I've such fata cause to rue,
Still 'twas only fancy's error, for I never loved but you.

Yet *he* burst upon my vision, in such majesty of grace,
With a form the sculptor's gifted hand might vainly try to trace,
And eyes that shone so brightly through their jetty fringe's veil,
Was it marvel that my woman's heart beneath their *glance* should quail.

I will not speak the loveliness of that pure being's mind,
In which, like holy relics, sainted virtue lay enshrin'd:
He was good, confiding, noble, tender, generous to me;
He was faithful; but his faith caused all my faithlessness to thee.

But 'tis over. I awake from dreams, to realize a woe,
And an agony, whose pain beyond, my soul can never know.
I have lost thy love! on those wild words I ponder night and day,
They cloud my senses momently, and will not pass away.

Yet I love *thee!* how I love thee, let these burning tear-drops tell,
There is madness in the thought, that I have sigh'd my last farewell:
I may linger on in loneliness, a summer month or twain,
But the sun diffusing warmth, thy love, shall never feel again.

In the coldness of thy features, and thy dark averted eyes,
I read the altered feelings, no concealment could disguise;
We are parted, and for ever, on the earth I wander now
With thy curses clinging round me, and thy brand upon my brow. J. H. H.

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* Abridged from the "Gentleman's Magazine," November 1829.

The Naturalist.

GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY DELINEATED.

WE noticed the commencement of this publication about fifteen months since. It was then announced to appear periodically, in parts or numbers; but here we have the *Quadrupeds* of the Society in a goodly octavo of about 300 pages, printed in Mr. Whittingham's superlative style; with a wood-cut of each animal, and a *tail*-piece to each description. The Birds are, we conclude, to form another volume.

The descriptions are by E. T. Bennett, Esq., vice-secretary of the Zoological Society, which circumstance is highly recommendatory of the work: in the Preface, Mr. Bennett happily al-

ludes to the artists employed in its embellishments: "nor can he suffer this opportunity to pass, of offering his thanks to Mr. Harvey, for the patient attention with which he has watched the manners of the animals, for the purpose of investing their portraits with that natural expression in which zoological drawings are too often deficient; and to Messrs. Branston and Wright for the pains which they also have taken in making themselves masters of the subjects previous to the execution of the cuts."

Passing by the portion of the volume already noticed, next is the *Napu Musk Deer*, "an animal which, although completely unknown to the ancients, has become in modern times notorious over all the world for the peculiar odour of the secretion whence it derives its name. All the other species comprised in the genus are, however, destitute of the faculty of producing that costly perfume; and their union with the musk is founded upon the general agreement existing between them in more essential particulars. Still this remarkable difference, added to the great dissimilarity in the form and structure of their hoofs, and other minor points of discrepancy, furnishes an obvious means of subdividing the genus." In general form the Musk resembles a Stag in miniature; "but its face is proportionally much more elongated in front, its legs much more tapering and slender, and the height of their hinder parts much greater in comparison with that of their fore quarters."

The *Palm Squirrel*, (exquisitely engraved,) seems, according to Cuvier, to be intermediate between the tree-nesting and nut-cracking squirrels and the burrowing and frugivorous Tamias. They are common in India, and particularly plentiful in the towns and villages, taking up their abodes in the roofs of houses and in old walls, in the cavities of which the female deposits her young. They commit great devastations in the orchards, destroying and devouring all kinds of fruit; and are so familiar as even to enter the houses and pick up the crumbs that fall from the tables. Their name is derived from their being often seen on palm-trees, which in the east are always found in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men."

The *Dingo*, or *Australian Dog* is an excellent portrait. "In strength and agility it is superior to most other dogs of the same size, and it will attack, without hesitation those which are considerably larger than itself." An individual in the Paris menagerie even evinced a disposition to fly upon the jaguars, leopards, and bears, whenever he caught a glimpse of them through the bars of his den. One described in Phillips' *Voyage to Botany Bay*, is said to have been so fierce that no other animal could approach him with safety. A poor ass had once nearly fallen a victim to his ferocity; and he has been known to run down both deer and sheep. His impatience in confinement is thus characteristically noted:—"he rarely becomes perfectly familiar even with those who are constantly about him; and of strangers he seems to live in continual dread. His constrained and skulking gait; the startled air which he suddenly assumes on the slightest unusual occurrence; the suspicious eagerness with which he watches the motions of those who approach him, clearly indicate that he is not at his ease in the society of civilized man."

The *Indian Ox* is another fine portrait. This specimen is one of the largest that has ever been seen in Europe. Epicurean visiters to the Gardens, may be interested in knowing that the hump, which is chiefly composed of fat, is reckoned the most delicate part of the animal. Its beef too is by no means despicable, though far from equalling the pride of Smithfield. The tit-bit hump has been known to weigh 50 lb.! What a dish for an alderman. The *Zebra* differs but little from the preceding breed. "The whole of the breeds are treated with great veneration by the Hindoos, who hold it sinful to deprive them of life under any pretext whatever. But they do not in general scruple to make the animals labour for their benefit; although they consider it the height of impiety to eat of their flesh. A select number are, however, even exempted from all services, and have the privilege of straying about the towns and villages, and of taking their food wheresoever they please, if not sufficiently supplied by the contributions of the devotees who impose on themselves this charitable office."

In the description of the *Squirrel Petaurus*, (resembling the Flying Squirrel) we find the following anecdote related by Mr. Broderip:—

"On board a vessel sailing off the coast of New Holland was a Squirrel Petaurus, which was permitted to roam about the ship. On one occasion it reached the mast-head, and as the sailor, who was despatched to bring it down, approached, made a spring from aloft to avoid him. At this moment the

ship gave a heavy lurch, which, if the original direction of the little creature's course had been continued, must have plunged it into the sea. All who witnessed the scene, were in pain for its safety; but it suddenly appeared to check itself, and so to modify its career, that it alighted safely on deck." Upon this fact, the Editor felicitously observes, "Does it not demonstrate something like the existence in these organs of a certain degree of subservience to the will, sufficient at least to counteract the original impulse by which they were put in motion, and to turn aside their course on the appearance of any sudden danger?" This squirrel seldom quits the inner part of its cage until the approach of evening, when it becomes extremely lively and active.

Next are three varieties of *Monkeys;* of one of them, the *Entellus,* a native of Ceylon, it is related that "such is the respect in which they are held by the natives, that, whatever ravages they may commit, the latter dare not venture to destroy them, and only endeavour to scare them away by their cries. Emboldened by this impunity, the monkeys come down from the woods in large herds," and devour figs, cocoa-nuts, apples, pears, and even potatoes and cabbages, which form their favourite spoil.

The *Leopard* is beautifully engraved. In some excellent observations on the feline tribe generally, prefixed to its description, is the following, accounting for their strength of jaw; "the muscles which move the lower jaw are of great bulk, and the point on which they immediately act is brought so far forwards, in consequence of the breath and shortness of the muzzled, as to give them the highest degree of attainable force."

The *Brown Bear.* From the Editor's enumeration it appears that "instead of the solitary species (of Bear) known to Linnæus, there are now recognised no less than eight, while five others may be regarded as in abeyance," waiting the decision of naturalists. Every one of the eight allowed species has been living within the last five or six years in London. Five are at the present moment exhibited in the Society's Menagerie, two others form part of its museum, and the eighth, the Grisly Bears of America, has been represented for nearly twenty years by a noble specimen in the Menagerie of the Tower. Such are the advances which this department of zoology has made since the days of Linnæus." Among the notices of bears, we learn that at Berne, by a regulation of the police, "all the unripe fruit that was brought to market was ordered to be given to the bears."

The *American Black Bear* is a finely pictured fellow. There is a beautiful trait of affection corroborated in the letter-press description. The pregnant females always conceal themselves; and this affords a satisfactory solution of the remarkable fact, that, to use the expression of Brickell, "no man, either Christian or Indian, ever killed a shebear with young." So true is this, that Dr. Richardson assures us that "after numerous inquiries among the Indians of Hudson's Bay, only one was found who had killed a pregnant bear."

We are not yet half through the volume, but must break off here—at *The American Bison,* by the way, a striking cut to remind us of noticing the remainder of the subjects, or, at least, the most singular of them. This task has cost us five or six hours, but we have been fascinated in our progress by the extreme beauty of the engravings, not forgetting the picturesqueness of the vignettes, or *tail*-pieces, as we must call them. Many of the illustrative facts are too, new and attractive; and we have thus to thank the editor, artists, and publisher for a very delightful evening's entertainment, the germs of which we have here attempted to convey to our readers.

LOUDON'S MAGAZINE.

The Number for the current month is extremely attractive. In a week or two we may give some corroborative specimens.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

A MALT-ESE MELODY.

BY CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ. XXX.

"Sobriety, cease to be sober,
Cease, Labour, to dig and be dirty;
Come drink—and drink deep; 'tis the tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and thirty!"
Oh! Horace, whose surname is Smith,
Whose stanza I've carved as you see,
The troubles and terrors we're now compassed with
Were, eighteen years since, sung by thee.

When a liquid, by millions held dear,
Becomes cheap, there is cause to repine;
For I feel that, if each man may sell his own beer,
I shall shortly be laid upon mine.
Even now, as I write it, my eye fills
With sorrow's sad essence of salt;
Revolutions in Malta are innocent trifles
To this revolution in malt!

Ten thousand let loose from their lairs,
  Stagger forth to effect our undoing;
And the press, predetermined to treat us as bears,
  Now issues a Treatise on Brewing.
The poets all bless the new law,
  And swallow their purl as they wink;
While artists, who usually drink when they draw,
  May now go and draw what they drink.

Yet each Blue should indignantly mark
  All those who this measure have planned;
For, strange though the issue must seem, the bright barque
  Of Landon may soon strike on land;
Hannah More, growing less, may be passed;
  While an earthquake may ruin our Hall;
Even Bowles, while at play, may meet rubbers at last,
  Since Porter has had such a fall!

The world may well laugh when it wins,
  And its mirth is the knell of our crimes;
Like the rest of the outs, we look up to the inns,
  For their signs are as signs of the times.
Who can say where calamity stops?
  Where hope puts an end to our cares?
Alas! we seem destined to carry our hops
  Where the kangaroos thrive upon theirs.

How sweet wert thou, sweetwort! until
  The tempest came growling so near;
Till ruthless Economy came with its bill,
  Like a vulture, and steeped it in beer.
Reduction's among the court-beauties,
  Just now; and there might be a plan,
As the Don and his Sancho are taking off duties,
  To take the Whole Duty off Man.

The nation seems caught in the net
  Where the foes of Mendicity lurk,
And fearing abuse, is determined to set
  The beer, like the beggars—to work.
It at least will supply us with cuts
  To the Tale of a Tub we must learn;
So that having long prospered and flourish'd on butts,
  We have now become butts in our turn.

From eagles we sink into bats,
  And flit round a desolate home;
While those of each firm who can roam from their vats,
  May visit thy Vatican, Rome!
And there, growing classic, we'll move
  Great Bacchus to back us alone;
Who, hating mean malt, may yet kindly approve
  This whine while he's drinking his own.

Yet this we must all of us feel,
  And while we admit it we weep,
The profession is far less select and genteel
  Since beer became vulgar and cheap.
But "I'm ill at these numbers"—they're o'er!
  Both pathos and bathos have fled;
The world, were I dead, would not want a Whit-more,
  For it knows that I'm not a Whit-bread!

Monthly Magazine.

THE FORGER.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

A GROOM, in plain livery, left a card at my house one afternoon during my absence, on which was the name "Mr. Gloucester, No. —, Regent-street;" and in pencil the words, "Will thank Dr. —— to call this evening." As my red-book was lying on the table at the time, I looked in it, from mere casual curiosity, to see whether the name of "Gloucester" appeared there—but it did not. I concluded, therefore, that my new patient must be a recent comer. About six o'clock that evening, I drove to Regent-street, sent in my card, and was presently ushered by the man-servant into a spacious apartment, somewhat showily furnished. The mild retiring sunlight of a July evening was diffused over the room; and ample crimson window-curtains, half drawn, mitigated the glare of the gilded picture-frames which hung in great numbers round the walls. There was a large round table in the middle of the room, covered with papers, magazines, books, cards, &c.; and, in a word, the whol aspect of things indicated the residence of a person of some fashion and fortune. On a side-table lay several pairs of boxing-gloves, foils, &c. &c. The object of my visit, Mr. Gloucester, was seated on an elegant ottoman, in a pensive posture, with his head leaning on his hand, which rested on the table. He was engaged with the newspaper when I was announced. He rose as I entered, politely handed to me a chair, and then resumed his seat on the ottoman. His countenance was rather pleasing—fresh-coloured, with regular features, and very light auburn hair, which was adjusted with a sort of careless fashionable negligence.

After some hurried expressions of civility, Mr. Gloucester informed me that he had sent for me on account of a deep depression of spirits, to which he was latterly subject. He proceeded to detail many of the symptoms of a disordered nervous system. He was tormented with vague apprehensions of impending calamity; could not divest himself of an unaccountable trepidation of manner, which, by attracting observation, seriously disconcerted him on many occasions; felt incessantly tempted to the commission of suicide; loathed society; disrelished his former scenes of amusement; had lost his appetite; passed restless nights, and was disturbed with appalling dreams. His pulse, tongue, countenance, &c. corroborated the above statement of his symptoms. I asked him whether any thing unpleasant had occurred in his family? Nothing of the kind. Disappointed in an *affaire du cœur?* Oh, no. Unsuccessful at play? By no means—he did not play. Well—had he *any* source of secret annoyance which could account for his present depression? He coloured, seemed embarrassed, and apparently hesitating whether or not he should communicate to me what weighed on his spirits. He, however, seemed determined to keep me in ignorance, and with some altera-

tion of manner, said, suddenly, that it was only a constitutional nervousness—his family were all so—and he wished to know whether it was in the power of medicine to relieve him. I replied that I would certainly do all that lay in my power, but that he must not expect any sudden and miraculous effect from the medicines I might prescribe;—that I saw clearly he had something on his mind which oppressed his spirits—that he ought to go into cheerful society—he sighed—seek change of air—that, he said, was, under circumstances, impossible. I rose to go. He gave me two guineas, and begged me to call the next evening. I left, not knowing what to make of him. To tell the plain truth, my suspicion was that he was neither more nor less than a systematic London sharper—a gamester—a hanger-on about town, and that he had sent for me in consequence of some of those sudden alternations of fortune to which the lives of such men are subject. I was by no means anxious for a prolonged attendance on him.

About the same time next evening I paid him a second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangling about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and conceited posture. A decanter or two, with some wine-glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but, with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him. "Good evening, doctor—good evening," said he in a low and hurried tone; "I am glad you are come, for if you had not, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. I'm deucedly low to-night."

"Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr. Gloucester?" I inquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. "In fact, doctor," he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro, "d—n me, if I know what's come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat." I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to *insanity* in his family—but it would not do. "He saw," he said, "what I was *driving at*," but I was "on a wrong scent."

"Come, come, doctor!—after all, there's nothing like *wine* for low spirits, is there? D—me, doctor, drink—drink. Only taste that claret"—and after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gulped down two glasses himself. There was a vulgar offensive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr. Gloucester; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprung towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumpled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly,—"Ha, ha, doctor—d—me!—this same little bit of paper—didn't see the *name*, eh? 'Tis the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I've just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn't be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand?" He stammered confusedly, directing to me as sudden and penetrating a glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his ruined dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allow me to put a few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Though there was nothing particular in it, Mr. Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mistaking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting: they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and—gracious God!—had a warrant to arrest Mr. Gloucester for FORGERY! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr. Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman—sud-

denly pressed his hand to his heart—turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

"Gentlemen—what—what—do you want here?"

"Isn't your name E—— T——?" asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

"N—o—my name is Glou—ces—ter," stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

"*Gloucester*, eh?—oh, d—me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy—caged at last, eh? We've been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here's your passport," said one of the officers pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the sofa.

(The officers convey him away. The doctor quits him.)

The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man "living in Regent Street, in first-rate style," who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months to a great amount, and with so much secresy and dexterity, as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had, for the last few months, been enjoying the produce of his skilful villany in the style I witnessed—passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of *Gloucester*. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for 45*l*. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey—the case clearly proved against him—he offered no defence—was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning, at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy annunciation of the recorder's visit to Windsor, and report to the king in council of the prisoners found guilty at the last Old Bailey Sessions—"all of whom," the paragraph concluded, "his majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except E—— T——, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning."

Transient, and any thing but agreeable, as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the life-bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering the few remaining hours of his life in the condemned cells of Newgate!—The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy:

"The chaplain of Newgate is earnestly resquested by E—— T—— (the young man sentenced to suffer for forgery next Tuesday morning), to present his humble respects to Dr. ——, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday). The unhappy convict, Mr. —— believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr. ——. Newgate, September 28th, 182—."

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me?—what unreasonable request might he put me to the pain of refusing?—ought I to see him at all?—were questions which I incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved, however, at last, to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagements prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine—for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehended much distress and agitation from witnessing so unusual a scene?—I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a turnkey to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr. Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for her peculiar dwelling-place! Who that has passed through them once can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages—the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind—the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison-patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss—and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape—inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing footfalls; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

St. Leonard's Monastery, Stamford.

THIS interesting relic of monastic times is described at some length in Mr. Drakard's valuable *History of Stamford*:—

The monastery of Black Monks, or Benedictines, dedicated to St. Leonard,* was situated about a quarter of a mile east of Stamford, near the river. The order was founded by St. Benedict,† and was brought into England in 596, by Austin. This building was begun about the year 658, at the same time with Peterborough Minster; but was finished somewhat earlier, and was the oldest conventual church in all South Mercia. It was founded by St. Wilfrid, the elder, who, being educated at Lincoln, gave it to the Benedictine monks of that city.

Wilfrid was born in the year 634, and displaying in his childhood an uncommon propensity to knowledge, he was sent, under the patronage of Eanfleda, wife to Oswi, King of the Northumbrians, to the convent of Lindisfarne, to be taught and educated. There he was the disciple of Cedda, a monk, who had been chamberlain to the king. After this, he travelled into Italy and Gaul, and at his return was made preceptor to Prince Alhfrid, Oswi's son. This prince, to reward his care and piety, gave him lands at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, to maintain a monastery of ten families. Here he erected the priory to the honour of St. Leonard. He afterwards founded a considerable monastery at Ripon, in Yorkshire. In 669, Wilfrid was consecrated Archbishop of York, and in 678, expelled from that see; but travelling the next year to Rome, on pleading his cause before Pope Agatho, he was acquitted and restored. In 691, he was again expelled; and in 703, taking another journey to Rome, and making his appeal to Pope John VI., he was a second time restored to his bishopric. He afterwards became possessed of some property at Oundle, where he died in 709.

In 1082, the monastery was rebuilt by William the Conqueror and William Kairliph, Bishop of Durham, who gave it to the priory and convent of that place.

The side aisles are both destroyed: these, when standing, made an extensive front, which, doubtless, was a beautiful specimen of workmanship. According to Mr. Peck, it was also twice its present length, and even then beyond the nave ascended the steeple, which

* St. Leonard, a Frenchman, born at Le Nans, was made bishop of Limousin, and obtained permission of the King to set all captives free whom he visited. He is, therefore, still looked upon as the patron of prisoners. He died about the year 570.

† St. Benedict was an Italian, and born at Mercia He is considered the father of all the monks in Europe and until the reign of William the Conqueror, his was the only order in the whole nation. Among other monkish legends it is said, that, when the Goths invaded Italy, and set fire to his cell, the flames burnt round him in a circle, and would not touch him; and that, being afterwards put into a hot oven, he still remained unhurt, his clothes not being even singed. He died March the 21st, 542.

was flanked by the cross aisles, and terminated by the choir. He concludes, therefore, that what is now standing is not a fifth part of the original building, although it is an extensive portion of the nave of the church. It measures thirty-three feet, and is much admired for its Norman door-way, which is composed of a central and two smaller side-arches, with pointed and dental mouldings, supported by clustered and open pillars. The windows are in the same style, and their narrowness, together with the painted glass they contained, would doubtless have rendered the interior of the building very gloomy and obscure, had not the great number of lamps, which were kept continually burning, afforded a substitute for the purer light of heaven. The door-way was repaired a few years since by the late Marquess of Exeter; but some parts of it are still in a mutilated state. At present, however, it exhibits enough to awaken the curiosity of the stranger, and also to excite the interest of the acute antiquary. This house was used as a cell to the monastery of Durham, and served as a nursery for young monks to study under their seniors; as a place of punishment for those who were banished from their principal houses; and also for the recess of eminent persons, who, being ill-treated by the king, pope, or their own monasteries, chose to leave them, and live here in retirement. For some reason of the latter description, this monastery became the residence of Sir Henry de Stamford, during the latter part of his life, which ended in 1320, and he was buried in the choir before the high altar. He is said to have been born on St. Leonard's day, elected bishop on St. Leonard's day, and buried in St. Leonard's church; and ancient superstition records, that, after his interment, a light was seen shining on his grave like a sunbeam.

St. Leonard's had the manor of Cuthbert's* fee, which belonged to the cathedral church of Durham (dedicated to the latter saint), as part of its possessions; but it paid 8*l.* per annum to the Abbot of Croyland.

It was valued at 25*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per annum by Dugdale, at 36*l.* by Rymer, and at 36*l.* 17*s.* by Speed; and was granted in the fifth of Edward VI. to Sir W. Cecil, by whose heirs it is still retained. The remains are now used as a storehouse for bark, and with the small manor adjoining, is still called St. Cuthbert's fee. Six stone coffins were dug up, about forty years ago, by a Mr. Ridlington, who levelled the hill before the north front of the mansion house: they were arranged alongside each other, and covered over, but dust was the only vestige of mortality which they contained.

* Cuthbert was Archbishop of Canterbury, and flourished about 750. He introduced burying in churches and churchyards, which before was not permitted.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRANCE.

The twelfth volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* consists of the first portion of a History of France, by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, whose name, by the way, has of late been attached to several novels of considerable graphic power. We wish Mr. Crowe well in his new vocation, and are even glad to see his time and talents directed from novel-writing to the more useful labour of condensing a national history. His taste will doubtless enable him to give a few touches to narratives of events which will relieve the occasionally unattractive style of history.

Criticism from us on this book is out of the question, and we do not affect to analyze its merits. All we do in these cases is to cut open the pages of the book, and glance at a few of the most striking events; for which we have great facility in the head-lines of all the *Cabinet* histories—each line denoting the contents of the page.

France is a fine field for the historian. Its annals are studded with splendid events. It abounds with episodes of a brilliant and stirring character. The present volume extends from the Merovingians and Carlovingians, A.D. 400, to the death of Henry IV. 1610—upwards of 1,200 years in less than 400 pages. The great events are, however, vividly, if not elaborately told; and their great names glitter over the pages like spear-heads in battle array. Only think of Charlemagne, the Crusades, St. Louis, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Orleans, Joan of Arc, Ravenna, Bayard, Francis I., Pavia, Condé, Guise, and the glittering reign of Henry IV.

We detach a few extracts, just to show the spirit with which characters are sketched, and events narrated:—

Joan of Arc.

"Joan of Arc was a native of Domremi on the Meuse, whose low condi-

tion, that of tending oxen, could not stifle an enthusiastic and devout temperament. Prophecies floated about the country that a virgin could alone rid France of her enemies. Similar prophecies respecting children and shepherds had prevailed during the crusades, but had not proved fortunate. At an early period these prophecies had fixed the attention of Joan. In her lonely way of life, her imaginative spirit dwelt on them; they became identified with her religious creed. During the state of ecstacy which devotion causes in persons of such sensitive and enthusiastic character, aught that flatters or exalts self is grasped with wild avidity; so closely is mortal baseness allied with our aspirations after immortality. It could not but occur to Joan, that she might be the object of these prophecies; it was but a short and flattering step for her credulity to suppose, to believe, that she was. The idea was bright and dazzling;—she gazed upon it;—it became the object of her constant meditation. When we see that ill success or contradictory events can seldom dissipate illusion in such cases, how strongly must her successes have confirmed hers! The prophecy too was one that realizes itself. To inspire confident hope of victory was the surest way to win it; and this she effected. Never, by human means alone, was miracle wrought more effectually or more naturally.

"Joan won first upon a knight to believe, at least not to contemn, the truth of her mission—which was to deliver France from the English, to raise the siege of Orleans, and bring Charles to be crowned at Rheims. Her credit soon extended from knights to nobles. Charles himself, in that crisis when men grasp at straws, still dreaded the ridicule of being credulous, and the danger of meddling with sorcery; a priest reassured him. The simple, modest, and pious conduct of Joan herself gained upon the monarch, and even upon his warriors. She was provided with armour, attendants, troops; and in this train entered Orleans. The besieged were elated beyond measure; the English, whom her fame had already reached, were proportionally cast down. Superstition was then the ruler of men's minds, the great dispenser of hope and fear; the immediate hand of Providence was seen in every event. The world did not comprehend, nor could it have been reconciled to, that long chain of causes and effects which separates, it might be said which exiles, us of this day from heaven, and renders the Deity, like his Platonic shadow, careless and uncognizant of human destinies.

"Joan soon sallied forth against the English intrenchments. Already, since the rumour of her presence, they had abandoned the offensive, and even allowed a convoy of provisions to enter the town between their posts. The inactivity of superstitious terror was attributed to Joan's magic influence, and became morally infectious. Suffolk was driven from each of his bastilles, or wooden towers, successively. A fort held by Sir William Gladesdale made the most stubborn resistance. In vain, for a day's space, did the flower of the French continually renew the assault. Joan herself led them, when she was transfixed by an arrow; she fell, and a woman's weakness for an instant showed itself;—she wept; but this paroxysm of sensibility was akin to that of devotion. Her visions came, her protector St. Michael appeared; and if we are to believe the testimony of the French knights, she got up and fought till the gallant Gladesdale was slain and his fort taken. The English immediately raised the siege. Joan, having accomplished so considerable a portion of her promises, would not allow the enemy to be pursued.

"The gratitude of Charles was proportionate to the benefits he had received. He no longer doubted the divine mission of his preserver. A fresh victory obtained over the English at Patay, in which Fastolffe showed a want of courage, and the gallant Talbot was made prisoner, greatly increased the confidence of Charles. Joan proposed to conduct him to be crowned at Rheims. It was distant: many strong towns, that of Troyes for example, intervened, all garrisoned by hostile troops. Still Joan prevailed and kept her word. Troyes surrendered, and Rheims also, where the coronation of Charles VII. fulfilled the mission of the maid of Orleans. Paris itself was next attacked; but this was too hardy an enterprise. Joan was wounded in an assault upon the gate and boulevard St. Honoré, and the French were obliged to retreat. The exploits of Joan were drawing to a term; she was herself aware, and hinted, that much longer time was not allowed her. She was taken by the English as she headed a *sortie* from Compeigne. Her capture was considered tantamount to a victory: it was one, however, replete with dishonour to the English. They bound and used every cruelty towards the hapless maid of Orleans; raised accusations of sorcery against her, whose

only crime was man's first duty, to make a religion of patriotism. With all the meanness and cruelty of inquisitors, they laid snares for her weakness, and employed every effort to shake her confidence in her own purity and virtue. She yielded a moment under their menaces and false promises, through exhaustion and hunger, but she always rallied back to courage, averred her holy mission, and defied her foes. She was burnt in the old market-place of Rouen, 'a blessed martyr' in her country's cause."

Death of Bayard.

"The spring of 1524 brought on an action, if the attack of one point can be called such, which proved decisive for the time. Bonnivet advanced rashly beyond the Tesino. The imperialists, commanded by four able generals, Launoi, Pescara, Bourbon, and Sforza, succeeded in almost cutting off his retreat. They at the same time refused Bonnivet's offer to engage. They hoped to weaken him by famine. The Swiss first murmured against the distress occasioned by want of precaution. They deserted across the river, and Bonnivet, thus abandoned, was obliged to make a precipitate and perilous retreat. A bridge was hastily flung across the Sessia, near Romagnano; and Bonnivet, with his best knights and gensdarmerie, undertook to defend the passage of the rest of the army. The imperialists, led on by Bourbon, made a furious attack. Bonnivet was wounded, and he gave his place to Bayard, who, never entrusted with a high command, was always chosen for that of a forlorn hope. The brave Vandenesse was soon killed; and Bayard himself received a gun-shot through the reins. The gallant chevalier, feeling his wound mortal, caused himself to be placed in a sitting posture beneath a tree, his face to the enemy, and his sword fixed in guise of a cross before him. The constable Bourbon, who led the imperialists, soon came up to the dying Bayard, and expressed his compassion. 'Weep not for me,' said the chevalier, 'but for thyself. I die in performing my duty; thou art betraying thine.'"

Francis I. made prisoner at the Battle of Pavia.

"Francis had received several wounds, one in the forehead; and his horse, struck with a ball in the head, reared, fell back, and crushed him with his weight: still Francis rose, and laid prostrate several of the enemies that rushed upon him. At this moment he was recognised by Pomperant, the only companion of Bourbon's flight. This gentleman sprang to his aid, fell an instant as if for pardon at the monarch's feet, and then rose to defend him. He at the same time counselled Francis to surrender, telling him that Bourbon was near. The king, enraged at the name, protested he would rather die than surrender to the traitor. Pomperant therefore sent for Lannoi, the viceroy of Naples, to whom Francis yielded his sword.

"Such was the signal defeat that put an end to all French conquests and claims in Italy. Francis wrote the following brief letter to his mother:—'All is lost, madam, save honour and life.' He was removed to the castle of Pizzighitone, till the emperor's pleasure should be known."

Duel between Jarnac and Chataigneraie.

"The famous duel between Jarnac and Chataigneraie, was the first striking event of Henry's reign. They had both been pages in the court of Francis I. Chataigneraie was a stout youth, given to quarrel, skilled at his weapon, and renowned for his hardihood: he excelled in those rude and martial exercises which the dauphin Henry loved, and was consequently a favourite with him. Jarnac, on the contrary, was a beau, given to gallantry, and fond of dress and elegance; a taste which he indulged to an extent beyond his apparent means. It happened that once in the society of Henry, Chataigneraie, contemning such taste, and such a mode of life, asked Jarnac, where he found resources for such expense? Jarnac replied, 'that although his father was liberal in his allowances, yet that he had obtained an increase of funds through his step-mother, with whom he had made himself a favourite.' This passed; but Chataigneraie construed the words of Jarnac into an insinuation that he enjoyed the favour of his step-mother in a criminal sense. He mentioned this to Henry, who repeated it to Diana of Poitiers. The calumny circulated in whispers, and at length reached the ears of Jarnac's father. The son was summoned. In horror he disavowed the crime, and succeeded in exculpating himself.—He followed this up by appearing before Francis in the presence of the court, and declaring, that whoever had given birth to such a report, 'lied in his throat.' The dauphin took this deadly insult to himself: he, however, could not come forward. The rude Chataigneraie did, and asserted, that he had heard Jarnac boast of having been too intimate with

his step-mother. A challenge, of course, was the consequence, and Francis was besought by the antagonists to appoint the field for a combat, the issue of which was to decide the guilt or innocence of Jarnac. Francis, however, forbade the duel, either averse to the absurd principle of judicial combat, or aware how much the imprudence of his son had been the occasion of the quarrel. —On Henry's accession Jarnac renewed his challenge and demand. The king consented—the lists were prepared at St. Germain—Henry and his court were witnesses. When the antagonists met in the enclosed field, the slender Jarnac seemed unable to resist the powerful Chataigneraie: he retired before his blows, covering himself with his buckler, until seizing an opportunity he wounded his adversary in the back of the leg, and completely disabled him. The victor, however, spared his adversary. Having in vain asked Chataigneraie to recall the calumnies that he had uttered, Jarnac advanced towards the monarch, and, by the usual courtesy of placing it at the sovereign's disposal, waved his right to his enemy's life. The fierce Chataigneraie scorned to be thus spared: he refused chirurgical aid; even tore his wounds open when they had been dressed, and died. Such was the judicial combat in which may be said to have originated the modern duel."

A SCANDINAVIAN VISION.

Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes, or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during all the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion Assueit, having been slain in battle.—The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom, in what was called the age of hills—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps, the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions, and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingless to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley, which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned a heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with the improvisatory poetic talent which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed, than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and

having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed.—The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the Vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.—*Scott's Demonology.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1830.

(From Galignani's Narrative.)

"THE mischief and loss of property at the Tuileries during the assault, amount to about 300,000 francs. Some precious articles, as Sevres vases, were seen tumbling out of the windows, along with feathers of most costly price, birds of Paradise, &c. Notwithstanding this, every thing considered, the palace escaped wonderfully well. A statue in silver, of Henry IV. while a boy, and a colossal statue of Peace, in silver, were not touched.

"Three Irishmen, connected with some iron-works near Paris, found it necessary to take shelter in a wine-shop, near the Louvre, at the moment when the whistling of the balls on all sides announced that the contest between the people and the soldiers, for the possession of that palace, was raging at its highest. They called for some wine, and the bottle was no sooner uncorked, and placed upon the table, than it was carried off by a bullet, entering obliquely from a corner window, and passing out at the one that was opposite. 'By the powers,' exclaimed Pat to his comrades, 'but it's time for us to be off; they are firing *grape*-shot.'

"One of the Royal Guards, during the hottest period of the combat, suddenly threw his musket to the ground, tore off his uniform, and with tears of rage and grief trampled them under his feet. The wretched man, in firing upon the people, had killed his own father!

"A National Guard, whose wife, alarmed for his safety, had secured him, as she hoped, by locks and bolts, hearing the sound of the tocsin, cautiously lowered his arms and accoutrements by a rope into the street, and then let himself down from the first floor, to join his brave companions.

"*Friday, Saturday, &c.*

"The remains of the victims of the bloody conflicts which took place at the Louvre and its vicinity on Thursday, were far too numerous to be interred that day, though *charettes* had been employed during the whole of the afternoon in that melancholy task, which was interrupted only by nightfall. About eighty bodies were left on the enclosed open space opposite the colonnade of the Louvre for the night, and it was resolved on the following morning, in consequence of the difficulty of finding room in the usual places of interment, that they should be buried upon the spot near to which they had so gloriously fallen. Two immense graves were therefore made near the Seine, where they were committed to the earth, and placed between two layers of quicklime. Here a young man perceiving the bloody and mangled body of his brother, threw himself upon it, uttering the most piercing cries. Having obtained a knife, he cut off a lock of hair, and then embracing the corpse, resigned it to the tomb. The citizens rendered the victims the honours due to soldiers and Christians. A discharge of musketry was fired over the grave, and the Abbé Paravey, a priest of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in his robes, consecrated the ground. Many of the inhabitants of Paris attended the ceremony, and threw flowers upon the graves, which have been since visited by hundreds, many of whom have

decked the rude cross which marks the place of interment, with garlands of amaranth *(immortelle,)* and such other memorials as humble affection can bestow. During the mournful ceremony above described, a barge, deeply laden, signalized by a black flag, might be seen slowly making its way along the river. This vessel was in strict unison with the melancholy grouping of the scene—it was freighted with the bodies of the dead, from other parts of the city, which were thus conveyed to their last earthly resting-place, at some distance from the capital. These martyrs of liberty proceeded to their destination unattended by the outward forms of general pomp or nodding plume. The time was too busy for the indulgence of grief, and their death was too glorious for regret; they will live for ever in the grateful remembrance of those whom they have freed. Nearly all the soldiery who fell were also carried in boats, and consigned to the grave a few miles from Paris.

"Some anecdotes have been related of the extraordinary courage evinced by females during the conflict, who actually took a part in its bloody scenes; but surely, not less praise is due to the hundreds of those who devoted themselves unremittingly to the generous and more feminine task of providing means of succour and relief for the wounded. Several of the Galleries of Paris, particularly those of Vivienne and Colbert, exhibited a touching spectacle, all the women in their little boutiques, or stalls, being incessantly occupied in preparing lint and bandages, and whatever else might contribute to the service, or mitigate the sufferings of their fellow-citizens. Never were the admirable and frequently quoted lines of Walter Scott so truly applicable:—

"'Oh! Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:—
When care and anguish wring the brow
A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU!'"

Fine Arts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Concluded from page 255.)

Music Room.—This apartment is sixty feet in length. It opens from the great drawing-room and into the picture gallery. It likewise communicates with the armory, from which the egress is by the flight of steps that joins the great staircase, as already described.

Before concluding our remarks on the general style of the state rooms, we should notice some of the details. The floors—for it is not intended that any carpet shall be used—are of inlaid woods of different colours, repeating the designs of the ceilings. The door-cases surpass in elegance every thing of the kind which we have seen in this country, and are even superior to the finest we have met with abroad. They are formed of statuary marble richly sculptured, and with different figures on several of them as large as life—some as caryatides. The cornices of these door-cases are ornamented with infant genii, cornucopias, and baskets of flowers. In their design and execution, these sculptures are not only exquisite specimens of art, but a classic feeling pervades them of a very refined character. Hitherto, in this country, sculptural ornament has been principally, if not entirely, confined to chimney-pieces; in this palace, however, not only are the door-cases and chimney-pieces noble examples of sculpture, but historical or allegorical bas-reliefs, executed by the first talent in the country, are to adorn compartments in all the state rooms.

The general effect of these rooms is in accordance with the style and character of the building itself. Greatness is not attempted, but ornamented elegance is carried to its utmost extent. Grandeur is not wanting; but magnitude in the parts certainly is, owing to the circumstance of the building having been originally designed, not for a palace of state, but only as a residence for the King; and yet it is a vast pile. Had the front been expanded in a straight line, instead of being a hollow square, it would, without containing more accommodation, have presented a façade more than four times the extent of that of the Register Office in Edinburgh.

The great beauty of Buckingham Palace is the impress of nationality which it exhibits: all the ornaments, as will be seen by the descriptive catalogue of the sculptures, have been formed to gratify the national predilections, and executed with the highest skill and taste which the age affords, as the names of the artists employed on them will verify.

One thing we had almost forgotten—the *Chapel.* It is formed of the octagon apartment of the library of George III. We have no doubt, when finished, that it will be one of the finest things for its extent in the whole world, inasmuch as the compartments of the walls are to be adorned with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court. But we take

leave to protest against this removal, and forbid his Majesty to attempt it. Being, however, of his council in matters of taste, we advise his Majesty to give orders to the painters of his own time to prepare pictures that shall, if possible, equal, if not excel, the cartoons. The age does not require that the old Penates of the palaces of other kings should be removed to ornament an edifice of this time, which ought to exhibit the actual state of the arts. Let the cartoons remain where they are, in their own special gallery. Nothing that has not been formed in his Majesty's own time, or by his orders, should be allowed to come within the walls of Buckingham Palace. We can easily appreciate the feelings which dictated the order for the removal of the cartoons, but we think it would be as well were it re-considered.

Buckingham Palace, besides being a residence for the King, contains several private houses of an elegant description, viz. a residence for an heir apparent, houses for the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, and two other houses which have not yet been appropriated. It is not, however, our object to describe the details, but only those parts in which the splendour of the building may be said to be concentrated; and therefore we shall merely add, that the principal front, in an architectural sense, is that which looks into the garden. It is three hundred and forty-five feet in length, consisting of five highly-ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular, and surmounted by the dome. A terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between two conservatories in the form of Ionic pavilions, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base, that augments the apparent strength and grandeur.

It had almost escaped us to observe, that the meanness of the entrance for the public on gala days to the sovereign, although it be but temporary, is yet such that it ought not to remain. The exterior towards Pimlico is neat enough, and would do passably for a private gentleman's house; but the moment the door opens, it presents a lobby not more respectable than that of an ordinary inn, and is, besides, very awkward. Two or three steps are to be ascended to reach a platform; from this platform, of some twenty or twenty-five feet in extent, the descent to the corridor is by an equal number of steps: thus literally fulfilling, in going to see the King, what the old song says—

"Up stairs and down stairs, into my lady's chamber."

CATALOGUE OF SCULPTURES.

Having described the triumphal arch, we shall not revert to it here, but confine ourselves to those details which are distributed over the Palace.

North Wing.—The three statues on the portico represent Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey.—The tympanum exhibits the Arts and Sciences; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. The frieze under the portico exhibits the emblems of the four Seasons; designed and executed by Rossi.

South Wing.—The three statues on the portico represent Astronomy, Geography, and History; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the Muses; designed and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits Britannia distributing rewards to the Arts and Sciences, as they are presented by Minerva and Apollo; designed and executed by Bailey.

Main Front to the Court.—The statues on the portico are Neptune, Commerce, and Navigation; designed and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the triumph of Britannia on the waves; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits the progress of navigation in compartments. 1st. The birth of navigation, as an infant within the lotus. 2nd. The Genius contemplating the nautilus. 3rd. The Genius in a boat, holding a sail in his hands, and proceeding before the wind. 4th. The Genius in a boat, with a mast and yard, to which the sail is fixed. 5th. The forging of the anchor by two genii. 6th. The Genius in a boat on the open sea, sailing by the compass, which he holds in his hand. This allegory is very prettily told; but there should have been a seventh compartment, representing the Genius in a steam-boat. The design is by Westmacott, and executed by Carew.

Garden Front.—The dome is surrounded by statues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Hope, and Charity; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. On the one side is Alfred expelling the Danes, in bas-relief, consisting of thirty figures; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott; and, on the other, Alfred delivering the laws, consisting of twenty figures, also designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott. These two fine compositions are intended to repre-

sent the final establishment of the English monarchy.

Entrance Hall.—Twenty-two statues are to be the ornaments of this apartment.

Staircase.—It contains four large bas-reliefs, descriptive of the Seasons; designed by Stoddart, and modelled by his son. It is also to contain four groups, one in each angle.

Throne Room.—Bas-reliefs, all relating to the battle of Bosworth Field; designed by Stoddart, and executed by Bailey. It was by that event that the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne.

North Drawing Room.—Twelve compartments, representing the progress of Pleasure; designed and executed by Pitts.

Bow Room.—Bas-reliefs of Harmony, Pleasure, and Elocution; designed and executed by Pitts.

South Room.—To be ornamented with designs by Stoddart.

The sculptures of the chimney-pieces and door-cases would form too long a catalogue for our limits; we therefore conclude by remarking, that the names of the artists are an assurance that the best talent in the country is employed: viz.—Bailey, Westmacott, Westmacott junior, Carew, Pitts, Wyatt, Sievier, Rossi, Thealestor, Chantrey, Behnes, and Stoddart, junior.—*Frazer's Mag.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Rabelais, son of an apothecary.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook.

Moliere, son of a tapestry maker.

Cervantes served *as* a common soldier.

Homer was a beggar.

Hesiod was the son of a small farmer.

Demosthenes, of a cutler.

Terence was a slave.

Richardson was a printer.

Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer.

Howard, an apprentice to a grocer.

Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen-draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Whitfield, son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, rear-admiral of England, was apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin-boy.

Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Neibuhr was a peasant.

Thomas Paine, son of a staymaker at Thetford.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Halley was the son of a soap-boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at Ashby de la Zouch.

William Hogarth was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots.

Dr. Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar.

Lucian was the son of a statuary. Virgil, of a potter. Horace of a shopkeeper. Plautus, a baker.

Shakspeare, the son of a woolstapler.

Milton of a money-scrivener.

Cowley, son of a hatter.

Mallett rose from poverty.

Pope, the son of a merchant.

Gay was apprentice to a silk mercer.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was son of a bookseller at Litchfield.

Akenside, son of a butcher at Newcastle.

Collins, son of a hatter.

Samuel Butler, son of a farmer.

Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer.

Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.

Thomas Chatterton, son of the sexton of Redcliffe Church, Bristol.

Thomas Gray was the son of a money scrivener.

Matthew Prior, son of a joiner in London.

Henry Kirke White, son of a butcher at Nottingham.

Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers.

Addison, Goldsmith, Otway, and Canning, were sons of clergymen.

Porson, son of a parish-clerk.

M. W.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a dandy like a joint of venison? Because he is a bit of a buck.

What key is the best for a Christmas box? A tur*key*.

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OF

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Sion.

It is pleasant to turn from the "hubble, bubble, toil, and trouble" of a distracted world, and enjoy the delightful repose of such a scene as the above. Its harmony and sublimity enchant and astound us; and its simple romance throws into the shade all the machinery of "life's dull round."

Sion is the chief place of the Haut Valais, in the Great Valley of the Rhone, in the Route of the Simplon, from Geneva to Milan. It is situated on the right bank of the Rhone, in a beautiful plain. At the commencement of the Valley, the road is bordered by sterile rocks and mountains; but the face of the country soon changes, displaying pasturages, vineyards, villages, rivers, picturesque ruins of ancient castles, and distant Alps blanched with eternal snow.

The town was anciently Sedunum, and in German Sitten, from its being partly on the river Sitten, as well as on the Rhone. When the Romans penetrated for the first time into Helvetia, it would appear that Sion was already a considerable place, since they assigned its name to the inhabitants of the whole valley. These people gave battle to the Romans near Octodurum; but, being defeated by Galba, they were obliged to submit to the Roman yoke. The conquerors erected strong castles at Sion, from which they were driven by the Burgundinians, in the fifth century.

Sion is one of the most ancient episcopal sees in Switzerland; for that founded at Martigny, or Octodurum, in the fourth century, was transferred in the sixth to Sion. During the second half of the fourteenth century, this place was several times besieged, taken, and reduced to ashes. It had to sustain two more sieges in the course of the following century. In 1788 it was almost entirely consumed by a tremendous con-

flagration, and in 1799 taken by assault by the French.

The town stands on the declivity of three hills, each crowned by a castle. In the lowest of these castles, called Majorie, the bishop resides; there too the diet of the deputies of all the parishes of the Valais assembles. The second castle, named Valerie, is said to have been fortified in the time of the Romans. The most elevated, known by the appellation of Tourbillon, contained a collection of portraits of all the bishops of Sion from the institution of the see; but down to the end of the thirteenth century they appeared to be only imaginary. These portraits were destroyed some years since by a fire that consumed the building, which is now in ruins. Between the town and the Sanetsch, upon rocks of very difficult access, are seen the ruins of the castles of Seon and Montorges. It was at the former that Baron Anthony de la Tour Chatillon threw, in 1375, from the top of the rocks, his uncle Guichard de Tavelli, a prelate universally respected, who had for twenty-two years filled the episcopal see, because the venerable old man opposed certain pretensions set up by his nephew. To punish this atrocious outrage, the Valaisans destroyed the baron's castles at Ayant, Gradetz, and Chatillon, near Rarogne; and they at length expelled him from the country, after defeating him and several other nobles of the Valais in a sanguinary engagement, between St. Leonhard and Sion. His friend, the powerful Thüring de Brandis, of the Simmenthal, declared war against them, and penetrated into their country in 1377; but his troops were routed with dreadful slaughter, and he was himself numbered among the slain.

The captain-general, Guichard de Raron, had so far incensed the minds of his fellow-citizens, that they banished him by the species of ostracism called *matze*: after which he obtained assistance from the dukes of Savoy and the city of Berne against them. His nephew, Bishop William de Raron, was nevertheless besieged by the Valaisans, in the castle of Seon, with Guichard's wife and children, whom he had left behind there, together with his most valuable effects. After granting free egress to the besieged, the Valaisans burned the castle, and likewise those of Montorges, Majorie, and Tourbillon.

In 1475, they gained a signal victory over the Savoyards near Sion, and in consequence made themselves masters of the whole of the Lower Valais.

Among other edifices and public establishments at Sion are some convents, such as that of the Capuchins, founded in 1601; a gymnasium, which has succeeded the former Jesuits' college, established in 1734; the episcopal chapter, consisting of twenty-seven canons, effective and titular; the town-house, the hospital, and six churches.

The eye commands magnificent views from the three castles of the town; there are pleasant walks between its walls and the Rhone, as well as on the other side of the river, upon the beautiful hills in front of Sion, on which are seen a great number of summer residences and picturesque spots. Opposite to the town appears a curious hermitage, situated in the parish of Bremis, and consisting of a church, a cloister, and several cells, cut out of the solid rock. This hermitage, erected in the sixteenth century, was originally a convent of Cordeliers: it is now inhabited by a single hermit.

French and German are very generally spoken at Sion. The heat there in summer is almost intolerable, Reaumur's thermometer often rising to 24° in the shade. When exposed to the sun upon the rocks, it rises to 38°, or even so high as 48°.*

On the southern slope of the hill of Tourbillon the inhabitants cultivate saffron, but the whole crop belongs to the bishop.

In Sion the traveller will see a race of afflicted creatures, called *cretins*, deaf, dumb, stupid, and almost insensible to blows: they have *goîtres* (large swellings from the throat), hanging down to their waists; and they display no appearance of reason, but great activity with regard to their corporeal wants.

The cause of *goître* has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It has been attributed to drinking dissolved ice and snow; but this is not well supported. Mrs. Starke says—"Women who carry heavy burdens on their heads are generally afflicted with this malady; not only in the neighbourhood of the Alps, but elsewhere, the height of the mountains being comparatively moderate, and probably, therefore, goitrous swellings may sometimes originate from a strain, given to the throat by an overburden carried on the head."

Mr. Murray tells us that he has seen a *goître* so monstrous, that it required to be put up in a sack, and cast over the shoulders, not to impede a person in walking.

* Reaumur 20° equal to 85 Fahrenheit; 38° R. —110 F.—48° R.—130 F.

THE TITLE "ESQUIRE."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

ESQUIRES in law, and properly so called, are the sons of all peers and lords of parliament; (*a*) the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession; (*b*) all the noblemen of other nations, and Scotch and Irish peers, if they be not knights; (*c*) the eldest sons of baronets; (*d*) the eldest sons of knights, (*e*) and their eldest sons for ever; (*f*) esquires created expressly, with a collar of SS. and spurs of silver, (*g*) of which at present there are none; persons to whom the king gives arms by letters patent, with the title esquire, and their eldest sons for ever; (*h*) esquires of knights of the bath, each of whom formerly constituted *two* at his installation; (*i*) but the number is now *three*, for by the statutes of the order of the Bath, sec. 15th, 23rd May, 2 Geo. I. at which time the order was revived; each knight is required to have at his installation one young esquire and two esquire's governors, all of whom have the same rights and advantages as gentlemen of the privy chamber;—and the same section confers on the eldest sons of these esquires, the title of esquire also;—barristers at law, by their office or profession; (*j*) justices of the peace while in the commission, but not justices of corporate towns; (*k*) persons chosen esquires of the body of the prince, of which at present there are none; (*l*) persons attending upon the king's coronation in some employment, or persons employed in any superior office in the kingdom, or serving in some place of better note in the king's household. (*m*) All who bear office or trust under the crown, and who are styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments, being once honoured by the king with the title of esquire, have a right to that distinction for life. (*n*) These distinctions are now almost totally disregarded; and all gentlemen are generally called esquires, both in correspondence and in deeds; except solicitors and attorneys, who, in the course of business, are called "gentlemen." WILLIAM ANGHOS.

(*a*) 2. Inst. 667.
(*b*) Doderidge's Nobility, 144.
(*c*) 3. Selden's Works, 848.
(*d*) Cowel's Interpreter *Esquier*.
(*e*) Wood's Inst. 45, 18th edit.
(*f*) Doderidge's Nobility, 144.
(*g*) Spelman's Glossary, *verbo Armigeri*.
(*h*) Selden's Titles of Hon. 343.
(*i*) Stow's Annals, 899.
(*j*) Spelman and Cowel *ut supra*.
(*k*) Cowel *ut supra*.
(*l*) Selden's Titles of Hon 342.
(*m*) Ibid. 343.
(*n*) 1. Blackstone's Commentaries, Christian's note (19).

THE VISION OF ROMULUS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

Scene, Rome—the Palatine Hill.—Romulus and Soothsayers.

ROM.—Are ye prepared to show me what I sought,
The promis'd vision of our Rome's hereafter?
Ye told me she should be, in ages long to come,
A mighty city, and the warlike head
Of many nations—that her posterity,
Descended from the proud and glorious list
Of Troy's old heroes and the Alban line,
Should long lord o'er the empire of the earth!
Are ye prepar'd?

SOOTH.—Show. *(The Vision appears.)*

ROM.—The first a legislator king appears,
A fit successor to a city's founder;
Laws are the bonds which link society.
A martial monarch next—a warrior now
Who strengthens our strong city's avenues.
The next completes the senate, and uprears
That which to Fame shall long be near akin
A capitol! Another—and a last
That wears a crown—Ambition blights him—
Revolt expels him—and a Brutus' tongue
Tells Rome that she is free!
On fallen monarchies republics rise;—
I see a Consulate—Dictators now—
Tribunes, Decemvirs, and Triumvirs wheel
Successively the imperial engine of the state.
'Twould take an age to speak the things that now
Are passing. Hold! A mighty day is dawning.
A demi-god, they call him Cæsar, reigns.
O brilliant epoch! O amazing man!
Victorious in a hundred battles!
Ambition wrecks his fortune 'Tis a fiend
That lures to all destruction. Ay, a crown
They offer him; but ere the gift's accepted,
He falls and dies! Another Brutus struck—
A second, and a nobler than the first!
Again bland Liberty lifts high her head,
And her red torches light the sons of Rome.
A nation's birthright is her children's freedom!
Supernal Jove! Thou king of gods and men!
This Brutus is an emblem of thyself,
A man in body, but a god in mind.
They vanquish Brutus. Freedom's torch expires
With that great man. Still—still her glories brighten
Old Rome of stone is now to marble chang'd.
O'er every land the second Cæsar sways!
North, south, east, west, the world—the world is ours!
And all the earth's at peace. Triumphant now
Art, science, luxury—Augustus reigns!
An age of bards and orators. Demosthenes
And blind Mionides, the classic lore
Of ancient Greece her sages reverence
And emulate—they raise up monuments,
Which to the end of time shall speak their might,
And tell to unborn ages whom they were.
A third imperious Cæsar fills the throne—
A fourth—a fifth—a sixth, incarnate fiend!
The city blazes—he looks calmly on—
No more, no more—remove the horrid sight!
The monster seated on a distant tower
Gluts on the conflagration. Heav'n and earth,
He burns his subjects and his city!
So Hell's grim king from his dark throne deride

The everlasting tortures of the damn'd.
Let me look on; twelve Cæsars close their line.
The emperors still move on—distinguish'd two
Who bear the name Aurelius Antoninus!
Yet, yet the purple and the crowned heads appear,
And now a Constantine! What next? A flood
O'erflows fair Italy. Away! Remove
The spectral glass!—enough!—your tale is told.
I'll see no more!

SOOTH.—Forget. CYMBELINE.

NEWSPAPERS.*

(For the Mirror.)

IT appears from Suetonius that a species of journal, or newspaper, was first used among the Romans, during the government of Julius Cæsar, who ordered that the acts and harangues of the senators should be copied out and published, as our parliamentary debates are printed, for the benefit of the public, at the present day. These publications were called the *Diurna acta—(vide Suetonium in vitâ Cæsaris).* This practice was continued till the time of Augustus, who discontinued it—*(vide Suetonium in vitâ Augusti).*

The custom was, however, resumed in the reign of Tiberius; and Tacitus mentions Junius Rusticus, as the person appointed by that prince, to write out the "acta diurna."

"Fuit in senatu Junius Rusticus componendis patrum *actis* delectus a Cæsare."—Tacit Annal. b. 5, c. 4.

After this period the *acta* communicated more extensive information, and announced the proceedings of the courts of justice, public assemblies, births, marriages, funerals, &c. and were in many respects extremely similar to our newspapers. It is impossible to doubt this from the very clear manner in which Tacitus speaks on this subject.—Annal. b. 13, c. 31.

"Nerone secundum, L. Pisone consulibus, pauca, memoriâ digne evenêre, nisi cui libeat, laudandis fundamentis et trabibus, quis molem amphitheatri apud campum martis Cæsar exstruxerat, volumina implere; cum ex dignitate Populi Romani repertum sit res illustres annalibus, *talia diurnis urbis actis mandare.*†

* In the second consulate of Nero, whose colleague was L. Piso, nothing occurred worthy of record, except an author would fill his volumes with a description of the foundations and pillars of an amphitheatre which the emperor built in the Campus Martius; *but things of this kind are fitter to be inserted in the daily papers of the city,* than in annals where the dignity of the Roman people allow nothing to be recorded but events of importance.

† A few of these facts have probably before appeared in the *Mirror*, but to strike such out, would make this paper incomplete.

The title *gazetta,* which was applied to a paper that came out every month, under the sanction of the Venetian Government, is supposed by some to be derived from *gazetta,* a small piece of Italian money, which, according to some authors, is stated to be the price of the newspapers; but I am rather inclined to believe that it was the price demanded for being allowed to read them; for it is very well known, that such was the jealousy of the Venetian government, that for a very long time after the invention of printing, their papers continued to be distributed in manuscript. There are some etymologists, who are for deriving it from the Latin *gaza,* which would calloquially lengthen into *gazetta,* and signify a little treasury of news. The Spaniards also derive it from the Latin *gaza,* and likewise their *gazatero,* and our *gazetteer* for a writer of news; and, what is peculiar to themselves, *gazetista,* for a lover of news. And again, there are others who suppose it to be derived from *gazzera,* a magpie or chatterer.

In the Magliabechian Library, at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettes, all in manuscript.

Other states soon followed the example set them by that of Venice; and from a few trifling journals of government proceedings, they have increased in size and number to their present formidable body, which, like the stems of the Bannian tree, continue to grow both in number and strength.

Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians *menanti;* because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by these loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of *menantes,* from the Latin *minantes,* threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian *menare,* which signifies to lead at large, or spread afar.

In the more early times, our chief nobility had correspondents abroad, on purpose to write what were called "Letters of News."

Gazettes were first introduced in Venice, about the year 1600; in France, by Renaudot, a physician, 1631; in Leipsig, 1715; in Amsterdam, 1732; at the Hague, 1735; at Cologne, 1756; Courier of the Lower Rhine, 1764.

With regard to the English newspapers, the earliest is entituled "The English Mercurie," and was printed at London, 1588, at the time when the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel. These were directed by the

skilful policy of that great statesman, Burleigh, to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The first one, in the library of the British Museum, is marked No. 50, and dated from Whitehall, on July 23, 1588. It should be noticed, however, that these were only extraordinary gazettes, and not regularly published. There is also in the same library a curious collection of newspapers from 1623 to 1745, in 115 volumes, folio and quarto.

The first number of the London Gazette was published November 7, 1665. It was first called the Oxford Gazette, from the first 454 numbers being published in that city, during a session of parliament held there on account of the plague: of which paper the corporation of London possess a perfect series, from the commencement up to the present time—I believe the only one in existence. The copy in the British Museum is perfect only up to 1732.

A newspaper called "The Weekly Courant" was published in 1622. During the civil war, several periodical papers were published by the contending parties, under the titles of Mercuries. "The Mercurius Anglicus," which was written by Sir John Birkenhead and Dr. Peter Heylyn, on the part of the king, came out as early as the year 1642, and was continued for several years.—On the side of the parliament, was published, "The Mercurius Britannicus." This also had a long run. There were also two others, entitled, "Mercurius Pragmaticus" and "Mercurius Melancholicus," both of which came out in 1647. There is a collection of them in the library of All Souls' College, Oxford. There also appeared "Mercurius Propheticus," 1643; "Mercurius Rusticus," 1646; "Mercurius Catholicus," and "Mercurius Poeticus," both in 1648; "Mercurius Politicus," 1656; "Mercurius Insanus Insanissimus," and one of them in 1644, under the odd title of "Mercurius Fumigicsus, or the Smoking Nocturnal." "The Mercurius Militarius, or the People's Scout," was published in 1649.

In 1650, a paper appeared under the title of "The Public Advertiser Weekly Communication to the whole Nation, of the several occasions of all persons connected in buying, selling, employments, dealings, &c. according to the interest of the office of public advice, newly set up in London and Westminster." This was the first advertising paper.

"The Public Intelligencer" commenced August 31, 1661; and was edited by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

There is a curious collection of newspapers, which were published during the reign of Charles I., the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and part of the reign of Charles II., from 1641 to 1664, deposited in the library of the city of London.

To the foregoing list may be added divers *Weekly Newsbooks*, which appeared during the civil wars of the usurper Cromwell, under the titles of "The Scot's Dove," opposed to "The Parliamentary Kite," or "The Secret Owl;" "Heraclitus Ridens," opposed by "Democritus Ridens;" "The Weekly Discoverer," which was met by "The Discoverer Stripped Naked;" and "The Mercurius Britannicus," which was assailed by "Mercurius Mastix, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and others," cum multis aliis.

After the Revolution, the first daily paper was called "The Orange Intelligencer; and from thence to 1692, there were twenty-six papers.

In 1696, there were nine weekly, and one daily paper. In 1709, there were eighteen weekly, and "The London Courant," a daily paper.

At the sale of the library of John Towneley, Esq. which took place in 1815, a collection of "The London Gazette," from its commencement in 1665, to 1756 inclusive, 46 volumes, sold for 23*l.* 10*s.*

At the Marquess of Lansdowne's sale, in 1806, "The London Gazette," from the beginning to 1692 inclusive, 73 vols. produced 84*l.*; and a collection of various newspapers, during the grand rebellion and Interregnum, 16 vols. 4to. sold for 31*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

"The Old Whig, or the Consistent Protestant," dated Thursday, 21st of March, 1736-7, has a leading article, in the shape of a discourse, on the liberty of the press, which it lustily defends from that which I believe it was as little exposed to in 1636-7, as it is at the present day—viz. a censorship. The editor apologizes for omitting *the news* in his last, on account of "Mr. Foster's reply to Dr. Stebbing." What would be said of a similar excuse now a days? It is somewhat remarkable, that although the parliament was sitting at the time when this number of "The Old Whig" was published, yet it does not contain one line of debate. I suppose this came under the term *news*, for the omission of which the above excuse was made.

The divers anecdotes relating to these

periodicals present us with very amusing pictures of the different *times* at which they were published; and, were it not that the narrative of them would occupy too long a time, might excite some laughter.

But I am sorry to add that papers, instead "of acquainting every individual with *the true state of the nation,*"* have too often degenerated into mere receptacles of party malice, and machines for echoing to the farthest ends of the kingdom the insolent voice of faction.

Before I take my leave of this long dissertation on *news*, it may not be amiss to add the following caution: Let the greatest part of what thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true. JNO. F—RS—Y—TH.

* De Lolme, chap xii.

Notes of a Reader.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

FEW young persons visit France without acknowledging the general inefficiency of the school method of teaching the French language. This has mainly resulted from the tutor's neglect to draw the attention of the pupil to the most important points of difference between the French and English languages; and to a want of its progressive illustration in a simplifying plan. Before our renewed intercourse with France, the language of that country was even taught more as a dead, than as a living language; hence, it is not uncommon to hear adults estimate their "school French" at a very low rate.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject by "a Guide to the French Language," or, as the author, Mr. J. Maurois, quaintly calls it, "Theory and Practice." M. Maurois' plan has one great recommendatory feature—simplicity.—Thus, "in place of Exercises upon the Rules of the Language, the writing of which occupies much time, he has substituted phrases in a pure and familiar style, by means of which he conceives the rules will be completely elucidated, and the loss of time incurred in misconception entirely obviated."

Persons at all acquainted with the French language will easily understand the advantages of his system. Thus, among his Contents are, "De not *du, de, la, des;*" "where the article is required;" "by and then expressed by *de;*" "*it and them* not expressed by *en*, *it and them* expressed by *lui, leur, y;*" "*mon, ma, mes*, not my." The examples of *ceci, cela, ce qui, celui, celle, celui-ci, celui-là, celui qui*, &c. "*tout*, with all its various constructions," &c.

M. Maurois' volume is accompanied by a *Cahier*, or Exercise Copy-book, with the English printed, and blank lines left for the pupil to fill in with the French. In these exercises the English and French idioms are clearly designated.

To enter further into the System would occupy too much space. We may, however, remark, that M. Maurois's literal translations of idiomatical expressions are extremely useful as well as amusing: for instance—"J'aimerais à y aller, mais il y a un peu trop loin pour aller à pied" (p. 385)—*I should like to there go, but it there has a little too far for go at foot.* Again—*I have heard that your sister was* HERSELF *to marry*—(rather strange to an English ear, but perfectly correct in French): "J'ai entendu que votre sœur devait se marier" (p. 389.) As we have known the rapid improvement made by means of the plain system adopted by Mons. Maurois, we can speak with greater confidence of its merits; and we further recommend pupils in any language to accustom themselves to *think* in the language they are learning, as well as to read it *aloud.*

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE: OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

By John Timbs, Editor of "Laconics; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors."

THIS is the first portion of an attempt to simplify science, or rather to trace effects which we witness every hour, to scientific principles; or, in common parlance, to ascertain their *Why and Because*, and reduce it to plain and popular terms.

The present Part is devoted to *Domestic Science*, or the phenomena that occur in parlour, kitchen, chamber, and hall. Thus, among the subjects are fires, effects of heat, evaporation, water, boiling, bread-making, brewing, wine-making, spirits, vinegar, fish, fruit, vegetables, spices, clothing, cleaning, lamps and candles, clocks and watches, &c. Each question begins *Why*—and the answer *Because;* and of these there are upwards of 400. We quote a few specimens:—

Fires.

Why does water thrown on a brisk

and flaming fire apparently increase the combustion?

Because the water is converted into steam, which expanding and mixing with the flame, causes it to spread out into a much larger volume than it otherwise would have occupied.

Why does sunshine extinguish a fire?

Because the rays engage the oxygen which had hitherto supported the fire.

Why does a fire burn briskly and clearly in cold weather?

Because the air being more dense, affords more nourishment to the fire.

Why does a poker laid across a dull fire revive it?

Because the poker receives and concentrates the heat, and causes a draught through the fire.

Effects of Heat.

Why do we stick a pin in a rush-light to extinguish it?

Because the pin conducts away so much heat that the tallow will not melt, or rise in the wick.

Why does the heater of a tea-urn soon change when placed near the water?

Because it parts with its heat to the water, until both are of the same temperature.

Why are meat screens lined with tin?

Because the polished metal reflects the heat upon the roasting meat, and thus expedites the cooking, independently of the screen itself protecting the joint from currents of air. On this account, screens, entirely of tin, are calculated for expeditious cookery.

Why is a harp or piano-forte, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, not perfectly in tune when a crowded evening party has heated the room?

Because the expansion of the strings is greater than that of the wooden frame work; and in cold the reverse will happen.—*Arnott.*

Why does a gate in an iron railing shut loosely and easily in a cold day, and stick in a warm one?

Because in the latter there is a greater expansion of the gate and railing than of the earth on which they are placed.

Why are thin glass tumblers less liable to be broken by boiling water, than thick ones?

Because the heat pervades the thin vessels almost instantly, and with impunity, whereas thicker ones do not allow a ready passage of heat.

Why does straw or flannel prevent the freezing of water in pipes during winter?

Because it is a slow conducting screen or covering, and thus prevents heat passing out of the pipe. By the same means the heat is restrained in steam pipes.

Why have some houses double windows?

Because the air inclosed between the two windows greatly prevents the escape of heat which is produced within the house in winter. Thus, air is an imperfect conductor of heat. Houses which have double windows are likewise more quiet than others, from the air being also a bad conductor of sound.

Evaporation.

Why is profuse perspiration so cooling to labouring men, and all evaporation productive of cold?

Because of the necessity of a large quantity of caloric being combined with fluids, to convert them into vapour or gas.

Why do persons take cold by sitting in wet clothes?

Because they suddenly lose a large portion of heat, which is carried off from the body by the evaporation of the water from the clothes.

Why, in hot countries, do persons continually throw water on curtains which there form the sides of apartments?

Because the evaporation of the water absorbs a vast deal of heat, and makes the apartments cool and refreshing.

Why does the sulphuric acid in fire bottles so often fail in igniting the matches?

Because the acid is continually attracting moisture from the air, owing to the imperfect manner of closing the bottles.

Boiling.

Why should the bottom of a tea-kettle be black, and the top polished?

Because the bottom has to absorb heat, which is aided by rough and blackened surfaces; and the top has to retain heat, which is ensured by polished ones.

Why is a crust so frequently seen on the insides of tea-kettles and boilers?

Because of the hard water boiled in them, which holds in solution carbonate of lime, but being long boiled, the latter is no longer soluble, and becomes precipitated.

Why is water, when boiled, mawkish and insipid?

Because the gases which it contained have been expelled by boiling.

Why is hard water by boiling brought nearly to the state of soft?

Because it is freed from its gases; and its earthy salts and substances, by which its hardness was produced, are precipitated.

Why is it wasteful to put fuel under a boiling pot, with the hope of making the water hotter?

Because the water can only boil, and it does so at 212 deg. of the thermometer.

Ale.

Why was paleness in ales formerly much prized?

Because they were intended thus to imitate the white wines of the continent.

Why do brewers put crabs' claws, egg-shells, &c. into their spring-brewed ales?

Because of the power of those articles to absorb the first germs of the acid fermentation.

Why is strong ale improved by bottling?

Because it retains good body, and unaltered saccharine matter enough, to permit a slow and long-continued fermentation; during which time it becomes mellow to the taste, and highly vinous.

Why are certain ales called XX (double X) and XXX (treble X)?

Because, originally, all ale or beer, sold at or above ten shillings per barrel, was reckoned to be strong, and was therefore subject to a higher duty. The cask which contained this strong beer was then first marked with an X, signifying *ten;* hence the present quack-like denominations of XX and XXX.

The work is neatly printed, and will be resumed with *Zoology*.

WATER.

What a poor, starveling, unsubstantial thing is "water." What solitariness and sadness are in its name: only think of the "watery element," and "watery grave," of the newspapers; and those unenviable attributes of health, toast and water, barley-water, and warm water. Allied with something else, it is barely tolerable: sugar and water is an elegant French drink, and brandy and water may be a palatable English beverage; but nothing can be more anti-social than water. You have but to think of Parnell's hermit—

his drink the crystal well,

and you may fancy yourself isolated from all that is good in life. You feel an unpleasant vacuum in your imaginative enjoyments, and inclined to leave the man of the cell to his monastic nunnery, and to betake yourself to better things.

Perhaps, however, no subject is more intimately connected with our existence and well-being than water, and a knowledge of its properties. It constitutes our food and physic. It is our best friend, and not unfrequently enables us to prevail over stronger enemies.

Before us is a thin half-crown *Treatise on Water*. The subject is patriarchal; the author is Abraham Booth, and the volume is dedicated "to his revered father, Isaac Booth." Here the natural and chemical properties of water are briefly treated of, and the British mineral waters duly considered. There is little new in the work, but considerable industry has been used in collecting its materials. We looked for more on the Thames water; though our expectations were those of a Londoner attaching all importance to his great city.

Mr. Booth's Treatise is too thin to allow us to say we have *waded* through it. Here and there we pick out some amusing facts. Thus, what tricks our forefathers were enabled to play off on the ignorant, through the wells round London, several of which were impregnated with carbonic acid gas. The monks of the Holy-well, near Shoreditch, turned this property to good account by selling the water as *spiritus mundi*, or a kind of spiritual nectar. —Oh! the "glassy essence" that enabled them to

Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As made the angels weep.

—The mystery-mongers of our day are those who adulterate our drink with water: they affect the same consideration for our bodies that the monks did for our souls; and both made and make the study an equal source of profit.

At page 47, there is mentioned a frightful fact, that "Dr. Lambe has lately revived the idea of arsenic being present in all natural waters, and particularly in the waters of the Thames." This is as alarming as a drop of the same water seen through Carpenter's microscope, with its myriads of animalculæ. For a month after we had seen this, we drank nothing weaker than Spanish wine, and took care not to sit next to a water-drinker.

A page of pleasant romance succeeds. Thus, says Mr. Booth:—

"Various remarkable accounts of particular waters are on record, which, although they must be deemed fabulous, we shall just enumerate. The Stygian water, said to be the death of Alexander the Great, is supposed to have contained

fluoric acid gas. A spring of this kind is said to have been discovered in Prussia, and closed by order of the government. A river is named at Epirus that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was never lighted. Some waters, being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some death. The river Selarus was said in a few hours to turn a root or wand into stone. There is also a river in Arabia where all the sheep that drink thereof have their hair turned to a vermilion colour; and one, of no less credit than Aristotle, names a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the sound of music; 'for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases; but then it presently returns to its wonted clearness and calmness.' Josephus likewise names a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all the Sabbath"

Rain water is next in purity to distilled water; but its drinkers have a chance of their insides being plastered and white-washed. "Rain collected in towns acquires a small quantity of sulphate of lime, and carbonate of lime, obtained from the roof and the plaster of houses." Hippocrates knew this, although Mr. Booth tells us some chemists do not; for the father of physic states that rain water should always be boiled and strained when collected near large towns.

Dr. Perceval observes that bricks harden the softest water, and give it an aluminous impregnation. Mr. Booth adds, "the common practice of lining wells with them is therefore very improper, unless they be covered with *cement*:" would not the cement have a similar hardening property?

Hard water introduces Burton ale, the excellence of which has been found by chemistry and law to be owing to a gypsum rock over which the Trent water flows. We have therefore to thank Nature for this delicious sophistication, and the drinker may double his nips or tankards accordingly: for, what Nature and the law sanction, let no man eschew.

Mr. Booth tells us "At Paris, where the water is hard, the same baker cannot make so good bread as at Gormes. The purity of the waters at Beaume, in Burgundy, is the cause why this bread was long celebrated as the whitest and best bread in France." We always thought the Paris bread excellent; but the French bakers have more varieties than we have. The crisp-crusted roll, napkin, silver, and china of the Restaurateur will never fade away from our recollection.

Bleaching is another important use. At page 86, Mr. Booth says—

"Pure waters are found most valuable in bleaching wax, and in the manufacture of white paper; in consequence that such waters require the less alkali and soap in cleansing and whitening the rags, and the paper made with soft water is thus found firmer and to require less sizing than that made with hard water. This circumstance is said to give the French paper a preference to the English or Dutch, whose waters, being harder, require more soap and lime, become more tender, and require more sizing than the French." We fall in with these observations: for nothing can be more vexatious to fast writers than some English floccy paper, where the pen becomes furred every twenty minutes. We uniformly reserve the hard paper backs of our correspondents letters; the rest we banish.

The chapter on mineral waters is interesting; but that on the dietetic properties of water exceeds it. Notwithstanding all we have said *against the stream*, we must give place to the following:—

"Water drinkers are in general longer livers, are less subject to decay of their faculties, have better teeth, more regular appetites, and less acrid evacuations than those who indulge in a more stimulating dilutent as their common drink. This liquid is undoubtedly not only the most fitted for quenching the thirst and promoting true and healthy digestion, but the best adjutant to a long and comfortable life. Its properties are thus summed up by Hoffman: 'Pure water is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments: and, of all the productions of nature or art, comes the nearest to that universal remedy so much sought after by mankind, and never hitherto discovered:' an opinion in which he is supported by most scientific and intelligent men."

The reader will pardon our prolixity: the subject is of current interest, and one which all who thirst after useful knowledge must enjoy.

GOODS OF LIFE.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.—*Sir W. Temple.*

The Topographer.

COUNTY COLLECTIONS.

(From a Correspondent.)

YORKSHIRE.

PENDLE, Pennigent, Ingleborough,
Are the highest hills all England thorough;
Ingleborough, Pendle, and Pennigent,
Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

CUMBERLAND.

Skiddaw, Leivellin, and Casticand,
Are the highest hills in all England.
If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wots full well of that.

LANCASHIRE.

It is written upon a wall in Rome
Ribchester was as rich as any towne in Christendome.

LINCOLN.

York was, London is, but Lincoln shall be,
The greatest city of the three.

CORNWALL.

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men.

Hengston Down well wrought
Is worth London dearly bought.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—SCONE STONE.

Except old saws be vain,
And wits of wizards blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

In April Dove's flood
Is worth a king's good.

Wotton under Wever,
Where God came never.

SURREY.

The vale of Holmesdall
Never won, and never shall.

KENT.

The father to the bough,
The son to the plough.

English lord, German count, and French marquis (qui)
A yeoman of Kent is worth them all three.

WILTSHIRE—OLD SARUM.

No water there, but chalk ye have at will;
The winds there sound, but nightingales be still.

Old Sarum was built on a dry, barren hill,
A great many years ago;
'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show.

Ballad by Dr. Pope.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—THE WYE.

Mæander, who is said so intricate to be,
Hath not so many turns and cranklings nooks as she. *Drayton.*

Blest is the Eye
Betwixt Severn and Wye.

YORK—CHAPTER-HOUSE.

The flower of flowers a rose men call,
So is this house of housen all.

SUFFOLK—BY HUGH BIGOD.

Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river Waveney,
I'd not care for the king of Cocknaye.

NORFOLK.

Castor was a city
Ere Norwich was a town.

WARWICKSHIRE—COVENTRY.

I, Luric, for the love of thee,
Do make fair Coventry toll free.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

I, John of Gaunt, do give and grant
To Roger Burgoyne, and the heirs of his loin,
Both Sutton and Potton, until the world's rotten.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe, all these three did go,
For striking the Black Prince a blow.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

These things you may at Ely see—The windmill mounted upon high,
The lantern chapel of St. Mary, a vineyard yielding wine yearly.

Merrily sang the monks of Ely, as King Canute in his barge passed by;
And he said, as he floated the stream along,
Now row to the island, and hear we the song,
The vesper chant, and the organ's swell,
And the sound of the holy convent bell.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE FORGER.

(Continued from page 335.)

MY vacillation, however, was abruptly put an end to by my guide exclaiming, "Here we are, sir." While he was unbarring the cell-door, I begged him to continue at the outside of the door during the few moments of my interview with the convict.

"Holloa! young man, there—here's Doctor —— come to see you!" said the turnkey, hoarsely, as he ushered me in. The cell was small and gloomy; and a little lamp lying on the table barely sufficed to show me the persons of the culprit, and an elderly, respectable-looking man, muffled in a drab greatcoat, and sitting gazing in stupified silence on the prisoner. Great God, it was his *father!* He did not seem conscious of my entrance; but his son rose, and feebly asked me how I was, muttered a few words of thanks, sunk again—apparently overpowered with his feelings—into his seat, and fixed his eyes on a page of the bible, which was lying open before him. A long silence ensued; for none of us seemed either able or inclined to talk. I contemplated the two with feelings of lively interest. How altered was the young culprit before me, from the gay "Mr. Gloucester," whom I had visited in Regent-street! His face had now a ghastly cadaverous hue; his hair was matted, with perspiration, over his sallow forehead; his eyes were sunk and

bloodshot, and seemed incapable of distinguishing the print to which they were directed. He was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a simple black stock round his neck. How I shuddered, when I thought of the rude hands which were soon to unloose it!—Beside him, on the table, lay a white pocket handkerchief, completely saturated, either with tears, or wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and a glass of water, with which he occasionally moistened his parched lips. I knew not whether he was more to be pitied than his wretched, heart-broken father! The latter seemed a worthy, respectable person (he was an industrious tradesman in the country), with a few thin grey hairs scattered over his otherwise bald head, and sat with his hands closed together, resting on his knees, gazing on his doomed son with a lack-lustre eye, which, together with his anguish-worn features, told eloquently of his sufferings!

"Well, doctor!" exclaimed the young man at length, closing the bible, "I have now read that blessed chapter to the end; and, I thank God, I think I *feel* it. But now, let me thank you, doctor, for your good and kind attention to my request! I have something particular to say to you, but it must be in private," he continued, looking significantly at his father, as though he wished him to take the hint, and withdraw for a few moments. Alas! the heart-broken parent understood him not, but continued with his eyes riveted—vacantly—as before.

"We *must* be left alone for a moment," said the young man, rising, and stepping to the door. He knocked, and when it was opened, whispered the turnkey to remove his father gently, and let him wait outside for an instant or two. The man entered for that purpose, and the prisoner took hold tenderly of his father's hand, and said, "Dear—dear father!—you must leave me for a moment, while I speak in private to this gentleman;" at the same time endeavouring to raise him from the chair.

"Oh! yes—yes. What? Of course," stammered the old man, with a bewildered air, rising; and then, as it were with a sudden gush of full returning consciousness, flung his arms round his son, folded him convulsively to his breast, and groaned—"Oh, my son—my poor son!" Even the iron visage of the turnkey seemed darkened with a transient emotion, at this heart-breaking scene. The next moment we were left alone; but it was some time before the culprit recovered from the agitation occasioned by this sudden ebullition of his father's feelings.

"Doctor," he gasped at length, "we've but a few—very few moments, and I have much to say. God Almighty bless you," squeezing my hands convulsively, "for this kindness to a guilty, unworthy wretch like me; and the business I wanted to see you about is sad, but short. I have heard so much of your goodness, doctor, that I'm sure you won't deny me the only favour I shall ask."

"Whatever is reasonable and proper if it lie in my way, I shall certainly—" said I, anxiously waiting to see the nature of the communication he seemed to have for me to execute.

"Thank you, doctor—thank you. It is only this—in a word—guilty wretch that I am!—I have"—he trembled violently—"seduced a lovely, but poor girl; God forgive me! and—and—she is now—nearly on the verge of her *confinement!*" He suddenly covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly for some moments. Presently he resumed—"Alas, she knows me not by my real name; so that, when she reads the account of—of—my execution in the papers of Wednesday—she won't know it is *her* Edward! Nor does she know me by the name I bore in Regent-street. She is not at all acquainted with my frightful situation; but she *must* be, when all is over! Now, dear, kind, good doctor," he continued, shaking from head to foot, and grasping my hand, "do, for the love of God, and the peace of my dying moments, promise me that you will see her—(she lives at ———)—visit her in her confinement, and gradually break the news of my death to her; and say my last prayers will be for her, and that my Maker may forgive me for her ruin! You will find in this little bag a sum of 30*l.*—the last I have on earth—I beg you will take five guineas for your own fee, and give the rest to my precious—my ruined Mary!" He fell down on his knees, and folded his arms round mine, in a supplicating attitude. My tears fell on him, as he looked up at me.—"Oh, God be thanked for these blessed tears!—they assure me you will do what I ask—may I believe you will?"

"Yes—yes—yes, young man," I replied, with a quivering lip; "it is a painful task; but I will do it—give her the money, and add ten pounds to the thirty, should it be necessary."—"Oh, doctor, depend on it, God will bless you and yours for ever, for this noble conduct! And now, I have *one* thing more

to ask—yes—one thing"—he seemed choked—"Doctor, your skill will enable you to inform me—I wish to know—is—the death I must die to-morrow"—he put his hand to his neck, and, shaking like an aspen-leaf, sunk down again into the chair from which he had risen, "is—hanging—a painful—a tedious—" He could utter no more, nor could I answer him.

"Do not," I replied, after a pause, "do not put me to the torture of listening to questions like these. Pray to your merciful God; and, rely on it, no one ever prayed sincerely in vain. The thief on the cross—" I faltered; then feeling that if I continued in the cell a moment longer I should faint, I rose, and shook the young man's hands;—he could not speak, but sobbed and gasped convulsively;—and in a few moments I was driving home. As soon as I was seated in my carriage I could restrain my feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. I prayed to God I might never be called to pass through such a bitter and afflicting scene again, to the latest hour I breathed! I ought to have called on several patients that evening, but finding myself utterly unfit, I sent apologies, and went home. My sleep in the night was troubled; the distorted image of the convict I had been visiting flitted in horrible shapes round my bed all night long. An irresistible and most morbid restlessness and curiosity took possession of me, to witness the end of this young man. The first time the idea presented itself, it sickened me; I revolted from it. How my feelings changed, I know not; but I rose at seven o'clock, and, without hinting it to any one, put on the large top coat of my servant, and directed my hurried steps towards the Old Bailey. I got into one of the houses immediately opposite the gloomy gallows, and took my station, with several other visiters, at the window. They were conversing on the subject of the execution, and unanimously execrated the sanguinary severity of the laws which could deprive a young man, such as they said E—— T—— was, of his life, for an offence of merely civil institution. Of course, I did not speak. It was a wretched morning—a drizzling shower fell incessantly. The crowd was not great, but conducted themselves most indecorously. Even the female portion—by far the greater—occasionally vociferated joyously and boisterously, as they recognised their acquaintance among the crowd. At length, St. Sepulchre's bell tolled the hour of eight—gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity; and as the last chimes died away on the ear, and were succeeded by the muffled tolling of the prison bell, which I could hear with agonizing distinctness, I caught a glimpse of the glistening gold-tipped wands of the two under-sheriffs, as they took their station under the shade at the foot of the gallows. In a few moments, the Ordinary, and another grey-haired gentleman, made their appearance, and between them was the unfortunate criminal. He ascended the steps with considerable firmness. His arms were pinioned before and behind; and when he stood on the gallows, I could hear the exclamations of the crowd—"Lord, Lord, what a fine young man! Poor fellow!" He was dressed in a suit of respectable mourning, and wore black kid gloves. His light hair had evidently been adjusted with some care, and fell in loose curls over each side of his temples. His countenance was much as I saw it on the preceding evening—fearfully pale; and his demeanour was much more composed than I had expected, from what I had witnessed of his agitation in the condemned cell. He bowed twice very low, and rather formally, to the crowd around—gave a sudden and ghastly glance at the beam over his head, from which the rope was suspended, and then suffered the executioner to place him on the precise spot which he was to occupy, and prepare him for death. I was shocked at the air of sullen, brutal indifference with which the executioner loosed and removed his neckerchief, which was white, and tied with neatness and precision—dropped the accursed noose over his head, and adjusted it round the bare neck—and could stand it no longer. I staggered from my place at the window to a distant part of the room, dropped into a chair, shut my eyes, closed my tingling ears with my fingers—and, with a hurried aspiration for God's mercy towards the wretched young criminal who, within a very few yards of me, was, perhaps that instant surrendering his life into the hands which gave it, continued motionless for some minutes, till the noise made by the persons at the window, in leaving, convinced me all was over. I rose and followed them down stairs—worked my way through the crowd, without daring to elevate my eyes, lest they should encounter the suspended corpse—threw myself into a coach, and hurried home. I did not recover the agitation produced by this scene for several days. This was the end of a *forger!*

In conclusion I may just inform the

reader, that I faithfully executed the commission with which he had intrusted me, and a bitter, heart-rending business it was!

THE UNEARTHLY ONE.

There is a soft, retiring light,
In her blue eye;
Like some sweet star that glances far
Through the still sky.
Then springs into the liquid air
Of heaven, as if its home where there.

There is a hue upon her cheek,
That comes and goes;
One moment 'tis the blushing streak
That dyes the rose,—
A spirit breathes upon her brow,
And she is calm and pale—as now.

And music, softly, sweetly wild,
Is in her tone—
The distant voice of some sweet child
Singing alone,
As resting from its joyous play
By a bright streamlet far away.

I gaze upon her—not in love,
For love is vain!
The spirit to its home above
Returns again;
And hers has only wandered here
To dwell awhile—and disappear!

I gaze upon her—not in grief,
But half in gladness;
And feel it is a kind relief
To my life's sadness,
To whisper as she passes, thus—
"Sweet Spirit, thou art not of us!"

Monthly Magazine.

NUISANCES OF LONDON.—BY A PEDESTRIAN.

The New Wide Streets.

Tacitus says that the people of Rome charged the Emperor Nero with having widened the streets after the fire, of which they accuse him, out of a malicious design of exposing them to the sun, and thereby breeding disorders in the city. Nobody can accuse Lord Lowther of being Nero, and yet I object vigorously, to the universal pulling down of London.* What an unsightly hole they have made at Charing-cross for example. I can understand why a great *Place*, as the French call it, should be made, for the purpose of ornamenting a large city; but why a row of shops should be pulled down, with the view of doing nothing more than replacing them

That their plebeian noise should now
Invade our listening ears,
Where once we heard the tow-row-row
Of the British grenadiers.

"As for Tom Bish, my agony
Of woe for him is past;
So great this year he will not be,
As he was in the last.
For humbug now has won the day,
And Lotteries are done,
And why should Thomas longer stay—
His occupation gone.

"But not the Mews-gate house of call,
Nor yet the Barrack-yard,
Nor Bish pre-doomed to hasty fall
By House of Commons hard,
Afflict my soul with so much woe,
Such sorrow manifold,
As the approaching overthrow
Of Charing's Cross of Gold.

"It stood, last relic, many a year,
Conspicuous to be seen,
Of Longshanks' sorrow o'er the bier
Of Eleanor, his queen.
Fanatic hands tore down the Cross,
Carved out of goodly stone,
And when we've mourn'd the coming loss,
All trace of Nell is gone.

"Here once, in days of ancient date,
The Judges used to call,
On palfreys from the Temple-gate,
Bound for Westminster Hall;—
Here venison pasties, savory fare,
Consoled the learned maw,
And made it valiant to declare
The oracles of law.

"But now its ancient fame forgot,
And other whimsies come,
For plans I value not a jot,
Predestined is its doom.
No more I'll eat the juicy steak,
Within its boxes pent,
When in the mail my place I take,
For Bath or Brighton bent.

"No more the coaches shall I see
Come trundling from the yard,
Nor hear the horn wound cheerily
By brandy-bibbing guard
King Charles, I think, must sorrow sore.
Even were he made of stone,
When left by all his friends of yore,
(Like Tom Moore's rose) alone.

"No wonder the victorious Turk
O'er Missolonghi treads,
Roasts Bishops, and in bloody work
Snips off some thousand heads;—
No wonder that the Crescent gains,
When we the fact can't gloss,
That we ourselves are at such pains
To trample down the Cross.

"O London won't be London long,
For 'tis almost pulled down,
And I shall sing the funeral song
O'er that time-honoured town.
And while in notes of heartfelt woe
I tune my mournful quill,
Will many a hearty curse bestow
On Nash and Wyatville."

It will be seen, by the allusion to Tom Bish, the Lottery, the taking of Missolonghi, &c. that this poem was written in 1826. Alas! what then was prediction is now history. The Golden Cross is demolished.

* On the subject of tearing down London, I quote, with mournful pleasure, the following

"LAMENT OVER LONDON."

"Let others prate, in phrases grand,
Of Places and of Squares,
Extolling all Great George has planned,
And all that Nash prepares.
I join not in this praise at all,
But shall deplore my loss,
When looking up from fair Whitehall,
I miss the Golden Cross.

"I miss already, with a tear,
The Mews-gate public-house,
Where many a gallant grenadier
Did lustily carouse.
Alas! Macadam's drouthy dust,
That honoured spot doth fill;
Where they were wont the ale robust,
In the king's name to swill.

"I sorrow when I see the sight,
That Hackney-coaches stand,
Where once I saw the bayonet bright
Brought down with steady hand.

with another row of shops a few feet further back, is more than I can conjecture. What does it signify whether Howel and James's is thirty feet or three hundred feet apart from Colnaghi's?

The consequence is, that there is a cursed wind continually circumgyrating in these places with equal fury, no matter from which quarter it may be blowing elsewhere, which, when we couple it with the second nuisance above enumerated, that of Macadamization, must be allowed to be intolerable. You have no shade to keep off the sun in summer, no screen to protect you from the rain in winter; and the difficulties of the crossing is much augmented—a matter of no trivial import.

On the subject of large areas, let me remark that, I wish Russell-square was really (as certain wits wish it to be) an unknown land. But it is not. To gratify the acre-spreading taste of the Duke of Bedford, whose heavy countenance illustrates the square, we have a gaping void, in which the wind and the sun play all manner of gambols. In the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence, going to sit for your picture was like visiting Sierra Leone at one period of the year, and Nova Zembla, or Edinburgh, or some of these Hyperborean regions, at another. Going to dine now with Sir Charles Flower, you experience the same inconvenience, but you brave it with more fortitude.

Macadam.

Lord Redesdale said in Ireland, some thirty years ago, that in that country there was one law for the rich and another for the poor; and, on a moderate calculation, this dictum of his lordship has been repeated thirty thousand times in various notes of indignation by patriots of the emerald island ever since. But although an Irishman myself, I cannot claim so important a monopoly as this would be, for my own beautiful country—I happen never to have heard of any country in which the same might not be with most eminent justice asserted. A friend of mine, indeed, has suggested that England is an exception, because with us, instead of there being one law for poor, and another for the rich—there is no law *for* the poor at all—the whole code being directed *against* them.

Macadam is a case in point. This gentleman has torn the pavement out of the town with such complete success, that we are smothered by clouds of dust in summer, and obliged in winter to wade mid-leg through oceans of mud. To compensate for these inconveniences, the cab, we are assured, is more smoothly driven, and the carriage moves on its noiseless way with less detriment to its chances of duration. All very well for those who have cabs and carriages! but their convenience is secured by the stifling or staining of us who have neither. Again, the very silence of the motion is a source of misfortune to the walkers on foot. I remember in the days of my youth being much puzzled by a conundrum—"What is that which a carriage cannot go without, and yet is no use to it?" After considerable expense of Œdipodean labour, I excogitated the answer, which is, "Noise," an answer no longer applicable. A carriage now comes upon us with the silence and speed of lightning, and you may know nothing about it until you find it thundering over you, and you are Juggernauted like my friend Huskisson. Mr. O'Connell moved last session for a return of all persons killed and wounded by the Irish police. I wish Mr. Goulburn would move for a return of the killed and wounded by Macadamization: it would be a subject worthy of his great mind.

Here also are the poor sacrificed to the rich. I submit that there is nothing in Magna Charta that gives free-born Englishmen the right of being rode over.

Fraser's Magazine.

Fine Arts.

COLONEL BATTY'S VIEWS OF EUROPEAN CITIES.—NO. III.*

Lisbon.

These views advance in beauty as in number. They sparkle brilliantly in their progress, and fresh vigour peeps forth at every plate. Their size too, (handsome 4to.) gives them importance appropriate to their subjects: their lights and shades are bold and broad, and their details are characteristically striking. The Continental Views in the *Annuals*, compared with Col. Batty's Plates are mere miniatures, of exquisite execution, to be sure, but often painfully cramped. You look at these little prints as minute wonders of art: their dots, lines, scratches, and featherings almost perplex one, and as Dr. Johnson observed of a difficult feat, you wish "it had been impossible."

The vignette of the present Part is Belem Castle, or the Torre de Belem, on the Tagus. Opposite to this point,

* Parts I. and II. see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. page 117—284.

and on the southern shore of the Tagus, is the small fort of Torre Velha. These two forts, situated at the narrowest part of the river below Lisbon, guard the approach to the capital by sea; and all vessels arriving at its port have their papers examined at the Torre de Belem. The salutes of ships of war are in like manner answered by its guns. Belem Castle consists chiefly of a handsome quadrangular tower with turrets at the angles on its summit, and with similar flanking turrets at the angles of the first tier. It is built of stone, and curiously ornamented with carved mouldings. The two lower tiers of battlements represent shields, on which the Maltese cross is carved in relief. It was built at the commencement of the sixteenth century. This vignette is delicately engraved: the architecture of the castle is well managed.

The *first* view is the Convent of St. Geronymo, a beautiful specimen of monastic architecture, its style not a little enriched with the Moorish taste. It was "founded by King Emmanuel, in the year 1499, in commemoration of the discovery of India, by the celebrated Vasco de Gama," who embarked at this spot July 8, 1497, on so hazardous an enterprise with three small armed vessels, one transport, and only one hundred and forty-eight men. This church is one of the most remarkable in Europe, having been constructed at the period when the Moors were finally expelled from Portugal, but while there yet remained much of the Moorish taste in the style of their architecture. The windows and buttresses exhibit some singular and beautiful specimens of carving. The entrance gate, in particular, is superbly sculptured. Beneath the centre of the great arch, and on a small pillar between the doors, is the statue of Duke Henry of Vizen, the chief patron of science, and promoter of discoveries at that time. The interior of the church is not less interesting than its exterior: we particularly remark the horse-shoe arch, so characteristic of Moorish edifices, as also the grotesque ornaments on the marble pillars. The library is said to contain nearly 30,000 volumes. The whole of this Plate is in a masterly style by H. Le Keux. The Editor's descriptive letter-press is so minute that we need not repeat the details of the print. The whole of the centre gate is admirably managed, and the carvings on the building are extremely beautiful, and the lights well distributed throughout the picture.

Next is Lisbon, with the new Church of the Heart of Jesus, "of bright, warm-coloured calcareous stone, of the finest texture," and beyond it the lovely Tagus. This plate is by T. Jeavons, and has much of the sparkling beauty of his burin. The lights in the foreground are perhaps somewhat too strong.

The *third* view is Lisbon from the Chapel Hill of Nossa Senhora da Monte. "From this elevation, the spectator, on turning to the south, has before him the principal part of the busy capital. The Castle Hill, with the old walls of its Moorish fortifications, stands conspicuously on the left. Its northern slope is planted with olive trees, which afford an agreeable relief to the eye amidst a dense and populous city. The valley appears an almost impenetrable labyrinth of houses, but is, in truth, the most regular part of the capital; having been rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1755, upon a uniform plan, with its streets intersecting each other at right angles. This must have been a difficult scene for the engraver, W. J. Cooke, who has, however, managed its thousands of roofs with good effect. The distance is likewise finely kept.

The *fourth* plate is the Square of the Little Pillar at Lisbon, and conveys an idea of the inequality of ground, on which, in some instances, adjoining streets are built, the foundations of the houses in the one being sometimes on a level with the roofs of the houses in the other. This plate is by Freebairn, and is in parts well executed: the foreground figures are occasionally but slightly finished.

Lisbon, from Almada, is the *fifth* view. It is splendidly engraved by W. Miller. The foreground is a stupendous cliff opposite to Lisbon, and, as in the words of the description, commanding a panoramic series of views of incomparable grandeur. To the north, the whole expanse of Lisbon is seen covering the opposite hills, and forming a brilliant border to the Tagus. To the west, that noble river is seen continuing its majestic course, and flowing into the Atlantic between the distant towers of St. Julian and of Bugio. To the east, the river spreads out into a vast estuary bounded by a long tract of level country. In this view the buildings of Almada and the more distant towers and roofs of Lisbon are in fine style; the water is sparkling, and parts of the fore-cliff are beautifully finished.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

ANACREONTIC INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

HITHER, gentle muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary young,
Many a festive hymn divine,
To be at Teos gaily sung.
Pretty muse of tender age,
Daily learn me to compose;
The praises of the Teian sage,
Whose every word bespeaks the rose!

ALPHA.

LINES ON QUEEN ELIZABETH, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1570.

NONE like Elizabeth was found in
Learning so divine,
She had the perfect skilful art of
All the muses nine;
In Latini, Greek, and Hebrew, she
Most excellent was known
To foreign kings, embassadors,
The same was daily shown,
The Italian, French, and Spanish tongue
She well could speak and read,
The Turkish and Arabian speech
Grew perfect at her need.

MUNDAY, in his edition of Stow, mentions many curious and uncommon epitaphs in the church of St. Alban's Wood Street, a rectory in the patronage of Eton College, of which the following is a specimen:—

Hic jacet, Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombâ, sine sheet, sine riches,
Quit vixit, sine gowne,
Sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches.

PLAYS.

THE policie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas *the afternoone** being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure they divide (how vertuously it skills not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extreames all the world cannot keepe them, but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plaies.—*Nash's Pierce Pennilesse his supplication to the Devil*, 1595.

* Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a lady in an auction-room a disagreeable companion? Because she is forbidding?

What is the greatest Fri-day in the year? Shrove Tuesday.

If a father told his son who had spelt the word Giovanni without the final *i*, to put in the *i*, what author of celebrity would he name? Add-i-son.

LINES

Copied from a board over the door of John Grove, of White Waltham, Berks.

JOHN GROVE, grocer, and dealer in coffee and tea,
Sells the finest of Congo's and best of Bohea;
A dealer in coppice, a meas'rer of land,
Sells the finest of snuffs, and the finest white sand.
A singer of psalms, and a scriv'ner of money,
Collects the land-tax, and sells fine virgin honey.
A ragman, a carrier, a baker of bread,
And a clerk to the living, as well as the dead.
Vestry clerk, petty constable, sells scissars and knives,
Best Virginia and buckles, collects the small tithes.
Is a treas'rer to clubs, and maker of wills;
He surveys men's estates, and vends Anderson's pills.
Woollen Draper and hosier, sells all sorts of shoes,
With the best earthenware, also takes in the news.
Deals in hurdles and eggs, sells the best of small beer,
The finest sea coals, and 's elected o'erseer.
Deputy surveyor, sells fine writing paper,
Has a vote for the county—and linen draper.
A dealer in cheese and the best Hampshire bacon,
Plays the fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

T. GILL.

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OF

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Benares.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1831.

Here we are with the first of our usual sheets of thick-coming Fancies from these elegant works. They sparkle with romance and song; and some of their tales have an intensity of feeling which enchains every reader who "woos terror to delight him." It would be a delightful task to inquire into the influence of these embellished gravities on the mind and heart.

First on our list, by primogeniture and other claims, is

The Forget-Me-Not,

whence the above Engraving has been copied. The original is by J. Carter, from a drawing by W. Purser; and our artist has endeavoured to transfer its delicacy and etchy life to this page.—Appended to the plate is the following descriptive sketch:

BENARES.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

The city of Benares, which, in wealth and importance, ranks next to Delhi, the capital of Hindostan, is delightfully situated on the left bank of the Ganges. The variety and magnificence of the buildings; the broad terraces of the Ghauts, so peculiar and so superb a feature of Indian architecture; and the

intermixture of fine trees, waving amid pagodas, domes, towers, and palaces, present a combination of the most beautiful and picturesque objects which imagination can portray. The minarets are supposed to be the finest in the world: their light, slender columns crowned with the open lantern, and springing in graceful spires from a confused mass of buildings below, have a very beautiful and singular effect, adding considerably to the oriental grandeur of the scene. The best, and perhaps the only good view of Benares, is obtained from the river; for, like all other Indian cities, the streets are so narrow, and the houses so crowded together, that many of the buildings are completely hid, and the beauty of all much obscured; the summits of the minarets are, however, favourite points, and present a splendid view of the city stretching below, and of the adjacent country. Benares still remains the stronghold of Hindoo superstition, although no longer the theatre of its most revolting ordinances. It has obtained the appellation of "the Holy City," from a tradition that it was the birthplace of one of the principal deities of that strange and fantastic mythology, which forms the religious belief of a large portion of the inhabitants of Hindostan. It is also the centre of learning, the Bramins having there a college, which is justly celebrated for the number and scientific attainments of its scholars.

The sacrifices of human victims upon the altars of their gods, so dark a stain upon the religion of the Hindoos, have been discontinued at Benares since the subjugation of the country by the Moosaulmauns and the Christians: the former, under the Emperor Aurungzebe, partially destroyed the temples in which these shocking rites were performed; but the custom still exists of conveying the bodies of persons supposed to be beyond the reach of medical aid to the banks of the Ganges, where death is not unfrequently precipitated by the application of mud to the mouth and nostrils of the sufferer; while others are committed to the flood before life is actually extinct, the recovery of the patient being by no means a desirable object, as it involves the loss of caste. There is a village in the neighbourhood of Calcutta appropriated solely for the residence of those persons who, after having been brought to expire beside the sacred waters of the Ganges, have been snatched from an untimely death; or, according to the Hindoo notion, have been re'ected by the holy river. These unfortunates, severed from all their former enjoyments, deprived of all the privileges of rank and birth, linger out the remainder of their existence amid strangers and outcasts like themselves. Drowning or suffocation may therefore, in some cases, be considered as an act of charity.

The immolation of widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands is also an event of not unfrequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of Benares, the European magistrates unfortunately being restricted to the exercise of persuasion alone in their efforts to abolish these barbarous exhibitions. It appears that, with few exceptions, these sacrifices are voluntary, as far as relates to actual and forcible compulsion. But the Suttee has only a choice of evils; she must instantly descend from the rank which she held in society, and sink into the lowest and most degraded class. A Hindoo widow cannot inherit any portion of her deceased husband's property: she is forbidden to wear ornaments, a disgrace which an Asiatic can alone appreciate; the widow is also required to perform menial and servile offices, than which nothing can be more revolting to a woman of high caste; she is restricted both in the quality and quantity of her food; compelled to sleep upon the bare earth; and subjected to every indignity which the contempt of her relations can inflict. The extent of suffering produced by these privations and mortifications can only be estimated by persons who have some acquaintance with eastern manners and customs. A life of luxury and ease, splendid attire, command in the Zenana, and seclusion from the public eye, constitute feminine happiness in India; and she who, from her infancy, has been accustomed to sloth and magnificence, considers death less appalling than the abject state of servitude to which in widowhood she must submit. The motives, unconnected with worldly considerations, which influence the Suttee, seem to vary. Some have declared their perfect conviction, that, by the act of cremation, they not only redeem the souls of all their relations, but ascend themselves directly to heaven; while others prophesy the number of transmigrations which they must undergo previously to the attainment of final beatitude.

The prose tales in this volume are perhaps the most inviting; the number of the articles, prose and verse, is sixty-two. The best specimen is the Haunted Hogshead, a Yankee Legend, quoted in *The Mirror*, a few weeks since. Othe

tales may possess equal interest, but it is not so easy to get at their point, and this must be studied in looking among 300 pieces for about a dozen to fill a sheet. There is one feature in the volume which deserves to be specially commended: it contains, as the Editor, with good taste observes, many "vivid pictures of life and manners," which none but actual observation could furnish.

One of the best of the poetical pieces is—

THE DISCONSOLATE.

BY L. E. L.

Down from her hand it fell, the scroll
She could no longer trace;
The grief of love is in her soul,
Its shame upon her face.

Her head has dropp'd against her arm,
The faintness of despair;
Her lip has lost its red-rose charm,
For all but death is there.

And there it lies, the faith of years,
The register'd above,
Deepen'd by woman's anxious tears,
Her first and childish love.

Are there no ties to keep the heart,
A vow'd and sacred thing?
Theirs had known all life's better part,
The freshness of its spring.

It had begun in days of joy,
In childhood, and had been
When he was but a gallant boy,
And she a fairy queen.

Memory was as the same in both:
The love their young hearts dream'd,
Strong with their strength, grown with their growth,
A second nature seem'd.

How oft on that old castle wall
Appears their mingled name;
Their pictures hang within the hall—
They'll never seem the same.

The shadows of the heart will throw
Their sadness over all;
And darker for their early glow
Those heavy shadows fall.

Little she dream'd of time to come,
While lingering at his side;
De Lisle would seek another home,
And win another bride.

Like a fair flower beneath the storm
Is bow'd that radiant brow;
But pride is in that fragile form,
It droops not aye as now.

That sea-nymph foot will join the dance,
That face grow bright again;
And rose-red cheek and sunshine glance
Deny their hour of pain.

But deem not that she can forget,
Howe'er she scorn the past;
Love's fate upon one die is set,
And that for her is cast.

'Tis not the lover that is lost,
The love, for which we grieve;
But for the price which they have cost,
The memory which they leave.

The knowledge of the bitter truth—
Contrast of word and deed—
That Hope, religion of our youth,
Can falsify her creed—

Trusting affection, confidence,
The holy, and the deep;
Feelings which rain'd sweet influence—
It is for these we weep.

Maiden, I pity thee, thy trust
Too short a life hath known;
Too soon thy temple is in dust,
Thy first fond faith o'erthrown.

The heart betray'd believes no more,
Distrust eats in the mind;
Never may after-time restore
The years it leaves behind.

The Plates deserve praise. Queen Esther at the banquet, denouncing Haman, is an elaborate production by E. Finden, as the reader will imagine, after Martin, for who else would grasp at so vast a scene for miniature engraving. Landseer's Monkey raking the chestnuts off the stove with the cat's paw, is spiritedly engraved by R. Greaves. The Japanese Palace, Dresden, has Prout's fine light and shade beautifully copied by J. Carter; and the Boa Ghaut, by E. Finden, after Westall, is an exquisite picture of the sublime in nature, and the beautiful in art.

To such attractions as we have mentioned, need we add a formal testimony to the merits of the present Forget-Me-Not?

Friendship's Offering.

This volume is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen, and it is worthy of her Majesty's gracious patronage. By the way, large paper copies of the Annuals, with India proofs, and costly bindings, make elegant presents even about Court. They are specimens of national art which either of the world's sovereigns may well be proud of.

We noticed the Plates of *Friendship's Offering* at some length in our No. 456, but on looking over the volume, we hardly think their context with the letter-press close enough. We have also quoted one of the most striking pieces in No. 457, so that we must sum up by saying the present volume is in every respect equal to either of its predecessors. In merit the poetical pieces generally predominate. Here is a tale of intense interest:

THE COUNTESS LAMBERTI.

BY MARY HOWITT.

She still was young; but guilt and tears
On her had done the work of years:
'Twas in a house of penitence
She dwelt; and, saving unto one,
A sorrowing woman meek and kind,
Words spake she unto none.

And 'twas about the close of May,
When they two sate from all apart,
In the warm light of parting day,
That she unsealed her burdened heart.

"They married me when I was young,
A very child in years;
They married me at the dagger's point,
Amid my prayers and tears.

"To Count Lamberti I was wed—
He to the Pope was brother—
They made me swear my faith to him
The while I loved another!
Ay, while I loved to such excess,
My love than madness scarce was less!

"I would have died for him—and so
He would have done for me!
Lamberti's years were thrice mine own,
A proud, cold man was he.

"His brow was scarred with many wounds,
His eye was stern and grave,
He was a soldier from his youth,
And all confessed him brave—
He'd been in many foreign lands,
And 'mong the Moors a slave.

"I thought of him like Charlemagne,
Or any knight of old:
When I was a babe upon the knee
His deeds to me they told.

"I knew the songs they made of him;
I sung them when a child:
Giuseppe sung them too with me—
He loved his perils wild.

"I tell thee, he was stern and gray,
His years were thrice mine own!
That I was to Giuseppe pledged
To all my kin was known.

"My heart was to Giuseppe vowed;
Love was our childhood's lot;
I loved him ever—never knew
The time I loved him not.

"He was an orphan, and the last
Of an old line of pride;
My father took him for his son—
He was unto our house allied.

"And he within our house was bred,
From the same books in youth we read,
Our teachers were the same—and he
Was as a brother unto me;
A brother!—no I never knew
How warm a brother's love might be,
But dearer every year he grew!

"Love was our earliest, only life:
'Twin forms that had one heart
Were we—and for each other lived
And never thought to part!

"My father had him trained for war;
He went to Naples where he fought:
And then the Count Lamberti came,
And my hand from my father sought.

"He wooed me not; I did not know
Why he was ever at my side—
Why, when he rode unto the chase,
My father bade me with him ride.

"No, no!—and when Lamberti spoke
Of love, I misbelieving heard—
And strangely gazed into his face
Appalled at every word.

"It seemed to me as if there fell
From some old saint a tone of hell;
As if the hero-heart of pride
Giusep' and I had sanctified
Among the heroes of old time,
Before me blackened stood with crime!

"That night my father sought my room,
And furious betwixt rage and pride,
He bade me on an early day
Prepare to be Lamberti's bride.

"I thought my father too was mad—
Yet silently I heard him speak;
I had no power for word or sign,
But the hot blood forsook my cheek;

"And my heart beat with desperate pain,
The sting of rage was at its core,
There was a tumult in my brain,
And I fell senseless to the floor.

"At length upon my knees I prayed
My father to regard the vow
Which to Giuseppe I had made—
Oh God! his furious brow,
His curling lip of sneering scorn,
Like fiends they haunt me now!

"Ay, spite my vows, they made me wed,
Young as I was in years—
At the dagger's point they married me
Amid my prayers and tears!

—"Our palace was at Tivoli,
An ancient place of Roman pride,
Girt round with a sepulchral wood,
Wherein a ruined temple stood;
And there, whilst I was yet a bride,
I saw Giuseppe at my side!

"My own Giuseppe!—he had come
From Naples with a noble train—
He came to woo me, and to wed!—
Would God we ne'er had met again!

"Lamberti's speech still harsher grew,
And darker still his spirit's gloom;
And with a stern and fierce command
He hurried me to Rome.

—"I had a dream—three times it came—
I saw, as plainly as by day,
A horrid thing—the bloody place
Where young Giuseppe lay.

"I saw them in that ancient wood—
I heard him wildly call on God—
I saw him left alone—alone
Upon the bloody sod!

"I knew the murderers—they were two—
I saw them with my sleeping eye,
And yet I knew them, voice and limb—
I saw them plainly murder him,
In the old wood at Tivoli!
Three times the dream was sent to me,
It could not be a lie:

"I knew it could not be a lie—
I knew his precious blood was spilt—
I saw the murderer, day by day,
Dwell calmly in his guilt!

"No wonder that a frenzy came!
At midnight from my bed I leapt,
I snatched a dagger in my rage—
I stabbed him as he slept!

"I say I stabbed him as he slept!—
It was a horrid deed of blood;
But then I knew that he had slain
Giuseppe in the wood!

"I told my father of my dream,
I watched him every word I spake—
He tried to laugh my dream to scorn,
And yet I saw his body quake.

"They fetched Giuseppe from the wood,
And a great funeral feast they had;
They buried Count Lamberti too,
And said that I was mad.

"I was not mad—and yet I bore
A curse that was not less;
And many, many years went on
Of gloomy wretchedness.

"I saw my father how he grew
An old man ere his prime;
I knew the penance-pain he bore
For that accursed crime.

"I, too—there is a weight of sin
Upon my soul—it will not hence!
'Tis therefore that my life is given
To one long penitence!"

The binding of this year's *Offering* is improved: in its way, it is as fine a piece of art as any within.

The Amulet.

The same fine, but sensible tone, characterises the gravities and gaieties of this year's volume as in former years. The pieces are fewer in number, but their length is justified by their increased interest. Among the poetry we notice a beautiful piece, Darkness, by the Rev. R. Pollok, author of the Course of Time; and a pathetic Cameronian Ballad, by the Ettrick Shepherd. Miss Mitford has narrated a pleasant domestic anecdote in her usual happy style; and Mrs. Hall has an Irish Story to add to the mosaic of letters. An amiable feeling runs through a brief paper, Home, Country, all the world, by James Montgomery. We have abridged to suit our limits, and, we think, so as not to impair the story,—

THE ROMAN MERCHANT.

By the O'Hara Family.

The Norman and Welsh lords of the Pale, in Ireland, determined, in the first instance, upon building themselves in from the natives of the country in which they colonized; that is, at such seasons as they did not deem convenient for voluntary rencontre in the field, or by wile, with their detested neighbours. The rudely-wrought and ungraceful square castles, without adjunct of any kind, which to this day abound in Ireland, were the results of their earlier attempts to indulge this love of solitude. Soon after, walled towns sprang up in the land, still to keep out all pure-blooded descendants of Heber and Heremon. But this could not last. The general similarities of human nature began, in the course of time, to attract and approach each other among the two people. Common wants, suggesting common interests, had the usual and inevitable effect of levelling the barriers of exclusiveness on the one hand, and of qualifying hatred on the other; and long before Cromwell's devastating visit to Ireland, neither double-curtained walls, nor lines of circumvallation, nor massive gates, nor yet laws stronger than any of these, were able to keep the Anglo-Normans and the mere Irish from mixing together. By degrees, that part of the wall of the Pale-town running between the two communities was thrown down, or suffered to fall into decay; and the quickly-blending races then agreed to let one continued wall enclose and protect both.

In this manner two towns would have become a single town, known to the world by a single name. And such was the case with respect to Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Kilkenny, and other places of considerable and even of much less note in the west, the south, and the middle of Ireland. Either a relic of the old spirit of making distinctions, or else common parlance, continued, however, to designate separately the two clusters of houses thus massing together, by the names of English-town, and Irish-town; or else, while that quarter, originally English, was distinguished by the geographical name equally applying to both, the mazes of streets of Milesian architecture retained their mere Irish title.

And this "distinction without a difference" (no common-place quotation) exists at the present day; and so we arrive at our story.

The sunny side of the main street of Irish-town, shows a straight line of humble houses—some very humble—the most considerable not more than two stories high; they are all old, or oldish, and here and there runs up a gable-front with round stone chimneys, that speaks of absolute antiquity.

Amid all the quiet and listlessness of the little street, a remarkable man, leading a small cart, drawn by an ass, entered it by a cross-street, at the country side of the Irish-town, and attracted immediate attention. He wore a costume which, to whatever nation or tribe it belonged, proclaimed him a stranger, not only in that town, but in Ireland. This consisted visibly of a loosely-fashioned great-coat, of a brown colour, reaching nearly to his toes, secured tightly at his throat, and girt round his middle with a leathern belt and buckle; of russet boots, falling in folds to his ancles; and of a head-dress of red linen, or some such cloth, wound round and round his forehead. Having turned the corner of the street he raised his eyes, which had been previously fixed on the ground, as if to note the situation of a little inn, to which he might have been directed; and then the interest of the shop-keepers of Irish-town increased ten-fold. Those eyes were very large, deep black, sad, mysterious, and yet tranquil; his nose was long, slightly hooked, and prominent; his cheeks and whole visage swarthy and thought-worn: but what most attracted notice was his short, thick, coal-black beard, which almost completely hid his mouth, his chin altogether, and, when again he bent his head to his breast, made a black spot even on the surface of his dark-brown robe. Those who looked at him could not call him old, nor even advanced in years, though they hesitated to call him young.

His pace was as heavy as his face seemed to be serious. The dust of travel was on his dress, his hair, his whiskers, and slightly on that strange beard. Although he appeared leading the little cart, no one thought of classing him with the vulgar of any country, who perform such humble offices; nay, whether from natural character, or from former rank, he impressed himself as a person of vague superiority. His cart was well loaded with trunks, boxes, and bales packed in sackcloth or in matting.

The little inn stood the last house but one to the bridge, at the further end of the street. He gained the open gateway which led into its stable-yard; halted his ass; turned his face towards the opposite houses; fixed his regards on one—a very humble one—of which the closed door and shutters told that it was uninhabited and to be let; wiped his heated brow with the wide sleeve of his gaberdine; and then, still taking not the least notice of the many curious eyes bent upon him, again put his hand to his ass's halter, and led it to one of the stables of the inn.

More than one of the shopkeepers of Irish-town, after debating with their neighbours the probable country, rank, profession, and religion of the stranger, passed over to the inn to hold consultation on the same points with its shrewd and observant landlady. But they only found her as much surprised and as curious as they were themselves. Her new guest, after seeing his little beast well disposed of, had summoned her servants to unload his cart, and caused them to convey its trunks, boxes, and packages into a private room; and then, placing a purse in her hands, retired after his property, ordering a frugal dinner. Since that moment, neither she nor any one in her house had seen him. He kept his door locked, and objected to open it till the hour of dinner. His language was English, broadly marked with a foreign accent and idiom; yet he made himself sufficiently intelligible.

Conjecture continued at a stand for many hours. At last, in the cool of the evening, the good folk of Irish-town saw the same man issue from the inn, dressed like one of themselves, his beard gone, and a decent three-cocked hat on his head, instead of the unchristian-looking pile of red linen. He crossed the little bridge, and passed "into town." Again his landlady was consulted, and her answers, while they gave more information than before, caused more surprise. At dinner he had asked of her the name and residence of the proprietor of the house which was to be let in the street, and noted down both in his tablets; and after his meal, he, a second time, went up to his chamber; there cut and shaved off his beard, and changed his dress; when he had done dressing, locked his door on the outside; and finally left her house, as her neighbours had observed, without speaking another word.

This unknown, and perhaps infidel and dangerous, was about to become, then, a citizen of Irish-town! And what were his means of support, and what were they to be? Would he live in the house as a private gentleman, or would he open the shop and carry on some business? If so, what business?

(He takes the house.)

He went over to the inn; returned with all its spare hands carrying the luggage of his cart; and before nightfall he had secured his door, and he was alone in his house, the light of a candle shining through the chinks of one of the windows. That was a memorable night in the charitable club-room of Irish-town.

The earliest riser among his neighbours, next morning, saw his shop open, and an ample stock of various articles handsomely disposed in its little bow window, and hanging at its door. These consisted of a strange medley:—woollen and linen; showy jewellery; tobacco and snuff; books and pamphlets; knives, scissars, needles, and such matters; ready-made shoes and boots; and flaunting coloured engravings, mostly of divine or sacred subjects. All Irish-town were soon up and stirring; and, one by one, his competitors walked observantly by his door, or entered his new establishment, in a more blunt and friendly manner, to wish him good morrow and a welcome. They found him sitting behind his counter gravely, and like a man of business "taking stock," as they believed, in a large book. He received all his visiters politely, and if he did not return their smiles or good-humoured sayings, he was not backward in replying to their merely complimentary or friendly expressions. All curious inquiries about strange articles in his shop he answered off-hand, and satisfactorily. He was asked if he proposed to stay some time among his new neighbours; and he said—"I hope so; I have taken the house for seven years." Was he not a foreigner? "Yes; a native of Rome." And his name "Bartolini." In a few days Bartolini went by the name of "the Roman Marchant," and never afterwards was otherwise designated.

Soon after his settlement in Irish-town he was more than once invited to a neighbour's house; he declined the civility with his usual blandness, but so firmly and gravely as to put an end to future solicitations. He asked no one to *his* house; and, in fact, from the night it became his, until he was no longer master of it, it never was entered by any one, except by the customers, or chance visiters of his shop. Proposals were made to him to become a member of the charitable club of the parish. He readily consented, and sent in treble the amount of the specified subscription, but never went to the club-room: and here it may be mentioned, that to the poor of every description, to the wandering beggar at his door, and to distressed objects in the suburbs, he gave liberally and continually. And thus passed his life, for years; holding no communication with his kind, beyond what a return of mere passing good manners demanded of him; indeed, never speaking, but when spoken to; a true hermit, though not of the desert; a man esteemed and thought well of, though, from year to year, still as much unknown, and as much a mystery to his neighbours, as he had been the first day of his appearance in the street.

It was more than five years after his coming to Irish-town, that, one morning, the Roman Merchant's shop appeared shut at an unusually late hour. People wondered, but supposed he had overslept himself. Hours wore away, and still he was not seen engaged, as usual, in taking down his shutters. They knocked loudly at his door—they thundered at it; no one stirred within. A little alarmed, they began to surmise that he might have gone to purchase goods before day-break; for it was winter time.

To ascertain this point, some went to the cabin of an old woman who took care of his ass and cart. The ass and cart were under their shed, in her yard; of course, he had not left the town, as had been supposed, as he never did so without them. Consternation as to his fate took possession of the minds of his neighbours.

Noon came; night was drawing on; authorities of the borough caused his house to be forcibly entered; he was not in it; he had not slept in his bed the previous night, for it was undisturbed after having been made up. In his little back parlour a humble supper was found laid out, a bottle of water to one hand, his single chair placed to the table, and the ashes of a turfen fire on the hearth. All his property seemed untouched. Every thing was sealed up, the house again secured, and inquiries set on foot in all directions.

Days elapsed, and he was not heard of. The moment and the circumstances, at and under which he had last been seen, now were carefully established. His street neighbours, the night before his disappearance, had noticed him locking his shop door, and then going towards "the long steps," upon his accustomed walk. Other individuals had met him in the suburbs afterwards; and one had seen him, at a late hour, roaming through the churchyard. No further could he be accounted for.

At about the end of a week, spent in vain searches and conjectures, some youths of the suburbs were amusing themselves, vaulting over the tombstones in the churchyard of the cathedral. It was evening, and the winter's moon began to rise, shining ghastly over a light sheet of snow which for some days had covered the ground. They recollected what description of place they were so merry in, and half serious, half in jest, began to banter each others superstitious misgivings. One, stepping back in mock terror upon his companions, pointed to a far corner, among the stems of two rows of trees, and said that "the sperit of the Roman Marchant was watching them!" All took to flight, in laughing confusion, along the narrow pathway, pushing and jostling each other. Two of them slipt on the snow, and fell to one side among the graves. Their kicking and struggling displaced a loose and carelessly heaped mound, and the hand and arm of a man, gloved and clothed, started up between them, cold and stiff, from the earth. They were the hand and the arm of the Roman Merchant. The fact was established when, by the light of lanterns and torches, a crowd, whom their cries had summoned, disinterred the body.

It was fully dressed. Even the poor man's hat was found in his ill-made grave. Closer investigation showed, that, along with the key of his shop, his purse had been left in his pocket, his old-fashioned but valuable watch in his fob, and a mourning ring, of value too, upon his finger. They touched something hard at his breast—it was the handle of a dagger, which they could not at first pull out; the blade traversed the middle of his heart, and its point appeared at his back. The death-blow had been unerring and vehement, and

must have killed him before he could have felt it.

Who struck it? That was the question of every tongue, but it remained unanswered. It remains unanswered to the present hour; although the motives of the unknown assassin are darkly imagined and hinted at, whenever this true and unvarnished story is related—and it is still related—in our Irish-town.

The fact of finding his money, watch, and ring, untouched upon his person, removed the first natural suspicion, that the Roman Merchant had been set upon in a thirst of plunder. It then became almost evident that hatred or revenge alone could have done a murder, of which the object was life—poor life, only: and of the primitive community whom he had chosen for his last earthly associates, not a heart or mind was found to attribute to its neighbour either of these baleful sentiments against the Roman Merchant. It was known and felt, that, although he had not permitted that close and continual intimacy which produces lively feelings of friendship, all had respected him for his demeanour, admired and esteemed him for his charities, and compassionated him, as well for his hermit life, as for the unexplained misfortunes that must have influenced and shaped it. In what direction, then, was the deadly enemy to be sought? The dagger, when unsheathed from his heart, suggested the first vague elucidation of the mystery. It was at once seen not to be of Irish, or even of English, manufacture; and an old military gentleman of the city, a native, who, after half a life of foreign service, had returned to repose himself among his early friends, unhesitatingly pronounced it to have been made in Spain, by a hand well known to him, and to others who wrought with such tools. But other evidence, much more important, though still not giving a clue to the identity of the murderer, came to light.

The Roman Merchant's little abode was again entered by competent authority. A more careful and minute search took place in it, after any documents likely to tell who he really was, and who might have been his early friends and connexions in a distant land. In the drawer of his desk was found a sealed packet, with a superscription in a foreign language, which none of the persons then present could translate. An old friar, half hiding in the suburbs, from the enactments of the time, was summoned to their councils; he had been a Salamanca student; he declared the direction on the back of the packet, as well as the writing in the body of it, to be Spanish; and he supplied the following translation: first convincing all, that the writing was dated only some days before, from the residence of the murdered man.

"To my ruthless and terrible enemy:

"You are upon my track again! After more than five years of quiet, gained by successfully eluding you, you are upon my track again! After escaping you seven times, in the four quarters of the globe, you have hunted me into this little nook of earth!—I know it—I am sure of it! Your bloodhound has crossed my path—the subtle devil whom you always sent forth to course after me through deserts and cities, over the most silent places, and into the thickest abodes of men, to mark me, and to fix me for your blow. I have once more seen him! This very day, though he does not think it—ay, beneath all his consummate disguises of feature and of person, I knew his eye!—this very day, among a crowd of humble peasants in my little shop, and at the very moment that he bargained with me for one of the paltry articles, by the sale of which to them I gain the only bread you have left me—this very day, he and I stood face to face. And now he has gone to tell you he has found me, and you will surely come, for the last time! Yes! my relentless enemy!—my fate!—my destruction-cloud!—already you have cast forward your thick shadow upon me!

"You will come for the last time, I say. Ay, for the last time; because I will not try to baffle you now. Heretofore I exerted the utmost skill and energy of man to save your soul from future fire (yes—you will die without regretting it!), and my own life from your hand, because I had injured you—because you were *her* blood—because she prayed for *you* to her God in heaven, and forgave *me*—and because, penetrated with a Christian's sorrow for the past, it was my duty, as well as my heart's great yearning, to preserve my wretched existence from one who had well forewarned me of his thirst to end it. But now, if after five years' time for thought, you come—after sending me out, a Cain upon the earth—after taking from me name and rank, fortune, friends, a country, human-kind—after using your power and your sway to disgrace and beggar me—after trampling me, treading me with your heel, down, down into the dust—if now once more you come,

let it be for the last time! I cannot save you—it is doomed! Or, perhaps, notwithstanding my uncharitable fear of the stoniness of your fierce heart, perhaps my life alone stands between you and the capability of feeling forgiveness and remorse: perhaps, when you can see me stretched stiff at your feet—perhaps then, and then alone, it is decreed that you may relent—that out of the last of my earthly punishment will grow the first of your earthly repentance. Come, then!

"And yet, have I not already been punished enough? Oh, very hard has been my life since I injured you! That you have sent me out to earn my bread in the sweat of my brow—me, nursed on the very knee of luxury and honour—I count as nothing. So much, at least, I can thank you for. Humility, in all things, became my quick and full sense of my sin, and it has been my only solace. But remember!—your hand has, before now, struck sharp steel into my body; and when you thought I fell to rise no more, whose foot spurned me?

"Yet why remonstrate with you on this paper?—you can never read the words I write, nor hear them read, till you have shed my blood; and I *do* write them, only to hint to the Christian people who shall find my lifeless body, some shadowy explanation of the cause of my coming death. Give me no praise for suppressing your name, and all allusions that might lead to a discovery of it. An angel—and your child—your only, only child (alas! alas!—strike home when you strike next!—I merit it!)—she now watches my heart and its workings, and she can feel, if you cannot, why, at more than the hazard of a thousand lives, I refrain from bringing to disgrace a name that I have already tarnished, through my treacherous love of the brightest creature that ever bore it. If they who shall find this paper ever publish it, then you may further reflect that, with a good omen of your coming, I called not on the arm of justice to shield me from you: but still, thank me not, nor on this account alone indulge remorse. Oh, may the expressions of sincere sorrow and misery I now give vent to move you to a more lively regret!—and that is a cheering hope. You have never before allowed my voice to reach you; you have stopped short my words with execrations, boisterous as a raging sea; you have interrupted them by outrage on my person; you have sent back my letters unopened; you would have struck down any messenger from me. It is probable, then, that, all along, you have believed me a hard-minded villain, untouched by the result of my own fearful crime. If so, let these, my last protestations, undeceive you. I *am* penitent; humbly, crawlingly penitent. Come!—you will not find me raise a hand, an eye, against *your* hand, *your* eye.

"I am certain you will be minutely informed of my usual haunts abroad, in this little place, that so you may surprise me upon a secret spot. Knowing this, it is my resolve to tempt you to a haunt of mine, the most favourable for your purpose. Every night, henceforward, till the last—my last—I will loiter in a lonely corner of the burial-ground of the cathedral, already, or soon to be, well described to you; for thither, I am assured, your spy must have watched me repair, during my accustomed evening walk! and there among the graves, and perhaps standing upon my own, there, in the dark, I will expect you. Not a cry, not a loud word, shall expose you to detection. Come!—could I avoid you still, I would do it—no matter what words may have here escaped me; but is there the slightest hope that I can? After all that has passed, what corner of the wide earth is able to hide me from *his* eye, and *your* hand? And by walking out in the nights, as is my wont, and in the places I am accustomed to—particularly when you know not that *I* know—how shall I be accessary to my own death? True, I might await you, trebly armed—but against whom? *Her* father!—unutterable horror is in the thought. Ay, come!—and let the last words I shall hear on earth be even her name! Hers—growled forth as you will!"

Thus ended the document. Of that anticipated meeting in the silent churchyard nothing but the result is known. The paper *was* published, and that it produced some of the effects hoped for by the writer is thought by the good and Christian; for, some six months afterwards, a large wooden case came, directed to the mayor of the city, from Dublin, where it had been imported; and upon opening it was found a marble urn, with a pedestal, inscribed to "The Roman Merchant."

The above tale is indeed honourable to Mr. Banim, the author, who, in graphic writing, is probably, second only to Sir Walter Scott. We do not forget his first Series of the O'Hara Tales, which made their way slowly but steadily into public estimation; and the Editor of the *Amulet* has shown his good sense and taste in retaining such valuable aid as Mr. Banim's pen.

The Plates of the *Amulet* are, for the most part, excellent. The Frontispiece, the Countess Gower and her Child, by W. Finden, after Lawrence, is a lovely picture, although the distance might have been somewhat lighter. The figures, the child, the bust of its noble mother, are extremely delicate. The Resurrection, by Wallis, after Martin, is one of those astounding productions of art which it is barely possible to describe. A Plate from Mr. Wood's touching picture of "the Orphans" has the name of C. Rolls as the Engraver; but more truth than pleasantry has passed in some of the newspapers on this matter. The actual Engraver is, we believe, Mr. A Duncan. We have only room to add that Cromwell at Marston Moor, by W. Greatbach, is one of the best plates in the volume: it is by Mr. Cooper, R. A., from a sketch by an unknown artist. There is as much candour in this as appears to have been wanted in the case of the Orphans plate.

Preface-writers may take a hint from the Editor's advertisement to the present volume; which is brief, but as grateful as the Editor of a successful work ought to be.

The Humourist.

This is a new enterprise, and on that account we regret being compelled to own it is not a successful one. The whole is written by Mr. W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician," who would probably have produced a more agreeable work had he allowed a few contributors to chequer his pages. We confess it no easy task to be humourous throughout a volume. Mr. Hood has succeeded in this way, as Mr. Mathews has in amusing a company for a whole evening; but Hood and Mathews are *raræ aves* in their line. The titles of many of the Tales in the Humourist are promising; but their fun is often flat, and they want variety of subject. We quote a sketch which appears to be one of the best in the volume:

THE MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed as the signal for attack, by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavouring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy.

Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honour to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand, but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment, and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open.

In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset, and her dwelling besieged, and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billet-doux came showering into it, like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable-boy.

While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults, and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about "first love," "respect for the memory of the dead," &c. which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony.

As the numbers of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and, their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests.

The matchless impudence of one of her visiters deserves particular record. It happened that, one day, the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two

male domestics, the butler and a foot-boy in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of "Mistress is not at home, Sir," stopped not until he reached the dining-parlour, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, "Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it's rather cool."

"Very cool, indeed," said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him.

The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire-arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell, and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to answer it.

"Your pleasure, sir?" said he, re-entering the dining-parlour.

"Some dinner!" responded the other.

The butler paused, but, at length, said, "Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house."

"Then look in the poultry-yard," was the reply, "and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour."

The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable "Wine."

"If you please, sir," said Geoffry, "we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, "who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern."

The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly reappeared as Ganymede.

In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining-room to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off, at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor.

It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visiter, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover, but, with a woman, the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient.

"And is it really you, Sir John?" exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil.

"Ay, in very deed, Caroline," was the reply; "ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens."

"Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?"

"You greatly wrong that very respectable and much-slandered people," said Sir John; "they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, insomuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities."

"I hope, my dear," said the lady, "you were duly sensible of their attentions?"

"I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honour to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder."

"O dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?"

"I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush, exhausted from loss of blood, when I was picked

up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty, whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it."

"And were you so rash as to fight with him?"

"No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible. But how is my nephew?"

"O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title."

"I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it."

At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who, taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue.

When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlour, it became a point of precedence among them which should enter first: at length, a clown, in the back-ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John *tête à tête* with his lady.

Doubtless, you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing: he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

The Embellishments are 50 Cuts, including Vignettes, by Rowlandson.—They lead us into pleasant associations, if not themselves the immediate sources of mirth:—we think of his *Syntax* plates, and laugh again at the fat plump legs and arms of his figures: the profiles too have much of the sleekness and oiliness of genuine humour: the rotundity of some of his fat figures is stupendous; nay, even the dogs partake of that great essential to mirth—fat.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

This is quite equal to any of Mrs. Hall's former volumes. There is the same soft-breathing affection in its pages; and, what is important, the principle of writing for children is very prettily and appropriately illustrated in the several pieces.

We cannot notice all of them; but the Sun-flower, a Floral Colloquy, by Miss Dagley, and Gaspard and his Dog, by Mrs. Hall, are among our favourites. There is, too, a pleasing paper in the form of a Boy's Letter, which we have somewhat abridged; premising that the fair authoress seems to have forgotten that Exeter Change was not standing last summer, when the letter must have been written, from its noticing the accession of William IV.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

By Miss Jewsbury.

O dear mamma, what a great, large, wonderful place this is!—as large as a million villages joined all in a row!—I do think even *our* town could be set down in one of the squares; and if a hundred streets were swallowed up, I don't think the rest would miss them.

* * * * * *

Perhaps you know that we have got a new king now—he is called William the IV.—and I heard him proclaimed at Temple Bar, where the city gates are, and they were shut; and if the king himself had been there, he could not have been let through, without knocking and telling his name and errand; so the procession did so, and then it was let through, to proclaim that the Duke of Clarence was king. I saw him yesterday in a carriage, but I did not see that he looked any different from what he did last year when he passed through Westbury. In the procession there was the Lord Mayor's gilt coach — you may tell Mary it was nothing but glass and gold—and the heralds, who proclaimed the new king, wore something like wagoners' frocks, made of stiff gold cloth; and I heard "God save the King" played by fifteen trumpets altogether; and you might have walked on the heads of the people, as old nurse says; and when they shouted, it was like the roaring of the sea; and my uncle says I shall go to Windsor to see the dead king lie in state, before he is buried, for that is a very grand sight too. Yesterday I saw a real live lion eat his supper, and several leopards, and tigers, and panthers, and a hyena, and

many other animals too; and I was a little frightened just at first, for Exeter Change is no larger than our church, and the cages stand all round, and don't look so *very* strong; and when eight o'clock came, all the beasts began to grow impatient. First there was a growling among them, and then they rubbed themselves against the iron bars of the cages, and the leopards put their paws through, but you may guess I did not offer to shake hands with the gentlemen, though their skin is covered with pretty spots, and they jump about like greyhounds. The keepers were very busy dividing the meat, which was legs and shins of beef, into proper parts; and at last they went up to the old lion, who is always fed first—and then what a roaring there was!—I quite fancied I was in a forest, only I felt very glad I was not. The old lion and his wife had waited more patiently for their suppers than any other animals, but the keeper teazed the old fellow a little, just to show us what he could do; and when the bone was flung into the den—for they don't feed these animals by holding their meat to them, or they might chance to bite off a finger or two just by accident—well, when the bone was flung to the lion—oh, mamma, I shall never forget his eyes, for they flared just like two lamps!—and he crouched down and clutched the bone, and roared, as much as to say, "take it back if you dare;" but his face was so grand, it made me tremble, though I knew I was safe—I felt, mamma, just as I did last year when I heard the thunder among the mountains. I shall never forget *that* lion; there was another, but he was more snappish, and yet did not make me tremble half so much. The leopards, and tigers, and panthers, took their meat playfully, but it was very terrible play—I should not like them to play with me, I know. The laughing hyena, poor old fellow!—was as tame as our Neptune, almost as stupid—he let the keeper plague him, and yet never grunted or grumbled; and he took his meat quietly from the keeper's hand. The panthers had each a very tough beefsteak, but they soon managed to tear it to pieces, and then lay down and licked their lips very merrily. There were two elephants, not fine fellows, but very funny ones: one was let out, and walked down the hall, and rang a bell when he was desired, and opened his mouth, expecting, no doubt, that something should be put in it; and his trunk reminded me of a large, large leech, screwing itself about, and sucking hold of every thing within reach. It is very odd, but when all the other animals were roaring, and jangling the bars of their cages, I thought that if they had broken loose, I should have run to the elephants to protect me, and I think they would, though they were very ugly. After the animals had been fed, the pelicans were let out, and they scuffled up, flap, flapping their wings, just like great geese. They had each about three dozen small fish put in a bucket of water, and they scooped them out as fast as I could count, for their bills are half a yard long, and the bottom one that has a bag to it is just like a shrimper's net. They made every one laugh heartily. And afterwards I saw the snakes; they are kept in boxes, and wrapped up in flannel, like little babies: but I am sure you will be tired, so I will tell you all about the birds and monkeys another time, and about the Zoological Garden, which I like better than Exeter Change, because the poor things must be happier in fresh air, though many of them were starved to death last winter. And, mamma, I have seen the Tower. I can't awhile tell you all the history of it, but very likely you know that it stands upon twelve acres of ground within the walls, and that before it was used as a prison, it was a palace; and that now it is only a curiosity, but it is very curious indeed.

* * * * * *

I have also heard a musical instrument; my uncle calls it the musical mountain, but its real name is the Apollonicon, played by a steam engine; some of its sounds made me think of the roar of the lion, but some of its tunes were very soft, softer than your piano.

My uncle has taken me to some exhibitions, but I don't understand pictures, though I am nine years old. I liked Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of the kings, and generals, and people, for I saw them lighted up with gas, and the light made the uniforms look very beautiful; and I thought our own George IV. looked more like a king than all the rest of the kings, and even emperors, that were hung up with him, though, in one picture, he had not half so much gold lace upon his clothes. I have been to the Thames Tunnel, a road that is being dug under the river Thames;—and as it will be always dark because of being under ground, lamps will always be lighted. It made me shiver rather, just as if I was walking into a vault; and it was strange to think that a river was rolling over your head, and ships sailing over your head, and

steam vessels and boats, all over your head.

I have seen Saint Paul's Cathedral, and it is a quarter of a quarter of a mile long, and it was thirty-five years in building, and the hours on the great clock are marked in figures two feet long, and the great clock itself measures nineteen yards round; and from the floor up to the ball at the tip top of the dome, are six hundred and sixteen steps, more than enough to tire one pair of legs, I should think; and the great bell, that only tolls when the king and queen, and a few other people, die, can be heard twenty miles off; and the whispering gallery brings whatever is whispered on one side, close to your ear on the other; and when a door is shut opposite to you, it makes a noise like cannonading. And Lord Nelson lies buried in the tomb that Cardinal Wolsey intended for himself, and I am glad of it, for he deserved it much better.

This we take to be a very pretty model of a juvenile letter, and such a letter as many of the "larger growth" would be happy enough to write. Its simplicity is worth a volume of the idle gossip and worse spirit which men write in later years.

Literary Souvenir.

This volume has perhaps been the most striking of all the Annuals. We do not mean to say it has been the most flourishing; although we believe its success to have equalled any of them. At all events the *Souvenir* is of higher grade than some of the works that pretend to foremost character. Our specimens are not, however, of the gay *caste*. Much of the poetry is good. First, there is The Legend of the Haunted Tree, by Mr. Praed; next is Waterloo, or the French version of the battle and its results; the Three Guests, a tale of nearly one hundred verses, by Mary Howitt; some sweet lines by T. K. Hervey; the Indian Girl's Lament; Lines on a Dead Child; Endsleigh, by the author of Dartmoor; the Maiden's Garland; and a host of minor pieces. We select one of the latter:

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Ah, that I were once more a careless child.
Coleridge.

I.

Thrice happy Babe! what golden dreams are thine,
As thus thou bidd'st thine air born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
To be like thee, "a careless child" once more.

II.

To share thy simple sports, thy sinless glee,
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight.

III.

To feel a power within himself to make,
Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes;
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
To brighter visions, from his charmed repose.

IV.

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,—
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.

V.

Yet life hath bubbles too—that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears.

VI.

Thrice happy Child, a brighter lot is thine!
(What new illusion e'er can match the first!)
We weep to see each cherished hope decline;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst!

There are several powerfully written stories among the prose; but we cannot enumerate them. Indeed, we are compelled to break off in the midst of a story, and promise the conclusion in No. 462 of the *Mirror*.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

The forests of North America are now unceasingly groaning beneath the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot which a few months before was an almost impenetrable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

"Great changes," exclaimed I, as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which swung a rude sign, to arrest the steps of the traveller. "A few years ago there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town, and a numerous colony of inhabitants, a large tract of the forest inclosed, and corn shooting up, amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees."

"Our village thrives," was the laconic remark of a tall, slender personage, who was lounging against the sign-post of the village inn, around which half-a-dozen idlers were assembled.

"True; civilization has made rapid strides, but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you." (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank, at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun.)

"Not yet," was the reply. "They

come into the village to sell their peltries; but at present they are not very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together."

"How so; do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?"

"Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council-grove and summary punishment, to our court-house and prison."

"Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?"

"I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison has had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe."

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My loquacious friend led the way into the tavern, where as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:—

"Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains much of the vigour of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people, his voice is a law; for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the Whites appeared among them.

"He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings that the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foothold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him; he defended it bravely, until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

"They told him that his condition would be ameliorated, but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily for the old chief, every one has his own peculiar mode of defining the term; for, although most people imagine they comprehend its meaning, it is a phrase on which scarcely two persons can be found to agree.

"When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition. loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue, from the same authority, that the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, were also given for man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting-grounds inviolate; that he cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more, brings a curse rather than a blessing upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

"They also told him, that the Christian religion confers upon its professors, who are the immediate heirs of heaven, a right to the soil, paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to the decision, calmly replied, 'While you, who profess superior knowledge, are taught to pursue a line of action, as perfect as can come within the comprehension of human intellect, wherever the Cross has appeared, instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have been roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. Though you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has heretofore been the signal of war, of exterminating and merciless war.'

But to proceed with my story:

"Tangoras seldom entered the villages of the Whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins, instead of the blankets which his people had adopted; for he said he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it.—His followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched erect, with his tomax only in his hand, and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle; for he scorned to be a packhorse for the pale faces.

"As he entered the village, his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered to him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree which hangs over yonder spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandise.

"It so happened that four or five Indians, belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low guttural conversation ensued. From the

violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall, handsome savage of about five-and-twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy, and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his dark eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthermost house, and had drawn nigh to the spot where Tangoras was reclining, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward. The sound of footsteps awakened his attention; he slowly turned his Herculean frame, and appearing to recognise the young savage, sprang in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hills reechoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf, towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow; and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief startled the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

"In crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer, but in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain, proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence.—They scarcely breathed, as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock on the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him: it was but a momentary glance, and the young man disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun, without fatigue, or without abating his speed; for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with the one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

"They were no sooner out of sight than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain, they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on the scent of their prey. It was, indeed, a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

"The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war-whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

"At the base of the mountain runs a river, deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down the path with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the stream, and without pausing, sprang into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning body. He had not swam many yards when Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river; he beat aside the waves with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated, and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel. He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path, like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side. Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained upon him considerably in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigour, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain, through which the river pursues its way.

This Narrative will be concluded in No. 462 of *The Mirror*; and the Spirit of the Annuals will be resumed in another Supplementary Sheet.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 461.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Coxwould, Yorkshire,

Where Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey."

So long as the fine blendings of humour and pathos have charms for the sensitive reader, the writings of Laurence Sterne will be cherished with fond regard. In the school of morality, Sterne is what Hogarth is in that of painting—and he is aptly termed the "painting moralist." The brightness of fancy, the playfulness of wit, the pungency of satire, the chastisement of folly, and the wholesome reproof of knavery and vice, all succeed each other in lights and shadows of great breadth and beauty; and if they whip not "the offending Adam" out of us, the memory of the writer should be respected for his benevolent views.

The Engraving is consecrated by its association with the above and many more traits of genius. Sterne was presented with the curacy of Coxwould, in the year 1760, by Lord Falconbridge. It is situate in the North Riding of Yorkshire. In 1762 Sterne went to France, and two years after to Italy for the recovery of his health. In the summer of 1766 he wrote his "Sentimental Journey;" and at the end of 1767 he came to London, to superintend its publication. In March, 1768, he died in Bond-street, at the age of 53.

Many of Sterne's "Letters" are dated from Coxwould. The first we meet with is dated August 3, 1760, "to my witty widow, Mrs. F." to use his own words, "wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart." In this letter, he calls Coxwould "this Shandy castle of mine;" and says, "I have just finished one volume of Shandy." In a letter of the following year he says, "To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy:" he does not, however, enjoy his solitude at Coxwould, "for, unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca." The following letter, however, gives Coxwould a more favourable complexion:

"To A. L———e, Esq.

"*Coxwould, June* 7, 1767.

"Dear L———e, I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your

letter greeted me with the seal of friendship; and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good-will. I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimenal friend, but I would not write to inquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax; for even howd'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is passed or what may return; at least I find it so. I am as happy as a prince at Coxwould; and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live: 'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love sick-heart, I would give you an invitation; but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits; care never enters this cottage. I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town.—May you, dear L———, want neither the one nor the other!" Your's truly,

"L. STERNE."

We must temper our opinion of Sterne's writings with lamenting their occasional indelicacies. He was, in many respects, a man of the world, and passed much of his time in the hey-day of gay life; but we believe him to have possessed great sincerity. In one of his Letters he says, "My *Sentimental Journey* will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds. Praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt."

Sterne has been accused of neglecting his mother, which charge, if true, would evince a bad heart. Lord Byron says Sterne preferred "whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother;" but this comes with ill grace from Byron, who turned from *his* mother's funeral to fisty-cuffs.

THE NAUTILUS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I BEG to correct an error which appears in No. 381 of the *Mirror*, in giving an account of the Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus. It is there stated, that the shell of this interesting creature is no thicker than paper, *and divided into forty compartments, or chambers*, through every one of which a portion of its body passes, connected as it were by a thread. This is not the fact. The Argonauta is an entire spiral involute shell, consisting of only one chamber. The shell described as being divided into forty compartments is the Nautilus Pompilius, very erroneously called by several authors, Nautilus Græcorum; whereas the Nautilus of the Greeks was the Paper Nautilus; and it is to this shell our celebrated poet refers:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail;

for it is not proved in any satisfactory manner that the other kind, or Chambered Nautilus, ever sails or navigates his shell; nor has that animal the power of leaving his shell, inhabiting the uppermost or open chamber, which is considerably larger than the others. The rest remain empty, except that the pipe, or siphunculus, which communicates from chamber to chamber, is filled with an appendage or tail of the animal, like a gut or string; whereas in the Argonauta, the animal fills the entire single chamber of the shell, although the animal hitherto found in the few specimens of that shell in a living state, is believed by many scientific men to be a parasite, from not having been found attached to, and not the original builder of, the shell. J. W.

THE PATRIOT'S CALL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE song (of which the following translation attempts to convey an idea) was written when the invasion of Napoleon called the German youth to arms. The author was a young man named Arndt, a native of Pomerania, who by his patriotic songs, materially assisted to excite the nation in the war of deliverance. He was appointed Professor of History at the University of Bonn, but was dismissed in 1820 from that situation, in consequence of an abortive attempt to regenerate Germany.

The metre has been preserved in the translation, sometimes perhaps at the expense of the poetry. M. U. S.

RAISE the heart, raise the hand,
Swear the holy oath of vengeance,
Swear it by your father-land.

Swear by your ancestral might,
By old Deutchland's* honest fame,
Swear it by a freeman's right,
Swear it by the holiest name.

Hover, hover, high in glory,
Holy flag, in fight our guide,
No one e'er shall shrink before thee,
Floating o'er war's angry tide.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Earth and Heaven shall us hear,
And our sacred vow revere,
Pledge of truth to father-land.

Each our country's symbol cherish,
Be her sons to danger steel'd
By a thousand deaths to perish,
Ere they quit the battle field.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Let the noble banner wave,
Ensign of the free and brave,
For our holy father-land.

* Germany.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES, VOL. II.

(Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

This volume is an improvement upon its predecessor. The anecdotes, instead of being brief, and little more than names and dates, extend into pleasant biographies, and their influence is increased by the means of the subjects rising to eminence being more fully developed.

We quote an interesting account of Mr. Parkes, author of the well-known "Chemical Catechism:"—

"Mr. Parkes, as we learn from a communication with which we have been favoured by his surviving daughter, was born in 1761, at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where his father was a small grocer. At five years of age he was sent to a preparatory school in his native town; and it is remembered that during the time of his attendance at this infant seminary, Mr. Kemble's company of itinerant players having visited Stourbridge, and remained there for some months, that gentleman placed his daughter at the same school, the child who became afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. When ten years old, Parkes was sent to another school, at Market-Harborough; but, after remaining here only a very short time, he was taken away, and apprenticed to a grocer at Ross, in Herefordshire. This person happened to be a man of some education, and to be possessed of a few books, which he very kindly lent to his apprentice, and endeavoured to give him a taste for reading; but could not, it is said, gain much of his attention. It does not appear how long young Parkes continued in this situation; but at last his master failed, and he returned home to his father. We now hear no more of him till he had reached his thirty-second year, up to which time, it seems, he remained at home, assisting his father in the shop. It is probable, from the resources he afterwards displayed, that the foundation of many of his acquirements was laid during this interval. Perhaps he had also saved a little money; for he now went to Stoke-upon-Trent, began business on his own account as a soap-boiler, and married. The new line upon which he entered shows that he had been already directing his attention to practical chemistry; but, after persevering for ten years in this business, he met with so little success as to be obliged to give it up; and at the age of forty-two he came up to London, with no property in the world except ten pounds, which had been lent him by his father. It was hard enough to be obliged, as it were, to begin the world again at this time of life; but there was no help for it, and he set to work resolutely. Some friends whom he had made lent him a little assistance, and he began manufacturing muriatic acid, for the use of dyers. It is very evident that, although he had come to town without much money in his pocket, he had brought with him some useful knowledge—one fruit, at least, of the labours of his previous life, of which fortune had not been able to despoil him. This he now turned to excellent account. To his muriatic acid he soon added other chemical preparations, his skill in manufacturing which was not long in being generally appreciated, and eventually procured him a large trade and a high reputation.

"Although Mr. Parkes had probably given considerable attention to some of the practical parts of chemistry before he came up to London, it was only after he had established himself in this last-mentioned line of business that he began to study the subject scientifically. At this time, as we have seen, he was above forty years of age, so that he may be quoted as another most encouraging example for those who have been prevented by any cause from commencing their studies till late in life. Notwithstanding the time he had lost, Mr. Parkes became eventually a most accomplished chemist, and gave to the world a succession of works relating to that science

which, ever since their publication, have held the rank of text-books of high authority. The earliest of these was his 'Chemical Catechism,' which first appeared in 1805, and of which twelve very large impressions have since been sold. It was translated, soon after its publication, into the German, French, Spanish, and Russian languages; and in Spain and Germany it is the standard manual of instruction in the public schools. By the sale of this work alone the author realized 5,000*l.* The Catechism was followed by another work, 'The Rudiments of Chemistry;' and that by the 'Chemical Essays,' in five volumes. This last, in particular, of which a new edition has lately appeared, is an excellent performance, and strikingly shows the author's extensive acquaintance with his subject. Like their precursor, these two works were also translated into the principal continental languages, and obtained great popularity abroad, as well as in this country. —Among other gratifying testimonies which the author received of the sense entertained of his labours, was a splendid ring presented to him, for his services to science, by the Emperor of Russia.

"One of the chief merits of the elementary works published by Mr. Parkes, and what must doubtless more than any thing else have helped to make them popular, lies in this—that in all his explanations the author begins at the beginning, and nowhere assumes any information necessary for understanding the subject to exist in the mind of the reader beyond what he has himself communicated.

"Mr. Parkes, in his latter and more prosperous days, used often to dwell with pleasure on his struggles in early life, and naturally felt proud of relating the hardships he had surmounted by his own industry. The success of the different works he published gave him, as might be supposed, the highest gratification. In addition to the literary performances which we have already mentioned, we ought to notice two pamphlets, which he gave to the public in the years 1817 and 1819, in support of the attempt then making, and which was eventually successful, to obtain a repeal of the salt duties. He was one of the most active of the persons who stirred in this matter, anticipating, as it has been already noticed that the celebrated inventor of the Logarithms appears to have done, great advantages to agriculture from the use of salt as a manure. Engaged, as he was, in the management of an extensive chemical manufactory, which required unremitting attention, his hours of literary labour were those which he stole from repose, or from the time which most men give to relaxation and amusement. Yet, besides the different books which, in the course of a few years, he published in his own name, he wrote also numerous papers for the different scientific periodical works of the day. As another evidence, too, of his punctuality and indefatigable industry, it may be mentioned that he had, from an early age, been in the habit of keeping a regular diary of every action of his life, and never retired to bed till he had committed to writing the events of the day. This, and all his other industrious habits, he kept up to the last; and, even up to within a few days of his death, although he had long been suffering under a painful disease, his attention to business, and especially to his scientific pursuits, continued unrelaxed.

"He closed his valuable and active life on the 23rd of December, 1825, in the 65th year of his age."

At the close of the memoir of Sir H. Davy, which follows that of Mr. Parkes, is the following:

"No better evidence can be desired than that we have in the history of Davy, that a long life is not necessary to enable an individual to make extraordinary advances in any intellectual pursuit to which he will devote himself with all his heart and strength. This eminent person was, indeed, early in the arena where he won his distinction; and the fact is a proof how diligently he must have exercised his mental faculties during the few years that elapsed between his boyhood and his first appearance before the public, although, during this time, he had scarcely any one to guide his studies, or even to cheer him onward. Yet, notwithstanding that, he had taken his place, as we have seen, among the known chemists of the age almost before he was twenty-one, the whole of his brilliant career in that character, embracing so many experiments, so many literary productions, and so many splendid and valuable discoveries, extended only over a space of not quite thirty years. He had not completed his fifty-first year when he died. Nor was Davy merely a man of science. His general acquirements were diversified and extensive. He was familiar with the principal continental languages, and wrote his own with an eloquence not usually found in scientific works. All his writings, indeed, show the scholar, and the lover of elegant literature, as well as the ingenious and accomplished philo-

sopher. It not unfrequently happens that able men, who have been their own instructors, and have chosen for themselves some one field of exertion in which the world acknowledges, and they themselves feel, their eminence, both disregard and despise all other sorts of knowledge and acquirement. This is pedantry in its most vulgar and offensive form, for it is not merely ignorant, but intolerant. It speaks highly in favour of the right constitution and the native power of Davy's understanding, that, educated as he was, he escaped every taint of this species of illiberality; and that while, like almost all those who have greatly distinguished themselves in the world of intellect, he selected and persevered in his own favourite path, he nevertheless revered wisdom and genius in all their manifestations."

Of Canova, there is a delightful biography; but we have only room for another page or two from the Memoir of Bloomfield:

"The frequency of the developement of literary talent among shoemakers has often been remarked. Their occupation being a sedentary and comparatively noiseless one, may be considered as more favourable than some others to meditation; but, perhaps, its literary productiveness has arisen quite as much from the circumstance of its being a trade of light labour, and therefore resorted to, in preference to most others, by persons in humble life who are conscious of more mental talent than bodily strength.—Partly for a similar reason, literary tailors have been numerous. We have mentioned in our former volume the Italian writer Gelli, our learned countrymen Hill and Wild, &c.; and to these we might add many others, as, for example, George Ballard, author of 'Memoirs of Learned British Ladies,' and who made himself a good Saxon scholar while practising his trade; the antiquaries Stow and Speed, who both flourished in the sixteenth century, the former the author of 'The Survey of London,' and other very elaborate works, and the latter of a valuable History of Great Britain; and the late celebrated mathematician, Jean Henri Lambert, who, when young, after working all day with his father, who was a tailor, used often to spend the greater part of the night in reading, and in this manner, by the assistance of an old work which came by chance into his possession, instructed himself in the elements of mathematical science. Of literary shoemakers again, or persons who have contrived to make considerable progress in book-learning, while exercising that handicraft, we have already noticed, among others, Benedict Baudouin, Anthony Purver, Joseph Pendrell, Gifford, and Holcroft. We may add to the list that extraordinary character Jacob Behmen, the German mystic, of whose works we have an English translation, in two volumes quarto, and who continued a shoemaker all his life. But Bloomfield, before entering upon the exercise of this trade, had had the education of his faculties begun while following the equally contemplative, and much more poetical occupation of a keeper of sheep—a condition, the leisure and rural enjoyment of which had fed the early genius of the painter Giotto, the logician Ramus, the mechanician Fergusons the linguist Murray, and many other, of the lights of modern literature and art, as in the ancient world it is said to have done that of the poet Hesiod.—Bloomfield's literary acquirements, however, with the exception of his acquaintance with the mere elements of reading and writing, appear to have been all made during the time he was learning the business of a shoemker, and afterwards while he worked at the same business as a journeyman.

"It was while he sat plying his trade in his garret, in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen around him, that Bloomfield composed the work which first made his talents generally known, and for which principally he continues to be remembered, his 'Farmer's Boy.' It is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the many elements of disturbance and interruption in the midst of which the author must in such a situation have had to proceed through his task, nearly the half of this poem was completed before he committed a line of it to paper. This is an instance of no common powers, both of memory and of self-abstraction. But these faculties will generally exist in considerable strength when the mind feels a strong interest in its employment. They are faculties also which practice is of great use in strengthening. Bloomfield's feat, on this occasion, appears to have amounted to the composing and recollecting of nearly six hundred lines without the aid of any record; and the production of all this poetry, in the circumstances that have been mentioned, perhaps deserves to be accounted a still more wonderful achievement than its retention."

Such a work as the present needs no recommendation beyond specimens. Its object is plain, straightforward, and useful, and its style abundantly entertaining.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(For the Mirror.)

"By this light, I do not thinke but to be Lord Mayor of London before I die, and have three pageants carried before me, besides a ship and an unicorn." GREEN'S TU QUOQUE.

THE inauguration of the chief magistrate of the City of London is attended with much solid festivity, and sometimes with considerable show; yet the manner in which LORD MAYOR'S DAY, as it is popularly called, is now observed, is not by any means comparable with the splendid pomp and symbolic pageantry that accompanied its celebration in former ages.

Whilst under the dominion of "Imperial Rome," London was governed by a præfect—in the Saxon times by a portreve, and after the coming of the Normans by a portreve and provost jointly. The appellation of *Mayor* was first bestowed on Henry Fitz-Alwyn, or Fitz-Leofstan, goldsmith, a descendant of the celebrated Duke Ailwyn, alderman of all England, (and kinsman to King Edgar,) who founded Romsey Abbey. This gentleman continued to hold the office till his decease, about twenty-four years afterwards; and in the following year (anno 1214) King John, as a means of conciliating the good-will of the citizens, granted to the "Barons of the city," as they were called in the charter, the privilege of choosing a mayor out of their own body, *annually*, or at their own pleasure to "continue him in that situation from year to year." It was requisite, however, to render this choice effective, that the new mayor should be presented to the king, or in his absence to his justice; but this condition having occasioned great expense and inconvenience, the citizens, in the 37th of Henry VIII. obtained a new charter, empowering them to present their mayor to the "Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster," when the king should not be there; and before those judges he is still sworn. Edward III. in the year 1354, granted to the city the right of having gold and silver *maces* carried before their principal officers; and it was probably at this period that their magistrate was first entitled *Lord Mayor*, a conjecture which receives corroboration, from the circumstance of that officer being rated as an *Earl*, under the levies of the Capitation Tax, in 1379, at the same time the Aldermen were rated as *Barons*.

The right of electing the mayor was formerly resident in the citizens at large when assembled in general *Folk-mote;* yet this having been productive of great disturbances, gave rise to the more confined mode of election by delegates chosen out of each ward. This method (with some variations at different periods) continued till the year 1475, when by an act of common council, the choice of both mayor and sheriffs was vested in the mayor, aldermen, and common council, and the masters, wardens, and livery of the city companies, in which it still remains. The right has been confirmed to them by an act of parliament. The election is made annually on Michaelmas Day, in Guildhall, and whoever is chosen Lord Mayor must have previously served the office of sheriff. He must also be free of one of the twelve principal city companies, or become so before he can be sworn. His power is very extensive, and his supremacy does not cease even on the death of the sovereign, and when this happens, "he is considered as the principal officer in the kingdom, and takes his place accordingly in the privy council until the new king be proclaimed." A memorable instance of this dignity may be seen in the invitation sent by the privy council of James of Scotland, after the demise of Queen Elizabeth, in which the name of Sir Robert Lee, the then Lord Mayor, stands foremost on the list, before all the great officers of state, and the nobility. Since the alteration of the style, the Lord Mayor has been first sworn into office on the 8th of November, at Guildhall, and on the next day (the 9th) at Westminster. The procession made on this last occasion is what is termed the *Lord Mayor's Show*.

The original processions both in going to and returning from Westminster, were by land; but in the year 1453, the custom of going thither by water, which is still continued, was introduced by Sir John Norman, who at his own charge, built a magnificent barge for the purpose, and his example was emulated by the twelve principal city companies, who all built costly barges on this occasion. *Fabian* says that the watermen of the Thames were so highly pleased with the Lord Mayor, through the advantage which they reaped in consequence, that they composed a song in his praise, beginning thus:—

"Row thy boat Norman,
Row thy boat Lemman."

Long after this the processions by land were rendered extremely attractive through the variety and gorgeousness of

the different pageants, which were introduced as well at the cost of the corporation as of the more affluent companies. *Stow* informs us that, in his memory "great part of Leadenhall was appropriated for the purpose of painting and depositing the pageants for the use of the city," and a considerable number of artificers was kept employed to decorate them, and to invent and furnish the machinery. But it should be remembered that these expenses were not all incurred in honour of the Lord Mayor, the city being at that time accustomed to make pompous shows on various occasions, as coronations, visits of sovereigns, victories, &c. Some of the pageants were entirely of a dramatic cast, and appropriate speeches were assigned to the different characters. This was particularly the case at the inauguration of Sir Woolstone Dixie, who was chosen mayor in 1585, and whose *show* displayed a pageant wherein London was represented by "a beautiful girl gorgeously apparelled," seated under a canopy adorned with the royal arms "in beaten gold," attended by several nymphs, among whom was

"The pleasant *Thames*—a sweet and dainty one,"

together with magnanimity, loyalty, the country, the soldier, the sailor, and science. The whole was led by a "Moor mounted on the back of a lazarn," who thus opened the same in an address to the chief magistrate:—

"From where the sun doth settle in his wain,
And yokes his horses to his fiery car,
And in his course gives life to Ceres' corn—
Even from the torrid zone, behold I come,
A stranger, strangely mounted as you see,
Seated upon a lusty lazarn's back,
To offer to your Honour (good my Lord!)
This emblem thus in show significant
Of lovely London! rich and fortunate:
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness!"

Sir John Shaw, who was Lord Mayor in 1501, revived the more ancient custom of riding to Westminster on horseback, but this practice was finally discontinued in Queen Anne's time, Sir Gilbert Heathcote being the last Lord Mayor who rode thither, in 1711. Sir Humphrey Edwin, whom Dean Swift has immortalized in his *Tale of a Tub*, is noted for having gone to a conventicle while mayor, in 1698, in his formalities, and with all the insignia of his office. This indiscreet conduct is supposed to have had considerable influence in the framing of a proviso in the statute, 6th Geo. I. c. iv., which declares that "any mayor, bailiff, or other magistrate, convicted of being present at any place of worship other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attending with the ensigns thereof, shall be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever." It appears that on one or two occasions, as during a plague, &c. when the Barons of the Exchequer have been absent from London, the Lord Mayor has been sworn into office on Tower Hill, by the Constable of the Tower.

Of the costume of the Lord Mayor on these particular occasions anciently, we can only judge from accounts of it on other grand festivities, as it did not appear then as now, to have settled on any decisive habit; and indeed in old prints of Mayors, each is dressed differently. In 1432, the Lord Mayor and his brethren met Henry VI. on his return from France, on horseback, "clothed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a jewel of gold about his neck, trilling down behind him, with his three huntsmen on three great coursers following him, in suits of red, all spangled with silver." *Hentzner*, in 1598, describes the then Lord Mayor, at the proclaiming of Bartholomew Fair, to have been dressed in his scarlet gown, and about his neck a golden chain, to which hung a golden fleece, besides a rich collar. Nor were the Lord Mayor's Feasts near this period, though certainly not equal to modern times, devoid of considerable splendour; Sir Richard Gresham, in 1531, had one hundred and eleven messes of meat; the guests (freemen) entertained at Guildhall were two hundred and seventy-three, and the wardens of the different companies, reckoning two to a company, were one hundred and twenty, making together three hundred and ninety-three, exclusively of many others.

Among his privileges, the Lord Mayor is, as head of the city, principal in all commissions of felony, and Chief Judge for the sessions of gaol delivery at Newgate, Conservator of the Rivers Thames and Medway, and also Chief Butler to the King at his Coronation.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENTARY SPEECH OF A BRITISH KING ON RECORD.

This was delivered Ann. Dom. 1106, by Henry I. to the great barons of the realm, whom he had summoned by royal mandate to London. He had supplanted his brother, Robert of Normandy, in his right to the English crown, and being apprehensive of that injured relative's vengeance he endeavoured, by

the most artful insinuations, to engage the barons and other nobles in his interest.

"My friends and faithful subjects, both foreigners and natives, you all know very well that my brother Robert was both called by God and elected King of Jerusalem, which he might have happily governed, and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality: because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed, I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows; he calls you a set of gluttons and drunkards, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly, a meek, humble, and peaceable king, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formally sworn to perform; will hearken to your wise counsel with patience, and will govern you justly after the example of the best of princes. If you desire it I will strengthen this promise with a written charter, and all those laws which the holy King Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will swear to keep inviolate. If you, my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we shall easily repulse the strongest efforts that the cruellest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour and power of the English nation, all the threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable to me."

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

On January 30, 1606, Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates, were executed at the west end of St. Paul's Church; and Guy Fawkes was executed with Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rockwood, and Robert Keyes, within the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, and near the Parliament House, January 31, 1606. Besides the above-mentioned culprits, the Lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two Catholic lords, were fined £1,000. each, and £10,000. afterwards, by the Star-chamber, upon farther discovery of their villanies, and because their absence from parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being deep in the conspiracy; moreover it was proved that they had advanced considerable sums for carrying on the above work. The Earl of Northumberland was fined £30,000. and detained for several years a prisoner in the Tower. J. R. S.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

(For the Mirror.)

The following is a copy of the speech that was addressed to his Majesty, by the senior scholar of the grammar-school, in Christ's Hospital, on Lord Mayor's Day, 1761.

"Most august and gracious sovereign, from the condescension and goodness which your majesty displays towards even the meanest of your subjects, we are emboldened to hope you will accept the tribute of obedience and duty which we poor orphans, are permitted to present you.

"Educated and supported by the munificence of a charity, founded, enlarged, and protected by your royal predecessors, with the warmest gratitude we acknowledge our inexpressible obligations to its bounty, and the distinguished happiness we have hitherto enjoyed under the constant patronage of former princes. May this ever be our boast and our glory! Nor can we think we shall prefer our prayer in vain, whilst with earnest but humble supplications, we implore the patronage and protection of your majesty.

"To our ardent petition for your princely favours, may we presume, dread sovereign, to add our most respectful congratulations on your auspicious marriage with your royal consort. Strangers to the disquietude which often dwells within the circle of a crown, long may your majesties experience the heartfelt satisfaction of domestic life; in the uninterrupted possession of every endearment of the most tender union, every blessing of conjugal affection, every comfort of parental felicity. And may a race of princes, your illustrious issue and descendants, formed by the example, and inheriting the virtues of their great and good progenitor, continue to sway the British sceptre to the latest posterity."

As soon as he had finished, the boys in a grand chorus chanted "God save the King, Amen." After this the senior scholar delivered two copies of the speech to the King and Queen.

J. G. B.

GIVING WARNING.

A gentleman, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night.—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too!"

Tower of London.

TRAITOR'S GATE.

The Cut is but a mere vignette illustration of the sanguinary history of the Tower of London. It represents the north, or inside view, of the Traitor's Gate, beneath St. Thomas's Tower, which stands over the moat, near the middle part of the southern wall. The Gate communicates with the river Thames by a passage beneath the wharf, forming the principal entrance to the Tower from the river, and through which, in former times, it was customary to convey state delinquents to the fortress.

The very place has an air of interesting melancholy in its associations: in common terms, it even smells of blood; and it is no stretch of romance to imagine the arrival of the boat, with its heavily-plashing oar breaking the death-like silence of the arched channel in the distance of the Engraving. The ill-starred captives who have passed through this gate to their "prison lodging" likewise increase the gloom of the scene. Among its records, we may mention one in the reign of Queen Mary; when, upon the rising of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Princess Elizabeth, Mary's sister, underwent a strict and severe confinement in the Tower of above two months' duration, on suspicion of being implicated in that attempt; but Wyatt, with his dying breath, when on the scaffold, solemnly absolved her from any knowledge of his design. Elizabeth was conveyed by water to the Tower, and compelled to enter at the *Traitor's Gate*, where, on setting her foot upon the steps, she exclaimed, with that spirit and dignity which ennobled her character—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it."

Elizabeth is said to have been confined in the Bell Tower, so named from the alarm-bell of the garrison being placed in a wooden turret on its summit.

The Tower above Traitor's Gate is "a large rectangular edifice, the outer line of which is strengthened by two circular towers, projecting from the south-east and south-west angles. These towers have been very little altered, and interiorly exhibit some interesting examples of the early pointed architecture of Henry the Third's reign. Within each tower are two little vaulted apartments of a sexagonal form, and corresponding in dimensions, their greatest width being nine feet. The ribs of the vaulting rise from the capitals of small round columns. This Tower is now appropriated to the raising of water, and contains a steam-engine, water-wheel, and other machinery."*

* Britton's Memoir of the Tower, sm. 8vo. 1830.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

By M. Thierry.

We give the account of this memorable day in the words of our author, as we consider his description a fine specimen of historical writing; the facts and the manners being first drawn fresh from the well of contemporary writers, and then thrown together with that felicitous grouping, and that warm glow of imagination, which distinguish the higher historian from the mere chronicler or annalist.

"Upon that ground, which ever since has been known by a name borrowed from the battle, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a chain of little hills, fortified on all sides by a rampart of strong wooden piles and twisted branches. On the night of the 13th of October, 1066, William announced to his army, that on the day following he had determined to fight. Upon this the priests and monks, who with the hopes of plunder had changed their cassocks for steel coats, and followed the army in great numbers, resumed their religious duties, and whilst the knights and soldiers were preparing their arms and their horses, offered up prayers and sang litanies for the safety of the host. The little portion of time which remained was employed by the soldiers in the confession of their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night passed in a very different manner, the Saxons abandoning themselves to great revelry, shouting and singing their national ballads, crowding round their camp fires, and quaffing their horns full of beer and wine.

"When morning broke, in the Norman camp the Bishop of Bayeux, clothed in a steel hauberk which he wore beneath his rocquet, celebrated mass, and blessed the troops: he then threw himself upon a superb white horse, and with his lance in his hand drew up his squadron of cavalry. The Norman army was divided into three columns or lines. In the first were the men at arms belonging to the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those soldiers who served for pay; the second consisted of the Bretons and Poitevins; and the third was formed of the best troops of Normandy, led by the duke in person. In front of each of these columns or battalia were drawn up several lines of footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a quilted cassock, and bearing either long bows or steel cross-bows. The duke rode a Spanish horse, with which a rich Norman had presented him, on his return from a pilgrimage to Sant Iago, in Galicia. He wore, suspended round his neck, the most holy of the relics upon which Harold had sworn; and a young Norman called Tonstain-le-Blanc carried at his side the standard which had been blessed by the pope. At the moment the soldiers were about to march, with a loud voice he thus addressed them:—'Take care that you fight well, and to death: if the day is ours, it will make our fortunes for us all. Whatever I gain, you shall gain; if this land is to be mine, it shall be yours also. You know well that I am come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation of the felony, perjury, and treasons of these English. Have they not murdered the Danes upon the night of St. Brice, slaying alike both women and men? Have they not decimated the companions of Alfred, my ancestor, and caused them to perish? Advance then, and with the aid of God let us revenge upon them all their misdeeds.'

"The army moved forward, and soon found itself in view of the Saxon camp, which lay to the north-west of Hastings, and the priests and monks who had hitherto marched in the ranks, now left them in a body and took their station upon a neighbouring height, where they could offer up their prayers, and behold the battle undisturbed. At this moment, a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the battle, and with a loud voice began the song of Charlemagne and Roland, chanting those valorous deeds which were then famous throughout France. As he sung, he played with his sword, casting it high in the air and catching it again with his right hand, whilst the Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted their cry of God aid us! God aid us! Arrived within bow shot, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their quarrels, but the shots were for the most part blunted or thrown off by the high parapet which surrounded the Saxon intrenchments. The foot lancers and cavalry then advanced to the gates of the fortification and attempted to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind their intrenchments, received their assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp, that they broke the

lances and cut sheer through the coats of mail. This so dispirited the Normans, that unable either to force the intrenchments, or remove the palisades, they retreated upon the column which William commanded, worn out with their fruitless attack. The duke, however, commanded the archers to advance anew, giving orders to them no longer to shoot point blank, but with an elevation, so that the arrows might descend within the intrenchments of the enemy. Many of the English were wounded by this manœuvre, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he still continued to fight at the head of his army. The Norman infantry and cavalry again advanced to the attack, encouraging each other by shouts of God aid us! and invocations to the Virgin; but they were replused by a sudden sally from one of the gates of the intrenched camp, and driven back upon a ravine covered with brushwood and thick grass, where from the roughness of the ground their horses stumbled, and falling confusedly and thickly upon each other were slain in great numbers. At this moment a panic terror seemed to seize the foreign army: a report arose that the duke had fallen, and a flight began which must soon have been fatal, had not William thrown himself before the fugitives, threatening and even striking them with his lance till he compelled them to turn back. Behold me! my friends, cried he, taking off his helmet, it is I myself, I still live, and by the help of God I shall be victorious. Upon this, the men at arms renewed their attack upon the intrenchments, but still found it impossible to make a breach in the palisades, or to force the gates, when the duke bethought himself of a stratagem, by which he might induce the English to break their ranks and leave their position. He gave orders to a squadron of a thousand horse to advance and afterwards to retire suddenly as if they fled. At the sight of this pretended flight the Saxons lost their presence of mind, and with one consent rushed from their intrenchments with their battle axes slung round their necks; suddenly a concealed body joined the fugitives who wheeled about, and the English, thrown into disorder and taken by surprise in their turn, found themselves assaulted on all sides with the sword and the lance, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their ponderous battle-axes. Their ranks being once broken, the intrenchments were carried, and foot and horse indiscriminately rushed in, but the close battle was still maintained with great obstinacy and hand to hand. Duke William had his horse killed under him, and Harold with his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly torn down and replaced by the sacred banner that had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle, till the shades of night falling upon the field rendered it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other except by the difference of language.

"The few surviving companions of Harold, to use the words of an old historian, after having well fulfilled their duty to their country, dispersed in all directions, yet many covered with wounds or worn out with their exertions lay stretched along the neighbouring roads, whilst the Normans in the fierce and cruel exultation of their victory spurred and galloped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They remained all night upon the field of battle, and next day the duke, at the rising of the sun, drew up his army, and from the roll which had been written before their departure from St. Valery, called the names of all who had landed in England. Multitudes of these now lay dead or dying, stretched beside the Saxons, and those who had the good fortune to survive, enjoyed as the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first which was inscribed in the black roll of the Conquerors.

"The mothers, the wives and the children of those soldiers who had willingly marched from the adjoining neighbourhood to die with the monarch of their choice, now hurried pale and trembling to the field, to claim and carry away the dead bodies which had been stript and plundered by the enemy. Two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the Saxon king, came humbly to the duke and requested the body of Harold, offering ten marks of gold for permission to pay the last duties to their benefactor. It was given them, and they repaired to the spot, but found it impossible amid the heaps of slain to distinguish the body for which they sought, so much was it disfigured by the wounds which covered it. Sad and despairing of success, they addressed themselves to a beautiful woman whom Harold had loved before he was

king, and besought her to accompany them in a second search. Her name was Edith Swanes-hals, the swan-necked Edith. She consented to the mournful errand, and affection more quick-sighted than either friendship or devotion soon led her to the mangled body of her lover."

No battle could be more obstinately contested than that which decided the fate of England, and seated a new dynasty on the throne. It began at nine in the morning, and continued not only as stated by Mr. Thierry till night, but was prolonged throughout a great part of the night. The Duke of Normandy, according to some historians, had three horses killed under him, and Harold fought with such desperate valour, and so ably availed himself of the strong position which he had chosen, that but for his death, which happened late in the evening, a very different result might have taken place. Even after that fatal event, when the Saxons were at last driven from their intrenchments, they made so desperate a stand in a neighbouring valley, that the Normans took to flight, and William, hastening through the dark to the spot, met Eustace, Count of Bologne, and fifty of his iron clad knights flying at full speed. With the broken truncheon of his lance, which was all that remained to him, he rallied the fugitives for a moment, and the Count Eustace, as he leant over the neck of his horse to speak to the duke, received in the dark and from an unknown hand a blow between the shoulders, which caused the blood to burst out of his mouth and nostrils. The Norman historians delicately conceal the hand that dealt this, and appear to insinuate that it belonged to some Saxon warrior, but we think there can be little doubt that the correction came from William's broken truncheon. Be this as it may, the duke again charged the Saxons and finally drove them from the field. It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the respective armies; but we think there can be little doubt, in opposition to the exaggeration of the Norman writers, that Harold's army was greatly inferior to that of the duke. It is evident that he fought the battle before his new levies had been made, and with that comparatively small body of troops with which he had attempted to surprise the Norman camp. Defeated in this, he availed himself of his military skill in intrenching his troops in ground which appears to have been ably selected, and in supplying the defect of numbers by the great strength of his position. He appears likewise by a device somewhat similar to that which was practised by Bruce at Bannockburn, to have intersected the ground over which he expected the Norman cavalry to charge with deep ditches, and towards the middle of the battle the stratagem took effect, and immense numbers of the invaders perished in these concealed pits.—*Foreign Quarterly Rev.* No. 12.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt used to play at rackets for five or six hours at a time: sometimes quarrelling with his adversary, but not bearing malice. He liked a stout antagonist. "That fellow," said he, speaking of one who showed himself disheartened, "will never do any thing in the world: he never plays well, unless he is successful. If the chances go against him, he always misses the ball; he cries *Craven!*"—"That," said some one, "is French courage."—"I don't call it courage at all," said H. "and certainly not French courage. The French have fought well; they have endured too, more than enough,—without your present imputation. Did you ever fight a Frenchman?"—"No."—"Then don't make up your mind yet to your theory: reduce it to practice, and see if it be bullet-proof."

.... Miscalculating his expenses, he once found himself at Stamford reduced almost to his last shilling. He set off to walk to Cambridge, but having a pair of new boots on they gave him acute pain. In this predicament, he tried at twenty different places to exchange them for a pair of shoes or slippers of any sort, but no one would accommodate him. He made this a charge against the English. "Though they would have got treble the value by exchanging," said he, "they would not do it, because it would have been useful to *me*." — "Perhaps," said some one, jestingly, "they did not know that you came honestly by them."—"Ah! true," said H. "that did not strike me before. That shakes my theory in this respect, if it be true; but then, it corroborates another part of it; so the fact is valuable either way. There is always a want of liberality, either in their thoughts or actions." [This was merely humour.]

.... The poetry of —— became the subject of conversation. "He is so tawdry, and shallow, and common-place, and full of fine words," said some one, "that I cannot endure him. I am sick before I get to the end of a canto of his

pompous nonsense: you see the mean, vulgar thoughts underneath all. He always reminds me of one of the fellows at Bartholomew Fair."—"He is certainly very bad," said another, assentingly; "he is like a great, stupid boy, who has 'got into five syllables,' and cannot *get out*."—"There is a sense of his own imperfections in all this," observed Hazlitt, mixed with a notion of his being able to cheat the world out of its good opinion. He is like one of those dirty Jews who swagger about, put on half-a-dozen seals and a hundred rings, and think that they pass for lords!"

....When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured one evening to say something that I intended should pass for wit. "Ha! very well; very well, indeed!" said he, "Ben Jonson has said worse things," [I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence]—and—and—and—*better!*" A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which put a stop to my wit for the evening. I related the thing to Hazlitt, afterwards, who laughed. "Ay," said he, "you are never sure of him till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice,—which is a pity."—"But," said I, "his words at first seemed so—" —"Oh! as for that," replied Hazlitt, "his sayings are generally like women's letters; all the pith is in the postscript."

.... Several persons were regretting that ——— (who, we all agreed, was a singularly kind-hearted, vivacious, and intelligent man) should be eternally bruiting one opinion, that was disagreeable to every body. "'Tis like a rash," said Hazlitt, "and comes out every summer. Why doesn't he write a book (if he has any thing to say) and get rid of his complaints at once?"

...."What do you think of X——?" said some one. "He is a goodnatured, genteel, proud, foolish fellow," said Hazlitt, "and as vapid as a lord. He was telling me yesterday about his dining every day on French dishes, &c. &c. whereas, to my knowledge, he is often obliged to go without any dinner at all." "He is like the Spanish Hidalgo, in Lazarillo de Tormes," said I, "who dines heartily upon a draught of water, and only eats the cow-heel and a lump of bread to give pleasure to his inferiors." "X——," pursued Hazlitt, "has but one golden idea in his treasury, and that is as to his own gentility. He keeps aloof, and would as soon exchange opinions with a rustic or a mechanic, as he would run against a chimney-sweeper. All that he has is traditionary—his father's—his grandfather's—his grandmother's! There has been no *cross* in the ideas of the family for the last two centuries. The consequence is, that they are all worn out. X—— is as bad as a Bourbon. He wanted once to get employment from a bookseller, and when he was asked what recommendation he had, he replied—'that he was the head of the oldest family in ——shire!'"

New Monthly Magazine.

THE DISTANT GRAVE.

They tell me that his grave is made
Where the stately palm tree bendeth,
A summer temple, upon whose shade
The purple eve descendeth.

They say the mighty ocean swells
Beside where he is sleeping,
That moaning winds and murmuring shells
Seem like perpetual weeping.

'Tis his fitting tomb the sea-girt strand,
His fitting dirge the billow—
But I wish he were laid in his native land,
By yon meek and lowly willow.

His father's grave is beneath yon tree,
His mother's grave is beside it—
There's space at the feet for him and me,
My brother; we shall not divide it.

I would I could kneel above by thy grave,
And pray for the much-loved sleeper;
But my thoughts go over the far wild wave,
And my lonely grief grows deeper.

You fear'd for her whose cheek was pale,
Which your last kiss left yet paler—
The life your fondness deem'd so frail,
Your own has been yet frailer.

I would you slept mid familiar things,
Which your childhood wont to cherish,
Where the church its holy shadow flings
And your native wild-flowers perish.

The more I think of the dreary sea,
The more we feel divided,
Thy tomb had been like a friend to me,
Where my sorrow had been confided.

But my God is recalling the life he gave,
My love with my grief is dying,
But the spirit—the heavens know no grave,
And my heart is on those relying.

L. E. L. *Ibid.*

Of course we do not quote this song for its novelty. Our object is to give the precise dialect in which it ought to be sung.

THE POWCHER'S SONG.

When I was boon apprentice
In vamous Zoomerzet Shere,
Lauks! I zerved my meester truly
Vor neerly zeven yeer,
Until I took to *Powching*,
Az you zhall quickly heer.
Cho. Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night
In the zeazon of the year,
Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year.

Az me and ma coomerades
Were zetting on a snere,
Lauks, the Geamkeepoors caem oop to uz;
Vor them we did na kere,

Case we could fight or wrestle, lads,
Jump over ony wheere.
CHO. Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night
In the zeazon of the year,
Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year.

Az we went oot wan morning
Atwixt your vive and zeex,
We cautcht a heere alive, ma lads,
We found un in a deetch;
We popt un in a bag, ma lads,
We yoiten off vor town,
We took un to a neeghboor's hoose,
And we zold un vor a crown.
We zold un for a crown, ma lads,
But a wont tell ye where.
CHO. Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year,
Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year,

Then here's success to Powching,
Vor A does think it feere,
And here's look to ere a Gentleman
Az wants to buy a heere,
And here's to ere a Geamkeepoor,
Az woona zell it deere.
CHO. Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year,
Ou, 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeazon of the year.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Topographer.

MEMORABILIA OF KENT.

(For the Mirror.)

Here Nature nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as Autumn to the year.
BYRON.

ELTHAM.

AT Eltham, King Henry III. in 1270, kept his Christmas, as did likewise in the years 1384-85 and 86, Richard II.; and in 1315, Henry the Third's Queen gave birth to a son, hence called John of Eltham. Here were the Parliaments of 1329 and 1375, held by the third Edward. Hither came the captive John of France, to be present at a magnificent entertainment, and here also was carried our female Solomon, Elizabeth to be benefited by the salubrity of the air, in her infancy—

"But Time as we see flies along in the wind,
And leaves mighty marks of his hard hand behind."

Eltham is deserted, and the splendid banquetting-hall, instead of diademed tenants, receives unlicked husbandmen; the courtier's laugh is supplanted by the blows of the flail, and the magnificent roofing is fast falling to decay. Midway between Rochester and Maidstone, four large stones of the pebble kind, placed erect, point out the mausoleum of a British and Saxon commander, who fell fighting hand to hand, in 455, five years after the latter's first landing with his forces in Britain.

About two miles from Margate a gate with this distich:

"Olim Porta fui Patroni Bartholomæi;
Nunc, regis jussu, Regia porta vocor.
Hic excenserunt Car. II R.
Et Ja: dux Ebor: 30 Junii 1683."

commemorates the landing restoration of King Charles II.

The earliest foundation of the Carmelite Friars, in England, was in the year 1240, which is still rendered memorable by their first monastery standing tolerably entire, a small distance from the village of Aylesford, and called the "Fryars;" there was convened the first general chapter of the order, in 1245.

PENSHURST.

JOHN, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France in the reign of Henry VI. had a palace at Penshurst, which on his decease descended to his next brother, Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, immortalized by Shakspeare. Fortune seems to have fixed upon this spot for the production of men of goodness or genius, for here the incomparable Sir Philip Sydney was born: here also resorted the patriotic Algernon Sydney

"To think as a sage, but to feel as a man."

The oak planted at the birth of Sir Philip, and sung by Ben Jonson and Waller, has been removed by some blockhead, with as "little music in his soul" as a turnip, or some prodigal who cared little about the associations connected with it, so that he could raise sufficient money to appear at Brookes's or purchase a hunter.

"A short mile north-west from the town of Hythe, stands Saltwood Castle," where met the four knights previous to their helping the turbulent Becket to martyrdom.

Prince Edward, son of Henry III. made the Barons of the Cinque Ports swear fealty to his father during the wars between that monarch and his rebellious nobles, at a spot half a mile eastward of Lynn Castle, called in ancient records, "Shipwey Crosse."

What a sad instance of Fortune's "slippery turns" have we in the fact, that the last male of the chivalrous and puissant Plantagenets, died in misery on the Eastwell estate, the mansion of which he helped to erect: his name still remains to a well near the humble hut in which he dwelt.

LEEDS CASTLE.

IF the reader be one of those

"Who careth not for woman kynde,
But doth them all disdain,"

he may thank Time and the patentee of juries that the days and deeds of King Neddy Secundus are over; for in the fifteenth of that monarch's reign, we are informed Sir Thomas de Colepeper was coolly hung by the chain of his drawbridge, at Leeds Castle, in this county, for having discourteously refused her majesty admittance when on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Within these walls, Joan of Navarre, second consort of Henry IV. was held in captivity for having conspired against her son-in-law's life, until conveyed to Pevensey, by her jailor, Sir John Pelham.

Edward the Black Prince received the order of knighthood at Stone Castle, near Gravesend.

Dartford was the first scene of Wat Tyler's patriotism; here also Henry the Third's sister, Isabella, was married by proxy, to the Emperor Frederick, A. D. 1235; and in 1331, Edward III. returning from France, astonished the people with jousts and a splendid tournament. The latter prince seems to have entertained a *penchant* for this town, for in 1335 he founded a nunnery, to which retired early in life, Bridget, of York, one of the daughters of Edward IV. Henry VIII. subsequent to the abolition of the monasteries, repaired this building and fitted it up for a palace; and during her progress through this county, his daughter, Elizabeth, resided here two days. "The only remains of this monastic pile at present consist of a lofty embattled gateway, with some adjoining buildings used as a farm-house;" but

"The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye,
Each ivied arch and pillar lone,
Plead haughtily for glories gone."

The original foundation of the bridge is supposed to be as ancient as the reign of Edward III. Within the church lies Sir John Spielman, the original introducer of the manufacture of paper in England, who died in 1607; the site of his paper-mill is now occupied by the gunpowder-mills, on the banks of the Darent.

Faversham is supposed to have been the residence of the Saxon kings.

Athelstan, about the year 930, assembled his Archbishops and Council to enact laws, and arrange methods for their observance in this town. So pleased with its situation was King Stephen and his family, that they erected an abbey here, and endowed it with numerous privileges; the two gateways of which were, in consequence of their ruinous condition, removed about fifty years ago. The most memorable modern event here, was the dreadful explosion, on the 17th of April, 1781, of the government powder-mills, whereby the workmen lost their lives, and the buildings of Faversham and the adjoining village of Davington were unroofed. The noise was heard at twenty miles distant.

Westenhanger House, some short space from Hythe, was one of the spots selected by King Henry II. to conceal fair Rosamond, previous to her removal to Woodstock — we find her "moated round with a drawbridge, a gatehouse, and a strong and lofty portal springing from polygonal pillars, and secured by a portcullis, and the outer walls high, and strengthened with towers, some square, others circular, and the whole embattled."

Within Hever Castle it was that Henry VIII. passed his courtship of the lovely and unfortunate Anne Boleyn. It is traditionally affirmed, that when on his approach, he was wont to sound his bugle at the summit of an adjacent hill, for his "ladye love" and her domestic to prepare.

Studfall Castle was one of the five forts or watch towers, erected by Theodosius.

Through the Reculver's channel Harold's fleet is said to have sailed—a legend of considerable probability, on account of its shelter from storms and shoals. Ethelbert is supposed to have been interred within the church, as Weever states he saw a monument of very antique form, surmounted by two spires, in the south chantry. Leland, speaking of the chancel, says, "that at the entrance was one of the fairest and most stately crosses he had ever beheld." A KENTISHMAN.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

GODFREY SCHALCKEN THE PAINTER, KING WILLIAM, AND THE TALLOW CANDLE, &c.

GODFREY SCHALCKEN was born at Dort, in 1643. He acquired the first rudiments of the art under Van Hoogstreten, but afterwards improved himself in the school of Gerard Dow. He soon began (says Walpole) to display his genius; but his chief practice was to paint candle lights. He placed the object and a candle in a dark room; and looking through a small hole, painted by day-

light what he saw in the dark chamber. Sometimes he did portraits in that manner, and came to England with that view, but found the business too much engrossed by Kneller and others. Yet he once drew King William; but as the piece was to be by candle-light, he gave his majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down his fingers. As if to justify this ill breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character. Having drawn a lady who was marked with the small pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands? "No," replied the boor, "I always draw them from my housemaid's." P. T. W.

TITLES OF THE SOVEREIGN OF PERSIA.

In the preamble of a treaty concluded with Col. Malcolm, we find the sovereign thus designating himself—"The High King, whose court is like that of Solomon's, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the ring of kings, the ornament on the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty, the king of the universe like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the phœnix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes, exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed," &c.

ASHANTEE JUBILEE.

The Ashantee yam custom is annual, just at the maturity of that vegetable, which is planted in December, and not eaten until the conclusion of the custom, the early part of September. The yam custom is like the Saturnalia. Neither theft, intrigue, nor assault are punishable during the continuance; but the grossest liberty prevails, and each sex abandons itself to its passions. It continues for a week, at the end of which time it is considered the height of rudeness for any black lady to taunt another by alluding to any circumstance that may have passed during this tropical carnival.—*Bowdich.*

OATHS.

The best and most emphatic oath upon record is the following: Sometime after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and some of the council for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on; the question was upon the security of the performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said—"Is not the word of a king sufficient security?" One of the deputies said—"No, by *St. Bartholomew*, madam!"

TRIFLING MISTAKE.

A gentleman staying at the Black Swan at Y—— being seized with lunacy, the late Dr. B. physician to the Asylum, was sent for in the night to visit him, and, by mistake of the chambermaid, was shown into a wrong lodging-room, in which there happened to be a very passionate gentleman, who, jumping out of bed in a rage, asked the doctor who he was, and what the devil he wanted. The doctor desired him to compose himself, and he would not hurt him. "Compose the devil! what do you mean?" "I mean, my good man," said the doctor, taking him by the shoulder, "that you must get into bed again, and compose yourself, while I consider your unhappy case." At which the gentleman, losing all patience, had just prepared to punish the doctor's unlucky head, when the chamber-maid returned to say —"O laws, sir, I've shown you into the wrong room!"

AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF OLDEN TIMES.

The most ancient geographical chart which now remains as a monument of the state of science in the middle ages, is founded on a manuscript of the *Chronique de St. Denys.* There the three parts of the earth *then* known are so represented, that Jerusalem is placed in the centre of the globe, and Alexandria near to it as Nazareth.

COGENT REASON.

On the evening of St. Bartholomew, during the massacre, a citizen of Paris, reputed to be very rich, was closely pursued by an assassin, sword in hand, to whom the citizen kept crying—"Sir, sir, you are mistaken, I am really a true Catholic!" "Very possibly," replied the other, at the same time piercing him with his sword, "but your money is heretic."

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The Mirror

OF

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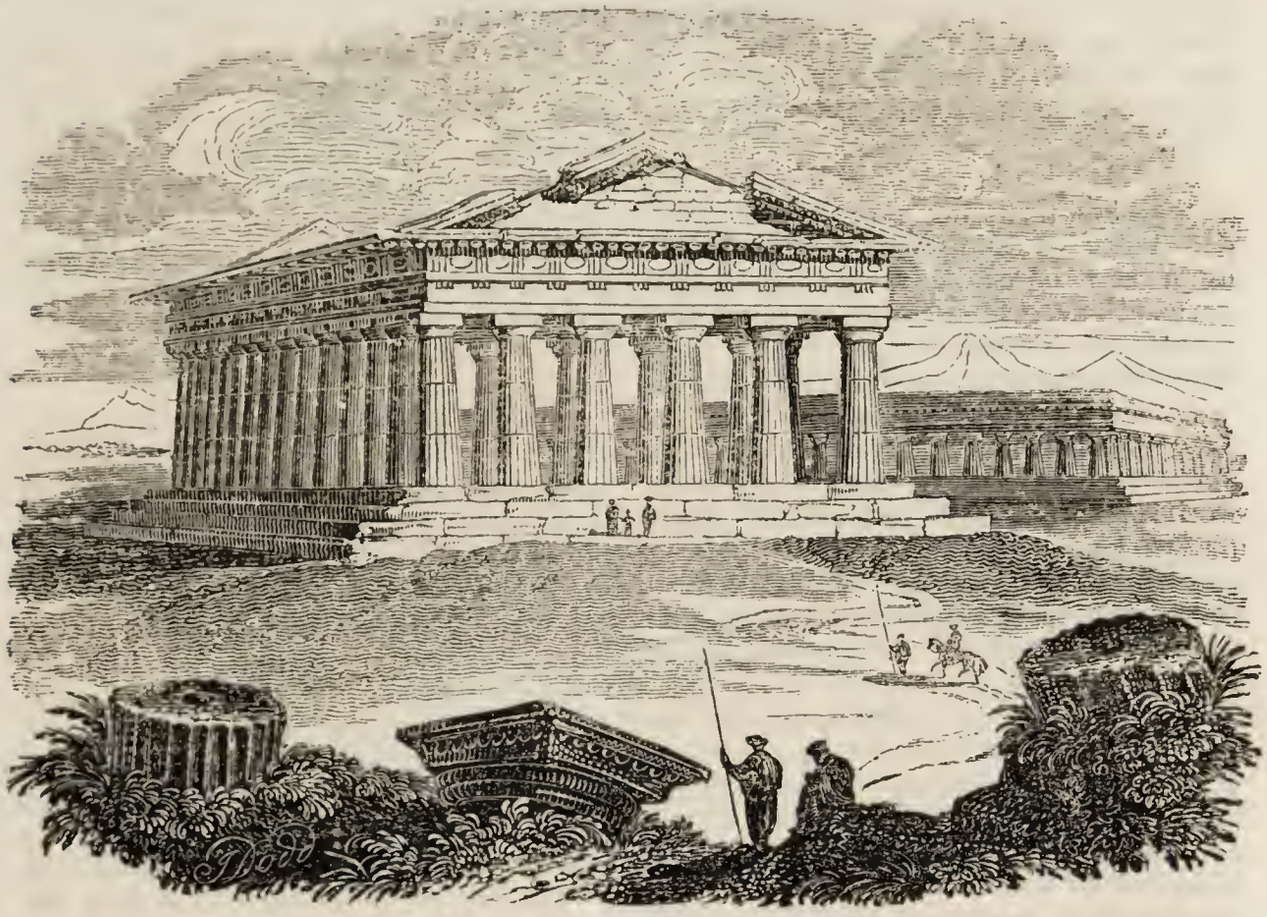


PÆSTUM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Should this view of two of the Temples of Pæstum, which I have drawn on stone, from an original sketch taken on the spot, in the spring of 1829, with the accompanying historical notice, prove worthy of insertion in your interesting miscellany, it will afford me much pleasure.

In that part of Italy which Pliny, the elder, calls the third region, and on the borders of one of those delightful plains, which extend in imperceptible descent from the Apennines to the Mediterranean, stood the city of Posidonia or Pæstum, built according to Julius Solinus, by a colony of Dorians. We find in other authors, particularly in the fifth book of Strabo, a more detailed account of its origin. It appears that a colony of Sybarites driven out of Thurium by the ancient Greeks, laid the foundation of this celebrated city, 440 years before the Christian era. The Sybarites were the most refined and luxurious of the Greeks, who colonized Italy; and these vast ruins are sufficiently indicative that Posidonia was a rich and magnificent city. It was first conquered by the Lucanians, who changed its name to Pæstum. In 920 it was burnt by the Saracens; happily however, these barbarians did not so entirely destroy it, but that there still remain a few noble monuments of its ancient grandeur, which are, and probably will continue for many centuries to be the admiration of the classic traveller.

The remains of three temples are now to be seen—two of which, namely, the temple of Neptune, and the Basilica, are represented in the sketch. It is right to state that the appropriation of the latter, which is seen in the distance, has not been exactly determined by antiquarians. That it was a temple or an edifice dedicated to religious purposes, however, appears pretty certain. There is something particularly sublime in the fact, that among the ancient monuments of architecture which we meet with, as described by travellers, or alluded to by historians, by far the greater part have been once appropriated to the service of religion.

The façade of the temple of Neptune consists of a peristyle of six fluted co-

lumns of the Hexastyle Hypæthral or ancient Doric order, without pedestals, and supported on three rows of steps; the sides are formed of twenty columns; each column, according to a recent measurement, is 47 feet in height and 8½ in diameter at the base; the entablature, notwithstanding the ravages of time and the Goths, is very complete; the architrave is perfect, and the triglyphs and guttæ on the frieze are still quite distinct.

The Basilica is not so well preserved, and differs from the former in the circumstance of being longer and divided by a row of columns into two equal parts. These temples are formed of a species of Travertino, of which likewise all the ancient monuments of Rome are constructed. It is an exceedingly hard limestone of fresh water deposition, and continues to be formed to this hour in the neighbourhood of Tivoli. After having been exposed some centuries it assumes a reddish tint (probably from the oxydation of a portion of iron), and thus adds to the picturesque beauty of the ruin.

Extraordinary as it may appear, these remains though within fifty miles of Naples, and but a few leagues from Salerno, remained undiscovered for a period of nearly 1400 years; and we are indebted for the knowledge of their existence to a young Neapolitan artist, who, about seventy years since, in rambling over some of the mountains near the sea-coast, made this interesting discovery.

Nothing perhaps is more calculated to lessen our pride of modern skill, and excite our admiration of remote antiquity, than a view of these colossal ruins:

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped,
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, columns strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight. BYRON.

It is true that the ancients have regarded more the strength of fabric, than its elegance and symmetry; but there must have been some rules of harmony, and some taste of ornament, otherwise the eye of the traveller could not at this distance of time, trace the skilful hand of the artificer, and the sublime genius of the designer, in the ruins of so many stupendous structures.

As the traveller approaches the wild and barren plain on which these majestic ruins are situated, his feelings become forcibly in unison with the scene of surrounding devastation, when he reflects upon the origin of this once venerated, hallowed spot; the seat and proof of the perfection of arts now no longer in existence, and the type and emblem of a religion no longer acknowledged. Nowhere perhaps will be found more laborious or more finished specimens of human labour, and of the refined taste of ages long since forgotten, than stand on this little spot; and though there may exist some remains of antiquity in other parts of the globe more worthy the eye of the traveller, or the pencil of the artist, yet these relics which have witnessed the rise, the progress, and the downfall of the Roman Empire, will ever rank foremost in the attractions of curiosity, and of antiquarian research.

Nothing can exceed the air of melancholy, desolation, and ruin, which this spot presents: the only sounds which break upon the ear of the traveller, as he wanders through the desert avenues of broken columns, are the echoes of his own steps, or the flittings of the bat, which seem to reproach him for violating this unbroken solitude of ages. How awful is the reflection that on the very spot on which he treads; Neptune and Ceres once were worshipped; and kneeling thousands assisted at the offering of sacrifices on those altars, and amid those columns which are now the haunts of the beast of the forest.

Here, in solitude, and in the still hour of night, let the votary of pleasure or the victim of dissipation be taught, that the life of man is but as the breath of the wind, which howls around these gigantic relics of desolation; and that the works of his hands may remain for the admiration of succeeding ages, when he himself has long since passed into the eternity of oblivion. A. S. T.

The Topographer.

THE DERWENTWATER.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS most beautiful of our English lakes possesses so many points of interest, that a series of graphic illustrations could alone do it justice. It is about three miles long, and one mile and a half broad, nearly inclosed by mountains; and its waters, more transparent than those of any of the neighbouring lakes, are studded with numerous well-wooded and romantic little islands. Of these, the largest, and nearest to the shore, is Lord's Island, formerly the residence of the family of Derwentwater; but of their mansion, only the foundations now

remain. It contains about six acres of land, which are entirely covered with wood. Derwent Isle is called also the Vicar's; and Pocklington Island, which is within half an acre as large as the former, contains a house, situated in its centre, and is laid out in pleasure-grounds, well planted with shrubs and trees. St. Herbert's Isle, near the middle of the lake—containing some remnants of an ancient building, and a small fishing cottage, built about six or seven and twenty years since, by the late Sir Wilfred Lawson—was formerly the residence of St. Herbert, a holy man, of whom some particulars are recorded by the venerable Bede. He lived in the seventh century; and for several ages after his demise, the island was resorted to, and the Saint's memory kept alive by religious observances.

There are other, and smaller islands also. Rampsholen belongs, with Lord's Island, to Greenwich Hospital, being parts of the sequestrated estate of the late Lord Derwentwater. From Otter Island, situated in a bay at the head of the lake, the views are delightful.—There is one piece of rock called Tripotholm, and two others called Lingholms. The *Floating Island* and the *Bottom Wind* are phenomena peculiar to the Derwentwater, and have given rise to various hypotheses relative to their cause. Otley treats largely upon the former in his "Guide to the Lakes;" and of the latter says—"It has been described as an agitation of the water, occuring when no wind can be felt on any part of the lake," and "has been supposed to originate at the bottom of the water. Some have associated this phenomenon with that of the Floating Island, and ascribed both to those subterranean convulsions by which earthquakes are produced. Admitting that the waves are sometimes greater than could be reasonably expected from any wind which can be perceived at the time, yet I doubt whether they are ever formed when no wind is stirring; and if such a term as Bottom Wind must be retained, I think it ought to be referred to the bottom of the atmosphere, rather than the bottom of the lake." The Floating Island, "situated in the south-east corner of the lake, not far from Lodore, about one hundred and fifty yards from shore, and where the depth of the water does not exceed six feet, in a mean state of the lake," never changes its situation, but rises at uncertain intervals to the surface, there remaining for longer or shorter periods, and sinking again.

The utmost depth of the Derwentwater does not exceed fourteen fathoms: its greatest portion is not one-fourth of that measure, but, swelled by rains and the mountain torrents, it has been known to rise eight feet above its lowest water-mark, and overflow the lands between itself and Bassenthwaite. Trout, pike, perch, and eels, afford good fishing in this lake: trout are angled for during April and May, pike and perch through the whole of summer.

It was one bright, joyous April morning when we first beheld—surveying it from a high hill—the beautiful, the fairy Derwentwater. It was a thing of light, and poetry; and the unutterably blessed emotions which flashed through us then, like thrilling streams of pure, ethereal fire—indescribable, inexpressible as we feel them to be—can never by us be forgotten: they were, in fact, one of those epochs in the spring of the soul, from which it dates its progress in improvement and happiness, and which, as sacred periods, *should* be kept in mind. We were travelling, returning to our special *England* after a residence of some years out of it; and above four years had intervened since, "first and last," we beheld the romantic, crystal, sparkling Derwentwater; but the long and blessed day, lingered out beside the *Beautiful Lake*, is fresh in our memory, as if a few brief hours only had elapsed, and marked the interval between the past and present. That day!—it is a red-letter day in the calends of highest mental enjoyment; it was a holiday of the holiest kind; a day, dedicated to warm affections, glowing devotion, grateful retrospection, and hopes, which were of themselves assured happiness. *That* day!—it was not lost to us; its green and refreshing memory remains; the puny efforts of our pencil to delineate some points of the lake-scenery are in being yet, and lo! we have just discovered in our sketch-book, scrawled on the back of a couple of these mementos, the following attempt at another mode of illustrating the Keswick Lake—the following unworthy stanzas

TO THE DERWENTWATER.

Beautiful lake! I saw, thy crystal breast
Scarce heaving 'neath Spring's renovating gale;
Thy young romantic isles in pleasant rest;
And all the shadowy barks which o'er thee sail
Bearing—ay, many a marv'lling, happy band,
As fondly we might dream, to Fairy Land.

I saw thee in the holy, matin hour,
When thou wert loveliest perchance; a shroud
Hung o'er thy distant brightness—like a bow'r
It shadow'd thee: yea, many a curling cloud,
Kissing thy radiant bosom, cast a spell
Of beauty o'er thee—soft, ineffable.

Clouds vested too thy giant guards, which stand
Gauntly above the world, in rugged form—
As barring access to thy holy strand—
As, with wild summits veil'd in mist and storm,
Repelling the undaunted—who would take
From eagle-crags their gaze on thee, sweet lake!

I saw thee from a mount; but fairy hours
Beside thee pass'd, of love, and hope, and rest;
Rapt in long ecstasy by gales, and flowers—
By wooded islets—by thy half-veil'd breast
And dreams of that cloud-curtain, which when furl'd,
Shall to the soul reveal an Eden world.

* * * M. L. B.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MAXWELL.

By Theodore Hook.

Few books abound with so many detachable scenes as Mr. Theodore Hook's Tales and Novels of real life. They are well adapted for the "specimen" system of the criticism of the present day—nay, they even appear to be written for the very purpose, and they succeed even better than any of the *Library* compilations of either variety of Knowledge. Their caricature may be broad; it is, however, dramatic, though somewhat stagy—we mean in trick and humour; but it has none of the bombast and stiltwalking sins of mimic life. It is real life with a high varnish to bring out the features, and to keep out of the *common-place.* It is pleasant to all ranks of readers, and may be equally relished in May Fair or the Borough.

The present story is one of middle life, and is abundantly stored with points of humour. It is our intention to *scrap* some of these in our next sheet. Meanwhile we take an extract from the *Spectator* notice of the work:—

'The following passage may introduce Godfrey Moss, *alias* Mousetrap, to our readers, and will permit Master Neddums, otherwise Edward Maxwell, Esq. student at law, to describe an adventure upon which subsequently much incident turns: the comments of the company at least render it amusing:'

"Well, Master Ned," said Moss, beginning his attack the moment the family party were ranged at dinner—"what did you do down at Dullham House—hard work to get through the day, eh?"

"No," said Ned; "I didn't find it very bad—after breakfast we did as we liked till half-past one."

"Ah, that is, did nothing," said Moss, "went and washed a dog in a pond; looked at a hen's nest; saw half a dozen horses' tails sticking out of their stalls in the stables; squashed about the brown sugar walks in the dripping shrubberies; sat on the bridge; looked at the water; saw how sticks swim; admired a calf; proposed sparrow-shooting—no gun at hand; thought of a walk in the kitchen garden—gate locked; wanted to look at the grapery—gardener gone to buy pea-sticks. I know—well, poor deluded creturs, and what after *that?*"

"Why, after *that,*" said Ned (if you mean after what never occurred) "came luncheon; after luncheon our horses and the carriages were ordered—Miss Epsworth and her aunt used to drive in the phaeton, and I and Overall, and one or two others, used to ride."

"What have you done with the Major?" said Maxwell.

"He is there, sir," said Edward.

"What, at Dullham?"

"Yes," said Ned.

"To be sure he is," said Moss.

"I think," said Apperton, "he has an eye to the freehold and the copyhold and the leasehold; the India stock, and the three per cent. consols."

"As sure as a gun," said Moss, "that lying little cretur will snap up your Jenny, Master Ned; he'll carry off your little ricketty vinegar bottle, if you don't look sharp."

"I cannot help it," said Edward; "and if he do, I don't much care."

"What!" exclaimed Kate, "a lover, and speak so of your beloved?"

"I am no lover, Kate," replied her brother—"at least not of hers."

"Hallo!" said his father, "what, is your heart going another way?"

"Going, sir?" said Edward.

"Gone, I think," said Kitty.

"That is nonsense," said Edward; "but I honestly confess I never *did* see such a lovely creature in the whole course of my existence, as one I saw today, and whose life I saved."

"Oh! a romantic affair," said Moss. "Where did 'um happen, Master Neddums?"

"In—Long Acre—" said Edward, after a little hesitation.

"What a scene for a romance!" said Kate.

"Was she very pretty, Ned?" asked his father; "tell us your story."

"Why, sir," said the son, "at the corner of Long Acre, a carriage driving furiously along, and unseen by her, was within an inch of running over this beautiful girl. I, luckily, and most luckily, as I hadn't been in town half an hour,

and was coming homewards from Lincoln's Inn, rushed between *her* and the horses, seized the bridle of the off-horse with one hand, and catching the lovely creature round the waist with the other, succeeded in rescuing her from what must otherwise have been certain death."

"And a very meritorious act too, Ned," said Maxwell. "No accident did happen to her I hope."

"No job for the craft," said Moss; "no feeling for the faculty, eh?—six and eightpence again, Kittums."

"No, sir," said Edward, "she was, as they say, more frightened than hurt; but she was all gratitude to me, and called me her deliverer."

"Mistook you for your father, perhaps, Neddums," said Moss.

"She gave you her address—a reference, I conclude," said Apperton.

"No," said Edward, and sighed.

"He's a young chap yet," said Moss, *sotto voce*, to the stockbroker; "does she live in Drury-lane, Ned?"

"Where she lives I know not," said the young man. "I begged leave to see her home, but she strenuously declined; I inquired her residence—she would not tell me—she requested me to call a hackney-coach—I did so—handed her in—"

"And left her in the straw without further inquiry?" asked Moss.

"I *did* inquire again and again," said young Maxwell, "but to no purpose. She thanked me a thousand times, but entreated me, in accepting those thanks, to add to her obligations by not endeavouring to discover whither she went; and I—"

"Of course got up behind the coach and traced her," said Moss.

"No, Mr. Moss," said Edward, "I did not. I gave her my honour I would conform myself to her wishes. She told me her reasons were important and imperious—I believed her assertions and obeyed her injunctions."

"And you behaved like a gentleman and a man of honour, Ned," said his father; "but was she very handsome?"

"Lovely, perfectly lovely," said Edward.

"I thought," said Kate, "that you did not prefer such lovely persons, Edward?"

"Perhaps, Kate," said Ned, "I should rather call it loveable. I have no taste for your regular, systematic, Grecian-nosed, short-lipped, classical one, two, three, regulation beauties, as you know; but this creature had eyes full of intelligence and feeling, and a mouth which, when she smiled—"

"Oh! stuff, Ned!" said Moss;—"here, stockbroker, give me some snuff. I used to talk that sort of trash when I was at your time of life, but—"

"Nay," said Maxwell, "when you did talk it, I have no doubt you thought it very agreeable."

"What added to the interest this charming girl inspired," said Ned, "was her dress."

"Cocquelot, hat and hair to match?" said Moss.

"No," said Edward, "she was dressed in the deepest mourning."

"Black saves washing," said Mr. Apperton.

"She had that within which passeth show," said Edward; "there was a plaintive melancholy in her eye—"

"Oh, Ned, Ned," said Moss, "if you go on so, I must have up the gin and water an hour earlier than usual."

"It is very curious," said the stockbroker, "to observe how the most sensible characters are imposed upon.—There was myself—"

"—— what, by way of an example," said Moss, taking a huge pinch of Apperton's snuff.

"Yes, *exempli gratia*—"

"—— as the Dutch say," continued Mousetrap.

"Come, come, Mousetrap," said Maxwell, "let Apperton tell his story, and then we will have some loo—and Kitty shall say to you and Pam together, Pray be civil."

"Oh, civil," said Moss, "I'm civil enough, but I've no patience with all this pottering about runaway horses and runover women—pish!—the creturs put themselves there on purpose to be run over, or run away with. Come, Kittums, put away your netting—making a purse for the stockbroker boy—eh?"

"I was making it for *you*," said Kate.

"Not a bit of it," said Moss; "I hav'n't no need of purses—no—no—Apperton's the boy—those high-stool chaps, with the desks, and the rails, and the stove, and the slits in the panels for the bills, eh, Apperton? That's the way we does'em in Copthall Court, or wherever your Potamaboo place is.—Come along, then, let's see you play your loo."

"What, will you play?" said Maxwell.

"Not I," said Moss; "I can't understand that stationary work; but as we ar'n't to have any music, let's see you do the Great Mogul foolery."

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

(Concluded from the Supplementary "Spirit of the Annuals," page 376.)

"THE Indian once more outstripped his pursuer, but as they entered upon the high lands his speed diminished. The old chieftain perceived it, and as he kept on his course, sent forth the war-whoop of his tribe, as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains, and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve to keep up his speed, while Tangoras followed with as much ease in his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

"The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most rugged and dangerous ground, in hopes that his pursuer, through fatigue, would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset. They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up, in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. The young Indian had been hunted to desperation when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of a branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, which yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth, as his only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crashing that it made in its passage. He turned, and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was bleeding. A laugh of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth; but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again, his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose, and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

"They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wounded and exhausted frame. At length he attained the highest point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity, he started back with horror, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was within a few paces of him, and a savage smile of triumph was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him, when he beheld Tangoras draw his hunting knife as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off the slight covering from his broad bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock; an awful pause ensued; their eyes glared upon each other — Tangoras raised his arm — 'Strike!' cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body, as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm, startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on the rock, and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood-stained weapon, smiled and pointed to the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village."

"And what cause had he for the perpetration of so merciless a deed?"

"The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son, and as his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father, in conformity with their custom, took justice into his own hands; not dreaming that the Whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed, imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried, and convicted of murder. He did not speak during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations, and sat in the prisoner's bar with the dignity of a hero, rather than the compunctious

bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth from the court-house to the prison, he paced on with a firm step and haughty demeanour, which showed, that though he had been condemned by others, he was himself unconscious of a crime. The miserable remnant of his tribe had assembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing upon them even a look, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder."

"Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt at his liberation?"

"Certainly. What else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs. They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege, and while they dread, and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement, and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves."

"And what was the fate of old Tangoras?"

"That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows-tree prepared for his execution."

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree, near the prison, had been trimmed for the purpose; a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment, two Indian women passed the window; their countenances denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards.

"Those women," continued my informant, "are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their final leave of him."

We could distinctly see what was passing from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailor permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief, and my communicative friend, who, by the way, was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to the cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows-tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than they were before they entered the prison.

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distant. In an instant, the whole of the villagers were in the street, gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sounds proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest to arise from his recumbent posture. While expectation was on tiptoe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for from a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the criminal. I arose at daybreak the following morning, and on descending to the bar-room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth, the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of Indians were standing beneath the gallows-tree, with their faces towards the east; their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailor to the apartment in which the old chief was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell, with his eyes raised to a small grated window, through which the grey light of morning was gradually stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailor accosted him, but he made no reply, and still kept his eyes fixed upon the same object. The schoolmaster also spoke to him, but he still appeared to be unconscious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which, falling on the face o. the prisoner, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions looked at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined

in song. The music was varied by occasional bursts of passion, and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low guttural tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices, apparently with deep interest.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I inquired.

"It is the Indian death-song," replied the schoolmaster, "and they relate in their rude strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief."

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expression indicated pain, and finally became so completely distorted, as to evince that he was labouring under intense bodily pain, although he still continued to mutter the death-song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself; he staggered, his knees bent under him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war-whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immedately the death-song was changed to a wild burst of exultation. We approached to support the old chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waved his hand, and forbade us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog.

"The old Roman virtue,—consistent to the last!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailor left us, to attend to it. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was now over; the body was motionless. They bent down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased, as the jailor closed the door after them. As I returned to the inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

"The cause is plain enough," replied the schoolmaster. "The women who visited him last evening left a dose of poison with him. It is evident that the plan was preconcerted."

About an hour afterwards we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of their old chief to a spot, where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces.—*Literary Souvenir.*

THE RANS DES VACHES.

Our readers have frequently heard of the Swiss cowherd's song, called the *Rans des Vaches*. The words are as follows:

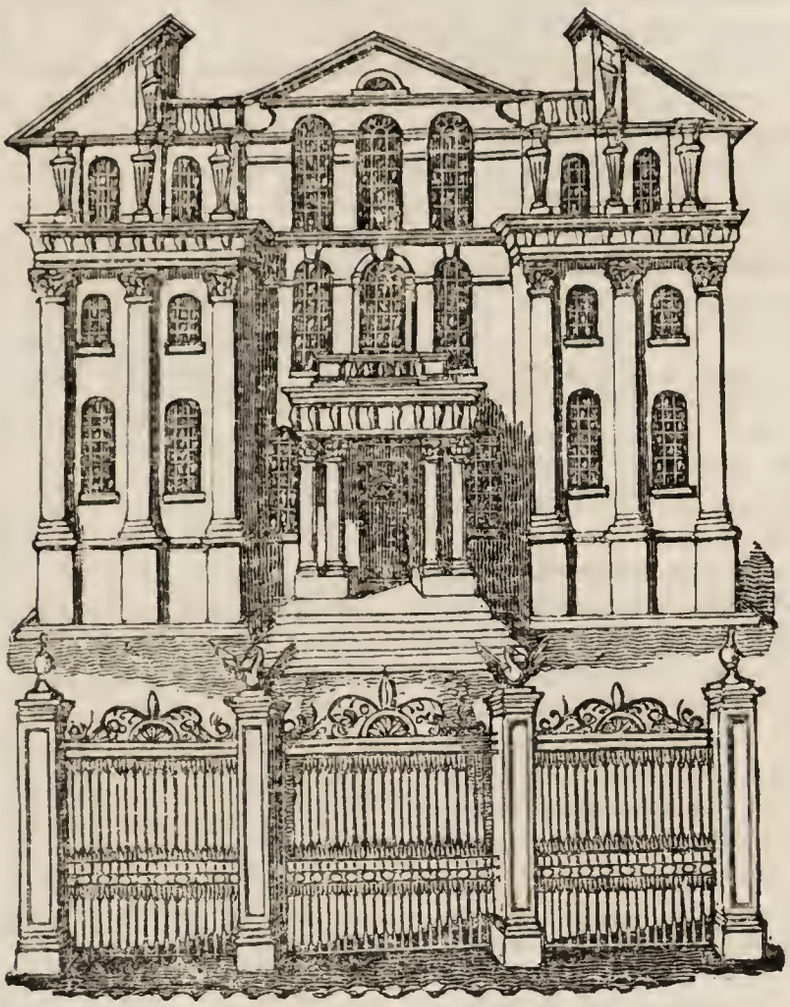
Quand reverai je en un jour,
Tous les objects de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos côteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornament de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau?
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai je au son du Chalameau?
Quand reverai je en un jour,
Tous les objects de mon amour,
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma soeur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère?

IMITATED.

When shall I return to the Land of the Mountains,
The lakes and the Rhone that is lost in the earth,
Our sweet little hamlets, our villages, fountains,
The flour-clad rocks of the place of my birth?
O when shall I see my old garden of flowers,
Dear Emma, the sweetest of blooms in the glade,
And the rich chestnut grove, where we pass'd the long hours
With tabor and pipe, while we danced in the shade?
When shall I revisit the land of the mountains,
Where all the fond objects of memory meet;
The cows that would follow my voice to the fountains,
The lambs that I call'd to the shady retreat;
My father, my mother, my sister and brother;
My all that was dear in this valley of tears;
My palfrey grown old, but there's ne'er such another;
My dear dog, still faithful, tho' stricken in years.
The vesper bell tolling, the loud thunder rolling,
The bees that humm'd round the tall vine-mantled tree,
The smooth water's margin whereon we were strolling
When evening painted its mirror for me.
And shall I return to this scenery never?
These objects of infantine glory and love;
O tell me, my dear Guardian Angel, that ever
Floats nigh me, safe guide to the regions above.

From the *Circle of the Seasons*, a neat and comprehensive work before quoted.

Monmouth House, Soho Square.



This mansion was built by "the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth," who was beheaded on Tower Hill, July 15, 1685. It was subsequently purchased by Lord Bateman, from whom it passed to his successor, who let it to the Count de Guerchy, a French ambassador to our court. The premises were taken down in the year 1773, and the site, or part of it, is now occupied by Bateman's Buildings.

The name of the duke is, however, still preserved in Monmouth Street, in this vicinity, humiliating as may be the distinction in contrast with the ill-starred ambition of the princely soldier. It is likewise perpetuated, though less directly in Soho Square, which is one of the oldest squares in London, having been built in the reign of Charles II. whose statue is placed in the central area. This square was originally called King's Square, and is said to owe its present appellation to Monmouth and his friends who resided in it. *Soho* was the watch word of the duke's party at the battle of Sedgemoor.

The fate of Monmouth is one of these episodes in man's history which charge him "to fling away ambition." He was accused of participation in the Meal-tub Plot, by one Dangerfield, whom Burnet describes as "a subtle and dextrous man, who had gone through all the shapes and practices of roguery." The finishing stroke to his misfortunes was, however, his implication in an insurrection in the west against James II. After his defeat at the disastrous battle of Sedgemoor, and his subsequent discovery in a ditch at Holtbridge, in Dorsetshire, in July, 1685, he was conveyed to London on the 13th, and after an interview with his uncle, the king, in which the latter displayed "neither feeling nor generosity," he was committed to the Tower. The bill of attainder, which had previously been passed against him, precluded the necessity of a formal trial; and only two days respite were allowed between the time of his committal and his execution, although he had petitioned for a longer interval. The incidents of his "latter end" are narrated with much feeling, in a letter written by Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to Bishop Fell, dated July 16, 1685,* the day after Monmouth's execution, from which letter the following is an extract:

* Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Men.

...."I told your lordship, in my last, the Bishop of Ely was appointed by his majesty to attend the Duke of Monmouth, and to prepare him to die the next day. The duke wrote to his majesty, representing how usefull he might and would be, if his majesty would be pleased to grant him his life. But, if it might not be, he desired a longer time, and to have another divine to assist him, Dr. Tenison, or whom else the king should appoint. The king sent him the Bishop of Bath and Wells to attend, and to tell him he must die the next morning. The two bishops sate up in his chamber all night, and watcht whilst he slept. In the morning, by his majesty's orders, the lords Privy Seale and Dartmouth brought him also Dr. Tenison and Dr. Hooper. All these were with him till he died.

"They got him to owne the king's title to the crown, and to declare in writing that the last king told him he was never married to his mother, and by word of mouth to acknowledge his invasion was sin; but could never get him to confess it was a rebellion. They got him to owne that he and Lady Harriot Wentworth had lived in all points like man and wife; but they could not make him confess it was adultery. He acknowledged that he and his duchess were married by the law of the land, and therefore his children might inherit, if the king pleased; but he did not consider what he did when he married her. He confest that he had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he had repented of it, askt pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him. He said, that since that time he had an affection for Lady Harriot, and prayed that if it were pleasing to God, it might continue, otherwise that it might cease; and God heard his prayer. The affection did continue, and therefore he doubted not it was pleasing to God; and that this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment, upon due consideration. They endeavoured to show him the falsehood and mischievousness of this enthusiasticall principle; but he told them it was his opinion, and he was fully satisfied in it. After all, he desired them to give him the communion next morning. They told him they could not do it, while he was in that error and sin. He said he was sorry for it.

"The next morning, he told them he had prayed that if he was in an error in that matter, God would convince him of it; but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error.

"When he was upon the scaffold, he profest himself a Protestant of the Church of England. They told him he could not be so, if he did not owne the doctrine of the Church of England in the point of non-resistance, and if he persisted in that enthusiastic persuasion. He said he could not help it, but yet he approved the doctrine of the Church in all other things. He then spoke to the people, in vindication of the Lady Harriot, saying she was a woman of great honour and virtue, a religious, godly lady (these were his words). They told him of his living in adultery with her. He said—No: for these two yeers last past he had not lived in any sin that he knew of, and that he had never wronged any person; and that he was sure, when he died, to go to God, and therefore he did not fear death, which (he said) they might see in his face. Then they prayd for him, and he kneeld down and joind with them. After all, they had a short prayer for the king, at which he paused, but at last said Amen. He spoke to the headsman to see he did his business well, and not use him as he did the Lord Russell, to give him 2 or 3 strokes; for if he did, he should not be able to lie still without turning. Then he gave the executioner 6 ginnies, and 4 to one Marshall, a servant of Sir T. Armstrong's, that attended him with the king's leave: desiring Marshall to give them the executioner if he did his work well, and not otherwise. He gave this Marshall overnight his ring and watch, and now he gave him his case of pick-teeth; all for Lady Harriot. Then he laid himself down; and upon the signe given, the headsman gave a light stroke, at which he lookt him in the face; then he laid him down again, and the headsman gave him 2 strokes more, and then layd down the ax, saying he could not finish his work; till being threatened by the sheriff and others then present, he took up the ax again, and at 2 strokes more cut off his head.

"All this true as to matter of fact, and it needs no comment to your lordship. I desire your prayers, and remain,

"Your lordship's most affectionate,

"W. Asaph."

To this sorry complexion came the ambitious projects of one whom the pen of history points to as "the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth." One of his children died in the Tower, but the two others were liberated in the following year.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SHAKSPEARE.

Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials of the Shakspere Family; transcribed from the register-book of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire; and presented to George Stevens, Esq. the Commentator on Shakspere, by the Hon. James West, Esq.

Jone,* daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized September 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakspere, was buried April 30, 1563.

William,† son of John Shakspere, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, son of John Shakspere, was baptized October 13, 1566.

Jone,‡ daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized April 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized September 28, 1571.

Richard, son of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspere, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, son of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakspere of Hampton, was baptized February 10, 1583.

Susanna, daughter of William Shakspere, was baptized May 26, 1583.

Samuel§ and Judith, son and daughter of William Shakspere, were baptized February 2, 1584.

John Shakspere and Margery Roberts were married November 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakspere, was buried October 29, 1587.

Ursula, daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized March 11, 1588.

Thomas Greene, alias Shakspere, was buried March 6, 1589.

Humphrey, son of John Shakspere, was baptized May 24, 1590.

Philip, son of John Shakspere, was baptized September 21, 1591.

Samuel, son of William Shakspere, was buried August 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakspere was buried September 8, 1601.

John Hall,‖ gent. and Susanna Shakspere, were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakspere, widow, was buried September 9, 1608.

* She married the ancestor of the Harts of Stratford.

† Born April 23, 1564.

‡ This seems to be a grand-daughter of the first John.

§ This Samuel, only son of the poet, died aged twelve

‖ This gentleman was a physician. He married the poet's eldest daughter.

Gilbert Shakspere, adolescens, was buried February 3, 1611.

Richard Shakspere was buried Feb-4, 1612.

Thomas Queeny and ¶Judith Shakspere were married February 10, 1616.

William Shakspere,** gent. was buried April 25, 1616.

Mrs. Shakspere†† was buried August 6, 1623. A. V.

¶ Judith was the poet's youngest daughter.

** Died the 23rd.

‡‡ The poet's widow. She died at the age of 67.

SPIRIT OF THE

Public Journals.

CHIVALRIC COURTS OF LOVE.

THESE singular tribunals originated in Provence and Languedoc. Those beautiful regions, which long constituted a separate country, distinct from the monarchy of the Franks, differed not less from the latter in their language and the spirit and manners of the people. The *langue d'oc* or *langue romane* had in its harmonious structure and etymology a closer affinity to that of Rome than the *langue d'oil* or French Walloon, the parent of modern French. In their taste and fancy also, the Provençal poets, unacquainted as they appear to have been with classical models, betray a greater affinity to the didactic, erotic, or satirical, but still formal and unimaginative literature of the lower ages of Latinity, than to the wild and fresh romantic fancies of the Northern muse. It is a remarkable fact that of the innumerable romances and romantic poems about heroic and supernatural achievements of knights and Paladins, hardly any one can be traced to a Provençal origin, and that most of them were written in the comparatively rude language of the country north of the Loire, or old French. Indeed the remains of the poetry of the Troubadours, like the tales of the early Italian novelists, are more valuable as descriptions of the manners of the age than for any intrinsic merit either of invention or execution. The mixture of licentiousness and elegance, of ingenuousness even in guilt, of simplicity and sincerity united to the grossest corruption of morals, which those manners present, is striking and appalling. The institution of chivalry, with all its pageants, if it did not originate in Provence, found there a congenial soil in which it throve in wild luxuriance and extended its branches. One of these was the establishment of the Courts of Love. M. Raynouard

has given a good account of these extraordinary tribunals and their jurisdiction, which he took in great measure from a work nearly forgotten, styled "De Arte Amatoria et Reprobatione Amoris," written by Maistre André, Chaplain at the Royal Court of France, about 1170.

The Courts of Love consisted of an indefinite number of married ladies, presided by a princess, or wife of a sovereign baron. The Countess of Champagne assembled one of sixty ladies. Nostradamus mentions ten ladies as sitting in the court of Signa in Provence, twelve in that of Romanin, fourteen in Avignon. Knights also sometimes sat in them. Queen Eleanor, consort of Louis VII., and afterwards of Henry II. of England, held a Court of Love. This princess, who was niece to the celebrated Count of Poictiers, was the means of spreading in northern France the gallantry and customs of the south, greatly to the scandal of the old French Walloon knights; she encouraged the Troubadours, who sung her praises, especially Bernard de Ventadour, who continued to address his verses to her after she was Queen of England. Her daughter Mary, wife of Henry Count of Champagne, presided likewise over several Courts of Love, as well as Sybilla of Anjou, Countess of Flanders, also in the twelfth century, and Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne.

The Troubadours had invented, among other species of compositions, one which they called *Tenson*, probably from the Latin *contentio*, which was a sort of dialogue in verse between two poets, who questioned each other on some refined points of love's casuistry, such as "one lover is jealous and feels alarmed at a straw, another is so confident of his mistress's faith that he does not perceive even just motives of suspicion; it is asked, which of the two feels most love, &c.?" The answers were equally ingenious, and the debate was often referred to the courts of love for a final decision. Those decisions were registered and formed a sort of statute book of the "gay science." These tensons were also called *joulx d'amour*, and the decisions *Lous arrets d'amours*. Raymond de Miraval and Bertrand d'Allamanon had a tenson in which the question was, "which of the two nations, Provençal or Lombard, meaning thereby Italian, was the most noble?" Raymond sustained the cause of the Provençals as having produced a greater number of poets or Troubadours. The question was brought before the Court of Pierre-a-feu and Signe, and was of course decided in favour of Provence.

But other and less hypothetical matters were also brought before the courts of love for final judgment. Lovers complaining of the infidelity of their mistresses, ladies complaining of their lovers' neglect, or wishing to have an authorization to free themselves from their chains, these appealed often in person to the courts of love with as much earnestness and gravity as an injured husband would sue before our courts for a separation or divorce. The court, it appears, summoned the accused, who submitted to its authority, although it was supported only by opinion. One knight brought a charge of venality against a lady for having accepted costly presents from him without making him any returns in kindness. Queen Eleanor's decision was that, a lady ought either not to accept presents, or make a due return for them. The influence of Provençal manners on chivalry is remarkable in as much as instead of combats and other romantic feats, disputes of jealousy and rivalry between knights were often quietly submitted to the decision of a female tribunal.

The morality, if we may use such a misnomer, of the Courts of Love, was a code of licentiousness and adultery, mixed with an affected display of refined sentimentality. It strictly corresponds with the practice of cicisbeism, which has so long prevailed in the South of Europe, only still less veiled than it is in modern times. The unblushing effrontery with which ladies expressed their sentiments on the subject is astonishing, even to us who have witnessed the familiarity of the *cavalieri serventi* and *cortejos* of the two southern peninsulas. A few extracts from the questions brought before the Courts of Love, and of the judgment passed thereon, will bear us out fully in our expression of unqualified reprobation of the whole system.

A question was laid before the Countess of Champagne, whether love can exist between husband and wife? The countess, after prefacing that she and her other ladies were always ready to give advice to those who might otherwise err in the articles of love, decided that "there can be no love in the state of matrimony, because, unlike free lovers who act from their own will and favour, married people are bound to accede to their mutual wishes, and cannot deny one another. There can be no jealousy between them, and, accord-

ing to rules, without jealousy there can be no love; *ergo, &c.*" And this precious decision from a lady of the highest rank, herself married, is dated A. D. 1164, Kalend. Maii.

A young lady, after being in love with a knight, has married another; is she obliged to keep away her first lover, and refuse her favour to him? The answer of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne, is, that the marriage bond does not exclude by right the former attachment, unless the lady declare that she meant to abjure love for ever.

Again: a knight fell in love with a lady already engaged to another: she however promised him, that if she ever ceased to love his rival, she should take him into favour. After a short time the lady married her first lover. The knight now required the fulfilment of her promise; the lady refused, saying, that although married, she still loved her husband. This was referred as a knotty point to Queen Eleanor, who replied thus: "We do not presume to contradict the sentence of the Countess of Champagne, who has solemnly pronounced that there can be no true love in wedlock. We therefore are of opinion that the lady in question should grant her love to the wooing knight."

There was a code of love, by which the decisions of the courts were chiefly guided. A fabulous legend was related of its being found by a knight of King Arthur's court, suspended by a gold chain from a tree. This code contained thirty-one articles.

Discretion, however, was strongly inculcated to the favoured lover, and one of the articles of the code of love says, "amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus." Violence was also reprobated. In short, things had been contrived so as to constitute an easy system of refined profligacy. And many of these Troubadours went over to Palestine, singing pious themes and erotic lays on the same harp!

Several causes contributed, in the thirteenth century, to the suppression of the Courts of Love, the dispersion of the Troubadours, and the extinction of the *langue d'Oc*. The terrible wars of religion against the Albigenses, the sword of De Montfort, and the fagots of the Inquisitors, scared away poetry and love, such as it was, from those desolate countries. Afterwards Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, having removed to Naples, took with him many of the knights, ladies, and Troubadours, to grace his new court. Italian became the favourite language of the Anjou dynasty at Naples. Joanna I., during her forced residence in Provence, endeavoured to revive the study of Provençal poetry, but in vain; and when thirty years after she adopted Louis, son of King John, who was the head of the second house of Anjou, that prince, who thus became possessed of Provence, spoke the *langue d'Oil*, or of northern France, and had no taste for the Provençal, the language of his adopted country. His grandson René, also, Count of Provence in the fifteenth century, with whom the great northern romancer has lately made us so well acquainted, made some attempts at reviving the poetry of the *langue d'Oc;* but the race of the Trobadours was now extinct, and the only result was collecting and compiling the lives of the old Troubadours, by the Monk of the isles of Hyeres, and after him by Hugues de St. Cesaire.

A Prince of Love continued to be elected yearly by the nobility of the South of France, until the period of the Revolution. He imposed a fine on those noblemen and ladies who married out of their country. This fine was called *pelote*, and is found registered in several arrêtes of the Parliament of Aix.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

MIRRORS.

"Ista repercussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est."—OVID'S *Narcissus.*

WHEN mankind were in a state of primeval simplicity, enjoying the pure pleasures of a rural life, and content with those luxuries and conveniences which the spontaneous hand of Nature offered, it is obvious, they would soon discover that transparent water had the power of reflecting substantial bodies. To the female sex, who are ever ingenious in improving their native charms, we may give the credit of this natural discovery. The beauties of the antediluvian world, not suffocated by the heated atmosphere of a dressing-room, nor flattered by a brilliant looking-glass illumined by a constellation of half-a-dozen wax tapers, used to make their toilette on the margin of a silver-eddying stream, or by the side of a clear pellucid fountain.—Those aboriginal daughters of Nature, "free as the vital air or light of heaven," gave their long streaming hair to be fanned by the refreshing breezes, nor feared they lest it should be discomposed by the heated vortex of a crowded apartment, or the enervating puffs of a ball-room. It is almost superfluous to apprize our fair readers, that in the infant state of society, when the chief substance

of the wealthy consisted in flocks and herds, that the primitive young ladies of fashion were shepherdesses; and, in those days of innocence and simplicity, it was thought no disgrace to a lovely nymph of an illustrious family to tend and water her father's cattle. To confirm this, we need only instance the history of Rebekah,* who was not ashamed to offer her pitcher of water to allay the thirst of the camels belonging to Abraham's servant, who came to demand her in marriage for that patriarch's son.—Fashion has prevailed in all ages, in some shape or other; and was not the young damsel in question a lady of fashion? for the servant, the deputed matchmaker on this very interesting occasion, presented the destined bride of Isaac "with jewels of silver and jewels of gold; we are further assured, that she covered herself with a veil; and, no doubt, was well furnished with all the paraphernalia indispensable to her sex.

Natural mirrors, such as lakes and fountains, have been spoken of by almost all poets who have had occasion to interweave into their works the scenery of pastoral life. This pretty piece of the picturesque has travelled from Theocritus and Virgil,† down to Pope and Lord Byron. This rhyming nobleman, certainly the greatest poet that England ever produced among her nobility, in describing the picturesque country near Thrasymene, calls the lake of that name "*a mirror*, and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters." Near Geneva is a sheet of water called Lake Leman, so smooth and clear, that it was by the ancients fancifully denominated *Diana's mirror*.‡ Not to insist upon the well-moralled story of Narcissus, nor the Alexis of Virgil,§ nor Milton's beautiful episode of Eve at the fountain, it may not be amiss to subjoin a few quotations allusive to this antiquated custom.

"As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the *watery glass*."
POPE.

"Mirrors are taught to flatter; but our springs
Reflect the perfect images of things."
DARWIN.

"As she sat careless by a *crystal flood*,
Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her good."
SPENSER.

In the progress of civilization and refinement, when men became less familiar with the face of Nature, they would find it necessary to contrive some artificial means of reflecting the human form. The polished superfices of firm substance, especially of metals, would have the desired effect; and it is abundantly evident, that mirrors of brass were used in the remotest ages: for Moses‖ states that "he made the laver *of brass of the looking-glasses* of the women who assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." And even to the present age, as Chardin, in his Travels, assures us, the mirrors of the Easterns are generally of metal; if there be any of glass, they are not of Asiatic, but of European manufacture. About ten years ago, a looking-glass of large dimensions was sent out by the Prince Regent, as a present to the Schah of Persia, who deemed it one of the most estimable ornaments of his gorgeous palace. — *Lady's Magazine, Improved Series*, No. ix.

* Gen. xxiv.

† See *Polyphemus* of Theocritus, and the *Alexis* of Virgil.

‡ Speculum Dianæ.

§ ——— nuper me in littore vidi.
Cum placidum ventis staret mare.

‖ Exod. xxxviii. 8.—Though the translation renders it the original text by the word, *looking-glass;* strictly speaking, the Septuagint does not justify such interpretation. The Greek, ἔσοπτρον, and the Latin, *speculum*, mean *a utensil to look at for the purpose of reflection*. We do not assert that the ancients had not the means of clarifying glass; they knew not the secret of spreading it out in sheets.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE are few things which more strongly show the universal prevalence of superstition over the minds of the common people in all countries, than the names and traditions which are handed down respecting any work or object which excites their admiration or wonder.

The vast circles which may be seen in many parts of Cornwall, are commonly known by the name of Dawnsmen—The Stone Dance; and a long line of stones, near St. Columb, are generally named The Nine Maids. The Hurlers are supposed to be men transformed into stones, for profaning the Sabbath by hurling the ball.

The country people residing near the circle of stones at Roll Rich, in Oxfordshire, affirm that they are a king, his nobles, and commons; and they quote a proverb to the tall or king-stone—

"If Long Compton thou canst see,
Then King of England thou shalt be."

The vast stones which compose Stonehenge are said by tradition to have been brought from Ireland; another name of Stonehenge is Choir Gaur, or the Giant's Dance. The stones in Wiltshire called the Hurlers, it is reported, cannot be counted. A heap of stones on Marlbo-

rough Downs is called the Grey Weathers, in the midst of which occurs a cromlech, the local appellation of which is the Devil's Den. A cromlech near St. Columb, in Cornwall, has the name of the Giant's Quoit; for the same reason, a vast stone, weighing several tons, near Chew, in Somersetshire, has been called Hautville's Quoit, as the common people suppose that it was thrown to that spot by Sir John Hautville.

A Druidical circle at Stanton Drew, Somersetshire, has been named the Wedding;—in an orchard are shown the metamorphosed bride, bridegroom, and clergyman: one circle is supposed to be the company dancing, another is shown as the fiddlers. A barrow near this place bears the name of Fairies Foot. Another circle in Cumberland, called Long Meg and her Daughters, is believed to have once been human.

In North Wales are shown two stones, reported to be the remains of a chapel, which was carried away by night by supernatural agency.

The fortified Roman camp on Clifton Down, now destroyed, was said by the vulgar people to have been founded before the time of William the Conqueror, by Jews or Saracens, under one Ghyst, a giant in the land; and a cavern, not far distant, has received the name of the "Giant's Hole." The vast cavern in Derbyshire is well known as the Devil's Peak; near Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, are the Devil's Quoits; near West Acton, in Middlesex, was a place known as the Devil's Orchard; two dykes, one in Cambridgeshire, and the other in the North, are called the Devil's Ditch; four large pyramidical stones, near Burrow Bridge, in Yorkshire (one of which, says Camden, was lately pulled down by some that hoped to find treasure there, though they sought in vain), are known as the Devil's Bolts; and the celebrated bridge at Pont Aber Glaslyn, is commonly called the Devil's Bridge, as one part of the Cumberland Mountains is designated The Devil's, or Cross, Fell.

The following is an extract from Giraldus Cambrensis:—"In a rock or cliff, by the sea-side in Glamorganshire, near the Isle of Barry, there appeareth a little chink, into which, if you lay your ear, you shall hear a noise as of smiths at work—one while the blowing of bellows, another while striking of sledge and hammer, sometime the sound of the grindstone and iron tools rubbing against it, the hissing sparks also of steel gads within holes as they are beaten, yea and the puffing noise of fire burning in the furnace. Now I am persuaded that the sound comes of the rush of the sea water." Ammianus Marcellinus, as we learn from Camden, has a passage which may possibly refer to the same place:—"They that have written histories do say, that in the Isle of Britain there is a certain hole, or cave, under a hill, and on the top thereof a gaping chink; and whensoever the wind is gathered into that hole, and tossed to and fro in the womb or concavity thereof, there is heard above a sound of cymbals."

A similar superstition respecting an enchanted cavern, occurs in another part of Wales:—"According to a legend, there is in Merlin's Hill a cave, the mouth of which many have seen at a distance, but when persons approach the place, they are never able to find it. In this cave King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are supposed to sleep; at a set time King Arthur will arise, and reign with splendour over the ancient Britons:

> "In such folly if you trust,
> Wait for Arthur from the dust."

From the same cause, a cave at Bosauan, in Cornwall, bears the name of Piskey Hall; another is called the Giant's Holt. A similar story is told, that at Alderly Edge, in Cheshire, the neighing of horses may be heard at night by the peasantry. On the top of the mountains near Brecknock is Cadair Arthur, or Arthur's Chair. According to Geoffry of Monmouth, the cliff of Lan Gœg Magog, or the Giant's Leap, in Cornwall, is the place where Gog Magog was thrown headlong into the sea by Corinœus and the Trojans. Near Warwick is shown Guy's Cliff, where he lived as a hermit after his warlike exploits. The chasm of the Holy Mountains, near Abergavenny, is supposed to have been caused by the convulsion of the earth at the Crucifixion. Several other such instances will occur to the reader. The tradition of Wayland Smith, which has been introduced into "Kenilworth," was well known in the Vale of White Horse.

In Scotland, the foundations of old houses beyond memory are named, Pight's Houses; and the arrows which were used by the original inhabitants are called elf bolts, as the cornu ammonis, which is found in many parts of England, is reported to be an enchanted snake. Throughout the islands, superstitious belief appears to be prevalent. In the Hebrides, a belief in the second sight and respect for the fairies is still common. "In the Isle of Man,"

says Waldron, "the reality of the apparition of the Manthe Dog is universally acknowledged."

"I was told," says Gray in his letters, "by a ferryman at Netley, in the Isle of Wight, that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey, there were such things near it, though there was a power of money hid there."

The tales of haunted houses which may be met with in so many places, the frequent narration of finding giants' bones, the report that rivers in many places are without a bottom, the stories of endless subterraneous caves, as well as of inscriptions which have been found in illegible characters, and the assertion that the steeple of the village near Haseborough, in Norfolk, which was destroyed by the sea, is to be seen at low water—may possibly rather have originated in the love for the marvellous than the influence of superstition.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

STILTS.

LEAVING the grammar for his play,
Forgetful of the rod,
Tott'ring in stilts through mire and dirt,
The schoolboy strolls abroad.

Why does this innocent delight
Provoke the pedant's spleen?
Look round the world, thou fool, and learn
The use of this machine.

When quite deserted by his muse,
The sinking sonnetteer
Hammers in vain a thoughtless verse,
To please Belinda's ear;

The mighty void of wit he stops,
With a successful chime;
On stilts poetic rises quick,
And leans upon his rhyme.

Through fields of blood the general stalks,
And fame sits on his hilt,
Till sword or gun at last bestows
An honourable stilt.

The blund'ring statesman gains by these,
His wisdom boasts aloud;
And on his gilded stilts sublime
Steps o'er the murm'ring crowd.

Supported by these faithful friends,
Defies all charge of guilt;
And, in the mud of sinking, takes
The sceptre for a stilt.

With well dissembled anguish see
The cheating rascal beg,
And by a counterfeit gain more
Than by his real leg.

Yet on the boy's instructive sport,
Is this contrivance built;
The source from whence his gains arise,
What is it but a stilt?

Corinna's fair, of stature low,
Yet this defect supplies,
By stilt-like heels which may assist
The conquests of her eyes.

See! in his second childhood faint,
The old man walks with pain;
On crutches imitates his stilts,
And acts the boy again.

So well concerted is this art,
It suits with all conditions;
Heroes, and ladies, beggars, bards,
And boys, and politicians.

Long through the various roads of life,
Each artist walks unhurt,
Till Death at last kicks down the stilts,
And lays him in the dirt. G. K.

ENVY.

A LITTLE French girl was lately asked, why she no longer liked her doll. The answer was—"Because it vexes me to see her better dressed than myself!"

WHEN the surgeons of Tripoli take off a limb, the stump is dipped into a bowl of hot pitch, which settles the bleeding, without the trouble of tying up the arteries.

SYMPATHY.

IT is from having suffered ourselves, that we learn to appreciate the misfortunes and wants of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."

EPIGRAM,

Addressed to M——, on his nomination to the Legion of Honour.

IN ancient times—'twas no great loss—
They hung the thief upon the cross;
But now, alas!—I say't with grief—
We hang the cross upon the thief.

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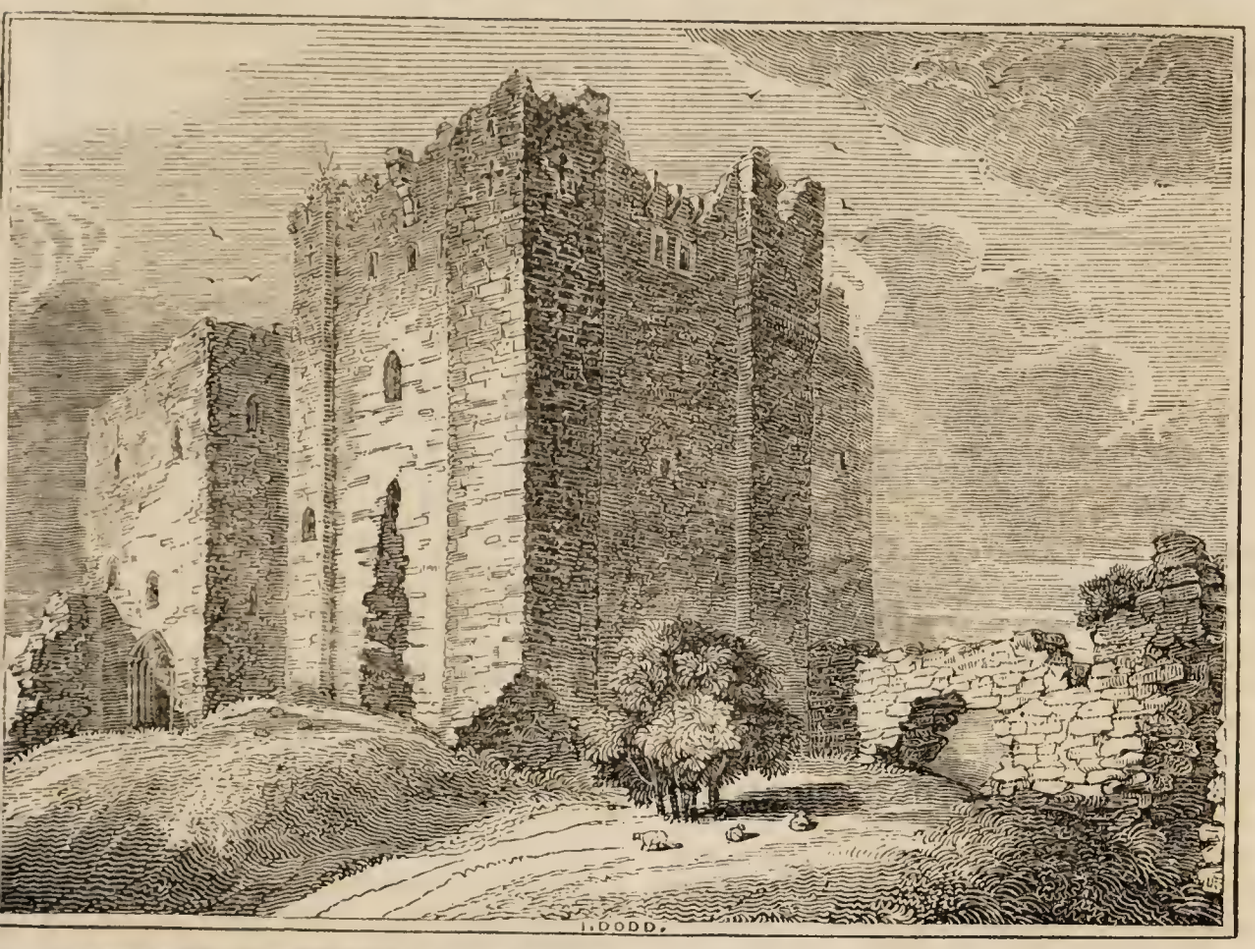
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 463.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Brougham Castle.



Interior of the Chapel in Brougham Castle.

Each reader of the *Mirror* will consider this Engraving in association with the illustrious individual whose title and name it bears; and whose auspicious advancement is a subject of congratulation both in political and literary history.

Apart from this consideration, (in itself no ordinary point of interest,) the district of Westmoreland in which Brougham Castle stood, is one of considerable antiquarian importance. The village of Brougham is situated at the northern extremity of the county, on the military way to Carlisle; to the north of which are the venerable ruins of *Brougham Castle*, the history of which is described at some length in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xv. :—

Brovacum,* and *Brovonacæ*, the for-

* The fallacy of Camden's favourite method of settling the Roman Geography of Britain by similarity of sound between ancient and modern names, is no where more clearly exemplified than in his placing Aballaba at Appleby, and in telling us that the name Brovocum, or Broconiacum, as he has it, "remains almost unaltered; for we still call it Brougham." Horsley rightly derives Brougham from *Burg-hæm*, i. e. *Castle-town*, and Leland, in distinguishing between the castle and the village, shows he was acquainted with the true etymology of Brougham.

mer mentioned in the fifth, and the latter in the second Antonine iter, have often been confounded with each other, and with the *Borcovicum* and the *Brabonia-cum* of the Notitia; but they are doubtless names of distinct places, and we agree with Horsley and Gough, in placing Brovacum, at *Brougham Castle*, concerning which Leland tells us "Ther is an old castle on the ... side of Eden water, called *Burgh*. About a *dim* from the castle is a village called *Burgham*, and there is a great pilgrimage to our Lady. At Burgham is an old castle that the common people there say doth sink. About this Burgham ploughmen find in the fields many square stones, tokens of old buildings. The castle is set in a strong place, by reason of rivers inclosing the country thereabouts." * "Some coins and urns have been found here," and the place has all the usual evidence of a Roman station: it stood on the east side of the Lowther, about two stone casts from the castle, and its form and extent may be easily traced.† "It has formed an area and out-work one hundred and twenty paces square, defended by a vallum and outward ditch, both at this time very discernible."‡ Here Horsley mentions a fragment of an altar, inscribed PRO SE ET SVIS9· L9L9M9; remarkable only for the form and size of the stops. He saw many fragments of altars and inscriptions at the hall; and in the wall by the Roman road beyond the castle; and near the Countess of Pembroke's pillar, a pretty busto, part of a funeral monument, and further on another bas relievo, much defaced. He imagined the high ground by this pillar, where most of the inscriptions were found, was the site of the city, rather perhaps of the pomœrium, or cemetry; for it is to this day called the burial-ground; and urns and coins, among the rest a Faustina, have been dug out of it.

The following inscription is on a plain mural altar, formerly built up in the stable at Brougham Castle; but presented lately to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Mr. G. A. Dickson.

D E O	*Deo.*
BLATVCAoRO	*Belatucrado.*
AVDAGVS	*Audagus.*
V S P SS	*votum solvens posuit sanctissime.*

"History," says Mr. Grose, "has not recorded the builder of Brougham Castle, or handed down to us the time when it was erected; but its style of architecture, and particularly that of the keep, indubitably pronounces it Roman." This, however, is a mere flourish of conjecture; for an inquisition records that the prior of Carlisle, during the minority of John de Veteripont, suffered the walls and *house of Brougham* to go to decay for want of repairing the gutters thereof. The expression *house* seems to infer that license at that time had not been procured to embattle it. Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Veteripont, built the greatest part of the castle, and placed over its inner door this inscription—This Made Roger. § By an inquisition taken after his death, its castellany was found to consist of eighty acres of arable land, forty acres of meadow, three cotterels, and a water-mill. His grandson Robert built its eastern parts, where his arms, with those of his wife, were cut in stone. An inquisition, in 1403, found it and its demesne worth nothing "because it lieth altogether waste by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots;" and a like authority made in 1421, says it had a yearly rent of twenty quarters of oats, and thirty shillings from the vills of Clyburne, Wynanderwath, and Brougham; and twenty-two quarters of oats from Clifton. The Countess of Pembroke relates that Henry, Earl of Cumberland, when he was but Lord Clifford, ruled his father's estate; and that he, "with his father Francis, Earl of Cumberland, did magnificently entertain King James, at Brougham Castle, on the sixth, seventh, and eighth days of August, 1617, on his return from his last journey out of Scotland." The next account we have of it is from the following inscription:

"This Brougham Castle was repaired by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countesse dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, Baronesse Clifford, Westmerland and Vescie, Ladie of the honour of Skipton in Craven, and high sheriffesse by inheritance of the county of Westmerland, in the yeares 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since about August 1617, when King James lay in it for a time, in his journie out of Scotland, towards London, until this time, Isa. c. LVIII. v. 12. God's name be praised."

The Countess Anne also tells us that "After I had been there myself to direct the building of it, did I cause my old decayed castle of Brougham to be repaired, and also the tower called the *Roman Tower*, in the said old castle, and

* It. VII 63. † Hors. Brit. Rom. p. 297.
‡ Hutc. Exc. p. 49. Anno 1776.

§ Pemb. Mem.

the court-house, for keeping my courts in, with some dozen or fourteen rooms to be built in it upon the old foundation."* The *Tower of Leagues*, and the *Pagan Tower*, and a state room called *Greystocke Chamber*, are mentioned in her Memoirs; but the room in which her father was born, her "blessed mother" died, and King James lodged in 1617, she never fails to mention, as being that in which she laid, in all her visits to this place. A garrison of foot soldiers was put in it for a short time, in August 1659.† After the death of the Countesse, it appears to have been neglected. Its stone, timber, and lead were sold for 100*l.* to Mr. John Monkhouse and Mr. Adderton, two attornies in Penrith, who disposed of them in public sales, the first of which was on the coronation of George I. 1714. The wainscotting was purchased by the neighbouring villagers, among whom specimens of it still remain.‡

The approach to this castle, says Hutchinson, in an account written in 1776, is guarded by an outward-vaulted gateway, and tower, with a portcullis; and, at the distance of about twenty paces an inroad vaulted gateway of ribbed arches, with a portcullis, through which you enter a spacious area, defended by lofty towers.

The side next the river is divided by three square towers; from thence, on either hand, a little wing falls back, the one leading to the gateway, the other connected with the outworks, which extend to a considerable distance along a grassy plain of pasture ground, terminated by a turret, one of the outposts of the castle. The centre of the building is a lofty square tower: the shattered turrets which form the angles, and the hanging galleries, are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower still remains entire; being a square of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, of light and excellent workmanship. The groins are ornamented with various grotesque heads, and supported in the centre by an octagon pillar, about four feet in circumference, with a capital and base of Norman architecture. In the centre of each arch rings are fixed, as if designed for lamps to illuminate the vault. From the construction of this cell, and its situation in the chief tower of the fortress, it is not probable it was formed for a prison, but rather as used at the time of siege and assault, as the retreat of the chief persons of the household.§ You descend to it by several steps: "all the" other "apartments are destroyed." The outward gateway is machicolated, and has the arms of Vaux (chegny, or and gules) on its tower.‖

In the *Spectator* newspaper of Sunday last, it is observed that "The fine old ruin, Brougham Castle, which is often confounded with Lord Brougham's seat, never was in his possession, or that of his family." We had reason to doubt the entire accuracy of this statement, and accordingly sought information of the personage to whom the possession of the Castle had been attributed, and it is with feelings of pride and pleasure that we submit the result of this inquiry to the reader:—

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—The Lord Chancellor being at present very much occupied, has desired me to answer your letter of the 29th.

It is perfectly true that Brougham Castle is not now the property of the Chancellor, nor has it been in his family since the reign of King John. It belongs to the Earl of Thanet, as representative of the Clifford family. Before the time of the Norman Conquest, the manor and lordship of Brougham (then called Burgham) were held by the Saxon family of de Burgham, from whom the Lord Chancellor is lineally descended. After the Conquest, William the Norman granted to Robert de Veteripont, or Vipont, extensive rights and territories in Westmorland; and among others, some oppressive rights of seigniory over the manor of Brougham, then held by Walter de Burgham. To relieve the estate of such services, Gilbert de Burgham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of his estate to Robert de Veteripont, and also the advowson of the rectory of Brougham. This third comprises the land upon which the castle is built, and the estate afterwards given by Anne Countess of Pembroke, (heiress of Veteripont), to the Hospital of Poor Widows at Appleby. Brougham Castle, if not built, was much extended by Veteripont; and afterwards still more enlarged by Roger Clifford, who succeeded, by marriage, to the Veteripont possessions. The manor house, about three quarters of a mile from the castle, continued in the Brougham family; and part of it, especially the gateway, is supposed to be of Saxon architecture;

* Pemb. Mem. V. I. p. 216.
† Pemb. Mem. V. I. p. 218.
‡ Clarke's Survey, p. 5.
§ Excur. to the Lakes, p. 47.
‖ Hutch. Hist. of Cumb. I. 294.

at all events, it is the earliest Norman. The chapel is also old, except the roof, which was renewed in the year 1659. In the year 1607, Thomas Brougham, then Lord of the Manor of Brougham, died without issue male, and the estate was sold to one Bird, who was steward of the Clifford family; the heir male of the Brougham family then residing at Scales Hall, in Cumberland. About 1680, John Brougham, of Scales, repurchased the estate and manor of Brougham from Bird's grandson and entailed it on his nephew, from whom it passed by succession to the Lord Chancellor.

Brougham Castle descended from the Viteriponts to the Cliffords, and from them to the Thanet family.

I have the honour to be your obedient, faithful servant, ——— ———.*

Lin: Inn, Tuesday, 30th.

Returning to the *Beauties of England and Wales* memoir, we find that the "mansion" now called *Brougham Hall*, is often styled Birdnest, from its having belonged to the family of Bird. "It stands upon a woody eminence on the east side of the Lowther; and from the richness, variety, and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often styled *The Windsor of the North.* Its hall is lofty, and lighted by five Gothic windows, "each completely fitted up with painted glass, some of which is of the old stain, and has been anciently there, particularly the arms of the family over the door: some of it is of modern painters, aad placed there by the late Mr. Brougham. The subjects are of various kinds, scripture pieces, Dutch figures, landscapes, fruit, and flowers, and the tout ensemble produces an admirable effect." † Nearly adjoining to it is the *chapel* of Brougham, dedicated to St. Wilfred, as appears by the rector of Brougham agreeing, in 1393, to find in it "two seargies afore St. Wilfrey, at his own proper costs;" at which time it was endowed with lands adjoining to it; but these have since been exchanged for others contiguous to the glebe of the church. In 1658 and 1659, the Countess of Pembroke rebuilt it; and the rector of the parish performs evening service in it when the family are resident."

* As we have not sought permission to subscribe the writer's name, it is withheld. Suffice it to say, the above Letter is from a near relative of the Chancellor, whose obliging zeal in furnishing this information will always be gratefully remembered by the Proprietor, as well as by the Editor of the present work.

† Hutch. Cumb. Vol. 1. p. 305.

A few more recent particulars of Lord Brougham's family, from the *Spectator* memoir, already alluded to, will not be out of place here:—

"Henry Lord Brougham, is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune but ancient family (the Chancellor had, we believe, a latent claim as heir-general to the barony of Vaux, and hence his creation by that title,) in Cumberland. His mother was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman; in the mansion of whose widow, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the father of Lord Brougham lodged when prosecuting his studies at the University there. Chambers, the laborious topographical historian of Edinburgh, says that Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's Square, in that city, though we have heard this disputed.

Lord Brougham first sat for Camelford, afterwards for Winchelsea, then for Knaresborough, and lastly for Yorkshire. In 1812, he contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, and failed; in the same year he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of boroughs, and failed there also. In 1818 he contested Westmoreland, with the Lowthers; and again in 1826, but unsuccessfully in both instances. Lord Brougham was originally a Scotch barrister, and practised for some time in the Supreme Court there. It was while at the Scotch bar that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Francis Horner and Mr. Jeffery he planned and established the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was for many years a most able and constant supporter. Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Spalding, Esq. of Holme, in Gallowayshire; by whom we believe he has had two children, a boy and a girl. Lady Brougham's maiden name is Eden; she is a near kinswoman of the Auckland and Hendley families. At her marriage with Mr. Spalding, in 1808, she was accounted an extremely beautiful young woman, and she was still possessed of great personal charms at the period of her second union. Lady Brougham had by her former marriage a son, who inherits his father's estate, and is an officer in the army, and a daughter."

By the way, a lithographic portrait of the Lord Chancellor, in his robes of office, appeared the day after his lordship had taken his seat. The resemblance is striking. It is, we learn, by a promising young artist, named O'Connor, and its entire production occupied him but six hours.

AUTUMN.

(For the Mirror.)

"Lov'st thou thro' Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay?"
Sir Walter Scott.

SHE comes with melancholy grace,
A mild, sad beauty in her face;
Fading flowers adorn her brow,
Yellow leaves her pathway show.
On the evening breezes swelling
Her wild harp a tale is telling.
You may hear its pensive chiding
When the pale moon high is riding:
When the stars are glittering brightly,
And the clouds are sailing lightly;
When the bat comes wheeling near,
And woods are falling, dry, and sere;
When lights of day are waxing dim,
Her wild anthem will begin!

Listen to the mournful measure,
And indulge the pensive pleasure;—
Loudest, sweetest is her note
Where lone ruins stand remote.
Rustling low, thro' ivy wreaths
Her sad music softly breathes;
Or wild and hollow, down the aisle
Of the mouldering abbey's pile.
And where yew trees lend a shade,
Where beloved dust is laid!
Where the flickering moon-beams fall
On the dark-grey, time-worn wall.
O'er the past her strain is stealing,
Far-off scenes at once revealing;
I would the dying note prolong,
And catch the moral of her song.

Hoary Time is gliding by,
Unobserved and silently;
Bearing with him many a flower,
Blooming once in pleasure's hour;
From life's bright and sunny day,
What's he stealing far away?
He bears smiles, and joy, and brightness,
Health and hope, and fancy's lightness;
Early friendship's first pure token,
Trusting love, and faith unbroken.
Rife with spoils so rich and rare,
With all that's lovely, all that's fair:
Whither wilt thou fold thy pinion,
Time! when ceases thy dominion?
Whither tends thy rapid flight,
Thro' quick returning day and night?
"To that wide ocean," Time replied—
"I on the rapid whirlwind ride,
"Where day and night shall cease—
"Spring, Summer, Autumn, cease to be!
"Prepare to fix thy destiny
"In heaven's blest home of peace!"

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R.

THY DAYS ARE GONE!

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

THY days are gone—thy battlemented walls
No longer frown with overhanging guns;
The roar is hushed of revelry and war;
The night owl shrieks where once the mighty fell;
The white rose and the red entwine reciprocally.
Here Beauty tripp'd,—and here rough warrior lords
Browned by the sun of battle—scarred and maimed—
Held many a council over England's fate!
'Twas here the vassal to his liege lord paid
The feudal homage of the barony;—
'Twas here the boar's head smoked, with minstrelsy,
To feast a monarch, or his warlike peers;—
'Twas here, diurnally, the royal haunch
Steamed on the charger, as the festal horn
Proclaimed the banquet. Here thy nobles fought
For hapless Henry and his luckless queen!
But since that casqued chiefs and morioned masters bled;
Full many a merry monk and pining nun
Have breathed their vespers—and have talked of love
By them forsworn—and wished the vow undone,
As they have sat on thy grey turrets musing,
Watching the red sun sink into the sea,
In ruby glory—or the silver moon
Shoot forth her rays—or in their vigils marking
The borealis streaming from the north!
As coruscations of the past would gleam
In fancy's world. I hail thy nobler site!
For Nature stampt thee noble ere thy pile
Was rear'd! Earth's lesser Alps around thee rose,
Which, like eternal giants of creation,
Yet lift their stately heads, majestic,
In solitude sublime, magnificent!
Built by the Architect who heaved the skies,
Thy native rocks overhang, as in the days
Of warlike Margaret. Bend and worship, man,
"The common God of Nature," whom but to know
Is to revere! CYMBELINE.

Spirit of Discovery.

Triumph of Science.

THE month of October was distinguished above all others, in the annals of this or any other country, by the final subjugation of steam, and applying this most powerful agent to the last and most important use of man, in giving him a vehicle for all the common purposes of life. It has now become literally what the alchemysts boasted of their *Currus triumphalis*.

Hitherto, the running of steam carriages was confined to experiment only; but on the 5th of October, 1830, they were used as public accommodations; and so commenced the era when vapour was substituted for horses, and a small barrel of water placed upon its side, moved forward itself, and a ponderous weight attached to it, with a force as great, and a velocity infinitely greater, than sixty of the strongest and fleetest horses could accomplish in the same distance. We had the curiosity to visit Liverpool for the purpose of

witnessing this extraordinary sight, and we travelled thirty-three miles, from Liverpool to Manchester, on this wonderful road. Two sets of carriages leave their respective places every day, each containing one hundred and twenty persons, with all their luggage. The first class are covered in and curtained, and the fare to each person is seven shillings; the second are open, and the fare but four shillings. They depart at different hours, five times a day, from each place, and are always full, so that one thousand two hundred people are daily conveyed between these great commercial cities, at the average rate of twenty miles an hour. We entered one of the first class at two o'clock in Liverpool, with a vast crowd of fellow-travellers in five large carriages connected with each other, and all attached to a low machine like a sledge, having a barrel of water laid in it. On a signal given, the whole began to move. We first passed through a dark caverned tunnel, where the light of day was excluded, and the noise of the carriage wheels, rolling on their metal bars, was increased to a stunning effect by the echo of the vaulted roof; from this we emerged upon the viaduct, an elevated mound thrown across a valley, and we flew along in the air over the country and its inhabitants, a considerable way below us. Half way we stopped to have our water-barrel replenished, and after a delay of ten minutes we started again. At this time we went with the velocity of thirty miles an hour, so that passing objects dazzled and rendered giddy many of the company. Our attention was now called to the other coaches returning from Manchester to Liverpool. We were on the alert to salute them in passing, but we only heard a rushing sound, and saw a gush of smoke like a meteor, and the crowd and all their conveyances were gone: in fact, we passed each other with the sum of our velocities, and at the almost incredible rate of sixty miles an hour. We now entered upon the chat moss, over which it seemed impossible to form any thing like a firm road; but even this hopeless substance was subdued, and we were carried across the unstable quagmire with as much speed and levity as if we floated over it in a balloon. In one hour and forty minutes we found ourselves over the town of Manchester; and having dismounted from our wonderful vehicle, far more extraordinary than Pacolet's horse, we descended by a flight of steps into the streets of the city.

The complete success of this noble enterprise has excited a spirit which will soon spread over the kingdom. A railroad on a more extensive scale is already marked out from Liverpool to Birmingham, to be immediately commenced, and continued from thence to London; already has the distance to Manchester been passed in half an hour, and it is no extravagant expectation to see all England traversed, in a few years, at the rate of a mile a minute, and for the fare of a penny a mile. A magnificent tunnel is nearly completed from the Mersey under the town of Liverpool, to meet the railroad, and it is expected that goods of all kinds will be transported and lodged in towns in the interior in less time than they can now be stored on one of the wharfs.—*British Magazine.*

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER, NO. IV.

An Adventure on the Coast.

(For the Mirror.)

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

And I have loved thee ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy wave—as I do here."

BYRON.

I WISH I could describe the cove of Torwich—I can but give a faint outline of it. It was a scene of wild sequestered beauty, untamed character, and of romantic singularity, shut out as it were from the tumult and discord of the world. In the distance was the hamlet, a small part of which commanded a beautiful though confined view of the extensive and romantic scenery of Torwich bay. In the foreground was the cove, with a chain of mingled wood and precipice on the right; while the opposite side of the valley presented scenery of a totally different character. A wild and sterile range of sandhills, of unknown era and considerable altitude, clothed in part with bent (a species of reed) presented a succession of eminences occasionally broken by the abrupt intrusion of a rock, and terminating in the picturesque twin rocks (formerly

alluded to in my description of the bay*) which formed a barrier to seaward. In the centre of the sandhills, overlooking the cove and valley, like a huge wave rising out of a broken sea—stood the aged and "time-worn" remains of P——th Castle. The peasantry averred that it was never erected by mortal hands, but raised by enchantment in one night; many a legend was afloat respecting it, and truly, though in reality it was situated on an inaccessible rock on the side of the valley, yet the sand had probably encroached, and concealed its real site, for it was to all appearance on three sides, founded on a sand. Whether it arose from its peculiarly desolate and mouldering appearance (for the principal portion of the exterior fortification and gatehouse alone remained,) or whether it was from the force of association or the extreme loneliness and singularity of its site, but I attach a deeper degree of interest to this ruin than to any other I have ever seen; though others may have been of a finer and more extensive nature. From a tower boldly situated at the S. W. angle of the castle, completely concealed by one large ivy-bush, which branched out of the wall, the eye could embrace the whole extent of ocean visible through both the headlands of Torwich bay, with the extensive and convulsed scenery of the eastern portion of it.

It will be seen from the above rapid description that solitude formed a prominent characteristic of Torwich—but I am a student of Nature—there is society for me "in the pathless woods"—a world on the lone sea-beach—I love no music better than the howling of the storm—the wild screaming of the eagle, or the crash of waters. These are the source of feelings of a thrilling and high-toned character, which he who dwells in towns can but ill comprehend.

The "schoolmaster," according to modern parlance, had not visited Torwich, but in his room there was a full freight of honesty and good sense amongst her manly sailors. Of the society there was the "righte merrie" host of the anchor, a worthy old skipper, somewhat the worse for wear, brimful of nautical adventure and anecdote, (no man could spin a yarn better) with a sly tongue and a slyer head. Then there was Harry Lovering, as true a British tar as ever existed, with his never-ending yarns of the "glorious first" his whole appearance a perfect study; the furrows of a hundred storms in his face, beaming with open-hearted frankness and singleness of mind. It was a positive relief amidst the every-day characters of life, to meet with such a man, and the change of time, I regret to say, is fast sweeping away such characters, which can never be recalled. After leaving H. M. Service, he had been subsequently the captain of a coaster, and was now laid up for the remainder of his day in a snug berth in his native village, owner of the Three Brothers, coasting smack, of which his eldest son, Frank, was captain. There was Charley Swan too—but I must check the current of my recollections, or you will be carried to leeward; for it is time to begin my own story.

Soon after the wreck of the *Bonne Esperance*, formerly detailed, what was termed the "coast blockade" at Torwich, consisting only of three persons, was reinforced, and a regular station and watch-tower appointed in conformity with the regulations of the service—a measure which had become more urgent not only on account of the outrages frequently committed by wreckers, but in consequence of several successful and rather extensive *runs*, and a considerable trade in salt, which had recently taken place on the coast: indeed more than one individual in the village was rumoured to have a hand in these affairs.

"A fine night, Mr. Lovering," said I, meeting him casually on the sea-beach, "those are strange stories we hear about the castle and the old church. I hear the king's men have been to examine it to-day, in hopes, I suppose, of finding a keg or two of brandy under the tombstones,"

"Ay, ay, sir," he replied, replenishing his pigtail, "*they* never throw a chance away. Those are queer noises though; and my old woman will have it as we hear the strange unearthly sounds as she calls 'em, in the fitful pauses of the night wind, that they come from a greater distance than the castle, and the church you know is half a mile to the nor' east of it."

"It is making noise enough, heaven knows, in the village, and there are more at the bottom of it there, than you or I choose to say."

"Yes, sir," he remarked, shaking his head, "*that* I don't doubt. You've heard likely, of the fright Tom Bra'byn and his partner got in passing the old church, last night—I was by when the leeftenant questioned him about it this morning, and he keeps to his story, that it was all on a sudden lighted up as bright as day when he passed the church, and that strange shouts and yells came

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 403.

from it and the tombstones. Yon sky looks very wild, sir, we shall have some rough work in a day or two, I fear." With this we parted.

It was getting quite dark as I neared the ascent to the village, when sounds of a very peculiar and unpleasant description stole by, wafted by the breeze from the opposite heights like the murmuring echo of an Æolian harp. I have that degree of nerve, which often disposes me to run into adventure, and I suddenly came to the determination of keeping watch, a night or two at the castle, in order to detect or unravel the mystery—for it was difficult to divine the object of such proceedings.

On the following evening I prepared to proceed to my post, well armed against human and elemental foes. Half an hour found me pacing up and down under the S. W. angle of the castle, a favourite resort in daylight. I had not walked long before the wonted noises commenced. I smoked it off bravely. The moon was yet "young," as the Indians say, and through the fitful light it shed over the scenery, I strained my eyes in vain to discover anything. It was almost a profound calm, the wind had died into an echo. Nothing interrupted the booming of the bittern, and the distant roar of the ocean, unless the occasional wailing at the church—or at times a sudden though slight gust of wind stole through the ruined castle, and as suddenly sunk. I know nothing that raises emotion of so sublime and soul-thrilling a nature as the distant and lengthened voice of the ocean, rising above the other elemental commotions, and heard under similar circumstances to that which I am now relating. There is an elevation of mind—a lifting up of the spirit in even the very thought of ocean—boundless infinite and unknown

"The image of eternity."

The occasional union — the crash of sounds had sometimes quite a sublime effect; while the exquisite reflection on the sea was as it has been beautifully expressed

"—— like moonlight sleeping on the grave."

Wrapt occasionally in thoughts like these, the evening passed quietly away. I resolved, however, to watch for one night more, and should the noises be repeated, to visit the churchyard.

The calm which had prevailed in the elements was, to the practised observer, the forerunner of no good, for the next evening set in with every token of a tempestuous character. I took a round by the beach to my intended post. The atmosphere, during the day, overcharged with moisture, had reflected distant objects with unusual distinctness—a sure forerunner of rain. The sun had just gone down under the edge of the level ocean, and cast a red and lurid glow on the summits of the dark and frowning masses of cliffs thrown partly into shadow on the other side of the bay. The feathery masses of waves breaking over the needles, contrasted finely with the sombre light reflected on the murky assemblage of vapours, which formed a heavy canopy over the horizon. The distant ocean stretched around, lay unusually still, while the few vessels in sight, were momentarily getting hull-down. On my left the dark line of convulsed and insurmountable precipices terminating in the eastern or Tor-head, loomed unusually large, and the eye rested with relief on a returning samphire gatherer. or perhaps a solitary sheep or goat browsing on the summit of the precipice, thrown out between earth and sky, and forming a fine study. The wind which blew with a wild and mournful song, began to exert some effect on the advancing flood; the needles were now under water and were only indicated by the increased eddying and deep snowy furrows of the breakers over them, and the sheets of foam and spray which were momentarily hurled against the base of the Tor-head. I thought as I turned from the beach and began to ascend a steep and broken path through hillocks of sand covered in patches with reeds and bent, towards the castle—that I had certainly no pleasant prospect before me; but I was resolved to go through with it manfully.

It was not long before the moon rose; but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds which the increasing wind drove rapidly across her surface, imparting an endless variety of tints to the landscape. The old castle repeated every successive gust that wailed wildly through its ruins, with a fitful and passing murmur, the effect of which was heightened by the pallid and peculiar light, which now fell full on the ivied tower and aged battlements, flinging their dark masses boldly out, now streamed on the cove beneath, or distant sea and headlands, and all again was gloom.

I increased my pace under the angle of the wall, and in order to dissipate the time, amused myself with singing snatches of the following little

SONG.

Sigh for the sailor,
Whom ocean holds deeply;
When the hoarse surges roar,
Slumbers he sweetly.

Sea nymphs shall deck him
With red weed and coral,
And his true maid from far,
Soon, soon shall follow.

Each mournful anthem
The sea-bird is singing,
Each lovely wild flower
The nereids are bringing—
Salt caverns cover
His name and his story;
Reckless of infamy!
Reckless of glory!

War thunders o'er him,
But nothing he heeds it;
Patriots may mourn him,
But nothing he needs it.
Sunk are his pulses
To Death's heavy numbers;
Sighless his tranquil breast,
Dreamless his slumbers.
Sigh for the sailor,
Whom ocean holds deeply;
When the hoarse surges roar,
Slumbers he sweetly!

Twilight had almost waxed into darkness, and though there was a smartish gale it did not entirely disperse a mist which filled the cove and scenery below me. Nevertheless the moments crept on with painful intensity and tardiness. Time appeared to stand still. I fancied I had never before felt so restless, and though there were no disturbances to attract my attention, yet as the evening advanced I distinguished occasional noises, similar to those made by a numerous party engaged in some rapid movement, and I often thought I saw the glimmering of a light in the east, or as it was called the Smugglers' Cove, which danced for a few moments on the sea, and was as suddenly extinguished. This place had a bad name, and many bloody encounters had formerly taken place there between the smugglers and revenue officers. Though the wind had continued to freshen as the tide set in, the night had not yet turned out actually stormy. I gradually felt a considerable degree of excitement—of an enthusiastic temperament in all that relates to the sea or to adventure—though my feelings run now in a more subdued current, yet there are periods when it is as fervid and intense as before I had entered into the descent of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

HORRIBLE STANZAS.

I.

Fear haunts me like a sheeted ghost, there comes no rest to me,
The swelling thoughts have sunk and fled which buoy'd my spirit free.
A form of ill, unchanging still, a dark embodied shape
Weighs my crush'd heart, and grimly waits to shut me from escape;
Dim-seen, as goul by starlight pale, gorged with his hideous fare,
Yet all-distinct upon my soul there comes his wolfish glare.

II.

The heaven is dark, as if a pall were spread upon the sky,
And earth is like a grave to me, with vultures gather'd by;
And though I breathe, my soul lies dead, and o'er it floats a troop,
Long-bill'd, of birds obscene and vile, prepared for bloody swoop;
One—fiercer, deadlier than them all—one gloats upon my heart,
And half I laugh in bitter joy, to think no blood will start.

III.

No blood, no blood to wet his maw,—that blessed torrent's flow
Was suck'd by countless beaks and bills—dried up long years ago.
'Tis thus I dream, yet not in sleep; for sleep, the torturer, brings
Before my closed eyes a train of bright and noble things:
The smiles of maidens fair and young, the glance of beauty bright,
And tones remember'd long ago—all fill me with delight.

IV.

Then happy—like the Indian chief between his pangs of pain—
I quite forget in present ease the torture and the chain.
A dream is mine. Sweet, mellow, faint, as if from o'er the sea,
Or some calm lake, at evening heard, when hush'd the breezes be,
A strain begins—and o'er mine ear the blessed music falls,
Bathing my heart, as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls;

V.

A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to allay—
And memory's wand brings back again the long-departed day,
The proud young time, when, free as air, I walked beneath the moon,
And listen'd to one gentle voice that sung its witching tune;
I bend, in sleep, to kiss her brow, as ends that falling strain—
Gone, Gone,—The agony comes on,—The fiend is here again.

VI.

Close, close beside me glooms the form that haunts me night and day;
The phantom stands beside my bed, in morning's twilight grey,
Dim, undefined, and terrible. Ah, well my thrilling blood
Told me that, foe to human kind, a demon near me stood.
It spoke at last; and o'er my soul death's deep-'ning shadows flit—
"I takes ye up for debt," it said, "and this here is the writ."

Blackwood's Magazine.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

(From the Diary of a late Physician.)

"'Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it—that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so ob-

stinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. —— says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep *me* company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'s, if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily

"Oh she shall dance all dress'd in white,
So ladylike."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowiness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the eminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. ——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; "Oh! it must be because young Lieut. N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte — heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of —— church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again inquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked

again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and" —— Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright.—Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours who had been called in to her assistance, I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, brooches, curling papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of Death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of Death thus leering through the tinselry of fashion—the "vain show" of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband. which Miss J—— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LIFE OF BRUCE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

By Major F. B. Head.

This is a somewhat bulky volume (No. 17) of the *Family Library;* and consists of one of the most interesting Memoirs in the whole compass of British adventure. Throughout the work we are happy to perceive that Major Head (himself no shrinking adventurer) has laboured to substantiate many of Bruce's statements in his "Travels," upon which error and prejudice had thrown much obloquy and discredit.—Among these attempts at proof, we particularly notice the story of cutting steaks from a living cow, which, being too long for our present purpose, must stand over for our next No. "It was," as Major Head observes, "upon this fact that Bruce's reputation split, and

sunk like a vessel which had suddenly struck upon a rock;" so that the fact itself is worthy of quotation to refresh the memories of some readers, and its substantiation worthy of the attention of all.

Meanwhile we extract the "publication of Bruce's Travels," the fate of which will show the reader how difficult it is to stem the tide of popular prejudice when it has once set in against persevering merit:—

"After having enjoyed nearly twelve years of quiet domestic happiness, Bruce lost his wife: she died in 1785, leaving him two children, a son and a daughter. Thus deprived of his best friend and companion, he became restless and melancholy. 'The love of solitude,' he very justly says, 'is the constant follower of affliction. This again naturally turns an instructed mind to study.'—These feelings Bruce's friends strongly encouraged, and they used every endeavour to rouse him from his melancholy, and persuade him to occupy his mind in the arrangement and publication of his travels.

"'My friends unanimously assailed me,' he says, 'in the part most accessible when the spirits are weak, which is vanity. They represented to me how ignoble it was, after all my dangers and difficulties, to be conquered by a misfortune incident to all men, the indulging of which was unreasonable in itself, fruitless in its consequences, and so unlike the expectation I had given my country by the firmness and intrepidity of my former character and behaviour.

"'Others, whom I mention only for the sake of comparison, below all notice on any other account, attempted to succeed in the same design by anonymous letters and paragraphs in the newspapers; and thereby absurdly endeavoured to oblige me to publish an account of those travels, which they affected at the same time to believe I had never performed.

"'It is universally known,' states the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, 'that doubts have been entertained, *whether Mr. Bruce was ever in Abyssinia.* The Baron de Tott, speaking of the sources of the Nile, says—A traveller named Bruce, it is said, has pretended to have discovered them. I saw at Cairo the servant who was his guide and companion during the journey, who assured me that he had *no knowledge of any such discovery.*'

"To the persuasions of his friends Bruce at last yielded, and as soon as he resolved to undertake the task, he performed it with his usual energy and application. In about three years he submitted the work, nearly finished, to his very constant and sincere friend, the Hon. Daines Barrington. In the meanwhile his enemies triumphantly maintained a clamour against him—and in his study he was assailed by the most virulent accusations of exaggeration and falsehood—all descriptions of people were against him; from Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, and moralist of the day, down to the witty Peter Pindar; heavy artillery as well as musketry were directed against Bruce at Kinnaird.

"When Bruce's work was completed, just before it was printed, and while public attention was eagerly expecting it, Johnson translated and published the travels in Abyssinia of the Jesuit Jereme Lobo. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, it is stated that Johnson had declared to Sir John Hawkins, 'that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, he was *very much inclined to believe that he had been there, but that he had afterwards altered his opinion!*' In Johnson's preface, accordingly, he evidently at the expense of Bruce's reputation, extols the Portuguese traveller, as one who 'has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions. He appears by his modest and unaffected narrative to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.'

"These round, rigmarole sentences were rolled against Bruce, a man who had patiently visited three quarters of the globe, by Johnson, one of the most prejudiced men of his age, who, himself a traveller, had not temper enough to travel in a hack-chaise to Aberdeen!

"Peter Pindar amused all people (except Bruce) by his satirical flings, one of which was—

'Nor have I been where men (what loss alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.'

* * * * *

"It was useless to stand against the storm which assailed him—it was impossible to resist the torrent which overwhelmed him. His volumes were universally disbelieved; and yet it may be most confidently stated, that Bruce's travels do not contain one single statement which, according to our present

knowledge of the world, can even be termed improbable. We do not allude to the corroborations which his statements have received from the writings of Jereme Lobo, Paez, Salt, Coffin, Pearce, Burckhardt, Browne, Clarke, Wittman, Belzoni, &c.; for, whether these men support or contradict, their evidence would be only, say ten to one, for him or against him—which, after all, is no certainty—but we 'appeal unto Cæsar,' we appeal to our present knowledge of the world upon which we live.

"Bruce has stated that men eat raw flesh in Abyssinia; we know that men in other countries eat raw fish-blubber, and even eat each other; we ourselves eat the flesh of oysters raw. Bruce's statement, therefore, is not and never was improbable.

"Bruce has given a picture of the profligacy of the Abyssinians, which, from its disgusting features, we have purposely withheld (to a well-constituted mind such details are only disgusting); yet it can very easily be shown that it is not at all *improbable*. In northern countries, a female possesses personal attractions at an age in which she is also endowed with mental accomplishments; she has judgment as well as beauty, ballast as well as sail, and, like the orange-tree, she thus bears fruit and flowers on the same stem; but, in the precocious climate of Abyssinia, this is not the case; and it surely need only be hinted, that there children of ten years of age are *women*, to explain what must be the sad effects of human passions working in such an uneducated, and, consequently, irrational state of society. There is no one of Bruce's assertions which may not, by similar reasoning, be supported; but the public, instead of judging, at once condemned him; his statements were only compared with the habits and customs of England—which, at that time, were as narrow and as harsh as the bed of the tyrant Procustes;—and because the scenes which Bruce described differed from those *chez nous*, they were most unreasonably and most unjustifiably discredited.

* * * * *

"However, Bruce's Travels were disbelieved *in toto*, and it was even proclaimed from the garret that he had never been in Abyssinia at all! Dr. Clarke says—'Soon after the publication of his Travels to discover the sources of the Nile, several copies of the work were sold in Dublin as waste paper, in consequence of the calumnies circulated against the author's veracity.'

"There is something so narrow-minded, and, what is infinitely worse, so low-minded, in unjustly accusing an honest servant of exaggeration, that to do Bruce justice, to repel the attack of his enemy, it is absolutely necessary to show how little this country was entitled to pronounce such a verdict.

"When Bruce published his Travels, British intellect had marched exactly half-way from the Mississippi and South Sea schemes of the year 1720 towards the equally ruinous speculations of the year 1825, which, as we all know, proceeded from the same disreputable parents—had the same pedigree, the same sire, and the same dam—being got by Fraud out of Folly. The first of these bubbles had burst, the others were not yet blown; and thus, between these two bundles of hay, stood that 'Public Opinion' which obstinately condemned Bruce—that incredulity of the credulous.

"Bruce's great object in travelling to such remote countries had been honestly to raise himself and his family in the estimation of the world. This reward, to which he was so justly entitled, was not only withheld from him, but he found himself absolutely lowered in society, as a man guilty of exaggeration and falsehood. Under such cruel treatment, nothing could be more dignified than his behaviour. He treated his country with the silent contempt which it deserved—he disdained to make any reply to the publications which impeached his veracity; and when his friends earnestly entreated him to alter, to modify, to explain, the accounts which he had given, he sternly replied, in the words of his preface .... 'What I have written I have written!'

"To his daughter alone, his favourite child, he opened his heart. Although she was scarcely twelve years of age when he published his Travels, she was his constant companion; and he used teach her the proper mode of pronouncing the Abyssinian words, 'that he might leave,' as he said, 'some one behind him who could pronounce them correctly.' He repeatedly said to her, with feelings highly excited, '*I* shall not live to see it, but *you* probably will, and you will then see the truth of all I have written thoroughly confirmed.' In this expectation, however, it may here be observed, Bruce was deceived.''

Perhaps there is rather too much gasconade in certain portions of Major Head's volume: his enthusiasm is, however, always generous and honourable to his heart.

A DINNER SCENE FROM MAXWELL.*

'THE following is a cabinet picture in the old manner of the author: it possesses all the minuteness of the Dutch style—its truth and more than its spirit. The subject is a dinner of pretension, given by people who are unequal to and unprepared for the task. Mr. Palmer, a man of business in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, proposes to entertain a Mr. Overall, who has just married an heiress, and whose affairs the said Mr. Palmer is about to manage during his absence abroad: *(Spectator.)*

"I have said this much to show, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to every thing 'nice and comfortable;' she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and therefore they must be very particular, and have every thing uncommonly nice for *her*. And so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a 'tipsy cake,' after the fashion of a hedgehog; and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry-cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers, and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops, like shaving-lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors, to put round the 'wax-ends' in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece; and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it, on a pair of ricketty steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables—all in honour of the approaching *fête*.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself—when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen, as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor: that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremour caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook, bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the Cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had *just* stepped out to the public-house to fetch the 'porter.' The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back kitchen-door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

"At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams;—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity, and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered but very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the everyday routine of a quiet country-house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks' trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of

* Our "Laconics" from this work shall appear next week.

the company and the porter at the same moment had occasioned; nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakspeare has it, 'was at the door,') as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

"Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered; she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her 'things' into a dark hole, ycleped the back parlour, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvass-bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table-covers, and 'master's' great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth the waiter coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon the mat in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who, in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a nice gentleman), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting him; in her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she most unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots, and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the aforementioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

"Miss Engleheart, of Bernard-street, Russell-square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed so rapidly did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black hole where every thing was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance.

"Here then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered. Miss Engleheart made the amiable to Mrs. Overall, who was received by both the young ladies with all that deference and respect which the formidable rank and title of wife commands. The three ladies sat together; Mr. Palmer performed fire-screen with his face to the company; and Major Overall, having first looked at Crackenthorpe for about five minutes, with an expression of countenance indicative of thinking him capable of cutting a throat or picking a pocket, at length disturbed the *tête-à-tête* which that respectable young lawyer was carrying on with the head of the house.

"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared, to direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock-turtle from Mr. Tiley, in Tavistock-place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig and lemon-slice buttons, at the top; an oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish; and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an epergne, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully; at the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned; and in the interstices, a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interesting companion full of horse-radish;—all of which being arrranged to her entire and perfect satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room, as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the Major.

"The table was soon arranged; the Major, on the right hand of Mrs. Palmer, was doomed to be roasted by the flame of the fire; and the bride, on the right hand of Mr. Palmer, was destined to be blown to shivers by the wind from the door. Mr. Crackenthorpe, who stood six feet three without his shoes, coiled up his legs under his chair, to the direful inconvenience of the green-grocer 'daily waiter,' who regularly stumbled over them whenever he approached his mistress on the sinister side, and much to the annoyance of Miss Charlotte Engleheart, who had long had a design upon the said Crackenthorpe for a husband, and who was in the habit of toe-treading and foot-feeling, after the custom of the tribes with whom she had been habituated to dwell.

"Miss Palmer's whole anxiety was in the dinner; her heart was in the tipsy-cake, and all her hopes and wishes centered in the little jelly-glasses;—divers and sundries were the hems and

winks which she bestowed upon the waiter, in order to regulate the putting down of the different little niceties; and the discovery which, shortly after the appearance of the second course, was made, that a trifle in a white wig of froth, which had superseded the big pickles on the top of the épergne, was considerably damaged by the dripping of oil from the lamp, which hung invidiously over it, nearly threw her into hysterics.

"Vain were all the protestations of Mrs. Overall, that she never ate trifle—vain were all the screams of the Major, to reassure her—vain were the pleadings of Crackenthorpe, and the consolations of Miss Engleheart; 'it was *so* provoking'—after all the pains, and the cakes, and the cream, and the wine, and the whipping—'dear, dear, only to think,' and so on, which continued till the trifle itself was removed; when Emma left the room to follow the dear object of her love into the dark back parlour, where the dessert was laid out, and where the said trifle, amidst papa's umbrellas, Mr. Crackenthorpe's goloshes, and Mrs. Overall's boa, stood untouched, in order, if possible, to skim off the oleaginous matter which it had imbibed, before it sank through to the 'nice rich part at the bottom,' and to rescue some portion of the materials, to serve up the next evening, when they expected a few neighbours to tea and supper."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PHLEBOTOMY.

An Italian was on his death-bed. Presently came in a man whom he had aggrieved, and who, although told he was in a dying state, resolved, in the Italian way, to do the business with his own hands. He entered the chamber, gave the sick man a desperate stab, and so departed. By the flux of blood that issued from the wound (for it seems he required bleeding) he quite recovered.

Dumoulin, the famous French physicion, at his death, observed, that he left behind him two famous physicians.—Upon being asked who they were, he replied regimen and river water.

In all situations of life into which I have looked, I have found mankind divided into two grand parties—those who ride, and those who are ridden. The great struggle of life seems to be, which shall keep in the saddle. This it appears to me is the fundamental principle of politics, whether in great or little life.—*W. Irving.*

ENIGMA.

(For the Mirror.)

I MELT for pity, burn for love—
I bear the image of the dove,
Or take the rampant lion's form—
A traveller in every storm!
For very shame I often blush;
For sympathy my tears will gush!
The herald I of joy and woe—
Alike for each my tears will flow!
Men often boil me to conceal,
Then, curious, break me to reveal!
I sometimes glow for charity,
And often blazon heraldry!
My charge will tear the heart—draw tears—
My presence wake a hundred fears,
Or rouse from out their dormant bed
A thousand hopes, when fear is fled.
Mine is the chain that firmest binds!
And mine the chain that surest grinds!
Emblem of power! I stamp a worth
And title to all thinks on earth.
By me the gordian knot is tied—
Confederacies ratified!
High is the trust on me conferred,—
Without me—vain a monarch's word!

K. K.

Solution—SEALING-WAX.

THE WAPSHOTTS.

At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of Thorpe, near Chertsey, resides Mr. Wapshott, a farmer, whose ancestors have lived on the same spot ever since the time of Alfred, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshott.—Notwithstanding the antiquity of this family (and can the Howards or Percy's ascend higher?) their situation in life has never been elevated or depressed by any vicissitude of fortune!

An exciseman calling lately at the house of a good-humoured landlady, residing within one hundred miles of Ensham, she consulted him about some liquor that had been deposited in her cellar *without a permit.* At the words "without a permit" the exciseman rushed below, and soon found himself up to his middle in water. It is almost needless to add, that he made no seizure of the liquid, which the late heavy rains had forced into the cellar without any excise warranty.

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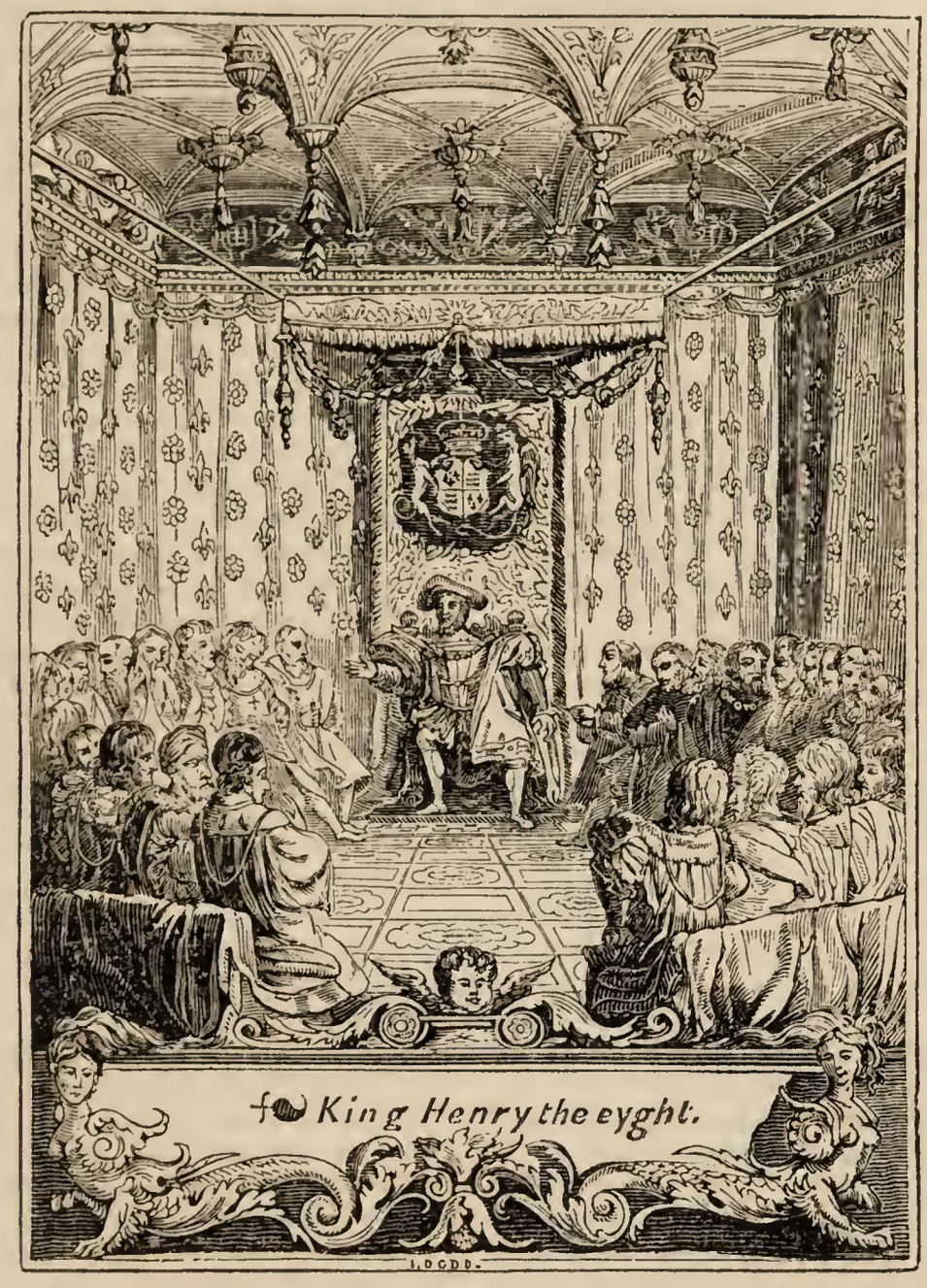
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 464.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Council Chamber of King Henry VIII.



From the Lord Chancellor *(in our last)*, to the King's Council Chamber, would be no very great transit to make, did not the above print carry us back to the early portion of the sixteenth century.

The History of the Engraving is curious, and its pictorial interest by no means uninviting: its circumstances are thus related in Mr. E. W. Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii., a work of considerable research and authority, as the respected name of the Editor would lead the reader to anticipate:

"In the first edition of Hall's 'Chronicle,' printed by Richard Grafton, in 1548, at the back of fol. cclxiij., is a very beautiful and spiritedly-executed *wood-cut*, representing Henry the Eighth presiding in council. The king is seated upon his throne, in a chamber lined with tapestry, wrought into a regular pattern of alternate roses and fleurs-de-lis. The roof is of arched timber work, divided into square compartments, diagonally intersected, and having an ornamental pendant at each point of intersection. At the back of the throne, which has a fringed canopy, enriched with festoons and tassels, are the royal arms and supporters of the Tudor family.

"That most industrious inquirer into the history of printing, the Rev. Dr. T. F. Dibdin, has published an exact *fac-simile* of this 'extraordinary specimen of art,' in the third volume of his 'Typographical Antiquities,' and from that copy the annexed print has been reduced. Dr. Dibdin imagines it to

have been designed by Hans Holbein, and engraven by some foreign artist in Germany, or the Low Countries. 'The original drawing,' he remarks, 'if in being, must be invaluable, as there is every reason to think that the *portraits*, as well as the architectural disposition of the room, are copies from the originals.' The impression in Hall's 'Chronicle,' when in large and fine condition, is highly estimated by collectors.''

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Tevoit Head, 1st November, 1830.
Scotland, Roxbroughshire.

Mr. Yeditor,—You will nae doubt think it strange to receive a comunication frae the like o' me, wha ye never heard o' afore, and a thousand chances never wull agen; but I hae taent i' my head to write ye, letting the result thereof be sic as it likes; and ye maun excuse i' the first place my forwardness in sae doing, and in the second, the nonsense that I may mak my goose's feather dictate to you.

Howsomever, after I hae once broken the ice, I must neist let ye ken my reasons for writing to you, wha, as a' the warld weel knows, is as afar aboon me as I'm aboon my colley;—but to the purpose, as I hate ganging about the bush. Weel, ye see I hae a friend that stops i' your town—he being my wife's brother's son—a nice young man as ye can clap yer ee on in a simmer's day, and he sends a bit box at an orra time to his relations—us like—containing a pickle tea and shugar, and a wheen auld claes as he caes them: (auld, my certy, I hae seen the day the best man i' Tevoit Water wad nae lukit down at wearin them; but times are sair altered sin I was a callant.) Now it happened, that amang other bits o' odds and ends i' the last box, he sent down a wheen Numbers o' the Mirror, which I think he had bought just to pit aff the time a wee i' the gloamin; and they were carefully tied thegither, and specially directit to me, wha he kent was the only ane i' the family that could mak best use o' them; and I, after haeing perused the same to the rest o' the family, and much to the yedification o' us all, lent them to a' the neibours round about, which are at maist but thinly spread, this being a verra hilly county as ye nae doot ken, and I just received them back the other night, they a' showing undoubtable marks o' being weel thumbed, if no weel read; but my neibours a' certify to me that they hae received great store o' knowledge frae them, which maks me proud at haeing a freend that sends sic buiks. Howsomever, I took it i' my head that the yeditor must be a knowen sort o' chap, to write sae weel as he does; and thinks I to mysel, it wad nae doot gie him great satisfaction to hear that folk at sic a distance had been much yedified by the perusal o' his writings. Weel, as sune as the thought strak me, I grew a wee dumfounder'd at first, and thought and better thought, how to accomplish sic an undertaking; but at lang and last I fell on a plan, and gin this gets safe to ye, its accomplisht. We being situate a gey bit frae ony post toun or public road—(and if I had een been nearer them, I durstna hae putten it into the post, for fear o' expense—for I hate needless expense aboon a' things, considering a wilfu' waste o' siller a thrawing away o' God's blessings, which every ane that reads the Bible may ken); and, as I was sayin, there being but few opportunities to get a parcel conveyed sic a far distance; but I had lang meditated sending a bit box up to my freend wi' some new serks and other usefu's, as the lad had hinted his needin sic things, and I now determined to dispatch it, as the gudewife had gotten a wheen nice bonny anes ready, and send it by the way o' Edinbrough, and sae by sea as I considered that the cheapest mode. Weel, after letting the gudewife ken my determination, so that she might be prepared, I sat myways down at the chimley lug, and having prepared my pens and paper, sic as I had, I hae wrote at bye hours what you see.

But I've now said eneuch, perhaps ower muckle, and what's down must just remain. I hae ordered my freend to continue to send yer valuable work, whenever opportunity occurs, as twae or three o's has clubbed for't, and ane pays twae shares and keeps it. Our library's but sma, for how can't be expectit that the like o' us should be yeble to afford to buy mony buiks. For my part, my auld father left me walth o' them, he being a douce weel informed man, and could argue on points o' doctrinal faith wi' the minister himsel. Moreover he had been an elder in his time, and the auld family Bible testifys to this day how weel it was used by him.

But I maun now conclude, and wishing you and your publication muckle success, sae lang as ye do the way yer doin, I beg till finish wi' subscribin mysel,

Yer verra humble servant and admirer,
Wattie Coltherd.

P.S. Haein kept a bit buik, whereon I copy ony bits o' scraps that please me in newspapers, &c., I hae caused our Dominee to copy a ween o' them for

yer perusal. I am likewise a collector o' epitaphs, whereof I hae great store. Some o' my scraps were never published, among which is the verse added to Burn's sang, "The Land o' the Leal," which I made mysel, to show ye I can spin a bit poetry. When my freend sets his nose into your shop, be sure and gie him a good advice, as your town gets a verra bad name.

Yeditor of the Mirror, published in London.

*** We confess ourselves much gratified with the preceding letter, be it genuine, from "Roxbroughshire," or from "East Smithfield" (which the post-mark would imply), as a pleasant joke upon our economical pages. By the by, we often receive very friendly communications from our correspondents, which editorial modesty forbids our printing. The other day a Westmoreland friend proposed to us a Pedestrian Tour to the Lakes, and a batch of "Trout-tickling;" and another correspondent, after dwelling upon the merits of a paper in the *Mirror* on "the Art of drinking Wine," suddenly breaks forth in this ecstacy—"I do not need the 'Art of drinking Wine,' but by —— I like you so well, that if you will come and spend a month with us, I will give you such Hock and Port, that you'll write upon it for a year. West Cowes, Isle of Wight."—Now, good friends, our case is too like Tantalus and Sysiphus. We would accept the "trout-tickling" invitation with pleasure, had we not "other fish to fry;" and during the month at Cowes we might get "half seas over." However, "the Island" is more within compass than "the Lakes:" we are, too, somewhat acquainted with *Vectis*, and have already wooed her rocky shores with unspeakable delight.

RANZ DES VACHES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

With regard to the "Ranz des Vaches" which appeared lately in the *Mirror*, you labour under a great mistake; it bearing no resemblance whatever to the famous Swiss song of that name.*

I have sent you the first verse of the true "Swiss Cowherd's song," in Patois (which is a species of bad French, spoken by the peasants) with a French translation. There are nineteen couplets which I have not sent, this single verse being sufficient to show the great difference between the original simple *Ranz des Vaches* and the supposed one.

* We transcribed the Song in question from the *Circle of the Seasons*.

The following is extracted from the "Conservateur Suisse," a work not published in this country.

A Daughter of a Swiss.

FRANCOIS.

DU PREMIER VERSET DES RANZ DES VACHES.

Les vachers des Colombettes
De bon matin se sont levés
Vaches! vaches! pour (vous) traire.
Venez toutes,
Blanches et noires,
Rouges et étoilées,
Jeunes et autres,
Sous un chêne
Où (je) vous trais
Sous un tremble
Où je tranche (le lait)
Vaches! vaches! pour (vous) traire.

Celles qui portent des clochettes
Vont les premieres:
Les toutes noires
Vont les dernieres.

RANZ DES VACHES.

AVEC LA TRADUCTION DU PATOIS EN FRANCOIS.

Lé zarmailli dei Colombetté
Dé bon matin sé san léha
Refrein
Ha ah! ha ah!
Lianba! lianba! por aria.
Vinidé toté,
Blantz ét nairé,
Rodz' et motailé,
Dzjouven' et otto,
Dero ou tschâno
To vo z'ario,
D'ero ou treinbllo
Io io treintzo,
Liauba! lianba! por aria (bis.)

Outre le grand refrein, il y en a un plus court, mais il exige une autre melodie; c'est celui ci:

Lé sonailliré
Vau lé premire:
Lé toté naire
Vau le derraire.

MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Very few readers of *The Mirror* are unacquainted with the proposal made to Milton for rhyming "Paradise Lost," and his noble reply; but few know, I believe, that within thirty years after the publication of the poem, this was actually attempted. The work is entitled "*Milton's Paradise Lost, imitated in rhyme, by Mr. John Hopkins. London, printed for Ralph Smith, under the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill,* 1699." The book is valuable, as showing the extreme neglect into which the poem had fallen. It contains a poetical dedication "to the truly Hon. Lord Catts," and a preface, which commences thus:

"It has been the misfortune of one of my name to affront the sacred prose of David with intolerable rhyme, and 'tis mine, I fear, to have abused almost as sacred verse. I had only this excuse when I did it: I did not so well perceive

the majesty and noble air of Mr. Milton's style as now I do, and were it not already done, I must confess I never should attempt it; but *if* others have the same opinion of this great author as I have, he will not suffer by me! but rather be the more admired!!" "To say that I had nothing else to do when I undertook this will be no excuse; for idleness can no more excuse a man for doing ill, than trivial business can for not doing good." After eulogizing "Paradise Lost," and styling Milton "the great father of the poetic race of men," he continues in extenuation of his own attempt: "Paradise Lost, like the tree of knowledge, is forbidden to the ladies, to those I mean, who would taste the apples, but care not for climbing the boughs, and I have heard some say, Mr. Milton in rhyme would be a fine thing; well if they say so, that must satisfy all my present expectation, and for aught I know, Hercules looked well enough in petticoats; if it will oblige them, I should be apt to throw off the lyon's skin, and put the soft apparell on the whole, yet I must needs own, I would rather look on Mr. Milton plain, than in the gaudy dress my effeminate fancy gave him." Again he says, "Though I have but played with him, it has cost me pains: he is too strong for dalliance, and I too weak to close with him—I have only touched him at a distance," and then fairly viewing his inability to paraphrase "the wide conflict of the serpent," adds in conclusion, "however if I attempt any further on Mr. Milton, I shall sit closer to him."

The reader will remember that this was written thirteen years before Addison's elaborate critique, and appears a noble and disinterested effort to exhibit the beauties and value of a neglected author. The following is a paraphrase of the most beautiful passage in the whole poem—*Book* iv. *line* 480.

"*That day I oft remember,*" &c.

"That day I oft remember e'er I rose,
When I first wak'd as if from soft repose
On a fair bed of flowers, beneath a shade,
I saw myself in a sweet grotto laid.
First my own form I did with wonder view,
All caused my wonder then, for all was new.
With silent admiration, as I lay
I view'd the light and saw the shining day.
Gently I stirr'd, pleas'd with the grateful show
Gaz'd at these locks, which round my breasts did flow
And wonder'd what I was, whence brought and how!
Around I look'd, look'd all around to see
If aught else lived or had a form like me.
My wond'ring eyes long did I cast around,
Still viewed myself, and then the flowery ground.
Thoughtful I rose, and in the fragrant bowers,
With childish fondness I admired the flowers.
Just at the entrance of the pleasing shade,
I saw mute creatures which in pairs were laid,
By them I pass'd, and on their forms I gazed,
Near me, all fawned, and all appear'd amaz'd—
A murmuring sound I heard, not far from thence,
Which stay'd my progress, and allur'd my sense.
This grateful noise, rough issuing waters made,
Which pour'd from caves, and down the valleys spread.
Then gently passed as rivers to the main,
And flow'd themselves into a liquid plain.
Thither I went, and on its banks I stood,
Then lean'd and look'd into the silver flood;
Soon as I cast my eyes upon the stream,
To my fond view a beauteous image came;
Frighted I started back, it started too;
But soon I turn'd to take a second view.
Calmly I look'd, with an alluring air,
And saw it smile, pleas'd too, and charming there—
Long on the lake, I held my constant eye,
The lake then seem'd another painted sky," &c.

Southwark. C. P.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

TOBACCO PIPES.

The pipe is the general mode of smoking tobacco, not only among the American Indians, but in the East, and all over Europe. The similarity existing between the Turkish pipe and that used by the American savages is well known. The several European pipes are all evidently modifications of the same, changed, and new fashioned, by changing times and customs. The smoking countries of Europe have each their peculiar pipe. Of these, the German one seems to be the most approved. This consists of the bowl, made of porcelain or baked clay, and usually ornamented with a painting, the subject of which depends upon the taste of the smoker. These bowls, or, as they are sometimes termed, pipe-heads, form a curious chronicle of the manners of the people, and of their tastes and customs. The spirit of the age is generally represented in the paintings with which they are adorned. There is in the private cabinet of a virtuoso, at Heidelberg, a collection of them, displaying the different fashions that have succeeded each other, during the last century. In these may be seen the gallantry or brutality, the independence or servility, of the people, as either feeling happened to prevail. We recollect a series, which were said to be made towards the end of the eighteenth century, and which almost all bore representations of scenes from the life of the unfortunate Werther, from the touching commencement of his sorrows to their bloody end. It is not unusual at present to see the face of the late Mr. Canning shining forth on these pipe-heads, in all manner of grotesque likenesses; but the usual device is one of love, or hunting. The painting of these affords employ-

ment to a great many artists, and they are often executed with much delicacy. This head, or bowl, then, into which the tobacco is put, and which is wide at the mouth, and gradually tapers towards the lower end, is inserted into another vessel of the same material, which is usually filled with water, and is furnished with two apertures; one for receiving the bowl, and the other for receiving the stalk of the pipe. This stalk is generally made of bone, though sometimes of wood, is about a foot in length, and is flexible towards the upper end, so as to yield to the motion of the body. The bowl is sometimes made of a substance called meerscham, in preference to porcelain. This possesses the property of imbibing the juice of the tobacco; and, on this account, those of great age are considered invaluable.

The Spanish pipe, again, differs from the German; not being provided, like the latter, with the vessel for water, and also being in general much more massive, and adorned with a variety of ribbons and tassels. The bowl is usually made of a brownish coloured clay, and is not ornamented with any painting. The stalk, which is commonly made of bone, swells out a good deal in the middle, and at this part is hollowed, for the purpose of containing water. In this way, however, the smoke does not, as in the German mode, pass through the water, but merely over it, and is not, of course, so much purified; but custom is every thing, and a Spaniard despises a German pipe as much as a German does a Spanish one.

It is needless to describe the well-known white earthen pipe of Old England. Some connoisseurs consider it a more delicate mode of smoking than any of the rest; as, by its being constantly changed, the smoker is not annoyed by the bitter taste which the others, by constant use, are apt to contract. The formation of these pipes forms a considerable article of manufacture in London. And it is a curious fact that, although they are quite different in shape and substance from the original American pipe, they seem to have been used among us almost since the very first introduction of tobacco. So early as the seventeenth year of James the First, the Society of Tobacco-pipe Makers had become so very numerous and considerable a body, that they were incorporated by royal charter, and bore on their shield a tobacco plant in full blossom. The earth of which these pipes are made is peculiarly white, and has such an affinity for water, that it is necessary to glaze the top of the stalk, where it is inserted into the mouth, in order to prevent its adhering to the lips. The Dutch have evidently copied the form of their pipe from us. In size and shape, the two are exactly the same; but the Dutch pipe, which is generally reckoned the best, is made of a different sort of clay, and does not require to be glazed at the top of the stalk. This, indeed, forms the principal distinguishing mark between them.

The cigar is another mode of smoking, originating, we believe, in the East Indies. The cheroot, or China cigar, is much larger than that of the West Indian Islands, being sometimes between six and nine inches in length, while the latter seldom exceeds about three. The cigar has become very common all over Europe; but it is not in very general use, on account of its being much more expensive than unrolled tobacco.

In Hindostan there is a mode of smoking peculiar to that country, termed the *hookah*. It is there reckoned an essential part of a gentleman's establishment; and every one who aims at *haut ton* must be possessed of a *hookah*, and *hookah-burdar*, or servant, whose sole duty is to attend to it. This machine is rather complicated in its structure, consisting of a chauffoir, a tobacco-holder, a water-vase, and a pipe. The latter varies in length, according to the taste of the owner, from three feet to twenty, and is generally made of fine leather, wrought so as to be quite air-tight and flexible. The vase is generally filled with plain water; but those who wish to smoke luxuriously put into it water of roses, which gives the smoke a peculiarly delicate flavour.—From a valuable paper on the *Tobacco Plant* in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

Notes of a Reader.

SWAN RIVER NEWSPAPER.

A NEWSPAPER has already appeared at the Swan River settlement, entitled—"The Fremantle Journal and General Advertiser." It is dated February 27, 1830, price 1*s*. 6*d*., and contains eleven advertisements. But the curiosity of the matter remains to be told: this new journal is not printed, but *written!* *

* We have to thank a correspondent from the India House for the loan of the Journal enabling us to quote the following specimens.

Talking of *manuscript* newspapers, we may be excused the vanity of having imagined that we ourselves had written the only newspaper ever published in MSS. This was actually one of

We are enabled to add a few specimens through the medium of the "Sydney Gazette," the editor of which appositely observes, "It is interesting to witness the first dawn of literature upon yonder savage shores, and, though faint and feeble, we trust it will continue to brighten and to spread, until the light of science and morals be diffused over the whole surface of Western Australia. It is amusing to see the editor's remarks on the *press* of the New Colony: he ought to have talked of the liberty of the *quill*, for he uses pens instead of types, and amanuenses instead of printers."

Among the Sydney editor's specimens are—

A Mr. Thompson "acquaints the inhabitants of Fremantle and its vicinity, that he has on hire saddled horses, for the convenience of those gentlemen who may wish to proceed to Perth and return the same day." The same person gives notice to "all those wishing to cross the Ferry, that a boat is placed in the river, called 'The Ferry Boat'—passage 1*s*. each." A Mr. Lewis announces, that on the 8th of March he should open an "Australian Depôt," or "a general retail and wholesale store, consisting of a large variety of drapery, hosiery, haberdashery, cutlery," and other things innumerable, a Mr. Dodd advertises "Holt's double brown stout, *ex Egyptian*." The Post Master publishes a list of unclaimed letters. "An elderly female, who understands milking," is said to be "wanted." The vessels in harbour are said to be the following: In Gage's Roads, the Wanstead, Egyptian, Thames, Pamelia, Eagle, Thomson, and Protector; in Cockburn Sound, the Gilmore, Nancy, and Hooghly. The departures are—From Gage's Roads, 22nd February, the brig Tranby, for Batavia; 23rd, the brig Skerne, for the Cape, with six passengers. The arrival of the Egyptian is thus flatteringly noticed:

"The ship Egyptian, Capt. Lilburne, arrived on the 14th instant, and landed a very respectable class of settlers. It is with much pleasure we add, that they express themselves highly pleased with the conduct of their captain on the voyage from England; and as a proof of their esteem, the steerage passengers presented him with a handsome silver cup, bearing an appropriate inscription, with a representation of the stern of the Egyptian, and the motto 'All's Well.' A silver snuff-box was also presented by the cuddy passengers at the same time. We are gratified in having it in our power to give publicity in our *first assay* to such rare occurrence under such circumstances.

"*Fremantle, 26th February*, 1830."

The leading article is a brief and becoming *entrè*, bespeaking the candid consideration of the public, intimating that the embryo journal was patronized by the Lieutenant Governor, and stating that a supply of printing materials was expected soon from London. On the usefulness of newspapers the editor gives the following opinion:

"Had it not been for the universality of a newspaper, in what a miserable state of ignorance mankind would remain; but thanks to our forefathers, we mortals of the present day live in the age of wonders. Within the last forty years, New South Wales has increased in greater magnitude and interest than we find spread over the history of three or four centuries of former times; and what has contributed more to its advancement than the four newspapers that are published weekly at Sydney? *Argumentum ad populum*."

We beg to correct his mistake as to the number of newspapers published in Sydney: it is not four, but three. A settler in the interior had been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of his property by fire, and a liberal subscription in his behalf had been made by the Governor and others. We select the following scraps of local intelligence:

"From various parts of the country afflicting recitals are received from the settlers, the natives appearing determined to burn them out. How would a few missionaries answer? They might *enlighten* their minds, and put a stop to the devouring element.

"Absconded, from Messrs. Everad and Talbot, James House, about five feet seven inches in height, with a shuffling walk. Report speaks rather bad of this Mr. House.

"Some miscreants, a disgrace to the name of men, are going about the country maiming cattle. Last evening, a fine ewe, belonging to Mr. Walcott, was brought home in a miserable condition, occasioned by a blow from some villain. Other reports are current, but this is authentic.

"The editor has received various epistles from settlers that appear furiously discontented, because contentment they never knew in any clime or country. The editor has refused inserting them."

our school amusements; and when about twelve years of age, our daily and weekly journal was read by a hundred schoolfellows, and the principal gentry in the neighbouring town. With the reader's permission, we may devote an early page or two to this embryo project.—*Ed. Mirror.*

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE: OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part II. *Zoology—Quadrupeds.*

This Part illustrates the general economy of *Quadrupeds*, and not a few of the habits of the most important species. The "Whys" and "Becauses" are thus arranged, under distinct heads: as "The General Subject—Bones—Stomach—Clothing—Secretions—Respiration—Feeling—the Eye—Muscles—Apes—the Bat—Squirrels—the Dormouse—Marmot—Lemming—Porcupines—Bears—the Dog—Wolf—Jackall—Fox—Lion—Cat—Camel—Antelope—Unicorn—Ox—Deer—Elephant—Horse—Ass—the Mole—Beaver—Seal—Mermaids—the Whale, &c., with the Domestication of Animals, and explanations of a few fabulous varieties. As the most popular and interesting, we extract from "the Horse:"—

Why is the ear of the horse so interesting a part of his anatomy?

Because it is one of the most beautiful parts about him, and even more intelligible than the eye; and an observer of the horse can tell, by the expressive motion of the ears, almost all that he thinks or means.

Why is it a good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward, when on a journey?

Because this stretching of the ears in contrary directions, shows that he is attentive to every thing that is taking place around him, and, while he is so doing, he cannot be much fatigued, or likely soon to become so. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears as above, that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction.

"When horses or mules march in company at night, those in front direct their ears forwards; those in the rear direct them backwards; and those in the centre turn them laterally or across; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety."—*Arnott.*

Why does the eye of the horse point a little forwards from the side of the head?

Because the animal may have a more extended field of vision.

Why does not the loss of one eye enfeeble sight?

Because the other acquires greater energy; though it much contracts the field of vision. It is said to render the conception erring, and the case of misjudgment of distances is the one commonly brought forward to show this. One-eyed horses have, however, been found extraordinary leapers.

Why is it a vulgar error to suppose wall-eyed horses not liable to blindness?

Because there is no difference of structure which can produce this exemption; but the wall-eyed horse, from this unseemly appearance, and his frequent want of breeding, may not be exposed to many of the usual causes of inflammation.

Why does the pupil of the eye expand when a horse is brought to the door of the stable?

Because it may keep out the extra quantity of light, which would be painful to the animal, and injurious to vision. When opposed directly to the sun, the pupil, or aperture in the iris, will almost close.

Why was the inflammation of the horse's eye formerly called "moon-blindness?"

Because of its periodical return, and some supposed influence of the moon; an absurdity which is its own contradiction.

Why are the eyes of horses kept clean?

Because, like birds, they have a kind of third eyelid, called the *haw*, moistened with a pulpy substance or mucilage, to take hold of the dust on the eye-ball, and wipe it clean; so that the eye is hardly ever seen with any thing on it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture.

Why do horses shy as they grow old?

Because of a decay in their sight; a loss of convexity in the eye, lessening the convergency of the rays, and throwing the perfect image beyond, and not on the retina.

Why are the teeth a criterion of the horse's age?

Because the incisor or front teeth of the horse have a production of enamel in their centre; but the cavity which this forms, containing no cement, is merely filled by the particles of food, &c. As the enamel descends only to a certain extent in the tooth, the teeth disappear at last, from the constant wear of the part in mastication; and this is improperly called the filling up of the teeth.—*Blumenbach*

Why are the grinders of the horse never perfect?

Because the tooth is not finished when it cuts the gum: the lower part of its body is complete, while the upper part is worn away by mastication, and the proper fang is not added till long after. Thus, if the part out of the gum is complete, the rest of the body is imper-

fect, and there are no fangs; on the contrary, when the fangs are formed, much of the body has been worn away in mastication.—*Blumenbach.*

Why has the horse the pack-wax, or a strong cord from the back of the head to the bones of the back?

Because the head hangs in a slanting position from the extremity of the neck, and the neck itself projects considerably from the chest: thus the whole weight of the head and neck is suspended from the chest, and very great power is requisite to support them. In addition to the simple weight of the head and neck, the neck projecting from the chest, and the head hanging from the extremity of the neck, act with enormous mechanical force, and require more than a hundred-fold the power necessary to support them. As an illustration, it may be observed, that it requires a strong man to lift a small table from the ground at arm's-length.

Why are large nostrils a perfection in hunters and running horses?

Because they afford the animals freer respiration when they are hard-ridden or run.—*G. White.*

Why are horses with white legs and feet less valuable than those which have them not?

Because, even in a wet soil and climate, white hoofs are more brittle, and more liable to accident and lameness than black ones; and in stony soils white hoofs are much more liable to break and to contract than those of a dark colour.

Why is it difficult to distinguish the species of a horse from the inspection of his bones?

Because the size can scarcely be assumed as a specific character, it varying remarkably in the same species. Hence the bones of fossil horses present no precise character to distinguish them from the medium-sized existing species.

Why does a bulky, heavy horse make less progress than a compact muscular animal?

Because the fat horse makes but little exertion, much of his force being expended in transporting his own overgrown mass.

Why does the speed and wind of the horse depend on the size of the lungs?

Because in proportion to the quantity of air which they contain, and the less frequent necessity of renewing that air by breathing, will the animal be at his ease, or distressed, when violent exertion is demanded of him.

The other divisions of Zoology are to follow, Man being destined to occupy a distinct Part of the work.

DECLINE OF POETRY.

It is not a little remarkable, that we have not one really operative, workmanlike bard left us in the present day. All our poets have either become (shame that we should say it!) prosers; or else, rest ingloriously mute. Sir W. Scott shows no symptoms of return to rhyme —Campbell has given us nothing for years—Moore is writing the Life of Byron, and the History of Ireland—Southey employs his plastic pen in every kind of composition but verse—Wordsworth and Coleridge say nothing at all—and Miss Landon and Edwin Atherstone are respectively busied in the production of prose romances.—*British Magazine.*

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A host of pamphlets, or *livraisons*, are now flocking forth to commemorate the glories of the "Three Days." Among these we notice "A Narrative of the Revolutionary Events, which happened during the last week of July, 1830; principally regarding the conduct of the Swiss Soldiers quartered at the Barracks of Babylon;" by a late Capt.-Lieut. of the 2nd Regt. of the Guards, and translated by Lieut. W. P. Cowling, R.N. This memorandum of the work will be useful to such persons as are collecting facts and narratives towards a history of the great event; and the following extract may deserve their special attention:—

"In terminating the recital of facts which I have witnessed, I cannot help adding a few words on the position in which we found ourselves during the bloody days of the 28th and 29th of July, this position even speaks in the strongest manner for us.

"The Swiss were surrounded by an army of citizens ready to overthrow every thing that related to the power of the king, to whom they had sworn destruction. The Swiss were in the Barracks of Babylon alone, with their honour, their oath, and their arms; if they had surrendered, they would have tarnished the first, violated the second, and no longer have been worthy to use the sword that had been entrusted to them.

"The citizen troops of Paris, who, as it might be said, arose from the bosom of the earth, would have received us and spared our lives; but history would not have forgotten that the descendants of William Tell preferred infamy to death, in forgetting a sacred duty by shrinking back in the day of trouble.

"We ought not, and we could not refuse to fight, though we were certain of losing our cause. But there exists in decisive moments something in man that inspires him with the conduct which he ought to maintain. At that moment we cannot reason, but feel; and, may I be allowed to say, guided by this sentiment, we have accomplished that which remained for us to achieve, and our blood, which has been spilt in the streets of Paris, has not been lost in vain: in posterity there will be found men who will weigh it in a just balance, and, putting aside all party spirit, will grant them tears and regret.

"We have obeyed the orders of Marshal Marmont, because our honour required us to submit. If the effusion of blood has been greater than it ought to have been—if thousands of brave men have fell, it is of the Duke of Ragusa we must demand satisfaction—for he alone must feel the sting of conscience."

LESSONS ON ARITHMETIC, IN PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.

THIS is a shrewd, clever little book, well adapted to its object—"to furnish a clear and a familiar description of those rules of Arithmetic which are generally useful, and to introduce the student to this pleasing and very valuable art," or, as the title-page expresses, "more especially young merchants, tradesmen, seamen, mechanics, and farmers." It is moreover an amusing book, or, at least, much more so than many other systems of arithmetic. Figures, to be sure, have a stubborn and matter-of-fact character, which in some cases is peculiarly unsightly and uninviting; but the author of this treatise, Mr. Thomas Smith, of Liverpool, has contrived to invest the science of numbers with very considerable amusement, and great plainness of illustration. His explanations of technicalities, or, as he calls them, little intricacies of the art, are as interesting as they are useful; and by way of example we quote a page:

"Of other terms, which I have not before found it necessary to notice, we have, in Subtraction, those of MINUEND, which describes the sum to be made less, by being subtracted from; and, SUBTRAHEND, which describes the lower, or sum to be subtracted. There is some sense in using the terms multiplicand, multiplier, and product; in divisor, dividend, and quotient; because they are either good English words, or they are used to describe things, for which we have no short words of our own. But as to *minuend*, and *subtrahend*, we have the words, *greater*, and *lesser*; words of our own, fully and clearly conveying to our minds, without any waste of time in unnecessary study or recollection, all that these two foreign words are required, in ordinary calculations, to express. And, *greater sum*, and *lesser sum*, therefore, I would advise you, on such occasions, always to use; pitying, the pedant who resorts to words in other languages to express his meaning, when that meaning may be quite as well expressed by those of his own.

"So much for certain of the TERMS employed by arithmeticians; of several of which, were it not that a knowledge of them is required, in order to enable us to understand the writings of others, I should be inexcusable in occupying a moment of the time of my pupils. There is, however, yet one other word, a most barbarous, and, at the same time, a most conceited word, of which I must speak, in order to enable those of my pupils who may not otherways have become acquainted with it, to understand any of the books, on this subject of arithmetic, that have already been written. This word is DIGITS: I pray you, my pupils, never to utter it, nor to write it! But, this being a part of the jargon by which the subject has been darkened by dulness and pedantry; as you will find the word, when you look into them, pretty plentifully sprinkled over the pages, I believe, of all former works of this sort, so I must bestow a little time in speaking of it.

"The word comes from the Latin, *digitus*; that is, *finger*. Savages, who have no better mode, they say, *count* by their *fingers*; and in this manner, say the learned, our ancestors counted, before they had acquired a knowledge of numerical figures, to which figures it appears, that they, very naturally, and it must be allowed, very excusably in them, transferred the word. But is this any reason, I ask, for us to defile our language with the heterogeneous and barbarous term, even were they our own immediate ancestors, instead of the ancestors of the ancient Greeks or Romans, who had first so applied it? That its use is not necessary, in order to describe either the meaning or the uses of numbers, has, I hope, been made to appear in these pages; through which I have used, when speaking of the *forms* by which we express numbers, the word *figure*; and, when speaking of the *numbers themselves*, I have used *the word itself*; to be sure. And this proper use of words gives clearness, simplicity, and

certainty to writing. Whilst the darkness and confusion which have been spread over this subject of arithmetic, must be the inevitable consequence of a casual and *senseless* use of the terms *number*, *digit*, and *figure*.

"With regard to the *origin* of this word *digit*, which I would expunge from our books, for in our language it has never had a place; with regard to the *origin* of this word, I may be told, that the word *calculate*, which I have used, has but a similar origin; this word coming from *calculi*, that is, *stones*, with which, also, it is said that savages reckoned up their accounts. But, to this I answer, that the word, whatever be its origin, is become perfectly naturalized amongst us. That this is as much our own as any word we have; and that, whilst its use is quite familiar, its meaning is understood with perfect precision. But as to the word *digit*, which appears only in books on mathematics, and appears there only to darken and to confuse, why use it instead of the words *figure* and *number?* For it is used, indiscriminately, for either; and the tantalized reader, in the midst of various other perplexities, has to discover in which of these two meanings he is to take it, on each particular occasion."

FUGITIVE POETRY.

Mr. Sharpe has sent us two elegantly-printed volumes of "fugitive poetry of the nineteenth century," entitled "The Laurel" and "The Lyre." Each volume contains about two hundred pieces, many of them of extreme beauty. "The Laurel" opens with Professor Wilson's exquisite "Edderline's Dream;" near which is Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," Rogers' "Ginevra;" and "The Painter," by Miss Landon. The names of the writers are a brilliant array:—among them are Byron, Scott, Wilson, Montgomery, Watts, Delta, Landon, Hemans, Croly, Coleridge, Hervey, Moore, Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Bowles, Leigh Hunt, Miss Mitford, Keats, Hood, Pringle, Bernard Barton, T. H. Bayly, &c. &c. In short, it is scarcely possible to imagine two more delightfully compiled volumes.

Tunbridge Wells is like Cranbourne Alley carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dulness below misery; Hastings, a row of houses in a fives-court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith.—*Hook's "Maxwell."*

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

An Adventure on the Coast.

(Concluded from page 417.)

I prepared to take a circuitous route over the sandhills towards the east cove, when several figures emerged out of the fog below me, and I was suddenly surrounded by six or seven men. I raised my pistol, but it was knocked down by one of the party, who seized and disarmed me immediately.

"Fear nothing, Mr. ——, no harm is intended, but just follow the same tack with us quietly—sink the customs! what noise was that on my larboard quarter, Sam?" said a tall man that seemed to be the head of the party, who turned their steps rapidly towards the east cove. The man appealed to raised his voice a little above a whisper and called out "anker." A deep voice instantly muttered something I could not catch in reply; we soon reached the foot of the sandhills, and I found myself treading on the steep and large mass of shingles which the violence of the sea had progressively forced up at the extremity of its domain.

The tide was now fully in, and I found a number of persons on the beach, actively engaged in landing and extricating from the surf a quantity of packages, ankers of spirits, &c.; while others assisted in placing them on pack-horses, several of which were standing at high-water mark. As near the shore as she dare stand in, the tall mast and trim black hull of a sloop could be discovered looming to seaward; a strong hawser was carried from her, and made fast to a rock on shore, by the aid of which and a large boat, the dry part of the cargo was silently and expeditiously landing, while two lanterns were suspended on board, which cast a faint and flickering light over the scene. I also observed that a large Newfoundland dog, at stated periods, dashed into the waves, returning with the end of a line in his mouth, at the extremity of which were ten or twelve casks lashed together, which the party ashore pulled in, and a rapid transit of the cargo was thus kept up. It was a scene of great confusion—the suppressed cries of the smugglers, the number of wild figures actively engaged in removing the cargo, with the measured noise and roaring of the breakers and drift about us, had a novel and striking effect. I had not much time, however, to make observations: part of my escort joined in the active scene be-

fore me; but the tall fellow already mentioned and two of his comrades conducted me to the margin of the surf, with the intention of going on board the sloop.

"Heave us a rope there, Tom, you lubber," hailed my conductor to the man in the boat. "Ay, ay, sir."—"Don't you see the gentl'man's waiting here astarn—I've merely a little business to transact with you, sir, ye see," turning to me, "and then we'll land you as safe as a duck in a ditch."

Before I could answer, the boat almost gunwale under was at our feet, and shoving her off, after pitching in the surf she rose over the fourth sea, which had now exhausted itself and a moment after we were alongside the lugger.

"Sink the customs!" said my companion, as we stepped on board, "we've run them a rig as they didn't calculate on, the lubbers; they're every chap of them off to Porthsea head at this moment, d—n them, yawing about with vexation, like a ship broke away from her sheer in a tidesway, hard up I'll be bail—while we've brought up here, ye see, as snug a bit for running a cargo as one cou'd wish, and just under their noses too, into the bargain!"

Somewhat impatient at this lengthy speech, I exclaimed, "But why am I seized on and brought here, sir, your conduct"—"Hush now," interrupting me, "you're off like the devil in a blaze—I'm sorry its *you* kase, there's none I respect more by hearsay—Charley, man," he bawled out at the top of the companion way, and to my surprise, my friend Charley Swan emerged on deck. At this instant our attention was powerfully diverted to the shore. The smugglers on land, as we have seen, were divided into parties; several men were posted six or seven hundred yards inland, to give the earliest notice in case of a surprise; others were regularly placed in the gorge at intervals, having a string attached to one of their arms, which if attacked they each pulled by way of signal, and then fired their pieces successively along the several lines; thus perplexing the revenue officers with so many points of attack.

"By G— there they are blazing away like winking—that d—n lubber, Jones, must have played us foul," said the captain. A sudden gleam of light at the end of the gorge, followed by a sharp and straggling fire from the outposts, announced a surprise. This party was soon driven in, and the king's men, cheering loudly, followed it up by a volley. The smugglers were completely taken aback, but the second party though furiously pressed, animated by the most deadly hatred to their opponents, made a fierce and spirited resistance, headed by Sam Donkerk, the mate of the sloop—in order to cover her escape. Nearly half her cargo had been already landed, and most of it sent out of harm's way. The gale was freshening—the flashing of fire-arms—the glare of torches threw a brilliant and uncertain light over the scene; sometimes illuminating the lofty and dim seacapes and dancing waters, sometimes reflecting the ferocious and manly features and figures of those engaged in the conflict. The tumultuous shout of human voices mingled with the execrations of the smugglers and the repeated crash of musketry, was augmenting every instant, and resounded far above the various elemental noises, rattling from peak to peak like successive salvos of artillery; while the sea-mews and other tenants of the crag, shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sounds of noises so unusual. It was a fine scene, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

In the meantime all was confusion on board the Hawk—"Bear a-hand boys, bear a-hand," sung out the captain, running to the different quarters of the ship—"stow away those bales, —— you, hoist the lug there, boys, or we shall be taken all aback." A loud shout from the beach announced that the "custom-ers" had driven in our men, and in an instant after Lieut. —— (for the moon was now shining unobscured) followed by his party, rushed to the beach shouting "Out with your oars, my lads, we'll board the rascals." There was no longer time hardly to think; it was now literally a *run;* our party ashore had fairly taken to their heels.

"Hard-a-starboard there, for your life!" shouted the captain to the helmsman, and running up to the hawse holes on the larboard quarter, he cut with a hatchet the remaining line by which the lugger was moored, (the starboard hawser and that from the shore having been already hauled in) she then swung free, and giving a heavy lurch, entered a sea highly agitated by the opposition of wind and tide. In an instant the main-sheet and storm-jib were hauled up, and we shaped our course for Porthsea head, before the king's boat had time to get way on us. I had now breathing time, and as the sloop was entering the main, pitching bows under and shippiag several heavy seas fore and aft, which

covered us with sheets of spray, I looked out for the cutter, which I could indistinctly see through the rapid drifting of the scud, was in our wake some distance to leeward, with every stitch of canvass out she could carry.

"We'll soon drop her astarn, never fear, said the captain, clapping me on the shoulder, as I was musing near the companion-hatch. "The leeftenant's a bold chap, but I'll warrant you he'll put about ship now we are clearing Porthsea head." A heavy sea which had well-nigh pooped us, interrupted this colloquy, succeeded by a squall in which the whole fury of the tempest seemed concentrated, blowing our jib and gaff-topsail almost to shivers. I looked out in vain for any token of the gale moderating—the indications were anything but cheering—the surface of the ocean agitated by an opposing wind, particularly over the Porthsea sands, was furrowed by a deep broken-swell that seemed to agitate it to its profoundest depths; but the Hawk was an excellent sea-boat, and lightened as she was rose over the contending seas merrily like a bird. What the captain had predicted was now evidently the case—the king's boat had clearly had quite enough of it, for though she drew on us considerably while under the lee of the coast, it was now observable that she had reefed her sails, and her crew were no doubt pulling hard for the beach for their lives. We were also now compelled to take in almost every stitch of canvass we had out, and drifted rapidly on a larboard course.

It was a fearful weltering sea. The waves rolled in succession to a vast height, each striving as it were to excel the other in the race, sweeping past us on their everlasting course—sometimes breaking at their ridges into boiling foam and silvery spray, that lighted up even the distant horizon. A confused and tumultuous roar of the elements, which those who have been at sea well know, almost stunned the senses; occasionally varied with the "revelry of winds" the deep "everlasting voice" of thunder, and vivid flashes of forked lightning hissing over the black abyss of waves. The last rays of the moon had long been obscured.—I now reverted to my strange situation, and went below to question Charley Swan on the subject. It appeared that some of the scouts mistook me for a revenue officer watching in the castle, and though I was recognised when seized, yet the skipper having wished to meet me, took me on board, as he meant for a short time, intending to exact a solemn promise of secresy on my part, as to the night's proceedings. Wearied with want of rest, I was soon locked in sleep.

Awaking with a start, I was aroused by a confused noise aloft, and went on deck as the sun was just gilding the edge of the eastern ocean. The gale had moderated, and the freshness of the breeze and bustle on deck, mingling with the dissonant cries of the sea-birds skimming the waves, braced my spirits. We were scudding along rapidly on a S.W. course, and I observed for the first time, with surprise, that we showed Hambro' colours at our peak. But our dangers were not yet past. A king's cutter, with her long pennant waving in the breeze, and every thread out she could muster, was in sight, about a mile astern of us. In another moment she hauled up the royal colours and fired a gun, as a signal for us to bring to. All was confusion on board the Hawk, though the skipper promptly replied to their signal by applying a match to a stern-chaser. The lugger was well known to be a clipper, yet it soon became evident that her opponent was the Antelope, one of the fastest cutters in his majesty's service. The scene was now one of great excitement and interest; the Antelope kept in close pursuit and was rapidly gaining on her chase. I now began to think of the awkward figure I should cut in the eyes of my friend, Lieut. ——, as the abettor of a smuggling lugger. But there was not much time for thought—the bluff coast of ——— was in sight, and the Antelope already began to annoy us with her fire. As we ran rapidly along the coast, a regular running fight was kept up, and though we carried four six-pounders and two stern-chasers, and the crew were determined to a man, yet we were no match for the Antelope.

"Hell and furies," said the skipper, addressing me, "I fear he'll blow us out of the water—sink the customs! if I'd Sam Donkerk aboard and the other fellows we left ashore last night, I'd show him a time he doesn't expect tho'—God grant we may wear round that headland before she can do us any harm, and then I'll bet my freight to a keg of Geneva I'll baffle him; there isn't a creek in this 'ere coast I don't know."

The coast was one indeed which offered peculiar facilities to a smuggler acquainted with its sinuosities in a chase of this kind. It was a succession of bold headlands indented with bays running inland, of which several were of some extent. I was now alternately

rent by hope and anxiety; however I began to entertain a hope that we should ultimately throw our opponent out and run her hull-down, when just as we were wearing round the point referred to, a shot struck the yard of the main-sheet, and we instantly lost the wind.

"Beach her, beach her!" cried a dozen voices in a breath, "hard-a-port, hard-a-port, there, hold on, for your lives, or we are lost!" roared the captain, as the Hawk entered the deeply agitated element, and dashing through the breakers, she was run ashore fairly under the edge of the cliffs. We were obliged to abandon her instantly, so close had the Antelope been in our wake. The country people were favourable to the smugglers, and after running for about half an hour, I found little difficulty in procuring a horse to convey me to the nearest town.

VYVYAN.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

STEAKS FROM A LIVING COW.
(From Major Head's Life of Bruce.)

BRUCE happened to witness a scene, which must be given in his own words:

"Not long after our losing sight of the ruins of the ancient capital of Abyssinia, we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, in other respects they were but thinly clothed; they appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. We saw that our attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers that were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after, we arrived at the hithermost bank of the river, where I thought we were to pitch our tent. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her fore feet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before her hind-legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

"From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, I had rejoiced, thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say, that we were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where I intended. Upon my proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and that they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity; I let my people go forward, and staid myself, till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot positively say, because judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity: whatever way it was done, it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields.

"One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary manner: the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers, or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin, between that and the wounded flesh, I know not; but at the river side where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening."

It was upon this fact that Bruce's reputation split, and sunk like a vessel which had suddenly struck upon a rock. His best English friends had warned him of the danger, and had earnestly begged him to suppress the publication of a story which, in his conversation, had been universally disbelieved; but, sorely as he felt the insult, which he as yet had but privately received, it was against his nature to shrink from any unjust degradation which the public might fancy it was in its power to inflict upon him.

"When first," says Bruce, "I men-

tioned this in England, as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asked the reason of this disbelief, and was answered, that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had travelled as far as France,) had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends counselled me further, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to inculcate in the minds of my readers the belief of a thing, that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible."

* * * *

Bruce's veracity has hitherto only been supported by general remarks; we now offer the evidence of several individuals.

It is well known that the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, publicly examined, at Cairo, an Abyssinian dean respecting all Bruce's statements which at that time were disbelieved. Dr. Clarke says, vol. iii. p. 61, "our next inquiry related to the long-disputed fact of a practice among the Abyssinians, of cutting from a live animal slices of its flesh, as an article of food, without putting it to death. This Bruce affirms that he witnessed in his journey from Masuah to Axum. The Abyssinian, answering, informed us that the soldiers of the country, during their marauding excursions, sometimes maim cows after this manner, taking slices from their bodies, as a favourite article of food, without putting them to death at the time; and that, during the banquets of the Abyssinians, raw meat, esteemed delicious through the country, is frequently taken from an ox or a cow in such a state, that the fibres are in motion, and that the attendants continue to cut slices till the animal dies. This answer exactly corresponds with Bruce's narrative: he expressly states, that the persons whom he saw were soldiers, and the animal a cow." "Jereme Lobo, who visited Abyssinia a hundred and fifty years before Bruce, p. 51, says, 'When they feast a friend, they kill an ox, and set, immediately, a quarter of him raw upon the table.' Raw beef is their nicest dish, and is eaten by them with the same appetite and pleasure as we eat the best partridges."

Captain Rudland, R.N., who accompanied Salt, says, "The skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured."

Salt himself, in the journal which, in 1810, he writes for Pearce, the English sailor, says, p. 295, 'A soldier attached to the party, proposed cutting out the *shulade* from one of the cows they were driving before them, to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. This term Mr. Pearce did not at first understand, but he was not long left in doubt upon the subject; for the others, having assented, they laid hold of the animal by the horns, threw it down, and proceeded, without further ceremony, to the operation. This consisted of cutting out two pieces of flesh from the buttock, near the tail, which, together, Mr. Pearce supposed might weigh about a pound. As soon as they had taken these away, they sewed up the wounds, plastered them over with cow-dung, and drove the animal forwards, while they divided among their party the still reeking steaks."

(It is very singular that, in 1810, Salt could write these words, without offering any apology for having, in his travels with Lord Valentia, in 1805, deliberately stated that "his (Bruce's) account of the flesh cut out of living animals was repeatedly inquired into by our party; *and all to whom we spoke denied its ever being done.*")

Mr. Coffin, Lord Valentia's valet, who was left by him in Abyssinia, and who is now in England, has declared to us that he not only has seen the operation which Bruce described performed, but that he has even performed it himself, and that he did so at Cairo, in presence of an English nobleman of high character, whose name he referred to.

Denham, in his travels in Central Africa, vol. ii. p. 36, says, "The best information I had ever procured of the road eastward, was from an old hadgi, named El Rashid, a native of the city of Medina; he had been at Waday, and at Sennaar, at different periods of his life, and, among other things, described to me a people east of Waday, whose greatest luxury was feeding on raw meat, cut from the animal while warm."

(Major Head then adduces the cannibalism of the Battas, as noticed by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, and quoted by us at page 255 of our last volume.)

This disgusting subject is now concluded. That it will have shocked the sensibility of the reader—that he will have termed it even

"Unmannerly
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,"

is but too certain; but it is equally true that the vindication, *coûte qui coûte*, is only common justice to Bruce's memory, and that the English public, who have been so cruelly careless of Bruce's feelings, have no right to complain of those facts which, before the world, repel the charges that have been unjustly brought against the character of an honest man.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CONFESSION.

My life hath had its bitter pangs
I've wept—I weep for crime!
Father, 'tis blood upon my soul—
Hath bowed me thus before my time.

Oh that thy words could cleanse my soul,
That penance-pain could free from guilt,
That gold could buy forgetfulness
Of blood that hath been spilt.

Thou know'st me!—ay, I see thou dost—
Yet spite of this I must confess!
I have conceal'd too long—too long
My soul's great wretchedness.

Yes, yes, I am Manfredi's wife—
But that which hath been done
Is cursed of God, although from Rome
Our pardon hath been won.

Leone was a studious youth
Of Padua, and was nobly born,
He loved me as his life, and I
To him my early faith had sworn.

I swore to him eternal truth
Upon the blessed rood!—
Father, my crime is broken faith
Which had its seal in blood.

O, dost thou comprehend me not!
Still must I word by word go on?
Then listen—and I'll force my tongue
To tell thee what was done.

Manfredi was Leone's friend,
Loved, trusted as a brother,
While many friends Manfredi had,
The good Leone had no other.

'Twas at the Carnival at Rome,
Amid a noble masking train
Of dames and cavaliers that they
After long absence met again;—

They met for woe—they met for blood!
And from that night I too was changed;
Spite of my reasonings with myself,
My soul became estranged:—

Manfredi's mien was like a king's.
His passions vehement and wild—
Thou know'st Leone—he was grave
And unsuspecting as a child.

He was too good, too wise, too calm!
Some evil power my soul possess'd—
We loved—Manfredi and I loved—
Now, father, need I tell the rest?

They did not meet in open strife,
So had he died it had been well—
But no,—'twas in the midnight street
That good Leone fell.

I knew the deed that had been done,
Yet with the murderer I stood
Unshrinking in the sanctuary,
Before the blessed rood.

And so I pledged another troth,
My former vows seem'd light as air,
Why was it so—for I have given
My life to pitiless despair.

The church has pardon'd what was done,
And yet my anguish is not eased,
And night and day I hear a cry
That will not be appeased.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A FORMAL old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and called to his servant in the following manner:—"Tom, take off the saddle on my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse." The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, "Lack-a-day, sir, could you not have said at once, change the saddles?"—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

PUNS.

EVERY body condemns punning; but every body likes it now and then, except the dull dogs who never make a pun, and who repeat the hereditary objection to that sort of humour. Now we have been amused this week—

1. By hearing the Court of Chancery, with Lord Brougham and Vaux presiding, designated as *Vaux-hall.*

2. A gentleman in Piccadilly attempting to raise another gentleman who had fallen, overcome with wine, said—"I don't know what to do with him; I cannot get him to give any account of himself!" "How can you (observed a looker-on) expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

3. "The deuce is in these incendiaries," said a pseudo-punster; "here they are destroying pease-stacks; why don't they get rid of all taxes?" This deplorable attempt, however, brought out a fair hit from a professor:—"Rather," rejoined he, seeing their hostility to the church and tithes, "I marvel that instead of burning *hay-ricks*, they don't burn *bishop-ricks.*"

Literary Gazette.

HAMPSHIRE FROLIC.

A HAMPSHIRE farmer was sore distressed by the nightly unsettling of his barn. However straightly, over night, he laid his sheaves on the thrashing-floor, for the application of the morning's flail, when morning came, all was topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy, though the door remained locked, and there was no sign whatever of irregular entry. Resolved to find out who played him these mischievous pranks, Hodge couched him-

self one night deeply among the sheaves, and watched for the enemy. At length midnight arrived; the barn illuminated, as if by moonbeams of wonderful brightness, and through the key-hole came thousands of elves, the most diminutive that could be imagined. They immediately began their gambols among the straw, which was soon in a most admired disorder. Hodge wondered, but interfered not; but at last the supernatural thieves began to busy themselves in a way still less to his taste, for each elf set about conveying the crop away, a straw at a time, with astonishing activity and perseverance. The key-hole was still their port of egress and regress, and it resembled the aperture of a beehive, on a sunny day in June. The farmer was rather annoyed at seeing his grain vanish in this fashion; when one of the fairies, while hard at work, said to another, in the tiniest voice that ever was heard, "*I weat, you weat?*" (quasi, O vulgar Hampshire Faries! "I sweat, do you sweat?") and Hodge could contain himself no longer. He leapt out, crying, 'The devil sweat ye—let me get among ye!" when they all flew away, so frightened that they never disturbed the barn any more.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

THE following is decidedly the happiest instance of the possession of this useful quality we ever recollect to have heard of. The subjoined proclamation was actually publicly read, some years ago, by the common crier, in a Burgh, north of the River Tay. It at the same time furnishes us with an admirable illustration of the March of Intellect; we give it verbatim:—"O yez! O yez! O yez! There is a cow to be killed at Flesher Gillies, on Friday next, gin there sall be encouragement for the same. The Provost is to tak a hale leg; the Minister is to tak anither leg for sartin; the Domini and Gauger a leg between them. Sin there is only anither leg on hand, gin there sall be ony certainty of taking this odd leg, the cow shall be killed withouten fail, for the Flesher himsel is to tak his chance of selling the *head* and *harragles*."—*Elgin Courier*, 1828.

EXAMPLE FOR SINECURISTS.

SIR HENRY VANE, descendant of Sir Henry Vane, knight, who in 1300 was so made by the Black Prince, at the battle of Poictiers—was by Charles the First made treasurer of the navy, by patent for life. In the first wars between the English and the Dutch, the fees of the office, which were fourpence per pound, amounted to nearly £30,000. per year. Sir Henry looked upon this sum as too much, and generously gave up his patent to the parliament, desiring but £2,000. per annum for an agent, and that the remainder should go to the public. JAC-CO.

SCRAPS,

(*From our Scots Correspondent*, WATTIE COLTHERD, *see page* 427.)

EPITAPH,

Composed by an Excise Officer in the South of Scotland, on himself.

"HERE lieth the limbs of a lang devil,
Wha in his time has done much evil,
And oft the alewives he opprest;
But blest be God he's gone to rest."

AN ADDITIONAL VERSE TO BURNS'S "LAND O' THE LEAL."

"THERE'S nae whisky there, Jean,
There's nae rum nor beer, Jean,
The head's aye clear
I' the land o' the Leal.

Hunger, thirst, and a', Jean,
Are banish'd far awa, Jean,
Tho' naked, we'll seem braw,
I' the land o' the Leal."

(*Never Published.*)

AT PETERBOROUGH.

READER, pass on, nor waste your time
On bad biography, and much worse rhyme;
For what I am, this cumbrous clay inures,
And what I was—is no affair of yours.

H. S. G.

THE Dutch may be compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which when once kindled, retains its fire to the last.

AT Covent Garden Theatre, the other night, we recognised "The Inconveniences of a Convenient Distance," quoted by us from the *New Monthly Magazine*, page 181. The playwright has made a mere scene of the sketch, with the title of "The Omnibus," which is rather inappropriate, as he has not done *everything* with the incident.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 465.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Remains of Henry the Second's Palace,

IN WOODSTOCK PARK, IN 1714.*

(From a Correspondent.)

The above subject cannot fail to be interesting to the topographer, as it is little known, and has not gone through a hacknied series of engraving. The original drawing is in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough. Not a vestige of the Palace now remains; but its place is denoted by two sycamore trees, whose broad and spreading limbs point amid the solemn silence to the site where kings of yore have dwelt.

In Woodstock Park, Geoffrey Chaucer resided for a considerable time:

"Here he dwelt.
For many a cheerful day these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang of love, of knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, through each estate and age,
The fashion and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying."

According to Dr. Burnett, we learn that the witty and dissipated Earl of Rochester once lived here, and here he exchanged his worldly pleasures for the permanent fate of a hereafter—starting on his long journey to "that goal from whence no traveller returns," feeling the past recede and the future opening with a heart bursting with remorse and penitence.

In this Palace Henry II. received the homage of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and Rice, Prince of Wales; (1164) and here was knighted the second son of Fair Rosamond, Jeffery Plantagenet. Elizabeth was detained a prisoner here by command of her sister, Mary: during her imprisonment she is said to have written the following lines with charcoal, on a window shutter of her apartment:—

"Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt.
Wittness this present prysoner, whither Fate
Could bear me and the Joyes I quitt
Thou causest the guiltie to be losed
From hands wherein an innocent's inclosed
Causing the guilties to be straites reserved
And freing those that death well deserved,
But by her malice can be nothing wroughte
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.
"Anno Dom: 1555. Elizabeth. Prisoner"

Walpole has omitted these lines in his

* The reader will also find in vol vii of the *Mirror*, an Engraving of Woodstock Palace, accompanying our notice of Sir Walter Scott's Novel. The above, however, represents the remains at the period of their demolition.

"Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." Elizabeth was a better politician than poetess—a better Machiavel than a Sappho.

DRYDEN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The following lines which are inserted in a frontispiece (containing the portraits of Cardon, Lilly, and Guido) prefixed to a little work, published in 1676, and called "Anima Astrologia," seem to have been imitated (perhaps unintentionally) by Dryden, in his celebrated encomium on Milton, beginning—

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty—in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go—
To make the third, she joined the other two."

as they bear a close resemblance to them.

"Let Envy burst;—Urania's glad to see
Her sons thus join'd in a triplicity;
To Cardon and to Guido much is due,
But in one Lilly, we behold them two."

G. C.

YORK AND LANCASTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Your correspondent *W. C. R. R.* labours under an erroneous, though common, impression, when, in the 285th page of the 455th number of your miscellany, he conjectures the fatal symbols of the York and Lancastrian factions—the red and white rose—were *first* assumed as badges in the Temple Garden. Camden informs us that the cognizance of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., was a *red rose;* which was subsequently adopted by John of Ghent, who married the heiress of that prince, and so obtained his vast possessions. The same authority also tells us that Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., took for his device a *white rose*—not from any enmity to his brother, but merely as a distinction.

Ely Place. R. H.

ORIGIN OF THE OFFICE OF LORD CHANCELLOR.

(For the Mirror.)

This office was known to the courts of the Roman Emperors, where it originally seems to have signified a chief scribe or secretary, who was afterwards invested with several judicial powers, and a general superintendance of the best of the officers of the prince.

Under the Emperor Carinus, one of his doorkeepers, with whom he entrusted the government of the city, was denominated *Cancellarius;* and from this humble origin (says Gibbon) the appellation has, by a singular fortune, risen into the title of the first great office of state in the monarchies of Europe.

Some say it was the emperor himself who sat and rendered justice within the lattice; the chancellor attending at the door thereof, whence he took his title.

Chamberlayne in his "Angliæ Notitiæ," says, "*The Lord High Chancellor, Summus Cancellarius*, so called because all patents, commissions, warrants, coming from the king, and perused by him, are signed, if well, or cancelled where amiss; that is, crossed out with lines across like cross-bars, or lattices, called in Latin *cancelli;* or else because anciently he sat *intra cancellus;* that is, such a partition as usually now separates the church from the chancel." Sir Edward Coke says, "It is certain that the Saxon kings had their chancellors."

"From the time of Henry II. (says Chamberlayne) the chancellors of England have been ordinarily made of bishops, or other clergymen, learned in the civil laws, till Henry VIII. made chancellor, first Sir Thomas More, and after him Sir Richard Rich, knight, Lord Rich, a common lawyer; since which time there have been some bishops, but most lawyers."

Camden tells us, "The Sunday after More gave up the chancellorship of England, he came himself to his wife's pew, and used the usual words of his gentleman usher, madam, my lord is gone." P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

VISIT TO THE TOMBSTONE REPOSITORY IN PARIS.

(For the Mirror.)

Madam Duvel, the wife of an eminent Parisian citizen, had the misfortune to lose her only daughter, in consequence of the unhappy prejudice which she had conceived against innoculation. She shed tears of poignant grief and unavailing regret over the corpse of her beloved child. Being herself unable to give directions for the interment of the youthful victim, Madam Duvel requested a tried friend of the family to undertake this duty, and gave directions for a marble monument to be erected in memory of the deceased, with an inscription, declaratory of the cause of her early death

that it might serve as a useful warning to parents labouring under the influence of prejudices similar to her own. This friend, desirous of executing the wishes of Madam Duvel, hastened to the Tombstone Repository established in Paris; and he relates the circumstances attending his visit as follows:—

"On my arrival, I found the proprietor engaged in conversation with two gentlemen, who had stepped in a few minutes before me. One of them asked for a tombstone for a middle-aged gentleman, lately deceased. 'Please to follow me,' said the proprietor, who either did not observe me, or was desirous to display the splendour of his establishment before a stranger, 'I'll conduct you into the Gentleman's Repository, there you will find what you are in want of.' We entered into a large saloon, crowded with tombstones of various descriptions, to each of which an explanatory ticket was attached. 'Was the deceased married?' said the proprietor. 'He was,' was the reply: 'he has left a widow inconsolable for his loss.' 'Very good,' answered the man; 'here stand the married men.' 'He has also left several children.' 'Children!—so he had a family; that alters the case, the family men are all on the other side;' and so saying, he led us to another part, to view several monuments of various sizes. During the time his workmen were employed in placing them in the proper light, that we might more easily read the inscriptions, I addressed the proprietor, and complimented him upon the order which was visible in his establishment. 'I find it answer exceedingly well,' replied he; 'commissions of *this* description must be executed with the *utmost dispatch;* I have often experienced the unpleasant consequences of delay in these cases. A monument is generally bespoken by weeping eyes, and epitaphs by broken hearts; but it is by no means an unfrequent case, that on delivery, the price agreed upon is disputed, the smallest fault in the execution made a pretence for wrangling and making deductions; and several times I have even been under the disagreeable necessity of keeping eulogiums on deceased persons for my *own account,* the heirs having begun to discover that they had been rather premature in their panegyrics. In order to obviate these inconveniences, I have adopted the plan of having *ready-made* monuments, furnished with inscriptions for every imaginable virtue, and to meet all possible family circumstances. I have loving husbands and excellent fathers, at all prices, sincere friends of all sizes, dutiful children in gold and black letters, virtuous mothers in common stone, and faithful wives in marble; with or without ornaments, according to the taste of the mourners. I am happy to say my Repository is choicely stocked, and I am able to serve all customers agreeably to their wishes. I take care to leave a blank for the christian and surname, as well as for the rank and titles, which may have ennobled the defunct. At the foot I leave a small space, for any peculiar virtues which the survivors may wish to immortalize, and these are paid for, so much a letter.' During our conversation, the gentlemen had selected two inscriptions, which appeared to meet their wishes—the one on marble, the other on common stone. The proprietor complimented them on their taste, and demanded for the marble slab, the beauty and whiteness of which he highly extolled, five hundred francs, and for the one in stone one hundred and fifty francs, exclusive of the letters, which cost one franc each. The strangers were probably only distant relatives of the deceased, as they considered the price excessively high. 'I never overcharge,' said the proprietor, who observed that the monuments were too dear for the purchasers, and endeavoured to direct their attention to some of less value. 'A marble slab with gold letters is certainly very pretty,' continued he; 'at the same time, splendour is no criterion of the sincerity of grief; a modest token of remembrance in common stone answers the purpose equally well. This for instance is smaller than the others, and would problably suit; the epitaph is pithy and pretty—*To the best of fathers and tenderest of husbands.* The letters are large and distinct; one may read the epitaph at full gallop.' 'You are in the right,' replied the purchaser; 'but these very letters form an obstacle. The number of them, to which the name of the deceased must be added, nearly doubles the price of the stone. As executors of the will of our departed friend, and taking a great interest also in the welfare of his widow and children, we should be glad to hit upon something which would at once combine our regard for the dead with the economy due to the living.' 'It appears to me,' said his companion, 'that we might very well leave out one of the lines descriptive of the virtues of the departed, as they are far too long. *To the best of fathers* appears to me somewhat assuming; and one must confess that love to his children was not a predominant virtue in our poor friend—the want

of education which his sons evince is a sufficient proof; and an excessive panegyric on this score would appear like a stinging epigram.' 'You are quite right,' replied his companion; 'and I was just about to propose to leave out the words, *to the tenderest of husbands;* for between ourselves, our poor friend was not distinguished for his conjugal virtues as the hourly disputes with his wife, and the circumstance that the deed of separation was already drawn out, sufficiently proved. There must be no lie in an epitaph.' 'Why did you not say so at first?' interrupted the proprietor, peevishly; 'in yonder corner stands exactly what you want—just look.' *Here lies* (the space for the name is open); *he was an inoffensive husband, and a well meaning man.*— ''Pon my honour, it is hardly possible to write less over the grave of any poor devil.' After debating a long time on the choice of the letters which were to perpetuate the name and titles of the deceased, they finally agreed that the former should be one, and the latter two inches long. The price was fixed at a hundred francs, and the proprietor conducted them to the door, observing on his return, that an order like that was not worth the trouble and time he had expended. He had hardly concluded, when a gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, stepped out of a splendid carriage and entered the Repository. I followed him into the Ladies' Saloon. Here I found the same regularity and order, and far more elegance; the monuments were ornamented with uncommon taste, and loaded with virtues of all sorts—there was not one that could not boast of at least half-a-dozen qualities; the words *Fidelity, Tenderness, Affection, Wisdom, Modesty,* &c. were every where eminently conspicuous. The proprietor remarked, very judiciously, that it is true we do not always find all these virtues united in real life, but the group looks vastly pretty on a monument, and reads so smoothly. The stranger looked around him with a dissatisfied air: none of the inscriptions did justice to the wife he had had the misfortune to lose. At last the proprietor pointed out to him a slab just finishing, upon which the list of every imaginable virtue appeared to be exhausted. The purchaser was in ecstacies. 'Please, add to this,' said he, 'the words, *from her inconsolable husband,* and send in the slab this evening, that I may find it on my return from the Opera. I am going to-morrow into the country, to a *fête champêtre,* and I should like before I go to see how my wife's monument looks, and if it will be likely to *take.*' So saying, he drew out his purse, paid down the sum demanded, and took his leave. Being now left with the proprietor, I communicated to him the occasion of my visit. He confessed that he had no monument of the sort ready made; but having read the desired inscription which I put into his hand, exclaimed—'Really this idea of Madam Duvel's is most excellent, and deserves to be held up as a model. If we were to write on the monuments of all deceased persons the causes of their deaths, they would serve as awful warnings to the living, and inculcate the necessity of those precautions which we are too apt to neglect; and,' added he, smiling, 'the epitaphs would be so much the longer, and pay the better!' ''

THE STATE FAMILY.

The State Family to which I have the honour to belong is one of the most ancient of those which have survived all the changes and revolutions in the world down to the present time. Their great ancestor, and from whom all the members of the family take their names, was intimately acquainted with the Babylonish and Assyrian monarchs. After the fall of the two great empires of the last, he forsook their palaces, and having sojourned awhile at the courts of the Medes and Persians, took up his final abode (for the present) in Imperial Rome. Since that time he has visited most of the nations of Europe, but has not yet found his way to the New World. He was expected in London about the 9th of the present month; but in consequence of some misapprehension by the government, a very distant relation of his, *State of Defence,* took up his quarters at the Tower. Though Pomp and Luxury have been his constant companions, his true immediate descendants, *Lying-in-State* and *Funeral State,* are of a somewhat melancholy turn of mind: they are both very highly connected, the former being seldom or never seen but in the company of Royalty, and the latter is connected with the first families in the kingdom. I am inclined to think that *Estate* was not so well known in ancient times; nevertheless, he was not unknown to Darius "great and good." In late times he has become a large landed proprietor, and affirmed the other day in the House of Lords that the property of the country ought to have the greatest share in the representation.—

State of the Country has lately been making some noise about town. I must not forget to mention *State of the Poll*, an influential nobleman, who, it is often thought, is a great friend to the people, but he has too much interest in the elections to be *disinterested*. *State of the Crops* is a farmer of some note, but he has sadly gone down in the world of late. *Reinstate* has had some influence over the destinies of the world. Without going back into ancient history, I may mention that our Charles the Second was greatly indebted to him; and in still more modern times, Louis the Eighteenth has availed himself of the friendship of this personage.

I have endeavoured to call to mind the most noted of my relations. There may be some members of the family (such as *Statesman* and *Secretary of State)* of little or no consequence, whom I have not considered it necessary to particularize, or worth the trouble of trying to recollect. I hope they will not deem it an offence, for they are but insignificant persons, like myself; and under these circumstances, I have thought it quite unnecessary to

STATE MY OWN NAME.

Old Poets.

HEALTH.

(From an old Poem entitled "*Regimen Sanitatis Salernitatum.*)

Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.

"This speeche perhapes is somewhat darke,
As riddles use to be—
The style thereof with common sense
Doth not so well agree.

"But for to tell by passinge nutt
Our author what he meanse,
The nutmegge first he profereth,
And that to good intense.

"In second place, what hurtfull is
He seemeth for to tuche,
Wherein he meaneth the wallnutte
Doth hurte us over muche.

"But in the last what perils moughte
Be hidde therein I muse,
Because to eate or cracke that nutte
No man did ever use.

"As well inoughe he knew that wratte
This plesante pretye verse,
So doeth he bringe in pretilye
What nutte doth use to perse.

"And in his talke of nuttes in deede
In sadness first he spake;
But at the last the name of nutte
As loughte for to forsake.

"He sayeth that full manye a man
The crosse-bowe hath yslane,
The nutte whereof he blames therefore—
His meaning now is playne;
And I do telle you, not in vaine,
'Tis good from such nuttes to refrain."

"Chuse wine you meane shall serve you all the year,
Well-savour'd, tasting well, and color'd cleere
Fiue qualities there are, wine's praise aduancing,
Strong, beawtyfull, and fragrant, coole, and dauncing.
White Muskadell and Candy wine, and Greeke,
Do make men's wits and bodies grosse and fat;
Red wyne doth make the voyce oft time to seek,
And hath a binding quality to that;
Canary and Madera, both are like
To make one leane indeed (but wot you what);
Who say they make one leane, wold make one laffe—
They meane, they make one leane vpon a staffe.
Wine, women, baths, by art or nature warme,
Vs'd or abus'd, do men much good or harme."

"Good dyet is a perfect way of curing,
And worthy much regard and health assuring;
A king that cannot rule him in his dyet,
Will hardly rule his realme in peace and quyet."

"Complexions cannot vertue breed, or vice;
Yet may they vnto both giue inclination;
The Sanguin gamesome is, and nothing nice—
Loves wine, and women, and all recreation;
Likes pleasant tales and newes, plaies cards and dice,
Fit for all company and euery fashion:
Though bold, not apt to take offence, nor irefull,
But bountifull and kind, and looking cheareful:
Inclining to be fat, and prone to lafter;
Loues myrth and musicke, cares not what comes after."

"Sharpe Choller is an humour most pernicious,
All violent and fierce, and full of fire—
Of quicke conceit, and therewithall ambitious;
Their thoughts to greater fortune still aspyre;
Proud, bountifull enough, yet oft malicious—
A right bolde speaker, and as bolde a lyer;
On little cause to anger great inclin'd;
Mvch eating still, yet euer looking pin'd;
In younger yeares they vse to grow apace,
In elder, hairy on their breast and face."

"The Flegmatique are most of no great growth,
Inclining rather to be fat and square;
Giuen mvch unto their ease, to rest and sloth,
Content in knowledge to take little share,
To put themselues to any paine most loth,
So dead their spirits, so dull their sences are:
Still either sitting, like to folke that dreame;
Or else still spitting, to avoid the flegme,
One quality doth yet these harmes repayre,
That for most part the Flegmatique are fayre."

"The Melancholy from the rest do vary,
Both sport, and ease, and company refusing;
Exceeding studious, euer solitary;
Inclining pensiue still to be, and musing;
A secret hate to others apt to carry;
Most constant in his choice, tho long a choosing;
Extreame in loue sometime, yet seldom lustfull;
Suspitious in his nature, and mistrustfull.
A wary wit, a *hand much giuen to sparing,*
A heauy looke, a spirit little daring."

The Naturalist.

REMARKABLE OAKS.

Abridged from a Review of Strutt's "Sylva Britannica," in the Magazine of Natural History.

THE Bull Oak, the property of the Earl of Warwick, stands in a meadow within the boundary of what was formerly Wedgenock Park, one of the most ancient parks in England, according to Dugdale, who informs us that "Henry

de Newburgh, the first Earl of Warwick after the Conquest, in imitation of King Henry I., who made the park at Woodstock, did impark it. The tree we should conceive to be one of the very oldest specimens of the kind now remaining in the country; and is, we doubt not, at least coeval with the origin of the park on which it stands, and most probably of much higher antiquity. On this time-worn relic our author tells us that Mr. South makes the following observations, in his fourth letter on the growth of oaks, addressed to the Bath Society:—"About twenty years before the time of his writing (1783) he had the curiosity to measure this tree. Its head was as green and vigorous last summer as it was at that time; and though hollow as a tube, it has increased in its measure some inches. Upon the whole, this bears every mark of having been a short-stemmed branchy tree, of the first magnitude, spreading its arms in all directions round it. Its aperture is a small, ill-formed Gothic arch, hewn out, or enlarged with an axe, and the bark now curls over the wound, a sure sign that it continues growing: and hence it is evident, that the hollow oaks of enormous size, recorded by antiquaries, did not obtain such bulk whilst sound; for the shell increases when the substance is no more. The blea and the inner bark receive annual tributes of nutritious particles from the sap, in its progress to the leaves; and thence acquire a power of extending the outer bark, and increasing its circumference slowly. Thus a tree, which at 300 years old was sound, and 5 ft. in diameter, like the Langley oak, would, if left to perish gradually, in its thousandth year become a shell of 10 ft. diameter...Bull oaks," continues Mr. South, "are thus denominated from the no uncommon circumstance of bulls taking shelter within them; which these animals effect, not by going in and turning round, but by retreating backwards into the cavity till the head only projects at the aperture. The one I am about to particularize stands in the middle of a pasture, bears the most venerable marks of antiquity, gives the name compounded of itself and its situation to the farm on which it grows, viz. Oakly Farm, and was the favourite retreat of a bull. Twenty people, old and young, have crowded into it at a time. A calf being shut up there for convenience, its dam, a two-year old heifer, constantly went in to suckle it, and left sufficient room for milking her. It is supposed to be near a thousand years old" [we could readily believe it older;] "the body is nothing but a shell, covered with burly protuberances; the upper part of the shaft is hollow like a chimney; it has been mutilated in all its limbs, but from their stumps arise a number of small branches, forming a burly head, so remarkable for fertility, that in years of plenty, it has produced two sacks of acorns in a season." Thus far Mr. South. "The dimensions," says Mr. Strutt, "of this venerable remnant of antiquity are, at one yard from the ground, 11 yds. 1 ft.; one foot above the ground, 13 yds. 1 ft.; six feet from the ground, 12 yds. 1 ft.; broadest side, 7 yds. 5 in.; close to the ground, 18 yds. 1 ft. 7 in.; height of the trunk, about 4 yds. 1 ft." Having ourselves visited this remarkable tree, and reclined in an idle hour under its shade, we may add that it has long since been carefully fenced round with substantial posts and rails, and has had the two extremities of its projecting limbs supported from beneath by strong pieces of timber.

We pass on to the Gospel Oak, which is a boundary tree, situate at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, defining the extremity of that parish from the adjoining parish of Baginton. Many an old oak, as well as other tree, bearing the like title and character, may still be met with throughout the country,

"Religione patrum multos servata per annos."*
Virgil.

We wish we could add, that in modern times such memorials of days gone by always received that respect and fostering care, at the hands of their owners, which their age alone might reasonably demand. The contrary, however, is too often the case.

Who can read Gilbert White's graphic account of the vast oak in the Plestor,† at Selborne, with its "short

* "By the religion of our ancestors,
Preserved for ages."
Trapp's Translation.

† "We have the following explanation of the *Plestor* in the *Antiquities of Selborne*," says Sir W. Jardine, in his notes appended to the late pocket edition of White's natural history of that place:—"It appears to have been left as a sort of redeeming offering by Sir Adam Gordon, in olden times an inhabitant of Selborne, well known in English history during the reign of Henry III., particularly as a leader of the Mountfort faction. Mr. White says: As Sir Adam began to advance in years, he found his mind influenced by the prevailing opinion of the reasonableness and efficacy of prayers for the dead: and therefore, in conjunction with his wife Constantia, in the year 1271, granted to the prior and convent of Selborne, all his right and claim to a certain place, *placea*, called *La Pleystow*, in the village aforesaid, 'in *liberam, puram, et perpetuam elemosinam.*' This *Pleystow, locus ludorum*, or play-place, is in a level

squat body, and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area,—surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them:"—who can reflect upon this pleasing picture of rural life without sympathizing with the simple villagers and their pastor upon their irreparable loss, and regretting the catastrophe which overthrew the tree and deprived them of its genial shelter? Or who, again, can peruse the almost affecting narrative, by the same author, of the fall of the Raven Oak, and not wish that it had been spared from the axe to this day? "In the centre of Losel's Grove," says White, in his second letter to Pennant, "there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of 'the raven tree.' Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. So the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled: it was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed with the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground."

We have strayed from our subject, and must return to the origin of the term *Gospel Oak*.* "The custom," says Mr. Strutt, "of making the boundaries of parishes by the neighbouring inhabitants going round them once a year, and stopping at certain spots to perform different ceremonies, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memories of the young, as they were attested by the recollections of the old, is still common in various parts of the kingdom. The custom itself is of great antiquity, and is supposed by some to have been derived from the feast called Terminalia, which was dedicated to the god Terminus, who was considered as the guardian of fields and landmarks, and the promoter of friendship and peace among men.... It was introduced among Christians about the year 800, by the pious Avitus, Bishop of Vienna, in a season of dearth and calamity, and has been continued since his time by the different clergy; the minister of each parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, going round the bounds and limits of his parish in Rogation week, or on one of the three days before Holy Thursday (the feast of our Lord's Ascension,) and stopping at remarkable spots and trees to recite passages from the Gospels, and implore the blessing of the Almighty on the fruits of the earth, and for the preservation of the rights and properties of the parish. The learned and excellent Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, left a fine model of prayer for these occasions; and it must have been a soothing sight to witness the devotional feelings of the multitude, thus called forth in the simplicity of patriarchal worship in the open air, and surrounded by the works of God."

The Gospel Oak near Stoneleigh, to

area near the church, of about 44 yards by 36, and is known now by the name of the *Plestor*. It continues still, as it was in old times, to be the scene of recreation for the youths and children of the neighbourhood; and impresses an idea on the mind that this village, even in Saxon times, could not be the most abject of places, when the inhabitants thought proper to assign so spacious a spot for the sports and amusements of its young people."

* Oaks have sometimes not only been termed "Gospel" trees, but have also been dignified by the title of "Apostles." Thus the fine group, consisting of twelve in number, at Burley in the New Forest (of which a representation is given in the titlepage to Mr. Strutt's volume) is known by the appellation of the "Twelve Apostles" Towards the centre of Coleshill Park, in Warwickshire, there once stood four very aged oaks, forming a square, one occupying each corner, which were familiarly known by the name of the "Four Apostles" (the Four Evangelists, we presume, they ought rather to have been called.) Some forty or fifty years ago the steward of the manor fell foul of one of these consecrated trees, and unceremoniously cut it down, for the purpose of repairing the park pales. This sacrilegious act excited the honest indignation of the old park-keeper, near whose residence the trees grew, who, observing that "there always had been four apostles in Coleshill Park ever since he had known the place," swore, with an oath, that if he could have his way "there always should be." Accordingly, he planted another in the room of the displaced apostle. This newly planted tree, on account of its youth, acquired (as might be expected) the name of St. John. We have often seen it in company with its three aged fellows, and believe it is still a vigorous and thriving young tree.

which we are now more particularly alluding, "stands," Mr. Strutt informs us, "in a little retired coppice, the solitude of which is equally favourable to thought and to devotion, to the reveries of the philosopher on ages past, and the contemplation of the Christian on the ages to come." We will only add, from our personal knowledge of the spot, that it is much to be regretted that some of the upstart saplings, the impertinent firs and larches of modern growth, which surround this primitive tree, and interfere sadly with its branches, have not long since been cleared away by the proprietor, in order to give space and a freer circulation of air to the original and rightful occupant of the grove.

Mr. Strutt, speaking of an aged oak in the park at Moccas Court, on the banks of the Wye, in Herefordshire, says—"The whole estate, from the very nature of its situation, forming part of the borders between England and Wales, is fraught with historical associations, which extend themselves, with pleasing interest, to this 'ancient monarch of the wood;' among whose boughs the war-cry has often reverberated in former ages, and who has witnessed many a fierce contention under our Henries and our Edwards, hand to hand and foot to foot, for the domains on which he still survives, in venerable though decaying majesty, surrounded by aged denizens of the forest; the oldest of whom, nevertheless, compared with himself, seem but as of yesterday. The stillness of the scene at the present time forms a soothing contrast to the recollections of the turbulent past; and the following lines are so in harmony with the reflections it is calculated to awaken, that it is hoped the transplanting of them from the pages of a brother amateur of the forest to the page before us will not displease either him or the reader:—

"Than a tree, a grander child earth bears not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which Time confirms, which centuries waste not?
Oaks gather strength for ages; and when at last
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude,
So grand in weakness. E'en in their decay
So venerable. 'Twere sacrilege t' escape
The consecrating touch of Time. Time watch'd
The blossom on the parent bough; Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray; Time pass'd
While, springing from its swaddling shell, yon oak,
The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudged not;
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hollowed in its trunk
A tomb for centuries; and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of man."

We add a few lines from Mr. Knapp's excellent *Journal of a Naturalist*:—

"We have records of aspiring timber trees of this species of astonishing magnitude, though perhaps none of them exceed those mentioned by Evelyn, cut down near Newberry, in Berkshire, one of which ran fifty feet clear without a knot, and cut clean timber five feet square at the base; its consort gave forty feet of clear, straight timber, squaring four feet at its base, and nearly a yard at the top. But the most magnificent oak ever known to have grown in England was probably that dug out of Hatfield bog—it was a hundred and twenty feet in length, twelve in diameter at the base, ten in the middle, and six at the smaller end where broken off; so that the but for sixty feet squared seven feet of timber, and four its entire length."

NATURAL ROCKING-STONE IN AUVERGNE.

Dr. Hibbert has at length found a rocking-stone, so much the object of religious worship with our Celtic and Teutonic ancestors, in Auvergne, a country where the natives, from their peculiar dark complexion, show decisive marks of a Celtic origin; and where the monuments of antiquity resemble those of Wales and Cornwall. It is of granite: its site is near to the village of Tonbeyrat, and it is surmounted by a Christian cross. Auvergne is equally remarkable for memorials of rock worship in cromlechs; and what is interesting, as illustrating the ancient attire of the Gael, is, that the costume of figures represented on the surmounting pedestal of the cross is that of the Scottish Highlands, even to the kilt.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work.

To feast on the blooming, yet fading perfections of Wax-work is but a satire on poor humanity. Yet such was the taste of the last century, when Mrs. Salmon's exhibition was in high favour. The reader will recollect the "Melting Joke" on Wax-work quoted by us at page 150 from that piquant literary newspaper *The Spectator*. It had much

of the fire of raillery, and brought all the frail glories into the focus of a warm joke. We laughed outright, and doubtless our readers echoed the glad sound. But we must now leave fancy to her play, and come to fact.

Mrs. Salmon's exhibition was, it seems, nearly opposite the end of Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street. We know not the precise date of its origin; but we learn that the waxen-figures cost Mrs. Salmon in amount 500*l.* Yet the wax and money melted away together; and in 1812, when the frail establishment was broken up, poor Mrs. Salmon could not sell her folks for 50*l.* They were, however, "sold by auction," and the assembly was thus broken up by being knocked down. We have heard them described as sorry figures—brought to a sad complexion—and shrivelled to "skin and bone." Probably they were purchased by itinerant showmen, with the hope of reviving their freshness amid the breezes of a country circuit, when the royal and noble folks would freshen their glories, and again become plump, lusty, and strong. At all events, they were too delicate for a London atmosphere; since the proprietor of a similar exhibition, now in another part of Fleet-street, refused to purchase them at a very low price. For our part, we do not admire the character of wax-work figures, and we have no wish to be perpetuated in such ghastliness; but we cannot forget the old figure on crutches *who* was stationed at Mrs. Salmon's entrance, and was, we believe, a still-life portrait of a character then frequently to be met with in walks about town.

However our pages, in the nineteenth century, may perpetuate Mrs. Salmon, she enjoyed a nobler reputation in the last, by special mention in No. 28 of *The Spectator*, in a "Project of an office for the regulation of Signs," from the pen of Addison. After some pungent observations on the absurdities of the signs of shops in his time, he says—"When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake." After such a commemoration, ours is but mean note; and, halt, lest we unwittingly produce a Second Series of *Salmonia*.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

WINTER RHAPSODY.

THE following are a few snatches from the first and second "Fyttes" of Christopher North's periodical treat:—

A Dull Summer.

Common-place people, especially town dwellers, who *flit* into the country for a few months, have a silly and absurd idea of Summer, which all the atmospherical phenomena fail to drive out of their foolish fancies. They insist on its remaining with us for half a year at least, and on its being dressed in its Sunday's best every day in the week, as long as they continue in country quarters. The Sun must rise, like a labourer, at the very earliest hour, shine all day, and go to bed late, else they treat him contumeliously, and declare that he is not worth his meat. Should he retire occasionally behind a cloud, which it seems most natural and reasonable for one to do who lives so much in the public eye, why a whole watering-place, uplifting a face of dissatisfied expostulation to heaven, exclaims, "Where is the Sun? Are we never to have any Sun?" They also insist that there shall be no rain of more than an hour's duration in the day-time, but that it shall fall by night. Yet, when the Sun does exert himself, as if at their bidding, and is shining, as he supposes, to their heart's content, up go a hundred green parasols in his face, enough to startle the celestial steeds in his chariot, while a hundred voices

"Cry d—n it, how hot we shall be!"

We can yet enjoy a *broken* Summer. It would do your heart good to see us hobbling with our crutch along the Highland hills, sans great-coat or umbrella, in a summer-shower, aiblins cap in hand that our hair may grow, up to the knees in the bonny blooming heather, or clambering, like an old goat, among the cliffs. Nothing so good for gout or rheumatism as to get wet through, while the thermometer keeps ranging between 60° and 70°, three times a-day. What refreshment in the very sound—Soaking! Old bones wax dry—nerves numb—sinews stiff—flesh frail—and there is a sad drawback on the Whole Duty of Man. But a sweet, soft, sou'-wester blows "caller" on our craziness, and all our pores instinctively open their mouths at the approach of rain. Oh! look but at those dozen downward showers, all denizens of heaven, how black, and blue, and bright they in their glee are streaming, and gleaming athwart the sunny mountain-gloom, while ever as they descend on earth, lift up the streams along the wilderness louder and louder a choral song! Look now at the heather—and smile whenever henceforth you hear people talk of *purple*. You have been wont to call a gold guinea or a sovereign *yellow*—but if you have got one in your pocket, place it on your palm and in the light of that broom, is it not a *dirty brown?* You have read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and remember the lines,

"While ice mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald."

Nay, you have an emerald ring on your finger—but how grey it looks beside the *green* of those brackens, that pasture, that wood! Purple, yellow, and green, you have now seen, sir, for the first time in your life. Widening and widening over your head, all the while you have been gazing on the heather, the broom, the bracken, the pastures, and the woods, have the eternal heavens been preparing for you a vision of the sacred *Blue*. Is not that an Indigo Divine? Or, if you scorn that mercantile and manufacturing image, steal that blue from the sky, and let the lady of your love tinge but her eye-lids with one touch, and a saintlier beauty will be in her upward looks as she beseeches heaven to bless thee in her prayers! Set slowly—slowly—slowly—O Sun of Suns! as may be allowed by the laws of Nature. For not long after Thou hast sunk behind those mountains into the sea, will that celestial ROSY-RED be tabernacled in the heavens!

Meanwhile three of the dozen showers have so soaked and steeped our old crazy carcass in refreshment, and restoration, and renewal of youth, that we should not be surprised were we to outlive that raven croaking in pure *gaieté du cœur* on the cliff. Three score and ten years! Poo—'tis a pitiful span. At a hundred we shall cut capers—for twenty years more keep to the Highland fling—and at the close of other twenty, jig it into the grave to that matchless strathspey, the Reel o' Tullochgorum!

Winter.

Winter is a withered old beldame, too poor to keep a cat, hurkling on her hunkers over a feeble fire of sticks, extinguished fast as it is beeted, with a fizz in the melted snow which all around that unhoused wretchedness is indurated with frost; while a blue pool close at

hand is chained in iciness, and an old stump half-buried in the drift. Poor, old, miserable, cowering crone! One cannot look at her without unconsciously putting one's hand in his pocket, and fumbling for a tester. Yes, there is pathos in the picture, especially when on turning round your head, you behold a big blockhead of a vulgar bagman, with his coat-tails over his arms, warming his loathsome hideousness at a fire that would roast an ox.

Thomson's Seasons.

All over Scotland, "The Seasons" is an household-book. Let the taste and feeling shown by the Collectors of Elegant Extracts be poor as possible, yet Thomson's countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, have all along not only gloried in his illustrious fame, but have made a very manual of his great work. It lies in many thousand cottages. We have ourselves seen it in the shepherd's shieling, and in the woodsman's bower — small, yellow-leaved, tatter'd, mean, miserable, calf-skin-bound, smoked, stinking copies—let us not fear to utter the word, ugly but true—yet perused, pored, and pondered over by those humble dwellers, by the winter-ingle or on the summer brae, perhaps with as enlightened — certainly with as imagination-over-mastering a delight—as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly taught to their splendid copies lying on richly carved tables, and bound in crimson silk or velvet, in which the genius of painting strove to embody that of poetry, and the printer's art to lend its beauty to the very shape of the words in which the bard's immortal spirit was enshrined. "The art of seeing" has flourished for many centuries in Scotland. Men, women, and children, all look up to her loveful blue or wrathful black skies, with a weather-wisdom that keeps growing from the cradle to the grave. Say not that 'tis alone

"The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

In scriptural language, loftier even than that, the same imagery is applied to the sights seen by the true believer. Who is it "that maketh the clouds his chariot?" The Scottish Peasantry — Highland and Lowland—look much and often on nature thus; and of nature they live in the heart of the knowledge and the religion. Therefore do they love Thomson as an inspired Bard—only a little lower than the Prophets. In like manner have the people of Scotland —from time immemorial—enjoyed the use of their ears. Even persons somewhat hard of hearing, are not deaf to her water falls. In the sublime invocation to Winter, we hear Thomson recording his own worship of nature in his boyish days, when he roamed among the hills of his father's parish, far away from the manse. In those strange and stormy delights did not thousands of thousands of the Scottish boyhood familiarly live among the mists and snows? Of all that number he alone had the genius to "here eternize on earth" his joy—but many millions have had souls to join religiously in the hymns he chanted! Yea, his native Land, with one mighty voice, has nearly for a century, responded,

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God."

November.

What kind of a Winter—we wonder —are we to have in the way of wind and weather? We trust it will be severe. As the last summer set in with his usual severity, the present Winter must not be behindhand with him; but after an occasional week's rain of a commendably boisterous character, come out in full fig of frost. He has two suits which we greatly admire, combining the splendour of a court-dress with the strength of a work-day garb—we mean his garments of black and his garments of white frost. He looks best in the former, we think, on to about Christmas—and the latter become the old gentleman well from that festal season, on to about the day sacred to a class of persons who never read this Magazine.

Of all the months of the year November — in our climate — whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally thought to be a sour, sulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month, in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, we have never given in to this national abuse of November. We know him well—and though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best bluff, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company "in the season of the year," to that of other more brilliant visiters. So true is it both with months and men, that it requires only to know the most

unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favourable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits. 'Tis unlucky for November —poor fellow—that he follows October. October is a month so much admired by the world, that we often wonder he has not been spoiled, "What a glorious October!" "Why, you will surely not leave us till October comes!" "October is the month of all months—and till you see him, you have not seen the Lakes." We acknowledge his claims. He is often truly delightful. But like other brilliant persons, he is not only privileged to be at times extremely dull, but his intensest stupidity is panegyrized as wit of the first water—while his not unfrequent rudeness, of which many a common month would be ashamed, passes for the ease of high birth, or the eccentricity of genius. A very different feeling indeed exists towards unfortunate November. The moment he shows his face, all other faces are glum. We defy month or man, under such a trial, to make himself even tolerably agreeable. He feels that he is no favourite, and that a most sinister misinterpretation will be put on all his motions, manners, thoughts, words, and deeds. A man or a month so circumstanced is much to be pitied. Think, look, speak, act as he will—yea, even more like an angel than a man or a month—every eyebrow arches —every nostril distends—every lip curls towards him in contempt, while blow over the ice that enchains all his feelings and faculties heavy-chill whisperings of "who is that disagreeable fellow?" In such a frozen atmosphere would not eloquence be congealed on the lips of an Ulysses, and poetry prosified on those of an Apollo!

Give then, we say, the devil his due, and November is company for any Christian. Believe us, that the celestial phenomena are now often exceedingly and singularly beautiful.

Blackwood's Magazine.

NUISANCES OF LONDON.

Bells of all kinds and descriptions.

I DO not object to the sound of the church-going bell of Cowper (though, to tell the truth, I always considered the phrase to be a bull, for I never yet knew of a bell that went to church); but I do object to the street-walking bells with the utmost vehemence. The postman—the dustman—the muffinman—all and sundry, are objects of my detestation. Have you ever had the misfortune of walking in the same line with one of these worthies along a street of any length? If you have, you will perfectly agree with me, particularly if you happened to have had a deaf man for your companion.

The pretence for giving the privilege of splitting our ears to these peculiar persons, I never could comprehend. If the getting rid of your dust be a matter to be proclaimed by sound of bell, why not the getting of your daily provender; and yet nobody arms the hand of the car-borne butcher's boy with a jingling instrument to announce his approach. If the thin small voice of the muffineer's ring be justifiable, why is not the baker let loose upon us, to sound his quarterns into our ears? We should have all in the ring, or nothing.

But the postman, you will say, is requisite, to remind the people of the necessity of having their letters ready.—What is this but a bounty upon idleness, which should be contended against by the Malthusian philosophers, on the same principle that actuates them in their tender hearted opposition to the poor laws. We need no such flappers for the two-penny post—nothing to suggest to us, that if we do not put our *billet-doux* to the fair Flora of the romantic region of Hampstead into the gaping letter-box of our neighbour, the cheesemonger, before four o'clock, she will be destined to retire to rest uncheered by our tender sentences, and deprived perhaps of sleep for the night—or, what is worse, haunted by hideous dreams of wandering lonely by herself upon the solitary shore. Nobody fancies that a general bell-ringing is requisite or necessary for this; how then can it be maintained that an army of red-coated tintinnabulists are called for to remind the greasy citizens of the time when their letters about calico, or cheese, or consols, or smoothing irons, or the other plebeian concerns, that can afford any pretext for writing to the provinces on a given day, has arrived. Depend upon it if the bell was suppressed, these rogues would not miss a post in the year for the want of it. The consideration of this matter is humbly suggested to my friend Sir Francis Freeling.—*Fraser's Mag.*

BY ANNA MARIA PORTER.

To a Lady, with a Nosegay of Myrtles, Geraniums, &c.

SUMMER'S frail tribes are gone,
These modest flowers alone
Remain to offer on a bridal morn—
Oh, may their beauty prove,
Types of thy wedded love,
Beauty uncoupled with the dreaded thorn.

And, ah! unlike the rose,
Which, ere a June day close,
Sheds on the dewy earth its blushing showers.
May your twined loves be seen,
Like myrtles, ever green,
Blooming all freshly through long winter's hours. *Fraser's Magazine.*

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

——— We receive but what we give,
And in our Life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world, allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd;
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.
Coleridge.

GREEN spot of holy ground,
If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;
If not one sullying breath,
Of Time, or change, or Death,
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers;

Might our tired Pilgrim feet,
Worn by the Desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose;
Might our eyes wander there
Through Heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of th' immortal Rose:

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more?

And might we, in the shade
By thy tall Cedars made,
With angel voices high communion hold?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old?

Vain thought—thy sunny bours
Might come with blossom-showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might thrill;
But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring,
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still?

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free?
No,—past each living stream
Still would some fever-dream
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee.

Should we not shrink with fear,
If Angel-steps were near.
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The star-like glance of Seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining Love;
Vain Sadness would but dim thy crystal skies.
—Oh,—*Thou* wert but a part
Of what Man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise!
New Monthly Magazine.

LORD MANSFIELD being told of the following motto on the coach of a very eminent quack, "*A numine salus,*" thus translated it: "God help the patient." J. H. L.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES. NO. II.

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
And faith he'll prent them!"

Neath Abbey.—As we shall elsewhere have occasion to remark, the interest of the traveller in Wales is greatly enhanced by the numerous remains of antiquity which still survive the wreck of time. We slightly alluded to Neath Abbey in our first paper, and now give a few notes on its history. Neath is the *Nidum* of Antoninus, and its abbey possesses some historical interest. Here Edward II. fled for refuge, and was taken prisoner. No idea can be formed of the ancient size of the edifice from the appearance it now presents, but the antiquary will readily trace its remains every where around, which testify that it once must have been of great extent and magnificence: indeed, it is called by Leland "the fairest in all Wales." The abbey, which was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was finished by Sir Richard de Granavalla, in 1129. The monks were of the Cistercian order; and we are told it was endowed with very extensive possessions. At the dissolution of monasteries, the revenues were valued at 150*l.* per annum. We find that in 1650 it formed a seat of the Hoby family. The situation, ruined as it now is by the smoke of iron and copper works, must once have been very delightful. The great western window and part of the walls have fallen, we were told, within these few years;—what now remain forms part of a quadrangle, with lancet windows. The gates, hall, and gallery are still preserved; and the arms of England and of John of Gaunt, with three horsemen's crests quartered by three chevrons, may be seen sculptured in the walls. Venerable in its decay, this edifice still presents much to interest the intelligent observer; but its present condition is highly discreditable to the proprietor. There are also the remains of a castle of Neath, but they possess no interest. We omitted to state that this town is principally indebted for its prosperity to its river (of the same name), which is navigable for coasting vessels up to the bridge across the great road.

Swansea.—This town has long been celebrated as a watering or bathing-place, and though Tenby and Aberystwith are now much more frequented, yet numbers still resort to Swansea, which certainly presents many features

to interest and amuse the traveller or the valetudinarian: we speak of the adjoining district, for the town, in consequence of its vicinity to the copper-works, is rendered during some winds very unpleasant; for instance, the villages of Oystermouth, Norton, &c., are delightfully situated, and very healthy, as we shall show hereafter. Swansea, which is in every respect the most important town in the principality of Wales, is situated near the centre of an extensive bay, along the entrance of the river Tawe with the Bristol Channel, whence its Welsh name of Aber-tawe, meaning the junction of a lesser body of water with a larger, as Aber-avon, Aberystwith, &c. We have formerly alluded to the system of Welsh boroughs. Swansea, in conjunction with Cardiff and six others, returns a member to parliament. Few places in the kingdom have risen so rapidly in importance as this town. The population, in 1801, was 6,099; in 1811, 8,166; in 1821, 10,255 (not including sailors and others, amounting together to about 1,000 persons); while at the present period, we were told on good authority, that, taking in Morriston, &c., its population approaches to 20,000 persons. We shall have occasion particularly to describe the Bay, which is justly celebrated in our account of the Peninsula of Gower: it is indeed considered to resemble very nearly the Bay of Naples. The beach, which extends towards the Mumbles its western extremity for five miles, consists of a fine hard sand for nearly two-thirds of the distance, and is at all times a delightful walk or ride, particularly at ebb and flood tide. We have sometimes, on occasion of the wind shifting after being long adverse, counted between one and two hundred sail of vessels in the bay. There is a steam communication with the rapidly-rising town of Ilfracombe, on the opposite coast of Devon. The climate of Swansea, in common with the western portion of the island, may be considered damp; it is, however, exceedingly mild. The appearance of the Devonshire coast, distant about twenty-five miles, is considered an index to the weather, for in consequence of the increased moisture of the atmosphere, before rain it appears surprisingly near and distinct. Swansea regatta, through the spirited exertions of Mr. Vivian and other resident gentlemen, has, within a few years, become much noted, and is attended by crowds from Bristol and Devon. Few places are so delightfully situated for the purpose. This truly British sport is, indeed, every where increasing in interest and attraction.—Swansea Harbour, which is perhaps the easiest of access to shipping in the kingdom, is dry at low water, which is a serious impediment to the prosperity of the town. It might easily be made always a floating harbour; in which case, large West India and other foreign ships would trade direct here, and South Wales supplied with foreign produce, without drawing such supplies from Bristol as at present. The depth of water in high spring tides is twenty-four feet, and there are rarely less than ten feet at neaps over the bar. Two extensive piers form the outer harbour, which is capable of holding several hundred sail of vessels, and form a safe and convenient place of refuge in stormy weather for the craft in the Channel: the western pier extends about three hundred yards in length, and that on the eastern side six hundred yards, with an opening of eighty yards between the pier-heads. The act for this improvement was passed in 1791. The piers, however, have been built with shameful materials, a part having already been rebuilt; and the whole must shortly be constructed anew. The river, along the sides of which shipping lie for a mile up to the Hafod Copper Works, has been much deepened of late years, by confining its course with high banks of copper-dag, which has also been successfully tried at Neath. It has been said that the town is solely indebted for its prosperity to the erection of the copper-works near; we should say rather, it is to its extensive coal-field and situation, which induce capitalists to settle here, that it owes its commercial importance. The commerce of the port has increased in a commensurate degree with the population. In 1812, the number of foreign ships outward was 96; in 1819, 449. The coasting trade exhibits a great extension: In 1812, coasters inward, 943; in 1819, ditto, 1556—in 1812, coasters outward, 1,883; in 1819, ditto, 2,280: since which the commerce has increased a third.—The main imports consist of copper ore; but there is also a very extensive coasting, and some foreign, trade.

As to the society at Swansea, it is better to remain silent; no party can then take umbrage: we may however mention, *en passant*, that there is a host of attorneys. At the present time, when so many of our absentees have been forced to take refuge in their native country, numbers will be looking out for a cheap residence. Swansea certainly has its lights and shadows; but

the market is, as our continental neighbours would say, *superbe*. In point of cheapness, we can with truth declare that few districts in the kingdom exceed it, excepting Ireland. The roads about Swansea are absolutely blocked up on the market-days (Wednesday and Saturday) by country people, loaded with provisions, some of whom come between twenty and thirty miles; and what are in many parts of the South of England considered luxuries, are here to be purchased at very low rates. An excellent supply of fish is now also secured from the Worms Head, on the coast of Gower. Carmarthen Bay, by the way, if properly attended to, would perhaps be the finest fishing station in the kingdom.—We are aware that these remarks on the cheapness of provisions will apply to Wales generally, but the Swansea market, in point of extent and variety, is we believe very far superior to any in the principality. In Wales and the West of England (we more particularly speak of Devon, which far exceeds Wales) the necessaries of life may be obtained on an average quite as low as in any of those parts of the Continent frequented by our countrymen. Indeed, Mr. Best, in his "Four Years in France," has given an estimate, founded on the most accurate data, of the relative cost of living in England and on the Continent, by which it appears that, including every charge, the expenses are balanced. Swansea is on the whole not a well-built town, though it contains several good streets; but the march of improvement has yet to reach the builders here. We observed a large and handsome chapel, belonging to the singular sect of *Jumpers*: it was built last year, and proves that the sect must be *progressing*. Many of the houses of the commoner sort in the town and neighbourhood, as well as public works, are constructed with copper slag, cast into blocks, which, for durability, must certainly exceed any other material whatever. The remains of Swansea Castle, which were once of great extent, and are still considerable, are more interesting to the antiquarian than the tourist. It was erected by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I. There is a massive quadrangular tower, of singular construction, still in existence, which has a series of light arches round the top, supporting a parapet, having turrets at each angle. The castle, which is situated in the centre of the town, has a fine effect from the river: part of it is now used for the town-hall, part for the old market. and as a jail for prisoners for debt for the liberty of Gower. Near the castle are the extensive remains of the old mansion-house of the lords of the manor; it is the most interesting building in the town, but is in a state of shameful neglect and ruin. Over the gate which formerly existed, were the arms of William Earl of Pembroke, and of Henry VIII., quartering Sir George Herbert, steward of Gower. The best, indeed a splendid view is obtained of the town and bay of Swansea, extending like a vast panorama, from the town hill adjoining Mount Pleasant.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A GENEROUS SINGER AND A GENEROUS TAILOR.

FARINELLI, the Italian opera-singer, whose voice and abilities seem to have surpassed the limits of all anterior vocal excellence, having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a gala at court, when the tailor brought it home, he asked him for his bill, "I have made no bill, sir," says the tailor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money," continued he, "I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall require will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to prevail on the tailor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer, and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the tailor, overcome with ecstacy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud; and it is perhaps from that circumstance that I have acquired some small degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to your weakness, it is but fair, that in your turn, you should indulge me in mine;" and taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

A DESERTER.

A NAVAL officer, who held a civil employment at Rhode Island, during the American war of independence, and who was of a spare skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. "My good fellow," said Mr. W——, "I have told you who I am, and I really think you ought to take my word." "It will not do," replied the soldier; "I am by no means satisfied." "Then," taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, "will that satisfy you?" "Why, yes, I think it will."—"And now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post?" "I apprehended you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the church-yard."

The above officer, when a young man, and a stranger in London, stopped a gentleman to ask the way to the Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?" said the gentleman; "I should think that your business lies with the Victualling-Office."—*United Service Journal.*

Why does whipping improve dull school-boys?

Because it makes them *smart.*

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are the wings of a windmill like freeholders?—Because they are canvassed.

Why are titles like ropes?—Because they are empty (hemp-tie.)

Why is one who has solved an enigma like a superannuated carpenter?—Because he has ex-plained. W. N.

THE following whimsical inscription was written upon an apothecary's door at Oxford, by some wags of that university:—

"Hic venditur
Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quod exit in um
Præter
Remedium."

THE following satire was read in the Court of King's Bench, 1783, upon a trial for defamation: "An artist very much admires the picture of the reverend Parson Snake, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his dog. He thinks, however, that the tree wants *execution,* and that the painter has not done *justice* to the *dog.*" Lord Mansfield observed that "he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit."

SOME years ago, a man carried about Scarborough a bag, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The gentry flocked to see this wonderful phenomenon; and when he had collected as much as he could, produced his cat, which was a black one. Being upbraided for the imposition: "Nay, gentlemen," said he, "I have not deceived you for you know there are black cherries as well as red ones."

A GERMAN prince laughing at one of his courtiers whom he had employed in several embassies, told him that he looked like an owl, "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour of frequently representing your highness' person."

A CLERGYMAN had a milk white horse, which, on account of his beautiful form, he called Sion. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him where he was going, "Why," said he, "to *mount Sion.*"

EATING MATCH.

A SHORT time ago there was a famous eating match at a village in Yorkshire, between two men, named Gubbins and Muggins, which caused a great deal of interest in the neighbourhood: a countryman, leaving the place a little before the match was decided, was stopped by almost every one on the road, with "Who beats?—how does the match get on?" &c. to which he answered, "Why, I doant exactly knaw—they say Gubbins 'll get it; but I thinks Muggins 'll beat un yet, for when I left *he was oanly two geese and a turkey behind him.*"

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The Mirror

OF

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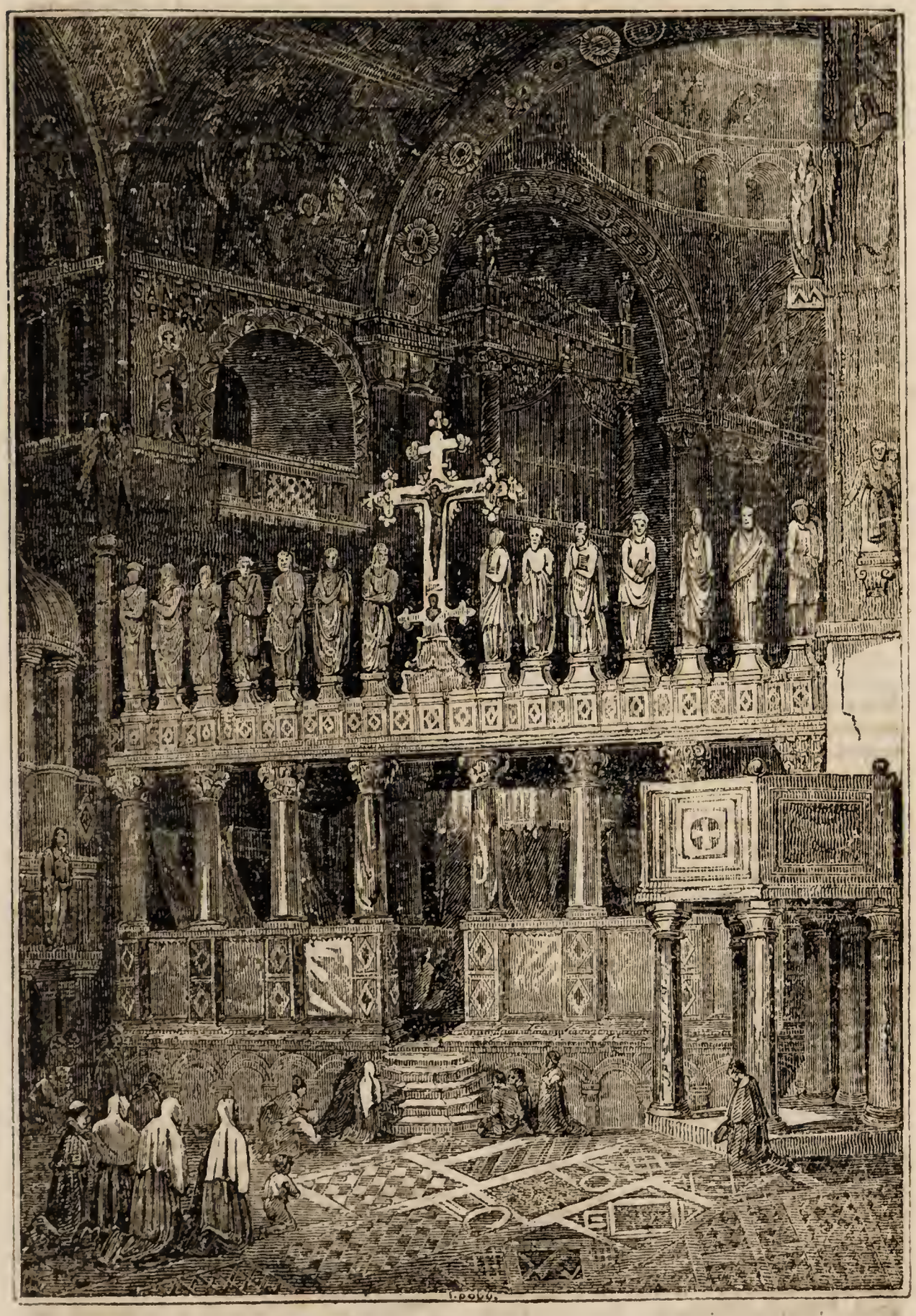
No. 466.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

The Church of St. Mark, Venice.



SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1831.

The Landscape Annual.

People who "run and read" need not be told that the annexed Engraving is from the Frontispiece-plate of the *Landscape Annual*, now to be seen at the head and front of the printsellers. The subject is at once striking, and somewhat elaborate; and our artists have spared no pains in transferring it, so as to extend the fame and credit of the draughtsman, engraver, and publishers concerned in its production.

The *Landscape Annual*, as we last year sought to explain, is the most *useful* of all the yearly elegancies; and, for the tourist's *calèche*, or the drawing-room reading-table, a more fitting appendage can scarcely be devised. The Plates, twenty-six in number, have been executed under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Mr. S. Prout. The general style of the Engraving is chaste and forcible, with fewer sudden transitions of light and shade than usual. Yet the subjects stand forth well, and the points of view and groupings are peculiarly happy. The scenes are ten in Venice, and the remainder in Rome and its vicinity. The descriptive letter-press is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe. We mention this specially, as the duties of editor of the *Landscape Annual* involve more pains and judgment than the discriminating labours of any other annual work of art and literature.

We proceed to the description of the Engraving:—

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

In that temple porch
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains)
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud pontiff. Rogers.

The church of St. Mark, one of the most celebrated temples in the Christian world, was originally built in the ninth century, when Giovanni Participatio was Doge of Venice. The *breve*, or inscription, in the hall of the Great Council, recording the deeds of the doges, alludes to this fact in the following words—"Sub me Ecclesia Sancti Marci conditur, ibique corpus deponitur."

The church thus erected having been consumed by fire in the year 976, was replaced by the present edifice, which was completed in the time of Domenico Silvio, who was elected doge in 1071. It exhibits a singular mixture of classical and oriental architecture, which has been severely, but justly criticised by Mr. Forsyth. "Though most of its materials came from Greece, their combination is neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor Basilical, nor Saracenic, but a fortuitous jumble of all. A front, divided by a gallery, and a roof, hooded with mosquish cupolas, give it a strange unchristian look. Nowhere have I seen so many columns crowded into so small a space. Near three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and three hundred more on the balustrade above. A like profusion prevails in the interior, which is dark, heavy, barbarous, nay, poor, in spite of all the porphyry, and oriental marbles, and glaring mosaics that would enrich the walls, the vaults, and pavements. In fact, such a variety of colours would impair the effect of the purest architecture."

"Being come into the church," says Evelyn, "you see nothing and tread on nothing but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, calcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work: the walls sumptuously incrusted, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of most excellent mosaic. But what most persons admire, is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich volto rise five cupolas, the middle very large, and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles; under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophir, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the ruins of Solomon's temple."

The mosaic work in the church of St. Mark was introduced by the Doge Domenico Silvio, who restored the edifice, after its destruction by fire in the preceding century, but the more splendid mosaics which adorn its walls were executed, in the year 1545, by two brothers of the name of Zuccati, who worked under the direction and from the designs of Titian.

Speaking of the mosaics which decorate this church, Lanzi says—"The art

of mosaic work in stone and coloured glass at that time attained such a degree of perfection in Venice, that Vesari observed, with surprise, that it would not be possible to effect more with colours. The church and portico of St. Mark remain an invaluable museum of the kind, where, commencing with the eleventh century, we may trace the gradual progress of design belonging to each age up to the present, as exhibited in many works in mosaic, beginning from the Greeks, and continued by the Italians. They chiefly consist of histories from the Old and New Testament, ment, and at the same time furnish very interesting notices relating to civil and ecclesiastical antiquity."

The church of St. Mark was long celebrated as being the depository of the Evangelist's body, of the translation of which to Venice a singular account is given in one of the ancient Italian historians. The King of Alexandria having resolved to build a palace, collected the most precious materials from every side for that purpose, and did not even spare the church of St. Mark, where the body of the Evangelist reposed. It happened that at this period two Venetians, Bono de Malamocco and Rustico de Torcello, visiting the church, were struck with the grief exhibited by the attendant priests, and inquired into its cause. Learning their apprehensions of the church being despoiled, the strangers entreated from them permission to remove the relics of the saint, not only promising them a large reward, but also the lasting gratitude of their fellow-citizens, the Venetians. The priests at first met their request with a decided negative; but when they perceived the servants of the king busily employed in demolishing the sacred edifice, they yielded to the instances of the Italians. The difficulty now was to convey the body on board one of the Venetian ships, of which there were several in the port of Alexandria, and at the same time to conceal the circumstance from the knowledge of the inhabitants, who held the remains of the Evangelist in high veneration, on account of the miracles which were performed through their agency. The body of St. Luke being removed, was replaced by that of St. Claudian; but a miraculous perfume which spread itself through the church when the holy relics were brought to light nearly betrayed the removal. In transporting the body through the city to the port, it became necessary to adopt some expedient which should prevent the curiosity both of the infidels and of the Christians from being awakened. The body was accordingly deposited in a large hamper, surrounded with vegetables, and covered with pieces of pork, an article which every good Mussulman holds in abhorrence. Those who accompanied the hamper were ordered to cry *Khanzir* as they went, which, in the oriental tongue, signified pork. Having succeeded in reaching the vessels, the precious burden was suspended in the shrouds, to prevent discovery, till the ship put to sea. Scarcely had the Venetians left the port when an awful storm arose; and had not the Evangelist himself appeared to Bono de Malamocco, and advised him to furl his sails, the vessel must have been lost. On their arrival at Venice, the whole city was transported with joy. The presence of the saint promised perpetual splendour to the republic. The body was received by the senate with the same words with which his Master had saluted the saint in prison—"Peace be unto thee, Mark, my Evangelist!" Venice was filled with festivals, music, and prayers, and the holy relics were conducted, amidst hymns and incense, to the ducal chapel. The Doge, Giustiniano Participatio, dying a short time after this event, bequeathed a sum of money to build a church to the saint, which, as we have seen, was accomplished under his brother and successor, Giovanni Participatio. In allusion to these translations of the saint's body, the *breve* attached to the name of Giustiniano Participatio, in the hall of the Great Council, exhibits the following inscription:

Corporis alta datur mihi Sancti gratia Marci.

The funzioni, or great religious offices of the church, have always been performed with splendour and magnificence in the church of St. Mark.—Upon one occasion it is said, that, during the elevation of the host, the senate, who assisted at the ceremony, and the whole assembly kneeling, a scrupulous English gentleman remained standing. A senator sent a message to him, desiring him to kneel, but our countryman disregarded the intimation. The senator then going to him in person, repeated his request. "Sir," said the Englishman, "I don't hold with transubstantiation." "Ne anche io," said the senator, warmly, "però ginocchione, o fuor di chiesa." "Nor I either; but down on your knees, or get out of the church." During the performance of the same ceremony at Rome, and in the presence of the sovereign pontiff, Lad

Miller ventured upon this proof of stout protestantism, which was suffered to pass unnoticed. "Whilst standing, I looked about me, and as far as I could see all were on their knees. I turned myself towards the pontiff, and caught his eye; but he did not look sour at me, and seemed only to notice the singularity of my standing up; nor was I reprimanded afterwards, either by his Holiness or by any of the Romans."

In visiting the church of St. Mark, the treasury of the saint was always an object of great curiosity to travellers, more especially as the obtaining access to it was a matter of some difficulty. The keys of the treasury were committed to the custody of three procurators of St. Mark, the presence of one of whom was necessary whenever the doors were opened. The relics were contained in one room, and the jewels and other rich curiosities in another. The temporal treasury was formerly very rich, and the strangers who visited it were carefully watched. "At the showing of it," says Mr. Wright, "the procurator was closely present himself." It contained the *corno*, or state-cap of the Doge, twelve golden breastplates, adorned with precious stones, and twelve crowns, said to have been worn by the maids of honour of the Empress Helena, together with several large and valuable gems. Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," tells us that he saw there "a huge iron chest, as tall as himself, that had no lock, but a crevice, through which they cast in the gold that was bequeathed to St. Mark in legacies, whereon there was engraved this proud motto:

Quando questo scrinio s' apria
Tutto 'l mondo tremerà."

One of the most remarkable curiosities in the treasury of St. Mark is a very ancient copy of the Gospels, the handwriting of which the piety of the Venetians has attributed to their patron saint. This volume was carefully examined by the learned Montfaucon, who was of opinion that it was written upon papyrus, and that the language was the Latin, and not the Greek. The great antiquity of the manuscript, and its very imperfect preservation, rendered it extremely difficult to decipher any of the characters. Montfaucon, intimately acquainted as he was with MSS. tells us that he had never seen any MS. that seemed to be of greater antiquity than this. It was obtained by the Venetians from Friuli, and was conducted to the church of St. Mark amid the applause of the people and the ringing of bells.

Among the other relics which composed the celebrated treasure of this church, and which were regarded as of inestimable value by the Venetians, were a small quantity of the supposed blood of our Saviour; a cross of gold, adorned with precious stones, in the midst of which was fixed a piece of wood, said to have been part of the tree on which he suffered; one of the nails with which he was pierced; four of the thorns which composed his crown; a part of the column to which he was bound; a fragment of the skull of St. John the Baptist; besides a great variety of no less *veritable* remains. There were also deposited here a sapphire, weighing ten ounces, together with other precious stones of similar value, and a great number of candelabri and golden vases; and here was preserved the ducal crown, used only on the most solemn public festivals, and which astonished the spectators by the pearls and diamonds of inconceivable beauty with which it was covered.

We omit Mr. Roscoe's description of the mode of painting in mosaic, as we have already illustrated the arcana of that art at p. 439, vol. x. of *The Mirror*.

The Keepsake

Is a worthy compeer of the splendid work last mentioned; and its gay fancies will agreeably alternate with the pleasant antiquities of Venice and Rome. "Lords and Ladies gay" waken to fill its pages, and even statesmen and men of great place figure in its list.* There are 46 pieces and 18 plates. We quote two prose extracts; and a piece in verse from the facetious Theodore Hook.

REMORSE.—A FRAGMENT.

By Lady Blessington.

No weapon can such deadly wounds impart
As conscience, roused, inflicts upon the heart.

"POSTILION," cried a feeble but sweet voice, "turn to your right when you have ascended the hill, and stop, as I intend to walk up the lane."

The postilion obeyed the command, and with more gentleness than is often to be met with in his station, opened the chaise door, and, having first given his hand to her female attendant to alight, assisted a pale and languid, but still eminently beautiful woman, whose trembling limbs seemed scarcely equal to the task of supporting her attenuated frame.

"Be so good as to remain here until

* Lord John Russel, (*Paymaster General,*) contributes ten lines of verse; and Lord Nugent, (*a Lord of the Treasury,*) a humorous tale of thirty pages, "Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic."

I return," said the lady, who, leaning on the arm of her attendant, proceeded through the leafy lane, the branches of whose verdant boundaries were animated by a thousand warbling birds sending forth their notes of joy. But ill did those gay notes accord with the feelings of her who traced this rural walk, every turn of which recalled bitter remembrances.

On reaching the gate that opened into the pleasure-grounds of Clairville, the stranger was obliged to pause and take breath, in order to regain some degree of composure before she could enter it. There are some objects and incidents, which, though comparatively trifling, have a powerful effect on the feelings, and this the unknown experienced when, pressing the secret spring of the gate, which readily yielded to her touch, with a hurried but tottering pace, she entered the grounds. Here, feeling the presence of her attendant a restraint—who, though an Italian utterly ignorant of English, as also of the early history of her mistress, was yet observant of her visible emotion, and affectionately anxious to soothe it—she desired her to remain at the gate until her return. In vain Francesca urged that the languid frame of her dear lady was unequal to support the exertion of walking without the assistance of her arm; with a firm but kind manner her mistress declared her intention of proceeding alone.

It was ten years since the feet of the wanderer had pressed the velvet turf over which they now slowly bent their course. She was then glowing with youth and health; happy, and dispensing happiness around; but, alas! love, guilty love! spread his bandage over her eyes, blinded her to the fatal realities of the abyss into which he was about to plunge her, and, in honied accents, whispered in her infatuated ear a thousand bland promises of bliss to come. How were those promises performed? and what was she now? She returned to this once cherished spot with a mind torn by remorse, and a form bowed down by disease. She returned with the internal conviction that death had laid his icy grasp on her heart, and that a few days at most, if not a few hours, must terminate her existence. But this conviction, far from giving her pain, was regarded by her as a source of consolation; and this last earthly indulgence—that of viewing the abode of her children—she did not feel herself worthy of enjoying, until conscious that her hours were numbered.

She proceeded through the beautiful grounds, every mazy path and graceful bend of which was familiar to her, as if seen the day before. Many of the improvements suggested by her taste, and still preserved with care, brought back heart-sickening recollections of love and confidence, repaid with deception and ingratitude; and though supported by the consolations of religion, which led her humbly to hope that her remorse and penitence had been accepted by *Him* who has promised mercy to the repentant sinner; yet her heart shrunk within her, as memory presented her with the review of her transgressions, and she almost feared to hope for pardon.

When she had reached a point of the grounds that commanded a prospect of the house, how were her feelings excited by a view of that well known, well remembered scene! Every thing wore the same appearance as when that mansion owned her for its mistress; the house had still the same aspect of substantial grandeur and repose, and the level lawn the same velvet texture, and the trees shrubs, and flowers, the same blooming freshness, as when she daily beheld their beauties. She, she alone was changed. Time was, that those doors would have been opened wide to receive her, and that her presence would have dispensed joy and pleasure to every individual beneath that roof; while now, her very name would excite only painful emotions, and its sound must be there heard no more. Another bore the title she once was proud to bear, supplying the place she had abandoned, and worthily discharging the duties she had left unperformed.

She gazed on the windows of the apartment in which she first became a mother, and all the tide of tenderness that then burst on her heart now came back to her, poisoned with the bitter onsciousness of how she had fulfilled a mother's part. Those children dearer to her than the life-drops that throbbed in her veins, were now beneath that roof, receiving from another that affection and instruction that it should have been her blissful task to have given them, and never, never must she hope to clasp them to her agonized heart.

At this moment she saw the door of the house open, and a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman crossed the lawn; he pressed the hand that reposed on his arm gently between his and raised it to his lips, while his fair companion placed her other hand on his with all the tender confidence of affection. In this apparently happy couple the ago-

nized unknown recognised him whom she once joyed to call husband, the father of her children, the partner whom she had betrayed and deserted; and her, whom he had chosen for her successor, who now bore the name she once answered to, and who was now discharging the duties she had violated. Religion and repentance had in her so conquered the selfishness of human nature, that after the first pang, and it was a bitter one, had passed away, she returned thanks with heartfelt fervour to the Author of all good, that it was permitted her to see him, whose repose she feared she had for ever destroyed, enjoying that happines he so well merited; and ardent was the prayer she offered up, that a long continuance of it might be his lot, and that his present partner might repay him for all the pain caused by her misconduct.

She now turned into a shady walk, anxious to regain the support of her attendant's arm, which she felt her exhausted frame required, when the sounds of approaching voices warned her to conceal herself. Scarcely had she retired behind the shade of a luxuriant mass of laurels, when a youthful group drew near, the very sight of whom agitated her almost to fainting, and sent the blood back to her heart with a violence that threatened instant annihilation.

The group consisted of two lovely girls, their governess, and a blooming youth, on whom the two girls leant. Every turn of their healthful and beautiful countenances was expressive of joy and health; and their elastic and buoyant steps seemed scarcely to touch the turf, as, arm linked in arm, they passed along. The youngest, a rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years old, begged her companions to pause while she examined a bird's nest which she said she feared the parent-bird had forsaken; and this gave the heart-stricken mother, for those were the children of the unknown, an opportunity of regarding the treasures her soul yearned to embrace. How did her bosom throb at beholding those dear faces—faces so often presented to her in her troubled dreams!—Alas! they were now near her—she might, by extending her hand, touch them—she could almost feel their balmy breaths fan her feverish cheek, and yet it was denied her to approach them. All the pangs of maternal affection struck on her heart; her brain grew giddy, her respiration became oppressed, and, urged by all the frenzy of a distracted mother, she was on the point of rushing from her concealment, and prostrating herself before her children.

But this natural though selfish impulse was quickly subdued, when a moment's reflection whispered to her, will you purchase your own temporary gratification at the expense of those dear beings whom you have so deeply injured? Will you plant in their innocent breasts an impression bitter and indelible? The mother triumphed over the woman, and, trembling with emotion, she prayed that those cherished objects might pass from her view, while yet she had strength and courage to enable her to persevere in her self-denial.

At this moment the little girl exclaimed, "Ah! my fears were too true; the cruel bird has deserted her nest, and here are the poor little ones nearly dead! What shall we do with them?"

"Let us carry them to our dear mamma," said the elder girl; "she will be sure to take care of them, as she says we should always pity and protect the helpless and forsaken."

The words of the children struck daggers to the heart of their wretched mother. For a moment she struggled against the blow, and, making a last effort, tried to reach the spot where she had left her attendant; but nature was exhausted, and she had only tottered a few paces, when, uttering a groan of anguish she fell to the earth bereft of life, just as Francesca arrived to see her unhappy mistress breathe her last sigh.

HAIDEE; OR, A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

By Lord Porchester.

The following Story is not only founded on fact, but the circumstances recorded are strictly true. This is perhaps its sole merit:—

A broidered cap was on her brow; beneath
Her parted hair in rich profusion fell
Over a neck of snow. The orient pearl,
Pure emblem of her spotless mind; the flower
Bright symbol of her joyous path, were twined
Amid those flowing tresses. Night and morn
Seem'd mingling there, so sable were her locks,
So pale her marble brow. How fair she was—
How envied, and how rich:—Rich in the gifts
That art yields not, that gold can never buy;—
Rich in the faultless features of her race;
Rich, if the fervent love of faithful friends
Could make her wealthy. On that heavenly brow
The high-born chieftain turn'd his rapturous gaze;
The traveller felt the sunshine of her smile
Light up his weary way; and, as she passed,
The lowly hind forgot his wonted toil
To greet her with his humble benison.

Such was the beautiful object which called forth this hasty effusion, as I saw her for the first time by the glorious

light of a southern sun, on the 4th of September, 1827. I met her shortly after my departure from Ovar; she was journeying towards Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and, as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted; they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and ear-rings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and good-natured authority which appeared in her intercourse with them excited classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realize the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. She was herself probably aware of the peculiar style of her beauty, for her costume might in some degree be considered classical, and unlike that usually worn in her country. It was, indeed, most admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple, but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met every evening under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family, and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would be speedily united to part no more; but from that hour they never met again, either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested and conveyed to a place of strict confinement. There he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in the course of a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in persons of deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child—from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed: new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise to banish former regrets, and

> "She who lately loved the best,
> Too soon forgets she loved at all."

I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling, which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union, yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert with undiminished affection to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced, that while it lasted she would have renounced every human being, to be restored to the unforgotten youth who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.

The *sombre* turn of these tales requires relief, and no pages of the volume are more to this purpose than

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

When dandies wore fine gilded clothes,
And bags, and swords, and lace;
And powder blanch'd the heads of beaux,
And patches graced the face:

When two o'clock was time to drive
To flirt it in Hyde Park;
And not the finest folks alive
Took morning drives till dark:

When people went to see the plays,
And knew the names of players;
And ladies wore long bony stays,
And went about in chairs:

When belles with whalebone hoops and tapes
Defied each vain endeavour
To trace their forms, and made their shapes
Much more like *bells* than ever

When chaste salutes all folks exchanged
(A custom worthy, such is,)
And ladies to be served, stood ranged,
As kings would serve a duchess:

In those good days, a widow rare
Astonish'd half the town;
So gay, so sweet, so blithe and fair—
Her name was Mistress Brown.

This widow Brown had diamond eyes,
And teeth like rows of pearl,
With lips that Hybla's bees might prize,
And loves in every curl.

And more, this beauteous piece of earth
(And she could make it clear)
Had stock and property, quite worth
Four thousand pounds a-year.

As syrup in the summer's sun
The buzzing fly attracts,
So Mrs. Brown—the lonely one—
Was subject to attacks:

And tall and short, and rich and poor,
Pursued her up and down;
And crowds of swains besieged the door
Of charming Mrs. Brown.

Among the rest, a worthy wight
Was constant in her suite;
He was an alderman and knight,
And lived in Fenchurch-street.

He wasn't young—if he's call'd old
Who fifty-nine surpasses—
He sugar bought, and sugar sold,
And treacle, and molasses.

But he was rich, dress'd fine, was gay,
And mighty well to do;
And at each turn was wont to say—
Hah! *Chacun à son goût.*

This was his phrase—it don't mean much,
He thought it rather witty;
And, for an alderman, a touch
A bit above the city.

Sir Samuel Snob—that was his name—
Three times to Mrs. Brown
Had ventured just to hint his flame,
And thrice received—a frown.

Once more Sir Sam resolved to try
What winning ways would do;
If she would *not*, he would not die,
For—*chacun à son goût*

He sallied forth in gilded coach;
And in those heavy drags,
No stylish knight made his approach
Without his four fat nags.

But gout and sixty well-spent years
Had made his knightship tame,
And, spite of flannel, crutch, and cares,
Sir Sam was very lame.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" said he.
The servant answer'd "Yes."
"To-night, then," murmur'd he, "shall see
My misery or bliss."

And up he went—though slow, yet sure,
And there was Mrs. Brown.
Delightful!—then, he's quite secure!
The widow is alone.

Close to the sofa where she sat
Sir Snobby drew his seat;
Rested his crutch, laid down his hat,
And look'd prodigious sweet.

But silence, test of virgin love,
A widow does not suit:
And Mrs. Brown did not approve
Courtship so mild and mute.

The man of sugar by her look
Perceived the course to take:
He sigh'd—she smiled—the hint he took,
And on that hint he spake.

"Madam," said he—"I know," she cried,
"I'll save you half your job:
I've seen it—though disguise you've tried—
You want a Lady Snob!"

"Exactly so, angelic fair!
You've hit it to a T.
Where can I find one—where, oh! where,
So fit as Mrs. B.?"

The dame was flutter'd, look'd aside,
Then blushingly look'd down
But as Sir Snob her beauties eyed,
He saw no chilling frown.

At length she said, "I'll tell you plain
(The thing of folly savours)—
But he who hopes *my* heart to gain
Must grant me two small favours."

"Two!" cries the knight—"how very kind!
Say fifty—I'm efficient!"
"No," said the dame, "I think you'll find
The two *I* mean, sufficient."

"Name them!" said Snob—"I will," she cried,
"And this the first must be:
Pay homage to a woman's pride,
Down on your bended knee!

"And when that homage you have done,
And half performed your task,
Then shall you know the other boon
Which I propose to ask.

"Comply with this," the widow cries,
"My hand is yours for ever!"
"Madam," says Snob, and smiles and sighs,
"I'll do my best endeavour."

Down on his knee Sir Snobby went,
His chair behind him tumbled,
His sword betwixt his legs was bent,
His left-hand crutch was humbled.

He seized the widow's lily hand
Roughly, as he would storm it:
"Now, lady, give your next command,
And trust me, I'll perform it."

She bit her fan, she hid her face,
And—widows *have* no feeling—
Enjoying Snobby's piteous case,
Was pleased to keep him kneeling.

A minute pass'd:—"Oh speak! Oh speak!"
Said Snob—"dear soul, relieve me!"
(His knee was waxing wondrous weak)
"Your *ne plus ultra* give me!"

"One half fulfill'd," says Mrs Brown,
"I shall not ask in vain
For t'other favour—now you're down,
Sir Snob—*get up again!*"

Vain the request—the knight was floor'd;
And—what a want of feeling!—
The lady scream'd, while Snobby roar'd,
And still continued kneeling.

The widow rang for maids and men,
Who came, 'midst shouts of laughter,
To raise her lover up again,
And show him down stairs after.

They got him on his feet once more,
Gave him his crutch and hat;
Told him his coach was at the door—
A killing hint was that.

"Such tricks as these are idly tried,"
Said Snob—"I'm off—adieu!
To wound men's feelings, hurt their pride,
But—*Chacun à son goût.*"

"Forgive me, knight," the widow said,
As he was bowing out.
"Your '*Chacun à son goût*,' I read
As '*Chacun à son* gout.'

"That you could not your pledge redeem
I grieve, most worthy knight—
A nurse is what you want, I deem;
And so, sweet sir, good night."

He went—was taken to his room—
To bed in tears was carried;
And the next day to Betsy Broom,
His housekeeper, was married.

The widow Brown, so goes the song,
In three weeks dried her tears,
And married Colonel Roger Long,
Of the Royal Grenadiers.

Thus suited both, the tale ends well,
As all tales ought to do;
The knight's revenged, well pleased the belle—
So—*Chacun à son goût.*

We intended to leave the Plates to their own showing; but it would be treasonable to be silent on such merit. The Frontispiece is Haidee, the heroine of one of our extracts; by C. Heath, after Eastlake. The Title-page is a classic medallion, in a frame-work of much chasteness, by H. Corbould. Juliet, painted by Miss Sharpe, and engraved by T. C. Edwards, is a fine impersonation of Italian beauty. Mima, a village girl seated at a *spring*, curiously enough "*drawn by Cristall,*" is delicately engraved by Charles Heath. The Use of Tears, by C. Rolls, painted by Bonington, is excellently engraved, but it deserves a better accompaniment or illustration than is given to it. Nestor and Tydides, at the siege of Troy, is a striking scene, after Westall; yet we question whether its details will bear scrutiny. The Sea-shore, Cornwall, engraved by W. Miller, after Bonington, is one of the most exquisite pictures ever beheld: its *nature* is worth all the tinsel of fancy subjects. How this little print will delight our sea-loving and shore-haunting Correspondent, Vyvyan. Adelaide, a romping little girl, is in Chalon's romping style, and well engraved by Heath: yet how can the foot and leg be reconciled with the head, neck, and arms? Turner has contributed two fine river scenes—the famous city of Nantes, and the little town of Saumur, on the Loire: both are superbly engraved. The interior of Milan Cathedral is next, in which the vastness and minute beauty of the architecture are admirably combined, as well as aided by the contrasting emmet congregation: it is drawn by Prout, and executed by Wallis, the engraver of St. Mark's Chapel, in the *Landscape Annual.* Two *intriguante* plates succeed: the Secret, after Smirke; a pair of female listeners at a closed door, and a chair with hat, cane, and handkerchief make up the print; yet what interest do they bespeak. The other subject illustrates *Chacun à Son Goût,* with the city knight "in a fine frenzy" stamping, the beauteous Mrs. B., and, of course, a peeping and listening Abigail at the door. The artist is Stephanoff, and the engraver F. Bacon.

The Iris.

The present volume is quite equal to its predecessor, and, though we have room to extract from it but charily, we must spare room for notice of its Engravings. They are chiefly from the old masters: thus, St. John, after Dominichino, by Finden; Virgin and Child, after Correggio, by A. Fox; Poussin's Deluge, by E. J. Roberts; Christ blessing the bread, after C. Dolci, by W. Ensom; Infant St. John, after Murillo, by S. Davenport; Rembrandt and the Pieces, by Haddon; and Titian's Christ and Mary, by Ensom; added are West's Nathan and David, and Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Nativity"—all are for the most part, admirably managed. The engraving of one of them actually cost the proprietor one hundred guineas!

The Editor, the Rev. T. Dale, contributes more than editors generally, and his pieces are worthy of his devoutly-elegant pen. We quote

DALE ABBEY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A solitary Arch, standing in the midst of an open meadow, and a small Oratory, more ancient than the dilapidated monastery itself, and now the chapel for the hamlet, are alone conspicuous, of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles south-east of Derby.

I.

The glory hath departed from thee, Dale!
Thy gorgeous pageant of Monastic pride.
—A Power, that once the power of Kings defied,
Which truth and reason might in vain assail,
In mock humility, usurped this vale,
And lorded o'er the region far and wide—
Darkness to light, evil to good, allied,
Had wrought a charm which made all hearts to quail.
What gave that Power dominion o'er this ground,
Age after age?—The word of God was bound.
—At length the mighty Captive burst from thrall,
O'erturned the spiritual Bastile in its march.
And left, of ancient grandeur, this sole Arch,
Whose stones cry out, "Thus Babylon herself shall fall."

II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,
Methinks the frail yet firm memorial stands,
The work of heads laid low, and buried hands—
Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,
It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,
Where sky above, and earth below, expands—
And yet a nobler relic still demands
The grateful tribute of a passing rhyme.

Beneath yon cliff, an humble roof behold!
Poor as our Saviour's birthplace; yet the fold,
Where the Good Shepherd, in this quiet vale,
Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,
With bread from heaven—I change my note;
Ah! hail!
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale!

Sheffield, 1830.

Our prose extract is from a forcibly-written paper "Recollections of a Murderer;" we dislike a fragment, but here cannot avoid it:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MURDERER.

Our counsel was taken together—the plan was at my instigation—the measures for accomplishing it were chiefly directed by me. But on the horrible night, when my fellow-ruffian accomplished our joint purpose, I stood aloof through cowardice or caution; and when subsequently he was arrested for the murder which he had committed, avarice absorbed all other feelings, and my evidence in a court of justice doomed him to death.

We had been schoolfellows, and he once had traits of character which rendered him a choice companion and gentle friend: even in his debasement, a vein of that original purity remained; and as I went down from the witness-box, his eye fell upon me, and I read on his suffering countenance, a tale of other days. There was no vindictive passion towards his betrayer; he was sorrowful, but calm; and in silence he gave me a token that he had pardoned his treacherous comrade.

* * * *

One event, that even now would curdle up the blood in a thousand veins, if for a moment thought upon, was, as it were, the seal set upon my misery. I entered into a vulgar alehouse, and seated myself in a side parlour, to be away whilst it was possible, from the ordinary haunt of village tipplers. The furniture or arrangement of the room did not provoke my observation. The boy brought me what I ordered, and as he left the room, loitered in the doorway to examine my appearance, as I afterwards discovered, though I was then unconscious of his motive. When I looked up, he retreated; but his stupid eye was glistening with unwonted insignificance. Presently, another came into the apartment, for some foolish pretence; sauntered here and there, and went away in much the same manner. Lastly, the master of the house himself advanced, and stood full fronting me for a minute or two, with his eyes raised above my head, and uttering a few words to me about ordinary matters, as if to allay my suspicions, and concluding with some such sentence as this, with which he broke forth, abruptly and incoherently —"Nonsense! — It cannot be! I said so before; it cannot be the same!"—he left me to myself, and I rose, to ascertain if possible the meaning of this mystery. It was soon apparent. Suspended against the wall, immediately above my head, was a rude, harsh print, freshly fitted to an old frame, and my own name was under it in huge letters, with a sentence lower down, in smaller characters, announcing the particulars of my recent life. The lineaments were coarse and ill-favoured, as the artist would naturally ascribe to such a character; but the resemblance might be confidently traced. My soul sunk into its uttermost depths, for I knew that my concealment could no longer be hoped for; I knew that my label was on my forehead—my curse was everywhere!

The Gem,

With the judicious aid of Mr. Cooper, the Royal Academician, ranks high as a work of art. The literature is not far below in merit. One of the prints, the Portrait of a Boy, engraved by Thomson, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, is in itself *a gem;* the young Crab-catchers, from Collins, is next; Bothwell Brigg and the Standard-bearer, two battle-pieces, by Mr. Cooper, are spirited productions; and La Tour du Marche, at Bergues, near Dunkirk, is engraved in masterly style by W. J. Cooke, from a drawing by Bonington. The List of Contributors does not include any titled writers; but the papers are pleasant, light, sparkling, and occasionally grave. Our extract is

LA TOUR DU MARCHE, BERGUES.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

Bergues, or Berg St. Vinox, is a fortified town situated upon the river Colne, in French Flanders. It lies to the east of Gravelines, not far from the city of Calais, and twenty leagues north-west of Douay; is a place of considerable strength, the fortifications having been constructed by the celebrated Vauban; and, from a late census, it is stated to contain 5,667 inhabitants. Bergues is, moreover, considered a chief town of the district, licensed by the Government to conduct the public posts; has a regular office; and, from the frequency and activity of its fairs, is much resorted to by neighbouring proprietors and farmers: while its manufactories of lace, and its tanneries, tend still farther to promote the interests of trade.

Among the public buildings, its ancient church, with the market-house and tower, afford the most conspicuous objects; and the first impression on the eye of the tourist is at once imposing and picturesque.

In addition to the market-fairs, which are held at Bergues no less than eight times during the year, there prevails among the adjacent villages an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, said to have been first introduced from France, called the "Fête of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of our old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a Queen of the May; it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The Rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, aspires to the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for filial and domestic virtues; her gentle and obliging manners; in short, for all that makes a girl favourably reported of in her native village. According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Muffeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergues. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkron, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lips and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the general was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities: it was the eve of the Rose-festival; and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy pastor's daughters. The young Evelina bore the most enviable character: she had punctually fulfilled her every duty with unwearied gentleness and assiduity; she was beloved by all for her benevolence; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions, for every object of good, among the neighbouring gentry; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old general commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted: the ancient courtier was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church; and the pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the count attended her to the church; and, having seen every thing worthy notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of a fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architecture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the general, who was now impatiently looking for his return; but he looked in vain. It grew dark; but no Count Lindenkron made his appearance. Meantime, in fast durance, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced: he could see nothing distinctly; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations: strange noises were heard; and fancy was about to run away with him on her witch's broom. In this delectable state he had crawled to the doors, and begun to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "*Ghosts and murder!*" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "Ghosts and murder!" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated —"and in my church!—that is very shocking!—very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did it at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone, "What makes you think I am going to church to-night, child?"

"You MUST go, dear father: I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going," rejoined the pastor

"and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me; I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter; and, taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted, in one sense, the worthy pastor thanked Heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the general's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the general he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old general, who even commiserated the poor count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarm.

The morning at length appeared, and the general was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonishment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shrivelled, broken-down soldiers—a true invalided corps, most fit for the body-guard of death. They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes. They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colours flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the general, by informing him that they were a detachment of an invalided regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the general's friend, colonel Solmitz, to do honour to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as the other," returned the general to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are much better prepared than for fighting: so march, quick time, to my house-steward; he will be your commissary." The general had no need to repeat his request: they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pomp. Her fine auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers; flowers were strewed along her path. Upon the green lawn, bedecked as the place of coronation, the pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The general next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brows, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend count Lindenkron, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause, of making so interesting a discovery; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the castle. While there engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone: she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly. The fair girl shrunk back intimidated, but was terrified at being clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester, (and her reputed lover), rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window." But the count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the at-

tack; and, the old general rushing in at the same moment, a scene took place that beggars all description: Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the count without his wig, mopping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were *not* won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming, "My daughter! where is my long-lost daughter?" She withdrew her veil, and the general started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance. "Adelaide! my own! my lost one! is it true? Alas! I believed you had been long dead."

"The lady seemed little less surprised. "False, treacherous Mowbray!" she cried, "false to your trust as a husband and a father;—how could you desert us? I, too, believed you fallen in battle; and, had it not been for the excellent pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas!" returned the general, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The general clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter; the veterans were ordered to counter-march; the old count slunk away to adjust his gown; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the general, and entreated his blessing.

The Winter's Wreath

Contains seventy pieces, varying but little in point of merit, and altogether of attractive character. The plates may take their stand even by the golden Keepsake, and, proportioned to the price, they are even of finer execution. They are from beautiful pictures in private collections in the country. In fine, the provinces appear chiefly to have furnished the literature as well as the art of the volume; since few of the contributors owe their fame to the hotbed of our metropolis; and the volume emanates from Liverpool.

We have selected a tale of pleasant antiquarianism, by the author of "London in the Olden Time;" and a verse-piece of singular beauty, by Mr. J. H. Wiffen, the elegant translator of Tasso.

AN OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.—THREE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LADY OF BRADGATE.

By the Author of "London in the olden Time."

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our feet upon some reverend history."
WEBSTER.

The merry bells were all ringing; the royal standard of England flung forth its broidered folds from the tower's grim battlements; the old bridge with its tall overhanging houses, was crowded with holiday-drest spectators; and the fair river, sparkling in the sunbeam, and reflecting a cloudless sky, glided proudly on, bearing, on his placid bosom, barges gay with pennon and streamer, and each filled with a gallant freight of high birth and beauty. King Henry had set out that day to hold "joustings" at Greenwich: and there, close beside the tower stairs, surrounded by rich-liveried serving men and silken-coated pages, vainly striving to keep back the rude crowd from pressing round to gaze on her youth and beauty—stood Frances, eldest daughter of the chivalrous Charles Brandon, and wife of the wealthy Marquess of Dorset; her amber tresses were gently confined by a jewelled coif; she wore a collar of pearls, the diamond clasp whereof alone out-valued six manors; and a murray-velvet gown designated her rank as marchioness, by its double train—one reverently borne by two attendant maidens, and the other drawn in graceful folds through her broad girdle; while the mantle of rich ermine—a yet prouder symbol, attested her claim to royal blood.

There was a haughty smile on that high-born lady's brow as she passed along, receiving, as her unquestioned right, the spontaneous homage always paid to nobility and beauty. She caressed the gallant merlin which sat on her jewelled glove, and looked up, with eye undimmed by sorrow to that blue expanse, whose cloudless transparence seemed a meet emblem of her own lofty fortunes. Her gilded barge with its liveried band of rowers drew near; and, leaning on the arm of her steward, conspicuous with his white wand and gold chain, she was preparing to descend the steps, when an old man, hitherto unnoticed amongst the crowd, came forward, close to her side, and said; "I have a message for thee." It was a look of mingled anger and wonder that this haughty lady cast on the meanly-dressed stranger; but the proud glance of the high-born marchioness quailed before

his steady gaze; her cheek grew pale, and her eyelid drooped; "he held her with his glittering eye," and said

"Wouldst thou safely sail life's sea?
Trust not to proud Argosie:
Broad sail ill can blast withstand,
Tall masts courts the levin brand;
And wrecked that gallant ship shall lie
While safe the light barque boundeth by.
'Cloth of gold,' beware; beware:
High and wealthy, young and fair:
All these joys from thee must part,
Curb thy proud mind—school thine heart.
'Ware ambition: that shall be
The fatal rock to thine and thee."

"Who dares insult me with unsought counsel?" cried the lady, anger having conquered the transient feeling of awe. "Who dares to name chance or change? sooner shall this wild haggard, whom jesses and creance will scarce keep on my wrist, return to me again, than sorrow or change shall visit Frances Brandon!" With angry hand she snapped the thread which secured her merlin, unloosed the jesses—and up soared the gallant bird, while her haughty mistress gazed with triumph on her proud flight.

"Alas!" cried the old steward, "Alas! for the beautiful bird with her gorgeous hood and collar; may she not be reclaimed?"—"Speak not again of her!" proudly replied the marchioness, "onward! time and tide wait for no man!" She threw herself on the tapestried couch in her barge, the rowers seized their oars, the flutes and recorders made soft music; when, as if close beside her, she heard a clear whisper, "Pass on! What shall be, shall be; time and tide wait for no man!" She looked up: no one was near her; but the dark shadow of the tower frowned sternly in the sunshine, like an omen of ill. Onward glided the gilded barge to the soft strains of music and light dash of the oars, and like a summer cloud fleeted that solemn warning from the proud lady's mind.

* * * *

There is high feasting at Bradgate; for princely Northumberland is there. Each day two hundred hounds are unkennelled, and two hundred knights and nobles range through the broad green alleys and fern-clad glades of Charnwood Forest, and return ere eventide to lead the dance in the lofty halls. And now the bright autumn sun is sinking behind the purple heather-spread hills, and the gallant train are returning from the merry greenwood. On the broad sloping terrace that fronts the setting sun, the Lady of Bradgate, (with brow as haughty, and almost as fair, as when, fifteen years before, she stepped into her gilded barge,) and now Duchess of Suffolk, stands listening with glad ears to the lofty projects of that bold bad man, the Duke of Northumberland. King Edward is dying: his sisters are at variance: the royal blood flows in the veins of the haughty duchess. "Why should not her eldest daughter, and his son, reach at once the very summit of their long-cherished hopes?" The stake is high; and for it they may well venture a desperate game: the prize is no less than the crown of England.

Close behind them, unnoticed by the ambitious mother, save as the fittest instrument of her daring schemes, stands one, whose touching and romantic history has thrown a spell around every relic of now ruined Bradgate. She, the nursling of literature, the young philosopher, to whose mind the lofty visions of classical antiquity were familiar as household faces; she, who in such early youth fled from all that youth mostly loves, to hold high communion with the spirits of long-buried sages; there stands Lady Jane, with a book in her hand, her nut-brown hair parted on her high intellectual forehead. Her bright hazel eye shrinks from the cold glance of her haughty and unloving mother, but dwells with girlish pleasure on the venerable features of that plainly drest man, in scholar's gown, standing close beside her. He is Roger Ascham, the tutor of three queens, who may well be termed the most illustrious of schoolmasters.

The sun had barely descended, when the steward appeared, bringing tidings that three messengers had just arrived, each demanding instant admission to the duchess. The daughter of that fortunate knight, whose "cloth of frize" had matched so highly and happily with "cloth of gold,"—the wife of that powerful noble, over whose broad lands 'twas fabled that the falcon could stretch his rapid wing right onwards for a long summer day—the mother of a goodly family, each wedded or betrothed to the scions of the flower of the land's nobility—yet prouder in the plans and hopes she had framed than in all her enjoyed gifts of fortune, the duchess retired to receive her messengers with the feelings of a queen about to grant an audience. The first entered, and, kneeling before her tapestried footstool, presented a pacquet of letters. The silken string was soon loosed; the perfumed seal quickly broken; and she read, with uncontrollable delight, that the weak and amiable young king had determined to set aside his sisters' succession in favour of the powerful house of Suffolk.

This messenger being dismissed with rich gifts and kind speeches, a second drew near. And more welcome than the former were his tidings; the king was dying: the active agents of Suffolk and Northumberland had ripened their plans for the instant proclamation of her daughter, ere the heiress of the throne could know of his decease. Wrapt in deep visions of regal splendour, half dazzled by the near prospect of the coming glories of her princely family, the duchess sat unconscious of the entrance of the third messenger. At length her eyes fell upon the well-remembered features of the mysterious stranger, seen long years back on a former occasion of triumph. "Yet one more warning—and the last!" said the old man, drawing from beneath his cloak the merlin she had loosed as an emblem of her soaring destiny. He placed it on her hand: her proud boast rushed overpoweringly on her mind. The very merlin, whose return she had linked with chance and change, as things alike impossible—that bird was before her, bright as when she had freed her wing, with her collar of gold fillagree set round with turquoise, and hood of crimson silk netted by her own fingers!—Whence come? What boding? As soon as she had somewhat recovered from the shock, she looked around: but the messenger was gone; and with heavy footsteps, her joy changed to anxious fear, she regained the terrace.

The dreams of ambition can wrap, in the calm apathy of fearless repose, even those who feel themselves doomed by a thousand omens: and ere three days were over, princely Bradgate rang with mirth and revelry. Northumberland and Suffolk had concluded a double alliance of their children: all the terrors of the duchess were forgotten; and her eye rested with proud complacency on the simple beauty of the Lady Jane, for she already saw the crown of England sparkling upon her gifted but sentenced daughter's sweet disapproving brow.

* * * *

An iron lamp dimly shows a low vaulted room; the damp floor scantily strewn with withered rushes. The flickering light falls upon a rude couch, where lies in disturbed slumber, a woman, whose features, though wasted by long sickness and sorrow, yet show some faint traces of former beauty. A single attendant watches over her. Only by the ermined robe that wraps the sleeper, or by the gold-clasped bible, opened where the vellum leaf bears in beautiful characters the name JANE GREYE, would a stranger learn that the mother of that queen of a day—the proud Duchess of Suffolk lay before him—a prisoner in the tower. The bolts of the iron-barred door grate harshly; and the governor of the tower enters, with an order, "*For Frances Brandon to be sette at libertye, thro' ye Queen's great clemencie.*" This once-powerful and dreaded woman is considered too weak and insignificant to excite the fears even of the jealous Elizabeth. Supported by the arm of her sole attendant, the half-awakened sleeper threaded her way through many an intricate long winding passage; until the cool damp night breeze, and the plash of oars, indicate their approach to the water-gate.

Here the liberated prisoner stood for a moment and looked wildly around her: the place brought vague and painful sensations to her memory, and dim remembrances of all that she had been and suffered, were crowded into a few hurried thoughts of agony.

"The boat waits, and the tide is on the turn," cried the rough waterman. "Come away, madam!"—"Ay," replied a distinct voice, close at her side, "onward! time and tide wait for no man." That voice was well-known: it had been heard when she stepped into her gilded barge, with a pride that repelled all thought of sorrow; it sounded when a royal crown was ready to clasp with delusive splendour the sweet brow of Lady Jane;—now, son, daughter, and husband, had fallen beneath the axe of the headsman, and she was thrust from prison, a houseless wanderer, herself dependant, perchance, on the precarious bounty of her ere-while dependants. She drew the mantle over her throbbing brow, and her reason quivered and well-nigh failed beneath the weight of her remorse and bitter anguish.

The sorrowful life of Frances of Suffolk ended about two years after her discharge from the tower. In bitter mockery of her fallen fortunes, Elizabeth, who so often "helped to bury those she helped to starve," decreed a magnificent funeral for her whose last days had passed in neglected poverty: honours, the denial of which had galled that haughty spirit more than want itself, were heaped with unsparing profusion upon the unconscious dust. Surrounded by blazing torches, bright escutcheons, and the broad banners of the noble house of Suffolk and the royal line of Tudor, surely we may hope her heart of pride was well laid to rest beneath the ducal coronet, and in the magnificent

chapel of Henry, from all the sorrows and changes of her eventful life.

Princely Bradgate sank with the fallen fortunes of its mistress. The house passed into the possession of a collateral branch of the family; and being, ere the lapse of many years, in great part destroyed by fire, fell into ruins. Grass of the brightest verdure still clothes its slopes; the wide-spreading chestnuts and the old decaying oaks still wear their most gorgeous livery; but Bradgate's proud towers are levelled with the ground. Save that velvet terrace, where the crown of England was given in project, and worn in fancy, and from which sweet Lady Jane would look up to the west at the sun's bright setting, and commune with the spirit of Plato—naught but crumbling walls and mouldering heaps of red earth, marks the site of its ancient magnificence.

TO A NEW VISITANT, ON A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

"One that from some unknown sphere
Brings strange thoughts and feelings here:
Dreams of days gone out of mind,
Hints of home still left behind;
Spring's fresh pastime, Winter's mirth,
Smiles of Heaven, and tears of Earth."
The Blank Leaf.

WELCOME, dear child, with all a father's blessing,
To thy new sphere of motion, light, and life!
After the long suspense, the fear distressing.
Love's strong, subduing strife.

Sealed with the smile of Him who made the Morning,
Though to the matron charge of Eve consigned,
Com'st thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning
Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble,
Wherein thy destined course is to be run:
Where joy is deemed a shadow, peace a bubble,
And true bliss known to none.

Yet to high destinies it leads,—to natures
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild,
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features
Lovelier than thine, fair child!

To winged Beatitudes, for ever tending,
Rank above rank, to the bright source of bliss,
And, in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending,
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launched in this benign direction,
We will not sorrow that thy porch is past:
Come many a picture waits thy young inspection,
Each lovelier than the last.

What shall it be? on Earth, in Air, in Ocean,
A thousand things are sparkling, to excite
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,
Heiress of rich delight.

Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted
On thy fair brow, with Galileo soar?
Rove with Linneus through the woods, or haunted
Be by more charmed lore?

Shall sky-taught Painting, with her ardent feeling,
Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit?
Or shall the quivered spells be thine, revealing
The polished shafts of Wit?

Or to thy fascinated eye, her mirror
Shall the witch Poesy delight to turn,
And strike thee warm to every brilliant error
Glanced from her magic urn?

Heed her not, darling! she will smile benignly,
So she may win thine inexperienced ear;
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely
Will cost thee many a tear.

She has a Castle, where, in death-like slumbers,
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves; some break
After long hurt, their golden chains; but numbers
Never with sense awake.

She it was, dear, who in Greek story acted
Such tragic masques; who in the grape's disguise;
Choked sweet Anacreon, Sappho's soul distracted,
And seared old Homer's eyes:

Tasso she tortured, Savage unbefriended,
O'er Falconer's bones the matted sea-weed spread:
Chatterton poisoned, Otway starved, and blended
White with the early dead!

She too with many a smile thy sire has flattered,
Promising flowers, and fame, and guerdons rare;
Till youth was past, and then, he found, she scattered
Her vows and wreaths in air.

Shun then the Siren: spurn her laurelled chalice,
Though the bright nectar dance above the brim:
Lest she should seize thee in her mood of malice,
And tear thee, limb from limb.

But to selecter influences, my beauty,
Pay thy young vows,—to Truth, that ne'er beguiles,
Virtue, fixed Faith, and unpretending Duty,
Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles.

Look on me, love, that in those radiant glasses
Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace,—
O'er them alternate shade and sunshine passes,
Enhancing every grace.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure;
With a fond yearning o'er the leaves I look;
But the lid falls—farewell the enchanting treasure!
Closed is the starry book!

We must not abruptly leave "the Annuals" even in the gale of their glory, without good wishes at parting. Summing up their merits collectively, they are equal to those of last year. The *Keepsake* is decidedly better. The pieces in most of them are of greater length; but the writers are paid by measure if not by value, and it is fit their souls should have elbow room. The reader will miss the *Comic Annual*. The witty editor has *hood*-winked us, and his Pantomime will not come out till after Christmas may it prolong the little joys which bad times and worse changes have left us. Mr. Hood's "revenue is his good spirits," and when his volume appears we hope to tax it highly.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 467.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1830. [Price 2*d*.

Magna Charta Island.

Tradition has hallowed this islet as the spot where King John, in 1215, was compelled to sign *Magna Charta* and *Charta de Foresta;* which event has been nobly told by Thomson:

"The barons next a noble league began;
Both those of English and of Norman race
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free' press'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on. The tyrant see!
Mark how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man."

Runnymede, a *plain* on the banks of the Thames has been celebrated as the place of signature of the Charter. Sir James Mackintosh, in his recently published History of England, after describing the position of King John and the Barons—nearly equal to what in modern language would be called the nobility and gentry—says, "A safe conduct was granted by John at Merton, on the 8th of June, to the deputies of the barons, who were to meet him at Staines; and, two days afterwards, he being at Windsor, agreed to a prolongation of the truce to Trinity Monday.* On that day, the 15th of June, both parties advanced to a plain called Runnymede, on the banks of the Thames, where they encamped apart from each other, like declared enemies, and opened conferences, which were not concluded till Friday, the 19th of June, 1215. The preliminaries being agreed upon, the barons presented heads of their grievances, and of the means of redress,† in the nature of the bills now offered by both houses for the royal assent, except that the king, instead of a simple assent, directed, according to a custom which prevailed long after, that the articles should be reduced to the form of a charter; in which state he issued it as a royal grant, with all the formalities and solemnities which in that age attended the promulgation of fundamental laws. Copies were forthwith despatched to the counties and dioceses of the kingdom."

These details may be sufficiently minute for historical record. The precise topography of the district, however, remains to be stated, viz. that John's consent was extorted at Runnymede, whereas "the charters were actually signed, as tra-

* Rymer, i. 129.

† Articuli Magnæ Chartæ. Rymer, i. 129.

ditionally reported, in an island between Runnymede and Ankerwyke House.—This island, still called *Charter Island*, is in the parish of Wraysbury, in Bucks."* Mr. Hakewill, likewise, in his Views round Windsor, thus denotes the spot: "Near Runnymede, on the river, is Magna Charta Island, the temporary and fortified residence of the barons, to which they retired from the pressure of the surrounding multitude assembled on Runnymede, that they might better obtain King John's signature, confirming Magna Charta: it is now nearly covered with willows, that shade the hut of the fisherman."

The "Island" derives some additional poetic interest from its being included in the fascinating prospect from "Cooper's Hill," and consequently part of the scenery of Denham's poem of that name; the first specimen, "at least amongst us, of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation."† Perhaps there are few finer embellishments than this island-cradle of liberty has kindled in the warm fancy of the poet. One of these tributes has been furnished by Akenside, designed as an

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While *Thames*, among his willows, from thy trees
Retires—O stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where ENGLAND'S *Barons*, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The *Charter* of thy FREEDOM! Pass not on
Till thou has blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed, the reward
Of public virtue. And, if chance thy home
Salute thee with a *father's* honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
They owe their ANCESTORS; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those *sacred rights* to which themselves were BORN.

The prospect, and the whole of the vicinity is described with much graphic beauty in a paper in the Third Series of the *London Magazine*, we believe from the pen of Mr. Charles Knight. "From an elevation of several hundred feet," observes the writer, "you look down upon a narrow fertile valley, through which the Thames winds with surpassing loveliness. Immediately at your feet is the plain of Runnymede, where the great battle between John and the Barons was fought; and in the centre of the river is the little fishing-island, where tradition says that Magna Charta was signed. At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers."‡

Egham annual horse-races are now held on Runnymede; so that these sports being considered relics of chivalry, are not altogether unassociated with the olden glories of the spot.

Of contemporaneous interest with Runnymede is the mention of Holms Castle, built by the earls Warren, at Reigate, in Surrey; under which Camden says he saw an extraordinary passage, with a vaulted room, hewn with great labour out of the sandy stone of which the hills about the town are composed. Here, we are told, the barons who took up arms against King John had their private meetings, and especially the evening before the celebrated congress at Runnymede. A gate, with round towers, still remains; and it seems but a few years since we played urchin games about their niches and loop-holes. The recollection enables us to sigh forth with Gray:

Ah! happy hills, ah pleasing shade!
Ah! fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.

—A year or two passed away, and we began to view these ruins with the eye of an embryo antiquarian, and the fearful times with which they were associated as matter of grave history. Yet the antique glory of the spot where the old barons raised their patriotic resistance is well nigh forgotten. Reigate is a rotten borough; and its Castle is seldom seen but as the arms of the town bank-notes.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

DRUIDICAL SUPERSTITION.

(For the Mirror.)

OBSERVING in your number, 462, under the head of "English Superstitions," that you have alluded to the circle of stones at Rollrich, or Rollwright, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, and quoted a proverbial distich used by the peasantry in that neighbourhood; I have imagined that the popular "superstitious" history concerning these fearful stones, as I have frequently heard it recited, may be amusing to such of your readers as are not apt to credit the tales of ghosts walking down Long Compton Hill, every night, with their heads under their left arms. But it is

* The Ambulator, 12th edit. 1820.

† Johnson's Poets, Denham, vol. .

‡ This graceful paper will be found, though somewhat abridged, in vol. xii. of *The Mirror*.

necessary to premise that the history is quite unauthenticated in respect of names and era. For such unnecessary information I was always referred to the "old people," and whenever I made inquiries of an elderly person, the reply was invariably—"I do not know, but my father, if he was alive, could tell ye all about it." The narration commences with "Once upon a time."

Once upon a time, a certain foreign king wandered, and wandered, attended by his court, and guards, in search of Long Compton, because if he could once see it, he should by some fatality become King of England. Just in descending from the brow of the hill, under which the town lies snugly nestled, he met an old woman, and inquired for the desired place, adding—

"If Long Compton I could see,
The King of England I should be."

Now this personage to whom his majesty had addressed himself, was a witch or a sorceress, who in the triumph of a loyal and patriotic ardour, such as still animates all true Britons, replied—

"Rise up hill, and stand still stone
For King of England thou'lt be none."

This mandate *(mirabile dictu)* was compulsory, and there stands to this hour, the invader himself in solitude, while his five principal courtiers, also petrified, are at a considerable distance with their heads inclining towards each other, and are thence named the "Whispering Knights." And in another place, about a hundred yards from the royal pillar, his guards are stationed, as stiff and solemn as if really drawn up on parade; but it is remarkable that in variance with modern custom, they are ranged in a circle. By some accident (which I could never clearly comprehend) the witch herself was metamorphosed into an elder tree, well known to the old peasantry for having retained the quality of shedding human blood whenever wounded by the thoughtless or cruel. This tree was demolished about forty years since, but I presume that it was dead by that time.

The stone which represents the king is of a different kind from any of his attendants, being harder, and of a gravel colour, while the others are like the common stone of the surrounding country; and it is equally certain that to a person standing in front of this said royal personification, not a house of Long Compton is visible, but at a single pace distance on either side, the town is to be seen. This critical situation has, no doubt, given rise to the superstitious fiction; my affair, however, is not to account for, but simply to relate the popular legend.

It is affirmed of the circle of guards (as of most, if not all other such Druidical remains in Britain,) that they cannot be counted by any possibility; the case only excepted of a baker, who, in ancient times did succeed, but immediately expired. A difficulty certainly exists, for I have myself made the experiment five times, and on the successive occasions found the numbers as follow; 62, 60, 63, 61, 59.* Each time have I noticed one or more pebbles left on each stone of the circle, which I suppose had been laid there by persons using that method of ascertaining the true number.

The whispering knights are much more gigantic than any others, and it is said of them, that if any person conveys away a single particle of their material, he will never again enjoy rest at night until it is restored. This has been *proved* on several occasions: once by a little boy living at Shipston on Stour, and more remarkably by a farmer at Little Rollwright, who "once upon a time" thought these great stones were useless as they stood, and resolved to bring one away, in order to lay it over a brook to serve as a kind of bridge. He did bring it down the hill by the laborious exertions of twelve powerful horses, during a long day; but in consequence, his rest departed from him, his ears were incessantly annoyed by whisperings and howlings, as of furious demons "haunting his pillow;" and these plagues increased every night, until in a paroxysm of inflamed rage he had the awful stone replaced; to effect which, (*mirabile dictu* again!) two horses were quite sufficient to draw it swiftly up the hill!

When living in that neighbourhood, this was my favourite resort. I have been there at all hours, in sombre moonless night, and in the brilliance of a full moon—at the hours of sunrise, noon, and sunset, enjoying the lovely prospect of a fertile valley winding below me in a tortuous course towards the range of the Cotswold Hills. It is a scene of

* The circle has been originally double, and I believe that the difficulty consists in the uncertainty of determining whether the prostrate masses of stone that are now almost concealed by long grass and moss, are each a separate stone, or merely a broken piece from another: and thus, it frequently happens that the piece which in one circuit you pronounce a distinct stone, is on the next enumeration looked upon as but a fragment of an originally upright stone. Some allowance must also be made for a certain perplexity arising from walking round a circle.

great beauty for an admirer of nature; but though frequently absorbed on this spot, in vast and solemn contemplation on Druidism, and repeating lines from Ossian, yet there is that in my nature which could also find something agreeable in the ignorant legend of the people. I may add that the surrounding fields abound in pieces of crystallized spar (though the Druidical stones are not at all of this nature) and I am told that the numerous rills of clear water which trickle down the hill possess a petrifying quality. This seems probable. On my last visit to this hill I was rambling about the fields in my descent, when, about half way down, I found almost concealed, a large collection of rough stones, all of which had been broken down; and a beautifully pure spring issuing from among them.

I was carrying away a piece of the crystallized spar in my hand, and hurrying homewards, for it was becoming late in the evening, when a person came from his door, in Long Compton, and following me for some distance, begged me, if I valued my night's rest, not to steal any of the whispering stones. Having thanked him for his kind advice, I proceeded onwards, with about a dozen boys at my heels through the town. EGOMET IPSE.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

HERE are a few scraps, or scenes and characters from Mr. Hood's new volume. The work itself will furnish *bon-bons* for the opening of our 17th volume. Meanwhile, the reader will be pleased to consider the following as a dress rehearsal of Mr. Hood's Pantomime—such as Managers get up for their friends on Christmas Eve:—

DOMESTIC ASIDES;
OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit. Mrs Skinner:
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch is come to dinner.)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels;
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles.)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russel's:
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels.)

"What, little Clara left at home!
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby.)

"And Mr. S, I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy.)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heav'n I hear the carriage.)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure.)

"Good bye—good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners.
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners.")

"A BLOW UP."

A GENTLEMAN is in the habit of occasionally blowing up one of his powder magazines, just as any publisher might explode a New Monthly, merely for the purpose of advertising the commodity. The following effects of a blast are rarely told: *

THE dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,
Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner, her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish;
The "Best of Sons" was taken unawares,
And kick'd the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:
The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish.

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Toss'd it just like a hay-maker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,
For taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,
He jerked his glass of sherry in her face,
Poor Mistress Davy,
Bobb'd off her bran-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy, at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Bo-peep," and "Blue-cap" at the house's top,
Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth story;—
Nor yet did matters any better go
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts—she came at last but to her wits,
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind.
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse—
Then, coming to his mind
Was shocked to find,
Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's,
From Prospect House—for urchins small and big,
Hearing the awful noise,
Out rushed a flood of boys,
Floating a man in black, without a wig;—
Some carried out one treasure, some another—
Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray—
But little Tiddy carried his big brother.

* Athenæum, Dec. 18.

PARISH REVOLUTION.

"*Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—the military called out—flight of the Mayor.*

"We are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town, at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

"*Further Particulars.*

"Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing."

Then we have "*Another account*"—"*From another quarter*"—"*A later account*"—"*Fresh intelligence,*" &c. &c. &c.; from which we take a few of the various particulars.

"*From another quarter.*

"We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating 'God save the King!' is saluted with 'hang the crier!' Organised bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c.—whether for barricades or bonfires, is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder hymn, 'Pray remember,' &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing handbills amongst the crowd:—surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

"*Eleven o'clock.*

"The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform. A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High-street—it is said, to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the market-place. Some of the leading shopkeepers have had a conference with the mayor, and the people are now being informed, by a placard, of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—'The mare is hobstinate—he is at the Roes and Crown—but refuses to treat.'

"*Half-past Three.*

"The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse; the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to fagots, we havn't a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his worship will accede to the terms.

"*Four o'clock.*

"The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored."

Then comes, to crown the whole, "*The Narrative.*"

"*The Narrative of a High Whitness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphris.*"

"O Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondedly at the tiptop of the Howse crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the Frentch Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown Holland brum gals! Our Winder overlooks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins jutts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—There is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the

Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man !—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews ! I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mr. Waggstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men are staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleaders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Neabers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle-trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who knows what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mob ; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbiggoted Babe of the state of our Husbandry ! To add to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't holloed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes ! That wicked Wigsby as reffused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard ! Isn't that a bad Herring ! O Mrs. Humphris ! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbands—nothing is herd but childerin lookin for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertaker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexable Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a littel timely Concussion wood have bean of Preventive Servis. Haven nose ! For my Part I don't believe all the Concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Poor Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affairs are in these friteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his own saveing was onely thro leaving His retrenchments. Poor Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing ! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands. The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious ! Two Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I tremble for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mother's Sperrits. O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in ! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removd in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is empty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did not stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his

Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summut of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness as been turnd out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs. Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minester think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully BRIDGET JONES."

The Novelist.

THE WINE CASK.—AN INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

(For the Mirror.)

IT was but a poor place:—the mean and dirty room, still smelling of the blood of the slain, had been almost stripped of every article of furniture it might have heretofore contained: a shell had broken in the roof, and the walls and wooden shutters of the miserable chamber were perforated with various shot, and blackened with powder and smoke; yet, to the party of worn soldiers who were to occupy this delectable apartment for the night, a mere semblance of a roof over their wearied heads was acceptable, after the terrible exposures they had undergone, to heavy rains and severe cold, from which the fine country of Spain, is by no means exempt. Having collected a few empty wine-casks of various dimensions, they made for themselves seats of some, broke up others into firewood, and laying across a couple of them a door, which they had unhinged from a neighbouring apartment, thus readily provided themselves with a table. "And now, comrades," said Meinheim as he placed upon the board the contents of the ample camp-kettle, "let us make merry: where's the rum? and, Werner, what did you do with our keg of accadent?*

"Prithee, man, don't be alarmed about it; 'tis here quite safe: nor am I a Corporal Howitzer, to make myself drunk with the brandy, and then swear that I staved the cask, according to orders! No, no! I understand points of honour better, believe me!" So saying, Werner drew from beneath the arms and baggage, piled in a corner of the room, the keg in question, and down sat the party to a meal any thing but luxurious; yet with appetites which rendered the most coarse and ill dressed food a dainty, and with all the buoyant *deil-ma-care* spirits, usually appertaining to men of their profession.

"What a cursed country is this!" cried Meinheim to his companions.—"No glass in the windows of the houses, no fire-places, no chimneys! no."—

"Nay," rejoined one of the men, "for glass, we've only to cut out the panels of the shutters, and stretch over the apertures some stout paper drenched in oil, of which commodity you will allow there's plenty hereabouts."

"Rather too much," replied Meinheim, "to my thinking; for, upon my soul, we may say of the oil and garlic in this country, what the Frenchman said of the English and their *melted butter*, 'These people have no other sauce.'—Faugh! did ye ever smell any thing in your lives so rank and unchristian-like as their houses and cookery, oil and garlic, oil and garlic, as they are all over?"

"But," continued Herman, the former speaker, "respecting windows, those clever Englishmen have often contrived them as I said, and you've no idea how admirably they answer: they've managed chimneys too; and thanks to that lucky shell, I see we've got an out-let for the smoke of our bright wood-fire to-night. The Spaniard and Portuguese, will, I've a notion, after the campaign is over, thank the Britons for giving them some little idea of English comfort."

"*Comfort*, indeed!" exclaimed Werner, "that word, I take it, is scarcely to be found in their tongues. In fact, Spain and Portugual, with all their vaunted deliciousness of climate, romantic scenery, and abundant natural produce, are cold, stormy countries, deficient in supplies owing to the neglect of agriculture, and horticulture; mean, dirty, and every way disgusting; and there's nothing good in them that I can discover, save their *accadent*, and wine."

"You're right—quite right!" cried one of the party, thumping the board with his fists, in token of extreme satisfaction, and of an evident desire to be heard: "the *wine* is the thing, undoubtedly, which renders either country endurable; spirits, for a mere trifle we may obtain in any land,—not so wine, and here we may drown ourselves in it if we please. Meinheim, why leave we home to-night?"

"Nay," replied the soldier, "but that I imagined it would be no treat, we might have had plenty; wine-stores are hard by; we've only to open yon door, then, through a breach in the

* Aqua-ardente; a light kind of spirit, or weak brandy, much admired by soldiers during the Peninsular campaigns.

wall, we're into them immediately, and may help ourselves as we list."

"Say you so?" cried a man called Schlegel; "then let us do it immediately."

"With all my heart," answered Meinheim, "but as we shall hardly be able to bring hither one of the huge wine tuns, we must take with us somewhat, our canteens, I suppose, they will hold a fair quantity of Spain's prime grape-juice."

So the canteens were immediately put into requisition, and Meinheim catching up a blazing fagot, in which respect he was followed by others of the party, offered his services as leader on this pleasurable expedition; for this office he was indeed well calculated, having by the chances of war, occupied these quarters, to which his companions were strangers, some weeks before. He now led them through a dark, and narrow passage, of which the heat and bad odour were almost insupportable, for it had no apparent means of ventilation, and at the farther end of it, they perceived by the light of their uncouth and dimly burning torches, a considerable breach in the massy wall inclosing the wine-stores, about which laid the stones and bricks that had been battered down.

"Take care, my lads!" cried Meinheim, giving his torch into unoccupied hands, and beginning slowly and cautiously to descend, "this is not the regular entrance, but it will do for us I dare say; the other is so blocked up, that 'twould pose the cunningest fox to enter thereby, for I fancy the French, the English, and the Spanish had a desperate affray in this place, and, by my troth, it looks as if sad bloody work had been going on, since last I had the felicity of beholding it. Quick, Schlegel, quick—the torch—there, that will do—an officer's sash had entangled my feet, now they are free, and my hands too, so my lads come on! One at a time if you please, and, hold there, Herman, keep yourself steady if you can!"

One by one, the little party descended, stepping upon loose fragments of masonry and casks of all calibres, which were piled, or rather recklessly thrown upon each other, in a style the most disorderly, and in positions the most dangerous and unstable imaginable. An awe, almost approximating to terror, seized the adventurers, when they perceived themselves standing within a vast vaulted chamber or cellar, the far recesses of which were veiled in a darkness impenetrable by the glare of their flaming fagots; a darkness, which preventing the actual extent of the store-chambers from being detected, impressed the imagination with an idea of their vastness perfectly terrific; nor was the scene which presented itself to the eyes of the party within the space illuminated by their broadly blazing torches, at all calculated to diminish any local sensations of alarm. Soldiers are, it is well known, strangely superstitious, notwithstanding that intimate acquaintance with spectacles of mortality, which should seem (theoretically) to have the effect of rendering them far otherwise. Our friends, be it also remembered, were Germans, and therefore no doubt well versed in the legendary lore of their country, which, it must be confessed, leaves the imagination nothing to wish for on the score of horrors; and these circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the hearts of men, who had dared death itself in a thousand hideous guises, should quail a little, or that they should gaze anxiously and timidly into the "palpable obscure" of the black distance, when strewed at their feet, they beheld the sad wrecks of an obstinate, a fierce, and mortal combat; the remnants of arms, armour, spent ammunition, accoutrements, and the horrible, decaying fragments of humanity! The disorder of the butts, possibly indicated that the affray had concerned the possession of their contents, and the insupportably noisome atmosphere of the vaults as certainly hinted that a little search would, to those who undertook it, present spectacles of the most loathsome description.

"This," cried Meinheim, planting himself in front of an immense hogshead, and rapping upon it with his knuckles, "this, I've no doubt is the tun of which I've heard so much; for 'tis said that the largest cask in these stores contains red wine unequalled in all Spain. Now, if it has not already been let run, I vote that we commence operations upon it immediately."

Meinheim and two or three others, then carefully examining the cask, pronounced it to the satisfaction of all perfectly sound and untapped, and a debate ensued as to the most feasible method of availing themselves of its contents, some proposing to bore the monstrous barrel, filling their canteens with the wine as it ran off, whilst others sensible of the shameful waste attending this mode of procedure, advised that the head of the cask should be knocked out, and the vessels dropped into it.

"That," said Werner, "will be an uncommon trouble; have we nothing

larger than the canteens, two or three replenishings of which would answer a round dozen of these?—Hold, I have it: what say ye, my lads, to our camp-kettle? we can let it down, you know, easily enough, and if 'tis heavy when filled, a stout pull or so, from two or three of us, will do the business."

It was an admirable thought, and forthwith Werner, Schlegel, and Herman were despatched for the kettle, and in case they should be needed, for at least half a dozen canteen-straps. Upon their return they beheld Meinheim mounted upon barrels and peering into the hogshead.

"Faith, comrades," exclaimed he as they approached, "here's a pretty affair! we've been saved the trouble of knocking out or knocking in, may be, the head of our booty, for a large square piece has been sawn from it already. Those cursed cuirassiers or tirailleurs, have been here I'm afraid, and had a taste before us; nay, I'd almost venture a good wager that the dogs have drained this tun dry, as they'd do that of Heidelberg, in five minutes, nobody saying nay. Here my good fellows, Werner, Herman, one of you, hand me something to sound with."

"Throw in a bullet," said one of the men, "heaven knows they're lying here as thick as hail." He handed two or three to Meinheim, who dropping one into the barrel, a splash was heard, which agreeably convinced the party that the great body before them still retained no inconsiderable portion of its spirit. The kettle was immediately, with unimaginable alacrity, hoisted up to the adventurous Meinheim, who was by his comrades unanimously pronounced "the very best fellow in the universe, and worthy to cater at head-quarters for the field-marshal, or captain-general, himself."

"Wheugh!" ejaculated Meinheim, "this will never do; our kettle does not touch the wine, though dropped down to it at the whole length of my arm.—You brought the straps, my good lads, eh?—Well, buckle them together, then I'll fasten them to the handle of our metal punch-bowl, and I warrant we'll soon *draft* this prime liquor into a better company than did those rascally Frenchmen, who stole the better half of it."

Forthwith the straps were united, and attached to the kettle, it was again let down, drawn up brimming full, and as a portion of the "liquid ruby" was distributed to each individual, some praised the dexterity of Meinheim, whilst others pretended to quarrel with him for his shyness in mentioning the wine-stores, and producing a sample of their excellent contents at supper.

"But, man," cried Schlegel, "you don't drink; or because you can't monopolize the contents of the cask, d'ye scorn to enjoy it with your comrades?"

"I don't," replied the soldier, "at all admire carousing on the leavings of our enemies."

"Psha! false delicacy," shouted Werner, "you are not so squeamish when you drive them from a bivouac, and dine off the very provisions they were dressing for themselves. Come, no nonsense, your share is in this canteen."

"I can't drink red wine," replied Meinheim, "indeed, indeed, I can't, and I'll tell you honestly the reason why, I've taken a huge disgust to it since I heard a Spaniard, a friend of mine, say, that he knew how it was made, and was resolved whilst blood continued to be spilt in his land, never to touch it."

"Well," rejoined Herman, "if that be all, I'm sure I once heard such a story from an English soldier, as should have given me a distaste to the red wines of this country for ever and ever; and I could sing you too the song he wrote about it, if you please. But, what on earth is the use and wisdom of setting yourself against a thing? So, Meinheim, I've the honour of pledging you, and in your own ration too." He drank off his comrade's portion.

"Poh! I think this wine is rather muddy, and has a queer flavour; 'tis certainly not improved in strength and spirit by standing uncovered."

His companions laughed, and agreeing that he was infected with the imaginary prejudices of Meinheim, vowed that the wine was without its equal in the universe, and sent aloft the kettle for another supply. Meinheim lowered it again, but as he strove this time to heave it up, it seemed to have caught in a something, which not only impeded its progress, but called for that manual exertion on his part, which in his present position he was utterly incapable of affording. "Bear a hand here, can't ye?" cried he to his companions, who immediately collecting a few of the smaller empty casks, contrived to mount as high as himself, and by their united strength, succeeded in raising with their kettle, about half way up the tun, the substance in which it had become entangled. Curious to ascertain what this might be, a lighted brand or two, and very inquisitive faces were thrust into the aperture of the cask, and as quickly

withdrawn; when those who had thus gratified their curiosity, with countenances expressive of horror and disgust, hastily descended, seized their canteens, and scrambling up the dangerous ascent to the breach, made their exit from the wine-stores in double quick time. The rest of the party, panic struck, without staying to ascertain the cause of their comrades' terrors, precipitately followed, and the desolate room and half demolished supper, were returned to with at least as much pleasure as they had been quitted.

"No more for me to-night!" cried Werner, "I've had enough in conscience; and what are we to do for our kettle?"

"Fish it up to-morrow, to be sure," said Schlegel, "clean it thoroughly, and bury the man."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Meinheim, "he must have lain there some time; the flesh of his face and hands seemed quite sodden, and was dropping from the bones. I wonder whether he had been killed, and thrown into the tun, or whether in trying to get wine as we have done, the weight of his cuirass threw him off his balance, and into the cask? I thank God, for my escape!"

"After this," observed Herman, "I think I shall come round to the opinion, and adopt the resolution of your friend, the Spaniard; and now then for my song, my English song, for I swear by all the saints in the Spanish Calendar, and by our own Martin Luther, who is better than them all, our adventure is precisely the same as that."

"In heaven's name," exclaimed Meinheim, "do then keep your song to yourself; we are already too much disgusted! A fine subject truly is this for a song, that a party of poor soldiers should find, in the very wine they had been drinking, a dead, and a putrid man, and this man too, an enemy! Oh! 'tis enough to drive one mad."

Herman thought otherwise, and in spite of the opposition of his comrades, persisted with the most nasal "ballad-monger," twang, and in the most lugubrious accents imaginable, to troll forth the following stanzas, which he termed:

"SPANISH RED WINE.

"Down with the mighty bowl,
Fill, fill it to the brim,
Then call the thirsty soul,
The draught's for him.

"Up with the flagon, up,
Rich wine hath gurgled in,
But ho! what stays the cup,
We would begin?

"Down with the taper pale,
Light up the tomb-like cask,
Soldiers! the hideous tale
Ye scarce need ask.

"Up with the bowl, blood-red,
Spain's grape-juice well may flow,
—Taste not—the gory dead
Have lent its glow.*

"Well, my good fellows, ye that understand English, I mean, what think ye of that for a song? capital, isn't it?" A loud snore was the reply. "Eh? what, confound the knaves, they've all taken to their blankets. So, I suppose the best thing for me to do, is to follow their example."

M. L. B.

* The words of the Song are property.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY FIRST TRAGEDY.

I WILL pass on to that memorable epoch in my life (A.D. 1825, I then being about to enter my twentieth year), when, having completed "Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer," a tragedy, in five acts, I sent it up to Drury-lane Theatre. [It is proper I should state that I was then residing, as I still am, and ever have been, in my native town, Weepingford.*] Together with my play, I forwarded a note to the manager, requesting "his most immediate attention and very earliest reply." In less than six weeks I received a packet *per* coach. With palpitating heart, I broke the seal. The impress on which was a flourishing T.R.D.L. "My tragedy is accepted," thought I; "and this parcel contains the huge roll of parchment by which, doubtless, authors are invested with the freedom of the theatre." Lo! it was my tragedy itself! A note, of which the following is a copy, accompanied it:

"T. R. D. L.

"SIR,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, sir, &c. &c."

I was neither mortified nor much astonished at this, knowing, as I did, through newspaper report, that the dramatic patronage of that theatre was engrossed by three or four writers of little ability, by whose intrigues superior genius was excluded from even a chance of appearing before the public. I looked

* WEEPINGFORD-LE-GRAVE, *Somersetshire*.—A pretty town, 94 miles W. from London, situate on the southern bank of the river Dribble. Population, 7 000, produce Cheshire cheese, Windsor soap, Yarmouth herrings, Westphalia hams, &c. Market-days, Tuesdays and Saturdays.—*British Gazetteer*.

carefully through the pages of my manuscript, naturally expecting to find an abundance of marginal notes, pointing out where my play was defective, and by what means it might be improved. Will it be believed? not a pencil-scratch was to be found from one end to the other! "Well," again thought I, "they should not have my play now, were they to offer me a thousand pounds for it; and to put it beyond my power to abate one jot from this resolution—for, doubtless, to-morrow's post will bring me a repenting letter from them—I will send it, by this night's coach, to Covent Garden." I did so; and, along with it, the following letter to the manager:

"*Weepingford-le-Grave*, —, 1825.

"Sir,—I have to request your immediate perusal of the accompanying play; and since a five-act drama is, in these times, a *rara avis*, and, also, as it must be your desire to convince the world that the dramatic genius of England is not *quite* extinct (although modesty forbids my saying much about my own production), I make no doubt my request will be complied with. I see but one difficulty in the way of its performance: the *minor* parts, I admit, might be sufficiently well acted by Fawcett, Warde, Bartley, Farren, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, &c. &c.; but, with the exception of Charles Kemble for Suavilius (the lover), the principal characters can find no adequate representatives in your theatre. Would it not be prudent, therefore, to engage Young and Macready for Tyrantius and Vampyrino? As to my *leading* character, Sanguino, which I wrote expressly for Kean, I am perfectly at my ease; for you will, of course, endeavour to induce him, by a liberal offer, to quit the rival establishment.* The trifling part of Listenia (the confidante), might, perhaps, be entrusted to Mrs. Glover; but Tendrissima? 'Ay, there's the rub!' That part was composed with a view to Miss O'Neill; and I have strong hopes that a perusal of it might induce her to resume, for a time, her professional labours.

"Waiting your earliest reply, and holding myself in readiness to proceed to London at a moment's notice, I have the honour, &c. &c.

"P.S. The character of Hecatoria is so obviously fitted for the display of the sublime powers of Mrs. Siddons, that I do not despair of that unrivalled actress's consent to quit her retirement for the first forty or fifty nights, or so.

* I will not disguise the fact of this suggestion having been prompted by the Demon of Revenge.

2nd P.S. I re-open this, to inquire whether Braham, Miss Stephens, and Miss Paton, are at Covent Garden Theatre. If not, would they engage with you for the solo parts of the funeral dirge in the third act? Pray consider how essential it is that those parts should be well executed."

Fully satisfied that this display of theatrical knowledge would secure to me the most prompt attention of the manager, with extraordinary complacency I awaited his reply.

A few weeks elapsed, and a packet was delivered to me. The seal bore the welcome letters T. R. C. G. "Here is my play," I exclaimed, "sent down for revision, previously to its being put into rehearsal." I opened a small note, which was tucked between the first and second leaves, and read—

"T. R. C. G.

"Sir,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, sir, &c. &c."

At first, I could hardly credit what I read. My play formally rejected, and not a word added, by way of postscript to the inhumanly civil letter, to thank me for my suggestions respecting the cast, or even in acknowledgment of the theatrical tact which, in that respect, at least, I had displayed! This latter circumstance was easily accounted for: the managers would wait a favourable opportunity for adopting my hints, and then disingenuously appropriate to themselves all the honour and profit accruing from them.† But the wonderful resemblance between this and the letter of rejection from the "rival establishment"—alike to a comma! The momentary hope arising out of this, that I had, by mistake, sent my play a second time to Drury Lane, was dissipated by the differences between the places of date and the writers' names. It was clear to me that, notwithstanding it was obviously to the interest of a theatre to act any play, no matter whence it came, which presented a chance of profitable success;—notwithstanding that by extending the field of competition the managers would, in some degree, be relieved from the extortions of the present monopolists of dramatic literature;—notwith-

† I beg the reader would observe that Mr. Kean has, since this period, actually been engaged at Covent Garden Theatre! I shall draw no severe inference from this circumstance, but content myself with noticing it only as *an extraordinary coincidence.*

standing the consequence of such relief would be that themselves would share in the profits which, under the present system, are swept into the purses of a knot of pampered and rapacious authors;—notwithstanding all this, I say, it was clear to me that a compact, mutually binding, had been entered into by the Theatres Royal, to reject all dramatic works which did not issue from the brains (*the brains*, save the mark!) of your Mortons, your Kenneys, your Pooles, and your Planchés. With disgust I retired from the struggle, resolved never again to write for the stage.

Fortunately for myself—(may I add, for the public also?)—it happened about this time that our town was honoured by the visit of the eminent man I have alluded to: this was no other than the celebrated Clearmount, who for many years had been the principal tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. My first meeting with him was in our public reading-room, the proprietor of which was, also, printer of the Weepingford Herald. A paragraph had that morning appeared, announcing that Mr. Clearmount, the celebrated tragedian, was "rusticating at this place;" and Clearmount's visit to the publisher was for the purpose of expressing his displeasure at its appearance.

"Who *could* have told you this?" inquired the tragedian.

"I found the paragraph in my letter-box, last night, sir; and as I had no reason to doubt its——"

"'Tis very strange! Who *could* have written it?"

"That is more than I can tell sir; but, if you know the report to be untrue, I will contradict it to-morrow."

"Why—aw—no—. The—aw—the fact is, *I—I* am Mr. Clearmount."—[Here I started with astonishment, delight, and admiration. It was the first time I had ever seen so celebrated an actor off the stage.]—"But," he continued, "'tis very odd; I arrived but yesterday afternoon, and as I came here merely to recruit, after my professional labours, I intended to be strictly *incog*. Who *could* have ——! 'Tis very annoying; I hate to be followed about the streets by crowds of curious people. However, 'tis one of the penalties we public characters must pay to—. Aw, have you any theatre in this town of yours?"

"Yes, sir; and as we are now in the height of our season, I hope—" An intelligible smirk, accompanied by a bow, completed the sense of the unfinished sentence.

"Why—aw—no—no; I dare say I shall be tormented to death to play for a night or two; but, as the poor people you have here are, no doubt, thought well enough of by the town's-folks, it might seem invidious were *I* to act."

Here I ventured a word. "Have you acted Macbeth lately, sir, in London?"

"In London—aw—no; the fact is, Macbeth is an up-hill part; Rosse is the part I have usually selected."

"Or Hamlet?"

"Hamlet? no—not exactly Hamlet. Other tragedians, I know, think much of it: John Kemble did. For my part—no—in *London*, I have always preferred Rosencrantz, as you might have seen by the play-bills."

Here, to my great surprise and delight, he hummed a line or two of a song, which was no other than my "Ah! hide your nose!" The publisher introduced me as the author, and the tragedian (after bestowing upon me compliments of a nature too flattering for me to repeat), invited the "young poet," (as he condescendingly designated me)—*to walk with him!* This was the proudest day of my life. In the evening I had the honour of accompanying him to the theatre, where we had the manager's private box (so called, I presume, because it is the most conspicuous of any in the house;) and it was delightful to observe how cautiously he endeavoured to conceal himself, by holding a white handkerchief to his face, lest their knowledge of his presence might discompose the actors: only occasionally leaning quite forward to applaud, which he did with good-humoured condescension.

I could greatly extend my reminiscences of this eminent tragedian. Sufficient for my present purpose, however, is it to state, that during the week he remained at Weepingford, I had the honour of seeing him daily; and that upon one of these occasions, after listening to nearly half of the first act of my tragedy—he candidly acknowledged that he was so deeply affected by it as to be unable to endure the rest—he took the manuscript out of my hand, promising, at the same time, to read it at his leisure, and (if he approved of it) to recommend it to the notice of the manager—that is to say, of the Theatre Royal, Weepingford. How highly *he* estimated my work the result will show. I shall just notice one circumstance connected with his departure, as it is illustrative of the diffidence which is ever the concomitant of superior genius.

Apprehensive (as he himself told me)

that a crowd might collect about the door of the inn, should the coach stop there to receive him, he had desired the driver to take him up a quarter of a mile on the London road. Thither I accompanied him. The better to avoid observation as he passed through the town (for he had to call at the Post-office, the Public Reading-room, the Theatre, the Grammar School, &c. on his way), he took the precaution of throwing his travelling-cloak across his shoulders, *à l'Espagnol*, and of holding a handkerchief to his face. On stepping into the coach he waved his hand to me with that air of unaffected, yet dignified patronage, so peculiar to him. "A pleasant journey Mr.——," said I. "Hush!" interrupted he, as I was about to utter his name; "remember, I travel *incog*." This was the last I ever saw of the celebrated Clearmount.

A few days after his departure I was agreeably surprised by receiving the following letter from the manager of our theatre:

"*T. R. Weepingford.*

"SIR,—In consequence of the powerful recommendation of Mr. Clearmount, I have read your tragedy. I like it; and if you will guarantee me the sale of five pound's worth of box-tickets, I will act it for my own benefit. Suppose we take a chop together, to-morrow, at the Pigeons, and talk the matter over?

"Your obedient servant,

"ROGER STRIDE."

"P.S. Better bespeak a private room; and if you tell Scores that *I* dine with you, he will let you have some of his best port."

But my reminiscences of Clearmount have led me so much out of my subject, that I must hasten to a conclusion.

We dined. After the second glass of wine, "Now, sir, said Mr. Stride, "to business; and, in the first place, we must *cut*."

"Cut! exclaimed I; what is *cut?*"

"Why, sir, your play is rather too long: it is more than three times the length of Othello; so that, were we to act it as it stands, it would not be over till three o'clock in the morning; and then, what would become of 'Sweethearts and Wives,' 'Frieschutz,' and the 'Cure for the Heart-ach,' which I intend to give as afterpieces—to say nothing of songs, dances, &c.?"

I instanced the present *late* example of the London theatres, but in vain.—"Besides, sir, not a line can be spared."

"Leave it to me, sir. Your first, second, and fourth acts are utterly useless; nothing is *done* in them, nor are any of the principal characters introduced. They are all *talk*.

"But, sir, it is *poetry* they are talking."

He made no reply; but simply plunging a very long pen down to the bottom of a very deep ink-bottle, he set heartlessly to the task of drawing black lines across page after page of my manuscript, exclaiming at each excision—"*That's* of no use—and *that's* of no use—never mind, sir, it will dove-tail beautifully."

I was growing faint, and rang for a small glass of brandy.

"Another bottle of port," said the manager; "and—waiter—have you any more ink in the house?"

"Now, sir," said Mr. Stride, after about two hours' lopping—"now, sir, we are something like; and, with a *leetle* trimming at rehearsals, we shall do very well."

My play, which had reckoned four-hundred and forty-eight closely-written pages, and cost the world-and-all for carriage to London and back, might now have been transmitted under a member's cover!"

"Be assured, sir, your play will go beautifully. To-morrow I will send it to the Bellman (who examines all these things), and as soon as we have his license to act it, we will put it into rehearsal. Good night, my dear sir.—Waiter, Mr. ——'s bill. Good night, my dear sir."

"Well; the day arrived when I was to read my play to the actors. I performed my task with a certain degree of trepidation; but (as I fancied) not altogether without effect: for some of the performers applauded, others looked grave—moved, no doubt, by the pathetic of my piece.

The reading over, Mr. Straddle called me aside—"Sir," said he, "do you expect *me* to play Tyrantius?"

"If you please, sir."

"Sir, I'd rather forfeit my engagement. Sanguino, which Mr. Stride has taken—the manager always takes care of himself—ought to have been the part for me. Good morning, sir."

"I like your play amazingly, sir," said Mr. Rantley; but you have made a great mistake in the cast."

"Don't you think Vampyrino a good part?"

"Very good; but Mr. Stride's is a better; and I can't play any but first business. Between ourselves, Straddle is wrong to refuse *his* part—but *he* is a discontented man—'tis a very fine part, and if he hadn't refused it, I should have been glad of it myself. But, under the

circumstances I wish you a very good morning, sir."

Notwithstanding these little differences, a few trifling concessions on both sides, made in the spirit of good humour, brought us all to a right understanding; and the play, as originally cast, was put into rehearsal.

On the morning of the last rehearsal, Mr. Stride put a paper into my hand. It was a note from the Bellman; and, as it is rather a curiosity in its way, I give a copy of it *verbatim*:

"*To the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Weepingford-le-grave.*

Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the tragedy, in five acts, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*:

Act 1. Scene 4. 'Burst my *Adam*antine chains.' [Adam is a Scripture name, and must not be used on the stage.]

Act 2. Scene 1.

'And hoarse as is the lusty fish-wife's voice,
When through the streets "*buy my live soal*" she cries.'

[Evidently meant for *By my living soul!* which is profane swearing.]

Act 4. Scene 3. 'To Amster*dam* in sullen mood he went,' [for the same reason.]

Ditto. 'And now I hear the *beetle's* drowsy hum,' [*might* be taken for an allusion to our worthy parish *beadle*—seditious.]

Act 5. Scene 2. 'Oh *Heavens!* how like an *angel* does she seem!' [Query, Olympus for *Heavens*—Goddess for *angel*. Against bringing Heathen Heavens and Divinities upon the stage, there is no moral or legal objection.]

"SIMON DRIVEL."

The reading of this letter was productive of considerable amusement; when, after deliberate consultation as to whether the morals or the peace of Weepingford were likely to be compromised by the utterance of my profanities, it was resolved that, *at all risks*, they should be spoken. It is fair, however, to state, that within five weeks afterwards, an apprentice ran away with his master's daughter, and a new chemise was stolen from the lines of Mrs. Scrubs, the laundress.

My tragedy was acted. How it was received I know not, for I had not nerve to attend the performance. The next morning I looked into the play-bills, and was astonished at the absence of the announcement I had expected to find there, that it would be repeated every evening till farther notice.

"What is the reason of this, Mr. Stride? Of course my play was—"

"Sir, your play is much too good for the people of this town, and I am resolved never to treat the senseless blockheads with it again. Shakspeare himself would not have succeeded here."

"Not if he had been *cut* as I have been," replied I, sarcastically; "so good morning to you, Mr. Stride."

N.B. Till I can get this, or some other of my numerous dramatic works accepted and successfully acted—for the sake of showing the world what the legitimate drama really is—I amuse myself by *doing* the theatrical criticisms in the Weepingford Herald.—P*

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

TRADITIONAL STORY REGARDING THE LAST OF THE WOLVES IN MORAYSHIRE.

THE last wolves existing in this district had their den in a deep sandy ravine, under the Knock of Braemory, near the source of the Burn of Newton. Two brothers, residing at the little place of Falkirk, boldly undertook to watch the old ones out, and to kill their young, and as every one had suffered more or less from their depredations, the excitement to learn the result of so perilous an enterprize was universal. Having seen the parent animals quit their den in search of prey, the one brother stationed himself as a sentinel, to give the alarm, in case the wolves should return, while the other threw off his plaid, and, armed with his dirk, alone crawled in to dispatch the cubs. He had not been long in the den, when the wolves were seen by the watchman hastening back to the ravine. A sudden panic seized the wretched man, and he fled without giving the promised warning, and never stopped till he crossed the Divie, two miles off. There, conscience-stricken for his cowardice, he wounded himself in various places with his dirk; and, on reaching Falkirk, he told the people, who eagerly collected to hear the result of the adventure, that the wolves had surprised them in the den, that his brother was killed, and that he had miraculously escaped, wounded as he was. A shout of vengeance rent the air, and each man, catching up whatever weapon he could lay his hands on, the whole gathering set out, determined, at all hazards, to recover the mutilated remains of their lost friend. But, what was their astonishment, when, on reaching the Hill of Bogney, they beheld the mangled and bloody form of him whom they supposed dead, dragging itself to-

wards them. For a moment they were awed by a superstitious fear; but they soon learned the history of his escape. He had found little difficulty in killing the cubs, and he was in the act of making his way out, when the mouth of the hole was darkened, and the she-wolf was upon him. With one lucky thrust of his dirk, he dispatched her at once; but his contest with her grim companion was long and severe; and although he fought in that narrow place, and from behind the body of the brute he had killed, he was nearly torn to pieces before he succeeded in depriving his ferocious enemy of life. The indignation of the people against the dastard brother, on thus beholding his falsehood and cowardice made manifest, knew no bounds. They dragged him before the laird, who, on hearing the case, adjudged him to be forthwith hanged on the summit of a conical hill,—a sentence that was immediately put into execution. The hill is called Thomas Rhymer's Hill, for what reason I could never make out.—*Sir T. D. Lauder's Floods of Moray.*

A SAXON DINNER.

The dining-table was oblong, and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin, and hung low beneath the table. The company sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged, much as at the present day, with the view that to each of the ladies should be assigned a neighbour of the other sex. * * * The dishes consisted of fowls and fish, of the flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic, not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine, or porpoise—a food not at present much in repute, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. There were two *sanda*, or dishes, of *sodden syflian*, or soup bouilli, and one of *seathen*, or boiled goose. The bread was of the finest wheaten flour, and lay in two silver baskets upon the table. Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kale wort; and the only condiments were salt and pepper. These various articles were boiled, baked, or broiled; and were handed by the attendants upon small spits to the company. * * * Instead of forks, which were not used in England till James the First's time, when Tom Coriate introduced them from Italy, our ancestors made use of their fingers; but, for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water, and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears, and almonds.—*Sea-Kings in England; by the Author of "The Fall of Nineveh."*

MACE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The mace itself is of silver, about four feet in length, and very massive; it was some time ago gilded, the expense of which was 20*l.* It is the same which was in use, time out of mind, in the House of Commons, and to which Cromwell, when he dissolved the Long Parliament, alluded in the words, "Take away that bauble!" Shortly after, it was presented to the Royal Society by Charles II.; being superseded at the House of Commons by the one now borne by Colonel Seymour, the sergeant-at-arms.—*Literary Gazette.*

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.

The Conflict, brig, Lieut. Matson, has arrived at Portsmouth from the Coast of Africa, and has been paid off. By this conveyance official information has been received from Mr. Richard Lander, who, accompanied by his brother, had been sent out by the Colonial Department, to trace, if possible, the termination of the hitherto mysterious Niger. Mr. Lander sailed from Portsmouth in January last, in the ship Alert, for Cape Coast Castle, where he safely arrived, and found the same individuals who had accompanied him on his return to Badagry from Soccatoo after the death of Captain Clapperton. By these persons he was received with great joy, and they all volunteered to accompany him in his new undertaking; and notwithstanding the treachery that had been before displayed to Lander by Old Pasko, the native of Houssa, who in the first instance had accompanied Belzoni, then Clapperton, and returned with Lander to the coast, it was considered advisable to employ him again, and also that his wife should be of the party. The Conflict conveyed the travellers to Badagry, which place they reached about the 25th of March, and a communication directly took place with the king, who instantly recognised Lander, and gave him a cordial reception, with assurances of a safe conveyance through his territory; and messengers were dispatched to Jennah to insure a favourable reception at that place. Every arrangement being made, Mr. R. Lander and his brother landed early in April, and proceeded on their perilous undertaking, accompanied by

Pasko, his wife, and the former faithful attendants Aboudah, and Jowdie. Adólee, the king, gave Lander the little horse which had conveyed the traveller from Soccatoo to Badagry, and which the latter had presented to the former on his previous journey.

The travellers left Badagry in excellent health and spirits, and information is received of their having got safely through that kingdom. The friendly reception experienced by Mr. Lander arose from his having so readily swallowed the fetish draught during his former residence at Badagry, and which caused the king and all his subjects to treat him "as the wonderful man it would be dangerous to insult." Badagry had suffered from the effect of a severe fire which destroyed half the town, and reduced the miserable inhabitants to the greatest distress.—*United Service Journal.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CHRISTMAS.

JOHN SELDEN in his *Table Talk*, says "*Christmas* succeeds the *Saturnalia*, the same time, the same number of holydays, then the master waited upon the servant like the Lord of Misrule—our sports and our meats (much of them) have relation to church works. The coffin of our *Christmas*-pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the crotch; our choosing kings and queens on *Twelfth*-Night, hath reference to the three kings. So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lents, &c. they are all in imitation of church works, emblems of martyrdom. Our Tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; tho' at the same time 'twas always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew."

ROMAN MODE OF BALLOT.

THREE ballots were given to each judge, marked one with an A for *absolvo, I absolve;* a second with a C for *condemno, I condemn;* and the third with N L which stood for *non liquet,* it is not clear. One or other of these, each judge, according to his judgment, put into an urn, and the prætor acquitted or condemned the criminal, according to the respective number of these letters. If the suffrages for acquitting and condemning were equal, the accused was always acquitted.

When a new law was proposed, or an amendment of an old one was in agitation, each voter had two ballots put into his hand, the one marked A signifying *antiquo,* or *antiquam volo, I like the old way;* and the other marked U R for *uti rogas, as you desire;* and his suffrage was given, by putting the one, or the other into the urn. P. T. W.

GOOD SIGNS.

WHERE *spades* grow bright, and idle *swords* grow dull,
Where *jails* are empty, and where *barns* are full,
Where *church*-paths are with frequent feet out-worn,
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where *doctors* foot it, and where *farmers* ride,
Where *age* abounds, and *youth* is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, a well-govern'd state.
R. P. C.

To kiss the hand of a pretty woman after her lips, is like the practice of children, who when they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the fruit.—*Selden.*

Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—"Totus mundus agit histrionem."

JONSON.

IF but *stage-actors* all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

SHAKSPEARE.

Little or much of what we see we do;
We're all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

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