
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

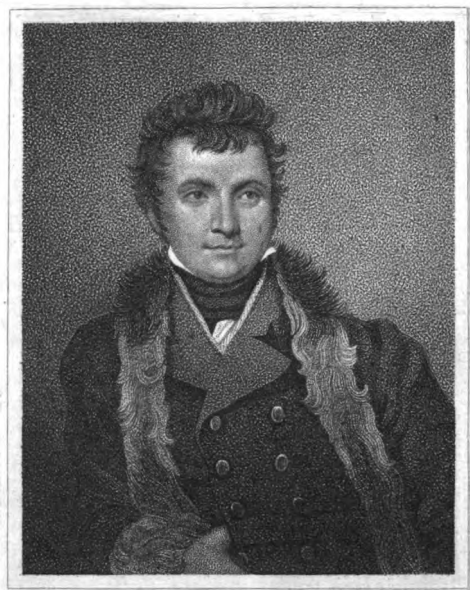
GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





Per. 2705 d. $\frac{407}{6}$



CAPT. W. E. PARRY, R. N.

Published by I. Lumby, 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. VI.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1825.

1871



PREFACE.

WITH a deep and grateful sense of the very liberal and unprecedented patronage with which the MIRROR has been honoured, the SIXTH VOLUME is now offered to the Public; and unless the Editor is deceived, it will be found to possess all those claims which first recommended it to public notice, and created a perfectly new era in the history of periodical literature, more important than any that has occurred since the invention of printing. The pledge we first gave, that the MIRROR would "afford the most useful instruction, and the most amusement, at the lowest price possible," has not only been redeemed, but its example has led to the throwing open the gates of knowledge to the humblest classes of society: in the point of cheapness, it is however yet as unrivalled, as the Editor hopes it will be found to be in merit.

These observations may perhaps be deemed egotistical by those who do not join in the daily prayer of the Weaver of Kilmarnoch, whose daily invocation and toast was, "the Lord gie us a gude conceit o' oursels." Had the weaver been either author or editor, he would have found such a prayer unnecessary, particularly so far as relates to a preface; for we should as soon expect a Court of Justice without litigants, or a London Gazette without a bankrupt, as to find a preface that did not, however attempted to be disguised, betray the good opinion the writer entertained of his own production. If, therefore, we possess this frailty of editorial nature, we must confess we owe it to the partiality the Public has manifested towards us; and if we are, like the honest weaver of Kilmarnoch, to consider "a gude conceit o' oursels" a blessing, we should be extremely ungrateful if we did not acknowledge, that it is to the patrons of the MIRROR we are indebted for that blessing; the kind reception we received in our first essay, and the extensive and constantly increasing support we receive now, when our work has approached its seventh volume, would serve as an excuse for vanity in any one not insensible of public favour. More than six months ago, Mr. Brougham, in his pamphlet on the Education of the Lower Classes, after praising the MIRROR for the taste it displayed, and "the improving amusement," and "information of a most instructive kind" it contained, truly stated, that of some parts upwards of eighty thousand copies had been sold: should this learned and enlightened statesman, lawyer, and senator, publish another edition, he might considerably add to the number of copies of the MIRROR he stated had been sold; and he might add as a fact, what he stated as a necessary consequence, that the great circulation of the MIRROR "*must prove highly beneficial to the bulk of the people.*"

Of the present volume of the MIRROR, it is not necessary to say much, for we trust it *will* speak for itself, to those who have not watched its progress from week to week. In point of originality, spirit and variety, we trust it has rather advanced than retrograded. Our correspondents, if not more numerous, have perhaps acquired a more intimate knowledge of our plan, and have therefore been better enabled to assist it; to them we owe much—more indeed than we can express, but we trust they will feel, in some degree, flattered, when we state that their contributions to the MIRROR have generally received a considerable portion of public approbation. The engravings in this volume of the MIRROR will be found to be on interesting subjects, well executed; some of them are from original drawings, with which we have been kindly favoured, and we not only take this opportunity of thanking our present contributors in this way, but of inviting others; drawings of buildings of general interest, and autographs of distinguished individuals, will always be acceptable. In conclusion, we have only again to thank our readers for their past and present support, and to invite its continuance, assuring them that “though ’tis not in mortals to command success,” we will endeavour to deserve, and even increase that which we have hitherto obtained.

London, December 26, 1825.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

IN THE SIXTH VOLUME.

Portrait of CAPTAIN PARRY, R. N., engraved on Steel.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Scale Force in Cumberland | 22. Palace of Versailles. |
| 2. Seven Droog Castle. | 23. York Minster. |
| 3. New Asylum, Lambeth. | 24. Doncaster Gold Cup. |
| 4. Lancaster Castle. | 25. Tablet to the Memory of Byron. |
| 5. House in which Butler was Born. | 26. Buckingham House. |
| 6. Ancient Crosses in Cheshire. | 27. Birth-place of Anne Boleyn. |
| 7. Church of St. Germain's. | 28. Tomb of Virgil. |
| 8. Cowper's Monument. | 29. Rochester Castle. |
| 9. St. Katharine's Church. | 30. Robin Hood's Race. |
| 10. The maze in Hampton-Court. | 31. The Escorial in Spain. |
| 11. Brighton Chain Pier. | 32. Blenheim. |
| 12. Dale Abbey, Derbyshire. | 33. Cambrian Vase. |
| 13. House in which Rousseau was Born. | 34. Fort of Outredroog in India. |
| 14. Fountain of the Elephant. | 35. Mold Church, Flintshire. |
| 15. Free-school at Holt. | 36. Burmese State Carriage. |
| 16. Autographs. | 37. New Buildings for the High School, Edinburgh. |
| 17. Residence of Goldsmith. | 38. Mount of Olives. |
| 18. Remains of the Savoy Palace. | 39. Bridge of Sighs. |
| 19. St. Paul's Cathedral. | 40. Captain Parry, R. N. |
| 20. Autograph of George III. | |
| 21. Sir Isaac Newton's House. | |

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLVIII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Scale Force, in Cumberland.



It is worthy of remark, that Englishmen make long and often fatiguing journeys to examine the beauties of other lands, while they scarcely ever take any steps to view the rich treasures of landscape scenery which they possess in their own country. We trust that our endeavours will ultimately tend to throw the balance

VOL. VI. B

on the other side, for which we are fully provided with materials.

Scale Force,* in Cumberland, on the banks of the Lake of Crommock Water, offers to the spectator a fine specimen of a grand and picturesque cascade. The

* Force, in the northern counties, always signifies a steep fall of waters.

stream which produces it issues from a tarn or small lake, at the head of a neighbouring volcanic mountain, called Red Pike, and, after tumbling for a mile down its rugged sides, precipitates itself into an awful chasm at one leap, from a height of a hundred and sixty-eight feet. It then runs over fallen fragments of rock for a distance of twenty yards, to the face of the perpendicular mountain, where it forms another fall, and then flows gently into the lake. The deep sound of the falling waters, the blackness of the rock worn bare by continual friction, and the lively green of many beautiful trees growing out from its numerous fissures, contribute to make this spot one of uncommon interest. It is on a much less scale than the falls of the Rhine or the Rhone; but it is just that measure of grandeur which the eye can comprehend, and the mind associate with its finest feelings. It is visited from Buttermere, distant a mile and a half. The engraving we now give is taken from a fine drawing by Mr. W. M. Craig (an artist whose pencil has often enriched the MIRROR), in the collection of the Duke of Marlborough.

ANECDOTES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND THE CRUSADEERS.

IN Number CXLIX. of the MIRROR, which will appear on Saturday, the 2nd of July, we have inserted an abridgment of the TALISMAN, the second of "The Tales of the Crusaders;" and we avail ourselves of the space left us in the present Number, to give some anecdotes of Richard I., who is so important a personage in the tale of the TALISMAN, and of the Crusades on which it is founded. On some future occasion we may be induced to give a history of the Crusades, convinced as we are with Dr. Robertson, "that every circumstance which tends to explain or give any rational account of this extraordinary phrenzy of the human mind must be interesting."

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

IN 1090, Richard I. King of England, and Philip Augustus, King of France, joined their forces and went into Syria. Philip, however, soon returned to his kingdom; but the valiant Richard Cœur de Lion remained in Palestine. Philip was rendered jealous of the glory which Richard had acquired by the siege and conquest of Ptolemais; he therefore pleaded indisposition, and returned to France, leaving with the King of England a body of ten thousand men, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy;

with these, Richard attacked the troops of Saladin, over whom he obtained a complete victory, and took the city of Ascalon.

The laws made by Richard for the preservation of good order in his fleet when he was sailing to Palestine were as follows:—He that kills a man on board shall be tied to the body and thrown into the sea. If he kills one on land, he shall be buried with the same. If it be proved that any one has drawn a knife to strike another, or has drawn blood, he shall lose his hand. If he strike with his fist, without effusion of blood, he shall be thrice plunged into the sea. If a man insult another with opprobrious language, so often as he does it, to give so many ounces of silver. A man convicted of theft, to have his head shaved, and to be tarred and feathered on the head, and to be left on the first land the ship shall come to. Richard appointed officers to see these laws executed with rigour, two of which officers were bishops.

Numerous anecdotes are related of the bravery of Richard. One day, he, at the head of only seventeen horsemen, and a small body of foot, was attacked and surrounded by the sultan's army; the party of Richard maintained their ground with so much valour, that the Turks and Saracens drew back, quite astonished and terrified: their leader found it impossible to make them renew the attack. Richard had that day ridden along the whole line of the enemy, and dared them all to a single combat with him; but in vain, for they were all too much intimidated at his surprising courage, for any one to venture to attack him singly. Had this circumstance been related by his own men only, or by some English historians, it might rather reasonably have been discredited; but an Arabian writer of the life of Saladin would scarcely tell so much of the prowess of an enemy, was not the account a fact.

Richard now drew near to Jerusalem with an intention of conquering and restoring it to the Christians; but all the chiefs of the crusading parties, himself excepted, were fatigued with the hardships they had undergone; a long absence from their native country induced each of them to wish to return. The disappointed Richard was obliged to conclude a truce with the Sultan Saladin (or, as it is more commonly spelt by the Arabian writers, Saladedin), wherein it was agreed that the cities he had gained from Saladin should remain in the hands of the Christians, and that the Pilgrims should have liberty to perform their vows at Jerusalem unmolested. The truce was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks,

three days, and three hours. After this Saladin died: he was on the whole a man of great generosity, and possessed many other shining qualities.

Richard was so eager to raise money when he went to the Crusade, that on some one remonstrating what a large expense he had been at, Richard replied, "I would sell London itself could I find a purchaser."

THE SULTAN SALADIN.

THE following anecdote of the magnanimity of Saladin does much honour to his memory:—At his return from the siege of Monsol, in Syria, he seized the whole Lordship of Epessa, in opposition to the right of Nasir Eddin, the young Prince, who claimed it, on pretence that the late father of the youth had forfeited it by giving countenance to some confederacies against the sultan's interest. Saladin ordered that proper care should be taken of the education of the young prince. One day, wishing to know what progress he had made in his learning, he ordered the prince to be brought before him, and asked him what part of the Alcoran he was reading. "I am come," said the youth, to the astonishment of all present, "to that verse, which informs me that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a king, but a tyrant." The sultan was much startled and surprised at the prince's answer; but after some time and recollection, he returned him this reply, "He who speaks with this resolution, cannot fail of acting with as much courage: I therefore restore you the possessions of your father, lest I should be taught to fear a virtue I only reverence."

It is said of Saladin, that at the siege of Alexandria, he was so much struck and pleased with the valour of a Christian knight, constable of Jerusalem, called Humphrey de Thoron, that he requested to be knighted by him, which by the leave of the king was immediately granted, with every mark of esteem and confidence due to his valour, and the noble defence he had made during the siege.

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

THE Siege of Acre, during the third crusade, towards the close of the twelfth century, is one of the most memorable recorded in history. The place was invested by two thousand horse and thirty thousand foot. The siege lasted two years, and consumed, in a narrow space, the forces of Europe and Asia. Never did the flame of enthusiasm burn with fiercer and more destructive rage. At the sound of the holy trumpet, the moslems of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the Oriental

provinces, assembled under the servant of the prophet; his camp was pitched within a few miles of Acre; and he laboured night and day for the relief of his brethren, and the annoyance of the Franks. Nine battles, not unworthy of the name, were fought in the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel, with such vicissitude of fortune, that in one attack the Sultan forced his way into the city, and in one sally the Christians penetrated the royal tent. By means of divers and pigeons, a regular correspondence was maintained with the besieged; and as often as the sea was left open, the exhausted garrison was withdrawn, and a fresh supply was poured into the place. The Latin camp was thinned by famine, the sword, and the climate; but the tents of the dead were replenished with new pilgrims, who exaggerated the strength and speed of their approaching countrymen. The vulgar were astonished by the report, that the Pope himself, with an innumerable crusade, was advanced as far as Constantinople. The march of the emperor filled the east with more serious alarms. At length, in the spring of the second year, the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the Bay of Acre, and the siege was more vigorously prosecuted by the youthful emulation of the two kings, Philip Augustus, and Richard the First. After every resource had been tried, and every hope was exhausted, the defenders of Acre submitted to their fate; a capitulation was granted, but their lives and liberties were taxed at the hard conditions of a ransom of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, the deliverance of a hundred nobles, and fifteen hundred inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the holy cross. Some doubts in the agreement, and some delay in the execution, rekindled the fury of the Franks, and three thousand Moslems, almost in the Sultan's view, were beheaded by command of King Richard. By the conquest of Acre, the Latins acquired a strong town and a convenient harbour; but the advantage was most dearly purchased. The minister and historian of Saladin, computes from the report of the enemy, that their numbers, at different periods, amounted to five or six hundred thousand; that more than one hundred thousand Christians were slain; that a far greater number was lost by disease or shipwreck; and that but a small portion of this mighty host could return in safety to their native countries.

BLONDEL, THE MINSTREL.

As Blondel, the favourite minstrel of Richard, is alluded to in the *Talisman*,

the following anecdote of him, will, we doubt not, be read with interest :—

Blondel owed his fortune to Richard Cœur de Lion, and animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master (who on his return from the crusades had been imprisoned by the emperor), was resolved to go over the world, until he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when at Lintz, in Austria, he learnt that there was near that city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner, who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard: he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant who often went there to carry provisions, and questioned him; but the man was ignorant of the name and quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and the apartments were black with age; and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into the apartment.

Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several days of coming at the prisoner; but all in vain. At last, when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for so he firmly believed him to be, he recollected a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung with a loud and harmonious voice the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice which came from the castle window, say, "Continue, and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king, his master, who was confined in this dismal castle. The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, Blondel got himself hired in his place; and thus at last obtained personal access to Richard. The nobility of England were informed with all expedition of the situation of their monarch, and he was released from his confinement by the payment of a large ransom; though but for the extraordinary perseverance of the grateful Blondel he might have wasted

out his days in the prison to which he had been treacherously consigned.

The Novelist.

No. LXXIII.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

THE new novel, "The Tales of the Crusaders," in four volumes, by the author of "Waverley," has just appeared. We need not remind our readers of the great merit and popularity of the Waverley novels, or that they are almost universally attributed to Sir Walter Scott. The work which has just appeared is, we think, fully equal to any of his former efforts. It contains two Tales, the *Betrothed* and the *Talisman*, the essence of both of which we shall give in this and the next number, presenting a faithful narrative of the incidents of the story, with some of the best scenes, and the whole of the original poetry. We shall commence with

THE BETROTHED.

DURING the long period, when the Welsh Princes maintained their independence, the year 1187 was peculiarly marked as favourable to peace betwixt them and their warlike neighbours, who inhabited those formidable castles on the frontiers of the ancient British, on the ruins of which the traveller gazes with wonder. This was the time when Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the learned Giraldus de Barri, afterwards bishop of St. David's, preached the crusade from castle to castle, from town to town; awakened the inmost valleys of his native Cambria with the call to arms for recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and while he deprecated the feuds and wars of Christian men against each other, held out to the martial spirit of the age a general object of ambition and a scene of adventure, where the favour of Heaven, as well as earthly renown, was to reward the successful champions. Many Cambrian chiefs accepted the invitation, particularly Gwenwyn, the Torch of Pengwern (so called from his frequently laying the province of Shrewsbury in conflagration), who continued to exercise a precarious sovereignty over such parts of Powysland as had not been subjugated by the Mortimers. Gwenwyn not only seemed now to forget his deeply-sworn hatred against his neighbours, but was so far prevailed on by the archbishop, as to break bread and mingle in sylvan sports with his nearest, and hitherto one of his most determined enemies, the old Norman warrior, Sir Raymond Berenger, who

—sometimes beaten, sometimes victorious, but never subdued—had, in spite of Gwenwyn's hottest incursions, maintained his Castle of Garde Doloureuse, upon the marches of Wales. Gwenwyn had never been able, by force or stratagem, to gain this castle, of which he had a hundred times vowed the demolition, as well as the death of Raymond; yet the archbishop prevailed on Gwenwyn to entertain Raymond at his palace for a week, and then return the visit, during the ensuing Christmas, with a chosen, but limited train.

At this banquet the mountain chieftain sees and loves the beautiful Eveline Benger, the sole child of his host, aged only sixteen, and the most beautiful damsel upon the Welsh marches, in maintenance of whose charms many a spear had already been shivered, particularly by Hugo de Lacy, constable of Chester. Though married himself, Gwenwyn immediately determined, with the aid of the church, to divorce his own princess, Brengwain, a childless bride, and, by espousing Eveline, to gain possession not only of her matchless person, but of the fortress which was so much the object of his ambition. Gwenwyn ordered his chaplain, Hugo, to take the necessary steps for a divorce; but still he was doubtful of the new match being acceptable to the elders and nobles of his dominions; and, in order to propitiate them, he invited large numbers to partake of a princely festivity at his castle.

The banquet was spread in a long, low hall, built of rough wood lined with shingles, having a fire at each end, the smoke of which, unable to find its way through the imperfect vents in the roof, rolled in cloudy billows above the heads of the revellers, who sat on low seats, purposely to avoid its stifling fumes. The mien and appearance of the company assembled was wild, and, even in their social hours, almost terrific. Their prince himself had the gigantic port and fiery eye fitted to sway an unruly people, whose delight was in the field of battle; and the long mustachoes which he and most of his champions wore, added to the formidable dignity of his presence. Like most of those present, Gwenwyn was clad in a simple tunic of white linen cloth, a remnant of the dress which the Romans had introduced into provincial Britain; and he was distinguished by the Eudorchawg, or chain of twisted gold links, with which the Celtic tribes always decorated their chiefs. The collar, indeed, was common to chieftains of inferior rank, many of whom bore it in virtue of their birth, or had won it by military exploits; but a

ring of gold, bent around the head, intermingled with Gwenwyn's hair—for he still claimed the rank of one of three diademed princes, and his armlets and anklets, of the same metal, were peculiar to the Prince of Powys, as an independent sovereign. Two 'squires of his body, who dedicated their whole attention to his service, stood at the prince's back; and at his feet sat a page, whose duty it was to keep them warm by chafing and by wrapping them in his mantle. The same right of sovereignty which assigned to Gwenwyn his golden crownlet gave him title to the attendance of the foot-bearer, or youth, who lay on the rushes, and whose duty it was to cherish the prince's feet in his lap or bosom.

Notwithstanding the military disposition of the guests, and the risk arising from the feuds into which they were divided, few of the feasters wore any defensive armour, excepting the light goat-skin buckler, which hung behind each man's seat. On the other hand, they were well provided with stores of offensive weapons; for the broad, sharp, short, two-edged sword was another legacy of the Romans. Most added a wood-knife or poniard; and there were store of javelins, darts, bows, and arrows, pikes, halberds, Danish axes, and Welsh hooks and bills; so in case of ill-blood arising during the banquet, there was no lack of weapons to work mischief.

Twelve eminent bards graced this banquet, among whom was Cadwallon, the chief bard, who was expected to pour forth the tide of song in the banquetting-hall of his prince; but when his harp was placed before him, neither the anxious expectations of the assembled chiefs, nor even the command or entreaties of the prince himself, could extract from Cadwallon more than a short and intercepted prelude upon the instrument, the notes of which arranged themselves into an air inexpressibly mournful, and died away in silence. The prince frowned darkly on the bard, who again attempted to burst forth in the tide of song, but the effort was in vain—he declared that his right hand was withered, and pushed the instrument from him.

A murmur went 'round the company, and Gwenwyn read in their aspects that they received the unusual silence of Cadwallon on this high occasion as a bad omen. He called hastily on a young and ambitious bard named Carador, of Menwygent, and summoned him to sing something which might command the applause of his sovereign and the gratitude of the company. The young man was ambitious, and understood the arts of a

courtier. He commenced a poem, in which, although under a feigned name, he drew such a poetic picture of Eveline Berenger, that Gwenwyn was enraptured; and while all who had seen the beautiful original at once recognised the resemblance, the eyes of the prince confessed at once his passion for the subject, and his admiration of the poet. The praises of the prince mingled with those of the Norman beauty; and "as a lion," said the poet, "can only be led by the hand of a chaste and beautiful maiden, so a chief can only acknowledge the empire of the most virtuous, the most lovely of her sex. Who asks of the noon-day sun in what quarter of the world he was born? and who shall ask of such charms as her's, to what country they owe their birth?"

Gwenwyn, in a transport of delight, tore off the golden bracelets which he wore and gave them to Carador, saying, as he looked at the silent and sullen Cadwallon, "The silent harp was never strung with golden wires." "Prince," answered the bard, whose pride was equal to that of Gwenwyn himself, "you pervert the proverb of Taliessin—it is the flattering harp which never lacked golden strings."

Gwenwyn was about to reply, when the sudden appearance of Jorworth, the messenger whom he had sent to Raymond Berenger to ask the lovely Eveline for wife, arrested his purpose. Gwenwyn demanded of him eagerly, "What news from Garde Doloureuse Jorworth of Jevan?" "I hear them in my bosom," said the son of Jevan, and with much reverence he delivered to the prince a packet bound with silk, and sealed with the impression of a swan, the ancient cognizance of the house of Berenger. Himself ignorant of reading and writing, Gwenwyn in anxious haste delivered the letter to Cadwallon, who, in the absence of the chaplain, usually acted as secretary. Cadwallon, looking at the letter, said briefly, "I read no Latin; ill betide the Norman who writes to a prince of Powys in other language than that of Britain; and well was the hour when that alone was spoken from Tintadgel to Cairleoil."

"Where is father Hugo?" said the impatient prince. "He assists in the church," replied one of the attendants, "for it is the feast of Saint ——" "Were it the feast of Saint David," said Gwenwyn, "and were the pyx between his hands, he must come up hither to me instantly."

Hugo was sent for from the church, and on his arrival was ordered to read the

letter aloud, which, after some hesitation, he proceeded to do. The letter thanked Gwenwyn for his offer, but stated, that considering the difference in blood and lineage, Raymond held it fitter to match his daughter within her own people, and that her hand had been sought by the constable of Chester, to whom a favourable answer had been returned. The letter observed, that "the sheep and the goats feed together in peace on the same pastures, but they mingle not in blood, or race the one with the other."

Gwenwyn was indignant; his fury seemed too big for utterance, when the silence was broken by a few notes from the hitherto mute harp of Cadwallon, and he was suffered to proceed:—

"We wed not with the stranger,"—thus burst the song from the lips of the poet. "Vortigern wedded with the stranger; thence came the first woe upon Britain, and a sword upon her nobles; and a thunderbolt upon her palace. We wed not with the enslaved Saxon—the free and princely stag seeks not for his bride the heifer whose neck the yoke hath worn. We wed not with the rapacious Norman—the noble hound scorns to seek a mate from the herd of ravening wolves. When was it heard that the Cymry, the descendants of Brute, the true children of the soil of fair Britain, were plundered, oppressed, bereft of their birthright, and insulted even in their last retreats?—when, but since they stretched their hand in friendship to the stranger, and clasped to their bosoms the daughter of the Saxon? Which of the two is feared? The empty water-course of summer, or the channel of the headlong winter torrent? A maiden smiles at the summer-shrunk brook while she crosses it, but a barbed horse and his rider will fear to stem the wintry flood. Men of Mathra-val and Powys, be the dreaded flood of winter Gwenwyn, son of Cyverlock! May thy plume be the foremost of its waves!"

The assembly partook of the indignation of their prince. All thoughts of peace passed before the song of Cadwallon like dust before the whirlwind, and the unanimous shout of the assembly declared for instant war; nor were they long in carrying their resolution into effect.

It was upon the second morning after the memorable festival of Castell-Coch, that the tempest broke on the Norman frontier. At first a single, long, and keen bugle-blast, announced the approach of the enemy; presently the signals of alarm were echoed from every castle and tower on the borders of Shropshire, where every

place of habitation was then a fortress. Beacons were lighted upon crags and eminences, the bells were rung backward in the churches and towns, while the general and earnest summons to arms announced an extremity of danger which even the inhabitants of that unsettled country had not hitherto experienced.

Raymond Berenger, suspecting that such would be the result of his letter, had sent messengers to the vassals who occupied the frontier towers, to be on the alert, that he might receive instant notice of the approach of the enemy. While Gwenwyn was at Garde Doloureuse, he significantly looked at the battlements, as if he thought in them consisted the strength of Raymond, who, fired at such an insinuation, declared, if ever the Cymry came in hostile fashion, he would meet him in the plain; and, although Dennis Morolt, his favourite 'squire, and Wilkin Flammock, a brave but blunt Flamish artisan, endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash an act, yet he would not be persuaded.

Wilkin is left in command of all the defences of the castle; and Raymond prepared to descend to certain destruction without the walls, out of an exact and chivalrous notion of honour, in strict conformity with the lofty professions of knighthood in those days. Dennis still remonstrated.

"And so we will—we will fight them, my noble master," said the esquire; "fear not cold counsel from Dennis Morolt, where battle is the theme. But we will fight them under the walls of the castle, with honest Wilkin Flammock and his cross-bows on the wall to protect our flanks, and afford us some balance against the numerous odds."

"Not so, Dennis," answered his master—"in the open field we must fight them, or thy master must rank but as a man-sworn knight. Know, that when I feasted yonder wily savage in my halls at Christmas, and when the wine was flowing fastest around, Gwenwyn threw out some praises of the fastness and strength of my castle, in a manner which intimated it was these advantages alone that had secured me in former wars from defeat and captivity. I spoke in answer, when I had far better been silent; for what availed my idle boast, but as a fetter to bind me to a deed next to madness? If, I said, a prince of the Cymry shall again come, in hostile fashion before the Garde Doloureuse, let him pitch his standard down in yonder plain by the bridge, and by the word of a good knight, and the faith of a Christian man, Raymond Berenger will meet him as will-

ingly, be he many or be he few, as was ever Welshman met withal."

All remonstrances were useless. The Welsh forces pour down in overwhelming numbers; and are allowed free passage over the bridge, which could alone have formed a tenable defence for the small but gallant band of the Norman knight who now rushed to destruction, while Eveline flew to the battlements, her eyes drowned in tears, eagerly asking for her father, who had studiously avoided a parting interview. At the moment when the trumpets were blown, Berenger gave signal to the archers to discharge their arrows, and the men-at-arms to advance under a hail-storm of shafts, javelins, and stones, shot, darted, and slung by the Welsh against their steel-clad assailants. The veterans of Raymond, on the other hand, stimulated by many victorious recollections, confident in the talents of their accomplished leader, and undismayed even by the desperation of their circumstances, charged the mass of the Welshmen with their usual determined valour. It was a gallant sight to see this little body of cavalry advance to the onset, their plumes floating above their helmets, their lances in rest, and projecting six feet in length before the breasts of their coursers; their shields hanging from their necks, that their left hands might have freedom to guide their horses; and the whole body rushing on with an equal front, and a momentum of speed, which increased with every moment. Such an onset might have startled naked men (for such were the Welsh, in respect of the mail-sheathed Normans), but it brought no terrors to the ancient British, who had long made it their boast that they exposed their bare bosoms and white tunics to the lances and swords of the men-at-arms, with as much confidence as if they had been born invulnerable. It was not indeed in their power to withstand the weight of the first shock, which, breaking their ranks, densely as they were arranged, carried the barbed horses into the very centre of their host, and well nigh up to the fatal standard, to which Raymond Berenger, bound by his fatal vow, had that day conceded so much vantage-ground. But they yielded like the billows, which gave way, indeed, to the gallant ship, but only to assail her sides, and to unite in her wake. With wild and horrible clamours, they closed their tumultuous ranks around Berenger and his devoted followers, and a deadly scene of strife ensued.

The battle had raged for more than half an hour when Berenger having forced his horse within two paces of length

of the British standard, he and Gwenwyn were so near to each other as to exchange tokens of mutual defiance. "Turn thee wolf of Wales," said Berenger, "and abide if thou darest, one blow of a good knight's sword! Raymond Berenger spits at thee and thy banner."

"False Norman churl," said Gwenwyn, swinging around his head a mace of prodigious weight, and already clotted with blood, "thy iron head-piece shall ill protect thy lying tongue, with which I will this day feed the ravens."

They now advanced on each other, but ere they came within reach of each others' weapons, a Welsh champion, devoted like the Romans who opposed the elephants of Pyrrhus, finding that the armour of Raymond's horse resisted the repeated thrusts of his spear, threw himself under the animal and stabbed him in the belly with his long knife. Berenger made more than one effort to extricate himself from the fallen horse, but ere he could succeed, received his death's wound from the hand of Gwenwyn, who hesitated not to strike him down with his mace while in the act of rising. Dennis Morolt's horse had, during the whole of this bloody day, kept pace for pace and his own arm blow for blow with his master's, but when he saw him fall, his own strength by sympathy seemed to abandon him, and he also was laid prostrate among the slain.

The lady Eveline, the faithful and affectionate attendant, Rose, the daughter of Wilkin Flammock viewed the fight from the battlements. Wilkin found means to strengthen the defences and re-victual the garrison which was summoned to surrender: the wily Fleming temporized with the messenger and became suspected of treason by Father Aldrovand, a monk, who denounced Wilkin as a traitor to the lady Eveline in the chapel. This roused Rose in defence of her father, whom she brings to confront the monk. She declares that if her father prove treacherous, she will plunge herself from the Warden's Tower to the bottom of the moat, and he shall lose his own daughter for betraying his master's.

The lady Eveline made a vow in the chapel of the castle, before the shrine of the Holy Virgin, that she would reward, if needed, even with her hand, the venturesome knight who should effect their rescue; and at dawn of day she visited the battlements, and encouraged the feeble garrison to resistance, and to avenge the death of their leader and his followers. "Will the gallant champions of the cross," she said, "think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and

of orphans is in their ears?—it were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes—fight but valiantly, and, perhaps, before the very sun that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea, you will see it shining on the ranks of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welshmen wait to hear the clangour of their trumpets, or the rustling of their silken banners? Fight bravely—fight freely but awhile!—our castle is strong—our munition ample—your hearts are good—your arms are powerful—God is nigh to us, and our friends are not far distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is good and holy—fight for yourselves, for your wives, for your children, and for your property—and oh! fight for an orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but what a sense of her sorrows and the remembrance of her father may raise up among you!"

This speech made a powerful impression on all. The castle was soon attacked by the Welsh, in three divisions; the postern was the principal point of attack, and here Wilkin, like another Ajax, was working the great engine which he lately helped to erect, when he was joined by Aldrovand, who had formerly been a soldier, though he wished to conceal it.

"How thinkest thou of this day's work?" said the monk in a whisper.

"What skills it talking of it, father?" replied Flammock; "thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words."

"Nay, take thy breath," said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; "I will try to help thee whilst—although, our lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices, not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch, or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite to the cord (suiting his action to the words), nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching this spring."

The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"Well done, *trebuchet*—well flown, *quarrell*!" cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.

"And well aimed, monk," added Wilkin Flammock "I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary."

The Welsh were repulsed at all points. The great Baron de Lacy, constable of

Chester, was stationed at some distance in the marches, with a body of troops that were in that position for the avowed purpose of watching the Welsh enemy; and to him the inmates of the *Garde Douloureuse* had naturally looked for succour. It came not, however, though days had rolled on, and the beleaguered fortress was at the last extremity. Wearied with constant watchings and fatigue, Wilkin Flammock and Father Aldrovand the confessor, had laid down on the platform on the walls to slumber. Eveline and Rose kept watch for them with heavy hearts, lamenting the fatal vow which had removed from them so many who should have been their deliverers.

So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sunk down on the banquette which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, "He is gone for ever!" abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and served at the same time to prop her forehead, while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat her down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, and amid these tokens of the most devoted and humble sympathy, waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to show a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. At a little distance, the gleaming corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrate on the stone steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.

After a deep agony of many minutes, it seemed that the sorrows of Eveline were assuming a more composed character; her convulsive sobs were changed for long, low, profound sighs, and the course of her tears, though they still flowed, was milder and less violent. Her kind attendant, availing herself of these

gentler symptoms, tried softly to win the spear from her lady's grasp. "Let me be sentinel for awhile," she said, "my sweet lady—I will at least scream louder than you, if any danger should approach." She ventured to kiss her cheek, and throw her arms around Eveline's neck while she spoke; but a mute caress, which expressed her sense of the faithful girl's kind intentions to minister, if possible, to her repose, was the only answer returned. They remained for many minutes silent, and in the same posture—Eveline like an upright and slender poplar; Rose, who encircled her lady in her arms, like the woodbine which twines around it.

At length Rose suddenly felt her young mistress shiver in her embrace, and that Eveline's hand grasped her own arm rigidly as she whispered, "Do you hear nothing?" "No—nothing but the hooting of the owl," answered Rose, timorously. "I heard a distant sound," said Eveline,—"I thought I heard it—hark, it comes again—Look from the battlements, Rose, while I awaken the priest and thy father." "Dearest lady," said Rose, "I dare not—What can this sound be that is heard by one only?—You are deceived by the rush of the river." "I would not alarm the castle unnecessarily," said Eveline, pausing, "or even break your father's needful slumbers, by a fancy of mine—But hark—hark—I hear it again—distinct amidst the intermitting sound of the rushing water—a low tremulous sound, mingled with a tinkling, like smiths or armourers at work upon their anvils."

Rose had by this time sprung up on the banquette, and, flinging back her rich tresses of fair hair, had applied her hand behind her ear to collect the distant sound. "I hear it," she cried, "and it increases. Awake them, for Heaven's sake, and without a moment's delay!" Eveline accordingly stirred the sleepers with the reverse end of the lance, and as they started to their feet in haste, she whispered, in a hasty but cautious voice, "To arms—the Welsh are upon us!" "What—where?" said Wilkin Flammock, "where be they?" "Listen, and you will hear them arming," she replied. "The noise is but in thine own fancy, lady," said the Fleming, whose organs were of the same heavy character with his form and his disposition. "I would I had not gone to sleep at all, since I was to be awakened so soon!" "Nay, but listen, good Flammock—the sound of armour comes from the north-east." "The Welsh lie not in that quarter, lady," said Wilkin, "and, besides, they wear no armour." "I hear it—I hear it!" said father Aldrovand,

who had been listening for some time. "All praise to St. Benedict!—Our lady of the Garde Doloureuse has been gracious to her servants as ever!—It is the tramp of horse—it is the clash of armour the chivalry of the marches are coming to our relief—Kyrie Eleison!" "I hear something, too," said Flammock, "something like the hollow sound of the great sea, when it burst into my neighbour Klinkerman's warehouse, and rolled his pots and pans against each other. But it were an evil mistake, father, to take foes for friends—we had best rouse the people!" "Tush," said the priest, "talk to me of pots and kettles!—Was I squire of the body to count Stephen Mauleverer for twenty years, and do I not know the tramp of a war-horse, or the clash of a mail-coat?—But call the men to the walls at any rate, and have me the best drawn up in the base court—we may help them by a sally." "That will not be rashly undertaken with my consent," murmured the Fleming: "but to the wall if you will, and in good time. But keep your Normans and English silent, sir Priest, else their unruly and noisy joy will awaken the Welsh camp, and prepare them for their unwelcome visitors." The monk laid his finger on his lip in sign of intelligence, and they parted in opposite directions, each to rouse the defenders of the castle, who were soon heard drawing from all quarters to their posts upon the walls, with hearts in a very different mood than when they had descended from them. The utmost caution being used to prevent noise, the manning of the walls was accomplished in silence, and the garrison awaited in breathless expectation the success of the forces who were now rapidly advancing to their relief.

This relief proved to be the well-appointed cavalry of Hugo de Lacy, which surprised the undefended camp of the Welsh, making dreadful havoc among them. Damian Lacy, nephew of the constable, arrived at the castle, and on being introduced to Lady Eveline, stated that his noble kinsman was bound by a vow not to come beneath a roof until he embarked for the Holy Land: Damian then presented Eveline with the gold bracelets and chain of linked gold worn by the Welsh prince, Gwenwyn, whom the constable had slain in the battle. The funeral obsequies of Raymond Berger followed; in the chapel within the castle.

A rich pavilion was prepared, where Eveline meets the constable of Chester, who proposed himself for her husband, and reminded Eveline of her father's

known wish to have cemented an union between their two houses. Eveline did not dispute the fact; but had some evident scruples as to which of the de Lacys her father might have intended. She craved time to form her determination; and was honourably escorted by Hugo to the Benedictine nunnery in Gloucester, where her aunt resided, and of whose advice and protection she proposed to avail herself.

At the house of another aunt, a noble and haughty Saxon, Ermengarde, the lady of Baldringham, the Lady Eveline is forced to pass a sort of ordeal, by being shut up for one night in the mysterious chamber of the Red Finger: she is alarmed in the night, and calls for assistance, when the door is forced, and she is brought forth. The reason of Lady Eveline being put in this chamber, and the cause of alarm, is thus related at the request of Rose:—

"I know the legend but imperfectly," replied Eveline, proceeding with a degree of calmness, the result of strong exertion over her mental anxiety, "but in general it runs thus:—Baldrick, the Saxon hero, who first possessed yonder dwelling, became enamoured of a fair Briton, said to have been descended from those Druids of whom the Welsh speak so much, and deemed not unacquainted with the arts of sorcery which they practised, when they offered up human sacrifices amid those circles of unhewn and living rock, of which thou hast seen so many. After more than two years' wedlock, Baldrick became weary of his wife to such a point, that he formed the cruel resolution of putting her to death. Some say he doubted her fidelity—some that the matter was pressed on him by the church, as she was suspected of heresy—some that he removed her to make way for a more wealthy marriage—but all agree in the result. He sent two of his Cnichts to the house of Baldringham, to put to death the unfortunate Vanda, and commanded them to bring him the ring which had circled her finger on the day of wedlock, in token that his orders were accomplished. The men were ruthless in their office, they strangled Vanda in yonder apartment, and, as the hand was so swollen that no effort could bring off the ring, they obtained possession of it by severing the finger. But long before the return of those cruel perpetrators of her death, the shadow of Vanda had appeared before her appalled husband, and, holding up to him her bloody hand, made him fearfully sensible how well his savage commands had been obeyed. After haunting him in peace and war, in desert, court, and

case, until he died despairingly on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the bahr-geat, or ghost of the murdered Vanda, became so terrible in the house of Bald-ingham, that the succour of Saint Dunstan himself was scarce sufficient to put bounds to her visitation. Yea, the blessed saint, when he had succeeded in her exorcism, did, in requital of Baldrick's crime, impose a strong and enduring penalty upon every female descendant of the house in the third degree; namely, that once in their lives, and before their twenty-first year, they should each spend a solitary night in the chamber of the murdered Vanda, saying therein certain prayers, as well for her repose as for the suffering soul of her murderer. During that awful space, it is generally believed that the spirit of the murdered person appears to the female who observes the vigil, and shows some sign of her future good or bad fortune. If favourable, she appears with a smiling aspect, and crosses them with her unbloodied hand; but she announces evil fortune by showing the hand from which the finger was severed, with a stern countenance, as if resenting upon the descendant of her husband his inhuman cruelty. Sometimes she is said to speak."

Rose inquired what she saw:—

"Aye, there's the question," said Eveline, raising her hand to her brow—"how I could witness that which I distinctly saw, yet be able to retain command of thought and intellect!—I had recited the prescribed devotions for the murderer and his victim, and sitting down on the couch which was assigned me, had laid aside such of my clothes as might impede my rest; I had surmounted in short, the first shock which I experienced in committing myself to this mysterious chamber, and I hoped to pass the night in slumber as sound as my thoughts were innocent. But I was fearfully disappointed. I cannot judge how long I had slept, when my bosom was oppressed by an unusual weight, which seemed at once to stifle my voice, stop the beating of my heart, and prevent me from drawing my breath; and when I looked up to discover the cause of this horrible suffocation, the form of the murdered British matron stood over my couch, taller than life, shadowy, and with a countenance where traits of dignity and beauty were mingled with a fierce expression of vengeful exultation. She held over me the hand which bore the bloody marks of her husband's cruelty, and seemed as if she signed the cross, devoting me to destruction; while with an unearthly tone she uttered these words:—

"Widow'd wife and married maid,
Betroth'd, betrayer, and betray'd!"

The phantom stooped over me as she spoke, and lowered her gory fingers, as if to touch my face, when, terror giving me the power of which at first it deprived me, I screamed aloud; the casement of the apartment was thrown open with a loud noise—and—But what signifies my telling all this to thee, Rose, who show so plainly, by the movement of eye and lip, that you consider me as a silly and childish dreamer!"

After a four months' residence at the nunnery, Eveline, with a reluctant heart, but from a principle of strict duty to the memory, even, of her father, and still more from a sense of what she owed to her vow; consented to wed the constable. Every preparation was made; when, on the day of the *fanciailles*, Damian, who had been long consuming with his hopeless passion, managed to evade the vigilance of his medical attendants, presented himself at the nunnery, and overcome by his emotions, swooned away just as his uncle and the young Eveline return from the ceremony of the Betrothal.

Hugo observed the tender assiduity with which Eveline almost unconsciously assisted the unhappy young soldier, and gently removing her from the spot, directed especial care to be taken of Damian, who was carried to his chamber. But at this juncture Hugo himself was cited before the archbishop Baldwin, and after many struggles of honour, friendship, love, pride, and glory, convinced by the prelate that he was bound instantly to depart, in pursuance of his vow for the Holy Land, and that he could not as a true son of the church, complete, with that vow yet unfulfilled, the ceremony of his espousals. In order the better to work on the feelings of the constable, the archbishop even intimated that the indisposition of his nephew, Damian, was owing to his own breach of promise. The constable had scarcely fallen on his knees, when Renault Vidal, a fantastically dressed buffoon and minstrel arrives, and announces that Damian was out of danger; this the artful archbishop declared to be a miracle. Vidal refused to accept of any reward for his good news, and was ordered to call on the constable afterwards. In the course of the night, the constable was saluted with the following serenade:—

"Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,

That they promise future story,
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror
Ever are the morning's mirror.

"Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore:
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

"Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror."

The singer proved to be Vidal, who asked leave to accompany De Lacy to the Holy Land, and obtains permission.

The constable, who had promised not to prosecute his union with Eveline farther, but to proceed to the Holy Land for three years, had now to make the lady acquainted with this change in his destiny, and found her ready to yield to his wishes, and defer the union; but her aunt, the abbess, strongly urged that her niece should be released from all obligations, and both parties be at liberty to marry as they pleased. To this the constable would not consent, nor did Eveline wish it.

The constable, overjoyed with the successful manner in which he had extricated himself, made preparations for his journey, and on retiring to rest ordered his new minstrel, Vidal, to sing to him, and "The Truth of Woman" was given. After a short prelude, the minstrel obeyed, by singing as follows:—

"Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

"I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken;
Again her word and troth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night."

The charge of the Castle of Garde Doloureuse and the protection of the lady Eveline is consigned to Damian de Lacy. The period in which the constable was to take leave of his affianced bride now arrived, and he told her that, if in three years he returned not, she might conclude the grave had closed on De Lacy, and seek out for her mate some happier man.

After some time had passed in which the Castle of Garde Doloureuse, which rather resembled the gloom of a convent than a hall of banquettes, as in the lifetime of Raymond, a travelling merchant arrived at the castle with some falcons, and the lady was induced to ride out a hawking; the party were long before they found game, and rode to a greater distance than was prudent, when a heron was started, and struck by one of the falcons, and the lady Eveline rode on to assist the falcon, when, on dismounting, she was seized by a wild form, who exclaimed in Welsh, that he seized her as a *waif* for hawking on the demesnes of Dawfyd with one eye: more than a score of others, well armed, appeared, and the Lady Eveline had a bandage put over her eyes, and was carried off, her attendants being unable to rescue her. She was hurried over hill and dale, and, though not insulted, was forced into a subterranean cavern, which she could only enter by creeping in on her hands and knees: no sooner had she entered, than the passage was closed up with stones. Soon after the trampling of horse, the clashing of weapons, and the screams of combatants, were heard; and Eveline, thinking that her friends had rallied, and driven off the Welsh, made great exertions to remove the barrier which obstructed her going out; with a poniard she cleared away the earth and sods, and thus obtained a glimmering light and a supply of pure air. She called for assistance, and was answered, from without, by the faint voice of one who seemed just awakened from a swoon; this proved to be Damian de Lacy, who had been severely wounded. Flammock and his party came up and the lady was rescued. Damian was borne, despite the remonstrances of Rose, into the castle, and carefully tended by order of Eveline, as her preserver, and the nephew of her betrothed husband: but the young man, who had first allowed her to be surprised, and, secondly, neglected to succour a little body of English at a station which he ought to have been at when he flew in another direction to the rescue of Eveline, —became utterly inconsolable at what he deemed to be the loss of his honour, and such a prey to disease, that he was unable to raise himself from his bed.

Symptoms of insubordination manifested themselves in the garrison of the castle of the Garde Doloureuse, which, however, were subdued by a well-timed and spirited address of the Lady Eveline. In the mean time the three years' absence of De Lacy elapsed without Eveline taking any advantage of the privilege she possessed, when the castle was threatened with new dangers. Randal de Lacy, a sort of out-cast of the family, took advantage of the absence of the constable and raised a body of five hundred men, with which he joined the king: an insurrection broke out in Cheshire, and Damian was accused of having excited it. Monthermer, the hereditary enemy of the house of Lacy, appeared before the castle, and demanded entrance in the king's name, or that Damian should be given up. This Eveline refused, when Monthermer called forth his pursuivant, who proclaimed Eveline Berenger guilty of high treason.

More than three months elapsed after this event, when two travellers, in the garb of pilgrims, approached the castle; these proved to be the constable, Hugo de Lacy, and his squire, Guarine, who had been wrecked on the Welsh coast, and saved by the ingenuity of the minstrel, Vidal.

The King, Henry, now moved to this part of the country to press the siege of the castle in person, when Wilkin Flammock proceeded to his majesty's tent to arrange terms of capitulation; it was, however, carried by assault, Damian thrown into a dungeon, and the Lady Eveline confined to her apartments; Randal Lacy having reported that Hugo de Lacy was dead, was appointed by the king, constable of Chester, and attempted to get possession of Eveline. He had, as a pedlar, introduced himself several times to the castle, and was, in fact, the pretended merchant with the falcons, who induced Eveline to go out hunting, and endangered her safety when saved by Damian.

The constable now proceeded to the castle, leaving Vidal to remain at Battle-bridge, a place of rendezvous previously fixed, and where he amused himself by chanting the following lay:—

"I asked of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords?'

And she replied, 'The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.'

A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of
wormwood;

The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the
wolf rangeth the mountain;

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered
on the anvil,

'Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-
brand?'

'I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in
the pleasant greenwood.'

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"I asked the green oak of the assembly, where-
fore its boughs were like the horns of the
stag?

And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed
its roots.

The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the
wicket of the castle at midnight.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

"Lightning destroyeth temples, though their
spires pierce the clouds;

Storms destroy armadas, though their sails in-
tercept the gale.

He that in his glory falleth, and that by no strong
enemy.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth."

A procession issued from the castle, and Vidal, who was always suspected of some dark design, inquired the object of it; he was told the constable of Chester was about to present the charter the king had conferred on Flammock. Vidal went to witness the ceremony. The constable, with his back to Vidal, was in the act of bending from his horse to deliver the royal charter to Flammock, who had knelt on one knee to receive it. His posture occasioned the constable to stoop very low, when at this moment Vidal threw himself with singular agility over the heads of the Flemings, who guarded the circle, and ere an eye could twinkle, his right knee was on the croup of the constable's horse—the grasp of his left hand on the collar of De Lacy's buff coat, then clinging to his prey like a tiger, after its leap he drew a short, sharp dagger and buried it in the back of the neck. The blow was struck with the utmost accuracy of aim and strength of arm. The unhappy horseman dropped from his saddle, on which sat his murderer brandishing the bloody poniard and urging the horse to speed. Vidal was seized and brought before the king, when Guarine identified him as a household minstrel of his masters.

"Thou art deceived, Norman," said the minstrel; "my menial place and base lineage were but assumed—I am Cadwallon, the Briton—Cadwallon of the Nine Lays—Cadwallon the chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powys-land—and his avenger!"

As he uttered the last word, his looks encountered those of a palmer, who had

gradually advanced from the recess in which the attendants were stationed, and now confronted him. The Welshman's eyes looked so eagerly ghastly as if flying from their sockets, while he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, "Do the dead come before monarchs? Or, if thou art alive, *whom* have I slain? I dreamed not, surely, of that bound, and of that home blow? Yet my victim stands before me! Have I not slain the constable of Chester?" "Thou hast indeed slain the constable," answered the king; "but know, Welshman, it was Randal de Lacy, on whom that charge was this morning conferred, by our belief of our loyal and faithful Hugh de Lacy having been lost upon his return from the Holy Land, as the vessel in which he had taken passage was reported to have suffered shipwreck. Thou hast cut short Randal's brief elevation by a few hours; for to-morrow's sun would have again seen him without land or lordship."

The prisoner dropped his head on his bosom in evident despair. "I thought," he murmured, "that he had changed his blough, and come forth so glorious all too soon. May the eyes drop that were cheated with those baubles, a plumed cap and a lacquered baton!"

He was asked why he had dipped his hands in the blood of a noble Norman; "because he at whom I aimed my blow," said the Briton, his eye glancing fiercely from the king to De Lacy, and back, "had spilled the blood of the descendant of a thousand kings; to which his own gore, or thine, proud Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the silver fountain."

Vidal confessed that he had long meditated the constable's death, but the vigilance of Philip Guarine, or the sacred character of his being God's soldier, protected him. When he might have suffered by shipwreck, or among the Welsh, Cadwallon saved him, as he said, because he would not suffer either wave or Welshman to share in his revenge. Vidal, notwithstanding the intercession of the constable, was sent to execution. These doings were told to the Lady Eveline; and Damian, confined in a dreary dungeon, received a vague intimation to prepare for a change of dwelling, which he construed into an intention to send him to death: he therefore asked for a confessor, and a pilgrim was admitted, who stated that he was returned from the Holy Land, where his uncle was taken prisoner. He added, that the only condition of his ransom was, that with the first portion of money, the nearest of kin, and next heir

of De Lacy, must be placed in his hands as a hostage. Damian doubly bewailed his imprisonment, which thus prevented him from serving his uncle; and the palmer having made full proof of Damian's affection, produced his pardon from the king, threw off his mask, and stood forth—the constable. He told Damian he must put on his best array, and be present at the marriage of the Lady Eveline; this his nephew would gladly evade, until told that she was to be Damian's bride—the church, the king, and the lady having all given their sanction. The union took place, the king honouring the ceremony with his presence. The faithful Rose was united to Amelot, Damian's squire, old Flammock having been previously created a gentleman by coat armour. The constable soon after accepted a high command in the troops destined to invade Ireland, and his name is found among the highest in the roll of the chivalrous Normans who first united that fair island to the English crown. Eveline was restored to her castle and rewarded all her faithful servants, and thus with her unhoped for union with Damian ended the trials and sorrows of THE BETROTHED.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP CONTRASTED.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THESE two master passions of the human heart admit, perhaps, of greater diversity in their operations than any other tendency of which it is susceptible; duly exercised they rouse into action the noblest faculties of our nature, and direct them to the most generous and exalted purposes.

The frequent observation that friendship is akin to love, may be true, perhaps, with reference to the infancy of attachments, as these must have an origin somewhat more dispassionate than in their established character is needful. Love influences by sympathy, exciting a mutual harmony of feeling that first assumes the guise of friendship; but this sentiment is far otherwise than stationary or permanent; it must strengthen or subside in rational minds. We allude not to the operation of those selfish impulses that reconcile some to the abandonment of genuine goodness of heart and intellectual merit exclusively for worldly acquisitions, but to the unbiased feelings which give to every quality its relative value; for without this due estimate of the requisites for human happiness, experience proves to every reflecting mind

that wealth and aggrandisement, merely, constitute no recompense for the delightful interchange of that affectionate regard which emanates from the finer sensibilities of our nature; not that they are to be contemned, being, in fact, as essential to true enjoyment as intellectual worth and an amiable disposition.

Friendship, we fear, can only be truly spoken of in relation to man; hardly ever does it exist in a sincere and solid manner in the bosom of a female; for they are, if not formed by nature, yet certainly modelled and fashioned by education and society, to receive and nurture, almost exclusively, that lively passion of the human breast which we designate love.

There are two periods of life when our sex are susceptible of friendship—in the decline, and in the very spring of existence; in the former, the hey-day of the blood is over and it waits upon the judgment; in the latter it has not commenced, and the vacant heart receives any image rather than remain in unwarmed vacuity; but no sooner does that period arrive when the expanding feelings tend all to one point—when the restless soul looks abroad and seeks, perhaps vainly, for some object where it can fix its resting place—some being who shall stretch his arms to catch the wanderer and fill the aching void. No sooner does that period arrive than all that was before given to friendship is converted into love; the conversation of her companions become cold and insipid; their gaiety is tasteless; their wit is dull; the sun has beamed above the horizon, and all the little stars that before glimmered in the hemisphere look pale and fade away.

Woman turns to man as to her support, her friend, and her protector; it is beneath his shade that she would take root; there flourish, there fade, there perish! In the morn of life, when she is just setting forth upon her journey, she seeks her companion; those who were before dear to her are no longer so; they too are employed in the same pursuit. The much desired object found, her throbbing heart is at rest; she leans upon his bosom and glides with him down the rough stream of life. In her bosom there is no room for effective friendship; it would draw her from the more important duties of her state; nature providentially foresaw this and ordained that she should fix her whole soul on man and their mutual offspring. In all ages she is born a dependant being, and the consciousness of this, the knowledge of her weakness, impels her to love that power by which she is enabled to

tyrannise over the tyrant, to make the tyrant the slave.

In a bosom so occupied, friendship can be nothing but an empty name; yet I grant there are exceptions, but they are rare and do not refute the assertion; they only demonstrate that in peculiar minds discordant principles may accidentally associate.

But in man friendship has been, a stately and vigorous plant; in his luxurious soil it has blossomed into beauty and strength; the roots have struck deep in his bosom, and beneath its spreading branches not only woman has found her shelter and her rest, but its ample shade has embraced the feelings of the kindred sex. Twined with the parent stem, we have found courage, constancy, and truth, mingled with the budding foliage—kindness, hope, desire; and the goodly whole has shewn so fair a sight that the eye looks back with wonder and delight to where it flourished once in pride and splendour. There have been times when friendship was the dearest tie that ever bound man to man; when the sweet intercourse of heart and mind was apparent in every step of life, smoothed the rugged path, rendered the bright more charming, and gave an added lustre to the sun that shone around; when all was tributary to that sacred feeling, and he who called himself a friend, felt a prouder sentiment swelling at his heart, pointing to higher virtues than he could attain alone, and identified him with another soul, another body! In the smile of his friend he read the applause of the world; in his frown he saw the reproaches of his own conscience; they were as a mirror to each other in which they beheld the slightest spot; to live with him was joy, to live for him was bliss yet higher, and to die for him has been thought a height of rapture that left the soul no wish unsatisfied. Such unalloyed friendship history records, and of men too whom we ungraciously style barbarians, of men possessing such energy of soul, such exalted virtue, such an indifference to every thing affecting corporeal sense, as to fill us with wonder at man's noble capacity of endurance. All this hath sprung from that generous impulse of the heart, which among men, we term friendship; but which in the gentler sex assumes a warmer complexion, and gradually ripens into love.

To believe that the ordinary acceptance of these terms implies their pure and unalloyed existence in the bosoms of those who profess such feelings, would indicate but a slight knowledge of human nature; that friendship is scarce

which will surmount the test of misfortune; convenient affection and conditional sincerity are common, provided they interfere with no pleasures and require no temporary humiliation of feeling. The generality among mankind are willing to give a feeble assistance while the sun glimmers above the horizon; they will lend their arm to prevent a fall while it compels no personal sacrifice, but in the season when their succour would be invaluable to the sufferer needing their assistance, the duty is either unwillingly discharged, or regarded as an irksome office that intrudes on other avocations less imperative, but more in consonance with inclination.

Happy for human nature is it that such feelings are not universal, every one's observation leaves no room to doubt their existence; such friendship is but mere selfish, partial, worldly acquaintance, and a gross perversion of that sacred term. Alluding rather to what friendship ought to be than what it is, it must be allowed that love carries the palm in intensity; its pleasures are more ecstatic, and its hopes more fervent; it exalts, refines, nay almost deifies its object. It is accompanied too with a generosity, a nobleness of character, disinterested in the highest degree. Friendship, in short, as it now exists, is infinitely less warm and energetic; it is a kind of tacit compact between two persons to be absolutely civil, to each other, and in cases of extraordinary need, to go somewhat further than mere condolence; it is very often a cold and formal intercourse deprived of animation and destitute of strength, and not at all to be compared to the vivid, forceful, and ardent sensations of love.

JANET.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—THE VEINS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I was amusing a few of my leisure hours to-day in perusing some Numbers of the MIRROR, which I had obtained from a friend. In CXXXVI. I found an article, signed *H. B.*, on the circulation of the blood, in which he speaks of the probability of its being known even at the time of the book of Ecclesiastes being wrote by Solomon. Is not your correspondent aware that modern physiologists all allow that the ancients were acquainted with that fluid having motion, and which they compared to the tides of the sea? This was a great light thrown upon their successors; it remained for some future genius to explain the particulars of its course, and it was the illus-

trious Harvey who accomplished it: he it was who set aside the many absurd theories which were then afloat, and explained it in a manner of which all acknowledged the truth. But it was not to speak upon this subject that I now address you; it was to correct a great anatomical error which either he, or the gentleman from whom he has quoted, has committed. He says, "Dr. Clarke defines the silver cord to be the spinal marrow, from which all the nerves proceed, as itself does from the brain." Now any one who has studied the structure of the human frame would at once perceive the false impression this was sure to make on those who were unacquainted with it; the expression, "that all the nerves proceed from the spinal marrow," implies that there are none arise from any where else, when there are nine pair have their origin from the brain, from which all the senses, except that of touch, are supplied. I presume that your desire of having whatever appears in your pages strictly correct will not think this unnecessary.

May 25, 1825.

R. L. B.

ON CHATTERTON.

(For the Mirror.)

Is there a breast that heaves the sigh
When worth and madness are but one?
Is there a sympathetic eye
That weeps for Genius' martyr'd son?
There is: and, injured Chatterton,
In fancy bending o'er thy bier,
That breast bewails what thou hast done,
That eye bestows the generous tear.

Ill-fated boy! the seraph-strain
That breathed in beauty from thy lyre,
Awoke not oft, and woke in vain—
Misfortune quench'd the Muse's fire.
Could Misery's pang and Palsy's ire
Steal rapture from a soul like thine?
Could Death thy vernal form require,
Child of the soft and sky-born Nine?

Yes, Chatterton, though Science twin'd
Her fairest garland round thy brow,
Though Heaven taught thy minstrel-mind
What minstrel-minds alone can know,
Reproach, despair, and direst woe
Chill'd thy warm heart, and turn'd thy brain
And, oh! the spoiler laid thee low,
The sweetest of the gifted train.

Belov'd bard! if mortal prayer
Avals with Him who dwells on high,
Thy bright and beaming soul is there,
Thy spirit wanders in the sky!
And while the sparkling dillows lie
Around the shore that gave thee birth,
Each heart shall feel thy melody,
Each pitying bosom own thy worth.

Norwich.

R. W. BAKER

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

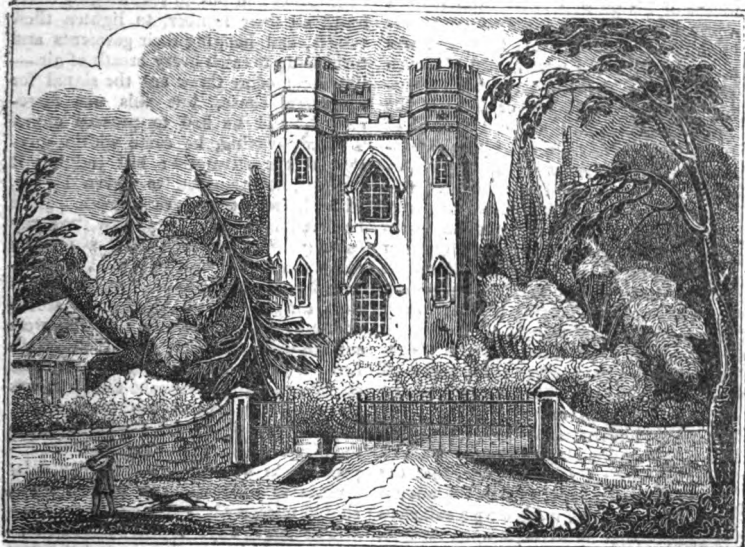
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

[No. CXLIX.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

Seven Droog Castle, Shooter's Hill.



SEVEN DROOG CASTLE, of which the above engraving presents a fine view, is situated on the brow of Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, in the county of Kent. For this view we are indebted to a drawing forwarded by a correspondent, as well as for the following account of this interesting building :—

Seven Droog Castle consists of three floors, in the lower rooms are several Indian weapons, armour, &c. brought from Seven Droog, in 1755, by Commodore James, as trophies of his victory.—The different stories are neatly fitted up, and on the ceiling of the first, in six compartments, are several views of the fleet and fortress on the day of the assault. The summit is embattled with turrets at the angles. From the windows and roof, the visitor is gratified with extensive and beautiful views of a great part of Kent, Surrey, and Essex, with the Metropolis and river Thames. This tower was erected by Lady James, wife of Sir William James, who resided at Park-place Farm, Mitham. Their daughter married the

late Thomas Boothby Parkyns, first Lord Rancilffe, whose son (George Augustus Henry Anne Parkyns, Lord Rancilffe) is now owner of this building, and its surrounding grounds.* Over the entrance there is a broad tablet of stone, upon which is cut the following inscription :—

This Building
was erected MDCCLXXXIV., by the
Representative of the late
Sir WILLIAM JAMES, Bart.,
To commemorate that gallant Officer's
Achievement in the East Indies,
During his Command of the Company's
Marine Forces in those Seas :
And in a particular manner to record the
Conquest of

THE CASTLE OF SEVEN DROOG,
on the Coast of Malabar,
Which fell to his superior valour and
able conduct,
On the 2nd day of April, MDCCLV.

As an account of the reason why this

* This name was taken by all his successors.

castle was erected might not be unacceptable to the readers of the *MIRROR*, I have taken extracts from "Orme's Hindostan," and other valuable works on India, for their information.

Conagee Angria, a notorious free-booter, belonging to the Marattee pirates, declared war by sea and land against the Grand Mogul (because he employed an admiral to protect his Mahometan subjects against their depredations); and by means of his prowess raised himself from a private man to be, not only commander-in-chief of the Marattee fleet, but was entrusted with the government of Seven Droog, one of the strongest holds belonging to the Saha Rajah, or king of the Marattoes. Having seduced several of his fellow-subjects, he set up a government against his sovereign, along the sea-coast, to the extent of one hundred and twenty miles, and an inland country from twenty to thirty miles towards the mountains. Their repeated successes, together with their fortifications, induced the rajah to let them have peaceable possession, upon their acknowledging his sovereignty and paying a small tribute.

In process of time, Angria's successes made him insolent: he threw off his allegiance, and slit the noses of the ambassadors who came to demand the tribute;—he indiscriminately exercised his piracies upon ships of all nations, and rendered his fleet so formidable, that the East India Company was at the annual expense of 50,000*l.* to keep up a sufficient maritime force as a check upon Angria, and a protection to their ships and colonies. Rajah, justly exasperated at the behaviour shown to his ambassadors, made proposals to the British to attack this common enemy with their united forces; consequently, Commodore James, at that time commander-in-chief of the Company's marine forces, sailed on March the 22nd, 1755, in the *Protector*, of forty-four guns, with a ketch of sixteen guns, and two bomb vessels. The exaggerated accounts of Angria's strong holds were such, that the Presidency instructed Commodore James not to expose the Company's vessels to any risk by attacking them, but only to blockade, whilst the Marattee army carried on their operations by land. Three days after, the Marattee fleet came out of Choul, consisting of seven grabs and sixty gallies, having on board ten thousand land-forces. The united fleets anchored in Comara Bay, in order that the Marattoes might victual on shore, as they are prohibited by their religion either to eat or work at sea. Departing from thence, they anchored again about fifteen miles to the north of Seven

Droog, when Rama-gee Punt, with the troops, disembarked. Commodore James receiving intelligence that the enemy's fleet were at anchor in Seven Droog harbour, was desirous to blockade them immediately; but the admiral of the Marattee fleet, although highly approving of the attempt, had not sufficient authority over his officers to make any of them stir till the morning, when the enemy discovering them, immediately slipped their cables and put to sea, flinging overboard all their lumber, to lighten their vessels, and hanging their garments and turbans up to catch every breath of air.—The commodore threw out the signal for a general chase, but this was disregarded, and he had to proceed alone. Towards evening, he came within gunshot of the sternmost; but judging it prudent, he returned to Seven Droog, which he had passed several miles. Here he found Rama-gee Punt, with the army (as they said), besieging the three forts on the main land, with one gun, a four-pounder, at two miles distance; and even then did not think themselves secure without digging pits, in which they were covered up to the chin, from the enemy's fire. The commodore judging that these operations would never take the forts, was determined to exceed his instructions, rather than subject the British arms to the disgrace they would suffer, if the expedition, in which they were believed by Angria to have taken so great a share, should miscarry.

The next day, April 2nd, he cannonaded and bombarded the fort of Seven Droog; but finding the walls on the western side were mostly cut out of the solid rock, he changed his station to the north-east, between the island and main; where, whilst his broadsides plied the north-east bastions, the other fired on Fort Goa, the largest upon the main land. The bastions of Seven Droog being so high, the *Protector* could only point her upper tier at them; but being only one hundred yards distant, the musketry in the round tops drove the enemy from their guns. At noon the north-east bastion was in ruins, when a shell from the bomb-vessels set fire to a thatched house, which communicated to every building in the fort, and amongst them a magazine of powder blew up. On this disaster occurring, nearly one thousand persons ran out of the fort, and attempted to make their escape to fort Goa, in seven or eight boats, but were all taken prisoners by the British ketches. This fort suffered a severe cannonading until the enemy hung out a flag of truce; but while the Marattoes were marching to

take possession of it, the governor perceiving that Seven Droog had not been given up, got into a boat with some of his most trusty men, hoping to maintain it until he received assistance from Dabul, which is in sight of it. On this the Protector opened a more severe firing upon Seven Droog, and the commodore landed half his seamen under cover of the ship's fire, who ran up to the gate, and cutting down the sally-port with their axes, forced their way into it: on which the garrison surrendered, and the other forts having hung out flags of truce, were taken possession of by the Marattoes."

This was the work of one day; twenty years after it was completely annihilated, by the intrepidity of British valour.

Depiford.

J. W. ADAMS.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXIV.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

IN our last Number we gave the first of the Tales in the new work by the author of "Waverley," with some interesting anecdotes of Richard I. and the Crusades. In the tale of *THE BETROTHED*, however, the Crusades are little more than alluded to; but in the second and last tale, *THE TALISMAN*, they form the basis and supply nearly all the incidents. The author is quite an enthusiast on this subject, and he proves, as far as description goes, that the age of chivalry is not gone. It is a splendid work, which alone would have immortalized the author, had not his fame been already established. We will not, however, detain our readers further, but present them with a faithful digest of

THE TALISMAN.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan form themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of water.

The wadlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the

way were forgotten as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature appeared to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the fitting sand, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. This was Sir Kenneth, of the Sleeping Leopard, a Scottish knight, who had left his country for the Crusades. He wore a coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate; his lower limbs were also sheathed like his body in flexible mail. His surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced; these seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. All the followers of Sir Kenneth had disappeared, and even his only remaining squire was on a sick bed, and unable to attend his master; but this was of little consequence to a Crusader who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion. Nature, however, had her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the knight of the Sleeping Leopard, and he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees which arose beside the well, which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he sniffed afar off the living waters, which were to be the place of repose and refreshment.

As the knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving amongst them and beside them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as an avowed champion

of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead-halt, confident that if his enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Moor renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the for-

midable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which he had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, 'in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should

there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace, betwixt us.”

“I am well contented,” answered he of the Couchant Leopard; “but what security doest thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?”

“The word of a follower of the prophet was never broken,” answered the Emir. “It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage.”

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

“By the cross of my sword,” he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, “I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together.”

“By Mohammed, prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the prophet,” replied his late foe, “there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach.”

The knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

The combatants having made ample proof of each other's valour, became friends, and proceeded together to a spring called the Diamond of the Desert. It was a fountain which some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled over to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the fitting clouds of dust, with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken and partly ruinous, but it still so far projected over and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination. Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering to the eye, by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and, doubtless, found their way in safety to a more fertile country.

In this delightful spot the two warriors

halted, and each, after his own fashion, proceeded to relieve his horse from saddle, bit, and rein, and permitted the animals to drink at the basin, ere they refreshed themselves from the fountain head, which arose under the vault.

Christian and Saracen next sat down together on the turf, and produced each the small allowance of store which they carried for their own refreshment.

The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the mustachoes which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His age could not exceed thirty, but if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in latter life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood, and careless frankness of expression, characterized his language and his countenance.

The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs, and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short,

stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of this forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what seemed such in an European estimate of beauty.

The provision which each had made for his refreshment was simple, but the meal of the Saracen was abstemious; a handful of dates, a morsel of coarse barley bread, and a few draughts from the lovely fountain, constituted his meal. That of the Christian, though coarse, was more genial; it consisted of dried hog's-flesh, and his drink derived from a leathern bottle, was something better than the pure element.

The knight made known to the Saracen that he was on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and had a passport from Saladin, the renowned Soldan of Egypt and Syria. He also stated that he was to pass that night in prayer and penitence with a holy man, Theodoric, of Engaddi, who dwelt among these wilds. "I will see you safe thither," said the Saracen. Confidence became inspired between them, and they demanded each other's name, which was given. That of the Saracen was Sheerkoff, the lion of the mountain.

As they journeyed forth the Saracen sung lays in praise of wine, which were unsuited to the grave thoughts of the knight. He afterwards chose a more serious subject, and proceeded to chant the following verses very ancient in the language and structure, which some have thought derive their source from the worshippers of Arimanes, the evil principle.

* ARIMAN.

- "Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky
An empire matching thine!
- "If the benignant power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!
- "Or if he bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver

From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red fever, spotted pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!

- "Chief in man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.
- "Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey?
- "Or art thou mix'd in nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And, oh! victorious still?
- "Howe'er it be, dispute is vain
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.
- "Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet knives
To tools of death and war.
- "Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rulest the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark spirit! ended *THAN?*" *

These verses, Sir Kenneth, of the Conchant Leopard, considered as an address to the archfiend, and was hesitating whether he should quit the Saracen, or dare him to combat, when his attention was arrested by a figure of great height and very thin, which appeared to watch all their movements. Just as the Saracen

* "The worthy and learned clergyman by whom this species of hymn has been translated, desires, that, for fear of misconception, we should warn the reader to recollect, that it is composed by a heathen, to whom the real causes of moral and physical evil are unknown, and who views their predominance in the system of the universe, as all must view that appalling fact, who have not the benefit of the Christian revelation. On our own part, we beg to add, that we understand the style of the translator is more paraphrastic than can be approved by those who are acquainted with the singularly curious original. The translator seems to have despaired of rendering into English verse the flights of oriental poetry; and, possibly like many learned and ingenious men, finding it impossible to find out the sense of the original, he may have tacitly substituted his own."

had finished his song, the figure sprung into the midst of the path and seized a reign of the Saracen's bridle in each hand; the horse and his rider were thrown down, and the strange figure seized the Saracen by the throat. Sir Kenneth interfered, though not by his weapons, and the Saracen was permitted to rise. The mysterious being seemed a wild Hamako, or holy madman; he was shocked at the profane singing of Persian poetry by the Saracen, who recognised him, and told Sir Kenneth that he was the anchorite he wished to visit. Sir Kenneth doubted and inquired of the Hamako, who replied, "I am Theodoric, of Engaddi. I am the walker of the desert, I am friend of the cross, and flail of all infidels, heretics, and devil worshippers. Avoid ye, avoid ye! Down with Mahomed, Termagant, and all their adherents!" So saying, he pulled from under his shaggy garment a sort of flail, or jointed club, bound with iron, which he brandished round his head with singular dexterity.

The warriors now retired to the cavern of Theodoric, whose wild passion had subsided. In the dead of night Sir Kenneth was awakened by Theodoric, and conducted to a chapel, where, before the cross they prayed together for some time; and the man of loneliness and sorrows intimated, in mysterious whispers to the knight, that he is about to gaze on some extraordinary spectacle, which he, the anchorite, was unworthy to look upon; and it was with a bandage over his own eyes, therefore, that he conducted the wondering Sir Kenneth to an iron door, where he sorrowfully paused, desiring his guest to proceed. The valiant Scot then entered a small but beautiful chapel, hewn out of the solid rock, and lighted with a silver lamp. Here he heard sacred strains of the most exquisite beauty, and reverently approaching a magnificent shrine, its self-moved doors flew open, and discovered a fragment of the true cross magnificently encased.

The fervour of his devotions were aided by many religious associations, and by the unseen choristers who were chanting around him the services of his church. Presently a train of noble damsels appeared, and in one of them Sir Kenneth recognised the lady of his love, the beautiful Edith Plantagenet, a niece of Cœur de Lion's, who is on a pilgrimage there with the queen and other ladies, to pray for the restoration of the king to health, and whose charms had excited in Sir Kenneth's bosom a passion which her lofty rank rendered hopeless. She managed, however, as this procession of the sisters of Mount Carmel passed round the chapel,

to give him an indication of her favour, by dropping from her floral wreath two rose-buds at his feet successively. After some other adventures in this chapel, the hermit rejoins him, the iron door is closed, and they find Ilderim still wrapped in the slumbers which his fatigues had rendered so necessary. To complete the conference with which the counsel of the Christian princes commanding the crusade had entrusted him, Sir Kenneth remained two days longer at Engaddi, and then proceeded to the camp of King Richard, which was stationed between Jean d'Acre and Ascalon. The king, naturally rash and impetuous, became more irritable from a fever, aggravated as it was by the burning climate, the feuds of his allies, and the desertions, diseases and deaths which were every day diminishing the numbers of the Europeans.

The physicians and attendants feared to assume the necessary authority, and one faithful baron alone dared to come between the dragon and his wrath; this was Sir Thomas, the lord of Gilsland, and called by the Normans lord de Vaux. It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body. His bright blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendour, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair, as fitfully and as vividly, as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder-storm, which still, however, are gilded by its beams. His manly features showed the progress of wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin. Flinging himself from side to side, now clutching towards him the coverings, which at the next moment he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures shewed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a disposition, whose natural sphere was that of the most active exertion.

Beside his couch stood Thomas de Vaux, in face, attitude, and manner, the strongest possible contrast to the suffering monarch. His stature approached the gigantic, and his hair in thickness might have resembled that of Sampson, though only after the Israelitish champion's locks had passed under the sheers of the Philistines, for those of De Vaux were cut short, that they might be enclosed under his helmet. The light of his broad, large hazel eye, resembled that

of the autumn moon, and it was only perturbed for a moment, when from time to time it was attracted by Richard's vehement marks of agitation and restlessness. His features, though massive like his person, might have been handsome before they were defaced with scars; his upper lip, after the fashion of the Normans, was covered with thick mustachoes, which grew so long and luxuriantly as to mingle with his hair, and like his hair, were dark brown, slightly brindled with grey. His frame seemed of that kind which most readily defies toil and climate, for he was thin-flanked, broad-chested, long-armed, deep-breathed, and strong-limbed. He had not laid aside his buff-coat, which displayed the cross cut on the shoulder, for more than three nights, enjoying but such momentary repose as the warder of a sick monarch's couch might by snatches indulge. He rarely changed his posture, except to administer to Richard the medicine or refreshments, which none of his less favoured attendants could persuade the impatient monarch to take; and there was something affecting in the kindly, yet awkward manner, in which he discharged offices so strangely contrasted with his blunt and soldierly habits and manners.

Disunion had crept into the Christian host, and the bravest of the Plantagenets was himself, as well as his court, almost in despair, when Sir Kenneth returned to the camp bringing with him El Hakim, a celebrated Moorish physician, sent by the magnanimous and heroic Saladin for the express purpose of re-establishing, if possible, the health of the great king of England—the most formidable and the most illustrious of his foes. The Moorish physician sat cross-legged, after the Eastern fashion. The imperfect light showed little of him, save that the lower part of his face was covered with a long black beard, which descended over his breast—that he wore a high *tolpach*, a Tartar cap of the lamb's wool manufactured at Astracan, bearing the same dusky colour, and that his ample caftan, or Turkish robe, was also of a dark hue. Two piercing eyes, which gleamed with unusual lustre, were the only lineaments of his visage that could be discerned amid the darkness in which he was enveloped.

De Vaux, besides having all the animosity of a stout Cumberland man, was incredulous and diffident upon the subject of admitting El Hakim to the king's presence; and Sir Kenneth, whose straitened means, and wasted retinue, and decent pride, long contended with a sense

of affectionate duty to his sovereign, against the reluctance which he felt to introduce a proud and opulent English baron within his humbler quarters; at length shows him in his own tent his squire who had become wasted, with a similar fever, to a miserable skeleton. The physician met with a cool reception from the king, who took a scroll, in which were inscribed these words:—"The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahammed," out upon the hound! said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection, "Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish medicinars, as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet," confusion on his head! again muttered the English monarch, "we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee at this time, the physician to our own person, Adonebec el Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael spreads his wings, and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon, and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do, praying you heartily to honour and make use of his skill; and that, not only that we may do service to thy worth and valour, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy, which is at present between us to an end, either by honourable agreement, or by open trial thereof with our weapons, in a fair field. Seeing that it neither becometh thy place and courage, to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his task-master, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy—" "Hold, hold," said Richard, "I will have no more of his dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog: Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim; I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity; I will meet him in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe—I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured: he shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him bap-

tized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both. Haste, De Multon, why dost thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither."

The physician was, at this time, employed in practising his art on Sir Kenneth's squire. When he was invited to this first test of his abilities he arose from the earth, on which he had prostrated himself, and walking into the hut where the patient lay extended, he drew a sponge from a small silver box, dipt, perhaps, in some aromatic distillation; for when he put it to the sleeper's nose, he sneezed, awoke, and looked wildly around. He was a ghastly spectacle, as he sat up almost naked on his couch, the bones and cartilages as visible through the surface of his skin, as if they had never been clothed with flesh; his face was long, and furrowed with wrinkles; but his eye, though it wandered at first, became gradually more settled. He seemed to be aware of the presence of his dignified visitors, for he attempted feebly to pull the covering from his head, in token of reverence, as he inquired, in a subdued and submissive voice, for his master.

"Your eyes witness," said the Arabian to the archbishop of Tyre, who was present, "the fever hath been subdued; he speaks with calmness and recollection; his pulse beats composedly as yours; try its pulsations yourself."

The prelate declined the experiment; but Thomas of Gilsland, more determined on making the experiment, did so, and satisfied himself that the fever was indeed gone.

"This is most wonderful," said the knight, looking to the bishop; "the man is assuredly cured. I must conduct this mediciner presently to king Richard's tent; what thinks your reverence?"

"Stay, let me finish one cure ere I commence another," said the Arab; "I will pass with you when I have given my patient the second cup of this most holy elixir."

So saying he pulled out a silver cup, and filling it with water from a gourd which stood by the bedside, he next drew forth a small silken bag made of network, twisted with silver, the contents of which the by-standers could not discover, and immersing it in the cup, continued to watch it in silence during the space of five minutes. It seemed to the spectators as if some effervescence took place during the operation, but if so it instantly subsided.

"Drink," said the physician to the

sick man—"sleep, and awaken free from malady."

"And with this simple-seeming draught, thou wilt undertake to cure a monarch?" said the bishop of Tyre.

"I have cured a beggar, as you may behold," replied the sage. "Are the kings of Frangistan made of other clay?"

"Let us have him presently to the king," said the baron of Gilsland. "He hath shown that he possesses the secret which may restore his health. If he fails to exercise it, I will put himself past the power of medicine."

The king at length consented that El Hakim should try his skill, and he was introduced, accompanied by Amaury the grand master of the Templars, Conrade Marquess of Montserrat, and other warriors.

Richard, when they entered his apartment, immediately exclaimed, "So ho! a goodly fellowship come to see Richard take his leap in the dark. My noble allies, I greet you as the representatives of our assembled league; Richard will again be amongst you in his former fashion, or ye shall bear to the grave what is left of him. De Vaux, lives he or dies he, thou hast the thanks of thy prince. There is yet another—but this fever hath wasted mine eye-sight—what, the bold Scot, who would climb Heaven without a ladder? he is welcome too. Come, Sir Hakim, to the work, to the work."

The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipt into it the small red purse, which, as formerly, he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him by saying, "Hold an instant. Thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine. I too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art."

The Arabian yielded his hand without hesitation, and his long, slender, dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried in the large enfolding of King Richard's hand.

"His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the king; "so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim with honour and safety—Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith—should I live, it will be to thank him as a warrior should be thanked."

He then raised himself in bed, and took the cup in his hand, and turning to the marquess and the grand master,—“Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me in Cyprus wine: To the immortal honour of the first crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whomsoever shall turn back from the plough on which he hath laid his hand!”

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sunk back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared accordingly.

The cure of the king was almost miraculous, when the dissensions of the assembled crusaders arrested his attention. The grand master and the Marquess of Montserrat mutually confided to each other their views in hostility to the success of the crusade—their discontents—and the yearnings of their ambition; and they parted, Conrade with the conviction, that “a ducal crown, or a kingly diadem,” for which he thirsted, might be most safely and surely won by sowing dissensions between Austria and England, and the other powers: Gilles Amaury, with the bold, broad suggestion, that nothing but the assassination of Richard Cœur-de-lion could really effect the views of either. Conrade, at a banquet given by the Archduke Leopold of Austria, artfully inflamed that dull but haughty German’s animosity, on account of the banner-royal of England being displayed, far above the banners of all the other crusaders, on the summit of a lofty mound. Irritated by a hundred unavenged insults, which he conceived Richard to have put upon him, artfully aggravated by his wily guest, Conrade, and in the madness of drunken enterprise and valorous jollity, Leopold rushed from his camp, with his own banner in his hand, and a fixed determination to pluck down the standard of Richard, and raise his own in its place. At this juncture, Richard had just happily overpassed the crisis of his disorder; he was still occupied in pouring out his heartfelt acknowledgments to El Hakim, and ordering him munificent rewards, which El Hakim absolutely and inflexibly declined, when the shouts and uproar of the Austrian rabble reached his ears. El Hakim insisted on his keeping his couch for another day; but Conrade, entering the tent, announced the fact that

Austria was pulling down his banner. The sudden rage of the king was tremendous: he leaped from his bed, seized his sword, shuffled on his mantle, and, followed only by De Vaux, and one or two household servants, rushed forth; he reached Saint George’s Mount, and bursting through the disorderly crowd, to the place where stood Leopold and his friends, he demanded who had ventured upon such a presumption as to remove his standard? The archduke replied, “It was I, Leopold of Austria,” and Richard tore down before his face the Austrian banner, and disdainfully trampling it under foot, he was attacked by the gigantic Hungarian Count Wallenrode. The vow of Richard preventing him from striking any one whose shoulders bore the cross, he seized the Hungarian in his arms, and dashed him headlong down the steep sides of the mount. The Austrians were clamorous for vengeance; and the increasing tumult called the whole camp to the spot, where Philip, with some difficulty, succeeded in at length appeasing the disorder; and Richard retiring, full of indignation, bequeathed to Sir Kenneth the guard of this sacred standard, for which Sir Kenneth professed to answer, even with his head; but at midnight he was summoned by a little dwarf, whom he had seen in his adventure at Engaddi, to attend for a few minutes in the queen’s tent, by command of the lady Edith. The knight doubted the truth of his mission; but the dwarf showed him the ruby ring which he had seen on the fair finger of Edith, in the rocky chapel. Sir Kenneth, distracted between the dictates of honour and the intensity of his love,—the commands of his royal leader and the commands of his mistress, reluctantly consented at last,—on seeing that the queen’s tent was but little removed from the base of the mount—to repair thither. And by the side of the banner he left, as his substitute, his faithful stag greyhound, considering, that if any attempt should be made upon the frontier in his absence, the barking of the hound would announce it to his ear, and he should be able to return in time. Arrived at the queen’s tent, he had the mortification of discovering, that he had been withdrawn from his post and his duty merely to gratify the desire of Berengaria of Sicily, (Richard’s queen,) to ascertain whether the ring of the lady Edith, which had been taken from her without her knowledge for this purpose, would tempt him to such an excessive proof of his attachment. On his return, musing on the almost confessions of partial attachment which he had heard the queen impute to Edith; and

Edith, in effect, protest for him,—he was aroused from his abstraction by the groans of his dog. He ran onward and found that the standard had vanished, the spear to which it was attached broken on the ground, and his gallant hound apparently in the agonies of death. The distracted knight vainly sought in every direction the lost standard, and was still giving vent to the execrations of despair, when he discovered El Hakim at his side. The Arab tried fruitlessly, to console him;—he received his proffered consolation with scorn, and even contumely: but the knight, hearing him say that the dog might not be past cure, presented it to him, and the Arab's servants removed it. The knight took the desperate resolution of presenting himself before Richard, and acknowledging his offence, to declare himself ready to undergo death. This interview was terrible:—after several times determining to immolate him on the spot, the amazed and fiery Richard, scarcely crediting Kenneth's own acknowledgments, gave orders for his execution. When he had been led to his prison, and was with his confessor, Berengaria, accompanied by Edith and their ladies, presented themselves before the lion-hearted, and with many entreaties supplicated for the knight's life. Richard solemnly protested that he should die; Edith then remonstrated with him,—fearlessly, undauntedly, despite of the frowns and anger of the most impetuous monarch in the world. She made an ingenuous confession of the queen's folly, but proudly exempted herself from all imputation; and finding appeals to Richard's justice or mercy to be equally fruitless, she left him in despair. The hermit of Engaddi then presented himself before the king with a similar purpose, and similar bad success. But El Hakim, the noble and learned, who had refused all the treasures in the camp for his services, extorted from Richard's gratitude that which he had denied to all other considerations, and even to his affection for his queen. He remitted Sir Kenneth to El Hakim; and the Arab and his bondsman set out on their journey to the camp of the sultan Saladin. The archbishop of Tyre pathetically representing the evil consequences of the dissensions in the Christian councils, prevailed on Richard to enter the council of princes once more, and there the brave and generous soldier, with a manly candour and ingenuous frankness equal to his almost superhuman daring, condescended to express his regret to every one whom his momentary passion might have given umbrage to.

The Templar and Conrade, whose envy against Richard, and ambition, make

them fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, conspire against the life of Richard; an agent of Conrade is foiled in an attempt to assassinate his Majesty; and while the powers of the various princes are passing in array before the king, the dog of Kenneth, who had returned to the king's camp as a dumb Nubian slave, leaped upon Conrade's noble charger, and seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him from the saddle. "The hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him," said the king, who impeached Conrade of high-treason, and threw down his glove, appealing him to the proof by combat. A council was summoned, wherein the king of England reiterated his charges, and a gage was thrown down, and accepted for decision of the matter in the usual form, between Conrade and a champion for the king of England, who, all eager for the personal combat, was yet withheld and restrained by the king of France, on account of the vast superiority of his rank. Difficulties arising about neutral ground, it was determined to apply to Saladin, for his permission to erect the lists within his camp; and the Nubian was despatched with the application. Before his departure he saw Edith; who, imputing his silence to resentment, for she had recognised him, left him in high displeasure. Great preparations are made at the Diamond of the Desert (the lone fountain where Ilderim and Kenneth had fought), by Saladin, for the combat.

Richard and his suite proceeded to the appointed place, where arriving, he assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the centre of his body-guard, surrounded by his domestic officers, and those hideous negroes who guard the eastern haram, and whose misshapen forms were rendered yet more frightful by the richness of their attire, came the sultan, with the look and manners of one on whose brow nature had written, "This is a king!" In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the most plain-dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem, which was called by the poets, the Sea of Light; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire, which terminated the hilt of his canjiar, was of not much inferior value. It should be added, that to protect him from the dust, which, in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, resembles the

finest ashea, or, perhaps, out of Oriental pride, the sôldan wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of his noble burthen.

There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting, and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and military display attracted no farther notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the sôldan fixed upon him; and the sôldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melec Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome, are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present, would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed?"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but, though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre; even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found. A most flourishing house of peers, I confess, and would find Westminster-hall something too narrow for them."

The combat took place and the champion of Richard, Sir Kenneth, overcame Conrade, who when defeated confessed his guilt. The various disguises of Kenneth now terminated, and he proved to be David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland.

A superb banquet was given by Saladin in honour of his visit from the king of England and the other princes; at this banquet Saladin was called aside, and by a dwarf, told that Conrade had been assassinated by the grand master of the Templars, who, fearing his own treason might be discovered, slew Conrade, saying at the time *Accipe hoc*. Saladin returned to the company with an unruffled countenance, and joined in all the commendations which had been showered upon Sir Kenneth, when, upon the grand master's preparing to drink of some iced sherbet which had been handed to him from the Archduke of Austria, the dwarf once more rushed forward, harshly exclaiming, *Accipe hoc*—the grand master's visage changed, and in a moment the sabre of Saladin sent his head, severed from its trunk, rolling on the floor. The Christians suspected foul play; but Saladin then brought forward the fatal proof that the grand master had assassinated the unhappy Conrade, while offering the sacrament with the usual formula, *Accipe hoc*. The dwarf, who had gone to the tent with a purpose to pilfer, had concealed himself, and thus witnessed the transaction; and Saladin, acting on the law of eastern hospitality, which would have precluded him from allowing harm to come to any one who had, however slightly, tasted of his hospitality, would have been obliged to protect the grand master, and therefore struck off his head *à la Turque*, before he had put his lips to the sherbet.

The story now draws to a close; and the various masques fall off, when we find that the good physician, El Hakim, Ilderim the valiant Saracen emir, and the mighty Saladin, emperor of the East, are one and the same. Edith Plantagenet is now united to Sir Kenneth, or the Earl of Huntingdon, as we ought to call him, and Saladin sends as a nuptial present the celebrated talisman, which is still in existence, having been bequeathed by the Earl of Huntingdon to a brave knight of Scotland, Sir Mungo of the Lee, in whose ancient and honourable family it is still preserved, and though charmed stones have been dismissed from the modern Pharmacopœia, its virtues are still applied to for stopping blood, and in cases of canine madness.

THE two following poems are inserted in the "Talisman," but as they have no connexion with the story, we separate them:—

"THE BLOODY VEST."

"Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,

And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the haplist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripping gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

"Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little, save iron and steel, was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's
care,

With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did re-
pair

The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and
knee,

"She is Benevent's princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men
may see

His ambition is back'd by his chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page
he said,

And the knight lowly louted with hand and
with head,

"Fling aside the good armour in which thou
art clad,

And don thou this weed of her night-gear in-
stead,

For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament
dread,

And fight as thy wont is where most blood is
shed,

And bring honour away, or remain with the
dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his
breast,

The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently
hath kiss'd;—

"Now blessed be the moment, the messenger
be blest!

Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high
behest;

And say unto my lady, in this dear night-wood
dress'd,

To the firmest-armed champion I will not vail
my crest,

But, if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn
to take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyfte of the
Lay of the Bloody Vest.

FYFTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour and losing of
seats—

There was hewing with falchions and splintering
of staves,

The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won
graves.

O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,

And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and
breast

Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bound for
her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were
bloody and sore,

But others respected his plight and forbore.

"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and
I trow,

'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his
vow."

Then the prince for his sake, bade the tourna-
ment cease,

He flang down his warder, the trumpets sung
peace;

And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the knight of the Night-gear was first in
the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was
nigher,

When before the fair princess low louted a
'squire,

And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and
pierc'd through;

All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with
mud:

Not a point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and
clean.

This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the
fruit,

He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his
suit;

Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be
shown:

For she who prompts knights on such danger
to run

Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

"I restore," says my master, "the garment
I've won,

And I claim of the princess to den it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it
the more,

Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crim-
son'd with gore."

Then deep blush'd the princess—yet kiss'd she
and press'd

The blood-spotted robe to her hips and her
breast.

"Go, tell my true knight, church and chamber
shall show.

If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,

The first walk'd the princess in purple and pall,
But the blood besmeared night robe she wore
over all;

And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the
wive,

Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she
wore

That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink :
And the prince, who in anger and shame had look'd down,

Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown :

" Now, since thou hast publish'd thy folly and guilt,

E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt ;

Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,

When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,

Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood :

" The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine ;

And, if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,

Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame ;

And light will she reck of thy princedom and vent,

When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."

EDITH'S SONG.

" The tears I shed must ever fall !
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

" I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more "

" But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name."

THE ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF THE TALISMAN.

THE origin of the *Talisman*, which gives the name and forms so striking an incident in the preceding tale, is taken from the *Lee-penny*, so celebrated in the song, the acts of parliament, and even the acts of the general assembly of the kirk of Scotland. The tradition, however, has been not a little altered. If you turn up the statistical account of Lanark, or any similar work, you will be informed that the knight of Lee was one of those who accompanied the earl of Douglas, "good sir James," when he left Scotland, in order to deposit Robert the Bruce's head in the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. The earl was slain in Spain, and this knight, so says the story, carried the king's heart to its destination, and changed, in consequence, his name from *Locard* to *Lock-*

heart, assuming at the same time a bloody heart in his arms, and the motto *corda serata ferro*. (The loftier line of the Douglasses, of course, have their cognizance from the same source :

" The bloody heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas'—dreaded name !")

But to come back to "Sir Mungo of the Lee." He was lucky enough, it seems, to take a Saracen emir, of high rank, prisoner. The Turk's wife came to ransom him, and was paying down the gold agreed upon, when unfortunately a small piece of coin, with a little red stone in the centre, happened to drop upon the table along with them. She picked this up again with an eagerness which the canny Scot by no means overlooked. She told him it was the most powerful talisman in Syria—that her life and soul depended on it, &c. &c. No matter—he was firm, and she yielding, he became possessor of this gem, which for ages was celebrated for its medicinal powers over all Scotland, and, indeed, all over the northern counties of England, too. It is odd enough, that John Knox tried to excommunicate this pebble—I beg pardon—this cornelian, among others of the devil's inventions ; but the assembly soon found the people would not allow their cattle to die of the murrain, while they could save them by sending a cask of water to have the Lee-penny dipped in it—and they gave in with a preamble which states that, "Whereas it hath pleased God to plant certain virtuous qualities in certain stones and minerals, and whereas the stone, commonly callit the Lee-penny, may be," &c. &c. ; therefore all people that please may henceforth drink water in which it has been dipped without peril to their souls. I believe nobody has drunk water thus medicated for these fifty years at least ; but they say the penny is duly dipped in the pint bumper, every day after dinner, at Sir Charles Lockhart's hospital board.—*News of Literature.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A SISTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

" When all the world seems cold and stern,
And bids the bosom vainly yearn ;
When woman's heart is lightly chang'd,
And friendship weeps o'er looks estrang'd,
I turn from all the pangs I prove,
To hail a sister's changeless love."

MR. EDITOR.—It is my fate to have been favoured with several brothers, but no sister. This circumstance has drawn upon me the pity of some of my friends,

and the envy of others, and I have received either congratulations or condolences, as they are disposed to consider it an advantage, or the reverse. Perhaps, therefore, it is the best plan to follow Dr. Franklin's advice, carefully to state and weigh the arguments *pro* and *con*, and then to strike an accurate balance between them. I have accordingly endeavoured so to do, in the hope that it may afford some little amusement to the readers of your publication.

In the first place, a man in the same situation as myself, has not the annoyance of a sister to look after and lead about constantly. It is well known that sisters are apt to draw very largely upon fraternal love in this respect; not a sight to be seen, or an exhibition opened, but the unfortunate brother is forthwith put in requisition to *lionise* them to it, and though this is all very well to a certain extent, yet too much of a good thing is a *dead bore*. Another inconvenience is, that sisters generally contrive to get the upper hand of you at home, and if your wishes and theirs should happen to be opposed to each other, which by the bye is not unfrequently the case, the lady is almost sure to carry the day. This reasoning applies with double force if the sister is the elder of the two, for then she has the privilege of seniority, in addition to the other rights of her sex. If you ~~must~~ have a sister, you should by all means pray that she may be younger than yourself. Such are a very few of the arguments I have heard alleged in favour of the dark side of the question.

On the other hand it may be observed, that if a young man has no sisters, he is in a great measure debarred from the society of females of his own age; he is not possessed of that passport which a sister alone could give him among her youthful friends, and which he might otherwise be years in endeavouring to acquire, if indeed he succeeded after all. Many instances will, I am sure, occur to every person in the course of his acquaintance, of the truth of the remark I have just made; and, if further attestation were required, I might triumphantly refer him to the numerous advertisements which we are in the constant habit of seeing in the newspapers, from forlorn old bachelors, who having all their lives been striving in vain to get the desirable introduction which a sister would at once have afforded them, at last are obliged in despair to have recourse to this only remaining chance of procuring a partner for life. I conceive the above to be one of the principal, if not the very chief disad-

vantage from which the possession of a sister exempts a young man.

But the society of sisters at home is also a grand preservative from that grossness of manners and licentiousness of expression into which those persons are too apt to fall, who are destitute of so kindly and salutary a check upon their behaviour. Independently of these considerations, what numerous kind offices are received by a brother at the hands of his sister, such indeed as nothing but the want of them can enable him properly to appreciate. The thousand little acts of sisterly kindness can never be particularised or reduced to a dry catalogue; they follow a brother in every place, at all times, and on all occasions; and what they want in individual weight and importance, they abundantly make up in number and variety.

From this hasty and imperfect comparison, you will immediately perceive, Mr. Editor, what is my opinion. In short, Sir, I look upon the want of a sister to be one of the greatest misfortunes incidental to a young man, unless it be the loss of one, or of a parent. I congratulate those of your young friends who know by experience the happiness to be found in the society of an amiable and accomplished sister, and trust (indeed it would be ungallant to doubt for a moment) that the conduct of their sisters will always be such as to command their unvaried esteem and affection, and to prove to them how much more fortunate they are in this respect than

Your constant reader,
P. Q.

REVOLUTIONARY FESTIVALS AT RHEIMS.

IN No. 144, of the MIRROR, we gave a full account of the ceremonies attending the coronation of Charles X. of France, together with much curious historical matter connected with the subject, and engravings of the Cathedral of Rheims and the Sainte Ampoule. This cathedral which has so recently been filled with all pomp and splendour of royalty and aristocracy, and all the gorgeous and imposing ceremonies of Catholicism, exhibited in 1793, a very different scene when the *Festival of Reason*, or the triumph of democracy and irreligion were celebrated there. A description of this latter ceremony may not, at the present moment, be without interest or piquancy:—On the 30th of Frimaire, in the year 2, at the break of day, the great bell rung out, the drums beat to arms, and the trumpet was sounded from above the great gate of the

church, but there was no discharge of artillery, *because in a Festival of Reason it would be unreasonable to waste powder, which should be reserved for the enemies of the country* (precise words of the decree of the authorities). The magistrates and the people assembled on the promenade, and having formed into procession, they moved towards the cathedral, then called "The Temple of Reason," in the following order:—A troop of children carrying upon a litter formed of branches the statue of Liberty, followed by young girls dressed in white, with tri-coloured sashes. The flag carried by the young boys bore on it, "Hope of the Country." Then came a little infant burning perfumes. The tablets, upon which were engraved the Rights of Man, were borne by two pupils of the national school, surrounded by the flags of the popular society. After these came a band of matrons, encircling a funeral urn, upon which were inscribed the names of those who had died in the field of honour. Their relations followed in mourning habits. The nine presidents of the Committees of Surveillance held each a sheaf of wheat (emblem of union) traversed by a pike (emblem of respect). On the flags of the popular society were the words "Liberty or Death." Upon that of the cannoners—"To bring tyrants and the perverse to reason." Upon that of the National Guards—"Our love for our country increased with its dangers." Under the busts of the martyrs of liberty were inscribed—"People, weep for your friends!—they died serving you." The first moral group dragged along a plough, upon which was seated an old man and an old woman; they were escorted by twenty-four tillers of the earth. The motto was—"Honour to the plough, respect to old age and conjugal love." In the midst of the following group was a cenotaph, with these words—"Remains of our brethren—honour be given to them." The third group escorted a car, upon which was a citizeness (*citoyenne*) personating Riches, surrounded with cornucopia. Close to her appeared a distressed family, to which she was giving alms. On the car floated the legend—"The rich should assist the poor." A car, dressed with white, and garlanded with flowers, contained a mother leaning over a cradle, with little children sporting around her. The motto was—"How delightful to be a mother!" A group of adults drew along a car more magnificent than the preceding ones, upon which were seen a family surrounding a sick bed. The inscription was—"Love dearly your parents—you will not have them always."

The sixth group was composed of soldiers, who had been wounded in fighting for the country; each one with the only hand that remained to him, held a flag; upon which was—"Our blood has flowed for the country, and what still remains is at her service." The seventh group was composed of prisoners of war, whose wounds surgeons were employed in dressing. The inscription in French and German upon the banner attached to this group was—"Humanity, sister of Liberty," and on the other side—"The madmen! They fought for a tyrant." The last group escorted the Republican Fasces; upon which were the words—"Unity—Indivisibility." A statue of Liberty, larger and more decorated than the first, was borne by twelve members of the popular society. The dramatic society, in Roman costume, followed singing hymns. The car of the Goddess of Reason, drawn by superb horses, advanced amidst a crowd of male and female citizens, bearing the attributes of despotism and feudality reversed. Before her was a flag, bearing the words—"The Sovereign!" Upon the standard of a cavalry regiment, was the decree the Convention—"The French Government is Revolutionary until a Peace." Before the church, and opposite the Hotel Montenet (that lately occupied by the Duke of Northumberland) was a gibbet, bearing the effigies of the Pope, the coalesced tyrants, and La Fayette; near this was a pile of wood. In the tribunes of the cathedral were a number of women sewing and knitting. An inaugural discourse was pronounced from the altar, upon which was the Goddess of Reason, represented by an actress named Dérival. Hymns were then chanted, and the Sovereign set fire to the pile, upon which were the emblems of despotism. A vast curtain was then drawn back, and these words in large letters appeared—"Last Judgment of the Aristocrats." The trumpets then sounded; and the people commenced dancing the *Carmagnole* round the fountain before the church, called the Fountain of Fraternity. A cup filled with water by a young child served for the libations, and a mutual hugging and kissing, to the cries of *Vive le Republique!* terminated the extraordinary spectacle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred to our next.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CL.]

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

Charitable Institutions in London.

No. III.

NEW ASYLUM FOR FEMALE ORPHANS, LAMBETH.



So active and so extensive is the spirit of benevolence in the British national character, that it relieves every species of distress not provided for by the laws. We have establishments for healing the sick, shielding the unprotected, and reclaiming the criminal. None, however, of these institutions are more valuable than such as are devoted to the rearing and protecting of children; and such is the asylum for female orphans at Lambeth, which Pennant justly designated, "An institution of a most heavenly nature."

This charity owes its origin to that vigilant and active magistrate, Sir John Fielding, who had long observed, that though the laws of this kingdom had provided a parish-settlement for every person, yet many cases continually occurred in which it was difficult to ascertain such settlement, and therefore he and others became anxious to form an establishment to remove this evil; so far as related to female orphans. The children of soldiers, and sailors, as well as of indigent persons, whose parish-settlement is un-

known, bereft of their parents, and at a distance from their relations, are often left destitute at an age when they are unable to earn subsistence, and contend with the dangers which surround them. Females of this description are particularly objects of compassion, and have a double claim to the care of the humane and virtuous, as they are not only exposed to the miseries of want, but, as they grow up, to the snares of the vicious, and to all the dreadful consequences of early seduction.

To provide for such persons is the object of this charity; and so liberal has been the support it has met with, and so judiciously have the funds been managed, that the benevolent intentions of the founders have been rewarded with the most signal success. Two hundred destitute or deserted females are daily sheltered and protected from vice and want, supplied with food and clothing, and taught whatever can render them useful in their future situations, and happy in themselves. Carefully instructed in the principles of

religion, in reading, writing, needle-work, and household matters, and trained to habits of industry, a supply of diligent and sober domestics is formed.

This charity is governed by a president (at present his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge), six vice-presidents, and a number of guardians. A subscription of thirty guineas at once constitutes the donor a perpetual guardian, and a yearly subscription of three guineas qualifies for an annual guardian. Legacies of 100*l.* and upwards, entitle the first-named acting executor to be a perpetual guardian. The institution was incorporated in 1800; and holds four general meetings in the year, on the first Thursdays in January, April, July, and October.

The asylum is supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions; occasional sermons are preached for its benefit, at which the young women who have been brought up there and apprenticed out return public thanks. Children between the ages of nine and twelve years are admitted, after it is ascertained that they are really orphans, and that they are neither diseased, deformed, or infirm.—The children are admitted in rotation, as soon as they can obtain presentations, and vacancies arise. The guardians present according to the priority of their subscriptions.

The children make and mend their own linen, make shirts, table-linen, &c. and all kinds of needle-work; and twelve of them are weekly selected to assist the cook, to wash, iron, and get up linen, and to do the general business of the house and kitchen. At the age of fifteen, or sooner, they are bound apprentices, for service as domestic servants; but the utmost care is taken to provide for them in respectable families, whose character is a guarantee that they will be well treated, and their morals attended to; and in order to encourage the girls to serve their apprenticeships faithfully, they are presented with five guineas each, at its termination, if the master or mistress will certify their good conduct.

A chaplain reads prayers twice every Sunday throughout the year, and two morning and one evening preachers are appointed in addition to the chaplain. The preachers are generally popular divines, who attract large congregations, and thus contribute to the support of the institution. A charity like this needs no eulogy; and we strongly recommend it to the support of the public.

The engraving which heads this article presents a correct view of the new building of the Female Orphan Asylum, now erecting at Lambeth. The dilapidated

state of the old house having rendered extensive repairs, or a new building immediately necessary, the latter was determined on. A committee was accordingly appointed to carry the resolution into effect, when they determined to purchase the premises and ground, which before they only rented, and the advantage has been considerable. The former rent was only 8*l.* 10*s.* per annum.

The new rent demanded by	£.	s.	d.
the City of London	800	0	0
By the sale of sufficient stock to raise the purchase-money the annual income has been diminished only.....	493	1	2
Being an annual difference saved to the Charity of ...	306	18	10

The building forms three squares, of a quadrangle, with a large court in front. The centre building is appropriated to the hall, the committee-rooms, and the residence of the principal officers, and the wings to the working and sleeping-rooms of the children. The chapel, has not been taken down, but is connected with the new building, which is a chaste, but elegant structure, from a design by Mr. Lloyd, the architect. At the expense of the building is necessarily considerable, the committee appeal to public support; and we trust will not appeal in vain, as unless it can be paid for without encroaching on the funds of the charity, the benefits of the institution must be curtailed, and this we hope will never be the case.

BLUNDERS IN THE TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—After, a longer lapse of time than usual, we have another work of the "Great Unknown"—occasionally marked with signs of hasty composition, similar to those of his former productions.

In describing the pavilion erected by Hugo de Lacy's orders for the reception of the Lady Eveline, he says:—"The doorway was formed by *six lances*, the staves of which were plated with silver, and the blades composed of the same precious metal. These were pitched into the ground by *couples*, and crossed at the top so as to form a *sort of succession of arches*, which were covered by drapery of sea-green silk, forming a pleasing contrast with the purple and gold." vol. i. p. 202.

Again, "*As Gillian entered with two of the maidens of her mistress's household, they removed the Lady Eveline, by Rose's directions, into a chamber at some*

distance, which *the latter* had occupied, and placed her in one of their beds," *Ibid* p. 279. What a strange confusion is here! "*As Gillian entered,*" should be "*Gillian now entered,*" and "and" should be inserted before "they," for it is obvious that the two acts of "entering and removing" could not be simultaneous. "The latter," according to the order of the words, refers to "Rose;" whereas the author means "the maidens." We must look back to understand what is intended by a sentence which would have been clear thus arranged. "Two of the maidens of her mistress's household now entered with Gillian, removed the lady Ewaldine, by Rose's direction, into a chamber at some distance, which the former had occupied, and placed her in one of their beds," &c.

A similar error occurs in the following passage. "*A stout band of the constable's spearmen guarded the gate of the nursery, admitting only within the hallowed precinct the few who were to be present at the solemnity with their principal attendants; and while the former were ushered with all form into the apartments dressed out for the occasion, the attendants, although detained in the outer court, were liberally supplied with refreshments of the most substantial kind.*" vol. ii. pp. 5, 6.

The name of Hubert is used for Raoul a few pages afterwards. "By Saint Hubert, a proper horseman, and a deliverer for an earl," said Hubert, "and my lord Constable's liveries in that." *Ibid* p. 10.

What is meant by the latter part of the following?—"Can it be indeed Hugo de Lacy, the mirror of the Anglo-Norman chivalry, whose thoughts can conceive such sentiments, whose words can utter them?" *Ibid* p. 42.

What again by this remark? "A confused hollow murmur, conveying such intelligences to her ears, as we may suppose the dead to hear from the world they have quitted."

Why does the author repeat the same description of the minstrel's instrument? He says, vol. i. p. 57, "And presently after was heard the sound of a rote (a small species of lute) the strings of which were managed by means of a small wheel."

Again at p. 307 of vol. ii. "He took from his side a rote (a small species of violin managed by a wheel.)" *Quere*, Are lute and violin synonymous?

"The unfortunate young lady inquired in vain at a grim-faced nun." Vol. ii. p. — contains a Scoticism which seems incurable. Another instance occurs in

the second tale, "The Baron looked eagerly round for some one at whom he might inquire the cause of this alarming novelty." vol. iii. p. 169.

In the same manner he repeats a favourite simile. Thus we are told: "The cavalier stood there leaning on his lance, more like a trophy of armour than a living warrior." vol. i. p. 269. And: "The wardens without stood motionless on their parts, rather like armed trophies than living warriors." vol. iii. p. 143.

Morning and evening are confounded. Sir Kenneth, at p. 9, vol. iv. says, "morning is now breaking;" and a few moments afterwards, at p. 11: "my withered features should blacken in this evening's setting sun."

So Moslem and Moslemah are indifferently used, "He will find, either of us enough of Franks or of Moslemah," vol. iii. p. 44. "We Moslem also know that Mohammed found his refuge at Medina," vol. iv. p. 10.

In the following passage the author has borrowed an idea from Goldsmith's lines, beginning "John Trott was desired," &c.

"Hark thee, Thomas," said the king, "do thine ears know the singing of Blondel from the braying of an ass?" "In faith my liege," replied Thomas, "I cannot well say; but setting Blondel out of the question, who is a gentleman, and doubtless of high acquirements, I shall never, for the sake of your grace's question, look on a minstrel but I will think upon an ass." vol. iv. p. 267.

Without entering into critical minutiae, or noticing many other minor points sufficient to occupy several pages, we may be allowed to express a doubt whether such careless construction as this is creditable. "Richard's body-guard were surrounded and almost choked by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side, through which were seen alternately and lost the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens." vol. iv. p. 297.

Your's, respectfully,
OCULUS.

ON THE ANCIENT SYSTEMATIC ARRANGEMENT OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES, AND THE SUPERIORITY OF THAT OF COPERNICUS

(For the Mirror.)

CURIOSITY, and a desire to become acquainted with whatever may be presented to the attention, is inherent in the constitution of man, whether it be a work of art, or the more grand exhibition of natural phenomena, the inquisitive and reflecting mind always feels an anxious

desire to search and pry into their secrets, and ascertain the use of the one, or the causes of the other; such a passion of the mind is in itself both highly useful to the individual and the world—prompting man to inquiry, to search after knowledge, “as for hidden treasures;” he feels too the pleasures of increasing in wisdom, and when imparting the results of his investigations to the world, he has the double gratification of knowing he benefits the community, adds to their stores of intellectual enjoyment, and has the inward satisfaction arising from the benefits he diffuses. In the earliest ages of the world, we find, the ever varying face of nature, caught the attention of the reflecting, and nothing more so than the changing forms and appearances of the heavenly bodies, the apparent motion of the sun in the heavens, the “wax and wane” of the moon, the divers positions of the planets, and the more portentous appearance of a comet, excited inquiry, and aroused the attention of men, long before astronomy had become a science, or their motions, periods, and aspects, had been calculated to a certainty. Scarcely anything is more amusing than the various conjectures of the ancients respecting the heavenly bodies, their dread of certain positions of them, their dreadful prognostics, at the appearance of a comet, or forebodings, when a meteor traversed the wide expanse of the heavens: they were, indeed, almost as ridiculous as the old woman in the story, who, when asked what she imagined the stars to be, replied, she believed they were merely holes in the sky, through which the glories of the heavenly world shone out. The ancients, regardless of the surpassing glory of the sun, made the earth the centre of the system, and believed the glorious orb of day, made its diurnal journey round the earth, each twenty-four hours. This was the opinion held by Ptolemy (which we will first describe); he supposed, as above stated—the earth to be the centre of the whole creation, that it stood foremost in the rank of worlds, that to it all the others were subservient, and moved round as with servile homage, some to yield their light by day, others their fainter beams by night. Next to the earth he placed the moon, then Mercury, Venus after, then followed the sun, that fountain of light and heat, the source of comfort to our otherwise gloomy world,—but by its influence made the most delightful,—which he places fourth in order; next to the sun he stationed Mars, then Jupiter and Saturn, all moving in orbits round the earth, succeeding each other as described;

above Saturn, he placed the firmament of fixed stars, all at equal distances from the earth, and above all these, two solid crystalline heavens; what next fancy might have imagined is hard to tell, but surely this is enough. Scarcely more absurd is that of Tycho, he placed the earth in the centre of the system, and gave it only a diurnal motion, and that about its axis once in twenty-four hours, though some say he made the earth absolutely at rest; about the earth he revolved the moon, and also the sun, but then about the sun he placed the orbits of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, in the order in which they are mentioned; so that they revolved at the same time with the sun round the earth once in a year. From a bare inspection of these systems, the absurdity is at once evident, more so, now that astronomy is become a science of much certainty; we are surprised at the inferiority of rank which the sun held in their systems, that luminous body which we look upon as more than equal, both in glory and bulk, to all the planets which round it roll; in one of the systems described above, the sun holds the third, and in the other, only a fourth rank in the scale of worlds; it is, however, now fully established, and admitted to be, the centre, round which the planetary orbs, and their attendant satellites, the earth with its moon, Jupiter with its four, Saturn with its seven, and Herschell with its six satellites, and remaining unattended worlds, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, with three lately discovered, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, all move; for these discoveries we are much indebted to Pythagoras, who first gave the sun, the primary place in his system, which he publicly taught at Greece; this was, in later days, revived by Copernicus, further established by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton and others, and that which is now established and considered to be the true system of our planetary world, and is at present known by the name of the Copernican, or solar system. What can be more delightful than such a contemplation of the heavenly spheres, each revolving round a central world of light, from whence proceed the genial warmth and luminous rays, which illumine and gladden the inhabitants of each. Here all is harmony—one general motion—free, diversified, and unmingled; from whence confusion is banished. Well may we close with the words of the poet—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous
then!

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine."

T. N. — R.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

(For the Mirror.)

ONE day, as Love's Queen was on Ida reclining,
Light Morpheus spread softly his opiate dew
O'er her love-beaming eyes—and, a garland entwining,

Wreathed with it her hair, and as softly
withdrew.

Nor long ere she dreamed that Adonis, her
lover,

Impress'd on her cheek the soul-conquering
kiss—

She dreamed that she saw his dark ringlets light
hover

Around his fair face, blushing beauty and bliss.

Soon Cupid espied her so calmly reposing:

"Why slumber thus, mother? 'tis Cupid—
oh! speak!

Bright Phœbus is set, and Night's curtains are
closing—

Awake!"—and his finger imprinted her cheek.

"Beasts it a goddess, so fair and enchanting,
On Earth's lowly couch, among mortals, to
rest?

The moon curbs her steeds, for thy star is yet
wanting,

And Vesper awaits thee to shine in the West."

Soft, soft—e'en as peach-down—it sunk to the
finger,

Kept too, like that fruit, the fond impress
awhile;

Till, forced to depart, though still striving to
linger,

It fled with her frown—but returned with her
smile.

And hence, as 'tis said, a sweep dimple en-
hances

The cheeks of our virgins, so soft and so fair—
Adds charms to their smiles, and fresh fire to
their glances,

And shows the young god has been revelling
there.

ALPHEUS.

BRIXTON CHURCH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As you devote a portion of the
MIRROR occasionally to architectural re-
marks, allow me through that medium
to ask a question, connected with the
science named, of some of your Brixton
correspondents, for certainly you are
hic et ubique.

Why is the spire of the new church of
St. Matthew, Brixton, placed at the east
end; seeing that the usual mode is to fix
it at the west?

Had the spire been built at the west
end, it would have been in the high
road, and the effect would have been
beautiful in passing up to it, now it is hid
in a bye-road, till you are close upon it.
An explanation will oblige your's,

CLAVIS.

BRITISH HEROES.

WHEN Chatham, in his country's cause,
Upheld her rights with fainting breath,
Stood forth the champion of her laws,
Nor ceased till grasped by icy Death;
His spirit, from its bonds set free,
Sought the bright realms of Liberty!

When Wolfe, on Quebec's bloody field,
First heard the shout, "They run! they run!"
And saw the flying squadrons yield,
"Great God!" he cried, "my duty's done;
My soul with joy I yield to thee,
For thou hast gain'd the victory!"

When Nelson, on the gore-stain'd deck,
Received his last—his fatal wound,
His gallant spirit felt no check,
Though bloody slaughter raged around;
"Great God!" he cried, "my country's free,
For thou hast gained the victory!"

ANDREW.

ON DIVINATION, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—There always has been, and ever
will be, a strong disposition in human
nature to inquire into that which has been
wisely concealed from their knowledge,—
the events of futurity. This propensity
was formerly extremely prevalent, and
was not then, as now, wholly confined to
the lower orders of society; so far from
it, indeed, that there were few nobles or
ladies of the court, even to majesty itself,
who disdained to consult an astrologer,
or "cunning man." The Jews taking
advantage of this disposition for oracular
intelligence, when the spirit of prophecy
ceased among them, pretended to a new
kind of revelation, which they called
Bath-col, that is, "the daughter of a
voice," because it succeeded the oracular
voice delivered from the mercy seat, when
they consulted God by Urim and Thum-
mim. They pretended that it was a voice
from heaven, and some say it was attend-
ed with a loud clap of thunder. We
have several instances of this oracle in the
Talmud; one will be sufficient, and serve
as a specimen. "Rabbi Jochanan and
Rabbi Simeon Ben Lachish, wishing to
see their friend the Rabbi Samuel, a doc-
tor of Babylon, said, 'Let us follow the
hearing of Bath-col.' Accordingly,

travelling near a school, they heard a boy reading these words from the first book of Samuel, 'And Samuel died.' Whence they inferred that their friend was dead, which was, as they afterwards discovered, correct." The Bath-col of the Jews was not unlike the *Sortes Vigilantia* of the Heathens, differing merely in this particular, that in the former, the first words they happened to meet with upon opening a book of their poetry, was a kind of oracle, whereby they predicted future events; and in the latter, when they appealed to Bath-col, the first words they heard from any one's mouth were considered as a voice from Heaven, directing them in their inquiries. The Christians were far from being entirely free from this superstition; they frequently used the Scriptures in a way similar to that in which the Pagans did the works of Virgil. It was practised by Herodius, emperor of the East, in the beginning of the seventh century; for being at war with Cotives, king of Persia, and in doubt, after a successful campaign, where to take up his winter quarters, he consulted the Scriptures in the above-mentioned manner, and was by that determined. It was the practice in France during several ages to use this kind of divination at the consecration of a bishop, in order to discover his life, manners, and future behaviour. It was the Normans, however, who introduced this custom into England; and we are informed by the chronicles of the times, that at the consecration of William, the second Norman bishop of Norwich, the words which first occurred on opening the bible were, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Shortly after which William died, and was succeeded by Herbert de Lozinga, a man well known for his rapacious and avaricious disposition, ready to do any thing for gain. At the consecration of this Herbert de Lozinga, the words which first presented themselves were those addressed by Christ to the traitor Judas, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" This circumstance, adds the chronicle, so affected Herbert, that he thoroughly repented of his crimes, the principal of which had been simony under William Rufus, and in expiation of them founded the cathedral church of Norwich, the first stone of which he laid in the year 1096. This superstition is far from being yet wholly extinct, while the desire of penetrating into the gloom of futurity will never be entirely eradicated from the human breast, although education, knowledge, and the press, have, at the present time, considerably diminished its domain.

T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

OLD DUBLIN.

BY LADY MORGAN.

[From an excellent article in the *New Monthly Magazine*.]

THE town of the hurdles, on its Dubh-lin or black ford, with its huts of twigs, and humble and unaspiring architecture, attracted the special protection of Heaven, at a very early period of its existence; "for," says Father Jocelyn in his life of the patron and chief of all Irish saints, "St. Patrick, departing from the borders of Meath, and directing his steps towards Leinster, passing the river Finglass, came to a certain hill, almost a mile distance from Ath-cleath, 'the place of the ford,' now called Dublin, and casting his eyes about the place and the land circumjacent, he broke forth into this prophecy: This small village (Dublin) shall hereafter become an eminent city: it shall increase in riches, and in dignities, until at length it shall be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom."

But as Rome was not built in a day, neither was Dublin; and though in the tenth century it was pompously designated "the most noble city" by King Edgar, which, saith he, "with all the kingdoms, and the islands of the ocean, I have by the most propitious grace of God the thunderer, subdued under my power;" (for the kings of the tenth, like the kings of the nineteenth century, held *le même jargon par le même propos*;) still this "most noble city" was deemed of so little consequence by the English invaders, that Henry the Second gave it to his good subjects of Bristol, as a sort of "*Etenne*," or new year's gift.

The first symptom of the accomplishment of St. Patrick's prophecy exhibited itself in the erection, by the English government, of a strong fortress, called "the Castel of Dublin," erected, says the patent, "for the defence of the English entered in Ireland,"—a purpose to which it has been most religiously applied ever since.

Still, however, with the exception of its fortress castle, and of its ecclesiastical edifices, which for the times were sumptuous and numerous, the Irish metropolis, down to the latter end of the sixteenth century, continued a city of mud and hurdles, unable to furnish forth a commodious or secure residence for the English chief governor, and other English officials, who, with their suite of retainers, their guards and councils, were lodged

and quartered in the stately halls of the abbeys and monasteries of the capital; which thus imaged the ancient power and wealth of the church of Ireland, as the huts of wicker and hovels of sedge figured the subjection and dependence of the people.

It was in oratories and refectories that the collective wisdom of the nation then assembled, that armed senators took their seats, in the face of cowed monks and hooded friars (of whom it was impossible to clear the gallery when abbots sat on the woolsack, and the crosier was the mace). It was along "long sounding aisles and intermingled graves" that some made their speeches, and others made their souls; while the indissoluble union of church and state was typified by mitred peers paired off with mailed commoners; and some patriot proser, a Geraldine or a De Courcey, got on his legs to tell them "right plainly and sharply of their unfitting demeaning," and threatening if they did not mend their manners, "that they would become Irish *every of them*,"—without the least regard to the house, or fear of being called to order.

Churches and cloisters were then the scenes of all the ceremonies and pageantry, which in modern times are exhibited in palaces and courts.* It was in Christ Church that Lord Deputy Kildare did homage, and took the oath of office to Sir Richard Edgcumb, the king's minister, and went in state from thence to St. Thomas's Abbey, (O'Neil carrying the sword before him) in which abbey he entertained the nobility and king's commission.

It was in the spacious apartments of the priory of Kilmainham, that the Lord Deputy Sussex held his vice-regal court, and received the homage of Irish toparchs, and English Pale-lords; and that mirror of magistrates, and model of Irish viceroys, Sir Henry Sidney, having landed at Monkstown, and stopped to take a stirrup

cup "*at the house of one Fitzwilliam of Merryon*," entered the city in state, and "proceeded forthwith to his lodging in St. Mary's Abbey."

Many of the great monasteries had then their "chamber of presence," or "the king's chamber;" and "the commons' house" was an epithet applied to an old apartment in the cathedral of St. Patrick, even down to those times when a House of Commons had ceased to exist in the realm.

The dissolution of all monasteries, and the forfeiture, or rather the transfer, of their immense revenues to the ecclesiastical princes of the new church, at the time of the Reformation, dissolved the rites of hospitality between abbots and viceroys; the latter of whom, probably, long lamented the loss of that "right good cheer," which the jovial monks of Kilmainham and St. Mary's so sumptuously dispensed. Sir Henry Sydney, however, was the first lord deputy who removed from his "snug lying in the abbey," and took up his residence in the "castel." Previous to his departure, he took special care to erect "certaine lodgings, and other fair and necessary roulnes, both for a convanient plaice for the lord deputy, and receaving of ony government hereafter, as for the better and more commodious resort and assembling of the councaill, and greater ease of all suitors, boath rich and poore, which heretofore were accustomed to travell to and from plaices, both farder distant, and less commodious for the dispatch of their causes; and for the keeping of the said house and roulnes newly erected, and sweeping and keeping clane the walkes upon the walls and platforms, as for the tending and keeping of the clock within the castel, an honest, careful, and dilligent person was appoynted, with the fee or enternteyment of sixteen pence currant money of Ireland per day, and withall a convaynient roulnie for his lodging within the sayd castel at the assignment of the governour for the tyme being."

* The state of the neighbourhood of the capital in the latter end of the 16th century, is curiously depicted by an item in the laws, viz.—"That the deputy be eight days in every summer cutting *PASSES* of the woods *next adjoining the King's subjets*, which shall be thought most needful." A "*newe ditche*," was then an improvement, which brought some Mac Adam of the age emolument and promotion; and the boldly cut "*passes*" of Powerscourt, Strenanloragh, Brahwallehangry, and others in the vicinage of the pale, were then deemed as important, and now sound as classical in the ears of the true Irish antiquary, as that of Thermopylæ. "*Och ye've sould the pass*," is an ancient Irish figure of speech applied to some real or supposed traitor to "*th' ould cause*."

Ye ploughers of the half-acre of modern times, behold here in the "suitors boath rich and poore," that haunted the castle in Elizabeth's day, the antiquity of your vocation! and you, ye exclusive elegants of Almack's, ye dandy *habitués* of Brookes's, who canvass the official dignities of the Irish vice-regal household with "all appliances and means to boot," behold in the "honest, careful, and dilligent person," who "kept the roulnes and walkes of the castel clane," and wound up the clock into the bargain for sixteen pence a day current money,—behold the origin and type of your controllerships,

your stewardships, and your chamberlainships, and of all those splittings and splicings of an homely office, which once included all your several services !

Still, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, and down to that of her successor James, with the exception of the "fair houses" and castles built of stone and lime, by the lords of the pale, and the ecclesiastical palaces raised by the wealthy church, the city of St. Patrick's prophecy and promise made but little progress in architectural splendour.

The hovels of mud and wattles were, indeed, exchanged for houses of cagework and timber, and covered with tiles and shingles. But the arts of peace, an unshackled commerce, the protection of the laws, and above all, an equal distribution of justice, religious tolerance, and national unity, the source of all social improvement, and the bases of solid settlements, commodious and permanent dwellings, were still withheld from that unhappy country, for which no truce for suffering had yet existed. The burghers of the capital were in perpetual conflict with the bordering enemies, or in resistance to the encroachments of the church on personal property.

The mass of the natives without the pale, warring, flitting, fighting, shifting, hiding, pursuing or pursued, now pouring down upon the capital from their mountains in its neighbourhood, now beaten back to their impervious fastness (their only fortress and security), now taking "Irish leave" and bravely attacking their oppressors, now "coming in," falling on their knees, at the feet of the representatives of English sovereigns,—the mass of the natives were thus kept at bay from all social improvement, and were thrown beyond the pale of civilized and commodious existence, as they were placed beyond the political boundary of good laws and wise government.

If in the reign of Charles the First the citizens of Dublin began to exhibit some improvement in architecture and accommodation, still the rebellion of 1641, the civil wars of the Commonwealth, the struggles of the houses of Stuart and Orange, and above all, and worse than all, the ferocious penal codes and paralyzing statutes of Queen Anne and the two first Georges, produced the same effect on the material and physical aspect of the capital and country, as on the moral, social, and political existence of the people. In all its bearings civilization was retarded; and in the early part of the eighteenth century, Dublin was one of the most dilapidated, antiquated, and least commodious cities in Europe. It

was, indeed, the reverse of that modish and well-worn figure of an oasis in a desert; it was a piggery in a paradise. Embosomed in picturesque mountains and luxuriant woods, watered by a noble river, and commanding its own magnificent bay, still it looked like some City of the Plague of Asiatic climes, where Nature and man are ever at variance.

THE BURMESE.

THE Birmah court appears to me an assembly of clowns, who have neither improved their manners or their sincerity by their transposition; they have retained their native chicane and vicious propensities, and have not acquired the blandishments of polish to veil the deformities of vice, or expansion of mind to check its domination.

To their superiors the Birmahs are abjectly submissive; towards strangers audacious and ungraceful; in power rapacious and cruel; in war treacherous and ferocious; in their dealings litigious and faithless; in appetite insatiable and avaricious; in habit lazy; in their ideas, persons, houses, and food, obscenely, filthy, below any thing I have ever seen that has claims to humanity.

It must not be denied that they possess brutal courage; but it tends rather to debase than exalt them: it is irregular, uncertain, and not to be depended on. They are strict observers of the ceremonial part of their religion; charitable to their priests and the poor; in the country, I am told, hospitable, and not vindictive; superstitious; addicted to magic; cheerful; patient under sufferings; hardy; frugal to penuriousness, in their diet; and affectionate parents. They would make good soldiers in the hands of a skilful general; and perhaps, good subjects under a virtuous magistrate; but unhappily, their present government seems only calculated to exalt their vices, and depress their virtues.

Every great officer, civil or military, is a justice of peace; can try petty causes, and punish trespasses by flogging, fine, or imprisonment; for which purpose they all have tribunals and fire-rooms in their houses. This authority is also usurped by the lowest officers of the palace and courts, and is productive of infinite oppression and abuse. The only resource of the people is to enlist themselves under the banner of some great man, and submit to his impositions in order to obtain protection from the rest.

Causes are originated in the yhongs, but may be removed by appeal to the lootcho, and ultimately to his Majesty in

council, where the decisions in general are pretty just; but the expense of obtaining a hearing is enormous.

Trials by Ordeal, varying from those of India, are common.

Calcutta Gazette.

SIMILE FROM FIRDOSI.

Bright thoughts, and sparkling language, unexpressed,

Concealed or slumbering in the human breast,
Are like a diamond lodged within the mine;
Darkness and dross its dazzling beams confine:
Withdrawn from thence, its liberated ray
Blazes abroad, and emulates the day.

Asiatic Journal.

LONDON BALLAD SINGERS.

It would be curious to trace the rise and progress of ballad singers from the golden days of the virgin queen down to the dark era in which we live, when by reason of beadies and anti-mendicity corporations, the art of itinerant singing has ceased to add its stimulus to the national virtue! We grieve to think how the vocal nation, stricken by the hand of persecution, has been scattered, as it were, before the winds—its separated members fleeing from the gainful thoroughfares where they were wont so creditably to appear, and betaking themselves to distant habitations (as yet untainted by art), in order that they may pick up a precarious means of exemption from the destitute lot to which they have been so unnecessarily doomed. We have seen some of the elders of their communion—some of the tuneful patriarchs—those who were wont to occupy the high places amongst them, turned to the vilest uses, rendered into hewers of wood and drawers of water, disposed of in the most condemned offices! Let us be forgiven if we err—but we are filled with the conviction that the peace of the metropolis, and the purgation of its streets, are purchased at a heavy charge. We cannot yield to the dynasty of Mendicity Companies. We have scruples about the *de jure* titles of the house of Red Lion-square. And yet piously as we turn to the gentle days when ballads were chanted in safety, what can our feeble power accomplish against the usurpations of hard-hearted philanthropists! Bethnal-green! the chosen haunt of the harmonious tribe, often do we pace with lingering foot thy once verdant and almost rural ways, casting about for some well-known face—straining after some long-accustomed note, and then quickly turn from thy classic sphere to dismiss the sad remembrance of some cherished spirit now laid

low! And whither have the tuneful race betaken themselves? They will not work and delve—they cannot away with the laborious dulness of handicraft. Few of them (so unerring to this hour is the poet's "*si naturum expellas*," &c.) that have not consoled their captivity by some felicitous contrivance for the production of sounds, the growth of their unfailing love of the art. Whistling (which, though not forbidden by law, is not much encouraged by the world) gives occupation to some faint number. We are acquainted with ex-ballad singers who have taken to the device (laughing ingenuity!) of striking music but of their chins! Ned Buckhorse, well known once in Covent Garden as the friend of Shuter, was the author of this item in the ways and means of his friends. Nor is it so marvellous a resource after all, nor so distantly related to the rational, as that conceit of old Isaac Vossius, who, be it remembered, in his "*Treatise de Cantu Poematum*," laboured hard to establish a race of barbers who could imitate the measure of songs in combing the hair!—Again, some of our wanderers have trafficked in bird-calls—and not a few have devoted themselves to pandean minstrelsy—*Nec illos peniteat*, &c. The workhouse has received a desperate remnant, who, in glorious contempt of danger, dared still to uplift their voices in the public walks, realising by their example that singular clause in Pliny's description of the nightingale, "*spiritu prius deficient quam cantu*." Of this faithful band let us mention Ned Friday, whose tone, was pathos itself, even after Time strove with severe hand to derange the organ. We remember that flower of affecting appeals, his "*Jemmy Dawson*,"—the Jemmy Dawson which was predecessor to, and whose throne, it cannot be denied, in the popular heart was usurped by Shenstone's celebrated ballad. Friday made a "*piece of work*" (as it was called) of this song; for to those who seemed more than usually interested in the sad record, he gave the full narrative; and though some sixty years interposed between his day and the event, yet would he as confidently vouch for the truth of his story as though he had witnessed its enactment on Kennington Common. Friday was acquainted with young Dibdin (the immortal Tytæus of our time) in Hampshire. He sang with him, wandered with him (for behold Dibdin was a ballad-singer), essayed pranks with him, and, in short, was present at the concoction of that admirable faculty, the maturity of which we have seen contribute so much to the exaltation of our naval glory. Dibdin

did not afterwards forget his early associations; and the humorous manifesto, "The Ballad Singer," will bear to distant times a testimony of his youthful predilection for the children of song.—Mary Grace, a very aged member, claims our notice by virtue of the point of law of being found living at the period where our present history takes its rise—she is strictly within the meaning of "modern ballad singers," although the meridian of her powers was contemporaneous with a very far by-gone date. The once celebrated ballad of the "Maid of Baldock" was Mrs. Grace's earliest and latest fancy. She knew in her early days Mary Cornwall; such was the real name of this far-famed rustic beauty—and proudly did she boast of the acquaintance. The garb of the old woman still luxuriates over the recollections of the Maid of Baldock. Her beauty that attracted a thousand suitors—her modesty that shrunk from their importunate admiration—her maiden innocence and simplicity which deserted her not even in her connubial state, and the virtuous delicacy that made her avoid, to the day of her death, the fairs and market-places where her praises were resounded by obstinate ballad-singers,—these things would our ancient dilate with all the tokens of self-sufficiency and defiance, as if to say, "You can have nothing of the sort in these days." But who is there, old or young, amid the busy population of Tower-Hill, that does not bear in mind, and will not lend a kind word towards commemorating, that ornament of the profession, Joe Johnson! Joe was wont to wear, on days of business, a model (and an elaborate miniature it was) of the brig Nelson on his hat. She was full-rigged, had all her masts set, and looked for all the world as if she scudded before a gale of wind. The district just mentioned used to be called, and will be reported in traditions, no doubt in technical phraseology, "Black Joe's Pitch." The man was lame, or, as he himself used to say, was damaged in his cock-pit—but in bust, in mien, and with his swarthy, bony face, half concealed by black, frizzy curls, and crowned by a ship in full sail; he had the bearing of an Atlas. He was conversant with the best of Dibdin's songs—and in the "British Seaman's Praise," and the "Wooden Walls of Old England," he approved himself the Incledon of the highways. But these, in point of excellence, stood in relation to Joe's "Storm," as the best of his contemporaries was to Joe in his other songs. Incledon had voice and science—Joe's deficiencies in these particulars were compensated by rude

strength (the song is peculiarly susceptible of vocal force) and by pantomime. This ballad-singer not only described, he demonstrated—he lowered the top-gallants, then the stay-sails, and as soon as the time came for the breeze to freshen, Joe was seen to set the braces with a nimbleness and success that would have extorted praise in the great world of a man of war. Successively you were stunned with the boatswain's bawl and the cheer of the crew. Next of all he looked like a man possessed with a raging demon, as he darted from place to place in mimic fury, cutting down masts, casting guns overboard, and gathering all hands to the pump. Here was an improvement on that difficult grace of poetry, making the words an "echo to the sense." Joe acted the song—he passed you through all the perils of the tempest, snatched you from the imminent wreck, without uttering a note. Never shall we forget the shout of satisfaction with which he consigned every bitter remembrance to oblivion, as he fervently cried, "She rights, she rights, boys! wear off there."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Select Biography.

No. XXVII.

THOMAS BEWICK,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

THOMAS BEWICK was born in the year 1753, at Cherryburn, in the parish, and near the village, of Ovingham, in Northumberland. He was Educated, together with his younger brother John, at Ovingham school, then conducted by the Reverend Christopher Gregson. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to the late Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At this time, it is said, he rarely omitted a Sunday's visit to his father at Cherryburn, a distance of about fourteen miles. Sometimes, on his arrival, he would find the river Tyne too deep to be forded. On such occasions he would about his inquiries across the water, and contentedly return home. He seems to have early turned his attention to that peculiar branch of his art for which he has since become so celebrated. In 1775, he obtained a premium from the Society of Arts for his wood engraving of the "Old Hound." The position of the huntaman's house in this little cut betrays some faint traces of his genius. This success probably incited him to the more eager prosecution of this species of engraving. The result was, that the first

edition of the *History of Quadrupeds* was published by Mr. Beilby and himself, for they had now become partners, in the year 1790. This was the spring of his reputation. In 1795, Mr. William Bulmer, the well-known printer, published "The Traveller," and "Deserted Village of Goldsmith," and "The Hermit of Parrell, with wood-cuts by Thomas and John Bewick." The beauty and novelty of the engravings strongly attracted public attention. Many, indeed, were at first sceptical, as to the possibility of such effects being produced from wood. Amongst the incredulous was said to have been his late Majesty, who was only convinced of the truth by actual inspection of the blocks. In 1796, "The Chase of Somerville" was published in a similar manner; and in the same year, Mr. Bewick lost his younger brother and coadjutor John, who died of consumption. He was now rapidly rising to celebrity; and in the year 1797, was published the first volume of his "History of British Birds," containing the Land Birds. This, perhaps, is the best of his works. There is a little anecdote connected with this publication. In one of the tail-pieces, Bewick's strong delight in satirical humour led him a little too far across the debateable land of decorum. Unconvinced, however, and unconvinced did he remain, until a considerable number of impressions had got into circulation. He was then compelled to have the offending part in the remainder of the edition daubed over with Indian ink. In the second edition the block is altered. The second volume of British Birds, consisting of the Water Birds, was not published until 1804. Lastly, in 1818, were published Select Fables of Æsop and others, collected and embellished by Thomas Bewick. It may be interesting to some to know, that the tale-piece at p. 162 of the first edition of this work bears the date of his mother's death; and that at p. 176 of his father's. The final tail-piece is a view of Ovingham churchyard, in which is the family burying-place.—Such is the brief outline of the life and principal works of Bewick. The external history of genius is in general easily told.

That Thomas Bewick has been the great improver of the art of wood-engraving, it is needless to say. He may indeed be called the father of the art; and his fame has, more than anything else, been the cause of the attention which has ever since been paid to this species of engraving. It cannot be doubted, however, that in the mere mechanical excellence of his craft—in fineness of line—in sharpness and in smoothness, he has been out-

done by some of his pupils. Bewick's excellence is not of the mechanical sort. He will esteem this no left-handed compliment. His fame does not rest upon this. It is his graphic tact—the truth of his conception and delineation of nature, that will carry him down to posterity. He is in reality, in essence, as one may say, A PAINTER; and his fame rests upon a foundation similar to that of other painters. It is true he uses the graver, not the pencil. It is true he has limited his range of subject. But the great—the *captivating* excellence of Bewick is, nevertheless pictorial. He is great as an admirer and faithful exhibitor of nature; not as a cutter of fine lines, and a copyist of the designs of others.

Of Bewick's powers, the most extraordinary is the perfect and undeviating accuracy with which he seizes and transfers to paper the natural objects which it is his delight to draw. His landscapes are absolute fac-similes; his animals are whole-length portraits. Other books on natural history have fine engravings,—they are coloured or uncoloured; copper or wood,—but still, to use a common expression, they "*are all tarred with one stick*;" neither beast nor bird in them has any character—like a servant who has never been at place—not even a bad one. Dog and deer, lark and sparrow, have all air and countenances marvellously insipid, and of a most flat similitude. A flock of dandies would not have a more unintellectual likeness to each other, a more deplorable proximity of negation. They are not only all like each other, but not one of them like anything worth looking at. A collection of family portraits, all "tenth transmitters of foolish faces." This is no joke. You may buy dear books or cheap books, but if you want to know what a bird or quadruped is, to Bewick you must go at last. Study Bewick, and you know a British bird as you know a man, by his physiognomy. You become acquainted with him as you do with Mr. Tims, to whom you were introduced last Wednesday. You can make him out even at a distance, as sailors say, by "the cut of his jib." There is no need, as in other cases, of counting primaries and secondaries, or taking an inventory of his tail before you can identify him. You may admire him, as a novel heroine sometimes admires the hero, altogether for his *je ne sais quoi*—and this is the very quintessence of refinement in bird-fancying.

It needs only to glance at the works of Bewick, to convince ourselves with what wonderful felicity the very countenance and air of his animals are marked and

distinguished. There is the grave owl ; the silly wavering lapwing ; the pert jay ; the impudent over-fed sparrow ; the airy lark ; the sleepy-headed gourmand duck ; the restless titmouse ; the insignificant wren ; the clean harmless gull ; the keen rapacious kite—every one has character. There are no “muffin faces.” This is far beyond the mere penciling of fur or feathers. It is the seizure and transfusion of countenance. In this, Bewick’s skill seems unapproached and unapproachable by any other artist who has ever attempted this line. Were he to take the portraits of our friend James Hogg’s present flock of sheep, we, Christopher North, would bet a thousand guineas that the shepherd should point out every individual bleater by his “visnomy,” and this is something. Sir Thomas Lawrence could do no more for the Royal Yacht Club, and the Congress of Verona.

Bewick’s vignettes are just as remarkable. Take his British Birds, and in the tail-pieces to these two volumes you shall find the most touching presentations of nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. There are the poachers tracking a hare in the snow ; and the urchins who have accomplished the creation of a “snow man.” In the humorous, there are the disappointed beggar leaving the gate open for the pigs and poultry to march over the good dame’s linen which she is laying out to dry—or, what a methodist would call profane, the cat stealing the blind man’s dinner whilst he is devoutly saying grace—or the thief who sees devils in every bush and stump of a tree—a sketch that Hogarth himself might envy. Then, in another strain, there is the strayed infant standing at the horses’ heels, and pulling its tail, the mother in an agony flying over the stile—the sportsman who has slipped into the torrent ; and the blind man and boy unconscious of “Keep on this side.” In the satiric there is that best of burlesques upon military pomp, the four urchins astride of gravestones for horses, the first blowing a glass trumpet, and the others bedizened in tatters, with rushcaps and wooden swords.

Nor must we pass over his sea-side sketches—all inimitable. The cutter chasing the smuggler—is it not evident they are going at least ten knots an hour ? The tired gulls sitting on the waves, every curled head of which seems big with mischief. What pruning of plumage, what stalkings and flappings and scratchings of the sand, are not depicted in that collection of sea-birds on the shore ! What desolation is there in that sketch of coast after a storm, with the solitary rock,

the ebb tide, the crab just venturing out, and the mast of the sunken vessel standing up through the treacherous waters ! What truth and minute nature is in that tide coming in, each wave rolling higher than his predecessor, like a line of conquerors, and pouring in amidst the rocks with increasing aggression ! And last and best,—there are his fishing scenes. What angler’s heart but beats when he sees the pool-fisher deep in the water, his rod bending almost double with the rush of some tremendous trout or heavy salmon ? Who does not recognize his boyish days in the fellow with the “set rods,” sheltering himself from the soaking rain behind an old tree ? What fisher has not seen you “old codger” sitting by the river side, peering over his tackle, and putting on a brandling ? It is needless to recapitulate. Bewick’s landscapes, in short, are upon the same principle with his animals. They are, for the most part, portraits. They are the result of the keenest and most accurate observation. You perceive every stone and bunch of grass has had actual existence. His moors are north-country moors, neither Scotch nor English. They are the progeny of Cheviot, of Rumpsie, of Simondsie, and of the Carter. The tail-piece of the old man, pointing out to his boy an ancient monumental stone, reminds one of the Milfield Plain and Flodden Field. Having only delineated that in which he himself has taken delight, we may deduce his character from his pictures. His hearted love of his native county, its scenery, its manners, its airs, its men and women ; his propensity

———“ by himself to wander
Adown some trotting burn’s meander,
An’ no think lang ;”

his intense observation of nature and human life ; his satirical and somewhat coarse humour ; his fondness for maxims and old saws ; his vein of worldly prudence now and then “cropping out,” as miners call it, into day-light ; his passion for the sea-side, and his delight in the angler’s “solitary trade.” All this, and more, the admirer of Bewick may deduce from his sketches.

Arrived at that period of life when many men become averse to new undertakings, Bewick is busy with a projected History of Fishes. This might be expected from the strong and knotty character of his mind. A full-bodied vintage will improve in raciness for forty years. The oak grows for three centuries. We have been favoured with a sight of some of the cuts for this work, and can answer for their partaking, to the full extent, of

the marked characteristics of his earlier works. We noticed, especially, two or three angling scenes, which might make the heart of a fisher leap at the recollection. Never were the mountain streams of Northumberland given as Bewick gives them. The Cockneys, to be sure, will not understand them, but that is of little import.

Mr. Bewick is said to have noted down, from time to time, memoranda of his own life. We hope it is true. If we are not mistaken, it will prove one of the best presents to the heart that artist ever made. Let him put down his beginnings and progress, his feelings, his conceptions, his conclusions, his difficulties, his success; in short, the mental formation and growth of his skill, and the record is invaluable. Above all, we conjure him to write from himself. Let him jot down his ideas as they rise, without clipping or straining them to suit any set of conceived rules of composition. Let the book be of Thomas Bewick altogether, and only. Let him shun, as he would the plague, all contact with the race who commonly style themselves grammarians and critics; and if he does not publish in his lifetime, we think he may as well, unless he has a particular reason to the contrary, not make Thomas Moore, Esq. his executor. There may be little danger in this case; but one really would not wish any Christian book, much more that of a man of genius, like Bewick, to run even the remotest risk of being put into the parlour fire to please "The Ladies."

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Topographer.

No. XIV.

STOCKHOLM.

THE entrance into Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, through the south suburb, does not give much idea of a capital. Indeed the city, properly so called, is very small, but the north and south suburbs are large, it being half a Swedish mile from the gate of the former to that of the latter. Many streets, however, are destitute of houses; and in others, they only consist of one story; so that, notwithstanding the great extent of Stockholm, it does not contain more than about seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Some of the houses are only built of wood, and many of those in the suburbs are mere peasants' cottages. The best inhabited and handsomest streets, such as Queen-street and Regency-street, are in the north

suburb, but no one superior in rank to a merchant lives in the south suburbs.

Few towns in Europe are so ill paved as Stockholm; this is particularly disagreeable, from there being no public walk but the royal garden, which is damp and unwholesome, except in hot weather, so that the inhabitants have no other resource than walking in the streets; an improvement in paving and lighting the streets is, however, about to take place.

The city of Stockholm, properly so called, is situated on an island at the junction of the Mælar Lake and the sea, which communicate with each other by the southern sluices. Nothing can be more singular and picturesque than this city! it is indeed unlike any other, and affords the most charming points of view. The great variety of steeples, houses, rocks, trees, lakes, together with the castles or palaces which present themselves on every side to the eye, form altogether a most delightful and interesting prospect. The harbour is very fine, spacious, and safe, though difficult of access; it frequently requiring several days either to get out to sea or to enter it. This difficulty is owing to the necessity of passing through a variety of rocks, which cannot be done without a particular wind. The quays are of very great extent.

The inns are so bad, that those who purpose staying any time in Stockholm, must take a furnished lodging, which may be had for three rix-dollars a week, and for still less, if taken by the month. The stoves are extremely well constructed, and very little wood is required to warm the apartments. A good *valet de place*, who spoke French, was very difficult to procure, until the accession of the present king, who is a native of France. Coaches may be hired for two rix-dollars and a half a day; and from fifty to fifty-five by the month: this last is the best method, as it will ensure a neat carriage, the generality being very old-fashioned and inconvenient. Hackney coaches cost three copper *dalers* a fare; a *plotte* for the first hour, and four *dalers* for every succeeding one; but these coaches are not always to be procured.

The royal castle, which forms an elevated point of view from every quarter of the city, is one of the finest modern palaces in Europe. It is built of brick, faced with stone, with an Italian roof, begun by Charles XI. and completed by Adolphus Frederick. Its form is nearly square, and the inner court is nearly two hundred and sixty feet long, and two hundred and twenty-four wide. Among the curiosities of the palace the most valuable is the antique statue of Endymion, and nothing

can certainly be more beautiful: it is indeed one of the finest pieces of antiquity now in existence. He is represented reposing at length; one leg and arm have been repaired, but not in the best manner. This magnificent antique was purchased by his majesty at Rome, in 1784, and cost only two thousand ducats.

Among the MSS. in the king's library, is one in Latin, which is so extremely large, that it is supposed to be written on the skin of an ass. This MS. contains the books of the Old and New Testament, &c. &c., and is terminated by a confession, in red letters on a brown ground, in which the sinner accuses himself of several abominable sins, without specifying the number, or entering into particulars: this MS. was taken by the Swedes from a convent at Prague.

The *Spinhäus*, or house of correction, at Stockholm, when visited by De Boisgelin, contained a hundred and ninety-seven women, forty of whom were Finlanders. There were also twenty-two men, who were mostly either children or cripples. The greatest part of the women were confined for theft; and several for crimes of a more serious nature, amongst which the dreadful one of child-murder is the most frequent. Those convicted of capital offences are confined for life; and the women guilty of destroying their infants are not suffered to walk in the court; but, strange as it may appear to a thinking mind, their apartments are neater and better than any of the rest, and the crown defrays the expense of violins to amuse them on Christmas-day, which is their only recreation throughout the year. Each person, without any exception, is obliged to spin two pounds and a half of wool every day which is employed for the use of the house. The crown allows two skellings a day for their subsistence. Those confined for six years and upwards, or for life, wear a blue uniform, which is renewed every three years; the others wear their own clothes as long as they last. No one can be confined in this house without an order from the grand governor, or the police; when it is settled in what manner the person is to be treated. The women sleep two in a bed, unless they are sick, when they are removed to another building, in which men, women, and children, are indiscriminately confined. The beds are ranged in a line on one side of the rooms, and the spinning-wheels opposite, near the windows, which in some degree adds to the smell; the beds are likewise bad.

There is an asylum at Stockholm for the widows of citizens of a singular kind; which appears to merit imitation in other

countries. This asylum contains sixty-two women. On a vacancy happening by death, or by inheriting a fortune, which makes the person no longer an object of charity; those who succeed are only admitted twice a year, either at Easter or in the month of October. Master tradesmen, and masters in any company, pay a certain sum annually, and their widows alone are entitled to partake of this charity. No one can be admitted under the age of fifty; and any one is at liberty to provide herself with useful articles; but these, in case of death, become the property of the society. They are obliged to provide their own beds, furniture, paying nothing, however, on entering, and having three meals a day, two dishes at dinner, and as many at supper. The rooms are extremely neat, and every one has her separate bed. The widows appeared much pleased with their situation, and perfectly satisfied with the rules of the house; which we never observed to be the case in any other charitable institution. They wash four times a year, and the sick are never removed except in contagious disorders. Two governors have the direction of this asylum; their appointment is for life, and they are always either merchants or rich and reputable tradesmen.

The Palace of Drottningholm is the finest in the neighbourhood of Stockholm; and the most frequented by the court. This royal residence is most delightfully situated in Queen's Island, on the Mälar Lake, a Swedish mile from the capital. The library at this palace is ornamented with a large collection of Etruscan vases, and enriched with a variety of curious manuscripts. Amongst the latter is one containing various reflections, by Queen Christina, and a manuscript by Charles XII. when a child, in one part of which is written, "*vincere aut mori*." The Greek, Roman, and antique medals of all nations, fill twelve hundred drawers in eight different cabinets.

Miscellanies.

SWEDISH ARTIFICERS.

THE Swedish artificers, like many in this great metropolis, seldom commence their work before Tuesday, and some, not till Wednesday: if by chance they appear in their business earlier, it is merely to sleep off the effects of their Sunday's drink. Notwithstanding such conduct, they are very exorbitant in their demands, and the more they gain, the more they expend in liquor; nothing indeed but empty pockets

can induce them to return to their different occupations. Every different trade has a fund, to which the workmen contribute a certain sum monthly, "for which they are allowed twenty-four skellings a week, if unable to work; and, in case of death, twenty six-dollars for funeral expenses. Nothing can be so absurd as to expend twenty-six dollars on the funeral of a workman, when that sum would be of great benefit to his surviving family; but a magnificent funeral seems a great *pensant* amongst the Swedes. Hence we hear of their having a coffin repository, where these lively memorials of death are exhibited in a diversity of tasty and embellished modes.

CANADIAN RACING AND BOXING.

ONCE (says Mr. Talbot, in his work on Canada,) went to a horse-race, that I might witness the speed of their sorry *chevaux*, as they cantered over a quarter of a mile course. Four horses started for a bet of 10,000 *feet of boards*. The riders were clumsy-looking fellows, bootless, and ootless. Before they started, every one seemed anxious to bet upon some one or other of the horses. Wagers were offered in every part of the field, and I was soon assailed by a host of fellows, requesting me to take their offers. The first who attracted my notice, said, he would bet me *a barrel of salt pork* that Split-the-wind would win the day. When I refused to accept of this, another offered to bet me 3,000 *cedar shingles* that Washington would distance "every d—d scrape of them." A third person tempted me with a wager of 50lbs of *pork sausage* against a *cheese of similar weight*, that Prince Edward would be distanced. A fourth, who appeared to be a shoemaker, offered to stake *a raw ox-hide* against half its weight in *tanned leather*, that Columbus would be either first or second. Five or six others, who seemed to be partners in a *pair of blacksmith's bellows*, expressed their willingness to wager them against *a barrel of West Indian molasses*, or twenty dollars in cash. In the whole course of my life, I never witnessed so ludicrous a scene. I succeeded for a while in preserving my gravity, but the wind of the bellows blew every trace of seriousness away, and I laughed so heartily, that I believe the owners of this unwieldy article imagined I had detected some of them in making an American bull. I dare venture to say, that 10,000 dollars, at least, were lost and won in property, at this race, without

a single *son* in specie being in the possession of any one present.—When the race was over, wrestling commenced; which was soon succeeded by boxing in the modern style of *rough and tumble*. This detestable practice is very general in Canada; and nothing can be more abhorrent to good sense and feeling. Instead of fighting, like men whose passions have gained a momentary ascendancy over their reason,—which would to all intents be bad enough,—they attack each other with the ferociousness of bull-dogs, and seem in earnest only to disfigure each other's faces, and to glut their eyes with the sight of blood. The contest always opens with a turn at wrestling, for they never dream of applying their knuckles; and he who has the misfortune to be thrown, generally suffers a defeat. The principal object of the combatants appears to be the *calculation of eclipses*; or, in other words, their whole aim is bent on tearing out each other's eyes; in doing which, they make the fore-finger of the right-hand fast in their antagonist's hair and with the thumb—as they term it—*gouge out the day-lights*. If they fail in this attempt, they depend entirely on their teeth for conquest; and a fraction of the nose, half an ear, or a piece of a lip, is generally the trophy of the victor. The battle never breaks up before one of the combatants exclaims "*Enough!*" which is seldom the case until he finds himself disabled by the loss of blood, or a severe invasion of his optic, his olfactory, or his auditory nerves.

ANECDOTE OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE life of Alfred is full of the most interesting events. From among numerous anecdotes related of him by the old English historians, the following is extracted, as it affords a striking illustration of his benevolence, and is a proof of the privations he, in common with his trusty adherents, underwent during their seclusion in Somersetshire:—"It happened one day during the winter, which proved uncommonly severe, that he had sent all his attendants out to endeavour to procure some fish, or other provisions; so difficult was the enterprise considered, that the king and queen only were excepted from the employment. When they were gone, the king, as was his custom whenever he had an opportunity, took a book, and began reading, whilst Elswitha was engaged in her domestic concerns: they had not long continued thus engaged, before a poor pilgrim, accidentally pass-

ing that way, knocked at the gate, and begged for something to eat. The humane king called Elswitha, and desired her to give the poor man part of what provision there was in the fort: the queen finding only one loaf, brought it to Alfred to show how slender their store was, at the same time representing the distresses the party would suffer, should they return from their foraging unsuccessful. The king, not deterred by this scanty view from his charitable purpose, but rather internally rejoicing at this trial of his humanity, cheerfully gave the poor Christian one half of the loaf, consoling the queen with this religious reflection, "that he who could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, could make (if it pleased him) that half of the loaf suffice for more than their necessities." When the traveller departed, the king returned to his reading, and felt that satisfaction which most surely results from a beneficent action. Nor was it long unrewarded, for his companions returned with so great a quantity of provisions, that they were not exposed to any similar inconveniences during their seclusion.

A. W.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

A CLERK'S BLUNDER.

A PARSON reading the first line or so of a chapter in the bible, the clerk by some mistake or other read it after him. The parson read as follows:—

Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people.

The clerk misunderstanding him, spoke thus:—

Moses was an oyster-man and made ointment for the shins of his people.

A. W. H.

THE FINEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

A SCHOOL-MASTER in Paris wished to prove that he was the finest person in the world. He argued thus:—Europe is the finest quarter of the world: France is the finest country in Europe: Paris is the finest town in France; the University is the finest place in Paris, my room is the finest in the University; I am the finest in my room, ergo, I am the finest person in the world.

TURKISH MORTAR.

EXTRAORDINARY as it may appear, it is a fact not to be doubted, that the lawyers in Turkey, when sentenced to capital punishment, have the privilege of being pounded to death in a mortar. Baron de Tott, in his Memoirs, records an event that happened during his residence at Constantinople, which occasioned the pestles and mortars to be dug up by the order of Sultan Osman for the purpose of pounding the refractory lawyers to death. "This order," the Baron adds, "had the desired effect, and the body of the Ulemahs were all submission."

As a peculiar and striking instance of the extent to which commercial transactions are sometimes carried, I saw the other day a bill of exchange "two months after date" for "one pound two shillings."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The History of Music; F. R.—y; S. C.; *Mary Jane Coultart*; H. F. C. N.; *Summer*; F. W. D.; *Jacobus*; are intended to appear in our next.

The following, and several other communications, are under consideration:—*Antoine and Mathilde*; *Altiqus*; *Lilla*; F. V. S. C. O.; F. M. B.; R. G.; *Proteus*; *Egomat*; *Minnette*; *Crito Galen*; and *Edward*.

The following articles are approved, and shall have insertion as early as our limits will permit:—*W. C.—y's Memoir of Sir J. H.*; *W. S.'s allusive Poetry*; *Anatomicus Junior*; *Clavis*; *Di Do Dum*; *A Mirrorian*; *G. S. of Edinburgh*.

Were we to enter into a long explanation of the reasons why we deem some articles inadmissible, one half of the MIRROR would be occupied with answers to correspondents.

The Letter of George IV. could only be interesting as a fac simile of his autograph.

H. R. W. is not forgotten, and the drawing shall be returned to him.

We should feel much obliged by the drawing and description so kindly offered by *Diedrich*.

The article alluded to by T. N.—r shall be sought for.

George Alexander Stevens's Lecture on Heads is too well known to need our insertion of the extract sent by N. J. R. P.

Georgius Novice will find a letter for him at our Publisher's.

Momus has our thanks.

We really can give no more articles on *Arithmetic* at present, though we thank our correspondents for their contributions.

The articles sent by F. R. T. C. have already appeared in the MIRROR.

Timothy Love a Drop is not to our taste.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

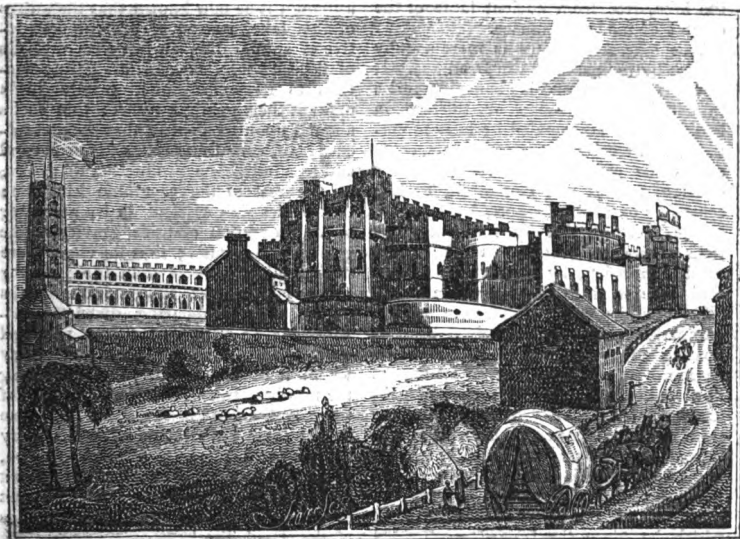
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLI.]

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1825.

[[PRICE 2d.

Lancaster Castle and St. Mary's Church.



THE Castle of Lancaster, though not one of the most ancient of those structures which were considered at once the pride and strength of the middle ages, is of considerable antiquity, and though not very large, it is strong and neat. It was erected in the reign of Edward III., and is intimately connected with the name and history of its governor, John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." It is generally believed that there was a Roman fortress on the site of this castle, as about forty years ago, in digging in one of the cellars there were found several Roman utensils, vessels for sacrifices, and coins of the Roman emperors. Though it has lost much of its ancient dignity, this magnificent structure is still much admired for its antiquity, extent, and the peculiar character of its architecture.

The castle is seated on an eminence, and on the top is a large square keep, called John of Gaunt's chair, which commands a charming and extensive prospect over the surrounding country, and especially towards the sea, where the

view extends to the Isle of Man. The castle is now used as the county gaol, and adjoining to it is the county court and shire hall. The Church of St. Mary, a handsome Gothic structure, is near them, and being placed on the same elevation, appears as a portion of the same group of magnificent and venerable architecture. All these objects will be very clearly distinguished in the beautiful view with which we present our readers.

St. Mary's Church (of which, as well as Lancaster Castle, we purpose giving a more detailed account) was endowed so early as the year 1094: in 1823, it was found necessary to put a new roof on the church, which was done in that and the following year. The old oak timber of the former roof was sold by auction, and some of the beams even fetched nine shillings per foot. Articles of furniture and turned snuff-boxes were made of the stern material which had resisted the teeth of age for more than seven centuries. The snuff-boxes were sold at from six to nine shillings each.

THE DEAD SEA, OR LAKE AS- PHALTITES.

In the "Tales of the Crusaders" one of the scenes in the second tale, the *Talisman*, is laid near the Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea; and as the author has availed himself of the traditionary superstitions respecting it, which the progress of science and the investigations of travellers have exploded, we shall give a description of the lake, free from ancient fable or the charms of modern romance.

The lake Asphaltites is more usually known by the name of the Dead Sea. It lies in Palestine, and is about fifty miles in length, and twelve or thirteen in breadth. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and receives the river Jordan. It covers the ground on which stood the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, buried, according to Strabo's report, by an earthquake, accompanied by frequent eruptions of fire, or, according to the scriptural expression, by a rain of sulphur. This lake is rendered remarkable by the great quantity of the bituminous and inflammable substance, called Asphaltos, floating on its surface. This substance, having been thrown up from its bottom in a melted state, by the agency of subterraneous heat, and having become solid by the coldness of the water, is collected on the margin of the lake.—Dr. Clarke, in his travels, has removed the superstitious prejudices so long entertained relative to the Dead Sea, of which he gives the following animated description.

"The Dead Sea below, upon our left, appeared so near to us, that we thought we could ride thither in a very short space of time. Still nearer stood a mountain upon its western shore, resembling, in its form, the cone of Vesuvius, and having also a crater upon its top, which was plainly discernible. The distance, however, is much greater than it appears to be; the magnitude of the objects beheld in this fine prospect, causing them to appear less remote than they really are. The atmosphere was remarkably clear and serene; but we saw none of those clouds of smoke, which, by some writers, are said to exhale from the surface of lake Asphaltites, nor from any neighbouring mountain. Every thing about it was, in the highest degree, grand and awful. Its desolate, although majestic, features, are well suited to the tales related concerning it by the inhabitants of the country, who all speak of it with terror, seeming to shrink from the narrative of its deceitful allurements and deadly influence. 'Beautiful fruit,' say they,

grows upon its shores, which is no sooner touched, than it becomes dust and bitter ashes.' In addition to its physical horrors, the region around is said to be more perilous, owing to the ferocious tribes wandering upon the shores of the lake, than any other part of the Holy Land. A passion for the marvellous has thus affixed, for ages, false characteristics to the sublimest associations of natural scenery in the whole world; for, although it be now known that the waters of this lake, instead of proving destructive of animal life, swarm with myriads of fishes; that, instead of falling victims to its exhalations, certain birds make it their peculiar resort; that shells abound upon its shores; that the pretended 'fruit, containing ashes,' is as natural and as admirable a production of nature, as the rest of the vegetable kingdom; that bodies sink or float in it, according to the proportion of their gravity to the gravity of the water; that its vapours are not more insalubrious than those of any other lake; that innumerable Arabs people the neighbouring districts; notwithstanding all these facts are now well established, even the latest authors by whom it is mentioned, and one among the number, from whose writings some of these truths have been derived, continue to fill their descriptions with imaginary horrors and ideal phantoms, which, though less substantial than the 'black perpendicular rocks,' around it, 'cast their lengthened shadows over the waters of the Dead Sea.'

The ancients, as it is observed by Dr. Clarke, the traveller now alluded to, were much better acquainted with it than are the moderns; and it may be added, the time is near at hand, when it will be more philosophically examined. The present age is not that in which countries so situated, can long continue unexplored. The thirst of knowledge, and the love of travel, have attained to such a pitch, that every portion of the globe will be ransacked for their gratification.

ANECDOTE ON CHARITY,

A CERTAIN high dignitary of the church was lately solicited for alms by a very importunate beggar woman, who had several young children with her. "Do, pray, your honor, have pity upon us; we have not tasted bread to-day." "Good woman, you should work, and then you would have bread." "Do, pray, your honor, have charity." "Good woman, I have none." G. W.

GHOSTS.—SECOND SIGHT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

YOUR correspondent *Vyryan*, in his communication on ghosts, second sight, and superstitions, seems more puzzled than needs be; for whilst he knocks down all the ghosts from A.D. 1640, to the year of our Lord God 1825; with a tremendous *ipse dixit* of his own, because, forsooth, the world is getting more enlightened, and knowledge is becoming more generally diffused among the lower classes; he, nevertheless, confesses himself to be somewhat bothered with the marvellous *second sight* of our modern Athens; so that he candidly owns, that, because there are so many *authenticated* instances upon record, "he knows not what to make on it." Possibly he may not. But I ask him, is he not aware that all the ghost stories which he has disposed of for life (and, I am fearful, cut off the entail as well), have been as well authenticated as any of those extant on second sight? They are all alike, "*Par nobile fratrum*." "I met with a gentleman once," "A certain lady told me," "I heard my grandfather say," &c. &c. &c. all unimpeachable. "And so are they all, all honourable men," and stand upon the same footing as the wonderful ghost story of Mrs. Veal and a Mr. ———, I forget whom now, related in the preface to *Drelincourt on Death*; but that has long since been exposed as a book-selling artifice, which answered the purpose. *Drelincourt* sold well. Every one knew the famous (qy. *in-famous*) story, but no one could give any account of the treatise of the learned author, it was a lie, one of Paley's white lies, there was no "offence in"; 'twas only poisoning in jest." Your correspondent may rely upon Wordsworth's text, for this time at least, when he asserts,

" 'Tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead."

Yes—the dead belong to a world of their own exclusively. They are an anomaly here. In them there is no speculation, no similitude of habit, dress, manner, communication. If permitted or tolerated, to make us visits, they should be angel ones, "few and far between," or they would disturb the sunny quiet of the day, make a pause in nature's course, and put human life to a stand-still. But enough of this. Then if *Vyryan* admits that a miracle consists of a violation of the ordinary laws of nature (in which he is right), what difficulty can there be in maintaining that the spiritual intercourse of the

dead and the living is to be classed among the violations of those laws? Difficulty, indeed! The thing speaks for itself. It would be a miracle, for it must be the violation he assumes. It is not according to the law of nature that such communion should exist in our world. Was it not one of the many miracles attendant upon the crucifixion, and as great a one as the miraculous darkness which overspread the earth, that many of the saints rose from their sepulchres, went into the holy city, and appeared unto many? Although the sacred historians leave us in the dark (properly) as to the nature, length, and design of their mysterious visits, when and how they returned to their dark abodes, and what effects they produced on the minds of others during their strange sojourn in Judea, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and making night hideous." Then as to the brave and warlike Saul, who fell in the battle of the Lord, is it possible that your correspondent can believe that Samuel actually appeared to the troubled and crest-fallen warrior? On the eve of that decisive battle, the proud but courageous monarch drooped, and he had a presentiment of the issue of the morrow's contest. Necromancy was resorted to, and He whose ways and thoughts are above ours, used it to fulfil his divine and unerring counsels, and announced, in no very welcome terms, to the hopeless and disconsolate king the fatal overthrow of the flower of his army, and the utter extinction of life and kingdom. But Saul never saw Samuel. I know that mystery, dark, undefinable, obscure mystery, visits and shadows these things from mortal ken; but let me ask *Vyryan*, how are we to explain that presentiment of what is to come, or of what has already happened at a distance from us, whether of good or evil, though chiefly, I believe, of the latter kind, and which every body, more or less, has felt? It may be doubted how much, or whether any deference should be paid to these secret intimations of the spirit within us; yet who can disregard them altogether? They come uncalled, and will not depart when bidden. If it be a delusion, it is as old as Socrates. There is something strange and inexplicable in it; but so there is in all the links of the mysterious chain of attraction and repulsion, sympathy and antipathy. *Second sight*, as it is called, may be but one of the many phenomena of this mysterious whole, of which we know so little. After all, there may be nothing more surprising in it, although we are less able to explain, than in the common fact of striking upon the cord of a violin, which produces a corres-

ponding sensation in another that is in unison with it. I am, &c.
Albion-place, June 12, 1825. W. F. D.

AN ABYSSINIAN CORONATION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The numerous interesting particulars with which you have presented your readers, on the subject of coronations, having received such general approbation, the subjoined account of the inauguration of an Abyssinian Emperor, will, I presume, be equally acceptable.

Socnios, the greatest monarch that ever sat on the Abyssinian throne, was crowned, after having gained a great victory over the Galla, in the following manner:—The emperor himself, dressed in crimson damask, with a large chain of gold about his neck, his head bare, and mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, advanced at the head of his nobility, passed the outer court, and came to the paved way before the church. Here he was met by a number of young girls, daughters of the *umbares*, or supreme judges, together with many noble virgins standing on the right and left of the court. Two of the noblest of these held in their hands a crimson cord of silk, somewhat thicker than a common whipcord, stretched across from one company to another, as if to shut up the road by which the emperor was approaching the church. When this cord was prepared and drawn tight, about breast-high, by the girls, his majesty entered—advancing moderately quick, and showing his skill in horsemanship as he went along. Being stopped by the tension of the string, the damsels asked, "Who he was?" To this he answered, "I am your king—the king of Ethiopia;" but they replied, "You shall not pass—you are not our king." He then retired some paces, and again presented himself. The question was again put, "Who he was?" He answered, "I am your king—the king of Israel;" but the same reply was still given by the girls. The third time, on being asked, "Who he was?" he answered, "I am your king—the king of Sion;" and drawing his sword, he cut the cord asunder. The damsels then cried out, "It is a truth, you are our king—truly, you are the king of Sion." On this they began to sing, *Hallelujah!* and were joined by the whole army and the rest of the emperor's attendants. Amidst these acclamations his majesty advanced to the foot of the stairs of the church, dismounted, and sat down upon a stone, which, in Mr. Bruce's opinion, was plainly an altar of Anubis; or the

Dog-star. After the emperor, came a number of priests, in proper order.

The emperor was first anointed, then crowned, and accompanied half up the steps by the singing priests. He stopped at a hole made on purpose in one of the steps, where he was fumigated with myrrh, aloes, and cassia, after which divine service was celebrated; and he returned to the camp, where fourteen days were spent in feasting and rejoicing.

POLYCARP.

SUMMER.

(For the Mirror.)

"Now genial suns and gentle breezes reign,
 And SUMMER's fairest splendours deck the plain;
 Exulting Flora views her new-born rose,
 And all the ground with short-lived beauty glows."

"NATURE, in our temperate regions," says a modern writer, "appears in this season to have nearly finished her annual work, and she begins to lose something of her variety. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the verdure of the orchards and woods—but the shades of hue which they exhibit are no longer so agreeable. The meadows begin to whiten, and the flowers that adorned them are mowed down; the corn gradually assumes a yellow hue, and the colours that decorate the rural scene are no longer so numerous. How lately did the glowing beauty and variety of these, with the notes, as various, of a multitude of birds, display at once all the charms of novelty, and inspire inexpressible delight! It is in the novelty of objects, indeed, in their appearing at least to be new and uncommon, that the more exquisite enjoyment of them exists. Novelty excites a pleasure in the imagination, because it strikes the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not possessed before. It contributes, therefore, to vary human life—it tends to divert and refresh the mind, and to take off that satiety of which we are apt to complain, in the entertainments to which we are constantly accustomed: it is that which gives its charm to variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself, on any particular object. Novelty, moreover, improves whatever is beautiful and pleasing, and makes it afford to the mind a double entertainment. Hence we may deduce the reason why the groves, and fields, and meadows, which at any season of the year are delightful to the view, are never more so

than in the opening of spring—when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too familiar to the eye. But in summer, in proportion as we advance towards autumn, these pleasing effects insensibly decrease: the song of the nightingale is no longer heard; and that favourite enjoyment of the country, a walk through fields of verdure, becomes inconvenient and unpleasant, on account of the great heat which sometimes prevails. Yet summer has inexpressible charms, and exhibits proofs every day of the unbounded goodness of the great Creator: it is that season of felicity in which He dispenses His blessings more abundantly to every living creature. Nature, after having re-animated and enlivened us by all the pleasures of spring, is incessantly employed, during summer, to provide those enjoyments which are most agreeable to the senses—to facilitate the means of subsistence, and to excite in our breasts the correspondent sentiments of gratitude and love.”—See *The Contemplative Philosopher*, Vol. II.

P. T. W.

SEVEN DROOG CASTLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg leave to correct a mistake that your correspondent *J. W. Adams* has made in his account of Seven Droog Castle; he states that Lord Rancilffe is the present proprietor, that is erroneous; the present proprietor is John Blades, Esq. of Brockwell Hall, near Dulwich. Being well assured that correctness is a principal consideration with you in your valuable Miscellany, I have noticed the foregoing error; if you think it needs correction, act accordingly.

Your's, &c.

July 7, 1825.

H. M. J.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON BALLAD SINGERS.

(Continued from page 42.)

AFTER all, Joe was not so prosperous as the Lascar, a man far inferior in all that concerns professional capability. The Lascar realized a capital (we have it on good authority), whilst at the same time he was enabled to cultivate the sensual man so far by the daintiest supplies, as absolutely to contract the refined palate of an alderman. He spitted his goose, and augmented his capital, every day he lived. The worst of it was, our Lascar

was a living fraud—he was no true sailor—he was one of those fresh-water mariners (as it is currently said), whose ships were drowned in Salisbury plain—a mere pretender,—one who turns, as a last resource, to the exhaustless volume of naval misfortunes, and whose successful traffic in the adventures which are deduced from this source, is so powerful an evidence of their influence on our sympathies. Of this order of innocent impostors was one of the most remarkable men of his days, Jack Stuart, famous, like Homer, for being blind. He was the sole relic (at the period of his death) of the old school. He was the worthy depository of the customs and regulations of the ancient *regime*. Whoever has the good fortune to go to Campsall church will no doubt (whatever be his habits or station) be struck with the beauty of a monument which ornaments that edifice, and which will communicate, in many a trait of exquisite art, to the latest hour which the envious tooth of time will allow the piece of sculpture to reach uninjured, that it was traced by the chisel of Flaxman. By far the most elaborate and the most effective figure in the group (for the monument consists of a group) is that of a sailor. Will it be believed? Jack Stuart, our ballad-singer, our pseudo-sailor, stood to the sculptor for this figure. These artists, it seems, are constantly beating about for models. Flaxman, in one of his patrols, ran his head against Jack Stuart, as the poor fellow was maunding in the Borough. An appointment, succeeded by repeated visits, was the consequence; and to this accident was the ballad-singer indebted for his singular preservation from the common lot. Stuart having concentrated all the veneration that had been entertained for the (now) decayed race of minstrels; having improved, in some measure, this sentiment by the expression of a proud consciousness of claims on the esteem of his brethren, went out of life the most regretted, and surrounded by all the testimonies of being the most important loss to his circle which its members had experienced. The patriarch of the vocal tribe, he required all this homage to make his death-bed endurable, having survived (hard lot!) all his relations—outlived the contemporaries of his prime—and having borne about him the fragment of many a broken bond of early friendship. And if, in the calm of his last hour, the “longing, lingering look behind,” could have been perceived to gleam from that expressive face, it would have settled on the untired companion of all his fortunes—his helpmate, his guide and protector, the power-

ful organ of all his wants, at whose intercession many a frozen heart had unlocked the stream of its charity—his faithful dog Tippo. The curious reader is referred to Smith's interesting work "*Vagabondiana*," for an etching of Stuart and his dog. This canine treasure is now under the protection of George Dyball, to whom it came by inheritance. He is the successor to some of Stuart's virtues, and all his misfortunes. The remains of poor Stuart were consigned to their resting-place with memorable honours. The body, after lying in a sort of state for some time, was borne in a stout substantial coffin to Saint Pancras church-yard, where the ashes of many a great man reposed before him. The funeral procession, which was very extensive, included most of the friends to the profession in and near the metropolis. It was headed by the two Worthingtons, blind fiddlers, dressed in the ghastly costume of mourners, who did all in their power to perform a dirge. Several of the most respectable mendicants of the day lent the aid of their powerful talents to increase the melancholy interest of the occasion. But why are we relating this event in prose, when it is officially, and so much more worthily, commemorated in poetry? A ballad was composed on the occasion, (we are told by an author, of the day) which up to this day has had but an oral existence.* It is not to be found in writing anywhere. Pitts, of the Seven Dials, the great ballad printer (the *Aldus Manutius* of street lore, as the Italian was of classic,) has granted a warrant for its apprehension many a long day ago: it has eluded the vigilance of his agents: even now we are in possession of only fragments of the subject; but as these will serve to show that the ballad, in its perfect state, is a specimen of a peculiar style, we have no hesitation in submitting them to the curiosity of the public.

"The history of John, *alias* Jack Stuart, commencing with his death and funeral, being a sad lamentation for his downfall, likewise his dog Tippo, showing the true end of greatness in this here world."

It was all on a fine Saturday night,
And de lads togs in hand about starting,
To take, some de left hand, and others de right,
Dey would just fill a stove before parting.

Sing ri tum ti tum ti.

When Jack Stuart was miss'd! so ve up to his bed,

And ve grop'd for his heart all around him;
But pale as his flesh-bag, and colder than lead,
Or de soul of a beadle, ve found him.
Sing ri tum, &c.

* Stuart died 15th August, 1815.

Ve resolved, (dat 've might give our poor hearts relief.)

De corpse to de earth to restore,
In de best of deal boards, and with singing and grief;

For ourselves, air, ve could not do more.
Sing ri tum, &c.

Two fiddlers in front took de lead to de grave,
While Bob and de rest dat was blind,
With myself, Billy Dawson, and old Jemmy Cave,

Ve made up de chorus behind.
Sing ri tum, &c.

As ve pass'd Gutter Lane, Dyball's fiddle it stops—

Vas it grief made his fingers to fail?

Yes—'twas fumbling for something to wipe the big drops,

And forget that his coat had no tail.
Sing ri tum, &c.

"Can't you come it melancholy?" says George, turning round,

"Fie! for shame, boys, ye don't keep the tune!"

"—But 'tis grief drives me on," says de lad, when he found

That he play'd out his part all too soon.
Sing ri tum, &c.

In this fashion were the rites and ceremonies of Jack Stuart's funeral celebrated. But there is now no ambitious talent to be goaded—no generous passion to be kindled by the example of high desert being crowned with abounding glories. The seeds of future honours for the reward of succeeding worth are no longer scattered from the wreath that entwines the brow of merit.

The once thriving establishment at the Seven Dials, above alluded to, is now absolutely a losing concern. Bat Corcoran, Pitt's great ballad factor, who kept his state in St. Giles's, still lives to mourn that he survives his independence, his comfort and influence. The man held his weekly market at the Beggar's Opera in Church-lane. The house is now called the Rose and Crown,—so rapid are the strides of innovation! Thither flocked in each Saturday night the unnumbered brothers and sisters of the profession, to purchase, to pay, to exchange, to bleed a tankard, to fathom a rowley-poley, and blow a cloud. Ah, the glorious confusion of those festivals! Who that has heard, will ever forget the mingling contributions of the hundred voices, exercising themselves in the respective pastimes of singing, scolding, swearing, roaring, &c. Above the various chorus swelled the deep tones of Bat Corcoran. But let us see Bat amidst his customers—see him riding the whirlwind—let us take him in the shock, the trife of the night when he is despatching the claims of a series of applicants. "I say, blind

Maggie, you're down for a dozen 'Jolly Waterman,' thirteen to the dozen.—Pay up your score, Tom with the wooden leg, I see you are booked for a lot of 'Arethusas.'—Master Flowers, do you think that 'Cans of Grog' can be got for nothing, that you leave a stiff account behind you.—Sally Sallop, you must either give back 'The Gentleman of England,' or tip for them at once.—Friday, my man, there are ever so many 'Black-eyed Susans' against you.—Jemmy, get rid of the 'Tars of Old England,' if you can; I think 'Crazy Janes' are more in vogue. What say you to an exchange for 'Hosier's Ghost?' This was Bat's way. Up to this hour, poor fellow, he is a treasury of choice recollections, and is absolutely brilliant in his account of some early worthies. He commemorates the once celebrated ballad-singer, "Philip in the Tub," the original performer of "Jesse, or the Happy pair;" and he exhibits the identical ballad which he extricated from the pertinacious grasp of the dying vocalist. This is the very Philip that flourishes in immortal lineaments in Hogarth's picture of "The Wedding of the Industrious Apprentice." Corcoran likewise abounds with some merry anecdotes of Gravelot, a painter, who retained a room in the Strand for the purpose of more conveniently receiving ballad-singers and mendicants, numbers of whom he induced to sit to him. The best of this artist's sketches is that of a blind ballad-singer, whose name we are at a loss for, but who was famous for the execution of "There was a wealthy lawyer," and "O Brave Nell." We have seen an admirable etching of this picture by Miller. But it is a difficult work to confine poor Bat to the mirthful mood; invariably will he strike into, and apparently without design, some mournful key, and will bewail the lot that leaves his old age in solitude and sorrow. His tuneless brethren all are dead,

And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wish'd to be with them and at rest.

"Ah," would he say, "Blind Peter is dead, Sally Sallop is dead; not a hand remains of the old artists, except Abel Sandwich the pensioner, and Aby is scarcely himself. The only two men," continued Corcoran brightening up, "that ever wrote ballads to my fancy, were slender Ben and over-head-and-ears Nic. Ben had a gift at speeches for the prisoners at the Old Bailey. The man saved lives. The rogues of London Juries knew all his turns to a hair. You have heard of Nick; the poor fellow drank himself out at elbows, paid nobody, rowed

watchmen, and played the roaring lion every where. That was Nick all over, that was genius to a *t*; there's no hope of a man that doesn't do these things. I never gave the least encouragement to a sober decent man in my life. Take Nicolas, one day with another, and he gave you value for your money. No man had a chance with him at a last speech or dying declaration. He smoothed the bed of death with the hand of a master. Ah, Sir, an execution was something in our way when he lived. His criminals were the very best of characters, his hangmen were as good as born gentlemen, and as to his spectators, they were patterns for the world; it would be a blessing for a man to have such a crowd at his last moments."

At a future opportunity we may hold an inquest on Bat's Collection of Popular Ballads.

New Monthly Magazine.

CEMETERIES.

AT various times a necessity was felt at Paris to suppress cemeteries within the city, and to remove the accumulation of mortal remains, which had become the centres of contamination. No progress however was effectually made in this work till within a few years before the revolution. In 1785, the council of state decided that the greatest of the cemeteries should be converted into a square, that the bones and putrefaction of seven centuries should be carried from the heart of the city, and that no more interments should be permitted in that neighbourhood to endanger the health of the inhabitants. In the course of three years this order was happily executed, and the mortal remains of nearly a million and a half of people were carried to the far famed catacombs for final deposition. At successive periods during the revolution, and under the empire, the exhumations were continued, and extended to most of the other churchyards, so that those wonderful subterranean vaults abovementioned, out of which Paris had been dug, received at last the *debris* of its countless generations. While public attention was thus turned to the evils of the old system, and while the rage for innovation was fresh and strong, the National Assembly in 1790 passed a law, ordering all the cities, towns, and villages of the kingdom, to abandon their ancient burying grounds, and to create new cemeteries without their precincts. This decree, embracing the first general measure which any civil authority ever adopted on the subject, was entirely unconnected with those furious

and insane projects which disgraced a subsequent period of revolutionary violence. In consequence of this law, three cemeteries were enclosed for Paris without the barriers, namely, those of Montmartre, of Père La Chaise,* and of Vaugirard. Though a generation has scarcely passed since the new system of extramural sepulchres has been adopted, it is surprising to observe already the density of their subterranean population. In two of them there is scarcely a spot unappropriated.

These grand depositories of the dead of Paris are always open to the public, and much more frequented than the proverbial gaiety and frivolity of the Parisians would lead us to expect. To this, their fondness for display, and their affectation of sentiment, may contribute as much as their taste for contemplation or their strength of attachment. It has become an object of vanity, or a point of fashion, to dress recently made graves, to plant flowers or shrubs round them, to fix a wooden cross or to erect a marble slab upon them (where more costly monuments cannot be easily procured) and to adorn them with bouquets or garlands, brought by the nearest relatives or the most intimate acquaintance. These bouquets and garlands are sold ready made, and procured for a trifling sum at the gate of the cemetery. The fabrication of them is as much an occupation as that of gravedigger or undertaker.

Neither in the construction of the monuments, nor in the style of the inscriptions which adorn these cemeteries, can we praise the taste or admire the good sense of our lively neighbours. We find, it is true, the parade of sorrow, the masquerade of sentiment, and pedantry of knowledge, but no indication of profound feeling, and no appreciation of real worth. Every spinster who dies in her teens is a rose cut off in its bloom; every wife is a model of conjugal attachment; every mother of maternal tenderness; every shopkeeper of virtue, grace, and amiability. The jargon of heathen mythology, and the pedantry of classic allusion, are employed to colour the calamities of life and to profane the solemnity of the tomb. Hence we have the "fates inflexible and jealous," cutting the thread of life, and snatching a husband from the "bed of Hymen;" hence we hear of a husband seeking the "wandering shade" of a father, wife, and daughter in the cemetery; and hence we find such trash as the following lines, which conclude

* For an interesting description of the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, see No. CXXII. of the *Mirror*.

the epitaph on Mademoiselle Chameroy the actress :—

— Les Graces t'aimaient encore dans l'Elysée,
Elles aiment ton ombre, et lui jettent des fleurs.

A member of the Institute dies, and he must have a Greek inscription, to show the learning of his surviving friends: an opera dancer hops off in a *pas seul* from the stage of life, and on her monument has the modesty to ask our "tears and our regrets," if ever we admired her success in "the art of *Taxpachore*." But perhaps, the most curious inscription in the whole collection is that on M. J. B. Very. On a column surmounting a magnificent tomb, we find these words :—

Que tes cendres reposent en paix !
Tu regnes dans nos cœurs.

And at the foot of the column :—

Bon frère, ami sincère,
Toute sa vie fut consacrée
Aux arts utiles.

Most of our readers who have had a trip to the French metropolis have not returned without eating *poulet à la Marengo*, *lôte de veau aux truffes*, or *turbot aux câpres*, and drinking a bottle of *Champagne-Sillery*, or *Clos Vougeot*, at Very's in the Palais Royal. Well! then be it known to all such, that the "useful arts," to which this illustrious man "consecrated his life," were the cooking of the said dishes and the providing of the said beverage. Let his ashes therefore repose in peace under the monument which "good cheer" has raised; let his fame be perpetuated as a "sincere friend," and an expert cook, and let his memory "reign in the hearts" of those whose stomach's acknowledged the *utility* of his life.

It is strange to see under the reign of the Most Christian King, that amid all this profusion of laboured inscription, and this farrago of sculptured sorrow, that we scarcely find an allusion to Christian hopes, or a thought borrowed from the Christian faith.

The capital of France does not stand alone in having obeyed the law for burying without the precincts of towns. The regulation has been generally observed in all the great towns over the kingdom. Wherever French power extended during the empire it was likewise partially or generally enforced. In the Rhenish provinces, in Belgium, and in the northern parts of Italy, it was universally executed. The Emperor Joseph of Austria, who began this improvement, extended it, we believe, over a considerable part of his

dominions. In Spain, where the power of the clergy had reached its height, and where its bigotry had least relaxed from its pretensions, the reformation of churchyards, though not of the church, has been permitted. It began under Charles III., who enacted a law forbidding interment within the precincts of towns. It will be recollected that the greatest part of the population of Spain is assembled in towns, in cities, or in villages of considerable size. The habit of burying in churches and churchyards had followed the same course in that as in other Catholic countries. At first, bishops and martyrs only were interred in cloisters round the churches—then the bishops entered the churches, and the rich laity took the cloisters—then the clergy were promoted to the choir, and the laity entered the church—then all persons entered the churchyard, the cloister, the church, and the chancel, according as their money or the power of their relatives could be turned to the advantage of the clergy. This omnipotent corporation asserted a more unlimited authority over the disposal of the dead in the Peninsula than in any other country. The corpses of all classes of Spaniards and Portuguese before interment were and are habited according to their direction; and whatever aversion a man may have had for monks during his life, he is compelled to go to heaven or be prayed out of purgatory in the uniform of a monk after his death. It was not, therefore, likely that they would all at once consent to a measure which, by abolishing one of the special privileges of their domain, seemed to limit their power. The order of the sovereign was therefore at first partially resisted, and not till long after its promulgation fully obeyed, the priests and monks reminding the people that none but malefactors or suicides had as yet been excluded from the old consecrated depositories of the Catholic dead. In Portugal no general rule on this subject is enforced, so far as we are acquainted with.

"It cannot but appear strange," says a recent traveller, "that a people so dull and unenlightened as the Turks, should in this respect show more sense, and even more taste, than nations in every other respect their superiors. Their cemeteries are in general out of the precincts of their cities, most commonly on a rising ground, and always planted with cedars, cypresses, and odoriferous shrubs, whose deep verdure and graceful forms bending to every breeze give a melancholy beauty to the place, and inspire sentiments very congenial to its destination."

The English or Protestant burying

grounds at Lisbon, Oporto, Leghorn, and some other towns on the continent, seem to be formed on a similar model in point of ornament, and leave nothing to be desired in point of seclusion, decency, and solemnity. They present in this last respect a profound contrast to our town churchyards at home. In traversing the shady walks, surveying the appropriate monuments, and enjoying the tranquil solitude of the cemetery of Lisbon in particular, the mind is led to contemplate the lot of mortality with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, and connecting its own destiny with that of those who animated the kindred dust around, can think with a feeling of resignation, that—

Discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris.—*London Magazine*

SUPERSTITIONS OF MEDICINE—CHARMS.

It is not only among the rude savages of India that the virtue of medicinal charms is implicitly credited. The illiterate and simple natives of this great and enlightened kingdom repose all necessary faith in the same fascinating delusions; and there is no ancient woman, in any of our remote villages, who professes the customary knowledge and superiority of her age, who has not a specific charm for whooping-cough, ague, teething, convulsions, epilepsy, and every other common disease. Every one is acquainted with the efficacy of the "royal touch" in cases of the king's evil, or scrofula; and scarcely a week passes that we do not see in our newspapers an advertisement for the disposal of "a child's soul," which has the miraculous power of preserving sailors from all the perils of the deep; and which may be occasionally purchased for the trifling sum of twelve or fourteen guineas.

To many of my readers several of these charms must be known; but there are others to whom a description will be amusing. A common method of obtaining a cure for the *whooping cough* is, to inquire of the first person who is met upon a piebald horse, what is good for it. An acquaintance of the late Dr. Lettome, who once went a journey on a horse thus coloured, was so frequently interrupted by questions about this disease, that he assured the doctor it was with great difficulty he passed through some villages. He generally silenced their importunities by recommending a toast in brandy. No disease has given rise to a more numerous and curious catalogue of charms than *agues*. A common practice is, to run nine times through a circle formed by a

briar, that grows naturally in that direction. The process is to be repeated *nine* days successively.* A spider given, unknown, to the patient, is a favourite remedy with some persons; and I have myself seen a very decided effect produced by the snuff of a candle.† Nothing can be more common than the use of charms in *toothing*. These are chiefly in the form of beads, or bands: and who does not remember the Anodyne Necklace of the celebrated Doctor Gardiner, which was thus pathetically recommended by the learned proprietor:—"What mother can forgive herself, who suffers her child to die without an Anodyne Necklace!" Many charms are, also, employed for the cure of the tooth-ache; and, among others, that of extracting a *worm* from the diseased tooth is a profitable source of deception.‡ An ingenious female quack realized in this city (London), some few years ago, a very handsome income by imposing upon the public credulity in the pretended extraction of this *worm*. This she effected in the following manner:—"With the grub of the silk-worm, a number of which she constantly kept, she imposed upon her patients, by introducing it concealed into their mouths, and after certain manual operations, exhibiting it to the admiration and conviction of the dupe. That she sometimes effected a cure I do not doubt; for the influence of the imagination on the tooth-ache, and on many other nervous pains, is similar to all of us. The Indian jugglers, relying on this influence, succeed in curing many of their patients, by appearing to pull out the disorder, and then exhibiting bones or some other substance, which they pretend, to have extracted from the diseased part.

For *cramps* a ring is frequently worn upon the finger: but, to possess the requisite virtue, it is necessary that the ring should be made of some metal taken by stealth, without discovery. The cramp bone, or patella, (knee-pan), of the sheep, is also a good charm. The great Boyle recommends, for certain diseases, "a little bag hung about the neck, con-

taining the powder made of a *live* toad, burnt in a *new* pot." The reader, desirous of such information, will find a great deal of curious matter in vol. ii. part ii., and vol. vi. of Boyle's collected works.

For the cure of *epilepsy*, or the falling sickness, numerous are the charms which have been invented. A very common remedy among the lower orders about London, and particularly in Essex, is to cut the tip of a black cat's tail, in order to procure three drops of blood, which are to be taken in a spoonful of milk, from a woman's breast, and repeated three days successively. If the patient be a male, the woman from whom the milk is to be procured must have lain in of a girl; and the contrary, if the epileptic person be a female. If the patient be informed of the composition it loses its efficacy. Dr. Lettsom met with three instances within a fortnight, wherein this method was recommended. For a similar intention, the patient is to creep, with his head foremost, down three pair of stairs, three times a day, for three successive days. Let us remember that *three* is the root of the mystic number *nine*, and is still much esteemed by free-masons.—*Monthly Magazine*.

MORNING CALLS.

Amid the realms of new joint schemes
With which the press abounds,
To give us ease, cheap milk and cheese,
And turn our pence to pounds;
No patriot yet has torn the net
That social life enthralls,
Denounc'd the crime of killing Time,
And banish'd Morning Calls.

When, spurning sports, in Rufus' courts,
Crim Law coil-headed stalks;
'Twixt three and four when merchants pour
Round Gresham's murmuring walks;
When, with bent knees, our kind M. P.'s
Give up e'en Tattersall's
On bills to sit,—'tis surely fit
We give up Morning Calls.

On clattering feet up Regent-street
To Portland-place you roam,
Where Shoulder-tag surveys your nag,
And answers—"Not at home."
Thus far you win; but, if let in,
The conversation draws
Through hum-drum cheeks—what mortal seeks
Aught else at Morning Calls?

Your steed, all dust, you heedless trust
To some lad standing idle;
But while you stay he trots away,
And pawns your girth and bridle.
Your case you state; the magistrate
Cries "Why not go to stalls?
When loungers meet, let horses eat,
And have their Morning Calls."

* This is a druidical ceremony—*nine* being a mystic number of high antiquity.

† This can scarcely be called a legitimate charm; for the beneficial result is evidently produced by the ammoniacal salt in the snuff. The dose is as much as will cover the surface of a half-crown, mixed with some jelly, or any other viscid vehicle.

‡ The opinion that the virus of the toothache is a worm is very old. Many of our elder dramatists allude to it; and Shakspeare in *Much Ado about Nothing*, calls it "a humour, or a worm."—Act iii. Sc. 2.

To say that town is emptier grown,
 That Spanish bonds look glum,
 That Madame Pasta's gone at last,
 And Ma'amselle Garcia's come;
 To say you fear the atmosphere
 Is grown too hot for balls,
 Is all that they can have to say
 Who meet at Morning Calls.

While Fashion's dames clung round St. James,
 The deed might soon be done;
 But now when town's so bulky grown
 She claims all Paddington.
 From Maida-hill to Pentonville,
 The very thought appals,—
 I really will bring in a bill
 To banish Morning Calls!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE REPUBLICAN SWALLOW.

THE tawny-coloured Swallows of North America are only now beginning to approach the dwellings of man. They preserve in this new abode the social habits which distinguish them in the solitudes in which they live in numerous troops, executing common labours, rendering mutual succour, attacking, and defending themselves at the same time. These habits have entitled their species to the name of "the republican swallow." Their troops sometimes consist of several hundreds of pairs; and every thing proves that they are united by an instinct of sociability; for there are occasionally to be found solitary and silent pairs, confining themselves to the desert. Consequently, it is not to any common want that the associations formed by the greater number of these birds is to be attributed. There is no time to lose if it be thought desirable, by accurate and closely followed up observations, to ascertain the present condition of the species, in order one day to compare it with what it will become after its introduction into cities. According to Buffon, beavers had acquired, in the solitudes of America, by the necessary effect of the instinct of association, certain faint arts, which they lost when the invasions and power of man dispersed them, and reduced them to live more in families. Will the innocent republic of swallows be more fortunate? Will it find an asylum among a people who owe it, by so many titles, favour and protection? Will it lose the industry which has produced for it the name of *hirundo opifex*; or will it become still more skilful in its labours of construction? Will it employ more solid materials, &c.? Such are the inquiries which will certainly not be neglected in America. They will probably form a supplement to the researches of Mr. Audubon, a zealous naturalist of New York, who has made several journeys

on purpose to observe the swallows in question. This gentleman has, it is said, devoted twenty years to the study of American ornithology; and possesses a collection of above four hundred drawings of birds, made by himself.

Revue Encyclopedique.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
 NEW WORKS.

CUSTOMS OF THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

THE New Englanders yet retain a multitude of their primitive customs which arose during the time of their necessity, when they laboured in turn for one another.

They have,—together with certain public, religious and political celebrations, or festivals there, some, of a nature, between those of the fire-side and those of the world; neither private nor public. There are three, which now occur to us;—the Husking, the Raising, and the Quilting.

The Husking, which prevails throughout New England only, is brought about in this way. After the maize, or Indian wheat is gathered into the barn, the farmer to whom it belongs, puts a good face on the matter; sends round among all his neighbours; and gives them notice, that he is ready to "shell out;" or, in other words to undergo a husking. The meaning of which message is, that, as he cannot help himself, on such or such a night he will permit all the "fellows" and "gals" to tumble and roll about in his barn all night long, if they please; eat his pumpkin pies; drink his cider, and waste his apples, under pretence of husking corn.

When the practice began, it was an act of neighbourly kindness; a piece of downright labour, done for nothing. It is now, a wicked and foolish frolic, at another man's expense. Then, it was a favour, which the owner of the corn went about asking of others; it is now a heavy tax, which he would escape, if he could. That which they are wanted for, is—to tear off the long green coats, from the ear; leaving two or three in some cases; whereby a large number of ears, when they are stripped, may be braided strongly together. That which they *do*, is quite another affair. Instead of husking the corn, they husk the owner; trample on the product of his toil; and push one another about; sometimes, to the squalling of a bad fiddle.

"The Raising—a word of that, here: it

will save time, by and by. The people of New England live in frame-houses. The frame of any building, any where, in town or country, being ready, the public pour in from all sides; and, for a mouthful of bread and cheese, or a bit of mince-pie, and a "twig o' cider" a piece, put up the frame for the owner, in a frolic.

So too—and here, we come back to the story, again—so too, whenever a young she-yanke is "laying out" for a husband, she gives what is there called a "QUILT-ING FROLIC." The women gather about her; and, for a cup of tea a piece, or some such matter, "turn out" a handsome bed-quilt for her, sometimes in a single afternoon.—*Brother Jonathan, or the New Englanders.*

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

WHEN a traveller first lands at Rio de Janeiro his attention will be naturally attracted by the appearance of the negroes. Their colour, to which the eye of a European cannot for a long time become familiarized, their savage and uncouth countenances, generally tattooed, or their naked limbs, only sufficiently covered to answer purposes of bare decency—their barbarous language, and noisy vociferations—the wild melody of their national airs (if the term may be used), which they almost invariably sing while at work—the clanking of chains, and the iron collars worn by criminals or runaways in the streets,—these and other peculiar emblems of barbarism and misery, all concur in exciting surprise, horror, and disgust. The canoes and boats, which ply about the shipping, and between the two sides of the bay, are manned by the same uncivilised beings, one mulatto or white man sitting at the helm. They are ever ready to profit by any opportunity of plunder; and it is accordingly considered unsafe to trust oneself alone or unarmed in their power at night.

BRAZILIAN SMUGGLERS.

THE district of Santa Gallo, in the Capitania of Rio Janeiro, until lately a mining station, lies about one hundred miles from Rio Janeiro, in a N. E. direction. It has not been very long in the occupation of legitimate Portuguese settlers. The mines, which attracted the attention of government, were discovered by some contraband adventurers who, in defiance of the laws, clandestinely worked, and realized large profits from them. Their retreat is said to have been detected by the accidental crowing of a cock—and

hence the appellation of Santa Gallo. Contraband adventurers of this description, from all that I could learn, exist no longer in Brazil; yet, as they once constituted a remarkable class of inhabitants, and promoted indirectly, by their enterprises, the improvement of the country, it may not be amiss to relate a few particulars concerning them. They were, for the most part, bold and determined men, induced by the commission of crimes, or unsettled habits of life, to retire from civilised society: men of such desperate fortunes, that they were glad to run any hazards for the sake of acquiring wealth. Thus united by the bond of mutual interest, they wandered in gangs about the country, through districts yet unexplored by Europeans, in search of the precious metal. The Indians were by turns avoided, conciliated, or subdued, according as it best suited their purposes, until they had none to fear but their own countrymen.

In this manner they traced the courses of rivers, traversed mountains, passed through woods almost impenetrable, and overcame dangers and hardships which men more happily circumstanced would never have thought of encountering. When their toils were rewarded by the discovery of a mine, or of a river-course abounding with gold, all possible precautions were immediately taken to keep it secret until the treasure became exhausted. In that case, or if the secret happened to be discovered by government, and measures were employed to dispossess these adventurers, such as were fortunate enough to escape apprehension again pursued the same course of life in another place.—*Mathison's Visit to Brazil, Chile, &c.*

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, a crazed white-iron smith, lived in a cellar in Edinburgh, and occasionally held forth as an orator or preacher. What his peculiar tenets were we do not strictly know, but understand them to have been founded upon the opinions held by the rigid party of the Church of Scotland before the revolution. Mr. Mitchell was altogether a strange mixture of fanaticism, madness, and humour. He published many pamphlets and single sheets, very full of amusing nonsense, and generally adorned with a wooden cut of the Mitchell arms. Some of his poetry was reprinted about twenty years ago by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, in small parcels, and sold at one penny. His verses possess humour equal to that of some of (his cotemporary) Allan

Ramsay's, but are debased by great coarseness and obscenity. In one of his prose pieces, he gives a curious account of a journey which he made into France, where, he affirms, "the king's court is six times bigger than the king of Britain's; his guards have all feathers in their hats, and their horse-tails are to their heels; and their king is one of the best-favoured boys that you can look upon—blithe like, with black hair; and all his people are better natured in general than the Scots or English, except the priests. Their women seem to be modest, for they have no fardingales. The greatest wonder I saw in France, was to see the braw people fall down on their bended knees on the clarty ground, when the priest comes by carrying the cross, to give a sick person the sacrament.

SAND-GLASS.

In Dr. Cullen's time, it was the custom of physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulses of their patients. I have seen the sand-glass which Dr. Cullen used to carry about with him in his large skirt-pocket. It is twice as large as the common kitchen sand-glasses of modern times, and resembles in shape the uncouth chronometers which are so prevalent upon old grave-stones. Considering it valuable as a memorial of former customs, and still more so as a relic of the illustrious Cullen, I exerted myself in obtaining it from the hands of a private individual, and it is now in the possession of one who can well appreciate its value.—Sir Walter Scott.—*Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh.*

AMUSEMENTS OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

To the Bear-garden, where now the yard was full of people; and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in. I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoe-maker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.

After dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Bear-garden, where I have not been, I think, for many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs—one into the very boxes; but it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We

had a great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry; and then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of rockets and serpents; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright), till about twelve at night, flinging out fire-works, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last, our businesses being most spent, we in to Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing (W. Batelier dancing well), and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife came over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted and to bed.—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

AFFECTION OF SAILORS.

INVITED to Sir Christopher Ming's funeral, but find them gone to church.—However, I into the church (which is a fair large church, and a great chapel), and there heard the service, and staid till they buried him, and then out. And there met with Sir W. Coventry (who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he) and went with him into his coach; and being in it with him there happened this extraordinary case—one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men came to the coach-side with tears in their eyes; and one of them that spoke for the rest begun and said to Sir W. Coventry. "We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him.—All we have is our lives; if you will please to get his Royal Highness to give

as a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall shew our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was here-with much moved (as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping), and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move his Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and, as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renown here at home, and more abroad in the West Indys. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but dying at this time, his memory and name (his father being always and at this day a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter, of which he was used frequently to boast), will be quite forgot in a few months, as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich." *Ibid.*

Select Biography.

No. XXVIII.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER, the celebrated dramatist, was born at Salisbury, in the year 1584. He was the son of Arthur Massinger, who was attached to the family of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke; but no accounts remain which can lead even to a conjecture respecting the name or quality of his mother. When it is said that the father of this poet was attached to the family of Lord Pembroke, it is necessary to recall to the mind of the reader the state of society in England at that period, when the customs and manners were so different from those of the present times. The state in which the nobles of that day lived was an epitome of sovereignty; and the situation of a retainer or dependant in the family of the great lords and officers of the court was far from being deemed humiliating, but was considered one of honour, and was often held by branches of the inferior nobility themselves. The Earl of Pembroke was one of the most worthy, as well as the most powerful, of those nobles; and it is no paltry addition to his other titles, that he was the brother-in-law of

the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, having married his sister—that amiable and learned lady for whom Ben Jonson wrote this elegant epitaph:—

"Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

At the seat of this noble family, at Wilton, it is generally supposed that the young poet received his education, as his father continued in the service of the earl above-named, during the life of that nobleman, and remained with his son and successor, William, the third Earl of Pembroke, one of the brightest ornaments of the court of England during the reigns of Elizabeth and of James, till his own decease.

The precise period at which this faithful servant of the house of Herbert died, is not ascertained; but it is certain that before that event happened, his son Philip was entered a commoner at St. Alban's Hall, in the university of Oxford; which is recorded to have taken place on the 14th May, 1602, and consequently in the 18th year of his age. During his residence at college, some accounts state that he applied himself closely to his studies; while others assert that "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronised to that end." The inference from this latter statement is, that the devotion of young Massinger to the Muses offended the earl, and lost him his patronage; but Mr. Gifford, the judicious and erudite editor of Massinger's Works, assigns a far more probable cause for the supposed displeasure of that nobleman towards his protégé—in his renunciation of the reformed religion for the Roman Catholic faith; which conversion, Mr. Gifford is clearly of opinion, actually took place in the mind of the poet. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that Massinger quitted the university abruptly; and that, though he was of a peculiarly grateful disposition, in none of his many references to the hereditary obligations he owes to the family, does he ever mention the name of the earl.

Whatever were the circumstances which induced him to abandon his studies, it was from that period of his life that a series of misfortunes opened upon the young adventurer; who repairing to the metropolis, soon exhausted the small remains of his father's savings, and then,

as much from necessity as inclination, devoted himself to the service of the stage. It was very much the custom at that time for men of letters to club or to farm their talents; an established writer for the stage would frequently call in the help of unknown or little known authors, to aid him in his productions; and sometimes authors of celebrity conjointly came before the public. It is well known that Massinger wrote in conjunction with Beaumont and Fletcher; and that he was a necessitous fellow-labourer with less celebrated authors is placed beyond all doubt, by the following affecting documents, which it is impossible to peruse without a sigh of regret for the distresses of such men:—

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, these,

"MR. HINCHLOW,

"You understand our unfortunate extremities, and I do not thinke you so void of Christianitie, but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more, at least, to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vi. of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which we cannot be bayled, nor I play any more, till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xxi. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and always acknowledging, to be ever

"Your most thankfull

"and loving friends,

"NAT. FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

"ROB. DABORNE."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in so small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

(Endorsed.)

"Received by mee, Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Field, Mr. Messenger, the sum of vi.

"ROB. DAVISON."

This authentic letter was discovered by the assiduity of Mr. Malone, the celebrated commentator of Shakspeare, among other relics at Dulwich College. That

gentleman conjectures that it was written between the years 1612 and 1616, which would be about the 29th or 30th year of Massinger's age; at which period of his life it thus seems certain that his fortunes were far from prosperous.

From this epoch the prolific genius of this great English dramatist (second only to Shakspeare, in the estimation of our best critics), continued uninterruptedly to amuse and instruct the age in which he lived with a series of plays.

When the number and the excellence of Massinger's works are considered, as well as the respect in which, as an author, he was undoubtedly held by his cotemporaries, it will appear strange that the materials for his biography are so scanty; very little further of his history being known than what I have already related. Adversity, at least as far as pecuniary wants may be so called, appears to have been his constant lot, notwithstanding the emoluments of his works and the patronage of powerful friends; but the cause of his uniform state of dependence is no where discoverable.

The death of this great dramatic poet happened on the 17th of March, 1640.—He had retired to bed in good health, at his house on the Bank-side, Southwark, and was found dead in the morning. On the 20th of March he was buried in the church-yard of St. Saviour; but not a stone or inscription of any kind marks the grave of Massinger!

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPITAPH IN BANBURY CHURCH-YARD, OXFORDSHIRE.

(From Cole's MSS. in the British Museum.)

To the memory of Ric. Richards, who by a gangrene first lost a toe, afterwards a leg, and lastly his life, on the 7th of April, 1656.

Ah! cruel Death, to make three meals of one!

To taste, and eat, and eat, 'till all was gone.

But know, thou tyrant! when the trump shall call,

He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt fall.

L.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

In Chichester Cathedral, at the north-west corner, is a vault belonging to Mr. Guy, in the centre of which is a fine piece of sculpture. On a pedestal is repre-

sented TIME, in a sitting posture, holding an hour-glass in his left hand—the right hand extended, holding a scroll, on which are inscribed the following beautiful and expressive lines:—

Here, doubtless, marry a trifer on the brink

Of this world's hazardous and head-long shore,

Forc'd to a pause, will feel it good to think,

Told that his setting sun may rise no more!

Ye self-deceived! could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next shall fall,

The rest might then seem privileged to play;

But naming none, TIME'S VOICE here speaks to all!

Learn, then, ye living! by the mouths be taught

Of all these sepulchres, instruction true—

That soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you!

At the farther end of the vault is
Death, engraved on a black marble slab.

R. L.

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

A GROCER, announcing in what things he dealt,

A word with two T's on his card wrongly spelt—

Reproach'd by a friend, who the error descried,

A moment he paus'd—and then archly replied:

"What most we possess sure we most may display,

(Of this we have proofs, look wherever we may!)

Then why mayn't a grocer,—who abounds most in *Tees*,—

Where others use one T,—use two, if he please?"

H.

MODERATE WISHES.

THE question was lately proposed to a large company, "What would amount to a competency in these times?" One gentleman said, that he should be satisfied with a *house*, a *field*, and a *garden*; his moderation was much praised until his objects were fully disclosed;—they were, the *Custom House*, *Smithfield*, and *Covent Garden*.

EPIGRAM.

ONCE at a Masquerade a *painted fair*,
Was wand'ring o'er the rooms in piteous case,

"I've lost my mask," she cry'd, with mournful air.

"No," said a friend, "*you have it on your face.*"

THE NEW ARTICLE.

AN Irishman went into the shop of his neighbour, Mr. H. the shoe-maker, Margate, requesting the favour of a small piece of leather; but Mr. H. not being affected with the truly Christian-like spirit of "loving his neighbour-as himself, or doing to others as he would be done by," refused, saying he could not oblige him with it, leather being a very dear article. "Ah, my honey," says Pat, "and how can that be? When I went to school twenty years ago, I was taught there were but three articles; but as it is a long time ago, I suppose they have invented another, and you know more than my schoolmaster: well, it is now *a*, *an*, *the*, and *leather*—four in all."

ALPHABETS.

THE English alphabet contains twenty-four letters; to which, if we add j and v, consonants, there will be twenty-six; the French contains twenty-three; the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Coptic thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Greek twenty-four; the Latin twenty-two; the Slavonic twenty-seven; the Dutch twenty-six; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, each two hundred and two; the Indians of Bengal twenty-one; the Barmese nineteen; the Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet, except we call their whole language by that name; their letters are words, or rather hieroglyphics, amounting to about eighty thousand.

JUSTUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are compelled to defer our general answers to Correspondents until next week; in the mean time F. R.—y; Janet; Tim Tobikin; Clara; T.; T. A. N. C.; and F. T. W., will find letters at our publisher's on Wednesday next.

Printed and Published by J. LINDSAY, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Bookbinders.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

House in which Butler was born.



SAMUEL BUTLER, the celebrated author of "Hudibras," was born at the village of Strensham, near Pershore, in Worcestershire; and the house where he first saw the light is still called Butler's tenement. Of this house the above engraving is a correct view; and there are, we suspect, few admirers of the works of Butler (and whoever reads must admire them), that would not, if travelling in Worcestershire, step a few miles out of the way to see the birth-place of a man "whose name," as Dr. Johnson observed, "can only perish with his language."

The precise day of Butler's birth is not known, but it is supposed to have occurred early in 1612, as he was christened on the 14th of February, in that year. his father's rank in life is variously represented; some state that he was wealthy, and others that he was an honest farmer with a small estate; it seems equally doubtful whether his son had the benefit of a college education, though it is most probable he had not, for it can hardly be imagined that he was six or seven years at college, as some of his biographers state, with so little distinction as to leave his residence uncertain.

Butler was for some time clerk to a

justice or peace, and here, no doubt, he became acquainted with those legal technicalities of which he makes such good use in his burlesque and satirical poem of "Hudibras;" he never appears to have practised the law, but marrying a widow lady of good family, lived upon her fortune and his own literary talents, which were very niggardly remunerated. When his "Hudibras" appeared, the King quoted, the courtiers studied, and the whole party of the royalists applauded it; but praise was the author's sole reward; and although Clarendon gave Butler reason to hope for places and employments of value and credit, yet no such advantages did he ever obtain. Notwithstanding this discouragement and neglect, Butler prosecuted his design, and published, in 1678, a third part of "Hudibras," which, however, still leaves the poem imperfect and abrupt. Butler is said to have lived for some time in Rose-street, Covent-garden, and also that he died there in 1680, which is not improbable; but, as Dr. Johnson observes, "the mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor."

PLACE VENDOME.

DEGRADING A FRENCH SOLDIER.

(For the Mirror.)

THE open spaces in Paris are either denominated *Markets, Halls, Carrefours, or Places*. The attributions of the former are known by their names, the *Carrefour* is the intersection of three or four Streets, as the *Carrefour de Bussy* in the Faubourg St. Germain. A *Place* is what we call a Square, but this denomination would but ill suit nearly all the *Places* in Paris, which would defy Euclid himself to assign them a geometrical figure, being determined solely by the caprice of the builders, who too often resembled the Madrid architects, and built houses on the site that pleased them, without any regard to symmetry or their neighbours. There are only four *regular Places* in Paris—the *Place Vendome*, the *Place des Victoires*, the *Place Royale*, and the *Place Louis XV*.

The *Place Vendome* was built during the reign of Louis XIV., from plans approved by the Minister (Louvois), the form is a regular quadrangle, with the corners cut off octagonally. In the original plan these angles were intended to form so many Streets, leading from the *Place*, and their being closed, affords a singular proof that the *Grand Monarque* who said, "*The State!—It is me!*" was, notwithstanding all his pride, obliged to submit to the will of his Minister; but as soon as Louvois was dead, the first order Louis gave, was to build upon the open spaces left in the angles of the *Square Vendome*; observing, I can have my own way now about the *Square*. The houses are all built regularly, and it was formerly adorned with a fine statue of Louis XIV. On the spot was erected an altar to liberty, and a monument to Marat, during the Revolution, and Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz (which he gained with the army intended to invade England) ordered a column of bronze to be erected there in honour of the *Grand Army*, and to be made of the cannon taken in the campaign.

When we look at this column and the non-descript figure erected by "*the Ladies of England*" in Hyde Park, of cannon taken in the *Spanish campaign*, we sigh for the silliness of all who projected and directed the silly monument, and the still more silly inscription, for a figure which resembles, at a little distance, Don Quixote with sugar-loaf legs, brandishing Mambrino's helmet in guise of a shield. The column in the *Place Vendome* was built on the model of Trajan's Pillar at Rome, under the direction of the celebrated Baron

Denon. The column is decorated with bas-reliefs running in a spiral form the whole length of the shaft, and representing the principal scenes of the campaign of 1806. In casting the bronze plates the Baron Denon found many imperfections, which he was at a loss how to remedy, he at length hit upon a plan that succeeded completely, and with which he was greatly delighted, regarding it as an important discovery, of which the merit was exclusively his own; but there is nothing new under the sun! The Baron was destined to receive a still greater pleasure than that of his discovery, from a source which would have been a severe mortification to a mind less exalted than his own. He became possessed of a small antique statue of the Greek school, in which he found that the defects in casting had been remedied by precisely the same means with that he had invented. The Baron displayed with a feeling of pride and pleasure the statue to those of his visitors whom he found able to appreciate the singular coincidence.

The column was formerly surmounted by a colossal statue of Napoleon, but the Marquis de Montbadon, to show his loyalty to the Bourbons, had a rope put round its neck; and as a numerous mob wished, on such an occasion, to display their hatred of the fallen "*Usurper*" the rope was extended above one hundred yards on the ground, to afford loyalty a pull, and loyalty did pull, and it was a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Unfortunately the statue would not come down at their bidding; but if the statue would not fall, loyalty did; for those at the end of the rope pulled those nearest the statue completely off their legs, and there they hung dangling from the rope, fit emblem of the demerits of most of them, they clung tight, but those behind in no wise relaxing in their efforts, many of them dropped down, and their fractured limbs gave them time for reflection in the hospital.

There are, however, various versions of the story relating to the mutilation of this column, for so the Gothic act of despoiling it of the statue of Napoleon must be called.

In a work upon the column of the *Place Vendome*, written by M. Tardieu, the author accuses M. Launy, the founder of the column and statue of Napoleon, which surmounted it, of having offered his services to take down the latter, and of having afterwards broken it to pieces, and remelted it. M. Launy has just published a refutation of this calumny, which he says made him an object of universal horror. This refutation is accompanied

by justificatory documents, the authenticity of which is incontestable. The following is M. Launy's account of the transaction:—"On the 3rd of April, 1814, M. Montbadon called on me, and asked me if I was not the founder of the column and statue of the Place Vendôme. On my replying in the affirmative, he told me that I was required to take down the statue, being the only person who knew how it was fixed upon the column. This I refused to do, and he went away, stating that he would return with an order to compel me. The next morning he came back, and presented me with an air of triumph a written paper, which on perusing, I found to concern him alone, and as my name was not mentioned in it, I again refused. He then took me in his carriage to the hotel of a general officer, in the Rue Taitbout, No. 18. This person, whom we found in bed, addressed me in a harsh and haughty manner, and on my once more refusing to do what was required of me, he told me that if I did not obey, I should be shot, and added, 'I give you three days to think of it.' Finding myself thus coerced, I demanded that the statue should be left in my possession as a security for 80,000 francs, still due to me. This was acceded to, and at the general's request I repaired to the head quarters of the Emperor of Russia, where the following order was put into my hands:—

'In execution of the authorization given by us to M. de Montbadon to have the statue of Bonaparte taken down at his cost, and upon the declaration of the said M. de Montbadon that M. Launy, the founder of the column, is the only person capable of doing it successfully, we order the said Launy, under pain of military execution, to proceed without delay to the said operation.

(Signed) 'De ROCHECHOUART,
'Colonel Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor of
Russia, Commandant of the Place.

'Head-quarters, April 4, 1814.'

At the head of this order was written
'To be immediately put into execution.

(Signed) 'PASQUIER,
'Prefect of Police.'

M. Launy then goes on to state that he showed the utmost respect to the statue in taking it down, and did not, as was falsely asserted, attach a rope round its neck. During Napoleon's sojourn at Elba numbers of persons, both natives and foreigners, came to M. Launy's foundry to see the statue. On the return of the Emperor the statue was given up to the Government, but on the second return of the Bourbons it was broken to pieces, and the

bronze employed in making the statue of Henry IV., which has been erected on the platform of the Pont Neuf.

At the Place Vendôme the soldiers condemned by the criminal tribunal to the galleys are degraded, and the regiment in garrison is brought out and lines generally two sides of the Square. The criminal is then brought forward, his sentence read in the centre of the Square, and his uniform stripped off in the presence of all the troops; he is then led blindfold down the lines, and between the front and rear rank, dragging a bullet after him. This is frequently a heart-rending scene, not only for the culprit, but the troops on duty, where the party has formerly borne a good character, and it is pleasing to find invariably on those occasions that sympathy disdains to inquire into circumstances. A man who has worn the livery of honour is stripped of it, and instead of shedding his blood in defence of his country is doomed to pass, perhaps, the rest of his life as a galley slave. As soon as the painful ceremony is over the populace run to the poor fellow and give him the unasked mite to soothe, by the purchase of a few comforts, the horrors of his degraded existence.

What a contrast between the composition of the English and the French armies! Of the former, we may say with Sheridan in the Critic, "where stands the youth whose crimes have stamped him soldier." In France, any young man in the nation is susceptible of being drawn in the ballot and serving as a private soldier; but then he has the marshal's staff in perspective, and he has the pride of knowing, that no man convicted of a crime or a misdemeanor is ever permitted to disgrace the uniform of the brave. This composition of the French army accounts for the good fellowship and familiarity existing between the soldiers and officers, which make an English officer stare, and cry out against the shameful insubordination, which, however, only exists in his own limited and imperfect view of the organization of the French army.

ARACHNE'S PETITION.

It chanc'd upon a cleaning day,
Sometime about the month of May,
An eight-legg'd weaver did espy
The fatal broom was drawing nigh,
"Ah, me! I fear a dreadful doom,
How can I save my life and loom?
My lengthen'd work, they plainly see,
No hiding place is left for me;
Save Polly Shut, no friend have I
Upon whose faith I dare rely;
Her mistress has my work espied,
Elsé-Poll had never me decied.

Besides to her, some labour less,
 I know the truth she will confess :
 She thinks her mistress over nice
 To serve us like the rats and mice.
 I'll thank her for the favours past,
 And beg her clemency to last.
 O Poll ! thy mercy now extend,
 My trembling limbs before thee bend ;
 O, screen me ere it be too late,
 Nor warton kill and call it fate :
 Thou mayst have sisters in distress,
 Friends and relations, more or less ;
 While they the frowns of fortune bear,
 Mayst thou the garb of pity wear.
 The last remaining branch, ah ! me,
 That here did peace and plenty see ;
 A fruitful and a numerous band
 Around their drap'ry did expand,
 Brothers and sisters full sixteen,
 Within this fortnight have I seen
 Crush'd to the ground ; of life bereft,
 No social tie of friendship left ;
 My aged parent and his wife,
 And last thou seek'st my wretched life.
 I see the broom approaching fast,
 I dread with fear the die is cast.
 Though prejudice the adage brings,
 That spiders carry venom'd stings,
 'Tis no such thing I must declare—
 Then shun us not, ye lovely fair.
 Though call'd a vile unseemly crew,
 We ne'er do ought to injure you,
 But strive to live without offence,
 Though oftentimes flies provoke defence.
 And these we labour to destroy,
 That they your peace may not annoy.
 Industrious habits claim our time ;
 We build, nor ask for stone or lime,
 Nor claim a fee for our designs,
 Or ever sip your tea or wines,
 Like noisome flies whose tribes abound,
 And tease you with their buzzing sound ;
 Nor like your parrot's canting chat,
 Or treacherous as your favourite cat.
 Your great grandmother held it good,
 And used our wets to stop the blood ;
 Its healing pow'r did ease impart,
 Nor sought the surgeon's skilful art.
 Thrice three of us, when bruise'd, they say,
 Will charm the ague far away ;
 And many virtues yet unknown,
 May be found out when we are gone.
 When first you did uprear the bed,
 A filament we o'er it spread ;
 Behold ! you cried and thank'd our pains,
 An omen this of future gains.
 Then why thus treat us with disdain ?
 Since nature form'd no race in vain,
 We neither life nor webs regret,
 If we in peace pay nature's debt.
 Besides we, too, with open eyes,
 When all is hush'd, save cricket cries,
 Nor sound is heard of hinge or latch,
 Creep out, and are your nightly watch,
 To warn thee by our tic, tic, tic,
 That time is passing very quick,
 Least mis-spent hours should swell th' amount,
 And bring thee to a just account ;
 Men for their virtues meet reward,
 But, ah ! for insects death is hard.
 Their keenest feelings who can tell ?
 To them as though a giant fell.

But why should I complain of fate,
 Since monarchs that have rul'd a state,
 When envy's broom was lifted high,
 Wereswept from thrones and doom'd to die.
 In vain, alas ! Arachne's pray'r,
 The fatal beam cleaves the air,
 And now had laid the suppliant low,
 But fate preserv'd her from the blow :
 Just in the nick, a lengthen'd note
 From some poor Savoyard's tuneful throat,
 Did on the maiden's ear alight,
 And fill her bosom with delight ;
 Enraptur'd with the pleasing sound,
 She dropt the besom on the ground,
 Straight to the open casement flew,
 Where the sweet warbler met her view,
 For passing time no thought or care,
 She listen'd to the plaintive air.
 Arachne, trembling, search'd the ground,
 And safety in a crevice found.

C—.

ON POLITENESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is something so extremely pleasing in the very nature of this nearly *half* virtue (if the reader will allow the phrase) that it seems to varnish over even the blemishes of men's characters ; and although it does not exactly put a gloss on the deformity of vice, it almost appears to diminish its depravity.

A celebrated Author has defined Wit, "the seasoning of Reason," and Politeness may, perhaps, without impropriety, be called the seasoning of Good-nature—it is to a good heart what wit is to good sense—an addition of inexpressible delicacy and grace—the one to reason, the other to goodness. Politeness is an agreeable and delicate manner of speaking and acting ; answering to *urbanitas*, or *morum elegantia* with the Romans ; it consists, properly, not merely, in saying and doing nothing which may give offence, but also in saying and doing every thing that can prove agreeable, and while civility principally regards the *matter* of our conduct, politeness respects also the *manner* of it. It is, however, highly proper to distinguish between true and false politeness ; the former is always modest and unobtrusive ; unostentatious, when doing a kindness, it rather conceals it, and practises the most amiable qualities, not from a solicitude of being taken notice of, but from suavity of disposition alone ; while on the other hand, false politeness is servile, flattering, ambitious of praise, and rather desirous of obtaining applause by mean assiduities than the performance of worthier actions ; more studiously exact in punctilious ceremony, than anxious to deserve esteem and win the heart by gentleness and benevolence.

Politeness can only be attained by long acquaintance with the world, and a careful attention to the usage of the best company—no particular instructions alone will form it in our manners—for they can neither include every thing that is necessary to be regarded, nor communicate a capacity for practising it; but besides the artificial aids of a knowledge of the world, and an imitation of the most polite models in society, there are some natural qualifications requisite to complete the character of a polite man; these are, a great share of humanity, good humour, a quick perception of what is most proper in all circumstances, and a delicate way of saying and doing accordingly—and this may be done without the least obsequiousness, which, as it too plainly bespeaks insincerity to be mistaken by the most indifferent judge, will disgust rather than please. An honest frank opinion generally proves more agreeable than a studied compliment, because it carries an unaffected and genuine air about it, for when a person praises with too much ingenuity, we suspect he rather aims at our good opinion of himself than testifies his own of us.

The company of the ladies it is commonly admitted is the best school of politeness; and without it, no man can expect to be even tolerated by them, as they would sooner pardon even his want of sense than his want of manners. He can never expect to be agreeable with the ladies who, although possessed of intrinsic worth and a fine understanding, is deficient in that agreeable address, that genteel and easy behaviour which so eminently distinguish the well-bred man.

Politeness is nearly the most advantageous character we can have; there is no other sort of merit which pleases so universally; but every body is fond of the acquaintance of a polite man. Without this amiable quality there is no living in society, for it creates both love and esteem, and carries at least the appearance of many considerable virtues.

JACOBUS.

WONDERFUL INSTANCES OF FECUNDITY.

(For the Mirror.)

AN elm, one year with another, yields 329,000 grains or seeds, each of which, if properly lodged, would grow up into a tree: now an elm ordinarily lives 100 years, consequently, in the course of its life, it produces near 33,000,000 seeds, all which arise from one single seed. The same elm, by frequently cutting off its head, &c. might be brought to produce

15,840,000,000 seeds, and consequently, that there are so many actually contained in it. This is shown by M. Dodart in his discourse on this subject in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences*. M. Petit is said to have found in the carp 342,144 eggs; and Lewenhoeck in a cod of a middling size 9,384,000. Dr. Baster says he counted 12,444 eggs under the tail of a female lobster, besides those that remained in the body unprotruded. The following is an experiment of M. Lyonet on the generation of a moth which comes from the chenille a brosse—out of a brood of 350 eggs, that he had from a single moth of this kind, he took 80, from which he got, when they arrived at their perfect state, 15 females; from whence he deduces the following consequence: if 80 eggs give 15 females, the whole brood of 350 would have produced 65; these 65, supposing them as fertile as their mother, would have produced 22,750 caterpillars, among which there would have been at least 4,265 females, who would have produced for the third generation 1,492,750 caterpillars, M. de Geer counted in the belly of a moth 480 eggs, reducing these to 400, supposing one-fourth only of these to be females, and as fruitful as their mother, they will give birth to 40,000 caterpillars for the second generation; and for the third, supposing all things equal, four millions of caterpillars.

"It is not surprising, therefore (says Adams on the Microscope) that they are found so numerous in years which are favourable to their propagation. But the Creator of all things, has for our sakes limited this abundant multiplication, by raising up hosts of enemies, who, besides sickness, &c. destroy the superfluous quantity." In the milt of a jack 10,000 animalcula were discoverable, in a quantity not bigger than a grain of sand, exactly in appearance like those of the cod fish. Upon viewing the milt of a living cod fish (with a microscope) such numbers of animalcula with long tails were found therein, that at least 10,000 of them were supposed to exist in the quantity of a grain of sand. Whence Lewenhoeck argues that the milt of that single cod fish contained more living animalcula than there are people alive upon the face of the whole earth at one and the same time. But with this immense fecundity, Bently says, "God could never create so ample a world, but he could have made a bigger; the fecundity of this creative power never growing barren; nor being exhausted." Ray, the naturalist says, "Some of the ancients mention some seeds that retain

their fecundity 40 years; and I have found that melon seeds after 30 years, are best for raising of melons." There is no end to the fecundity of seeds.

"Each seed includes a plant; that plant, again, Has other seeds, which other plants contain; Those other plants have all their seeds; and those, More plants, again, successively enclose. Thus ev'ry single berry that we find, Has, really, in itself whole forests of its kind. Empire and wealth one acorn may dispense, By floods to sail a thousand ages hence; Each myrtle-seed includes a thousand groves, Where future bards may warble forth their loves."

P. T. W.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 404, Vol. V.)

MUSIC IN EUROPE.—THE TROUBADOURS.

DURING the dark ages no work of genius or taste in any department of science seems to have been produced in any part of Europe; and except in Italy, where the cultivation of music was rather more the object of attention, that art was neglected equally with all others. There has always been observed a correspondence in every country between the progress of music and the cultivation of other arts and sciences. In the middle ages, therefore, when the most fertile provinces of Europe were occupied by the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and other barbarous tribes, whose language was as harsh as their manners were savage, little perfection and no improvement of music is to be looked for. Literature, arts, and refinements, were encouraged more early at the courts of the Roman pontiffs than in any other country; and owing to that circumstance it is, that the scale, the counterpoint, the best melodies, the dramas, religious and secular, the chief graces and elegances of modern music, have derived their origin from Italy. In modern times, Italy has been to the rest of Europe what ancient Greece was to Rome. The Italians have aided the civilization of their conquerors, and enlightened the minds of those whose superior prowess had enslaved them.

Having mentioned counterpoint, it would be improper not to make one or two observations on an invention which is supposed to have been the source of great innovation in the practice of music. Counterpoint, or music in parts, seems to be an invention purely modern. The term harmony meant in the language of antiquity what is now understood by melody. Guido, a monk of Arezzo in Tus-

cany, is, in the general opinion, supposed to have entertained the first idea of counterpoint about the year 1022: an art which, since his time, has experienced gradual and imperceptible improvements, far exceeding the powers or comprehension of any one individual. The term *counterpoint*, or *contra punctum*, denotes its own etymology and import. Musical notation was at one time performed by small points; and the present mode is only an improvement of that practice. Counterpoint, therefore, denotes the notation of harmony or music in parts, by points opposite to each other. The improvements of this important acquisition to the art of music kept pace at first with those of the organ; an instrument admirably adapted to harmony: and both the one and the other were till the 13th century employed chiefly in sacred music. It was at this period that secular music began to be cultivated.

Before the invention of characters for time, music in parts must have consisted entirely of *simple counterpoint*, or notes against note, as is still practised in psalmody. But the happy discovery of a time-table extended infinitely the powers of combined sounds. The ancients had no other resource to denote time and movement in music except two characters (— —), equivalent to a long and a short syllable. But time is of such importance in music, that it can impart meaning and energy the repetition of the same sound: without it variety of tones has no effect with respect to gravity and acuteness. The invention of the time-table is attributed by almost all the writers on music of the last and present century to John de Muris, who flourished about the year 1330. But in a manuscript of John de Muris himself, bequeathed to the Vatican library by the Queen of Sweden, that honour seems to be yielded to Magister Franco, who appears to have been alive as late at least as 1063. John de Muris, however, who there is some cause to believe was an Englishman, though not the inventor of the *cantus mensuralis*, did certainly by his numerous writings greatly improve it. His tract on the *Art of Counterpoint* is the most clear and useful essay on the subject of which those times can boast.

In the eleventh century, during the first crusade, Europe began to emerge from the barbarous stupidity and ignorance which had long overwhelmed it. While its inhabitants were exercising in Asia every species of rapine and pious cruelty, art, ingenuity, and reason, insensibly civilized and softened their minds. Then it was that the poets and songsters,

known by the name of *Troubadours*, who first appeared in Provence, instituted a new profession ; which obtained the patronage of the count of Poitou, and many other princes and barons, who had themselves cultivated music and poetry with success. At the courts of their munificent patrons the Troubadours were treated with respect. The ladies, whose charms they celebrated, gave them the most generous and flattering reception. The success of some inspired others with hopes, and excited exertions in the exercise of their art ; impelling them towards perfection with a rapidity which the united force alone of emulation and emolument could occasion. These founders of modern versification, constructing their songs on plans of their own, classical authority, either through ignorance or design, was entirely disregarded. It does not appear, however, during the cultivation and favour of Provençal literature, that any one Troubadour so far outstripped the rest as to become a model of imitation. The progress of taste must ever be impeded by the ignorance and caprice of those who cultivate an art without science or principles.

During almost two centuries after the arrangement of the scale attributed to Guido, and the invention of the timetable ascribed to Franco, no remains of secular music can be discovered, except those of the Troubadours or Provençal poets. In the simple tunes of these bards no time indeed is marked, and but little variety of notation appears : it is not difficult, however, to discover in them the germs of the future melodies, as well as the poetry of France and Italy. Had the poetry and music of the Troubadours been treated of in an agreeable manner by the writers who have chosen that subject, it would have been discovered to be worthy of attention : the poetry, as interesting to literature ; the melody to which it was sung, as curious to the musical historian.—Almost every species of Italian poetry is derived to the Provençals. *Atr*, the most captivating part of secular vocal music, seems to have had the same origin. The most ancient strains that have been spared by time, are such as were set to the songs of the Troubadours. The Provençal language began to be in favour with poets about the end of the tenth century. In the twelfth it became the general vehicle, not only of poetry, but of prose, to all who were ignorant of Latin. And these were not the laity only. At this period *violars*, or performers on the *vielle* or viol, *juglars* or flute-players, *musars* or players on other instruments, and *comics* or comedians, abounded all

over Europe. This swarm of poet-musicians, who were formerly comprehended in France under the general title of *jongleurs*, travelled from province to province, singing their verses at the courts of princes. They were rewarded with clothes, horses, arms, and money. Jongleurs or musicians were employed often to sing the verses of Troubadours, who themselves happened to be deficient in voice or ignorant of music. The term *Troubadour*, therefore, implies poetry as well as music. The jongleurs, menctriers, strollers, or minstrels, were frequently musicians, without any pretensions to poetry. These last have been common at all times ; but the troubadour or bard has distinguished a particular profession, either in ancient or modern times, only during the early dawns of literature.

In the thirteenth century the songs were on various subjects ; moral, merry, amorous : and at that time melody seems to have been little more than plain song or chanting. The notes were square, and written on four lines only like those of the Romish church in the cliff C, and without any marks for time. The movement and embellishments of the air depended on the abilities of the singer. Since that time, by the cultivation of the voice, modern music has been much extended, for it was not till towards the end of St. Louis's reign that the fifth line began to be added to the stave. The singer always accompanied himself with an instrument in unison.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanies.

HURRICANE IN JAMAICA.

MR. BECKFORD in his description of the Island of Jamaica, after having dwelt at some length upon the general effects of the hurricane on the 3rd of October, 1780, thus eloquently paints its horrors :—“ When the night was past, and our minds hung suspended between the danger we had escaped, and the anticipation of what we might expect to ensue ; when the dawn appeared as if unwilling to disclose the devastation that the night had caused ; when the sun-beams peeped above the hills, and illumined the scene around—just God ! what a contrast was there exhibited between that morning and the day before ! a day which seemed to smile upon Nature, and to take delight in the prospect of plenty that waved around, and which produced, wherever the eye could gaze, the charms of cultivation, and the promise of abundance ; but which

fallacious appearances, alas! were to be at once annihilated by that extensive and melancholy view of desolation and despair in which the expectations of the moderate, and the wishes of the sanguine, were to be so soon ingulphed.

The horrors of the day were much augmented by the melancholy exclamation of every voice, and the energetic expression of every hand: some of which were uplifted in acts of execration; some wiped the tears that were flowing from the eye; while others considering from whence the visitation came, were seen to strike their breasts, as if to chide the groans which it was impossible to restrain. An uncommon silence reigned around: it was the pause of consternation: it was a dumb oratory; that said more, much more, than any tongue could utter. The first sounds proceeded from the mouths of the most patient of Nature's creatures—from the melancholy cow that had lost its calf, and with frequent lowings invited its return; from the mother ewes, that with frequent bleatings recalled their lambs, which were friking out of sight, unconscious of danger, and unmindful of food: and which solemn and pathetic invitations, after such a night, the contemplation of such a scene, and the disposition of the mind to receive pathetic impressions, came home with full effect to those who had suffered, but who wished not to complain!

If the distresses of the feathered tribe be taken into this description, their natural timidity, their uncertainty of food, of shelter, and domestic protection, be duly considered; trifling as these observations may appear, they certainly help to swell the catalogue of distress, to awaken the sigh of sensibility, and to teach us, that their existence and their end are in the hands of the same Creator.

The morning of the 4th of October, presented us with a prospect, dreary beyond description, and almost melancholy beyond example; and deformed with such blasted signs of nakedness and ruin, as calamity, in its most awful and destructive moments, has seldom offered to the desponding observations of mankind. The face of the country seemed to be entirely changed: the valleys and the plains, the mountains and the forests, that were only the day before most beautifully clothed with every verdure, were now despoiled of every charm; and to an expected abundance and superfluity of grain, in a few hours succeeded sterility and want; and every prospect, as far as the eye could stretch, was visibly stricken blank with desolation and with horror. The powers of vegetation appeared to be

at once suspended; and instead of Nature and her works, the mind was petrified by the seeming approach of fate and chaos.

The country looked as if it had been lately visited by fire and the sword; as if the tornado had rifled Africa of its sands, to deposit their contents upon the denuded bosom of the hills; as if *Ætna* had scorched the mountains, and a volcano had taken possession of every height. The trees were up-rooted, the dwellings destroyed; and in some places not a stone was left to indicate the use to which it was once applied. Those who had houses, could hardly distinguish their ruins; and the proprietor knew not where to fix the situation of his former possessions. The very beasts, of all descriptions, were conscious of the calamity: the birds, particularly the domestic pigeons, were most of them destroyed; and the fish were driven from those rivers, and those seas, of which they had before been the peaceful inhabitants. New streams arose, and extensive lakes were spread, where rills were scarcely seen to trickle before; and ferry boats were obliged to ply where carriages were used to travel with safety and convenience. The roads were, for a long time, impassable among the mountains; the low-lands were overflowed, and numbers of cattle were carried away by the depth and impetuosity of the torrents; while the boundaries of the different plantations were sunk beneath the accumulated pressure of the inundation.

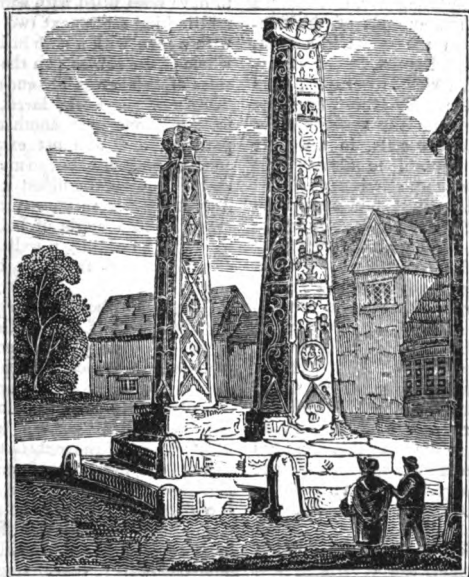
THE SILK WORM

Is hatched by the heat of the sun from eggs laid by a lively moth in the preceding year; its food are leaves of mulberry, in which tree it lives in warm climates. Shortly after it attains its full growth, it winds itself in its silky web attached to one of the leaves, and in this cone of silk is converted into a lifeless chrysalis; in a few days the chrysalis produces a lively and delicate moth, which eats its way out of the cone of silk, flutters its wings for a few days, lays eggs for future supplies of silk-worms, and then dies. The size of a cone of raw silk is about a pigeon's egg in bulk, and it will measure a quarter of a mile.

PARSON.

THOUGH we write *parson* differently, it is but *person*; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a church; and it is in Latin *persona*, and *personatus* is a personage.—*Schlen.*

Ancient Crosses, Sandbach, Cheshire.



THE period when the ancient crosses at Sandbach were erected is uncertain, but it is supposed they were raised on the very spot where one of the four priests that attended Peda out of Northumberland, first preached the gospel in that part of Mercia after his conversion to Christianity, in the year 653. The crosses are, undoubtedly, the most perfect, and probably the oldest remains of Christian antiquity in the kingdom: both the crosses are almost covered with figures; the larger one is nearly occupied with scriptural subjects. On the lowest part of the east side, within a circle, is the salutation of Elizabeth by her cousin Mary; above this circle is the annunciation, with the Holy Ghost descending upon the blessed Virgin Mary, in the form of a bird, with extended wings; a little above this is the birth of Christ, a child in swaddling clothes; on each side is an ox looking into the manger, behind is an angel, whose wings overshadow the whole; immediately above the head of the angel, is the crucifixion, at the foot of the cross is Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene; in each quarter formed by the transverse of the cross, are the emblems of the four evangelists; in the upper dexter-quarter there is an angel for St. Matthew: the opposite, a lion for St. Mark; in the lower dexter-quarter, is a bull for St. Luke; in the last, an eagle for St. John;

above the cross is Pilate seated in the judgment hall; in front of him is Christ bound; over the head of Christ is a man with his head downwards: presumed to be the fall of the traitor Judas; still higher up are the implements of the passion, the hammer, pincers, &c.; at the top are two figures of men much mutilated. On the west side of the cross is a plain cross; in the lower quarters are two dread fiend-like animals in the act of biting the transverse part of it, one of their tails are fretted, gnawed, and terminating with a snake's head, in an angle, formed by the foot of the cross sloping off to each side in chevron form; the tail of the other is mutilated; the upper quarter is guarded by two angels, now much mutilated; still higher up, and separated from the angels by a cross bar, is the angel Gabriel appearing to Zachary in the temple, where he is seated on a chair, struck dumb; above them is a man walking with a club in his hand, and followed by Simon the Cyrene, carrying over his shoulder the cross; above this is Christ bound by the hands with a cord, which extends over the shoulders of a man in front, who is dragging him before Pilate; above are four mutilated figures of men. The south side from the top, about one-third downwards, is composed of beautiful filligree work, crossing and intersecting each other, while one of the ends termi-

nates in an animal, the other runs to the bottom in an undulating line, interspersed with branches, and animals of the non-descript kind; in the midst is a man, probably John the Baptist, in the wilderness. The north side is occupied with the descent of the Holy Ghost, in shape of cloven tongues on the apostles, they are placed in narrow cells, in a double row from the bottom, to about three quarters of the way up; it is remarkable to observe that the division on which each stands is cut off at one hand, so as not to touch the sides, leaving an uninterrupted communication between the whole, which is not observable in any other parts; the uppermost figure is leaning over the upright division, and looking down upon the figures on the opposite side from that on which he stands, whilst the cloven tongues immediately over his back and head, issues from the mouth of a figure, not unlike a fish, whose tail runs in an undulating line to the top: this cross has been surmounted with a sculptured stone four feet in diameter, now much mutilated, but sufficient remains to tell us, it was once circular.

The north side of the small cross is divided into a double row of cells, in each a figure of a man, all in the act of walking, some with short daggers in their hands, others without, which, in all human probability, represented Peda setting out for Mercia with all his nobility and attendants into Northumberland to solicit the hand of Alchflida, king Oswy's daughter. On the west side is a triple group of figures in small cells, some kneeling and some standing, at the bottom are angels looking upwards to the group, whilst above them are three figures, with a dove descending upon the left shoulder of the centre one, this possibly represented Peda with his attendants receiving the sacred laver of regeneration in the front of baptism; the parts above this are mutilated. On the south side are the like figures and cells as on the north, with this difference, that instead of the cells being square over each of their heads, they are on this as well as on the west side, invariably arched, and instead of daggers, they are now travelling with staves in their hands. The east side is divided into five lozenge compartments, but originally there was more; the interstices are occupied with figures of men and animals: in the uppermost lozenge is the figure of a bull with his head reflected on his back; in the top part of the next lozenge, is the figure of a man with his hands stuck in his sides, and his legs extended from one side to the other, in the base are two men endorsed;

the next is partly mutilated, but appears to have been filled with something of the reptile kind; the next two are each filled with a man with a club in his hand: the whole of the subjects on the east and west sides of this cross are enclosed within a margin of fret work, laced, gnawed, and indented, one over another, in various patterns, and of most exquisite design and workmanship, but so much mutilated, that it requires the nicest examination to trace out their various turns and twistings; at each angle of both the crosses, the cabal moulding, a well known Saxon ornament, runs from the bottom to the top.

The time when the larger cross, and the upper part of the smaller was pulled down, is equally as uncertain as their erection; great violence has been used in pulling them down, as is clearly discernible on reference to the engraving, where the large cross in its fall has torn away the greatest part of the socket-stone, in which it had been firmly fixed, on the opposite side from that on which it fell, when it broke into several pieces, the bottom part was split up the middle with wedges, and long served to protect the sides of a neighbouring well; other fragments were placed as steps for door-ways, and at the corners of walls, to protect them from carts; others were, in the memory of some of the old inhabitants, buried in the foundations of the church-yard wall; the middle part of the large cross, and several portions of the smaller one, were transported from Sandbach to Tarporley, and from Tarporley to Oulton, where they served to adorn a grotto, at one end of a garden, with the four following lines in old English letters, cut on one of the fragments belonging to the small cross, but now covered up with Roman cement:—

* With awful steps approach this shrine,
Sacred to Druids erst divine;
Here ancient Virtue still preserve,
Nor e'er from its precepts swerve."

Some years ago the inhabitants of Sandbach became anxious to have the crosses restored as far as possible, and the whole that could be collected being got together in the month of September, 1816, Mr. Palmer, of Manchester, to whom we are indebted for this account, was sent for to re-fix them. By the aid of George Ormerod, Esq., the historian of Cheshire, he was enabled to arrange the whole, and supply the deficiencies with new stone, as shown by the plain parts in the engraving, which gives a very correct view and idea of these remains of antiquity.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ENGLISH IN ROME.

It is peculiarly fortunate for the Romans that their city still continues to attract foreigners; for, were it not for them, the working classes would never see a crown, nor the higher ranks acquire a new idea. Whence comes it, then, that the English, who form the immense majority of the foreigners who visit the "eternal city," are, with a few honourable exceptions, the objects of profound hatred to the people, and of ridicule to the good company of Rome? The two following anecdotes which came under my own observation, may serve to explain the sources and motives of this disposition of the inhabitants of Rome towards the English, who enrich them. There is in a small chapel in the town-house of Velletri a celebrated picture, which I went to see. At the gate I met four English travellers, one of whom, the son of a rich London merchant, spoke Italian fluently. We entered together, and were conducted by the porter through the apartments, and into the little chapel where the picture was to be seen. On quitting the place, the young Englishman, who spoke Italian, gave to the porter, for his companions and himself, a *mezzo paolo*, about five French sous. The porter, fired with indignation, overwhelmed the whole party with a torrent of imprecations; for in this country such have been the effects of three centuries of despotism, that the people have lost all respect for intermediate rank—they see only the Pope and his power. The Roman people respect a man only according to what he spends or gives. This is their general feeling, with the exception of the respect which they pay to the families of the Borghese, Ghigi, Gabrielli, Falconieri, and one or two others, whose palaces, filled with the wonders of ancient and modern art, are open to the public admiration.—The second anecdote I have to mention took place in the *Piazza d'Espagna*. An Englishman sent a fowling-piece to a gunsmith in the *Piazza d'Espagna* to be repaired. On its being sent back to him, the messenger demanded two crowns for the repairs; the Englishman found the sum exorbitant, got into a passion and refused to pay: the messenger gave him the fowling-piece but retained the ramrod, saying, with that perfect *sans-froid* remarkable in the Romans, and which lasts until they explode into the most violent anger, "that as his master had told him to receive two crowns,

he should take back the ramrod, and that the *Signore Inglese* might call at his master's shop and bargain with him. The Englishman accordingly went, accompanied by one of his countrymen, to the gunsmith's; a discussion took place, in the course of which the Englishman called the Roman a cheat; the gunsmith retorted by another insulting expression, when the other Englishman struck him with his whip. A young lad of sixteen, employed in the shop, on seeing his father thus maltreated, snatched up a cutlass and stabbed the Englishman in the thigh, who fell bathed in his blood. The young assassin fled. After the death of the Englishman, his countrymen in Rome, who visited at the Duke Torlonia's and a few other houses, gave free course to the most injurious reflections on the Roman character, and this while speaking to Romans in their own houses. Now would an Englishman have permitted himself to act towards an English gunsmith, as this ill-fated traveller did towards the armourer of the *Piazza d'Espagna*? Would an Englishman suffer foreigners at his table to declaim in the strongest and most offensive terms against the character of the British nation? Would an Englishman offer a *mezzo paolo*, or two-pence halfpenny, to the guide who should shew him through Hampton Court? It may be objected to what I have stated, that amongst the immense crowds of English who inundate Italy, there must be some not belonging to the better classes of society. But in the instances above-mentioned this was not the case: both the individual who gave two-pence halfpenny to the porter at Velletri, and those who went to the gunsmith's shop, were wealthy and undoubtedly belonging to the class of gentlemen. The real cause of such conduct is this: Englishmen, for what reasons I know not, seem to think that they may act on the Continent, and particularly in Italy, in a manner that they dare not do in London. If you strike one of the lower classes in Florence, he will humble himself the more before you; for Florence, since the time of Cosmo II., has been a thoroughly aristocratic country. If you strike a Frenchman belonging to the working class, should he happen to have served in the army, he will propose a duel to you; as was the case some years ago with the driver of a *cabriolet*, who, on being struck by a Russian officer, very coolly took the cross of the legion of honour from his pocket, fixed it to his button-hole, and then returned the blow. A meeting with pistols was the consequence, and chance was, at least in this instance, on the side of justice; the insolent

aggressor fell. With this single exception you may strike a French workman with impunity. But such is not the case with the Romans; and it is for this trait in their character that I esteem that people.

New Monthly Magazine.

SUTTEES IN NEPAL.

Nepal Jan. 7th.—General Bheem Syre's eldest nephew, Vizier Singh, having been at Palpa, arrived at Nepal in the latter end of November, and on the 3rd of December died. The following day the body was burned, and along with it two of his wives and three slave girls; the latter, however, had not the honour of being burned on the same pile with their lord and master, but had a pile to themselves. The brother of the deceased, with his nephew in his arms, lighted the funeral fires—such being the custom! Suttees are not infrequent in the valley. A curious one took place some months ago, of a woman burning herself with her seducer, who had been killed by her own husband. So much for religious ordinances!—[*Cal. John Bull, Jan. 19.* —

NILGHERRY HILLS.

After spending a few days very pleasantly at Calicut, I mounted my palanquin at daylight, and took the road to Coimbatore, in preference to another of only half the distance, but considered rather dangerous. A part of my way, indeed, lay through an extensive elephant-jungle, for which, however, I was well provided; my cavalcade, including bearers, amounting to at least fifty people: the greater part of these were armed with hunting spears, swords, and blunderbusses, so as to cut a very formidable figure, and I was almost sorry not to meet with an adventure, being so well prepared. My servants, with my light baggage, stumbled on an old elephant with her cub, but they fled on the firing of a gun. On the morning of the fifth day I arrived at the foot of the hills, and began the ascent in the middle of the next night. At day-break I found myself amidst all the charms of mountain-scenery—rocks and mountains, and woods and streams; and, after an ascent of some hours, reached a little station called Dinhutty, where a few Europeans have built cottages, to breakfast at ten o'clock. The thermometer, which below stood at 98 deg., was here exactly 30 deg. lower; and I was glad at night to get under two good blankets. I cannot describe to you the delight I felt at the change; I forgot that I had been ill, and,

notwithstanding my fatigues, was out all day, almost believing myself in England. The scenery at Dinhutty is exceedingly beautiful; the hills are very precipitous, and strongly resemble the paintings of Swiss scenery. The climate delicious; and there is so much in every respect resembling England, that one ceases to think one's self in India: I am sure I did, when I walked out with the ladies two miles to a three o'clock dinner in the month of May! After a few delightful days, I continued my ascent on horseback, about fifteen miles, to this place, called Ootacamund, about 2,000 feet above Dinhutty, and of course somewhat colder; the scenery, all the way up, grand and beautiful in the extreme. Here the country is different from that about Dinhutty, and I think I like it less: this may be described as a hilly country, at the top of lofty mountains, and we are very near the summit. Dodabet, the crown of the Nilgherries, rises just over our head here, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea. A great part of this consists of open downs, and gently swelling hills, rising one above another to a great height, covered with fine verdure, and occasionally broken by a rugged mass of rock. Here is no pestilential jungle or noxious marsh; beautiful little woods, as in England, are scattered over the country, and give to the whole aspect the appearance of a grand park, excellently well laid out, in some hilly country at home. These little woods fringe every ravine between the hills, through each of which, without exception, little crystal torrents rush down on every side. With the exception of the want of cultivation, every thing here is English; the woods are carpeted with strawberries, anemone, and violets; the white dog-rose, honey-suckle, and jessamine twine themselves over all the trees; and blackbirds and larks innumerable make the hills ring with their song: but the violets are shaded by groves of gigantic cinnamon and rhododendron, with its great masses of scarlet blossoms; and the song of the blackbirds is interrupted by the croaking of the monkeys, and the screams of the peafowls and jungle-cock. The whole, however is delightful.

It seems almost incredible that such a country and climate should exist so near the equator, and surrounded by such burning climes. In truth, all the people below are quite sceptical, and will not make the trial, except the civilians of Coimbatore. This region was not known till 1819, when the first visitors were pinched with the frost. The greatest advantage of the climate is its equality, the

temperature varying little after the monsoon has once changed. At this moment my hands and feet are so cold that I can hardly write; I am obliged to blow on my fingers, in a little close shut-up room, with curtains and all the apparatus of English apartments, except fire, of which I should be very glad. The thermometer before me now stands at 56 deg., at 11 in the morning; but the S.W. monsoon is just set in, and the hills are covered with mist and a drizzling rain. The mercury here never rises beyond 70 deg.; during May, the hottest month, it never exceeded that in the shade: so that the climate offers no obstruction whatever to European labour or enjoyment. The English here, including some farming and gardening men and their families, are all as stout, and strong, and healthy, and work just as hard, as at home; and the children with their fat rosy faces, are unparalleled in India. I am out all day wandering over hills and woods, quite enchanted. In the warmest days there is so fine an air, that no sort of inconvenience is felt; in short it is wholly European. The soil is deep and rich beyond measure; all European fruits, and vegetables, and flowers, vegetate luxuriantly; and nothing which England produces would fail here.

You will readily understand how I rejoice in having made this experiment, in preference to going to the eastward or to the Cape. *It answers all the purposes of a voyage to England; and I have written to some friends to suggest a subscription for an invalid bungalow, which might be managed extremely well. There is not, perhaps, a country to be found which nature has so fully prepared for the hand of man: one half of the wasted labours of the poor Algoa people would have converted it into a paradise. Mr. Johnson, a man who has set up a large garden and farm here, under Mr. Sullivan's auspices, was a Cape settler: he is delighted with this country, and already furnishes large supplies of vegetables and seeds to the country below: the potatoes are equal to English.*

(*Asiatic Journal.*)

The Topographer.

No. XV.

ORIGIN OF THE METROPOLITAN NAME, AND VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

London, called by the Saxons *Lundenburgh*, takes its name from *Llyn*, a lake, and *Din*, a town, because formerly the

whole of the *Surrey* side of the *Thames* lay under water; and having the appearance of a lake, might have given rise to the name of *Llyn-din*, or the City on the Lake. This, most probably, was the original name; and that derived from *Llong*, a ship, and *Din*, a town, might have been bestowed when the place became a seat of trade, and famous for the concourse of shipping.

Westminster, from *Minster*, or Conventual Church and West; in opposition to the New Abbey on Tower-hill; that being East *Minster*, from being built East of *London*.

Southmark was called by the Saxons *Suthverke*, or the South Work, in respect to some fort or fortification bearing that aspect from *London*. It was also called the *Burg*, or *Borough*, probably for the same reason.

Lambeth is variously written *Lambhyde*, *Lamhyte*, &c. &c.—viz., a dirty station; from the circumstance of its being overflowed by the *Thames*.

The *Adelphi* is derived from a Greek word, signifying "a brother," it being built by two brothers.

Aldermanbury, from being the court-hall or *Bury*, as it was called, where the aldermen met previous to the erection of *Guildhall*, thence called *Alderman's Bury*. *Alderman* signifies *Aelder Man*, a man advanced in years, and accordingly supposed to be of superior wisdom and gravity.

Aldgate was originally *Eald Gate*, signifying Old Gate, it being one of the earliest gates that was built.

Barbican, or Watch-tower; belonging to every fortified place. That of *London* stood near the present street called *Barbican*: hence its name.

Basing Hall Street owes its origin to *Basing's Haugh*, or *Hall*, built by one of that name, now called *Blackwell Hall*, after *Sir Ralph Blackwell*, an eminent tailor, who founded the market for woollen cloth now held there.

Bell Savage Inn is a corruption from *La Belle Sauvage*, a beautiful woman, described in an old French romance, as being found in a wilderness in a savage state.

Blossoms Inn is named from the rich border of flowers which adorned the original sign, that of *St. Lawrence*. These were the effects of his martyrdom, "for (says the legend) flowers sprung up on the spot of his cruel martyrdom."

Bull and Mouth Inn is a perversion of *Boulogne Mouth*, or *Harbour*, which grew into a popular sign after the costly capture of that place by *Henry VIII.*

Bird Cage Walk (*St. James's Park*)

takes its title from the cages which were hung in the trees; belonging to an aviary adjacent, made by Charles II.

Bishopsgate Street owes its name to one of the gates of London, which stood near the end of Camomile-street: it was originally built by Erkinwald, Bishop of London, A.D. 675, and from him called Bishop's Gate.

Blackfriars proceeds from the fraternity of Dominicans, or Black Friars, who built a large house in that place.

Bow Church was originally built on arches—hence its name *St. Mary le Bow*, or *de arcubus*. The Arches Court derives its name from being formerly held in this church.

Bond Street, named after the proprietor—a baronet of a family now extinct.

Bridewell, springs from a well formerly in that neighbourhood, dedicated to *St. Bride*, or *Bridget*.

Bucklersbury.—One Buckle had a large manor-house of stone in this place, from whence came Buckles Bury.

Charing Cross.—Here formerly stood one of the crosses erected by Edward I., in memory of his beloved queen Eleanor. This being then a village called Charing, gave the name of Charing Cross.

Charter House, a corruption of *Chartreux* (a Carthusian friar), a priory for twenty-four monks of that rigid order having been founded on the spot where the gardens now are.

Cheapside received its name from Chepe, a market, as being originally the great street of splendid shops. In the year 1246 it was an open field, called *Crown Field*, from an inn (with the sign of a crown) at the east end.

Clerkenwell.—Here was formerly a well, at which the parish clerks of London were accustomed to meet annually, to perform their mysteries or sacred dramatical plays: hence the name *Clerkenwell*. In 1409 they performed the *Creation of the World*, which lasted eight days, and most of the nobility and gentry honoured them with their presence.

Conduit Street, from one of the conduits which supplied this part of the town with water.

Covent Garden, originally *Convent Garden*, being attached to a convent belonging to the Abbot of Westminster.

Coventry Street, from *Coventry House*, which stood at the end of the Haymarket.

Cripple-gate owes its name to the number of cripples and beggars which formerly haunted that gate of the city.

Crutched Friars, from the House of the Crutched, or Crossed Friars, a fraternity which wore a large red cross on

their garments; hence "*The Red Cross Knights*."

Devonshire Square, from the mansion formerly there, belonging to the Earl of Devonshire.

Dowgate, or properly *Dwergate*, or *Watergate*, where there was a ferry to join Watling-street with the military way to Dover. The Britons are supposed to have given it the name of *Dwr* or *Dwy*, water; and the Saxons added the word *gate*, which signifies away.

Drury Lane.—Near this place stood *Drury House*, the habitation of the great family of the *Drury's*—built by Sir Wm. Drury, K.G., from which it derived its title. It is singular that this lane, of later times so notorious for intrigue, should receive its title from a family name, which, in the language of Chaucer, had an amorous signification

Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies' love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.

Dukes Place (city) the great resort of the Jews, took its name from Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who, in 1562, had his residence here.

Eastcheap, from Chepe, a market, and East, the aspect it bears to the Chepe-side. This street was famous, in old times, for its convivial doings. "The cookes cried hot ribbes of beef roasted; pies well baked, and other victuals. There was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Evident marks of the jollity of this quarter.

Exeter Change is so called from being on the site of *Exeter House*, built by that great statesman the lord treasurer Burleigh, and named originally *Burleigh House*.

Finsbury Square, or rather *Fensbury*, from its being a large fen. This was the case in the days of the historian Fitzstephen. In his description of the pastimes of the Londoners, he gives an account of the awkward substitute for the skate. He says, "And when that vast lake, which waters the walls of the city towards the north, is hard frozen, the youth in great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice; some taking a small run, for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sliding sideways a great way.—Others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hands and draw him along, when it happens, that moving swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall headlong. Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the legs

bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow.

Gerard Street, from Gerard House, the residence of Gerard, the gallant Earl of Macclesfield.

Golden Square was formerly *Gelding Square*, from the sign of a neighbouring inn; but the inhabitants, indignant at the vulgarity of the name, changed it to the present.

Goodman's Fields, from farmer Goodman, who had a farm here—"at which farm I myself (says Stowe) in my youth, have fetched many a halfe-peny-worth of milk, and never had lesse than three ale pints for a halfe-peny in the summer, nor lesse than one ale quart for a halfe-peny in the winter, alwaies hot from the kine."

Hatton Garden, from the residence of the Lord Hatton's, built on the gardens belonging to Ely House, which were famous for strawberries: recorded by Hollinshed, who informs us, that Richard III., at the council held in the Tower the morning he put Hastings to death, sent to request a dish of them. Sir C. Hatton, the founder, was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, and by her interest he extorted the gardens from the Bishop of Ely, Richard Cox, who for a long time time resisted the sacrilege. Her letter to the poor bishop was dictated in terms as insolent as indecent:—

"Proud Prelate! you know what you was before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, by * * * I will unfrock you, "
"ELIZABETH."

Haymarket, from what it still remains—a hay-market.

Holborn is corrupted from Old Bourne, one of the brooks which ran through London, and over which was Old Bourne Bridge, now Holborn Bridge: up to which the river Thames flowed through the Fleet Ditch, and brought barges of considerable burden.

Houndsditch was formerly a filthy ditch, into which was thrown dead dogs and all manner of filth—hence its name. Into it was thrown, as worthy of no better sepulture, Edric, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironside, after having been drawn by his heels from Baynard's Castle, and tormented to death by burning torches.

King's Mews, from the buildings which formerly stood there, having been used

for keeping the king's falcons.—*Mews*, signifying cages, seems an odd name for stables.

Knight Rider Street is so named from the gallant train of knights who were wont to pass this way in the days of chivalry, to the gay tournaments at Smithfield.

Lamb's Conduit Street is derived from the conduit erected there by William Lambe, one of the gentlemen of the chapel to Henry VIII.

Lombard Street dates its origin from the Lombards, the great money-lenders and usurers of former times, who came from Lombardy, and settled in that street. The sign they made use of was the three gold balls, which the pawnbrokers use to this day.

London Wall explains its own origin, from there being, till within a few years, a long tract of the old wall of London standing on the north side of that street.

Long Acre takes its name from being built on a piece of ground called the seven acres.

Mary-le-bone, corrupted from Mary Bourne, a brook, which in the year 1238, furnished nine conduits to supply London with water; but the introduction of the New River superseded the use of conduits.

May Fair, from a fair formerly kept in May about the spot where the chapel now stands.

Millbank, from a mill which formerly stood there.

Minorities, is named from certain poor ladies of the Order of St. Clare, or Minor-esses, who were invited into England, by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, (wife to Edmund Earl of Lancaster,) who in 1293, founded here a convent for their reception.

Moorgate, one of the gates of London, takes its name from the grounds beyond the wall being, in former times, an extensive marsh.

Newgate, also formerly a gate of the city, originally called Chamberlain's Gate. It was used as a prison, so long back as 1218, and for persons of rank, before the Tower was used for that purpose. In 1412 this gate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, out of the effects he had allotted for works of charity; his statue with the cat, remained in a niche to its final demolition, on the rebuilding the present prison. The Gate was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt in its late form, whence it obtained the name of New Gate.

Old Jewry, derives its origin from the great synagogue which stood there till the

unhappy race of Jews were expelled the kingdom, A.D., 1291.

Pall Mall and The Mall, (St. James's Park), take their titles from being used as a walk, or place for the exercise of the Mall, a game long since disused.

Peertless Pool, was originally called Perilous Pool, from the number of youths who had been drowned in it while swimming.

Piccadilly, from Piccadilla Hall, built by one Higgins, a tailor, and so called, because he got his estate by making stiff collars, in the fashion of a band, then called Piccadillas or Turnovers, formerly much in fashion.

Queenhithe, its original name was Edred's Hithe or Harbour; in Henry the Third's time, it fell to the crown, and was called Ripa Regince or the Queen's Wharf. It was probably part of her Majesty's pin-money, by the attention paid to her interest.

Shoreditch, takes its title, not from Jane Shore, as is generally supposed, but from its lord, Sir John de Sordich, a valiant knight, in the time of Edward III.

Soho Square, called originally after the Duke of Monmouth, who lived in the centre house, Monmouth Square, afterwards King Square, was subsequently named Soho Square, being the word of the day at the field of Sedgemoor. The name of the unfortunate Duke is still retained in Monmouth Street.

The Steel Yard, (Thames Street,) is not named, as might be supposed, from steel, the metal usually kept there, but from Stael hoff, contracted from Stapel Hoff, or general house of trade of the Germans, who formerly possessed exclusively this wharf, and there had their Guildhaldia Teutonicorum, or Guildhall of that nation.

Strand was originally an open highway, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water's edge; hence the name.

St. Clement Danes, so called from being the place of interment of Harold the Harefoot.

St. John's Gate, is the only remaining part of a priory founded there by the Knight's of St. John of Jerusalem, whence the title, as well as that of "the Old Jerusalem Tavern."

St. Olaves, takes its name from the Danish Prince Olaf, who was massacred by his pagan subjects. The Abbot of Battle had a house in this parish, which gave the name to Battle Stairs: and the street called the Maze, from the luxurious intricacies in his magnificent gardens.

Temple Bar.—The Strand was for-

merly divided from Fleet Street, by nothing but posts, rails, and chains; hence the name of bar. From being near the house of the Knights Templars, (a religious military order,) it received the title of Temple Bar.

Threadneedle Street, having Merchant Tailors' Hall in it, decides its origin at once.

Tyburn, formerly the place of execution, does not receive its name from *tye* and *burn*, as if it were called so from the manner of capital punishments formerly; but from *Tye* its proper name, and *Bourne*, the Saxon word for brook.

Walbrook, took its name from Walbrook or River of Wells, which formerly ran in the place where the street now is.

Warmick Lane, from a house in it belonging to the Earl of Warwick.

Windmill Street, (Haymarket) from a windmill, which stood in a field on the west side.

CLAVIS.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton*.

LAW AND PHYSIC.

If thou study law and physic, endeavour to know both and to need neither.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCH-YARD IN IRELAND.

HERE lies Pat Steele.—

That's very true:

Who was he? What was he?—

What's that to you?

Di Do Dum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*J*****s Lines to a Young Lady* are not sufficiently correct.—*W. M's* verses not spirited enough.

Mr. Gale's letter shall be noticed shortly.

We feel much obliged by *Mr. Ball's* contributions and offer.

The delay alluded to by *E. W.* does not arise either with the Editor or Publisher, but in the difficulty of carrying their object into effect.

An *Old Inhabitant of Tottenham* shall be attended to.

The drawing offered by *Justus* will be very acceptable; but we cannot promise the insertion of the article of which he offers the continuation, until we have the whole before us.

E.'s Ode to the Greeks is not sufficiently polished.

An offer like that of *L.* could not fail of being acceptable.

Numerous communications have been received, some of which are in type, and others are intended for insertion.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLIII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Cathedral Church of St. Germans.



ST. GERMAINS is the largest of the 161 parishes that form the county of Cornwall; it contains no less than seventeen villages, and extends twenty miles in circumference. In this parish are a greater number of gentlemen's seats than perhaps in any other parish in the kingdom or the size. It is situated in the hundred of East Cornwall, between Saltash and Liskeard, on the river Tidi, which is a branch of the Lyner, and derives its name from St. Germanus, a bishop of Auxere; who, we are informed, came over here to extirpate the Palagian heresy from Britain in the year 429, and to whose memory King Athelstan here founded a priory of secular canons. The cathedral church is the chief object (and I may add the only one) worthy of notice and admiration. It was originally part of the priory, and situated within its walls, but that being destroyed, it now stands unencompassed, though much altered and less in extent. In the year 1592, some necessary repairs having been neglected, the ancient chancel fell suddenly to the ground, a short time

only after divine service had been performed in it. The interior as it now stands consists of two aisles and a nave; the latter, and the south aisle are nearly of equal dimensions, but the north aisle is much lower and narrower. The west front (as exhibited in the above engraving) is furnished with two towers, both of which originally were octagonal. The upper part of the southern tower which is now square, and surmounted with embrazures, though the lower part corresponds with that on the north, which is nearly enveloped in ivy. Between the towers is the ancient entrance, which is a most beautiful circular receding arch, in width 20 feet; of this space six feet are allotted to the door, and the remainder to the pillars and sides of the arch. There are four pillars on each side, which have plain square bases and capitals, and are contained in semicircular niches. The arch contains seven mouldings; the innermost are plain and round, the third and fourth have a zig-zag ornament, the next is round, and the sixth and seventh

are zig-zag. A sculptured ornament surrounds the whole, and is terminated at each end with a rude ornament, resting on the capital of the outer pillars. Between the pillars, which are seven feet six inches high, is a zig-zag ornament in alternate succession. The height of the door is ten feet, and the whole height of the arch sixteen feet. In the interior the ornaments and architecture of the aisles differ much one from another; the whole in short appears a complete piece of patch-work, and there are many very curious relics and devices to be found in it. In several of the windows are coats of arms of different dates on painted glass. In that part now employed as the chancel is a rude ancient seat, commonly called the Bishop's Chair, but more probably nothing more than a stall seat of one of the monks. Its height is about three feet. Beneath the seat is carved the figure of a hunter, with game on his shoulder and accompanied by dogs. Leland, in his account of this church says, "also upon another creke, west of the said river (Tamar) and nearer up, is a town called St. Germain's, wherein is now a priory of black canons, and a parochie church in the body of the same. Beside the high altar of the same priory, in the right hand, is a tumble in the walle, with an image of a bishop; and over the tumble XI bishops, paynted with their names and verses, as tokens of so many bishops beried there, or that there had been so many bishops of Cornwall that had theyre seat there: and at this day the Bishop of Exeter hath a place called Cuddon Boke, joining hard upon the south-east of the said town."—There is a curious Latin inscription of eight lines upon a monument, so contrived that the initials letters of the words at the beginning and middle of the lines when connected, form the words JOHANNAS GLANVILLE, and the letters at the end of each line, MINISTER.

Carew, in his survey of Cornwall, in describing the town of St. Germain's, and the priory, relates in the following words the manner in which the site was obtained by Champernoun:—

"The Church Town mustereth many inhabitants and sundry ruins, but little wealth; occasioned either through abandoning their fishing trade, as some conceive, or by their being abandoned by the religious people, as the greater sort imagined; for in former times the Bishop of Cornwall's see was from St. Petrock's in Bodmyn, removed hither, as from hence, when the Cornish diocese united with Devon it passed to Crediton. But this first loss received relief through a succeeding priory; which, at the general suppression, changing his note with his boat,

is now named Port Elliot;* and by the owner's charity distributeth *pro virili* the alms accustomed expected and expended at such places. Neither will it, I think, much displease you to hear how this gentleman's ancestor, of whom Master Elliot bought it, came by the same.

"John Champernoun, sonne and heire apparent to Sir Philip, of Devon, in Henry the Eighth's time, followed the court, and through his pleasant conceits, of which much might be spoken, won some good grace with the King. Now, when the golden shower of the dissolved abbey-lands rayned wellnear into every gaper's mouth, some two or three gentlemen, the king's servants, and Master Champernoun's acquaintance, waited at a door, when the king was to pass forth, with purpose to beg such a matter at his hands. Our gentleman became inquisitive to know their suit; they made strange to impart. This while out comes the King; they kneel down, so doth Master Champernoun; they prefer their petition, the King graunts; they render humble thanks; and so Champernoun. Afterwards he enquireth his share; they deny it; he appealed to the King: the King avoweth his equal meaning in the largesse; whereon the overtaken companions were fayne to allot him his priory for his part-age."

* Port Elliot, the seat of Edward Craggs, Lord Elliot, occupies the site, and a great part consists of what was formerly the lodgings and offices of the Priory of St. Germain's.

E. H. —.

ON RECEIVING A KISS FROM A YOUNG WOMAN,

BY BURNS.*

BALMY seal of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest ties of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drops virgin kiss.

Speaking silence—dumb confession—
Passion's birth—and infant's play—
Dove-like fondness—chaste concession—
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy—adieu's last action
When lingering lips no more must join;
What words can ever paint affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

* The Edinburgh correspondent to whom we are indebted for this poem by Burns, states that he believes it was never before printed.—Ed.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

It is stated in some of the daily papers, that the first intelligence of the result of a boxing match between two pugilists, of the names of Ward and Cannon, last week, at Warwick, was brought to town by a carrier pigeon of the Flemish breed,

which performed the distance, ninety-one miles, in three hours. The bird of peace and innocence could scarcely be more unworthily employed; and we are surprised that carrier pigeons are not employed on more useful occasions.

When pigeons were first employed as messengers is unknown, but the practice is certainly very ancient. Hirtius and Brutus are said to have held a correspondence with each other by means of pigeons, during the siege of Modena; and Ovid relates that Taurosthenes gave notice to his father of his victory at the Olympic Games, by sending a pigeon stained with purple to him at Aegina.

In modern times, the pigeons of Aleppo have been most celebrated; they served as couriers at Alexandretta and Bagdad. Lithgow states, that one of these birds would carry a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, which is thirty days journey, in forty-eight hours.

Pigeons are trained to this service in Turkey and Persia, by being carried first, while young, short flights of half a mile, afterwards more, until at length they will find their way from the most distant parts of the kingdom. Every Bashaw had a basket of these pigeons bred in the seraglio, which upon any emergent occasion, such as an insurrection or the like, he despatched with letters under their wings to the seraglio. This was a speedy and a safe method, but he sent out more than one in case of accidents, but it has been discontinued within the last century, in consequence of the frequency with which the Kurd robbers killed the pigeons. An instance of this sort occurred at home last week, and adds to the many traits of brutality which are associated with prize-fighting; independent of the pigeon which brought the news of the battle from Warwick, a second was sent off with the same message, and being seen going over Hounslow was shot by some person eager to learn the result of the brutal contest. The custom of intercepting carrier pigeons seems to have been frequent, and would indeed be the greatest obstacle to employing them on mercantile or political errands. Teonge, the naval chaplain, in his diary of events a century ago, published a short time since, relates the following anecdote on this subject:—

“A carrier pigeon being killed on its way from Scanderoon to Aleppo, the letter conveyed by it, instead of reaching the person for whom it was intended, fell into the hands of an European merchant of a different nation. It contained information of the excessive price to which gall nuts, the most valuable article of commerce procured from Aleppo, had

risen in Europe. The merchant, who had thus obtained the notice, immediately bought up all the gall nuts he could find, and by this means acquired a very considerable gain. The circumstance naturally produced a great deal of jealousy and ill-will among the Europeans, and at length, to prevent the chance of a repetition of such dishonourable conduct, it was resolved by them, that in future no courier of the kind should be used. Since that period, therefore, the practice has been discontinued. The pigeons had been known to perform the journey, 60 or 70 miles, in two hours and a half.

LOVE'S FORGETS.

(For the Mirror.)

The dew of night may fall from heaven,
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead;
But morning's breeze the dew will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn the fallen leaf,
And Autumn's winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave the sighs of grief
O'er those that sleep within the tomb:
But now will Spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may, on the desert shore,
Lament each trace it wears away;
The lonely heart its wail may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:
But when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and lightly on:
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to mourn.

R. C.—s.

THE GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN commencing an account of the games and exercises of the ancient Greeks and Romans, I shall divide the subject into two parts, viz. first, their public; secondly, their private games and exercises.

The public games of the ancient Greeks were four in number, viz. the Olympic, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian. The Olympic games being by far the most splendid, and a victory obtained therein considered the most honourable, will form the first subject of consideration. Their name is derived either from Jupiter Olympus, to whom they were dedicated, or to Olympia, where

they were celebrated, originally a city of the Pisæans; but being overcome by the Heraclidæ, in their division of the Peloponnesus, was assigned to the Elians; it was situated on the beautiful banks of the Alpheus, a distance of about thirty miles from the city of Elis, and which had been consecrated to Jupiter from the most remote antiquity, and deemed peculiarly sacred. The ancient historians vary most materially in their accounts of the founder of these games; some ascribing it to Jupiter after his defeat of the giants, some to Pisus, some to Hercules, one of the Dactylia, some to Hercules in honour of Pelops, and others to Pelops himself. The Elians had an ancient tradition ascribing their origin to Jupiter, in commemoration of his wrestling with Saturn, whom he overcame, and banished. Whoever was the first founder of these games, cannot be correctly stated, suffice it to say, that the Greeks and other nations considered them of divine origin. Pausan lib. 5, gives us the name of Oxylus, one of the Heraclides, as the last chieftain who celebrated them before their renewal by Iphitus, and he relates that so long an intermission of the ceremony had occurred that the memory thereof was almost lost.

Iphitus, great grandson of Oxylus, and a descendant of Hercules, ascending to the throne of Elis, found his small state harassed and annoyed by the continual incursions and depredations of his more strong and powerful neighbours, was desirous that his people should be relieved from these external attacks, and that they might enjoy an almost perpetual peace, had recourse to religion, and sent to consult the Oracle of Delphi to remedy these evils. The whole of the states of Greece were at this time in a state of discord and civil war, and was told by the Pythoress that the safety of all Greece depended upon the renewal of the Olympic games; the non-observance of which, she said, had drawn down the vengeance of Jupiter, and indignation of Hercules, by whom they were instituted. Conferring also the sole superintendence of them to the Elians, and threatening any one who should disturb the peace of that people, with the vengeance of Apollo. The right of superintending the games by the Elians alone, was at first strongly questioned, but at length universally acknowledged by the other states of Greece, and although we find some Olympiads at which others presided, the Elians erased them from the public register and they were called by all Greece *Ανολυμπιαδας*, unlawful Olympiads. Thus were the Olympic games re-established by Iphitus, and

his friend Lycurgus, under the command of the Delphic Oracle, seven hundred and seventy-six years before the birth of Christ, and eighteen or twenty before the commencement of the building of Rome, by common chronology, or (by Sir Isaac Newton's chron.) one hundred and forty nine, four hundred and eight years after the destruction of Troy, from which time the number of Olympiads were reckoned, one hundred and eight years after Chœræbus, who gained the victory in the course of the Stadium, was first inscribed in the public register of the Elians; this practice was continued and the names of the victors indicated the different Olympiads, and formed fixed periods in chronology. They were celebrated every fifth year, and commenced on the tenth day of the month *Εκατομβαιων*, a month consisting of thirty days, beginning on the first new moon after the *τροπας θερως*, summer solstice, answering to the latter end of June and beginning of July. The heat in Greece during this month is most excessive, and to increase the difficulty and fatigue of the games, they were performed in the afternoon, when even the spectators were sometimes unable to remain exposed to the sun. They lasted five days, and during the festival there were a cessation of hostility to all the states of Greece. During the first fifty Olympiads, they were superintended by one person only, who was of the family of Oxylus; after that time two persons were appointed and continued this number until the one hundred and three Olympiad, when they were increased to twelve, one chosen from each tribe of the Elians. In the next Olympiad, the tribes being reduced by war to Eight, the presidents also were eight; 105 Olympiad they increased to nine, and the 108 again increased to ten and kept to that number ever after; they were called *ελληνοδικαι*, and resided together in a place called *ελληνοδικαιον* ten months preceding the games to superintend the preparatory exercises of those who were to contend and to be instructed in the laws of the games by the keepers of the law, and thus qualify themselves for the high and important character of Judges of all Greece as their title imports; they were under the obligation of an oath to proceed with the strictest justice in all cases; this oath was administered in the Senate House, and before the statue of Jupiter Horcius; they were compelled to spend the greatest part of the day in the Gymnasium and thus acquire information, so that it was impossible for any case to occur in which they were not competent to decide. One of their duties also consisted in excluding from the con-

tests, those who were not possessed of the qualification required by Iphitus. During the time they continued in office they possessed considerable power, adjudging the prizes, punishing by scourging, and fines those candidates who were guilty of any irregularity; and they had the power of excluding not only individuals but the whole inhabitants of a state from participation of the games. An Athenian named Calippis being fined by the Hellanodics for bribing his adversaries in the exercises of the Pentathlon, the Athenians out of regard to their fellow citizens sent one of their greatest orators, Hyperides, to the Elians, praying them to remit the fine, but they would not be moved by the rhetoric of Hyperides or the pride of the Athenians who refused to submit to the decree, and were in consequence excluded from the games. Consulting the Oracle of Delphi some time after the Oracle refused to answer them while under the ban of exclusion, consequently the Athenians, to remove this excommunication, were obliged to pay the fine demanded by the Elians, who with the money erected six statues to Jupiter. At the solemnity they sat naked, having the crown of victory before them till the exercises were finished, when they adjudged it to the victor. The integrity of these judges was never questioned, but an appeal lay from them to the Olympian Senate. History makes mention of but one appeal, and that was given in their favour. To preserve peace and good order, there were appointed certain officers who were called *Alutars*, over whom was a president styled *αλutarχης*.

GIOVACCHINO A——

(To be continued.)

ON THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

ON comparing the 108th number of the British Essayists, vol. 3, with a subsequent number in the same volume, upon pride, by an anonymous writer, I am compelled to acknowledge the extreme facility there is in putting the most important and practical moral qualifications in a ridiculous light. Every virtue seems nearly allied to some opposite vice. However easy it may be to confound dignity with pride, whose qualifications do not differ less widely, on that account, than ridicule and argument. Addison, and more particularly Young, are indebted for no inconsiderable share of their celebrity, to the able manner in which they have treated this subject. Both rest their opinions upon the scripture;

the former by a general reference, the latter by very many citations. Of these none appears to me to be more applicable than Jacob's dream. Heaven and earth appear to be so "shot" into each other, as it were, that there is not room to wish for a readier intercourse.

But quitting this figure, which I feel I am not competent to sustain, I may, perhaps, without profanity, be allowed to substitute another. Humility may be said to be the root of religion. It is a principle, which, while it is anxiously cherished, should be as carefully buried in its native soil of concealment. Avowed pride is, at worst, deserving of ridicule; but a counterfeit humility ought certainly to be the object of a serious aversion. But I am disposed to view the former in a much more favourable light; unlike our anonymous author, who considers it to be a certain indication of madness; or at least an infirmity that may be easily aggravated to insanity. Humility is often clad in a robe of pride. None are so proud as those who, like the half naked philosopher Diogenes, are ostentatious of their humiliation.

I know it has been objected to the stoical code, that it inculcates self-esteem. Be it remembered it is to this dogma that Addison has given his concurrence. Nor has it been altogether without plausibility. There is nothing created that does not impress the contemplator with a sense of the lavish power of the Creator, and without exciting a desire of sharing more largely in that inexhaustible prodigality, whose gifts appear to be measured only by a capacity to receive. Man's only fear should be, not lest he should ask unworthily, but lest the object of his petition should be unworthy of himself.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood to have recommended a maxim of self-estimation without its proper qualifications. I recommend it only as a matter of feeling, and not of comparative merit. Faith is the prostration of reason before the throne of revelation. The pride of the understanding is the least equivocal description of idolatry. The pagan world were condemned because they shut out the light of nature. The finger of providence was, to them, clearly discernible in all his works. Their contemplation could not fail to convince the understanding; but it was a conviction that only gave them a more exalted opinion of its faculties, thereby enlarging their affection for the creature, while the Creator still continued unadored.

Though few, perhaps, are to be found at the present day, who refuse to offer the

sacrifice of awe and admiration at the shrine of the universe, yet are there not wanting those, who seem unwilling to pay that deference to a moral dispensation which they do not withhold from those immutable laws by which the natural world is governed. Although there is not any precept more clearly laid down, or more earnestly enforced than the subject of the present speculation; yet is there not any topic treated with so little perspicuity, and with so many reservations. The difference between pride and dignity, in what, after all, does it consist? It is to be found in that which constitutes all dissimilarity. It is the difference, as I have before intimated, between what is comparative, and what destroys all comparison. It is the difference between that which levels, and that which produces inequality. There is no respect of persons in the Christian system. The author of the "Night Thoughts" has insisted with much propriety, that whatever levels cannot be said to exalt. The same excellent moralist has also said that, "man cannot think too meanly of himself, or too highly of his nature." Whatever dignity he possesses, is shared alike by the whole human race. His crimes and infirmities, on the contrary, are confined to his own bosom. He is unable, therefore, to conceive any one more debased than himself by crime, or less exalted by conversion.

In this view of the question, human nature affords a picture of unilluminated humiliation. But we are surveying an unfinished performance. There is yet another consideration that will shed an hallowed effulgence over the scene. The infirmities under which men labour—the sufferings they undergo—are all borne by Him who still exists in mysterious union with human nature. To Him, whose resources are unlimited, the load is, indeed, light; but need they distrust an extension of the same succour, or rather, might they not neglect the sequel, when the toil to be undertaken is thus simultaneously endured?

HUMILIS.

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.— HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

'Soon the sagacious Brute—his curling tail,
Flourished in air, low bending plies around.'
SOMERVILLE.

THE services of this truly valuable creature, have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all "ages, that to give the history of the Dog, would be little less than to trace

mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, and to mark the progress of civilization." BEWICK.

Amongst all the extraordinary works of nature, there are none more surprising than the sagacity with which some animals are endowed: more particularly the elephant and the dog. Of the latter animal's sagacity we shall give an instance.—Every one, who has at all observed the manners and habits of dogs, will agree with what I have said.—Their great utility cannot be denied, and in many situations, they are in short, totally indispensable to the wants of mankind.

That they are often a pest, rather than a benefit, is certainly the case; but what should we do without them?

The *Setter* is a favourite dog of mine, and the following lines describing his habits, are so beautiful, that the reader will, I make no doubt, pardon their insertion here.

"When Autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,

My *Setter* ranges in the new-shorn fields.

His nose in air erect: from ridge to ridge

Panting he bounds—his quartered ground divides

In equal intervals, nor careless leaves

One inch untried. At length the tainted gales

His nostrils wide inhale—quick joy elates

His beating heart, which, awed by discipline

Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps

Low cowering, step by step. At last attains

His proper distance:—then he stops at once,

And points with his instructive nose upon

The trembling prey."

I expect that those who read the following anecdote, will take me for a first cousin to Baron Munchausen, or, perhaps, to the still more celebrated Ferdinand Mendez Pinto.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a Type of thee,

Thou liar of the first magnitude!"

However what I relate, occurred almost under my own eyes. A dog, who is now in my possession, was formerly the property of some carriers in the town, where I then resided. This animal, which is, I think of a Spanish or Dutch breed, was kept for the purpose of guarding their stables at night. He is very good-natured to the human, but exceedingly fierce amongst the canine race. One evening when the carriers were shutting up the stables for the night, the dog rushed out, to their no small surprise, and though he was both coaxed and beat,

obstinately refused to re-enter. Thinking this very odd, they went again into the stable to see if every thing was right, and perceiving nothing, they suffered the animal to go home with them to their lodgings.—About 3 o'clock in the morning they were aroused from their beds by the cry of "Fire!" and arrived in time to witness their stable a prey to that "devouring element."

This fact was current all over the town, and this it was which made me desirous to possess the dog.

It seems to be a vulgar error that dogs are more liable to become mad in warm than in cold weather. "In hot countries," observes a writer in a popular work, "the disease is, indeed, almost unknown; and any body who reads the accounts in the newspapers, may remark that as many cases occur in winter as in summer. On the continent, where the disease is often caused by the bite of wolves, it seems to occur oftener in winter than in summer."

I have observed a very excellent plan in the papers, which if adopted in this country, might be the means of preserving many valuable lives to the community annually. It is merely a basket so contrived, that, the dog is suffered to eat and drink while at the same time it prevents him from biting. This is common in Paris. Hydrophobia, (which in English is *Water Fear*,) is not caused only by the bite of a dog, but frequent instances are given from that of the fox, cat, horse, ox, ass, and hog, and even from that of a hen, a goose, a duck, &c., but varying in the symptoms, and in different degrees of violence.—It is to be remarked that a scratch is equally dangerous with a bite. The poison will remain in the constitution for a considerable period of time; in one case, indeed, which occurred under Dr. Bardsley, at the Manchester Infirmary, *twelve years* had intervened. Many remedies and modes of treatment have been proposed for hydrophobia when confirmed; but there has yet been none found to answer the high expectations excited at their first appearance. That of M. Majendie, which is injecting water into the veins, has turned out a complete failure.—I shall reserve a few more observations on this interesting subject, as well as some anecdotes of dogs. VVYAN.

THE MAXIMS OF CHILO.

MR. EDITOR.—The following brief account of Chile with a few of his maxims may be worthy insertion in the MIRROR. He lived in days of yore, and his maxims

are of sterling merit. He was one of the seven sages of Greece, and flourished 550 years before Christ. He was a magistrate and acted with so much sagacity and integrity, that in his old age, he said, he recollected nothing in his public conduct which gave him regret, save that in one instance, he had endeavoured to screen a friend from punishment. *Æsop* is said to have once asked him, "how Jupiter employed himself;" he replied, "in humbling those that exalt themselves, and exalting those that abase themselves." He lived to a great age, and expired through excess of joy in the arms of his son, when he returned victorious from the Olympic games. The following are some of his maxims. Three things are difficult:—to keep a secret, to bear an injury patiently, and to spend leisure time well. Visit your friends in misfortune rather than in prosperity. Never ridicule the unfortunate. Think before you speak. Gold is tried by the touchstone, and men by gold. Honest loss is preferable to shameful gain, by the one a man is a sufferer but once, by the other always. It is better to be loved than feared. Speak no evil of the dead. Reverence the aged. Know thyself.

P. T. W.

NEWSPAPER BLUNDERS.

IT has hitherto been believed that our *Earth* was, with a few trifling defects pretty well finished; we find, however, from the following advertisement, that it was only completed the other day by Messrs. Addison and Co.; and moreover, that it is to be seen at their warehouse, which must be rather a large one.

"Messrs. Addison and Co., Globe-makers, by appointment, to his Majesty, respectfully informs the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the above, that the *TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE is completed*. They invite not only the subscribers but all scientific ladies and gentlemen to view it at their manufactory, 50, London Street, Fitzroy Square, where may be had globes of various sizes, &c."—*Morning Herald*, June 24.

A Sourvy Advertisement.—A gentleman and his wife may be accommodated with board and lodging in a private family, 27 miles from London, in the immediate vicinity of a fine mineral, whose medicinal properties are Antiscorbatic.—*Times*, June 20.

To very young Couples.—A man and his wife wanted, about 30 years of age,

in a respectable school, near Hendon.—*Times*, June 20. Of course the man and wife are to be but 15 years old each.

Cheap Living.—The *John Bull* of two Sundays lately has contained long articles on the high price of butcher's meat: how unreasonable its complaints on that subject are, will appear at once, by the following quotation from its own columns, June 19th: "At the Rainbow Tavern, 76, Cornhill, joints are ready from one to six o'clock, at *one shilling and sixpence* each." Sure this is not dear for a joint!

To ugly Cooks.—Wanted in a gentleman's family at Brighton, a plain cook. *Morn. Chron.* June 22.

Short Commons.—Wanted, by a surgeon residing at Guildford, two apprentices who will be treated as *one* of the family. —*New Times*, June 23. How the young gentlemen may manage for food we can guess; but how they are to do with but one pair of breeches between them, passes our powers of imagining.

An incapable Teacher.—A clergyman, D.D. and member of one of the Universities, will undertake to qualify but a *very limited number* of pupils for College. —*Times*, June 23. If this clergyman will undertake to qualify but a *very limited number* of pupils in the way he mentions, we think it most likely that he is unable to qualify any at all.

To tall Butlers.—Wants a situation under a butler, a young man twenty years of age, *five feet seven inches high*. —*New Times*, June 23. If this be the height of a footman who is to be under the butler, of what height must the butler be?

Valorous Tailor.—A journeyman tailor wishes to engage with any person whom he may happen to suit. —*Times*, June 23. Does this mean that the tailor insists first on having a *set-to* with any person he may have occasion to measure? or merely that he undertakes to fight any man of his own weight.

A question to be asked.—A lady's school to be disposed of on *very advantageous terms*. —*Morning Herald*, June 24. To which party are the terms to be *advantageous*? We opine to the seller.

A doubtful Puff.—At C—— and Co.'s, Oxford Street, silks, gros de Naples, &c. are now selling off at *very unusual prices*.

—*New Times*, June 23. A hundred pounds a yard, perhaps, or some other *unusual price*

Another question to be asked.—An experienced *Classic* is willing to devote his time, on moderate terms, during the vacation, in teaching Latin and Greek, &c. Which *Classic* can this be? Cicero is a likely name—or Quinctilian may be the person who offers his time to the citizens on moderate terms—they are both experienced classics.

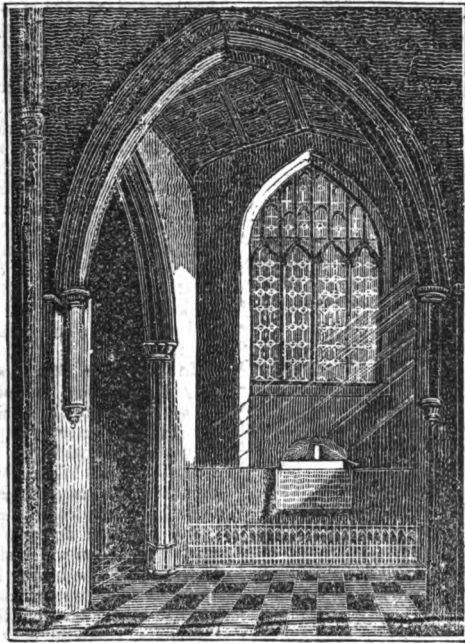
To persons who never laugh.—A young lady, 25 years of age, wishes for a situation in a *serious family*. —*Morn. Herald*, June 24. Of course no cheerful family could think of addressing themselves to this advertiser.

Mathematics of the Chronicle.—The *Morning Chronicle* of June 23rd, in describing the late fire in Mortimer Street, &c. tell us that it burned round an angle that runs parallel to Oxford Street.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE horrible traffic in human flesh still flourishes on the coast of Africa, under the protection of the French flag: the approach of a white man is a signal for war among the natives; and the approach of a Christian man is welcomed by the firing of hamlets, and the destruction not only of families, but of whole villages. A native chief, who, having pledged himself for the supply of a number of young slaves, lately attacked a peaceful village in the night, and after burning their huts, and murdering all the adults, men, women, and even the infants, the youths were dragged away to fulfil his promise. On another occasion, the natives wanting rum and other foreign productions, a powerful tribe in the interior rushed down on the coast, carrying fire and desolation with them. In one short week, eight villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants, who were not slaughtered, were sold as slaves to the European villains, who commanded the vessels off the coast. In the course of one year only, there were 362 cargoes of slaves shipped from two small streams, so small, that their situation was scarcely marked on the map of Africa; those cargoes, reckoned at a moderate average, would consist of 105,600 persons. Can it, then, be doubted that the misery and wretchedness countenanced on the coast of Africa is beyond parallel in the history of nations?

St. Edmund's Chapel, and Cowper's Monument.



IN No. 96 of the MIRROR, we gave a view and description of the house in which William Cowper, the poet, was born, and we now present a view of the Chapel in which he was buried, and of his tomb at East Dereham, in the county of Norfolk.

East Dereham is a fine large town, and has several hamlets belonging to it. St. Wilburgh, the youngest daughter of king Annas, founded a monastery here before the year 748, which was destroyed by the Danes in 974. From her grave, in the body of the church, issues a very fine spring of water, which runs through her tomb, and forms a bath in the churchyard: it was formerly reputed to perform miracles. The church, which is undoubtedly of great antiquity, is a very large Gothic structure, supported by pillars of various forms, and having a steeple in the centre, open to the body of the church. The font is a very fine piece of antiquity, erected in the year 1468; it is adorned with carvings, representing the seven sacraments of the church of Rome. The organ is a singular instrument, built by a German of the name of Bernard Schmidt, for the Hon. Roger North, Attorney-General to Charles the Second's

queen. At that time it was esteemed one of the greatest efforts of human ingenuity for the melody of its tones, although its pipes are made of wood instead of metal. This ingenious piece of mechanism was sold for a trifle by some of the descendants of its first possessor to an inhabitant of this town, from whose widow the parishioners purchased it for £30. but so incompetent were they to judge of its merits, that for years it was accounted good for nothing, and lay neglected as useless lumber. At length, a better judge having shown its melodious properties, it was put up in the church in the year 1786, and is now esteemed one of the best instruments in the kingdom.

Cowper was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in this Church, on the 2nd of May, 1800. Over his grave a monument is erected, bearing the following inscription from the pen of Mr. Hayley:—

In memory of William Cowper, Esq. born in Herefordshire, 1731, buried in this Church, 1800.

YE, who with warmth the public triumph feel,
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!

England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks, with her dearest sons, his favourite name;
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise;
 His highest honours to the heart belong,
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

Select Biography.

No. XXIX.

DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE.

THIS eminent physician was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where he was born, in the year —. At the age of 15 he was entered of University College, Oxford, where he became a senior scholar, and took his first degree. Afterwards he obtained a fellowship of Lincoln's College, where he recommended himself to the favour of his friends, more by his ready wit and vivacity, than by any distinguished acquirements in learning. His sociable talents made him the delight of his companions, and the most eminent scholars in the University were fond of his conversation. Though he ran through the usual course of studies connected with medical science, his library was so scanty, that when Dr. Ralph Bathurst, then head of Trinity College, asked him one day in a surprise, "where was his study?" Radcliffe pointed to a few phials, a skeleton, and an herbal, answered—"Sir, this is Radcliffe's library."

On taking his bachelor's degree in physic, he began to practise in quite a new method, paying little or no regard to the rules then universally followed, which he even then ventured to censure with such acrimony, as made all the old physicians his enemies. One of the principal of these was Dr. Gibbons, who observed, by way of ridiculing Radcliffe, that it was a pity his friends had not made a scholar of him. This sarcasm was repaid by Radcliffe, by fixing upon its author the nick-name of Nurse Gibbons, which unfortunate appellation stuck to him to his dying day.

He adopted the cool regimen in the small-pox with great effect; and by some surprising cures in families of the first rank, his reputation and his wealth increased daily.—In 1677 he resigned his fellowship, and in 1682 took his doctor's degree, though he still continued to reside at Oxford, where he rooted out the pernicious tribe of urinal-casters.

On removing to London, Radcliffe found that his reputation had gone before him; so that before he had been twelve months in town, he gained more than twenty guineas per day—as Dandridge, his apothecary, who himself acquired a

fortune of 50,000*l.* by his means, often asserted. Surprising instances of his professional skill and sagacity are recorded: he cured several persons of high rank, after they had been given over by other physicians; he relieved King William from a very dangerous asthma, which had baffled the efforts of Dr. Bidloo, and other men of great eminence.

When Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, which the court physicians were not able to raise, Radcliffe was sent for by the council, and upon his perusing the recipes he told them plainly that her Majesty was a dead woman; and he said, after her death, that this great and good princess died a sacrifice by unskilful hands, who out of one disease, had produced a complication, by improper remedies.

In 1703, the Marquis of Blandford, only son of the Duke of Marlborough, being taken ill of the small-pox, at Cambridge, the doctor was applied to by the Duchess to attend him; but having the Marchioness of Worcester then under his care, he could only oblige her Grace by a prescription, which not being followed by the Cambridge doctors, the small-pox was struck in, on which she again applied to Radcliffe, who having heard the particulars of the symptoms and treatment as detailed in a letter from the tutor, said—"Madam, I should only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take charge of the funeral; for I can assure your Grace that he is by this time dead of a distemper called the *doctor*, and would have recovered from the small-pox, had not that unfortunate malady intervened;" nor was he out in his judgment, for the duchess, on her return home, had the intelligence of her son's death.

Sometime before this, the son of Mr. John Bancroft, an eminent surgeon in Russell-street, Covent Garden, was taken ill of an empyema, of which Dr. Gibbons, who attended him mistaking the case, the child grew worse. Dr. Radcliffe was then called in, and told the father that he could do nothing to preserve his son, for he was killed to all intents and purposes; but that if he had any thoughts of putting a stone over his grave, he would furnish him with an inscription. Accordingly, in Covent Garden church-yard, a stone was erected, with a figure of a child, laying one hand on his side, and saying *hic dolor*, "here is my pain," and pointing with the other to a death's head, where are these words—*Ibi medicus*, "there is my physician."

Towards the close of life, Radcliffe

wanted ease and retirement; he therefore bought a house at Carshalton, and recommended Dr. Mead to a great part of his practice, saying to him—"I have succeeded by bullying, you may do the same by wheedling mankind."

When Queen Ann died, Radcliffe was censured most severely for his refusal to attend her; and so violent was party resentment against him, that he was threatened with assassination. The menaces he received from anonymous correspondents filled him with such apprehensions, that he could not venture to remove from his country seat; and this, with the want of his old companions, produced a melancholy which hastened his end about two months after the death of the queen, November 1, 1714. His body was removed to Oxford, and there solemnly interred the third of December following, in St. Mary's church.

When Radcliffe lived in Bow-street, Covent Garden, he had for his next door neighbour Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated painter. Kneller's garden was richly furnished with exotic plants and flowers, of which Radcliffe was very fond; and to oblige him, Sir Godfrey permitted him to break a door out in the wall which divided the two gardens; but the doctor's servants made such havoc among the hortulary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey found himself under the necessity of making a complaint to their master.—Notwithstanding this, the grievance still continued, so that the knight at last let the doctor know, by one of his domestics, that he should be obliged to brick-up the door-way. To this the doctor, who was often in a choleric mood, returned for answer, "that Sir Godfrey might do anything, he pleased to the door except painting it."

When Sir Godfrey heard this, he said, "did my very good friend Dr. Radcliffe say so?" then go back, and after presenting my service to him, tell him, "that I can take anything from him but physic."

One of Radcliffe's contemporaries was a noted quack, named Dr. John Case, who united the two professions of physician and astrologer. He took the house wherein the famous William Lilly had resided; and over his door he placed the following distich, by which he earned more money than Dryden did by all his works:

"Within this place
Lives Dr. Case."

Upon his pill-boxes he had these very curious lines:

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence;
Enough in any man's own conscience."

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE following is an amusing specimen of the dialect of the New Englanders: it is the relation of a rencontre with a bear:

Out broke a dozen voices, "O, Walter! Walter! are you come at last?—where is he? where's the Injunn? what's become o' him? What luck a' gunnin? any bears? any beaver? any wood-chuck?—*Be* the niggers rally up or no? rather ryled, I guess, in Carrylynsee?—Dod burn his hide!—what's he laughin' at?—*why* don't he speak up?"

"One at a time—one at a time, if ye last the longer! *hul-low!* marsy on us, *what* a gabble! flock o' wile geese—in a hurricane. *What* a clatter, to be sure!" "Where's Watty!"—"Close by;"—changing his whole manner—"Bald Eagle's runnin' for his life; and Watty's in the woods yet, I ruther guess."

"*Why?* you *don't* say so! not in the woods!"

"Guess he is tho'; *be* here soon—see'd him jess now, comin' over the smoky mountain there—sun about an hour high."

"Gracious God!" cried the preacher, "what is the meaning of all this?—out with it—peace, children, peace! who is that crying there? what has happened?"

"Why, darn it all, Parson Harwood, can't ye let a feller get his breath.—Hole still, Jotty, boy, can't ye hole still? Ony lass Sabba'day"—glancing at Peters, who sat with a portentous frown over his brow—"ony lass Sabba'day, 'at ever was *me* and Bald Eagle, what a feller *he* is! and Watty, boy, what dooze they do, but in they goes both on 'em, by gosh! *plump*—into a snarl o' Mohawks campin' out! in they goes! *feered* o' nothin', them are fellers—not they; by'm by—told 'm so long aforehand: you know Watty's way, no *whoa* to him, I guess, what dooze *they* do? but Watty he knocks up a wrastlin' among 'em; Watty's nation sleek at arm's length, you know, Parson Harwood. Well, and so I sees what's a-comin'. I do, and Watty he throws 'em all, one arter tother same as nothin', which Bald Eagle he dooze jess the same. So that *mads* 'em, and I clears out.—*Bym* by, *nafteral* enough, there they go! *all* a quarrellin'. A word and a blow with Watty, boy, chock fall o' fight, I guess; proper chap, too, in a tussle; seen him afore *to-day*, I guess, haint *you*, mister?—turrible sharp feller as ever *you* seed; as *big* as *you* be;

don't care for *you*; dozen more *jess like you*, with all your stuffy looks."

"No more of that," said the preacher, "no more of that, if you please; tell us what has happened."

"Well, and so, Watty boy, *he* knocks 'em about, *fast* one side, then tother; faster 'n sixteen more 'll pick 'em up.—So one o' the tribe, *he outs* with a knife, and *he ins* with it into Bald Eagle chock up to the hilt, slick enough!"

"The old one!—he didn't though?"

"Guess he did though; but our Watty—he walks into one o' the rest, *I guess* about right. Then for it! *away* they go off like a shot. *Bald Eagle* *he* runs like a deer; an' Watty—he takes right into the woods, an' then back again, which, whan I seed him next, he had his face painted, and so I paints mine. "Oh, my!"—"nation!"—"yah! how they pulled foot when they seed us commin.' Most off the handle some o' the tribe, I guess."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the preacher, "we shall have the Mohawks upon us!"

"What a 'tarnal shot he is tho', that 'ere Watty—*hits* where he likes *when* he's arter squirrels, picks 'em off like a daisy; seen 'em pop 'em off many a time, that's what I have, with one *one* leetle buck-shot, when he could only see the tip, end of a nose, *right out* of a clever white oak tree, *jess like* nothin' at all too, allays hits 'em in the eye, heered the nooze?"

"What news?"

"Niggers up in Viginny!"—"No!"

"Yes;"—"Ah!"—"Injunns out all over the wood; whew! *tories* risin', all in a buzz; pocket full o' bubble-bees.—We'll have a tussle soon, or I miss my guess."

"Well, if ever I heern tell o' sich a feller," cried Miriam, who had caught his eye. "Haw, haw, haw!" added Master Jotham, "he's ony pokin' fun at us, all the time, I know!" "Scoundrel!" said Peters, growing pale as he spoke, and grinding his teeth. "Scoundrel; how dare you come here with such a pack of lies to fright our?"

"Find out by *your larnin'*, squire; never seed a wood-chuck in a toad-hole, I guess? I know *you*; don't care for *you*; land o' liberty; walk *into* you any time for half a sheet o' ginger-bread.—Out with you, Jotty! out with you! come along I say. What are you arter there squattin' so, *jess like* a cub in a bear-trap? Well, well, how goes it, Maryam? how do *you* carry yourself now?"

"Why, none the better for you."

"There, take that!"—giving her a smack.

"Ye great beast."—"Hope you're the same."

The narrator had encountered a bear, and however tedious he makes the account of his adventure, he was only released by Walter's shooting the animal. Peters, during the narration, lost all patience, asking if he would never finish.

"To be sure! All the time *there* was Watty *makin'* his way *through* the bushes, *half leg-deep*, *thrashin'* about an' *tumblin'* over the logs *like* fun—well, arter that, now for it, says he, by 'em by—now for it, stand out o' the way. I can't, says I. Move a little, says he. I can't, says I—I can't see nothin' at all o' *his* eyes—what's that 'ere bobbin' about afore 'em now? says he. That's my head, says I, fire away."—"Well, if ever!" "Great sulky beast he was too, would'nt wrastle fair."—"How so?"—"How so! begins to bite and gouge, an' trip, an' scratch afore I was half ready—if that's what you call fair—did his best I tell you—would a' turned my trouzers inside-out if he could, I know."—"The great nasty crittur!"—"Yes, an' every time *he* slipped, why burn *your* hide if *his* great, cold nose—didn't go—lolloppin' over—my neck—*jess like* a dead fish."

"Will you never finish?"

"Hole on your grip! says Watty, says he, hawlin' so, you might 'a heered him a mile. Hole on your grip, says he. I can't says I. I'm gettin' tired, says I, my hands are poottily fixed, cramped like any *thing*, I guess, and slobbered all over. So, says he, hold still! says he.—I can't, says I, *jess let me* get a good aim, says he. If I *can* I'm darned, says I.—Why don't you kick his shins, and make him lay down? says he. I have, says I, over and over again, says I, but he wun't lay down. He's *too* plaguy stuffy for that, says I. *In fact*—I thought—*my* time—*had* come—sure enough—I guess." We preserve the last line as a gem of pure Yankee; and, as a sort of key to the language, have marked the quantity.

Brother Jonathan.

THE RECORD.

He sleeps, his head upon his sword,
His soldier's cloak a shroud;
His church-yard is the open field—
Three times it has been plough'd;

The first time that the wheat sprang up
'Twas black as if with blood,
The meanest beggar turn'd away
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,
As it was wont to wave;
None would have thought that golden corn
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,
His name a peasant's name;
Not his, the place of death that turns
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,
Trampled down where they fall,
While on a single name is heap'd
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave
Lies in the open fields,
Died not without a thought of all
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,
The lime trees almost hide,
Bears on the walls the names of those
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,
His mother reads it there,
With pride,—oh! no, there could not be
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark
That peasant roll of fame,
Will think on prouder ones, yet say
This was a hero's name.

The Troubadour, &c. by L. E. L.

ANECDOTE OF NADIR SHAH.

MANY are the anecdotes related of this prince, illustrative of his admiration for courage, and his intolerance of cowardice. One day a dealer in arms brought for the king's inspection a parcel of swords (for which, if of fine quality, he was known to give almost any price). He took one, and after examining it, he observed that it was a good sword, but too short. "*Ek kudum peish*" (one step forward), said a young man among his attendants, in a low tone; meaning that it needed but to advance one step further towards an enemy. Nadir bent upon him his stern eye, and after a while said, "and will you make that *one step*?" "If it please your majesty," said the youth. "Well, then, remember!" rejoined the king, and threw him the sword. Some time afterwards, in an engagement which was very hot, Nadir called for the young man, and said, "Now, *Ek kudum peish*." "Be chushm," (*by my eyes*, touching them,) said the youth, and dashed into the thick of the conflict, from whence he soon re-issued, bearing an enemy's head to Nadir's feet. A second time and a third time he thus plunged into the throng, and with a similar success. But he had not escaped without hurt, and in the fourth charge he was overpowered, and would have been slain, when Nadir, who had been quietly and silently looking on, called out, "Save that youth, he is a brave fellow." Rescue was timely sent, and the youth, bleeding and faint, was brought to Nadir, who ordered him to be

taken care of, and advanced him in his service.

Frazer's Journey into Khorasan.

ACCOUNT OF THE TOORKO-MANS.

THE wild region of Khorasan is inhabited by various tribes, chiefly the Tuckeh, the Gocklan, and the Yamoot: of these eastern Koords (who must not be confounded with the Koords of Koordistan) we select as many of the most curious notices as our present limits allow.

The Toorkoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries, nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not unfrequently assume the semblance of allurements, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prize of all he may have possessed.

The head-dress of these women is singular enough; most of them wear a lofty cap, with a broad crown resembling that sort of soldier's cap called a shako; this is stuck upon the back of the head, and over it is thrown a silk handkerchief of a very brilliant colour, which covers the top, and falls down on each side like a veil thrown back. The front of this is covered with ornaments of silver or gold, in various shapes; most frequently gold coins, mohrs or tomauns, strung in rows, with silver bells or buttons, and chains depending from them; hearts and other fanciful forms with stones set in them; the whole gives rather the idea of gorgeous trappings for a horse, than ornaments for a female. The frames of these monstrous caps are made of light chips of wood, or split reeds, covered with cloth; and when they do not wear these, they wrap a cloth around their heads in the same form; and carelessly throw another, like a veil, over it; the veil or curtain above spoken of, covers the mouth, de-

scending to the breast; ear-rings are worn in the ears, and their long hair is divided, and plaited into four parts, disposed two on each side; one of which falls down behind the shoulder and one before, and both are strung with a profusion of gold ornaments, agates, cornelians, and other stones, according to the means and quality of the wearer.

It is the custom among the Toorkomans for a man to purchase his wife, a certain number of camels, sheep, or cattle, constituting the price. The women are valuable as servants, not only attending to the household matters, but manufacturing such articles as the family sells, the men paying little attention to any thing beyond the larger cattle and their plundering expeditions. It is somewhat singular that, in these bargains, a widow who has been some years married, bears a far higher value than a young girl: the latter will bring from two to four hundred rupees; the former as many thousands. Five camels is a common price for a girl; from fifty to a hundred are often given for a woman who has been married, and is still in the prime of life. The reason assigned for this curious choice is, that the former is not supposed to be as yet by any means acquainted with the management of a family, or with the occupations and manufactures that render a woman valuable to her husband; and so great may be the difference of degrees in this species of knowledge, that a woman known to excel in it will command the large price above stated.

It is, however, rendered highly probable from this high price, that polygamy must be less common among the Toorkoman tribes than in other Mahometan countries. Whether from this cause or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that their women are by far more prolific than others, even, as I was assured, in the proportion of two to one. I can myself assert, that out of every camp we passed through, such crowds of children issued, that one of my servants in amazement, cried out, that it was "like an *ant-hill*." They were stout, healthy, hardy little creatures, almost quite naked, and it was admirable to see the courage and unconcern with which infants, that seemed scarcely able to walk, would splash and plunge through streams that would have made an European mother scream. Every thing about them told of the rough school in which they were receiving their education. My host, Khallee Khan, though by no means much advanced in life, had ten fine sons, born of his *two* wives.

When one of these Toorkomans dies, they wash the body on the spot where he

breathed his last, or as near it as possible; and on that spot they raise a little mound, by digging a circular trench, two or three feet wide, throwing the earth up in the centre; and in this mound they plant a tree, or pole, to mark the place. The plain is studded, in some places pretty thickly, with these traces of mortality. The body is carried for interment further into the plain. There are numerous burying-grounds to be seen all over this country, even in the plains near the rivers,—sad proofs of former population and prosperity, now totally disappeared.

Ibid.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PROPOSED AEROSTATION COMPANY.

LOOKING at the vast powers which man is rapidly acquiring, by means of steam, gas, &c., I see no reason why he should not, at some future period, possess equal sway over the element of air, as he does now over those of earth and water. The first navigators never ventured to sail but with a fair wind; and yet look at the light bark bearing up directly against the wind, see how

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Why might not a machine, somewhat resembling a boat, be constructed, with ten or twelve wings on each side, to be put in motion by steam with such velocity, that, aided by the buoyant power of the gas, the whole might be elevated or depressed at pleasure, and turned in any direction? As the times are ripe for associations for all kinds of improvements, I should like to propose an Aerostation Company, formed for the purpose of affording an expeditious, easy and agreeable mode of travelling, by means of aerostatic diligences, with a prospectus announcing the different routes; for instance, that the "Balloon" coach, from London to Exeter, would be replaced by the real balloon, and that that dreadful eyesore to English travellers, cycled the *Hirondelle* Diligence, which runs from Calais to Paris, would be forced to hide its diminished head from the London and Paris Swallow Balloon, &c.; stating also, that these wonderful contrivances had been constructed under the superintendence of a committee of the first engineers in the kingdom; that patents had been granted for them from the different governments on the Continent; that they were calculated to stand any weather, fitted up in a

superior style, with every accommodation, &c. &c.—why, the very day after the announcement of so important an undertaking, there would not be a share left; it would throw all other companies into the shade; people would laugh at rail-roads and steam-boats, no one would think of being suffocated with dust, or tormented with sea sickness, when he could take his place in an aerostatic diligence. Consider the great advantage with regard to meals on the road: the landlord of the inn of a country town, where the passengers alight to breakfast, goes to the top of his house about the usual time, with a spy-glass, descries the coach at a distance, gives directions to the waiters to lay the cloth on the table; when it approaches nearer, he discerns, marked on a white flag or board, the number of passengers, and he immediately orders the waiters to set out the corresponding number of plates, knives, forks, chairs, &c. The vehicle now hovers for a moment over the town, commences its descent, and when about fifty yards from the ground the machinery is gradually stopped, ropes are thrown out to the balloon-boys (stage coach ostlers exist no longer), who guide it gently down to the inn yard, and the passengers find the means all ready of satisfying their vigorous appetites, the salutary effects of an aerostatic voyage. But aerostation would not be confined to public conveyances; we should soon see every gentleman as eager to keep his *aerostatic* as his *tilbury* or *pleasure-boat*. Conceive the delight which a Londoner and his spouse would feel on seating themselves in such a vehicle, after its apparatus had been properly adjusted, and forcing their way through the great Babel's smoky atmosphere into the salubrious ether; and this, merely by turning either the *direction* wheel, or the *elevation* and *depression* wheel, as occasion may require. Then, too, as a military man, I cannot help contemplating the great revolution which such powers will naturally effect in the art of war; naval and land engagements will be nothing compared to aerostatic warfare, in which machines, similar to flying ships, will charge impetuously upon one another, and where flying artillery will attain the highest degree of perfection.—But it is time I should leave off building castles in the air. * * * *

London Magazine.

FRENCH MILLINERS.

WE believe the "restrictive system" never reached the importation of French milliners and dress-makers. We think these precious foreign commodities are not even subject to a protecting duty on being

imported. They, therefore, naturally enough, are very plentiful in the metropolis. We cannot, do what we will, entirely close our ears to scandal; and we absolutely have been assured, that there are British ladies of high rank, who, when they order their dresses, give strict injunctions that these shall only be touched by the outlandish people. We have been further assured, that these British ladies of high rank are constrained to act towards the French women, as the nurse acts towards the spoiled child, when she wishes to keep it from an outrageous fit of squalling. We have been ever further assured, that these British ladies of high rank, endure insulting impertinence and insolence from the Gallic damsels, almost as though they were matters to be proud of.

It is quite impossible for us to believe this of our lovely countrywomen. That a British Peeress, or the lady of one of our country gentlemen, should thus lavish her favours on a foreign ingrate, and studiously withhold employment and bread from the humble, obliging, and industrious daughter of her own country, is a thing that can be believed by no one. It is the more incredible, because no earthly cause can be assigned for it. If our English girls were devoid of taste, and could only stitch with packthread, and needles six inches long, the case would be different; but a man has only to look at the females of the middle classes, to be convinced that English hands can make dresses capable of giving the utmost effect to the charms of any female whatever. We, however, think, that when the English dress-makers are so fully employed that not one can be obtained, a lady of rank will then reluctantly employ a French one. We think this, because we have occasionally seen ladies of rank garbed in dresses, so grotesque and unbecoming, and having such a murderous effect upon their beauty, that we have been quite convinced these dresses never could have been made by English fingers.

As to the calumny, that a British lady of rank will submit to the impertinence and insolence of the outlandish women, it is really shocking. The wives and daughters of our high-minded nobility—the females born on the soil of England, and filled with that blood, in which pride and lofty spirit luxuriate to the last—submit to disgrace like this? No, no—it cannot be. It would be just as possible for them to fall in love with apes and monkeys.

We hear, too, that among our females the partiality for foreign silks, laces, and gloves, is as great as ever. This we are compelled to believe. We lament it, and are ashamed of it. It will, however, in

due time, greatly benefit trade, and this must satisfy us.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Miscellanies

THE COCOOY, QUEEN BEETLE.

THIS astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire fly, but give as steady a light as the gas light; exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly 'extinguishes them' on coming again into the light. But language cannot describe the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has endowed the queen of the insect kingdom.

New York Advertiser, June 23.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES TOWNSEND.

MR. CHARLES TOWNSEND used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the Treasury, to pass by the canal in the Park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the ducky, ducky, ducky, he found unfortunately that he had forgotten them.—"Poor ducky!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you some bread, but here is sixpence for you to buy some," and threw the ducky a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very wisely told the story to some gentlemen with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Charles to cut up. Our hero, surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning, bade the waiter send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," says he, "gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

EPIGRAM ON "NOTHING."

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

Write on nothing! Lady! shame so to puzzle me;

For something, Lady, ne'er can nothing be:
This nothing must be something, and I see.
This nothing and this something—all in thee.

Doctor.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

IMPROMPTU.

Translation of a Latin inscription on a cannon-ball, which killed Mr. Nicholls, Governor of Long Island, in 1672.

"Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis."

Though you charge me with ill, curse the day of my birth,
And accuse me of tearing a saint from the earth—

Yet still to the deed let due credit be given,
It has hastened the flight of an angel to heaven.

T. O. M.

* See MIRROR, No. 137.

BEEES.

THE honey-bees not only labour in common with astonishing assiduity and art, but their whole attention and affections seem to centre in the person of the queen or sovereign of the hive; when she dies by accident, the whole community are instantly in disorder, all their labours cease, no new cells are constructed, and neither honey nor wax are collected.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lord Cockrane, or the Haro's *Admiral*, with the letters of Janet, Vyvan, and M. in our next.

* H. has our best thanks; his article shall have insertion, but we think we have seen a better view of the Abbey.

The articles by F. R. y shall be resumed. The view alluded to by Owyne is not forgotten, but shall appear in No. 155. We shall feel much obliged by the promised drawing.

T. A. N. C's request shall be attended to. The "Cenci": we are sorry to say is far too long; it shall be left with our publisher for the author.

A temporary absence from town must be an apology to our other correspondents for not answering them until next week.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLIV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Collegiate Church of St. Katharine.



In the progress of improvement it is curious to see the changes which take place in various sites of London. The great fire of 1666 destroyed a considerable number of churches, many of which were never rebuilt, but the ground was occupied by houses; and since that time the absorbing nature of our commerce has called for the demolition of other edifices of a sacred character. A part of the Bank of England stands upon the site of a church dedicated to St. Christopher; the new post office occupies the ground on which there was once a monastery, and in a few years the ancient cathedral church of St. Katharine will be removed, and vessels will float where the devout now pray.

This church, which is situated on the east side of the Tower of London, is attached to the oldest ecclesiastical community existing in England, and which survived the shocks of the Reformation and the puritanical frenzy of the succeeding age. We reserve, however, for another number of the MIRROR, the history of

St. Katharine's hospital, and shall confine ourselves to an account of the church, of which we present a very fine view, from Mr. Nichols's History.

The hospital and church of St. Katharine were founded in 1148; but the body of the present edifice is supposed by Dr. Ducarel to have been built by Thomas de Beckington, who was master of the hospital in 1438.

This edifice stands due east and west, and has a cloister on the north side, formed by the masters and brothers' houses. The sisters and beadswomen's apartments, lately removed, were on the south side.

The length of the church is sixty-nine feet; breadth sixty feet; length of the choir sixty-three feet; breadth thirty-two; height of the roof forty-nine.

This venerable building has undergone so many repairs, and has been so much altered and disguised, that it is almost impossible to describe its original features. The repairs were doubtless necessary; but the workmen should have been compelled

to adhere to its original outline. Any man possessed of the least taste must acknowledge this truth.

The church was repaired in 1618; had a gallery built at the west end in 1613; and great additions were made thereto in 1621. In 1629, Sir Julius Cæsar, then master of the hospital, caused the whole outside to be covered with rough-cast at his own cost, which amounted to 250*l*. At the same time a clock-house was built.

Hollar has fortunately preserved a south-west view of the church, as it appeared in 1660. But he is incorrect in giving six windows on the side of the south transept, instead of five.

The most interesting memorial in this church is the fine monument to the memory of John Holland, Duke of Exeter. On the south side of the altar is an engraved copper-plate, enchased in a semi-circular arch; under which, on copper, are the effigies of a man and his wife in the dress of the times, kneeling on tasselled cushions, at a double desk. Their hands joined in the attitude of prayer. On the desk a book lies open before each of them. On the velvet covering hanging round the desk are these words :—

" He deceased
ye 4th daye of
March, 1599,
Ætatis sive L."

Under the above is the following inscription :—

" Here dead in part, whose best part never dieth,

A benefactor, WILLIAM CUTTING, lyeth;
Nor dead if good deedes could keepe men alive,
Nor all dead since good deedes do men revive:
Gunville and Kaies his good deedes make record,
And will (no doubt) him praise therefore afford:
Sainte Katrins eke, near London, can it tell,
Goldsmythes and Merchant Taylors knowe it well;

Two country townes his civil bounty blest,
East Derham, and Norton Fitz Warren West.
More did he than this table can unfold,
The worlde his fame; this earth his earth doeth hold."

Such is the church which is to be taken down in order to form a new dock. Our engraving is a north-east view, which was taken by B. T. Pouncy, in 1779.

LORD COCHRANE'S WELCOME; OR, THE HERO'S RETURN.

(For the Mirror.)

WELCOME, Cochrane! welcome back!
Rest awhile on Britain's shore;
England's sons, and English hearts
Greet thee to their land once more.

Deathless laurels deck thy brow—
Laurels gain'd in Freedom's cause:
Welcome back to Albion's soil,
Crown'd with trumpet-tongued applause!

Far and wide thy deeds have blazed—
Far and wide thy bravery's cause;
And the pile thy valour raised
England proudly calls her own!

Welcome hero—welcome back!
Furl thy flag awhile in peace;
Or, if glory leads thee on,
Let thy sword be drawn for Greece!

Let thine arm for Greece be nerved;
Bid thy thunder smite her foes;
Strike the Ottoman tyrant down;
Give the Grecian world repose;

England's eye is turn'd on thee;
Byron-like thy aid impart!
Byron, he whose spirit cries—
"Cochrane, hurl the avenging dart!"

UTOPIA.

ON THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

"That blest sunny time,
When the brow is unwreath'd with the roses of
spring—
When undimmed by a tear, and unstained by a
crime,
The heart is yet true, and hope still on the wing."

AT the risk of being suspected to be an old maid, I will venture to expatiate a little on a period which I regret to think has escaped me, and on the departure of which so much unavailing regret is felt over the whole surface of society.

Who has not felt delight in retracing juvenile pleasures, and expressed a wish for their renewal, provided maturity of intellect could be blended therewith, so as to divest them of every thing likely to interfere with the full tide of enjoyment? Indeed, I much question, if the renewal of that delightful portion of existence was practicable, whether most of us would not eagerly embrace the opportunity of again realizing that checkered era of joy and grief. Experience shows us that real sorrow widely differs from the petty, disquietudes of childhood, and seeing that unalloyed pleasure robs that sensation of half its charms, it is fair to conclude that a course of uninterrupted happiness is not so enviable as one might at first be disposed to imagine.

No doubt the lingering recollections of many are deeply tinged by the conviction that this most valuable portion of existence has been misapplied or idly sacrificed, but most generally it is fair to imagine its escape is regretted, rather from the persuasion that no other period offers enjoyment so pure and felicitous;

and certainly the associations with which they are blended constitute no alight feature in the interest they excite.

Our entrance into the world is bounteously cared for by a superintending Providence, and parents and kind friends abundantly supply all our wants and necessities; by them we are indulged almost to a fault, and without their generous attachment to our well being, health, and every other blessing would utterly desert us. No sooner, however, are we capable of putting forth our own strength, than the ordinary course of nature compels a dependence on our own resources; and it is then that the fabric of our happiness begins to decay. Friends and relations have tasted of our cup of joy or sorrow, but imperious nature withdraws them successively, and time, the noiseless tenor of whose way nought interrupts, renders the bright reality of our youthful days an insubstantial pageant, a gay vision of delight, that dwells in the deepest recess of the heart. It is true we can shadow forth at will both time and circumstances; but it is mournful to reflect, that it is because no after pleasures are so intense as to supply their place:—A feeling heart demands sympathy and participation in its weal or woe; selfishness is foreign to its nature; whatever, therefore, of joy or sorrow assails it, in the absence of attached and kindred feeling, is fleeting and evanescent; and such reminiscences task, instead of agreeably exercising the memory. If this faculty is sterile as regards a well spent youth, and luxuriant only in what may be characterised as thoughtless levity and vicious indulgence, what a valuable auxiliary to human happiness is sacrificed! for what is life

“When its freshness is o’er,
If its purest and holiest feelings are fled—
Deprived of the charms that enhanced it before,
Who values the stalk if its blossoms be dead?”

It has been as beautifully as truly said by an author of varied research into the wonders of creation, and with pious reverence for the great first Cause, that a tree which has borne the most beautiful blossoms, but which is found destitute of fruit when the ripeness of summer arrives, and hindering by its shade the growth of the plants around it, is viewed with indifference and often contempt by its possessor; is it not still more sad to see one who, in the sun-shine of youth was adorned with personal beauty, the gifts of fortune and the smiles of friends, when the summer or autumn of that life arrives, not merely disappointing the expectation so naturally excited, but by that very idleness becoming a bar to the fruitful-

H 2

ness of others, so far as evil example may conduce to this end. How doubly incumbent on us is it then, if life is spared to the “scar and yellow leaf,” to give evidence of careful culture in the spring, of watchfulness in the summer, in order to the bearing a worthy part in the bounteous display of autumn. This, indeed, will gain the praise of men, and what is past human estimation, the approbation of God!

JANET.

A WORD OR TWO IN REPLY TO W. F. D.’s LETTER ON GHOSTS AND SECOND SIGHT.*

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

“Another and another still succeeds.”—ROWS.

SIR,—I was much amused with W. F. D.’s article in No. 151 of your interesting periodical. Some people have the faculty of being great even upon potatoes, but your correspondent is truly great on ghosts. The article he attempts to *cut up*, was written some time ago, and was occasioned by a perusal of Jarvis’s Ghost Stories.

He commences by observing, that I “knock down all the ghosts from *Anno Domini* 1640 to 1825—because the world *forsooth* is getting more enlightened,” and sneers also at my remarking that the increased diffusion of knowledge of late years, amongst the lower classes was one of the principal causes of their “decline and fall.” A writer in a popular periodical has justly observed that “Ghosts are going out of fashion.” Now I should be led to conclude from the above, that W. F. D. was one of the thick-and-thin believers in those foolish affairs yclept “Accredited Ghost Stories,” if it were not disproved by some other passages in his letter. Now as to my “knocking down” Messrs. the Ghosts with a tremendous *ipse dixit* of my own.” Has your correspondent mixed with the world,—if he has, he must be aware that stories of this nature are *now* subjects of ridicule and laughter, more than fear and trembling; not only amongst the better classes but owing to the superior degrees of information which pervades all classes of society,—also among the lower orders. Further, it is my settled opinion that Ghost Stories and “Authenticated Narratives” have principally emanated from the weak and disordered brains of ignorant people. Ignorance is generally admitted to be the mother of superstition (with a

* See MIRROR, No. 151, p. 57.

few exceptions) therefore what was implicitly believed as true in A. D. 1725, has been thought a childish affair, a hundred years after, even so late as the year 1750 there were frequently occurring instances of the persecution (and sometimes drowning) of poor old women, by persons moving in a respectable sphere of life, because they were suspected of dabbling in witchcraft.*

W. F. D. says that I "seem to be more puzzled than needs be," alluding, I presume, to an observation of mine, on *Second Sight*—My putting the word *authenticated* in italics, was intended to be ironical. The second anecdote on *Second Sight* I accompanied with the remark "if it be true." Yet in the face of this, he asserts, that I declared them to be all "unimpeachable." Facts are stubborn things Mr. W. F. D. I was staggered with the first instance, knowing the parties concerned, the individual there alluded to was of "unimpeachable" honour, and is since dead. I certainly never had the fortune of meeting with any thing in a "questionable shape" since I "strutted my hour upon the stage" and I gave the anecdote as I heard it.

The lower classes in Scotland are in many parts nearly as superstitious as ever, (I do not allude to the highlands) notwithstanding the boast that is made of their superior intelligence, they certainly are, generally, considerably better informed than a similar class in England, though a great deal of exaggeration on this subject is gone abroad, that every Scotchman can "read, write, and dabble in numeration" which I can assure you, I have found to be by no means the case.

It would be trifling with your patience, Sir, and with that of your readers, were I to argue with W. F. D. as to the identity of Samuel's re-appearance to Saul. It would be as unprofitable as it is stale. We have merely the authority of *Holy Writ* for it, *that is all!* and yet your correspondent goes so far as to assert, "But Saul never saw Samuel."

VVVYAN.

P. S. Has W. F. D. ever read "Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions," I should advise him, if not, to purchase a copy forthwith.

* Our correspondent will see by the newspapers, that within the last fortnight a man was made to swim, to prove that he was not a wizard, in the county of Suffolk.—Ed.

MINES

On Miss Anne Maria Tree's retirement from the Stage, on Wednesday, 15th of June, 1826.

ENCHANTING Girl! I cannot part with thee
Without a sigh—thou who hast been so long
The theme of public wonder and applause.
I cannot see thee leave the mimic scene,
Where thou so often hast enchanted me
With strains that, streaming from thy dewy eyes
Like balm from roses, sink upon the heart—
So softly sweet the tuneful spheres above
Seemed pouring forth their silver melody.
Ah! no, I cannot part with thee without
One last faint tribute to thy matchless worth.
And now in fancy, as I take thy hand,
Gaze on thy face—lighted with sunny smiles—
And on thy head invoke eternal blessings,
In spite of all the proud philosophy
That stoics boast, mine eye betrays a tear.
There is, when parting with a favourite,
A nameless feeling flashes on the mind,
As if a valued friend were leaving us
To inhabit other worlds;—there is a pang
Comes o'er the heart, that wakes the trembling
sigh,
Resuscitates the joys of by-gone hours,
And makes keen thoughts rush to the throbbing
breast.
Farewell! farewell!—and may the happiness
That waits upon domestic retirement
Be ever thine!—may all the permanent joys
That should encircle wedlock shine 'round
thee!—
May no deceitful friends' insidiousness
Destroy thy peace, and tear from off thy cheek
The glow of sweet simplicity and innocence!
Oh! may you long live, and your future years
Become sweet dreams of conjugal affection!

J. W. C.

SLAVES AND SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever
earn'd."

COWPER.

THE toleration of slavery in the United States of America, is certainly a strange anomaly, and totally at variance with the free institutions of that country; and although it is confined to a few states only, yet throughout the whole republic, the negro race is treated with an insult and contempt bordering on proscription. In Georgia, where an unblushing advocacy of slavery is avowed, the introduction of slaves was at first prohibited by the laws of the colony, but when it passed from the hands of trustees under the royal authority, slaves were openly imported in great numbers. The laws by which the infamous vassalage is protected are so strict, that they preclude individual humanity, and no owner can emancipate his own slave without the sanction of the legislature. As the subject is not only

interesting in itself, but occupies a good deal of the public attention at present, we are sure the following account of the slaves and slave-trade of the United States, extracted from "Letters from the South," will be acceptable to our readers:—

SLAVES IN THE UNITED STATES.

"The blacks form a distinguishing feature in the Lowlands of the South, but diminish in numbers as you travel towards the mountains. They are of a great variety of shades, from jet black to almost white. Indeed, I have seen some of them who were still kept in bondage, whose complexions were rather lighter than their masters. I was much puzzled to account for these apparent caprices of nature in bestowing such singular varieties of complexion; but I soon found that she had good reason to justify her.

"The negroes are in general a harmless race, although they are more apt than their masters to transgress the laws, because a great many things that are lawful to white men, are forbidden to the blacks. Being, in general, more ignorant than the whites of the poorer classes, they are of course more given to petty vices, and are, perhaps, not so honest. They seldom, however, commit any capital crime, except in revenge for a long series of execrable tyranny practised by some unfeeling brute of an owner or overseer. They seem, indeed, a gay, harmless, and unthinking race; for those who are likely to have few agreeable subjects for their thoughts, Providence seems kindly to divest, in some degree, of the capacity to reflect long on any thing. They are by far the most musical of any portion of the inhabitants of the United States, and in the evening I have seen them reclining in their boats on the canal at Richmond, playing on the *banjo*, and singing in a style—I dare say, equal to a Venetian Gondolier. Then they whistle as clear as the notes of the fife;—and their laugh is the very echo of thoughtless hilarity.

"Woe, woe to the man who adds one feather to the weight they are destined to bear. He shall assuredly meet the vengeance of the Being who is all mercy to the weak and the ignorant—all justice to the wise and the strong. Woe to those, who, tempted by avarice, or impelled by vengeance, shall divide the parent from the offspring, and sell them apart in distant lands! a cruel and inhuman act; for it is seldom we see the ties of kindred or of conjugal affection stronger than in the poor negro. He will travel twelve, fifteen, or twenty miles to see his wife and children, after his daily labour is over, and return in the morning to his labour again.

If he obtains his liberty, he will often devote the first years of his own to the purchase of their freedom; thus setting an example of conjugal and parental affection, which the white men may indeed admire; but, it is feared, would seldom imitate.

"I am led into these reflections by a rencontre we had yesterday, with a person who was on one of those expeditions to buy slaves for the Southern market. At one of the taverns along the road, we were set down in the same room with an elderly man, and a youth who seemed to be well acquainted with him; for they conversed familiarly, and with true republican independence—for they did not *mind* who heard them. From the tenor of his conversation, I was induced to look particularly at the elder, who was an ill-looking, hard-featured, pock-marked, black-bearded fellow, whom a jury would have hanged upon very doubtful evidence.

"He was telling the youth something like the following detested tale:—He was going, it seems, to Richmond, to inquire about a draft for seven thousand dollars, which he had sent by mail, but which not having been acknowledged by his correspondent, he was afraid it had been stolen, and the money received by the thief. 'I should not like to lose it,' says he, 'for I worked hard for it, and sold many a poor d—l of a blacky to Carolina and Georgia to scrape it together.' He then went on to tell many a black perfidious tale, which I tried to forget, and threw them from my memory as the stomach does poisons. All along the road, it seems, he made it his business to inquire where lived a man who might perhaps be tempted to become a party in this accursed traffic; and when he had got some half dozen of these poor creatures, he tied their hands behind their backs, and drove them three or four hundred miles, or more, bare headed, and half naked, through the burning Southern sun. Fearful that even Southern humanity would revolt at such an exhibition of human misery and human barbarity, he gave out that they were runaway slaves he was carrying home to their masters. On one occasion a poor black woman exposed this fallacy, and told the story of her being kidnapped; and when he got her into a wood out of hearing, he beat her, to use his own expression, 'till her back was white.'

"I would not tell such tales, except that chance may bring them to the ears of the magistrates who may enforce the laws, if any there be, against this inhuman trade; or if there be none, that the legislature may be induced to wipe away this foul stain. There was a mixture of guilty hardihood, and affected sanctity, about this *animal*,—for he could not be a man.

It seems he married all the men and women he bought himself, because they would sell better for being man and wife! Once,—he told it with high glee,—he sold a negro who was almost blind, ‘to a parson,’ these were his very words, ‘for eight hundred dollars.’ Returning that way some time after, the parson (can it be possible?) accused him of cheating him, by selling him a fellow who could not see half a yard after sundown. ‘I denied it stoutly,’ continued this fine fellow, ‘the parson insisted; and at last I bought the fellow back again for fifty dollars less than I sold him for. When the bargain was concluded, Pomp, said I, go and water my horse. Pomp pretended he could not see, for it was then dusk; but I took a good cudgel, and laid on till the fellow saw as plain as day light, and did what he was bid as well as any body could have done it. There, said I, you see the fellow is no more blind than you or I. The parson wanted to get him back: so I sold him again for eight hundred dollars, and made fifty by that speculation.’

“But,” said the youth, ‘were you not afraid in travelling through the wild country, and sleeping in lone houses, these slaves would rise and kill you.’ ‘To be sure I was,’ said the other, ‘but I always fastened my door, put a chair on the table before it, so that it might wake me in falling, and slept with a loaded pistol in each hand. It was a bad life; and I left it off as soon as I could live without it: for many is the time I have separated wives from husbands, and husbands from wives, and parents from children; but then I made them amends by marrying them again as soon as I had a chance. That is to say, I made them call each other man and wife, and sleep together, which is quite enough for negroes. I made one bad purchase though,’ continued he, ‘I bought a young mulatto girl, a likely creature,—a great bargain. She had been the favourite of her master, who had lately married. The difficulty was, to get her to go; for the poor creature loved her master. However, I swore most bitterly I was only going to take her to her mother at ———, and she went with me; though she seemed to doubt me very much. But when she discovered at last that we were out of the state, I thought she would go mad, and in fact, the next night she drowned herself in the river close by. I lost a good five hundred dollars by this foolish trick, and began to think seriously of quitting this business; which I did soon after, and set up a shop. But though I lie to every body, somehow or other, I don’t get on very well; and sometimes think of returning to my old trade again.’

“Oliver and I had intended to sleep at this place, but the confession of this abominable catiff determined us to rid ourselves of his society, for fear the house would fall, or the earth open and swallow us up for being in such company. So we left the house, praying that Providence, in pity to a miserable race, would either permit the catiff to prosper in his present business, or graciously cause him to be speedily hanged. In justice to our own country, I ought to mention that he was not a native of the United States: had he been, I would have suppressed this story, for such a monster is sufficient to disgrace a whole nation.

“I ought to have mentioned that the negroes of Maryland and Virginia, for some reason or other, have an invincible repugnance to being sold to the Southward. Whether this repugnance arises from an idea that they will be treated with more severity, or is only the natural dislike every human being, except our fashionable ladies, feels to going to live in a strange land, far from all association with early scenes and first born attachments, I cannot tell. I know not that these poor souls are worse treated in Carolina and Georgia, nor have I any reason to believe so; certain it is, however, that they discover an unwillingness amounting almost to horror, at the idea of being sold there, and have a simple song which they sometimes, as I am told, sing with a mournful melancholy cadence, as they row along the rivers, in remembrance of home. It is merely the language of nature:—

Going away to Georgia, ho, heave, O!

Massa sell poor Negro, ho, heave, O!

Leave poor wife and children, ho, heave, O!

“The negroes have a great number of songs, of their own composition, and founded on various little domestic incidents; particularly the deaths of their masters and mistresses, who, if they have been kind to them, are remembered in their homely strains, some of which sound very affecting, but would probably make no great figure on paper. I have heard that in some instances they go to their graves, and invoke their spirits to interpose, if they are treated ill, or threatened to be sold at a distance. There is something of the true pathetic in all this, were these people not negroes. This spoils all; for we have got such an inveterate habit of divesting them of all the best attributes of humanity, in order to justify our oppressions, that the idea of connecting feeling or sentiment with a slave, actually makes us laugh. I have read, that after the death of the famous Alphonso Albuquerque, called the conqueror of India, it

was long the practice of the natives, when they were oppressed, to go to his grave, and call upon his gallant spirit to arise and be again their protector. Such things touch the innermost heart, when told of Indians; but Black sentiment, feeling, or gratitude, is not of the real fashionable colour.

"Jogging along from the house where we left the caitiff, who will one day, I fear, bring down some great calamity on the country of his birth, it was our fate to meet with another example of the tricks men will play before high Heaven, when not only custom, but the laws, sanction oppression. The sun was shining out very hot, and in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group:—first, a little cart, drawn by one horse, in which five or six half naked black children were tumbled, like pigs, together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts, uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bare headed, half naked, and chained together with an ox chain. Last of all came a white man,—a white man! Frank,—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by blood-hounds. At a house a little further on we learned that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some one of the more Southern States. Shame on the State of Maryland! I say; and shame on the State of Virginia! and every State through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to pass!"*

* For some interesting particulars respecting Slavery in the United States, see the MIRROR No. 108.

Useful Domestic Hints.

TO PREVENT AND RECOVER FROM DROWNING.

THE newspapers state that more than sixty persons were drowned in the course of a fortnight, principally in the river Thames, by incautiously bathing. Notwithstanding the directions issued by the Royal Humane Society, the most gross ignorance prevails in the treatment of drowned persons. One person recommends the use of the stomach pump, which is absurd, as water scarcely, if ever, enters either the passage to the stomach or lungs, in cases of drowning. The idea has given rise to a practice of the most

dangerous tendency—that of suspending persons by the heels, which is never resorted to but by the most ignorant, as nothing can be more injurious, or more likely to destroy any remains of vitality that may exist. The most active and useful practice is to endeavour to restore breathing, by pressing on the chest so as to excite its natural actions, after drying the patient, and placing him in a horizontal position in bed, between two blankets, applying warmth in the quickest and most convenient possible manner, both to the pit of the stomach and to the feet—rubbing the hands, arms, legs, &c. either with the hand or flannel, and persevering in this manner until medical aid can be obtained, even if no symptom of vitality should appear. Many individuals lose their lives in consequence of raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depress the head. Animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a person falls into deep water, he generally rises to the surface, and continues there if he does not elevate his hands; or should he move his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe: and if he moves his legs as in the act of walking (or rather as if walking up stairs) his shoulders will rise above water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These few plain directions are recommended to the attention of those who have not learned to swim, as they may be the means in many instances of preserving life.

Camden Town, April 25, 1825.

SIR,—I forward you this week some *highly approved* recipes, which may contribute to the comfort and relief of those who will make a trial of them. The wine recipes I have in manuscript, and are excellent; and the others, having, by *our own family, been found efficacious*, I may render, perhaps, a trifling service to your readers by making them generally known through the medium of your useful publication. W. C—B.

RECIPE FOR GINGER WINE.

To every 6 gallons of water, put 15 pounds of lump sugar and 6 ounces of the best ginger sliced; boil the water, sugar, and ginger together, till the scum is completely risen; when that is taken off, pour the boiling liquor on the peels of 18 lemons, and when the liquor is cool, put in the juice of the lemons, and a few spoonful of yeast; let it work two or

three days, then put it into the barrel with a pint of brandy, close the barrel, let it stand a month or six weeks, then bottle it off.

GINGER BEER.

ONE and a half ounce of ginger sliced, 1 ounce of cream of tartar, 1 pound of loaf sugar, and a lemon sliced, put them altogether into a large pan, and pour upon them 6 quarts of boiling water; when sufficiently cool, let it work with yeast; let it stand till the next day, then bottle it, tying down the corks: it will be fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight.

GINGER CORDIAL.

ONE gallon of water, 4 pounds of moist sugar, 3 ounces of white ginger, the thin yellow rind of a large lemon, these to be set on the fire, and simmer half an hour; when it has stood till blood warm, add one pound of sun raisins and a spoonful of yeast; to be put in a large pan, and stirred twice a day whilst the fermentation continues; then press the raisins, and put all the remainder into the cask; add 1 drachm of isinglass dissolved in half a pint of brandy; when done hissing, stop it down close.

COWSLIP WINE (to make eight gallons).

TWENTY-FOUR pounds of lump sugar, the rind of 7 lemons sliced with the sugar and water; when cold, put in the juice of the lemons and 4 pecks of cowslips, with a little yeast; work it 4 days, stirring it every day; put it in a cask, and let it stand 6 weeks.

RED CURRANT WINE.

FOR AN eight-gallon cask put in 10 quarts of juice, 6 gallons of water, 4 quarts of raspberries, and 27 pounds of lump sugar.

FOR SPASMS.

CAMPBOR-JULEP 3 or 4 table spoonful, add 15 or 20 drops of sal-volatile. This is one dose, and may be repeated 2 or 3 times a day.

EYE-WATER.

TWO drachms of white vitriol of Alexandria, 2 drachms of Iris of Florence, put into a bottle of Bristol water, shake it well, and cork it close; use it as often in a day as necessity requires.

FOR AN OBSTINATE COUGH.

TAKE a half-pound of the best honey, and squeeze the juice of four lemons upon it; mix them well together, and add a small portion of sugar-candy. A tea-spoonful may be taken every time the

cough is troublesome, and in a very short time a cure will be effected.

FACULTIES OF MEN AND BRUTES.

THERE have not been wanting, every one knows, great opinions to maintain that the faculties of men and brutes differ rather in degree than in kind. The delight of a pointer when his master puts on his shooting jacket is at least *prima facie* evidence that his ideas are associated as well as our own. Who that has heard the stifled bark and whine of a sleeping hound, can deny that he dreams? and ignorant as we are of the theory of dreams, to dream at least implies memory and conception. And we can ourselves relate an instance which did not reach us through the ivory gate at which our author dismisses his listeners, where a terrier displayed cunning that would have done honour to an Old Bailey attorney. Our Oxford readers are probably aware that dogs are forbidden to cross the sacred threshold of Merton common room. It happened one evening that a couple of terriers had followed their masters to the door, and while they remained excluded, unhappily followed the habits rather of biped than of quadruped menials, and began to quarrel like a couple of Christians. The noise of the fight summoned their masters to separate them, and as it appeared that the hero of our tale had been much mauled by a superior adversary, the severe bienséances of the place were for once relaxed, and he was allowed to enjoy during the rest of night, the softness of a monastic rug; and the blaze of a monastic fire—luxuries which every inflated dog and man will duly appreciate. The next day soon after the common-room party had been assembled, the sounds of the preceding evening were renewed with ten-fold violence. There was such snapping and tearing, and snarling, and howling as could be accounted for only by a general engagement:—

The noise alarmed the festive hall
And started forth the fellows all—

But instead of a battle royal, they found at the door their former guest, in solitude sitting on his rump, and acting a furious dog-fight, in the hope of again gaining admittance among the *quies ordinis studii*.

The Maze at Hampton Court.



THE labyrinth or maze was known to the ancients, and was usually a large intricate edifice, cut into various aisles and meanders, which so run and intersected each other as to render it difficult to get out of it. There were four labyrinths among the ancients: the Egyptian, the Cretan, a third at Lemnos, and a fourth in Italy, made by Porsenna, King of Etruria, for his tomb; the real object of labyrinths seems to have been to deter persons from violating tombs, by the danger and difficulty of finding their way out of them.

The labyrinth of Egypt was, according to Pliny, the oldest, and was standing in his time, though 3,600 years old. He says it was built by King Petesucus or Tithoes, but Herodotus makes it the work of several Kings; it stood on the banks of the lake Moeris, and consisted of twelve large contiguous palaces, containing 2,000 chambers, 1,500 of which were under-ground.

The Cretan labyrinth is the most famed in history or fable. Diodorus Siculus relates as a conjecture, and Pliny as a certain fact, that Dædalus constructed this labyrinth on the model of that of Egypt, though on a less scale: there is, however, much doubt as to the truth of this account.

Pliny mentions the custom of boys making mazes for their play; and Stukeley says, a round work formed into a labyrinth, at Aukborough, is called Julian's Bower.

In England there are many labyrinths or mazes; but what generally appears at present is no more than a circular work, made of banks of earth or paths, as on Catherine's Hill, near Winchester.

A labyrinth at Wickdown hill, Wiltshire, has the appearance of a large barrow, surrounded by circles within circles.

At Trinity College, Oxford, there is a labyrinth formed of yew hedges.

The maze in the gardens of Hampton Court, of which the above is a correct drawing, is also formed of hedges, which are carefully cut. It is an object of great attraction to visitors, who would be sadly bewildered were there not a guide at hand to direct their steps. The rule, however, is simple enough when known; it consists in merely turning to the left on entering, and then keeping close to the right of the hedge, until you reach the centre.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN.

NO. 1. TO HIS MOTHER.

Philadelphia, Sep. 17, 1740.

HOND. MOTHER,—We received your kind Letter by this Post, and are glad to hear you still continue to enjoy such a share of Health.—Cousin Josiah and his Spouse arrived here hearty and well last Saturday noon; I met them the Evening before at Trenton, 30 miles off and accompany'd them to Town. They went into their own House on Monday & I believe will do very well for he seems bent on Industry and she appears a discreet notable young Woman. My Wife has been to see them every Day, calling in as she passes by, and I suspect has fallen in Love with our new Cousin, for she entertains me a deal when she comes home with what Cousin Sally does and what Cousin Sally says & what a good co-triver she is and the like.

I believe it might be of service to me in the matter of getting in my debts, if I were to make a voyage to London; but I have not yet determined on it in my own mind, & think I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it.—

The Indians are gone homewards, loaded with presents; in a week or two the Treaty with them will be printed & I will send you one.

My Love to Brother and sister Mecom & to all enquiring Friends.

I am your dutiful Son

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 2. TO HIS DAUGHTER (AFTERWARDS MRS. RICH. BACHE).

Reedy Island, Nov. 8th, 1764. 7 at night

MY DEAR SALLY,—We got down here at sunset having taken in more live stock at New Castle with some other things we wanted. Our good friends Mr. Galloway, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. James came with me in the ship from Chester to New Castle and went ashore there. It was kind to favour me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends, at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice; I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good Mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me; but why should I mention *me* when you have so much higher a promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favour of God—You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account; for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one whatever) yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and inflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches; the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than Sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common com-

posers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth; I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company on the hours you set apart for those studies—I think you and every body should if they could, have certain days or hours * * [a few lines lost] * * * she cannot be spoke with; but will be glad to see you at such a time.

We expect to be at sea to morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you which is worth more than a thousand of mine, tho' they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister * as I cannot write to them and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends and to our good neighbours. I am my dear child Your ever affectionate father

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 3. TO HIS SISTER MRS. JANE MECOM.

London, Jan. 13, 1772.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I received your kind letters of September 12 and Nov. 9th.—I have now been some weeks returned from my journey through Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the north of England, which besides being an agreeable tour with a pleasant companion, has contributed to the establishment of my health, and this is the first ship I have heard of by which I could write to you. I thank you for the receipts; they are as full and particular as one could wish—but can easily be practised only in America, no Bayberry wax nor any Brassiletto being here to be had, at least to my knowledge. I am glad however that those useful arts that have been so long in our family, are now put down in writing. Some future branch may be the better for it.—It gives me pleasure that those little things sent by Jonathan proved agreeable to you. I

* Governor Franklin and lady.

write now to Cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond: there has been forbearance enough on my part, seven years or more without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the Debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania of whom it was said that it being against his Principal to pay Interest and against his interest to pay the Principal he paid neither one nor t'other. I doubt you have taken too old a pair of Glasses, being tempted by their magnifying greatly. But people in chusing should only aim at remedying the defect. The glasses that enable them to see as well at the same distance they used to hold their book or work while their eyes were good are those they should chuse, not such as make them see better, for such contribute to hasten the time when still older glasses will be necessary.

All who have seen my grandson agree with you, in their accounts of his being an uncommonly fine boy, which brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky tho' now dead 36 years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every thing and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh.—Mr. Bache is here. I found him at Preston in Lancashire with his mother and sisters, very agreeable people and I brought him to London with me. I very much like his behaviour. He returns in the next ship to Philadelphia. The gentleman who brought your last letter, Mr. Fox, staid but a few minutes with me, and has not since called as I desired him to do. I shall endeavour to get the arms you desire for cousin Coffin; Having now many letters to write, I can now only add my love to cousin Jenny and that Sally Franklin presents her duty; Mrs. Stephenson desires to be affectionately remembered.

I am as ever your affectionate brother

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. No arms of The Folgers are to be found in the Herald's office. I am persuaded it was originally a Flemish family which came over with many others from that country in Qu. Elizabeth's time flying from the persecution then raging there.

NOTES.

Dr. Franklin had three children, of whom the eldest, Francis Folger Franklin, died in childhood; his second son, William, was the governor of N. Jersey, and sided with the crown in the revolutionary contest; his only daughter, Sarah, was married to Mr. Richard Bache, mentioned above, whose children and grand children now reside in Philadelphia.

Cousin Josiah, mentioned in the first letter, was Dr. Franklin's nephew, a son of his favourite sister Jane, to whom the last of the above letters is addressed.

London Magazine.

THE CURIOSITY HUNTING WIFE.

(In a Letter from Mr. Mark Higginbotham.)

FASHION has been pleased to decree that our drawing-rooms shall be overlaid, and littered, and lumbered with every species of trumpery rubbish known by the name of nick-nacks and curiosities; and my wife has been pleased to decree that her own apartments shall in this respect stand perfectly unrivalled. For the good of my fellow-creatures I sincerely hope that they are so, for I would not wantonly inflict upon others the daily martyrdom which I myself experience. I fear, however, that there are too many victims to this mania, for the great increase of "curiosity shops," as they are technically called, of which I believe there are a dozen in Regent-street and the Quadrant alone, affords a fearful evidence that our superfluous wealth is taking this childish and fantastic direction. From the wild beasts with which they were studded, I used to compare my rooms to Noah's Ark; but methinks they now rather wear the semblance of a broker's in Moorfields, or a Brobdignaggian baby-house, or a cosmopolitan lumber-room, where all the uncouth, grotesque, and barbarous cinkum-crankums, gew-gaws, and toys, that have been cast away as worse than worthless, have been diligently collected to form a miserable museum. Of such wretched varieties, scarce because few people have been fools enough to manufacture them, my wife is an eager and everlasting purchaser. Ebony stands and Japan tables of all calibres are loaded with sonorous gongs, shells, Chinese shoes, glass cases of humming-birds and butterflies, huge China jars and bowls, and Lilliputian tea-cups (all equally invaluable because all equally useless), Mandarins nodding their heads at me as if in mockery, tun-bellied idols, bits of lapis lazuli and malachite, jasper and soap-stone, and geological specimens arranged in frames by Mr. Mawe, and figures of bisquit and alabaster, and little boxes of French bonbons, and every thing, in short, that can be either named or imagined, provided always that it be neither useful nor ornamental. Conceive the horror of a stout gentleman like myself being obliged to move edgeways through my own rooms, in momentary apprehension of occasioning a smash of

porcelain, and knowing by sad experience that my wife is by no means "Mistress of herself though China fall." O how have I been taunted and twitted with my *gaucherie*, as I attempted to squeeze my unwieldy figure through the straits and defiles of this bazaar; and with what sorry jokes have I attempted to retaliate the attacks to which I was exposed! "Do take care, Mr. Higginbotham, you are rubbing against that beautiful bowl." "Those who play at bowls, my dear, must expect rubbers." "If you knock down that China Joss, I shall never be able to buy another so cheap." "There you are mistaken, my dear, for after a fall you always buy things cheaper"—(By the by, I admire at her calling such a bauble cheap, for I remember the auctioneer of Pall-Mall exclaiming as his hammer fell—"only twainy-four guineas and a *half*!") "Good gracious! Mr. Higginbotham, one would really think you were tipsy; you will certainly knock down that Mazarine cup." "And how can I do better, if I have had a cup too much?" Miserable jokes, but how could they be otherwise when the utterer was kept in a state of perpetual misery?

Nor have my guests and visitors less reason to complain than the unfortunate wight who is thus baited and beleaguered in his own house. My friend, Admiral Binnacle, whose wooden leg describes a horizontal parabola of some extent, lately tipped down a japan table, covered with a whole wilderness of china monkeys, and though my wife really bore the calamity with firmness, the worthy Admiral, who naturally concluded they were invaluable, because they were both frightful and useless, was proportionably affected by the catastrophe, asking me, however, in a parting whisper, whether I felt authorised to set steel-traps and spring-guns in such a public thoroughfare. Old Lady Dotterell's poodle, on the very following day, jumping upon a cabinet to snap at a plumpudding-stone, made frightful havoc, shivering at atoms a china shepherd in pink tiffany ineffables, blue silk stockings, a gilt-edged cocked hat, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a flowered jacket, who, from an arbour of green and silver foil, looked tenderly out upon a couple of tinsel sheep with golden hoofs, forming altogether, as my wife had often maintained, the sweetest and most natural scene of the pastoral she had ever witnessed. And what was more provoking than all, the four-footed author of the mischief, having ensconced himself behind a nest of glass cases, and threatening to run a muck if he were maltreated, was obliged to be coaxed out of his sanctuary

with a large piece of pound cake, which the unfeeling brute seemed to consider a very satisfactory set off against the plumpudding-stone. Scarcely a day elapses but I hear a smash, a slap, and a squall, when the angry exclamation of "mischievous little monkey!" or "careless little hussey!" convinces me that either Alfred or Matilda have thrown down some worthless invaluable in threading this Cretan labyrinth. From squabbles with visitors and children, I am only relieved by perpetual altercations with the servants, who are so frequently accused of purloining, breaking, or misplacing some of our troublesome trumpery, that I am constantly presented with sulky looks and new faces. Forlorn as is the hope, I actually look forward with pleasure to the time when, my means becoming exhausted sooner than my wife's rage for collection, my museum must come to the hammer, like those of Font-hill, Wanstead, and so many others; and in the mean time I live under the conviction, that one of the most pitiable objects in creation is the husband of a curiosity-collecting wife, and the keeper of an amateur bazaar.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

You would expect to find that the synagogue of the Jews was in some measure worthy of their capital; but, like the Christians, they appear to avoid every appearance of ornament or comfort without. Their chief place of worship is a sorry and mean-looking building, to which you descend by a flight of steps. It is situated in the midst of the Jewish quarter, and is supported, however, by some ancient pillars. The most striking ceremony of this people, is one which sometimes occurs without the walls of the city when they assemble to celebrate the festival of the tombs of their fathers. They are not allowed to do this without the permission of the Turkish governor, which they are obliged to obtain by the bribe of a handsome sum of money. The whole Jewish population gather together in the Valley of Jehosaphat, which is their favourite burying-place; because there they are to be finally judged. The ceremony is conducted with great decency, and is without any clamour or noise. They sit for some time in silence on the tombs of their fathers, with sad countenances, and their eyes fixed on the ground. Men, women, and children, are all assembled, and it is an interesting spectacle to see this fallen people mourning in the Valley of Jehosaphat, where

their kings have offered sacrifices; where their prophets have uttered their divine inspirations; and where they believe the tramp of the archangel shall finally wake them to judgment. But even this consolation of assembling round the ashes of their fathers, they are obliged to purchase with money. It is well their sensibilities are blunted, and their spirit utterly bowed, or else the draught that is given them to drink would have too much bitterness, and the iron rod of the oppressor would enter into their very soul.

Ibid.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXV.

BOTTLE-HILL,

AN IRISH FAIRY LEGEND.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old,
Come, listen to me.

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but, with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—*she* was sold in Mallow, and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what'll we do?"

"Wisha, then, mavournene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair."

"And what'll we do when she's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully.

"Never a know I knew, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and

we had nothing at all for him to take, when that good doctor gentleman at Ballydabbin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy; and never left off his goodness till he was quite well."

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm."

Molly told him he should have every thing right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne; as he passed he glanced his eyes upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches.

"Oh, then, if I only had half the money that's buried in you, 'tiant driving this poor cow I'd be now! Why, then, isn't it too bad that it should be there covered over with earth, and many a one besides me wanting it? Well, if it's God's will, I'll have some money myself coming back."

So saying, he moved on after his beast; 'twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-Hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was 'at quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red; but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but look-at every thing, and, although they were red, they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth, he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for, though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross

himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair-Hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

"Where are you going with the cow, honest man?"—"To the fair of Cork then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of his voice—"Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger—"Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?"—"Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started—he was afraid to have any thing to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

"What'll you give for her?" at last says he—"I'll tell you what: I'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much.

Mick laughed again. "Why, then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? indeed, then, I won't."—"You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it."—"Why, then, and what would Molly say? I'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?"—"I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell."

Mick started.

"How does he know my name?" thought he.—The stranger proceeded: "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you: therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to cork?"

Mick was going to say, "God forbid!" but the little man went on (and he was too attentive to say any thing to stop him; for Mick was a civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, don't mind now).

"And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might be robbed when you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell."—"Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drank the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name"—"Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow: I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and when you go home, do what I direct exactly."

Mick hesitated.

"Well, then, good bye, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty, and your wife dying for want—that will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man, with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever.—"May be, 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—"Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

"I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what's that?" says Mick.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words, 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

"And is this all?" says Mick.

"No more," says the stranger. "Good bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"God grant it!" says Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick: "He can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" She, too, was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.—"And what would I do if it broke?" thought he. "Oh! but I'll take care of that;" so he put it into his bosom, and went on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet

from his wife; balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you weren't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us every thing about it."—"Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."—"Oh! then you sold her; and where's the money?"—"Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."—"But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Mick, spying its neck sticking out.—"Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."—His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what'll we do for the rent, and what?"—"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, did not meet me, neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

"Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who, indeed, never discouraged her belief in the fairies: may be, he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two

tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight almost took away their appetites; but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day, and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the fam; and he bothered him so much, that at last told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle; but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys, and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,—

"Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
And, thrilling with music, was melting in light."

Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the bill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

"Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."—"And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it."—"Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have."—"Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would be a rich man."

"And good bye to you, sir, said Mick," as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle Hill. Good bye, sir, good bye;" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly,—"Oh! sure I've another bottle!"—"Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it), and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

"Well, what do you want now?"—"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."—"Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?"—"Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."—"Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old

bottle standing high upon a shelf. "Ah! ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by."—"Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."—"They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there a' top of that shelf."—"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord. Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle Hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPIGRAM.—FROM MARTIAL.

SLY Paul buys verse as he buys merchandise,

Then for his own he'll pompously recite it—

Paul scorns a lie—the poetry is his—

By law his own, although he could not write it!

SOCIABILITY.

WE are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the universe; in God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbour to make him ride uneasy also.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL our correspondents allow us another week at Brighton? They will see we have neglected no part of the MIRROR except the answers to correspondents.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

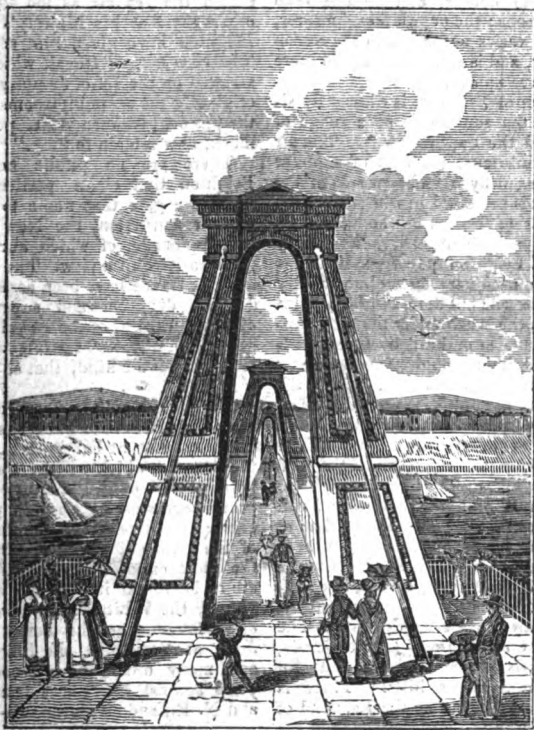
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

The Watering Places, No. I.—Brighton.



BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

THE watering and sea-bathing places in Great Britain are so much an object of attraction in summer, and some of them even in winter, that we doubt not we shall be doing an acceptable service to the readers of the MIRROR in making them the subject of a series of articles, which we shall illustrate with views of objects the most interesting. Of general advantages of sea air and sea-bathing; we require no better evidence than the healthy appearance of the inhabitants along the coast and the sea-port towns, when contrasted with those who live secluded in cities. As, however, the subject of sea-bathing will be treated of in a separate article, which shall appear in our

VOL. VI.

I

next Number, we shall do nothing more here than refer to it.

In commencing our descriptive account of the principal sea-bathing places, we have selected Brighton on account of its being honoured with the occasional residence of the King and a great portion of the nobility and gentry, many of whom have splendid mansions, in which they reside as much as in town.

Brighton, or Brighthelmston, as it was formerly called, has, like many other towns, risen from obscurity; for although it is a place of considerable antiquity, and once had strong fortifications, yet half a century ago it was an obscure place, little known, and scarcely ever visited except

113

by persons who lived in its immediate neighbourhood. Fortunately for Brighton, however, it attracted the notice of his present Majesty when Prince of Wales, and to his royal patronage it owes its extent, its wealth, and its popularity. It would be difficult to name the extent of a place which is constantly increasing; but at the last census of 1821, Brighton contained 3,947 houses, and no less than 24,429 persons; the population, however, necessarily varies according to the season of the year, and is sometimes much more than we have named.

The town of Brighton is pleasantly situated on the south side of a range of hills, called the South Downs. The air is very salubrious, the heat of summer being assuaged by fresh breezes from the sea; and it is protected in winter from the ruder blasts of Boreas by the hills in its immediate neighbourhood. The early history of Brighton possesses little interest to the antiquary, being known only as a fishing town: but there are the remains of a wall on the beach under the cliff, supposed to have been built by Queen Elizabeth, and it is thought that there was once a street on the beach, which the ocean usurped; this seems doubtful, though it is certain the sea has encroached considerably of late years, and that in 1699 it swept away about one hundred and thirty houses.

Brighton is of a quadrangular form, and the streets intersect each other at right angles; those which have been erected of late, particularly those to the eastward of the Steyne, consist of excellent houses, but in many of the old streets the houses are of a motley character. The Steyne is a very fashionable promenade, which extends to a considerable distance, winding through the hills. There is also the New Steyne at the East end of the town, leading to Rottingdean, and the North Steyne or Level.

The principal building in Brighton is the Pavilion, once the favourite, but now deserted, residence of his Majesty. It was commenced in 1784, and has been enlarged by various additions at an immense expense. It is situated near the North-West corner of the Steyne, and originally consisted of a circular building crowned with a dome, and a range of apartments on each side. In 1802, two wings were added, and its front now extends a length of two hundred feet. The architecture of the exterior resembles that of the Kremlin at Moscow,* and the interior is furnished in the Chinese style.

* For a view and description of the Kremlin of Moscow, and an account of its destruction, see the MIRROR, No. 71.

The grounds attached to the Pavilion are well laid out, and on the North side of them a splendid suite of stables has been erected for the royal stud. On the East side it was intended to build a racket court, but it is unfinished. The King has not resided at the Pavilion for nearly two years; some attribute his absence to the advice of his physicians, who represented the sea air as too keen; while others say that his Majesty's subjects at Brighton have given him some offence. The New Chapel Royal, which was consecrated on the 1st of January, 1822, was originally the assembly-rooms, and thus the place where men went, perhaps, "to mock, now remain to pray."

There are no public buildings in Brighton that claim particular notice, unless we give that name to that ingenious construction, the New Chain Pier and Esplanade, of which our engraving gives so faithful a view. The Chain Pier and Esplanade have been constructed under the direction and superintendence of Capt. Brown, of the Royal Navy, the gentleman under whose direction the first structure of the kind, that at Leith, was erected.

Many doubts have been expressed of the capabilities of a pier, constructed on piles, as that at Brighton is, to sustain the attacks which will be made upon it by the S. W. gales and heavy seas which prevail occasionally on this part of our coast; but there are many proofs existing of the power of piles to resist the sea on the most exposed coasts. These proofs are to be found in the existence of the Sheers, the Whittaker, the Gunfleet, and other beacons on the north coast; the Jetty at Yarmouth, the Pier at Ostend, and many others have stood firm for years against heavy seas from the S. E. and N. E., and no reason can be assigned why the Chain Pier at Brighton should not be equally capable of resisting effectually all the wrath of Old Neptune.

The pier is erected directly opposite the new Steyne, some feet from the end of which an excavation was made for the reception of the four ponderous chains by which the whole fabric is suspended. These excavations run through the Cliff, across the Marine Parade, at the depth of 54 feet from the carriage-road, under which it runs. To the end of each chain is attached a large iron plate, weighing upwards of 2,500 lbs. weight; and after the chains had been thus secured the excavations were filled up with bricks and strong cement; thus rendering it almost impossible that the chains should draw in the slightest degree. The foundation of the pier is formed of four clus-

ters of piles, at the distance of about 360 feet from cluster to cluster. These piles were driven by the usual mode, namely, with the machine called by builders a monkey. The monkey used for this purpose weighed upwards of a ton weight. This was constructed on a raft movable from place to place to suit the convenience of the workmen. The first three clusters of piles consisted each of 20 in number, driven perpendicularly, besides horizontal ones, and bracings. The fourth cluster being on that which the head of the pier was laid, had 100 perpendicular piles, besides numerous ones driven diagonally with bracings and other binders, the whole being driven in the shape of the letter T. Galleries are erected below the platform at this point of the pier, with flights of stairs descending to the high and low water-marks, to facilitate the embarkation, or the landing of persons at different stages of the tide. The piles are driven into a bed of chalk, some to the depth of 10 feet; whilst others do not penetrate more than 7 feet, owing to the resistance they met with. Their height above high water-mark is 14 feet.

Upon each cluster of piles two iron towers are erected, one on each side the platform. These towers are of a pyramidal form, and stand at the distance of about 12 feet from each other, and are connected at the top by an ornamental arch running across. The basements of these towers will be fitted up as shops for the sale of refreshments, reading-rooms, &c.

The platform itself is something more than 12 feet wide, and is formed of planks about four inches in thickness, somewhat raised in the centre to facilitate the running off the water in wet weather into a channel. Fixed at the extreme edge on each side the platform is a handsome iron railing, 3 feet 2 inches in height, which makes it safe; it runs the whole length of the pier at each side. The whole weight of the platform is supported by the chains which have been already mentioned, four in number on each side. Each chain consists of 104 links, or rods, 10 feet in length, and weighing individually, 112lbs. These rods, or links, are connected by movable joints, the junction-bolts being covered by a cap or saddle. These saddles are hollow, and from each of them a suspending-rod, as it is denominated, runs downward and supports a strong bar of iron, on which the rafters upon which the platform is laid, rest. With the exception of the flooring, and the rafters on which it is laid, the bridge of the pier is

constructed of iron. The chains are of wrought iron, and each link five inches and a half in circumference. They are carried over the tops of the iron towers, and after passing over the tower at the greatest distance from the shore, the chains diverge in an angle of about 37 degrees, passing through the platform. They are bedded in the bottom with a weight of about 60 tons of Purbeck stone attached to them. The south west face of the pier is to be protected from being injured by vessels accidentally striking against it by a boom-chain, which passes from the head of the pier over a dolphin erected at some distance, and from thence carried to the shore, and there made fast with anchors.

The Esplanade, commencing at the end of the old Steyne, is constructed about midway between the top of the cliff and the beach, being raised several feet above high water-mark, having a carriage-road 24 feet in width, and a pavement, similar to that on the Steyne, for promenaders, upwards of 10 feet wide.—The bank is defended from the rolling surges by a substantial sea-wall, on the top of which is a neat railing of wood, about 3 feet 6 inches in height. This Esplanade, which is 1,250 feet in length, terminates at the entrance of the Chain Pier. The toll-house is at the commencement of the Esplanade.

There are twelve edifices devoted to religion in Brighton, exclusive of the Pavilion chapel already noticed. The church, which is somewhat ancient, is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and is situated on an eminence to the North-West of the town. It contains a curiously sculptured font, said to have been brought from Normandy in the eleventh century, and a monument to Capt. Nicholas Tetterzell, who commanded a small vessel in which Charles II. embarked at Brighton, on the 14th of October, 1654, after the fatal battle of Worcester. The house now known by the name of the King Charles's Head was at the time kept by a landlord of the name of Smith, who recognised the Prince, but kept the secret either from loyalty, or other equally strong motives. Captain Tetterzell, who, on the restoration, moored his vessel opposite Whitehall, to remind the King of the services he had rendered him, and who, in return, had a pension of 100l. a year to him and his heirs for ever, was buried in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, near the chancel door, and a block of black marble bears a memorial of his loyalty. It is intended to build a new church at Brighton very soon.

The Chapel Royal, which was erected

In 1793, and where his present Majesty and the royal family formerly attended divine service, is situated in Prince's-place. The Dissenting chapels are, Mr. Kemp's, in Ship-street; Lady Huntingdon's, in North-street; the Baptists', Bond-street; the Methodist chapel, St. James's-street; the Calvinists', Church-street; the Quakers' meeting, near the top of Ship-street; the Presbyterian church, Union-street; the Unitarian chapel, New-road; the Roman Catholic chapel, High-street; and the Jews' synagogue, West-street.

Hotels, inns, and boarding-houses form an interesting object in every watering-place; that they are invariably expensive is a general complaint: it is, however, fair to consider, that although they have to pay rent all the year, yet their opportunity of reimbursement is limited to a few months, and even that depends much on the weather. The principal hotels and inns are, the *New Steyne Hotel*, at the head of the New Steyne, which commands a full view of the sea, as does the *Marine Parade Hotel*; the *Royal York Hotel*, at the South end of the Old Steyne, is splendidly fitted up; the *New Inn and Hotel*; the *Old Ship Tavern and Assembly-Rooms*, where there are balls every Monday, and assemblies on the Thursdays; the *New Ship*, nearly opposite. There are also a number of inns, the Star and Garter; White Horse; Norfolk Arms; the Regent Hotel, New-road; the Gloucester Hotel, Gloucester-place; the Pavilion Hotel, Castle-square; and many other inns, where the accommodation and the expense necessarily vary. At the principal boarding-house, the terms are by consent uniformly two guineas and a half per week for board and lodging, exclusive of wine, or two guineas for board only. Servants and children, as at a show, at half price.

There are numberless houses where board and lodgings, particularly the latter, may be obtained at various prices. The market-days are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, though, as in London, the principal articles of consumption can be had any day except Sunday. Fish is generally dear at Brighton, notwithstanding the great quantity caught; for as it is the nearest fishing-town to London, the fishermen prefer a regular demand from the metropolis to the precarious trade at Brighton.

Among the amusements at Brighton, we may first name the theatre, which is situated between North-street and Church-street; it was built in 1807, but the first theatre opened in Brighton was built in 1789. The present theatre is neatly

fitted up, and frequented in proportion to the attractions it presents, or the number of visitors to Brighton. A cricket-ground and tea-garden (called Vauxhall), on the Lewes road, have been lately prepared for the athletic and the economical; and there is a club at Humphrey's, on the South-parade, for those who are blessed with the good things of this life, and wish to include play among their sea-bathing amusements. It consists of two hundred members, principally Members of the two Houses of Parliament. The members are elected by ballot; the admission fee is three guineas, and the subscription is the same sum annually.

Brighton of course contains a post office; it is situated in East-street, and the mail leaves nightly (Saturdays excepted) about ten o'clock: letters however should be there by nine o'clock, though for a penny they will be received at half-past nine, and if after that until ten for sixpence. The facility of travelling between Brighton and London is greater than between any two towns in England, and in summer, coaches are almost setting off every hour in the day from each place. The baths it is not necessary to enumerate, since every visitor soon makes himself acquainted with them. Some go to the subscription baths, but the machines are in the greatest request, the ladies usually resorting to those on the east, and gentlemen to those on the west of the town. Gilburd, at the New Steyne Hotel, pumps the water up every tide, a distance of 600 feet, through the rock of chalk, by means of a steam engine.

The visitor to Brighton ought to make his own health the first consideration, and take care to benefit as much as possible by sea air and sea bathing; he may also vary the monotony which an absence from friends may occasion, with the innocent amusements the town presents; but if he has any share of curiosity, and a due portion of good taste, he will participate freely in the walks and rides in the neighbourhood. Above all things let him go to the Devil's Dyke, which is about five miles distant, and decide if he can, whether art or nature has formed that singular cleft which divides the South Downs from Dyke Hill, though we advise him to be cautious how he looks down the precipitous sides of the chasm, lest, as Shakspeare says of the cliff at Dover, "he topple headlong." Dyke Hill commands a view of nearly the whole of Sussex and a considerable portion of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent, with the whole of the Downs; it is indeed a beautiful panoramic view. Rotting-

dean, New Haven, Shoreham, and many other places in the vicinity of Brighton are worth visiting; we of course can only indicate the most prominent; but he is an indolent or incurious traveller who does not soon ascertain by one means or another what is really worthy of notice wherever he may go.

In concluding No. I. of the *Watering Places*, we may as well say that we shall be happy to receive descriptive communications (post paid) from residents and visitors; they can assist us much in giving what we are anxious to do, a very faithful and interesting account of the Watering and Sea Bathing towns in Great Britain.

Origins and Intentions.

No. V.

JURIES.

SOME authors have endeavoured to trace the original of juries up as high as the Britons themselves, the first inhabitants of our islands; but, certain it is, they were in use among the earliest Saxon colonies, this institution being ascribed by Bishop Nicholson to Woden himself, their great legislator and captain. When the Normans came in, William, though commonly called the Conqueror, was so far from abrogating this privilege of juries, that, in the fourth year of his reign, he confirmed all King Edward the Confessor's laws, and the ancient customs of the kingdom, whereof this was an essential and most material part. Afterwards, when the great charter, commonly called Magna Charta, which is nothing else than a recital, confirmation, and corroboration of our ancient English liberties, was made and put under the great seal of England in the 9th year of King Henry III. A.D. 1225, then was this privilege of trials by juries, in an especial manner, confirmed and established, as in the fourteenth chapter:—"That no amercement shall be assessed but by the oath of good and honest men of the vicinage." And more fully in the nine-and-twentieth chapter:—"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or any other way destroyed, nor shall we pass upon him, or condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers." This grand charter having been confirmed by above thirty Acts of Parliament, the said rights of juries thereby, and by constant usage and common custom of England, which is the common law, are brought down to us as our *undoubted birth-right*, and are, in fact,

the best inheritance of every Englishman.

"A jury of twelve men are, by our laws, the only proper judges of the matter on issue before them."—Coke's *Institutes*, pp. 4, 84. The king's justices are to take the verdict of the jury, and thereupon to give judgment according to law, for the office of a judge, as Coke well observes, is not to *make* any law by *forced interpretations*, but plainly and impartially to declare the law already established; or, in the words of Blackstone, "he is only to declare and pronounce, not to make or new model the law." In a word, as Lord Coke again observes, the jury must have the guilt proved to them, not by suspicion, not by conjecture or inference, but proved in all the *full unerring force that moral demonstration will allow*. And it is to be observed, as an excellent golden rule, that, in cases where the matter is doubtful, both lawyers and divines prescribe rather *favour* than *rigour*. The very eminent and learned judge, Fortescue, says, cap. 27, "That he had rather twenty evil doers should escape death, through tenderness or pity, than that *one* innocent man should suffer unjustly;" and again, as Lord Chief Justice Vaughan well says, in his Reports, p. 115, "If a man differ in opinion or judgment from his fellows, whereby they are kept a day and night, though his dissent may not in truth be as reasonable as the opinion of the rest that agree, yet, if his judgment be not satisfied, one disagreeing can be no more criminal than four or five disagreeing with the rest." And Lord Coke's most excellent advice, which he addresses to *all judges*, may, with not less propriety, be applied to jurors:—"Fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your verdicts justly, according to the laws; for, fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours that reason should afford; and if you sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things:

"1. Though some may traduce you, yet God will give you his blessing.

"2. That though thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourites.

"3. That, in so doing, God will defend you as with a shield; as the Psalmist says, 'For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield.'

AGRICULTURE.

THE Egyptians ascribe the invention of Agriculture to Osiris, the Greeks to

Ceres and her son Triptolemus, and the Italians to Saturn or Janus. But the Jews, with more reason, ascribe this honour to Noah, who, immediately after the flood, set about tilling the ground and planting vineyards. Agriculture has been the delight of the greatest men. We are told, that Cyrus the younger, planted and cultivated his garden in a great measure with his own hands; and it is well known that the Romans took many of their best generals from the plough. Hollinshed says, "When Cæsar invaded Britain, agriculture was unknown in the inner parts: the inhabitants fed upon milk and flesh, and were clothed with skins." "Julius Cæsar," says history, "was of opinion that agriculture was first introduced into Britain by some of those colonies from Gaul which had settled in the southern part about 160 years before the Roman invasion." It appears that they were not unacquainted with the use of manures, particularly marle. Pliny tells us that it was peculiar to the people of Gaul, and of Britain; that its effects continued 80 years; and, that no man was known to marle his field twice. The establishment of the Romans in Britain, produced great improvements in agriculture, inasmuch, that prodigious quantities of corn were annually exported from the island; but when the Roman power began to decline, this, like all other arts, declined also; and was almost totally destroyed by the departure of that people. There are many curious laws respecting agriculture, particularly by the Saxon princes, one of which, by Ina, King of the West Saxons, who reigned in the 8th century, observes that a farm, consisting of 10 hides or ploughed lands, was to pay the following rent:—"10 casks of honey, 300 loaves of bread, 12 casks of strong ale, 30 casks of small ale, 2 oxen, 10 wethers, 10 geese, 20 hens, 10 cheeses, 1 cask of butter, 5 salmon, 20 pounds of fowage, and 100 eels." Towards the 14th century, the progress of agriculture revived, and received very great improvement. In the 15th, it seems to have been cultivated as a science; being a no less honourable than profitable art, evidently held in the highest esteem among the ancients, and equally valued by the moderns. The practice of agriculture in many nations is patronised by the throne itself; as, for instance, the Emperor of China, attended by his court, ploughs up publicly, in the vicinity of Peking, a few ridges, in different parts of a field, with his own hand, to excite, by his example, the industry of the husbandman, afterwards sowing them with wheat, rice, millet, beans, and a sort of grain called

calesing. This is performed by him every spring, and the produce is deposited in the imperial granary, for religious purposes. The husbandman whose superior skill in cultivating his lands entitles him to distinction, is constituted a mandarine of the eighth order, with permission to visit the governor of the city, and to sit in his presence; and, after his decease, this title of honour is registered in the hall of his ancestors. The Chinese collect every species of dung that seems calculated to give strength to the soil; and among the rest, the shavings of the head are preserved by the barbers, and produce them about a halfpenny a pound. They pull up the grain, after it has risen to a considerable height, for the purpose of planting it in checkered lines; and their lands are so smoothly rolled, that they resemble extensive gardens. The custom of ploughing is performed by the King of Siam, who ploughs annually a piece of land with his own hands. Agriculture is likewise held by the Tunisians in the highest estimation, as may be collected from the story of Mahomet, Bey of Tunis. This sovereign, being dethroned by his subjects, implored the protection of the Dey of Algiers, who promised to restore him to his government, on condition he would discover to him the grand secret of the philosopher's stone, of which he was reputed to be possessed; and, on his engaging to fulfil this agreement, he was reinstated in his kingdom. He then, with great pomp and ceremony, sent a vast quantity of plough-shares and mattocks to the Algerine prince; intimating that wealth could only arise from a proper cultivation of the earth; and that good crops might easily be converted into gold. In thrashing their corn, the Arabians lay the sheaves down in a certain order, and then lead over them two oxen, dragging a large stone. This mode of separating the ears from the straw is not unlike that of the Egyptians. In Syria, the Sheaves are spread in the open fields, and oxen drag over them a plank loaded with stones. The Arabians being less superstitious than the Jews, make no scruple of sowing a field with a mixture of different grains, whenever they suppose that this may be done with advantage.

GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY.

THE distinction between the origin of Government and the origin of Political Society, is thus defined in Cooper's Letters on the Irish Nation, 1799:—

"From the writings of Aristotle, we are taught to consider the origin of government not as a work of art, or of in-

tellect, much less as the result of contract; but as the consequence of a natural instinctive impulse towards comfort, convenience, and security. Government was not made, created, or covenanted about; but arose out of human nature. It is coeval with society, and society is coeval with man. Laws, indeed, which were afterwards added, are artificial aids and contrivances to prop and support government. They thwart, control, and subject the passions of individuals; in order to prevent their injuring society. But the origin of political society is totally distinct. It was dictated by nature, and cherished by a conviction and sensation of its utility. The same principle of general convenience, which for the well-being of mankind, necessarily gave rise to government, still holds it together, and must ever continue to do so. Utility is thus the moral principle upon which the obedience of citizens and the protection of magistrates rests. It was nature which established the subordinations of servant and master, of family to father, and of wife to husband. These three branches of domestic economy are the germ of all government. *Principium Urbis et quasi Seminarium Reipublicæ.* "The British Government," says Montesquieu, "is one of the wisest in Europe, because there is a body which examines it perpetually, and which is perpetually examining itself; and its errors are of such a nature, as never to be lasting, and are frequently useful, by rousing the attention. In a word, (he adds) a free government; that is to say, one for ever in motion, cannot support itself, unless its own laws are capable of correcting the abuses of it." The benevolent Hanway says, "Government originates from the love of order. Watered by police it grows up to maturity, and in the course of time, spreads a luxuriant comfort and security. Cut off its branches, and the mere trunk, however strong it may appear, can afford no shelter." Police being one of the means by which an improved state of society is produced and preserved, is defined by Mr. Colquhoun to be "a new science; the properties of which consist not in the judicial powers which lead to punishment, and which belong to magistrates alone; but in the prevention and detection of crimes, and in those other functions which relate to internal regulations for the well-ordering and comfort of civil society." "Again," says he, "to effect this purpose, inestimable in a national point of view, and benevolent and humane to all whose vices and enormities it tends to restrain; a police must be resorted to upon the broad

scale of general prevention, mild in its operations, effective in its results; having justice and humanity for its basis, and the general security of the state and individuals for its ultimate object."

F. R—x.

Reminiscences.

No. XVI.

DR. JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was a great tea drinker, and, it is said, has been known to take sixteen cups at a sitting; upon one occasion, not finding the refreshing beverage sweetened to his taste, instead of using the tongs, he put his fingers (which were never any of the *cleanest*) into the sugar basin, and accommodated it to his palate; the lady of the house, gave him a severe look in reproof for his breach of politeness, immediately rung the bell, and desired the servant to bring some more,—the doctor felt the rebuke, but remained silent; and having taken a *quantum suff.* he very deliberately dashed his cup and saucer under the grate: the lady became almost frantic with rage, and asked how he could presume to act so by spoiling her best set of curious old china. "Madam," replied the doctor with much warmth, "if by merely once dipping the tip of my fingers in your sugar, it became so entirely contaminated as to be rendered unfit for further use, what a scandalous pollution must have been given to a vessel which has been fifteen times employed in rinsing my throat!"

Johnson being once in company where Foote, as usual all life, was engrossing the whole conversation with puns and quirks, to which the doctor was always extremely averse, observed, that punning was the *lowest* species of wit. True, Sir, replied Sam, and therefore it is the very *foundation* of it. Johnson piqued at the retort, morosely rejoined, "the man who plays with puns would not hesitate to pick pockets."

The doctor was a pretty general attendant at the theatre, and commonly indulged in the habit of talking and laughing very loud to the company in the box—Garrick, who was upon friendly terms with him, took an opportunity to remonstrate on this impropriety, and observed, that "it hurt his feelings very much." "What! (answered Johnson, with a sarcastic sneer) what, Sir! *Punch* have feeling?"

Once when disputing with Macklin, Johnson interlarded his sentiments, by

* We have often heard this observation attributed to Johnson but doubt it much.—Ed.

continual quotations of Greek and Latin; "I don't understand the classical languages," said Macklin. "A man who pretends to argue," said Johnson, with much self importance, "should understand every language;" "Very well, Sir," said Macklin, and immediately quoted *Irish*.

When ballooning (now all the rage) was first introduced, Sir Thomas Littleton recommended Johnson to ascend with some one, and prove what he had stated in a number of the *Rambler*, that "a fool will ever be a fool in whatever atmosphere you place him;" "that you can easily do, said the doctor, by going up *alone*."

Notwithstanding his general brutal moroseness, Johnson was possessed of much goodness of heart; and it is but due to him to state, that when Goldsmith was greatly embarrassed, he relieved his distress; and also personally disposed of the *Vicar of Wakefield* to a publisher, who, however, did not submit it to the public till the *Deserted Village* becoming popular, encouraged him to bring out that celebrated tale.

JACOBUS.

Miscellaneous.

THE FISHING CORMORANT.

THE modern Chinese train up this bird, in all parts of China, for the purpose of fishing, where lakes and canals are very numerous. "To this end," says Buffon, "they are educated as men rear up spaniels, or hawks, and one man can easily manage a hundred. The fisherman carries them out into the lake, perched on the gunnel of his boat, where they continue tranquil, expecting his orders with patient attention. When arrived at the proper place, at the first signal given, each flies a different way to fulfil the task assigned it. It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to behold with what sagacity they portion out the lake, or canal, where they are stationed on duty. They hunt about, they plunge, they rise a hundred times to the surface, till they have at last found their prey; then they seize it in the middle with their beaks, and carry it regularly to their master. When the fish is too long they then give each other mutual assistance; one seizes it by the head, the other by the tail, and in this manner they carry it jointly to the boat: there the boatman stretches out one of his long oars, on which they perch; and, being freed from their burden, they again fly off to pursue their sport. When they are wearied, the proprietor suffers them to

enjoy a short interval of rest, but they are never fed till their task is accomplished. In this manner they supply a very plentiful table; but still their natural gluttony cannot be reclaimed by education. They have always, while they fish, a string tied round their throats, to prevent them from devouring their prey; as otherwise they would at once satiate themselves, and discontinue their pursuit. This bird has a very disagreeable smell, worse than carrion, even in its most healthful state. "Its form," says Mr. Pennant, "is disagreeable; its voice hoarse and croaking; and all its qualities filthy." No wonder, then, that Milton should make Satan resemble this bird, when he describes him as surveying, with pain, the beauties of Paradise, and devising death on the tree of life. And Bishop Newton, in his remarks on Milton's lines, defends the poet's choice of this voracious sea-fowl, as a proper emblem of the destroyer of mankind. The lines are the following:—

"Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd," &c. &c.

And Shakspeare somewhere says—What?
—confound it,—it has slipped my memory. And so I'd better leave off quoting any more, and only quote myself,

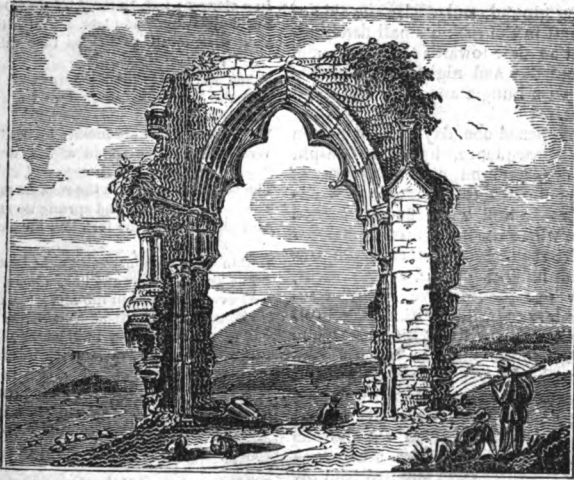
DIEDRICH.

THE AMERICAN COWSLIP.

[The following account of the American Cowslip is copied from No. 7 of "Maund's Botanic Garden," a very elegant little work, which contains every thing that is curious and interesting relating to the hardy flower plants cultivated in Great Britain, their scientific and English names, approved mode of culture, &c. Each number is also enriched with beautifully coloured engravings.—Ed.]

THE American Cowslip (*Dodecatheon Meadia*) is one of those attractive flowers that will bear the most scrupulous examination, and still leave us the more in admiration of its beauties. The grains of the farina or dust of this flower, when inspected with the assistance of a compound microscope, will be found peculiarly beautiful. They are distinctly organized minute pearls, so minute, that one square inch will contain upwards of three millions of them, and as squares cannot be covered by circles, more than one fifth of the space will be left unoccupied; or, to be more particular in numbers, presuming that a square inch will contain three millions of circles in direct rows each way, the area of each circle will be the 3,618,703th parts of the area of an inch.

Dale Abbey, Derbyshire.



THE above view is a correct representation of the sole remaining fragment of the east end of the Chapel of Dale Abbey, Derbyshire, as taken by a young lady in the year 1821; since which time no perceptible alteration has taken place in it. When seen from the surrounding hills, rising from the green, quiet, and open valley, beyond the little scattered village of Dale, no one can fail to be forcibly struck, and delighted with its beauty. As you approach it from the village, to the right is the chapel, built by the god-mother of Serlo de Grendon, and what is most singular, and probably without a parallel in British antiquities, an inn under the same roof, bearing the same indubitable marks of age with the chapel itself. To the left are two picturesque old cottages, partly formed with the ruins of the abbey; in the windows are a few panes of painted glass with inscriptions. About one hundred yards further, a little inclining to the right, is the old hermitage.

"The cave," says the author of the *Forest Minstrel*, "originally scooped by the hermit, is still entire. It is cut in a precipice which stands pleasantly elevated above the valley, and overhung with wood, in full prospect of the fine, lofty, remaining arch of the abbey. It is one of the most picturesque and perfect hermitages remaining in this country, though probably not less than seven hundred years old, the abbey itself being founded in 1204." The following account of this once magnificent and opulent abbey, and the tradition of the origin of the hermitage, and of the Abbey of Dale, given in *Pilking-ton's View of Derbyshire*, affords a curious portraiture of eremitical and monkish life:

"This abbey was a religious house of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. We are furnished with a more full and particular account of it than of any other in Derbyshire. A monk, who belonged to it, has left in manuscript a history of its foundation, as related by Maud de Salicosamara, who built the chapel belonging to the abbey. The following are the principal facts and circumstances related in this history:—

"We are told, that there once lived in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker, who was particularly distinguished by his great charity and devotion. After having spent many years in acts of benevolence and piety, he was, in a dream, called to give a very trying proof of his good principles. He was required by the Virgin Mary to relinquish all his worldly substance; to go to Depedale, and lead a solitary life in the service of her son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go. However, directing his course towards the east, and passing through the village of Stanley, he heard a woman saying to a girl, 'Take with thee our calves and drive them to Depedale, and return immediately.' Regarding this event as a particular interposition of divine providence, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and drawing near her, said, 'Tell me, good woman, where is Depedale?' when she gave him this answer, 'Go with the girl, and she, if you please, will show you the place.' Upon his arrival, he found it a very marshy land, and very distant from all human habitation. Pro-

ceeding from hence to the east, he came to a rising ground, and under the side of the hill cut in the rock a small dwelling, and built an altar towards the south, and there spent day and night in the divine service, with hunger and cold, and thirst and want.

"It happened one day, that a person of great consequence, by name Ralph, the son of Geremund, came in pursuit of the diversion of hunting into his woods at Ockbrook, and when he approached the place where the hermit lived, and saw the smoke rising from his cave, he was filled with indignation and astonishment, that any one should have the rashness and effrontery to build for himself a dwelling in his woods without his permission. Going then to the place, he found a man clothed with old rags and skins, and inquiring into the cause and circumstances of his case, his anger gave way to the emotions of pity; and to express his compassion, he granted him the ground where his hermitage was situated, and the title of his mill at Burgh (Burrowsash) for his support.

"It is related, that the old enemy of the human race then endeavoured to render him dissatisfied with his condition, but that he resolutely endured all the calamities of his situation. One of the greatest evils which he suffered, was a want of water; however, from this he was relieved by discovering a spring in the western part of the valley; near this he built a cottage and an oratory in honour of the blessed virgin, and ended his days in the service of God."

Serlo de Grendon, lord of Badely, a knight of eminent valour, great wealth, and distinguished birth, who married first, Margery, the daughter of the above Ralph, and afterwards Maud, lady of Celson, gave to his godmother, during her life, the place of Depedale, with its appurtenances, and some other land in the neighbourhood. She had a son, whom she educated for holy orders, that he might perform divine service in her chapel of Depedale, and herself resided at a small distance southward of this situation. But, in a short time afterwards, with the consent and approbation of this venerable matron, Serlo de Grendon, invited canons from Kalke, and gave them the place of Depedale. When these canons were settled here, they, with immense labour and expense, built a church and other offices; their prior also went to the court of Rome, and obtained several important privileges for them; and the place was much frequented by persons of all ranks; some of whom were large benefactors to this religious establishment.

"The Devil, one night, as he chanc'd to sail
In a stormy wind, by the Abbey of Dale,
Suddenly stopp'd and look'd wild with surprise,
That a structure so fair in that valley should
rise:

When last he was there it was lonely and still;
And the hermitage scoop'd in the side of the
hill,

With its wretched old inmate his beads a telling,
Were all could be found of life, dweller, and
dwelling.

The hermit was seen in the rock no more;
The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;
And each window the fern and the hart's tongue
hung o'er.

Within 'twas dampness and nakedness all:

The virgin, as fair and holy a block
As ever yet stood in the niche of a rock,
Had fall'n to the earth and was broke in the fall.
The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour,
When haymakers sought it to 'scape from the
shower,

Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,
Wheels and circles, ovals and stars.
But by the brook in the valley below,
Saint Mary of Dale! what a lordly show!
The Abbey's proud arches and windows bright,
Glitter'd and gleam'd in the full moonlight."

"However, in process of time, when the canons already mentioned had long been separated from the social conversation of men, they became corrupted by the prosperity of their situation, and

"Forsook missal and mass,
To chant o'er a bottle, or shrive a lass;
No matin's bell call'd them up in the morn,
But the yell of the hounds and the sound of the
horn;

No penance the monk in his cell could stay,
But a broken leg or a rainy day;
The pilgrim that came to the abbey door,
With the feet of the fallow deer found it wall'd
o'er;

The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,
On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,
And saw skins and antlers hang over his head.

"The king hearing of their insolent conduct, commanded them to resign every thing into the hands of their patron, and to return to the place from whence they came. Depedale was not long left desolate, for there soon came hither, from Tapholme, six white canons of the Premonstratensian order."

The abbey was surrendered in 1539, by John Staunton and sixteen monks; and eleven years after the abbey clock was sold for six shillings; the iron, glass, paving stones, and grave stone, for £18; and there were six bells, 47 cwt. The whole number of abbots was sixteen, and the period of their government 312 years, six weeks, and one day.

"From Howitt's 'Forest Minstrel and other Poems,' a quaker production, and as such it might be supposed by many to be of a *rigidly serious cast*, but the 'Legend of Dale Abbey,' from which we have quoted, has no great claim to that character, since it is a *facetious poem*.

The abbot's bed, richly adorned in antique style, is yet preserved; and the furniture of the Inn, under the chapel roof, is of oak, quite black with age, doubtless as old as the abbey. A place is shown to visitors where the partition wall betwixt the chapel and Inn, gave way to the thirsty zeal of the pious monks; for tradition honours them with the conceit of having their favourite liquor handed to them through it whilst at mass.

Several years ago when the village underwent some alteration, a great portion of the remains of the abbey were used in mending the roads; many beautiful masses of stone, we are told, were disposed of in this way by its ignorant despoilers. A spirit, or rather disposition of this nature still lingers amongst the men of Dale, who lately proposed to convert the hermitage into a club-room, thinking it would tend to promote their interests, by proving a greater temptation to strangers, than whilst in its venerable and antique state.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

APPROVED METHODS OF SETTING HOUSES ON FIRE.

THERE are two or three modes of performing this experiment. The operator may place the candle by the bed-side, on a chair or a table, and suffer the curtain, which must not be carefully looped up, to fall down on it, or she may take the candle into the bed itself, and fall asleep, or lean over it in her night-cap and do the same thing, or forget to snuff it, and allow the mushroom to tumble into her pocket-handkerchief, or to become a thief. Ingenious experimenters will discover other modes of operating; and it is a very good way to hold the candle in the hand when getting into bed, and to whisk it past the curtains. It is a sort of corollary from this mode, that without going to bed, my lady's maid, or the house-maid, should similarly make up the bed, or make it down, which is the proper phrase, with the candle in one hand, and she may then whisk it along the bed curtains or the dimity window curtains, or sit down on the bed with it in her hand; all of which modes we have known highly successful.

Should the experiment be much desired, especial care must be taken that no candle has a glass shade; and if it should succeed, the windows and doors must immediately be opened, and the party must scream and run down stairs; for we have known the experiment utterly fail by the

application, in time, of the water jug, or by squeezing the diseased part in a towel, or by pulling down the curtains, or shutting the door close and leaving the room quietly.

Thus much respecting beds and curtains, and thus much as to young ladies when they set up to operate on houses. On themselves, they possess other modes of experimenting, by means of muslin, whether in the form of gowns, caps, or handkerchiefs. Such, for example, as sitting or standing near a wood fire, particularly if it be oak and has the bark on, or fir, which answers nearly as well, or standing by any fire when it burns well, and there is an open door or window, and no guard, or reading a romance with the knees inside the fender, or meditating over one with the chin on the hand and the candle under the cap. And in all these cases, should the lady prove as inflammable as the romance and the candle are inflammatory, she should scream and run out of the room, by which means it is probable she will serve as a torch for the curtains, or the chair covers, or the sofas, or the bed, if there happens to be one present, and by which means also she will ensure perfect success as to her own person.

But the fair sex, not being ladies, young or old, possesses other resources, in the shape of nursery maids, laundry maids, kitchen maids, maids of all work, or maids of no work, such as are the housekeeper who keeps a deputy, and my lady's maid. It is necessary that the nursery maid should have a fire, or how should she boil the infant's pap, or make a "comfortable drop of tea" for herself? And she must keep it alive all night, that she may dry the clouts. Or rather, because that is too much trouble; she makes a roaring fire before she goes to bed, the clouts begin to singe, the children and the nurse try which shall snore the loudest, the clouts flame, the horse takes fire, so does the wainscoat, and then the ceiling, and then "the neighbours are alarmed, and cry out, Fire," and a successful experiment is the result.

But we can instruct the nursery maid, the laundry maid, the kitchen maid, all the maids, how to effect their purposes in another way, not less efficacious, and as little suspected. When a kettle is to be lifted off the fire, it is apt to be hot in the handle, and to burn the fingers, a towel is a convenient intermedium. The towel, being dry and hot, is seized on by this point of a flame, or a spark, and it is then proper to throw it over a chair back, or into a corner, or into any other combustible place. The spark spreads into a

circle, as it does in a tinder box, or wanders about like the parson and the clerk when a child "has burnt to tinder some stale last year's news," and, in due time, the engines arrive, and Nobody has set the house on fire. We vouch for the success of this experiment, because it once succeeded perfectly well with us on a bit of wainscoat.

All these methods, however, bear a certain air of vulgarity; for which reason we shall point out at least one elegant mode of effecting this desirable object. Being founded on optical principles, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the ladies who have learnt their *Ologies*, who know the length of Captain Kater's pendulum, think Captain Basil Hall a greater man than Cook, Frobieher, and Raleigh united.

This expedient is perfectly Galilean, and consists in choosing a globular decanter, which is to be filled with water (ladies, the water needs not be distilled), and then placing it on some sunshiny day, supposing that such a thing ever happens in England, in the sunshine, on a table, in a window, covered (the table) with a fair toilette table-cloth. The focus (that is the word,) concentrating the sun-beams, and—in short, sets the house on fire. It is even so indeed; for we have known it happen twice. As to other scientific and chemical means of producing the same results, such as by a phosphorus bottle, or a bottle of oxymuriatic matches, they are too vulgar to be introduced into so profound a treatise as this. Nor need we inform school-boys how they may manage for the same purposes by gunpowder and squibs, since we profess to deal only in the obscurer and more profound expedients for exciting what the lawyers call arson.

The cook, the kitchen maid, the scullery maid, the whole genus dealing in fires and the great art of nutrition, possess such obvious means of their own, of making fireworks of any dimensions, suited to the scales of their respective houses, that we consider it beneath our dignity to descend into their regions.

With respect to the stable, the quintessence of the pyrotechnic art, in this case, is for the coachman and grooms, and stable boys, one, each, or all, to get drunk, and the drunker the better. That being done, it is proper to lie down on the hay with the candle burning, or to go up into the hay loft similarly, or to amuse themselves with setting fire to spiders, or smoking, or with drinking still more, if they have not drunk enough already. Drunk or sober, it is not amiss to have a nocturnal assignation with some gentle air one at midnight, to clap the candle under a stable bucket as a substitute for

a dark lantern, and forget it, or else to tumble it into the hay in the confusion of the moment, or, finally, to prevent discovery, whether of this, of purloined oats, stolen hay, or a stolen horse, fairly set the whole on fire. That it is generally judged good policy to fire a stable occasionally, is indicated by that exquisite invention a stable lantern, partaking of all the obvious qualities of a safety lamp, and unquestionably the hint whence it was derived. If, indeed, it is nothing to the purpose of safety, if a spark may fly out, or a straw get in, conducting to other straws, it is very much to the purpose which we have here all along kept in view.

Our advice to bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers, admits of being brief, for we cannot teach them much. They are adepts already. Bond timber is, however, the fundamental secret; because brick and lime being naturally incombustible, inasmuch as they have both been burnt already, no other method of destroying the walls with the interior, the shell with the oyster, could have been devised. Luckless was the day, and dark the hour, that substituted stamped and taxed paper, amianthine paper paste and lime, for fat, red, fiery Norway fir; but he was no small philosopher in fire, who taught us to build houses on drumsticks, that, like mousetraps, they might tumble at the pulling of a trigger.

But even bond timber will not burn unless it receives the contact of the element destined to communicate life and motion to the dormant and sluggish mass; and how should the whole mine of beams and timbers, and rafters and floors, be taught to aspire to heaven, unless the train were laid which may in due time rescue them from their bondage, and make them exult in liberty, hailing their emancipation in crackling and sparkling bonfires. The train is laid into the chimney, and where better could it be laid? This, at least, is the most efficacious; but it occasionally succeeds if laid below the hearth stone; where, gradually drying, more gradually charring, perhaps favoured by some delicate crevice to admit air, or a spark, it is at length found that the house smells strangely of burning wood; then smells of smoke, then smells of fire; and, at length becomes sensible to the rest of the seven senses, and to the insurance office. As to the plumbers, they understand so well the art of burning down a church or a cathedral, that we need not lose our labour in attempting to instruct them.

It is often convenient to burn down divers manufactories of various kinds, but the modes are endless, and would exhaust

our patience. Yet we particularly recommend to varnish makers and the rest of this fraternity, always to work at an open fire, because if they used any furnace of any kind, this desirable event could never happen. Carpenters, chemists, distillers, bakers, and the rest, must be allowed to follow the established rules in this art, for we doubt if we could teach them any thing new.

Powder millers, we believe, may yet learn from us; though they have hitherto appeared to understand their trade tolerably well, as Hounslow can testify. It is highly necessary to grind their combustible dust with stones, because these are noted for striking fire, even though they be limestones, and never to use iron or copper, because then a mill could not possibly blow up. For the same reason, it is expedient that the powder should be granulated in the midst of its own dust; that, amid the said dust, cranks should be revolving and gudgeons grinding in their sockets, and that care should be taken not to oil them too much, lest they should not become hot enough to fire, first the dust, then the powder, lastly the house; terminating all with a dispersion of heads, legs, and arms, into the air.—*London Magazine*.

* "Dean Swift's Advice to Servants" is well known, as it has been published in all shapes and at all prices. Under the mask of advising servants how to screen faults, it ironically exposes their tricks, and was vindicated on the ground of its putting masters and mistresses on their guard, but in the present age of cheap literature and universal education, when many young servants are better read than their old masters, we have some doubts whether Swift's Advice to Servants has not instructed more servants how to conceal faults, than masters and mistresses how to detect them. "The Approved Methods of Setting Houses on Fire" is a very ingenious essay, on the same plan as that of Swift, but of less equivocal advantage, since it is not likely that any person in reading it will be tempted to endanger his neck by committing arson. It is, in fact, an admirable ironical exposure of the careless habits by which fires are occasioned, and the writer, towards the conclusion, after expressing a wish to make carelessness punishable, shows his real object, and justly remarks, that "the lady, or the lady's maid who reads a romance in bed, the plumber who melts his lead on a wooden roof, the stable boy who falls asleep with his candle in the hay, know that they may set fire to their respective places, and they must all know the amount of the consequences. It is so with many more cases; and, we will venture to say, that nine-tenths of our fires are the produce of neglect or wantonness that might have been avoided, and that would be avoided if there were a threatened punishment held out."—*Ed.*

The Robellist.

No. LXXVI.

JOHN DOE.*

THE old devotion to private skirmishing of the Irish peasantry is well known. Skirmishing would, indeed, be too mild a word to express the ferocious encounters that often took place among them when parties, or, as they are locally termed, factions of fifty or a hundred met, by appointment, to wage determined war; when blood profusely flowed, and sometimes lives were lost. On festival days, when they met at a "pattern," or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bag-pipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens and the whoops of onslaught; when kicking up of a "scrimmage" was as much matter of course, as the long draughts of ale or whiskey that closed a bargain. At one of these patterns, two young officers, Graham and Howard, quartered in Ireland, attended. Graham danced with the peasant girls, and every thing was perfectly quiet, and even jovial, and the officers were afraid they would be disappointed of a row, when Paddy Flinn suddenly seized an alpeen, and upsetting every person and thing in his way, flourished the weapon, and made a deadly blow at a gentlemanly-dressed man who was just entering. The foremost of a considerable body of peasants who came in with this person guarded off the blow, and in turn struck at the aggressor. Their sticks crossed and clattered; but at last Paddy felled his man, crying out at the same time, as the rest of the hostile party pressed upon him—"Where are ye, my boys, abroad!—Come on, for the right cause!—Look after Purcell!—he's goin' to escape!"—then, turning to the people in the tent—"neighbours, neighbours!—neighbours an' all good christhens!—stand up for honest men!—This is the devil's-bird, Purcell! stand up for the orphans he made! for the widow he kilt! for the daughter he ruined, and the son that's far away!—whoó!"

"Such, indeed, was the case; Purcell

* We have abridged this highly interesting novel from the Tales of the O'Hara Family, recently published; a work which critics unite in considering as approaching more nearly to the Scottish novels, than any work of fiction that has been produced. The knowledge the author displays of Irish life, and the admirable delineation of character in the Tales of the O'Hara Family, portrayed as it is by vigorous and graphic description, gives an apparent reality to the romance, and a body to what is in reality but a picture.—*Ed.*

was a tithes-proctor, a demon in human shape. Privately he stirred up the wretched and ignorant people around him to resist rack-rents that he threw by as privately exacting. When he got them involved by his agents, he informed against them, running their blood into money. Those who held lands on reasonable terms he thus contrived to turn adrift on this world, or launch into the next, bidding for the vacant land himself, and then letting it at tenfold its value, to starving creatures, who, though they sweated like the beasts of the field, which they do, could not meet their rent-day. There was one family in particular, a mother, and a son and daughter, and an old grandfather; the father was long dead. Purcell, by his underhand practices, ensnared the son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, in nightly combinations: then he arraigned him before the landlord; and then, for their lease was expired, son and all were turned out of their home, the old man and all; all except the daughter."

"And what became of her?" said Howard, to Sullivan the narrator.

"Villain! eternally damned villain!" exclaimed Sullivan in another burst, and while his youthful face and figure took a stern and formidable appearance; "what became of *her*? He had trod her down beforehand—seduced her, and she went with him into his house. She left her sick mother, and her old grandfather, on the field before their own door, and turned to the menial hearth of him who—pardon me—the night wears—we walk too slow."

"Pray continue; what of the rest of this poor family?"

The narrator, touched perhaps as well by Howard's evident sympathy, as by the subject he was about to enter on, answered in a broken voice—

"The mother, as I said, was ill: she could get no farther than the ridge that gave her a last look of her old cottage. She sat there till night came on. 'Twas a bad night—and she died in it," he added, with a voice scarcely audible.

"Dreadful!—and the son?"

"The wretched son was not then at home. He returned with an oath to revenge his poor mother: Purcell gained information of his purpose, and, at the head of a body of soldiers, hunted him through the country. In the north the boy escaped him; and there, it is believed, took shipping for America."

The name of the victim of Purcell's infamy was Cauthleen Kavanagh. The villain had not however found the destruction of this now helpless creature an easy exploit. She had withstood his smiles, his oaths, and his ardour—his

gold she at once spurned—until, in the fervency of passion, even the constitutionally calm villain had given her, in writing, a solemn promise of marriage. Then she fell, and with her all her influence, attraction, and hopes. Years passed over without any disposition on Purcell's part to perform his contract; and the victim could at first only weep, and kneel to him for mercy and justice, and then, when she gradually saw the nature of the man to whom she had abandoned herself, and felt in words and acts the effect of that nature in reply to her supplications, the wretched girl could only mourn in silence; or if she did speak, it was in the tone of a poor slave abjectly begging a favour, rather than in the voice of conscious right demanding the fulfilment of an obligation.

Purcell began to get rich, and became weary of poor Cauthleen of whom he wanted to get rid, in order that he might marry Mary Grace, the daughter of a rich attorney; but before he did this, it became necessary to get back his written promise, which she kept carefully. Repeatedly he demanded it, and one night more earnestly than ever.

"Where is it? Cauthleen, I must see that cursed scribble, for your own sake; I have a particular reason. Go for it. 'Tis in your room, isn't it?—Why don't you go?—then I'll go myself—and by—drawer, box, or press, shall not keep it from me—I'll break them into splinters sooner than let it escape me"—and he rose and took a candle.

"Stay, Stephen," said Cauthleen, also rising—"it would be useless—quite useless—indeed it would—that paper is not in any room in the house—I declare solemnly it is not."

A startling apprehension crossed Purcell's mind at those words, and, resuming his seat, he said—

"Then you have sent it to the attorney?—What! is that the way you would treat me?"

The reproach, the insult, the voice and manner completely overpowered Cauthleen, and she sunk into her chair convulsed with tears.

"Answer!—have you sent it away? have you put it out of your hands?—answer, I say!" and he took her violently by the shoulder.

"Spare me, spare me, Stephen," cried Cauthleen, falling on her knees—"I have not sent it out of the house to any one—I could never send it where you say—indeed I could not."

"Where is it then, woman?" he asked, stamping, and holding out his clenched hands. At this moment Cauth-

leen drew a handkerchief from her bosom, and a crumpled slip of paper fell on the carpet. One glance of Purcell's eye recognized the long-sought document, and he was stooping to pick it up, but Cauthleen hastily anticipated him, snatched it, and restored it to her bosom.

"I'll have it by heaven!" exclaimed Purcell, stooping towards her; but Cauthleen, starting up, rushed into a corner, and there again kneeling, addressed him,—

"Do not, do not, Purcell!" she said, "I'll give it to you when you hear me—to-morrow when you hear me calmly, I'll give it to you—do not," raising her voice, and wringing her hands as he approached—"for the love of that heaven whose love we have both missed!"

"So," resumed Purcell, now standing over her, "you had it about you at the very time I asked for it, and you would not let me see it!"

"You should not be angry with me for that, Stephen; I'll tell you about it—when you are away from me, and that I am quite alone in the world, I draw out that paper and read it over and over, and kiss it, and cry over it, and lay it on my heart—'tis my only hope—and, if there is any, my only shadow of excuse to myself and before God."

"Nonsense!—trash!—folly!—give it into my hand this moment!"—and he caught her by the wrists.

"And sometimes, Stephen," she ran on, out of breath, blinded in tears, and struggling with him—

"Sometimes I steal up with it to the cradle where our last and only boy lies sleeping—the rest were taken from us, one by one, for a judgment—we deserved that curse—and there I kneel down by the infant's side, and ask him, in a voice that would not waken a bird, to look at it, and understand it, and see that he is not entirely the child of shame, and that his mother is not entirely the guilty creature they will tell him she is."

"Come, Cauthleen," interrupted Purcell, bending on one knee, and using more force—"give it me, if you have any fears for yourself!"—but in the paroxysm of passion that Cauthleen felt, he encountered more resistance than he had expected; and, exasperated to the utmost by her continued struggling, the mean and cowardly ruffian did that which we blush and burn to record—he raised his clenched hand—it fell—Cauthleen fell under it—and Purcell got possession of the paper, and instantly approached the fire. Cauthleen, though stunned and stupified, wildly understood his movement, and screamed and tottered after him; but she was too

late; Purcell cast it into the flame, and then saying—"There—since we have so often quarrelled about it, that's the only way to end disputes," sunk into his seat.

Cauthleen, with clasped hands, and her tears now dried up at their source, looked a moment at the fire, and then in the hollow tones of despair said—

"And now you can live with Mary, Grace to-morrow."

Purcell, at first startled, turned quickly round; but his features only wore a bitter mockery, while he asked—

"Who told you that fine story, Cauthleen?"

"Never ask me, Purcell, but answer me!" she exclaimed, in a manner the very opposite to her late meekness and timidity—"is it true?—am I not to be your wife indeed?—after all your oaths—the oaths that stole me from my mother's side, and then broke my mother's heart—will you take Mary Grace to yourself, and leave shame as well as sorrow on Cauthleen?"

"Fear nothing; I'll provide for you."

"It is true, then?—and this, at last, is to be the lot of Cauthleen Kavanagh?—and at your hands?—whose?—the hands that brought ruin on all of her name!"

"Silence, Cauthleen—or—"

"Or what?—you'll make me? how?—kill me?—do—I wish it—ask for it—expect it. Yes, Purcell, I expect it—the robber—the perjurer and the murderer need not disappoint me!"

"Fool! take care what words you speak—and listen to me in patience—I courted and won you, because I loved you:—listen to me!—I can love you no longer—and why should we live in hatred together?"

"Cursed be the hour I saw you, Purcell!—accursed the false words that drew me, from virtue and happiness, under your betraying roof—your roof that I now pray God may fall on us as we stand here damning each other!—oh! I am punished! I trusted the plunderer of my family, and the murderer of my mother and my brother, and I am punished!"

"I told you to have a care, Cauthleen," said Purcell, starting from his seat, pale, haggard, and trembling with rage—"I warned you to weigh your words, and you will not;" and his distended eye glanced on a fowling-piece that hung over the chimney.

"I know what you mean, Purcell!" resumed Cauthleen, in a still wilder frenzy—"I saw where your eye struck—and knowing and seeing this, I say again, robber and murderer, do it!"

"By the holy saints—then!" he exclaimed, snatching at the weapon of death.

"Aye, by the saints and all! the murderer will not want an oath—pull your trigger, man!—but, stop a moment!—first hear that!"

Purcell had the piece in his hand, and was raising it, when the faint cry of an infant reached them from an inside room; his face grew black, and he flung the weapon on the ground, and turned away.

"Leave my house," he added, after a moment's pause.

"You and your brat together—leave it this instant!"

"I will," muttered Cauthleen—"I intended to do it;" she rushed through a door, and returned with the infant on her arm.

"The night draws on, Purcell," Cauthleen continued, "and it was just in such a night you sent my mother from our own old home, that, in her agony and sickness, too, the cold blast might deal on her. I leave you, praying that it may so deal on me! My mother cursed you as she went; I pray to have that curse remembered! and I add mine! take both, Purcell—the mother's first—the daughter's last—may they cling to you!"

Having spoken these words, Cauthleen caught closer in her arms the wretch they encircled, and, bare headed and unman- tled, rushed out of the house of crime. After an instant's lapse, Purcell heard her wild and already distant scream mingling with the wail of her baby, and the bitter gust of the cold winter night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

NUMBER OF GRAINS OF CORN IN A BUSHEL.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE farmer has given the following as the result of an experiment to ascertain the weight and number of a Winchester bushel of each of the undermentioned sorts of grain:—

	Wt. in lbs.	No. in grains.
Wheat.....	62	550,000
Barley.....	52½	520,000
Oats.....	32	1,260,000
Poplar Peas.....	64	110,000
Horse Beans.....	64	37,000

ARMSTRONG, THE JESTER.

THE custom of keeping jesters or fools at court ceased with Archibald Armstrong in the reign of Charles the First. Archy, as he was usually called, lies interred in

the church-yard of his native parish of Aruthret, in Cumberland; and by an odd incident suitable to his profession, the day of his funeral happened to be the first of April. Archy had long shot his bolt with great applause, till he unfortunately fell upon Archbishop Laud, for which he was degraded, had his fool's coat pulled over his head, and was expelled the court. When the news arrived of the tumults in Scotland, occasioned by an attempt to introduce the Liturgy there, Archy unluckily met the Archbishop, and had the imprudence to say to his grace, "Who is fool now?" Of this the prelate complained to the privy council, to which he was then going, and in consequence, the following entry was made in the council book, "Ordered that Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, be banished the court for speaking disrespectful words of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

According to Howell, Archy had the honour of attending Charles, when Prince of Wales, on his romantic expedition to Spain, where his fool's coat gained him admittance into the presence of the Infanta and her ladies of honour, who were pleased with his wit and extravagance. One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than fifteen thousand men, after a long march, should encounter and defeat the Palsgrave's army, consisting of above twenty-five thousand, in consequence of which, Prague was taken. When Archy heard this, he answered, that he could tell them a stranger thing than that, "for was it not very surprising (says he) that in the year 1588, there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty ships from Spain to invade England, and that not ten of them could get back to tell what became of the rest."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to the numerous inquiries when we shall resume the *Music* in the MIRROR, we have the pleasure to inform our readers that "*The Spaniard to his Country*," an original patriotic Ballad, written and arranged to a Spanish melody never before published, and dedicated to General Mina, shall appear in the course of the present month.

Risor; *Jacobus*; *Clara*, and *S. Ball* shall have early insertion. The drawings forwarded by *S. O. B.*, and *M.* shall be engraved; in the mean time we beg them to accept our best thanks. We believe *Mr. Wilkin* is mistaken, and that the *Lines to a Kiss* which a correspondent attributed to Burns are as old as the time of Dryden.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all News-men and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLVI.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

The House in which Rousseau was born.



A MAN of a more wayward genius than Jean Jacques Rousseau, perhaps never existed, and yet that he possessed genius of a high order will not be disputed by any one in the least acquainted with his works. Geneva, once a flourishing republic, and one of the first free states that adopted the reformation, and now the principal city in Switzerland, gave birth to Rousseau, in the year 1711, and the above engraving is a view of the house in which his father, a respectable watchmaker, lived, and where he was born.

Geneva has long been celebrated for the education of youth, having a public school and university in which there are generally about a thousand students. It possesses a public library, a botanic garden, and several individuals have collections of natural history, to which students are readily admitted. Hence Geneva has produced many men of talent, among whom, independent of Rousseau, we may enumerate Tronchin, Saussure, the first traveller who ascended Mont Blanc, and is called the "Father of the Alps," Bonnet, Burlamagni, Mallet de

Vol. VI.

K

Pan, M. Necker, the minister to Louis XVI., his daughter, the celebrated Madame de Stael, Berenger, Picot, Pictet, and Sismondi, the living author of a "History of the Literature of the South of Europe," which has been very well translated by Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

The life of Rousseau was a checkered one; he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom he ran away, he lived some time as a servant, and afterwards supported himself by copying music: he, however, neglected no opportunity of improving his mind, and became so distinguished by his works that in 1791 his remains were translated with great pomp to the church of St. Genevieve (then the Pantheon) and on the sarcophagus containing his ashes, was the following inscription:—

"Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité."

We do not here propose to give a memoir of Rousseau which we may be tempted to do hereafter, we shall therefore only remark that he died in July 1778, and conclude with two anecdotes

129

of him, for which we confess ourselves indebted to the *Perry Anecdotes*.

Among other persons of literary eminence who were pensioned by his late majesty, George the Third, in the early part of his reign, was the celebrated Rousseau; but his majesty, on making the grant, insisted that the matter should not be made public, which was intended as a peculiar mark of respect for that wayward and extraordinary character. The philosopher of Geneva, however, after having gratefully accepted the favour, and returned his thanks for the manner in which it was bestowed, returned in on quarrelling with his friend, David Hume. He did this however in a manner which plainly indicated a desire to keep the grant, provided he was courted to it; but having once declined the royal bounty, it was not thought proper to make the monarch a suppliant to an adventurer. Madame de Staël, in her extravagant panegyric on Rousseau, has most absurdly praised him for refusing a pension from the king of England, without however stating the particulars of the story, or noticing the excessive meanness of her hero, who actually endeavoured to get the pension renewed when it was too late. Rousseau, however, bore testimony to the virtues of his majesty. "It was not," said he, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man."

The end of Rousseau, with some eccentricity, had much in it of the sublime. He is represented to have addressed his wife, a few minutes before his death in these words:—"Be so good as to open the windows, that I may have the pleasure of seeing once more the verdure of that field. How beautiful it is! how pure the air! how serene the sky! what grandeur and magnificence in the aspect of nature—Look at that sun, whose smiling aspect seems to call me hence! There is my God—God himself; who opens to me the bosom of his paternal goodness, and invites me to taste and enjoy, at last that eternal and unutterable tranquillity, which I have so long and so ardently panted after!"

A SUNDAY AT BOULOGNE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

RESTLESSNESS, which forms an active part of the character of most men, induced me to wander a little beyond the "white cliffs of Albion," and pass a few days at Boulogne, and then to wish myself back again to my native soil; such being the love of curiosity, that, however

the previous anticipation may be fulfilled, the appetite soon becomes glutted, and the same spirit of *change* again manifests itself. But, Mr. Editor, my object at the present moment is merely to relate one or two facts connected with the manner in which the inhabitants of Boulogne spend their *Sundays*. I had previously heard that religious ceremony ceased at sun-set, and that after that hour entertainments of the theatre and dancing commenced; from which I drew the conclusion, that the Sabbath was held in some veneration,—a conclusion I now find perfectly erroneous; indeed, were I to speak what I think, I should feel inclined to say, that the only difference existing between their Sundays and other days, is to be found in this, that on the Sunday the garden for dancing is opened—that the theatre is opened—that the drinking-rooms (or, as some would say, *Café Chinois*) are crowded to excess—that various games, after the style of English nine pins, and a species of *bagatelle*, are played at; while on other days some places are closed, and those that are open are empty. This, as I have already observed, appears to be the only manifest difference, which insinuates, that Sunday is not only a day of labour like other days, but also one of pleasure. How far this may be consistent I shall not now contend; suffice to say, that it appears a little strange for an Englishman to see such *amusements*, *religious exercises*, and *manual labour* jumbled together on the Sabbath.

Their churches, which are plain, meagre, white-washed buildings, not equal either to those at Calais or Paris, are open *all day*, so that those persons who are desirous of repeating their prayers, are at liberty to walk in and take down their chair (chairs being the only seats used, and those of the most common description, which are placed upon one another by hundreds in various corners of the church), exercise their devotional powers, and retire; and that it is no novel sight there to see a labourer at his prayers with tools under his arms, either returning from or proceeding to work. Ship-builders, too, are to be found at their employment; indeed, without enumerating further, the shops are *all open*, trading vehicles are in motion, and articles of merchandise are purchased with as much facility as on any other day.

It is a lamentable truth, that the labouring women of Boulogne, and of France generally, are degraded beyond all idea by their various employments. Frenchmen should recollect, that women are the sweet solace of man's life, whose duties were never intended to extend to

the performance of *manual labour*, and that *man*, and *man only*, should labour by "the sweat of his brow." How disgusting is the common practice of seeing women yoked like so many cattle, dragging to the custom-house a sort of cart loaded with luggage, belonging to the various foreign vessels that arrive in their harbour. After this laborious employment, they work like common porters until the arrival of the owners of the luggage, and then convey it to their residences. This is not the only laborious employment women are subjected to. A number of them are constantly engaged in bringing large buckets of sand from the sea-shore, a task beyond the strength of many Englishmen; and all this on the day of rest, *Sunday*. To use the expression of a female resident, "France is a Paradise for men, and a hell for women."

I have stated on Sundays their theatre and garden for dancing (*champetre*) are open. It may not be, perhaps, extending this article too much, to say that their theatre is of the most wretched character. The well-known private theatre in Berwick-street is as much superior to it as Covent-garden theatre is to that in Berwick-street; indeed, it ought to be known by no other name than the theatrical barn. Their performances certainly appear none of the worst; but their management is tiresome, as I did not once witness a change of scenery in one evening; by the bye, I did not stop longer than *half an hour* at one time. Their principal dancing gardens are of a very inferior character, much below all our common tea-gardens, and at an immeasurable distance from those of Paris.

Yours, &c.

August 8, 1825.

A. B. C.

THE FOUR REASONS; OR, THE ACTOR'S APPEAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following lines were spoken at the Royalty Theatre by a performer at his benefit in February last. In imitation of Mrs. Siddons's example at Bath, about thirty years ago, he produced his children as his reasons for soliciting the public favour. If you think them worthy of a place in your miscellany, they are much at your service. AMICUS.

Northampton-square, July, 1825.

WHEN at the splendid ball or festive treat
The wealthy host invites his friends to meet,
No need has he to fear their hesitation,
Nor offer reasons for his invitation;
The joys, the grandeur of the expected fete,
Superfluous render every artful bait.
"We come, we come," cries each delighted elf,
The host may keep his reasons to himself."

K 2

But, ah! with me, who boast nor *fete* nor ball,
No sumptuous banquet nor illumin'd hall,
How different is the case with me to-night,
Who my kind friends with promises invite,
To give them REASONS FOUR why thus I dare
To ask their presence at my humble fare!

Reason the first, stand forth! (*the eldest son enters*), a goodly boy,
The father's pride, a mother's anxious joy!
Come in, my second reason! (*the eldest girl enters*); do I hear
Th' enlivening plaudit and benignant cheer?
Enter a third! (*the second son enters*), more
tender still in years—
And now my last (*the youngest child enters*),
not least in love, appears.
These are the reasons, these the motives keen,
That urge my efforts in this toilsome scene;
And, if I know our frame, they stand confest
In every husband's, every parent's breast.

A COMPARISON.

It was ev'ning's bright ray
That gild'd the sky,
And the last spark of day
Blush'd a deep crimson dye.
Yet it glow'd but awhile,
And its beauty soon fled,
For its lovely soft smile
Was with darkness o'erspread.
I then thought on the beam
That hope sheds o'er the breast,
Like this fast fleeting gleam
Gliding on to the west.
For when hope has departed,
The deep shades of woe
Fill the soul, from whence started
Her last ev'ning glow.

H. S.

ORIGIN OF FRUITS, &c. IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

"See various trees their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use;
See sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For physic some, and some design'd for food;
See fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride."
Blackmore on the Creation.

IN the reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Grindall, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, transplanted here the tamarisk. Oranges were brought here by one of the Carew family. To Sir Walter Raleigh we are indebted for that useful root, the potatoe. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country. The fig trees planted by Cardinal Pole, in the reign of Henry VIII. are still standing at Lambeth. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover grass into England in 1645. The mulberry is a native of Persia, and is said to have been introduced in 1576. The almond was introduced in 1570, and

came from the east. The chestnut is a native of the South of Europe. The walnut is a native of Persia, but the time of its introduction is unknown. The apricot came from America about 1562. The plum is a native of Asia, and was imported in Europe by the Crusaders; and the damascene takes its name from the city of Damascus. The alpine strawberry was first cultivated in the king's garden in 1760. The peach is a native of Persia. The nectarine was first introduced about 1562. Cherries are said to have come originally from Cerasus, a city of Cappadocia, from which Lucullus brought them into Italy, and they were introduced into Britain about the year 53.* It appears that they were commonly sold in the streets in the time of Lydgate who mentions them in his poem called *Lickpenny*.

* Hot pescode own began to cry,
Strawberys rype, an cherries in the rype.*

Filberts were so named from Phillipert, king of France. The quince called Cydonia, from Cydon, was cultivated in this country in Gerard's time. The red queen-apple was so called in compliment to queen Elizabeth. The cultivation of the pear is of great antiquity, for Pliny mentions twenty different kinds. Most of our apples came originally from France, see *Faulkner's History of Kensington*. Miller mentions eighty-four species of pear, whose names are all enumerated in his *Gardener's Dictionary*, a work of great celebrity, and may be said to have laid the foundation of all the horticultural taste and knowledge in England. To the afflictions and exiles of Charles we are indebted for many of our best vegetables, which were introduced by his followers from the continent—thus by the industry of man are the gifts of the earth transplanted from clime to clime.

* See how the rising fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own.*
Blackmore.

P. T. W.

* Cherries were sold upon sticks above one hundred years ago.—See *Guardian* for July 2nd, 1713.

WISDOM.

(For the Mirror.)

Get Wisdom.—PROVERBS.

WISDOM is a rich treasure, but like all other acquisitions, derives its real value from the use which is made of it. The all-wise Creator has endowed men with many means of acquiring it, and thereby enlarging and improving the soul. Observation is one of the principal ways by

which knowledge is obtained, and nature the book, which is given to all, and suited to every capacity. The care of the hen, the faithfulness of the dog, the diligence of the ant, will teach us what are the duties of a parent and a friend, and the advantages of industry.

The power, wisdom, and goodness of God are displayed in all his works—in a blade of grass as well as the mighty oak—in our own small planet, as much as in the solar system. Thus knowledge may be acquired without labour or expense. Those who have time and means may enter more deeply into these subjects by perusing books which treat of them.

But though much instruction is to be drawn from nature, it is in revelation we must seek for true wisdom—that wisdom which shall continue when tongues shall cease, and all other knowledge vanish away, and

"Like the baseless fabric

Of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

There cannot be a more beautiful description of this wisdom than that given us by St. James: "The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Happy they who possess treasure though in an earthen vessel; wherever they may be they are bright and shining lights, diffusing around happiness, patterns of virtue, and ornaments of society. G.

LINES

Addressed to Robert Lemon, Esq. on his discovery of Milton's literary manuscript, entitled "*De Dei Cultu*," in support of the truths of Christian religion.

LEMON, to thee the shade of Milton turns,
His mighty genius shines once more through you;

And whilst his last great work with brightness burns,

To thy discovery* let the praise be due.

UTOPIA.

* On application to the King, to know his pleasure in regard to this manuscript, so long deposited in the State Paper Office, his Majesty was pleased to give this answer: "*A work of Milton's must be made public, and shall be made public.*"

SWIMMING—DEATHS BY DROWNING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR—In your MIRROR, No. 154, page 103, you have given a short piece of good advice to persons falling into deep water that cannot swim. You say "the body generally rises to the surface;" I believe

you may say without exception it does so. About seven years ago, having in my possession four successive yearly lists of the parish clerks of London, I was shocked at seeing the prodigious number of deaths by drowning.* In consequence I made some experiments to discover whether the body immersed or emerged in water, and found the latter to be the case, and that I could lie on my back with my arms stretched (not spread) beyond my head, keeping them under the water, without any motion whatever, and with perfect ease, provided the water was not agitated at the time. About the same time there fell into my hands a little publication called *Instruction for Swimming*; the author of which, I suppose, chose not to put his name, for a very good reason. He asserts that those who dive for any thing in water must go in with their eyes open, for when under water they cannot open them, nor shut them when they are open. About the same time another and similar work met my eye, at the end of which was added, what the author called "*Doctor Franklin's Advice to Bathers*;" this piece contained the same assertion. I looked one of these catch-penny things through, and found such a variety of wonderful antics taught to be performed in the water, that I never saw performed or heard of, and believe no man ever did perform. I was a swimmer at a little more than ten years of age, and have taken some pains during 40 years to improve,† but have not even learned to put on my shoes while in water, though this connoisseur teaches you to put on your boots while under water. This clever person gives a philosophical reason for the not being able to move the eyelids, viz. the pressure of the water on them. The assertion was almost too ridiculous for me to take pains to refute, however, I did do this both in shallow and in water 9½ feet deep, where I found no more difficulty in vibrating the eyelids than in the open air, though there was some difference in the number of vibrations in a given time, which I took the trouble to ascertain with precision, and calculated the pressure of the water on the eyelids at different depths. These experiments I published in the *Monthly Magazine* for November 1818, page 317, and an errata in January following.‡

Shortly after this was published, I car-

* About 118 in each year.

† And for the last ten years I have been in the water at least three times a week all the year round.

‡ If Mr. Bloor will favour us with the corrected copy of the article, we shall be happy to reprint it.—Ed.

ried one experiment a little farther, to prove the precise specific gravity of the body, in order to which I had, while on my back, as before described, three pounds weight laid on my breast; this just plunged me under, not pressing me to the bottom, but just amounting to an equipoise. If you think this scrap of information worth a place in your *MIRROR*, it is quite at your service, and if it will be any inducement for people to learn to swim, in order to the better preservation of their lives, and at the same time enjoying the luxury and benefit of cold bathing, I shall be much gratified.

I am, Sir,

With all due respect, &c.
W. BLOOR.

86, Paul-street, Finsbury,
8th August, 1825.

PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF YOUNG NORVAL, IN THE PLAY
OF "DOUGLAS."

(For the Mirror.)

MY name is Scragg'em. On fam'd Mutton-hill
My father sells his pies; a frugal man,
Whose constant care was to win the toss,
Increase his store, and keep my humble self at home.

But I had heard of winning, and I long'd
To follow to the hill, to call out head or tail,
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
Yon gas, which blazed last night long as my stick,

Had scarce burst into flame, when by its light
A half-starv'd, hungry mortal rushed furiously
On my stall, devouring mince and mutton.
The watchman fled for succour; I alone,
In Crib-like attitude, hover'd about the enemy,
Then pounc'd suddenly upon his meagre carcass,
And drew a half-munch'd pie from his devouring jaws.

I fought and conquer'd. Ere a Charley came,
I'd drawn the claret from his olfactory organ.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The vulgar cry of apple, mince, or mutton;
And having heard of Sir Walter Scott
And Bernard Barton, bard of broad-brim'd beaver,

Filling their pockets with the produce of a pen,
I left my stall, took up the grey goose quill,
And wrote these lines, with the intent
That *MIRROR's* page should gild my humble name.

SCRAGG'EM, JUN.

ARTHUR'S TOMB.

IN the reign of Richard I. the bones of Arthur, the famous king of Britain, were found at Glastonbury, in an old sepulchre, about which stood two pillars, on which letters were written, but could not be read, they being in so mutilated a state. Upon the sepulchre was a leaden cross, whereon was engraved, "Here lieth the noble king of Britain, Arthur."

Miscellaneous.

STEAM ENGINES.

AN intelligent lecturer lately stated, that he had good reason for believing, that at this time 12,000 steam engines are in action in Great Britain! He estimated that by these engines the work of 250,000 horses were saved! Supposing each horse to consume annually the produce of two acres, 500,000 acres are thus set free for other purposes.

T. A. C.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

BY M. DE CHATEAUNEUF.

POPE INNOCENT the Third founded in Rome the first asylum for the reception of children abandoned by their parents, towards the middle of the eleventh century; all the other establishments of a similar kind were not introduced into the other states of Europe till a more subsequent period. It was only in the 18th century that foundling hospitals were erected in England, Germany, Sweden, and Russia. It does not appear that there were any in France, till St. Vincent de Paula founded one in Paris at the latter end of the 17th century. Excepting a few countries (Belgium for instance), the number of foundlings has increased, in every country in Europe, since forty years; and in none has the increase been proportionably greater than in France. The number has gradually augmented from the year 1640 to 1773; in the former year there were only 400 foundlings in France, in 1772 the number was 7,676, and not much more than half the number from 1793 till 1801. In 1796 there were 3,122. The number again increased from the commencement of this century till 1814; since the latter period, as compared with the population, the number has remained stationary, amounting at this moment to about 5,000. In the year 1784, there were not more than 40,000 foundlings in the whole French territory; but in the following years the numbers were—

In 1788... 51,000	In 1817... 92,200
1809... 63,000	1818... 98,000
1815... 84,500	1819... 96,000
1816... 87,700	1821... 105,000
	1st Jan. 1822... 138,500

Thus the number of foundlings, during the last mentioned periods, amounts to about a two hundred and fiftieth part of the whole population. The number of children abandoned by their parents amounts annually from 230 to 250,000; this number, he adds, cannot be consi-

dered very great, when compared with a population of 187 millions of inhabitants that Europe is supposed to contain.

The author compares the number of foundlings with that of births: he is only able to give a correct statement during the last six years, with the exception of Paris; the relative progressive numbers in this city have been

Year.	On 100 Births.
From 1710 to 1720.....	9.75
1720 1730.....	11.37
1730 1740.....	14.48
1740 1750.....	18.21
1750 1760.....	23.71
1760 1770.....	30.75
1770 1780.....	33.06
1780 1790.....	28.70
1790 1800.....	17.69
1800 1810.....	20.95
1810 1820.....	22.88

Paris is not, however, with comparison to its population, in so bad a state as other towns in Europe; for instance, on 100 births, the subjoined account is the number of foundlings in

Vienna..... 23.43	Rome..... 27.90
Madrid..... 25.58	Moscow..... 27.94
Lisbon..... 26.28	Petersburgh..... 46.00

Thus in Catholic countries, and under despotic governments, the corruption of morals, misery, or other causes, produce a more extraordinary effect than is witnessed in Paris. In large towns the number of foundlings increases in the same ratio as the population. When the population of a town increases in arithmetical progression, the number of children augments in a kind of geometrical proportion. Among other causes which produce the number of foundlings, is the very natural one of the birth of illegitimate children.

M. De C. separates France into two parts; on one side he places the middle provinces, which are in general the least productive, the inhabitants of which are poor; on the other he arranges the frontier departments, where the people live in more comfort; he includes in the latter enumeration the fortified towns and ports of Brest, Nantes, Toulon, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Rouen, Metz, and Strasburg. These populous, commercial, and opulent towns contain a great number of foreigners, soldiers, sailors, and workmen, and yet notwithstanding these circumstances, according to official returns supplied by Government in 1821, out of 80,000 foundlings, the frontier provinces, with a population of 19 millions, did not exceed the number of children abandoned in the middle provinces, although the population of the latter is not above 11 millions.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

(For the Mirror.)

Observations on the Migration of Birds that frequent the Sea Shores, Marshes, and Hedges, near King's Lynn, in the county of Norfolk.

By J. L. LANGRISH, during Thirty years strict attention.

Names.	First Seen.	Last Seen.	Where Bred.	Where found.
Wild Goose, grey legged.	Oct. 6. ...	Feb. 10....	Hudson's Bay.	Rising river, about an hour before sun-set—on their return from corn-fields. They drink in this fresh stream, then retire on the sands.
Ditto small	Nov. 10....	Jan. 29....	Ditto	
Ditto Brent	Dec. 18....	Feb. 3. ...	Ditto	
Duck and Mallard.	all the year at sea by day; return to land about an hour after sun-set.			
Shell Duck.	Do.	at the mouth of fresh-water Creeks.		
Teal.	Oct. 20....	March 6.	Ireland.	In fresh rivers.
Pocher, red head.	Nov. 19....	March 3.	Ditto	In flocks at the mouth of fresh-water creeks.
Ditto, golden eye'd.	Nov. 29....	Feb. 10....	Ditto	
Ditto tuff'd.	Dec. 15....	Jan. 19....	Orkney Isles.	In fresh-water creeks.
Ditto, long tail	Dec. 20....	Jan. 14....	Ditto	In the channel.
Ditto, ball head	Dec. 26....	Jan. 19....	Ditto	In the creeks.
Goosander, grey	Dec. 18....	Feb. 4. ...	Ireland.	In fresh-water rivers.
Ditto, orange breast	Dec. 23....	Jan. 20....	Ditto	In fresh-water rivers (rare)
Coote	all the year in fresh water rivers.			In the fens.
Water Hen.	Do.	In Ponds.		In ponds.
Didapper.	Nov. 16....	Feb. 10.	Orkney Isles.	In fresh-water rivers.
Heron	all the year.			In rivers and ditches.
Cirlew, sea.	Sept. 4. ...	Feb. 6. ...	Ireland.	On land by day; on the salt marshes by night.
Ditto, land	July 14....	May 6. ...	Ditto	
Ditto, jack	Sept. 3. ...	Nov. 10.	Ditto	On the salt marsh by creeks.
Redshank	April 10.	Oct. 29....	On the Salt Marsh.	By the side of creeks.
Sea Pie	all the year.			On the sands.
Plover, green	Feb. 27....	Dec. 3. ...	Salt Marshes.	On lands adjoining the sea.
Ditto, grey	Aug. 26.	Dec. 1. ...	On the Beach.	On the sands in large flocks
Ditto, golden	Nov. 5.	Feb. 6. ...	Ireland.	On the salt marsh in flocks
Knot	Aug. 28....	Feb. 3. ...	On the Beach.	On the sands in large flocks
Snipe, Common	Sept. 1. ...	March 6.	In low Marshes.	In drains and broad ditches
Ditto, jack	Sept. 10....	March 6.	Ireland.	
Ditto, black	May 6. ...	Oct. 14....	In our Marshes.	In ponds.
Stint	all the year.			Flock on the sands in Sept.
Cormorant	Oct. 6. ...	April 4....	Orkney Isles.	In the creeks.
Loon	July 29....	Oct. 10....	Ditto.	In the channel.
Grey Gull	Aug. 4. ...	April 10.	Beach	On the sands.
Blue Gull	Aug. 4. ...	April 10.	Ditto	
Common Sea Mew.	all the year.			On the Salt Marsh. By the sea side.
Black Cap Ditto	Sept. 3. ...	Dec. 4. ...	On Rocks.	On land by day, sea by night.
Red legged Ditto	March 4.	Aug. 12.	On the Beach.	On ploughed lands (good to eat).
King Fisher	all the year.			By sluices in fresh rivers.
Royston Crow.	Oct. 3. ...	March 22.	Norway.	On the marshes and lands.
Norway Spinks	Dec. 18....	Jan. 20....	Ditto	On the salt marshes; only seen in a severe frost.
Lark	all the year.			Flocks in December on the marshes.
Marsh Linnets	Do.	Do.	Do.	Ditto October ditto
Partridge Hawk	Do.	Do.	Do.	After plover, starlings, &c.
Common Hawk	Do.	Do.	Do.	After larks, linnets, &c.
Grey Owl	Do.	Do.	Do.	In the fields after mice, &c., of an evening.
Screech Owl	Do.	Do.	Do.	Ploughed lands.
Booby	Do.	Do.	Do.	Wherever carrion lies in the fields.
Crow	Do.	Do.	Do.	

Names.	First Seen.	Last Seen.	Where Bred.	Where found.
Jack Daw	all the year.	with us.	Do.	Old church steeples.
Raven	Do.	Do.	Do.	Wolverton Wood.
Pidgeon's Wood	Do.	Do.	Do.	On sand hills and rabbit warrens.
Ditto, blue	Do.	Do.	Do.	Rofley & Wolverton wood
Ring dove	Do.	Do.	Do.	In large flocks on the marsh, by day; in the fens by night, on Hawthorn bushes.
Starling	Do.	Do.	Do.	On the hedges.
Fieldfare	Nov. 10.	Feb. 6.	Do.	In our fields, streets, &c.
Thrush	all the year.	Do.	Do.	Sand pits.
Swallow	April 18.	Oct. 31.	Do.	In the fields.
Marten	May 4.	Oct. 16.	Do.	On hedges.
Sand Marten	May 29.	Sept. 6.	Do.	On lofty trees.
Swift	May 29.	Sept. 3.	Do.	In our hedges.
Goatsucker	Sept. 7.	Sept. 27.	Do.	On our marshes.
Wryneck	April 26.	Sept. 10.	Do.	On commons, among furze bushes.
Cuckoo	May 1.	July 10.	Do.	On decayed trees.
Nightingale	April 25.	Sept. 20.	Do.	In dry ditches.
White-throat	April 22.	Sept. 16.	Do.	Under thick cover in rotten ditches.
Wheat-eat	May 4.	Sept. 26.	Do.	On high lands.
Whinchat	June 1.	Sept. 21.	Do.	On the sands.
Willow Wren	April 23.	Sept. 24.	Do.	
Land-rail	Sept. 1.	Oct. 20.	Do.	
Woodcock	Oct. 20.	April 1.	Do.	
Quail	Aug. 20.	Oct. 7.	Do.	
Avosett	Aug. 12.	Oct. 1.	Norway.	

It may not be unworthy of remark to add, that the wild fowl are taken upon these shores by means of stratagem. The sportsman digs a hole in the sands to conceal himself, some distance from low-water mark, and where the tide is the longest to overflow; thus concealed, as the tide rises the fowl run upon the sands, or swim in the creeks within gun-shot; and, with a good fowling-piece, the sportsman seldom fails to make a good day's work. Wild fowl, generally, are found in large flocks.

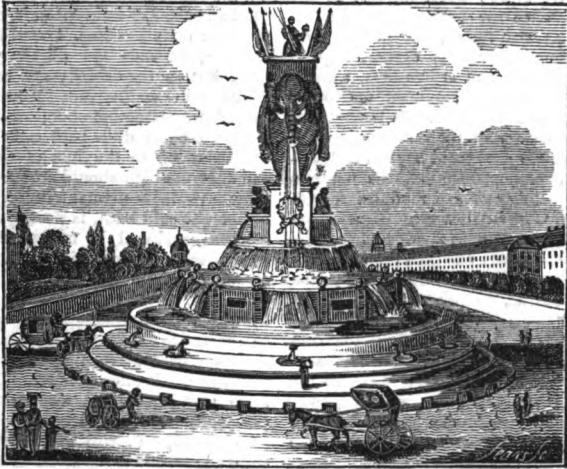
Thus are the wild geese shot in the month of October. The sportsman conceals himself, as before observed, within gun-shot of a fresh river, called Beverley Creek, where the geese first alight on the sands, then go to the river to wash and drink, before they fly to the more remote sands for repose; thus they fall victims to the calls of nature; they return of an afternoon from the cornfields about four o'clock, as regular as an army; and fly of a morning about seven o'clock with the same precision; but the greater quantity of fowl are shot by persons having a small boat with a long gun, such as are used in the fens of Lincolnshire. Of the quantity killed by this method; I have known persons who have taken at one shot, upwards of three dozen and a half of birds; and it has been frequently the case to kill two dozen duck and mallard at one shot; thus, reckoning the duck and mallard at 2s. 6d. per pair, a man gets 30s. at one shot; upon an average they reckon

three shots per week good work; but it must be observed, they often shoot at small flocks, and sometimes do not get one shot in a fortnight. I may fairly state, than an industrious man may earn 30s. per week.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

THE Emperor Leopold, who was a weak prince, and without courage, upon the approach of the Turks to attack his capital, quitted Vienna with precipitation, and retired to Lentz, and when he was informed that the enemy had actually invested Vienna, he fled still farther—as far as Passau, leaving the Duke of Lorraine at the head of a little army, which had been already defeated by the Turks, to take what care he could of the fortunes of the empire. Every one believed that the Grand Vizier Cara Mustapha, who commanded the Ottoman troops, would have soon reduced the place; but his presumption and brutal contempt of the Christians proved his ruin. His delays gave time for the arrival of John Sobieski, of Poland, who being joined by the Duke of Lorraine, fell furiously on the Ottoman multitude and forced them to abandon the siege. The Emperor returned to his capital under the shame of having quitted it, and made his entrance at the time when his deliverer was coming out of the church, where they had been singing *Te Deum*, and where the preacher, for his text, had taken these words;—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." MOMUS.

Fountain of the Elephant, in Paris.



AMONG the projects of Bonaparte for improving the city of Paris, there was one for erecting a fountain in the centre of the Place de la Bastille, so called from its being the site of that celebrated prison which was demolished in May and June, 1790, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly. According to the original design, which was furnished by Denon, a semicircular arch over the Canal Saint Martin was to bear a bronze elephant, more than seventy-two feet high, including the tower or throne supported by the animal. The water was to issue from the trunk of this colossal figure, each of whose legs was to measure six feet in diameter, and in one of them was to be a winding staircase leading to the tower. The preparatory works have been continued tardily since the restoration of the Bourbons; but it is not certain that the original plan will be adhered to.

ON SEA BATHING.

BATHING has been practised from the earliest periods of society among the inhabitants of every nation, either as a religious ceremony, as the means of preserving cleanliness, or as a source of comfort and pleasurable gratification. For the latter purposes, in the warmer climates, nature first prompted its use; and hence arose a knowledge of its salutary effects in contributing to general health. Indeed, the various accounts which we have of this custom, from the remotest times, amongst savages as well as refined people, fully prove, not only that it is of very high an-

tiquity, but that it was almost universally followed; and in modern times, almost every person living near the coast, or possessing the means of going there, indulges in sea bathing. For the following observations on this subject we are indebted to the *Oracle of Health*:

“According to Kirwan, the mean temperature of the English coast in the month of August is 64° F. whilst the sea water never descends below 59° F. Yet notwithstanding this small difference, the sea water feels considerably colder than the atmosphere, owing to the diversity of media. On immersion, a shock or a strong sensation of cold is felt on coming out of the water, the cold is greater even than when in the bath, and which may be attributed to evaporation. This, however, is soon followed by a feeling of pleasing warmth, learnedly called by Buchan the *re-action of the vital principle*. The same rule applies here as in the use of the cold bath, namely, to suspend its use if the genial glow above mentioned does not soon come on.

“The principal advantage derived from the constant use of the cold bath, is to lessen very considerably the morbid sensibility to changes of weather—to accustom the body gradually to every species of temperature—and to procure in this respect, for the rich, the benefits of an active and laborious life, without an abandonment of the pleasures of luxury. On this principle it is that they who bathe in the sea during the Autumn, are observed to be less liable to rheumatism and catarrhal affections during the following Winter.

"It is an opinion very generally diffused, that the period best adapted to sea bathing is before dinner, or early in the morning, when the stomach is empty—since it has been found, that persons who bathe immediately after dinner, experience flatulencies and eructations, a sense of heaviness at the stomach, and other symptoms of indigestion. It is very proper to rise early in the morning, as the longer sleep is prolonged beyond its natural and necessary duration, the more is the body debilitated and rendered torpid. But persons of a delicate constitution are commonly too much disordered by the morning cold, and diminished temperature of the water, at such an hour, for re-action to be effected as it ought, and for producing the glow of warmth on coming out of the sea; and without this, the cold bath is always injurious. Such persons ought to begin by taking a walk in the open air before breakfast, without, however, prolonging the exercise so far as to produce fatigue, and not to use the bath until some time after having taken food, and then repeat a short walk before bathing, so as not to enter the water with the slightest sense of coldness.

"The strong and robust, who bathe for pleasure, may choose their own time, but to the infirm we must hold a different language. These ought to wait for that season in which the water is warmest, which in England is in the month of August. The medium temperature of the water of the English coast is at this time 61° F. though sometimes it is elevated to 70° F., but on the approach of rain and stormy weather is much diminished. The best time for bathing is at high tide, when this happens from noon to one o'clock. It was once the custom to bathe in the evening, and this is the period still chosen by those, especially the youthful, who do it simply for pleasure. A bath in the evening usually procures tranquil sleep, a property well known to the Romans. But the selection of this time is only fitted for those who are accustomed to eat temperately at an early hour, who are not weakened by the fatigues of the day, and who perspire with difficulty. It would therefore be the height of imprudence for those to bathe in the evening who are fatigued and exhausted by the exertions of the day, who dine late and banquet sumptuously, and who are prone to perspire when asleep; since the bath generally augments such a disposition, and under these circumstances cannot but be pernicious.

"There is no opinion more generally received, and at the same time more erroneous, than that which forbids the use

of the cold bath when the system is heated. Dr. Currie has clearly proved, that all the inconveniences adduced to show the bad effects of immersion in cold water after the body has been heated by violent exercise, depends not on the preceding heat, but on the debility and exhaustion of the bather at the time. In such cases, the salutary re-action and glow that ought always to succeed the bath cannot be produced, owing to the loss of that vigour and energy which should arouse it. The most favourable moment indeed, for the use of the cold bath, is during the greatest heat produced by moderate exercise, and when the body is yet in its full strength. Immediately after running, wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises, by which the Roman youth were inured to the fatigues of war, they darted from the Campus Martius into the Tiber, and swam across it once or twice. The Russians and Finlanders, on issuing out of their sudatories, in which the thermometer rises to 167° F. roll themselves in the snow at a temperature of 13° to 35° below zero F.—and so far from this transition rendering the impression of cold more hurtful, they are, on the contrary, thereby insured the good effects of it. We cannot, in fact, too strongly urge on bathers the propriety of taking exercise before cold affusion or immersion.

"Another consequence of this theory is not to undress until the moment of immersion, or when undressed it is proper to throw over the body a flannel gown, which may be laid on one side at the time of going into the water, and resumed immediately on coming out. Immersion in the water during the whole time of bathing, is far preferable to the person's coming out and plunging in again at intervals, which last practice is apt to produce debility, and prevent the glow from following. The prevalent fashion of dipping the head first in water is also reprehensible, as unnatural and hurtful, often occasioning head-aches, and in one case related by Mr. Odier, water in the head followed the plunging head foremost into the water.

"Immediately on coming out of the bath it is proper for the person to dress himself quickly, and it is of the greatest advantage for him to wrap himself up in a flannel gown destined for the purpose. After this a short walk may be recommended—keeping within that exertion which would produce perspiration or fatigue. If the heat be slow in returning, a bowl of warm soup, or a weak infusion of orange peel, ginger or mace, may be taken, or if fasting it will be well to take food. It is a bad custom to go to bed

after the bath, unless the sensation of cold amount to shivering, and be accompanied with great weakness, in which case the person may be put to bed, and a bladder filled with warm water applied to the stomach.

"The frequency of the repetition of the baths and their duration, must be regulated by the temperament of the patient. Weak habits should be limited to a bath every second day. In taking it daily, it often happens that they experience fatigue and become reduced, effects which do not follow if a day intervene between the baths.

"The pain of the head occasionally supervening on sea bathing is of two kinds: the first and most dangerous proceeds from a congestion or fullness of the blood-vessels, and is manifested by a sense of heaviness in the head, accompanied with a flushed face, and red and sparkling eyes, and is most apt to occur in persons of a sanguine temperament and robust habit. In such cases the bathing ought to be preceded by cupping; and if this be useless, it ought to be discontinued. The other kind is of a very different description; it is announced by an external pain, accompanied by a sensation of cold in the back part of the head, and is analogous to what is felt in intermittent fever and hysterics. This is obviated by covering the head after bathing with a woollen cap, or by taking some cordial, or tincture of iron. To prevent both kinds of pains, it is necessary always to dip or wet the head as well as the rest of the body. Cullen and Buchan both relate cases of a violent pain in the head after bathing, owing to the persons covering the head with a cap, and carefully avoiding to wet this part.

"Though we may not prohibit the pleasures of the table, or dancing, to those whose situation does not contra-indicate these indulgences, yet we are bound to observe that nothing is more dangerous than bathing in cold water in the morning, after having eaten or drunk too much the preceding evening, or danced too long in a room in which the temperature was above that of the atmosphere; or finally, when still under the feeling of fatigue from walking or other exercises on the preceding day. Instances are on record, of the most alarming consequences from a neglect of these precautions.

"In cases where the cold sea bath cannot be borne, or where it is of doubtful efficacy at first, it is better to substitute water of a rather more elevated temperature, or sponging the surface for several times prior to the use of immersion."

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

HORRORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following narrative shows to what an extent of savage ferocity, the most polished people in the world, as the French would make us believe they are, went during the Revolution. We allude to the massacres in the prisons, planned by Danton and his associates on the night of the 30th and 31st of August, 1793:—

"Three years before, a person named Maillard figured at the head of the band of women who marched to Versailles on the famous 5th of October. This Maillard was a bailiff by occupation; in mind intelligent; in disposition sanguinary; and, since the unquiet times of the revolution, had left every man at large to exert his own influence, without any control or impediment, he had collected together a band of ignorant and low-born associates, who were prepared for every desperate undertaking. He himself was captain of this band; and, if we may credit a discovery which transpired so long a time after the event it refers to, he was employed by Danton and his party in the execution of the most atrocious cruelties. He was ordered to place himself in a situation best calculated to effect his dire intention; to prepare instruments of death; to take every precaution to stifle the cries of his victims; and to have vinegar, holly-brooms, lime, and covered carriages in readiness for all those purposes."

On the 3rd of September,—

"The ministers assembled at the hotel of the marine department only waited for Danton, to hold their council. The whole city was on tiptoe. Terror reigned in the prisons. The royal family, to whom every noise seemed menace, anxiously demanded the cause of so much agitation. The gaolers of the several prisons appeared struck with consternation. He who had the care of the Abbaye sent away his wife and children in the morning. Dinner was served to the prisoners two hours before the accustomed time; and all the knives were taken from their plates. Alarmed at these circumstances, the victims demanded the cause with importunity, but could obtain no answer. At two o'clock the generale commenced beating to arms; the tocsin sounded, and the alarm cannon was fired. Troops of citizens crowded to the Champ de Mars;

others surrounded the commune and the assembly; and all the public places were, in like manner, thronged to excess.

"This was the moment chosen for the transfer of eighty recusant priests from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye. They were removed in hackney coaches, escorted by Brton and some confederates, and conducted at a slow pace towards the Faubourg St. Germain, along the quays, the Pont Neuf, and the Rue Dauphine. The rabble surrounded the carriages, and heaped upon them every insult. The confederates pointed them out: 'Behold,' said they, 'the conspirators who had designed to murder us, our wives, and children, whilst we were on the frontiers.' These words heightened the indignation of the multitude. The doors of the coaches were opened, and the unfortunate within endeavoured to shut them to shelter themselves from the outrages which assailed them, but the attempt was ineffectual, and they were forced to sit patiently under the assaults of the infuriated populace. They at last arrived at the court of the Abbaye. An immense crowd had collected there to meet them. This court led to the prisons, and communicated with the saloon where the sections of the 'Four Nations' held their sittings. The first carriage drew up before the door of the committee, and was immediately surrounded by a throng of furious-looking men. Maillard was already there. The coach door being opened, the priest nearest to it descended, and was making his way towards the committee, when he fell covered with a thousand wounds. The second endeavoured to draw back, but was dragged out by force, and suffered the fate of the former. The two others shared the same fate, and their murderers then abandoned the first carriage, and betook themselves to those which followed. These entered, one after another, the fatal court, and the last of the eighty priests expired amidst the savage acclamations of the furious rabble.

"At the moment of the consummation of this bloody deed, Billaud-Varrennes arrived on the spot. Of all those concerned in these frightful massacres, he alone dared constantly to approve of them, and appear personally active in their perpetration. He now came boldly forward, and, with his scarf of office on his shoulders, walked in the blood, and trampled on the bodies of the murdered priests, addressing at the same time the butcher throng about him: 'People,' said he, 'you have done your duty, you have sacrificed your enemies.' The voice of Maillard was immediately after heard above the crowd: 'There is nothing more

to be done here,' cried he, 'let us go to the church of the Carmelites.'

"In this place two hundred priests were confined. The gang broke into it; and the unhappy victims, giving up all hope, ejaculated a prayer to heaven, embraced one another, and resigned themselves to death. The archbishop of Arles was first sought out, and, being soon discovered, was despatched by a sabre-cut over the neck. But the sword was found too dilatory a weapon; fire-arms were, therefore, resorted to, and general discharges of musketry quickly strewed the church with the bodies of the dead; some also fell in the garden, others, in attempting to climb over the walls, and some in the trees, where they had endeavoured to conceal themselves.

"Whilst this massacre was carrying on at the church of the Carmelites, Maillard, with a party of his band, returned to the Abbaye. He presented himself at the section of the Four Nations, covered with perspiration and blood, and demanded 'wine for his brave comrades, who had delivered the nation from its enemies.' The committee, struck with consternation, granted him twenty-four pints.

"This was served out upon tables in the court, in the midst of the mangled bodies of those slain in the afternoon. The wine was scarcely drank when another atrocious scene took place. Maillard, who was the leader in all these massacres, pointing to the prison, cried out '*à l'Abbaye*,' (to the Abbey). He then led the way, and was followed by his gang, who assaulted the gate of the prison with violence. The poor wretches within heard the din, and considered it a signal for their death. The gaoler and his wife fainted through fright. The doors were burst open. The first prisoners who were laid hold of were dragged out by the feet, and thrown bleeding into the court, to be butchered by the mob. Meanwhile Maillard and some of his most faithful comrades demanded the gaoler's register, and the keys of the several prisons. One of the gaolers, however, more bold than the rest, endeavoured to remonstrate; and, advancing towards the wicket of the door, he mounted on a stool, and addressed the multitude: 'My friends,' said he 'I see you are bent upon the destruction of the aristocrats, the enemies of the people, who have conspired against the lives of your wives and children. In this you are undoubtedly right; but you are good citizens, you love justice, and would be shocked to dip your hands in innocent blood.' 'Yes, yes,' cried out the executioners. 'I ask, then,' resumed the gaoler, 'if you do no expose yourself to

the danger of confounding the innocent with the guilty, when you rush like tigers upon your prey, making no distinction, and listening to no appeals.' Here he was interrupted by one of the gang, who, flourishing his sabre, exclaimed: 'Would you have us sleep in the midst of danger? If the Prussians and Austrians were at Paris, would they distinguish between guilt and innocence? I have a wife and children, whom I will not leave in danger. If you think fit, give the scoundrels arms, and we will engage an equal number of them, but Paris must be purged before we depart.' 'Right, right,' exclaimed many voices, and a push was made forward; nevertheless they were at last prevailed on to desist, and consent to a species of trial. The gaoler's books were then given up, and it was decided that one of the band should be appointed president, to read the names, and the cause of every prisoner's detention, and that immediate sentence should be passed on all the culprits. The business of electing a president now engaged the attention of all, and the name of Maillard was shouted from every quarter. This blood-thirsty butcher was, therefore, instantly invested with his terrific but congenial authority; and, seated before a table covered with the gaoler's registers, and surrounded by a few of his gang, chosen at random from the multitude, to assist him by their advice, the prisoners were summoned, one after another, before his appalling judgment-seat. They were led out to their trial by hands already dyed in blood, and then thrust among the wild beasts, panting for their destruction. The sentence of condemnation was pronounced in these words: "*Monsieur, à la Force,*" (to the prison of La Force), and the unfortunate victim was then precipitated through the partition which separated the judges from the executioners, and found his death on the blades of sabres already clotted with carnage.

"The first who were brought before this dread tribunal were the Swiss soldiers imprisoned in the Abbaye, whose officers had been removed to the Conciergerie. 'You are those,' said Maillard, 'who assassinated the people on the 10th of August.' 'But we were attacked,' replied the unfortunates, 'and obeyed our commanders.' 'It does not signify,' resumed Maillard, coldly, and pronounced the sentence '*À la Force.*' The wretched victims could not mistake the dire import of these words, for they perceived the menacing sabres on the other side of the wicket; they hung back, and crowded behind one another in fearful recoil, till one, more bold than the rest, asked,

'Whither he must pass.' The door was opened to him; and, stooping his head, he rushed with hopeless desperation into the midst of sabres and pikes. The rest followed his example, and shared his fate.

"The females were all now locked up together in the same room, and other prisoners were brought forward. Several accused of forgery next suffered. After them the celebrated Montmorin, whose acquittal had caused so much discontent, but had not gained him his freedom, was led out. Being presented to the blood-stained president, he declared that he had been tried by the regular tribunal, and could acknowledge no other. 'Be it so,' replied Maillard, 'prepare nevertheless, for a different sentence.' The ex-minister, who understood not this language, asked for a carriage. He was answered he would find one at the door. He then demanded permission to take with him a few necessaries, but, receiving no answer, he advanced towards the wicket, and there discovered and fell into the snare of death.

"After him, Thière, the valet-de-chambre of the king, was led forward. 'Like master, like man,' exclaimed Maillard, and he was instantly assassinated. Buob and Bocquillon then advanced. They were accused of having been members of a secret committee held at the Tuilleries, and this was sufficient for their condemnation and death. The night was now fast approaching, and the prisoners, hearing the acclamations of the assassins, felt they had but a few moments to live.

"This frightful massacre lasted the whole night. The executioners and judges alternately exchanged their situations. Wine stimulated their thirst for blood, and the goblets out of which they drank were marked with the prints of their blood-dropping fingers. Yet in the midst of this carnage some victims were spared, and their lives were granted to them with every frantic demonstration of drunken joy. One young man, who was claimed by one of the sections, and declared free from aristocracy, was acquitted in the midst of acclamations of 'Long live the nation!' and carried in triumph in the blood-stained arms of the executioners. The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the invalids, was afterwards led forth and condemned. His daughter, from the middle of the prison, heard his fate pronounced, and springing forward, darted into the midst of the pikes and sabres, clung round her father, and implored mercy from the murderers in such an heart-piercing accent, and such torrents of tears, that their fury was for a moment suspended. To put her sensa-

bility to the test, they offered her a goblet full of blood. 'Drink,' said they, 'drink the blood of the aristocrats!' She drank, and her father was saved. The daughter of Cazotte also succeeded in rescuing her parent in like manner; but she was still more happy, and obtained his safety without undergoing such a horrible test of her affection.

"These scenes caused tears to stream from the eyes of the assassins, yet they returned immediately to demand fresh victims; and one of those who had displayed this sensibility, instantly resumed his dreadful office of leading out the prisoners to death, and was on the point of killing the gaoler, because he had not supplied his victims with water for the last twenty-four hours. Another of these singular monsters interested himself in a prisoner whom he was leading to the wicket, because he heard him speak the language of his country. 'Why are you here,' said he, to M. Journiac de Saint Méard, 'If you are not a traitor, the president, *who is no fool*, will give you justice. Do not tremble, but answer me.' He was presented to Maillard, who, looking over the register—'Ah,' said he, 'M. Journiac, you are he who wrote in the journal of the court and the city.' 'No,' replied the prisoner, 'it is a calumny; I never wrote in it.' 'Take care,' replied Maillard, 'falsehood is punished here with death.' 'Did you not recently absent yourself to join the army of the emigrants?' 'This is another calumny,' replied he; 'I have a certificate attesting that I have been for the last twenty-three months in Paris.' 'Whose certificate is it? Is the signature authentic?' Happily for M. de Journiac, a person was present to whom the subscriber of the certificate was personally known. The signature was, therefore, declared worthy of credit. 'You see then,' resumed M. Journiac, 'that I have been calumniated.' 'If the calumniator was here,' replied Maillard, 'he should receive terrible justice. But answer me, were you imprisoned here for nothing?' 'No,' answered M. de Journiac, 'I was known for an aristocrat.' 'Aristocrat?' 'Yes, aristocrat; but you are not here to judge of opinions, but actions; mine are blameless; I have never conspired; my soldiers, in the regiment which I command, are devoted to me, and, when, at Nancy, urged me to seize on Malséigne.' Struck with such courage, his judges fixed their eyes on him with astonishment, and Maillard gave the signal of pardon. Immediately the cries of 'Live the nation!' resounded from all parts. All hastened to em-

brace him; and two of the by-standers, enclosing him in their arms, led him safe and sound through the hedge of swords and pikes which a few minutes before menaced his life. M. de Journiac offered them money, but they refused it, and only asked permission to embrace him. Another prisoner, saved in the same manner, was conducted to his house with similar enthusiasm. The executioners, all covered with blood, begged to be permitted to witness the joy of his family, and immediately after returned to the carnage. In such a state of over-wrought excitement, the mind is keenly alive to all the emotions and instincts of its nature; they succeed each other rapidly and convulsively, alternately melting and firing the soul, and hurrying those who have resigned themselves to their unrestrained sway from one extreme to the other with wild caprice; the passions, which seemed one moment quenched in tears, rise the next in flame; the whole man is subject to delirious changes, and he weeps and assassinates, with the same heartfelt sincerity, in the short space of a few minutes. Whilst wading in blood, he is arrested by admiration of courage or devotion; he is sensible of the honour of appearing just, and vain of the semblance of disinterestedness. The events of the deplorable period which we are now narrating afford many instances of these striking contrarieties; and among this number must be recorded the circumstance of the robbers and murderers of this night depositing the jewels found on some of the prisoners with the committee of the abbey.

"But the massacre of the captives was not confined to one prison. The gang, having set their tools to work at the abbey, detached parties to follow their example, at the Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the Bernardus Salpêtrière, and the Bicêtre prisons, all of which were surrounded with mangled carcasses and streams of blood. When the morning dawned upon the havoc of this frightful night, the spectacle it presented to the broad glare of day was as sickening as it was horrifying. Billaud-Varrennes repaired early to the abbey, where, the evening before, he had encouraged his workmen, as he termed them. He now again addressed them. 'My friends,' said he, 'in slaughtering these wretches you have saved your country. France owes you an eternal debt of gratitude, and the municipality is at a loss how to acknowledge your merit. It however offers you twenty-four livres a-piece, and you will be paid immediately.' These words excited shouts of applause, and

those to whom they were addressed followed Billaud-Varrennes into the committee, to receive the payment which he had promised them. But here a difficulty arose. 'Where shall we find the funds,' said the president to Billaud, 'to pay this debt?' Billaud replied by again eulogizing the massacres, and declared that the minister of the interior ought to have money to be expressly devoted to this purpose. The crowd then immediately hastened to the house of Roland, but he sent them back with indignation, and refused to listen to their demands. The assassins, thus disappointed, returned to the committee, and threatened its members with instant death if they were not immediately paid the wages of their crimes; every one, therefore, was obliged to contribute from his private pocket, and they at last departed satisfied. The commune afterwards repaid these contributors; and several other sums, dedicated to the same purposes, may be seen entered in the account-books: 1,463 francs were paid to the executioners up to the date of the 4th of September.'—*Thiers' and Bodin's History of the French Revolution.*

LORD COCHRANE.

IN detailing the actions of single or detached ships, those of the *Pallas* or the *Imperieuse*, commanded by that distinguished and promising officer, Lord Cochrane, stand pre-eminent. The career of this young nobleman had been marked by a series of actions, useful to his country, and honourable to himself. Their value was always greatly enhanced by the skill and judgment with which they were executed; the effect of this was particularly observable on reference to his lists of killed and wounded. No officer ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises with so little loss. In his attacks on the enemy, the character of *vigilans et audax* was entirely his. Before he fired a shot, he reconnoitred in person, took soundings and bearings, passed whole nights in his boats under the enemy's batteries—his lead-line and spy-glass incessantly at work. Another fixed principle with this officer was, never to allow his boats to be unprotected by his ship, if it were possible to lay her within reach of the object of attack. With the wind on shore, he would veer one of his boats in by a bass-halser (an Indian rope, made of grass, which is so light as to float on the surface of the water): by this means he established a communication with the ship, and, in case of a reverse or check, the boats were hove

off by the capstan, while the people in them had only to attend to the use of their weapons.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war, in 1805, his lordship was appointed to the *Pallas*, a new frigate of thirty-two guns, which he fitted for sea, and manned with a celerity peculiar to himself, at a time when seamen for other ships could rarely be procured. Having got off the Western Islands, he soon returned to Plymouth with prizes to an enormous amount.

In April, 1806, Lord Cochrane was stationed in the Bay of Biscay, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Thornborough. Off the Gironde he obtained information of an enemy's corvette being in the mouth of that river: after dark, on the evening of the 5th of April, he anchored his ship close to the Cordouan lighthouse; and, sending his boats in, they boarded the vessel, and brought her out, although she lay twenty miles above the intricate shoals, and within two heavy batteries. This enterprise was conducted by Lieutenant Haswell, of the *Pallas*: daylight and the tide of flood found this gallant officer and his prize still within the probability of recapture. Another French corvette weighed, pursued, and brought him to action, but was defeated, and only saved from capture by the rapidity of the tide. The prize which had been so nobly acquired, and so bravely defended, was called *La Tapageuse*; mounted fourteen long twelve-pounders, and had ninety-five men.

While the officers and a part of the ship's company of the *Pallas* were away on this duty, Lord Cochrane perceived three vessels approaching him. He weighed, chased, and drove them all on shore, and, with the injury of only three men wounded, furnished to the admiral the following surprising result of this enterprise:—

VESSELS TAKEN.

La Tapageuse... 14 guns, 95 men.

La Pomone (a merchant brig).

Another ditto (burnt).

And two *chasse-marees*.

VESSELS WRECKED.

La Malicieuse..... 18 guns.

Imperial..... 24 guns.

Imperial (also), a ship of 22 guns.

And a *chasse-maree*.

(*Brenton's Naval History.*)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE WONDERS OF THE AGE.

A few days ago the *Enterprize*, steam-vessel, left the River Thames for India!

This fact suggests some curious reflections on the changes effected by that great revolutionist—Time. It is not 40 years since the first successful attempts were made to obtain a rotatory action from the alternate elevation and depression of the beams of steam engines, then called *fire engines*. Only three years before that, the first engineer of the time declared such an effort to be impossible. He added, that no dependence could be placed on those engines for regular action, on account of their liability to sudden and frequent stoppages, which in the then state of science, could not be prevented; and now this power is relied upon to conduct a vessel, in less than three months to the mouth of the Ganges!

This change in mechanical science, however, is not more striking (indeed rather less so) than the moral and political revolutions of the present day. That lively writer, Mrs. Graham, in her "*Journal of a residence in Chile*," presents us with the following remarkable observation:—"What in Addison's time would have been romance, is now every day matter of fact. I was in the Mahratta capital, while it was protected by an English force. I have attended a Protestant Church, in the *Piazza di Trajano*, at Rome. I sat as a spectator in an English Court of Justice at Malta—and what wonder, that I should now listen to the free deliberations of a National Representative Meeting in a Spanish Colony?" Looking, back to the time of the Spectator, we may easily figure to ourselves the surprise, or rather the pity, with which old Sir Roger de Coverley, would have listened to a crazed politician (so the worthy Knight would have deemed him) who should have foretold all those events. Sir Roger may be supposed to have heard of the *Great Mogul*; but, what must he have thought, to be told that this mighty Sovereign would be dethroned and kept in durance by the Mahratta Freebooters, till in his old age he should be liberated by an army raised and directed by orders from Leadenhall Street—that King George III. should number sixteen times as many subjects in Asia, as Queen Anne had in England; or that a Bishop of our Church should exercise his functions in person over territories to which Alexander the Great in vain attempted to penetrate? Still more would he have been puzzled to hear of millions of money sent from the City of London to the region of gold and silver mines in Mexico and Peru—or to be told that the country of the Mohawk Savages (whom he contemplated with astonishment on their visit to London) should become the seat of a powerful and

civilised Republic, spreading from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi—that the *Grand Monarque* should reside for several years in Buckinghamshire—that a Corsican Notary's son should become the Despot of the European Continent—and that a second Marlborough, more glorious than the first, should plant the British standard in Paris. Equally incredible must he have deemed it, that despatches should be communicated in 15 minutes from London to Portsmouth; or that inflammable air should flow like water through the streets of the Metropolis, furnishing us every night with a brilliant illumination.—*New Times*.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

EPIGRAM ON THE WEDDING-RING.

THIS precious emblem well doth represent
That evenness that crowns us with content,
Which, when it wanting is, the sacred yoke
Becomes uneasy, and with ease is broke.

AT a small village, four miles west of the metropolis, on the window-shutters of an apothecary's shop are written,
"Stick no bills."
To which some wag has added underneath,
"Take no pills."

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

SAYS the Earth to the Moon, "you're a pilfering jade,
What you've stole from the Sun is beyond all belief."
Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your prate,
The receiver is always as bad as the thief."
B. M.

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

IT is said that to love,
And be lov'd in return,
Is a bliss that no wise
Man or woman should spurn.
But what nonsense is this,
Since each lover we find
Either mopish and sad,
Or distracted in mind.

H.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIE,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newspaper and Bookellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLVII.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1825.

(PRICE 2d.)

Free-school at Holt, in Norfolk.



A SCHOOL-HOUSE may seem to have little attraction to the general reader, unless the celebrity of the school, or the beauty of its architecture demanded it. Neither of those claims, however, does the free-school at Holt present, but another, that in a commercial country will we are sure be found sufficient,—it was in this school that Sir Thomas Gresham, the “Royal Merchant” as he was called, received the first rudiments of education. Reserving for a future opportunity a memoir of this eminent merchant, we shall merely observe, that such was his munificence, that he feasted ambassadors, and entertained princes. More than once did England’s Maiden Queen partake of his hospitality, both at his mansion in town, and at Osterley-House, in Middlesex. To Sir Thomas Gresham the city of London is indebted for the Royal Exchange, which he erected at his own expense, and liberally endowed a College for lectures, which are now almost a dead letter, as few persons ever think of attending the Gresham Lectures, which are given during the law Terms.

Holt is a market town in Norfolk. The Free Grammar-school, of which we give an engraving, is in the patronage of the Fishmonger’s Company, and is for the education of thirty boys. To the school belongs a scholarship and fellowship in Sidney College, Cambridge. The school and school-house are among the principal buildings in the town.

When the Gresham lectures were established, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons left in trust to see proper professors appointed, sent letters to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, stating, that “for want of judgment to discern men of most sufficiency in the said faculties, they might make default, and commit some error in the election” they therefore prayed each University to nominate two proper persons to fill the offices of Professors. Strange as it may seem, the heads of Cambridge were jealous of these lectures, nor was it until Lord Buxleigh gave them leave, that they consented to act.

The Topographer.

No. XVI.

THE COUNTY OF KENT.

KENT was called by the Greeks, *Κινηταί*, and by the Latins, *Cantium*. Lambard derives it from the Welsh *Caine*, a leaf, because the county formerly abounded in woods; but Camden, from *Canton*, a corner, "because England in this place stretcheth out itself in a corner to the north-east." Kent being situate nearest the continent of Europe, has often been the theatre of great actions. It was in this county that Julius Cæsar landed, when he came to invade Britain; it was the place first seized by the Saxons, after they had defeated the northern barbarians; and popery was first preached at Canterbury by Austin and his followers. At the period of the arrival of the Romans, it was governed by four British chiefs, and it was the first, although not the largest, of the kingdoms of the heptarchy.

CANTERBURY is called, by Bede and others, *Dorobernia*; by the Saxons, *Cant-papa-byne-g*, which signifies *the city of the people of Kent*, by the Britons, *Caer Kent*, or the city of Kent; and by the Latins, *Cantuaria*. This place is generally agreed to have been the Roman *Durovernum*—and it is famous for being the archiepiscopal seat of the Primate of all England. The Saxon Kings of Kent had their residence in this city, from the arrival of Hengist till the end of the sixth century.

The chief ornament of this city is its fine cathedral, partly built by Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, and entirely rebuilt in 1080, by Archbishop of Lanfranc, who filled it with 150 monks, and, till the Reformation, it had thirty-seven altars. Here was the once famous shrine of Thomas à Becket, who, having been murdered here in 1170, was afterwards canonized—and even miracles pretended to be performed at his tomb. Pilgrims visited it from all parts of Europe, and to such an extent was the adoration of Becket carried, that in one year the offerings at his tomb amounted to £954. 6s. 3d.; at that of the Virgin's, £4. 1s. 8d.; and at that of the DEITY *not a single farthing!!!* In 1179, Louis VII. of France made a pilgrimage to this place in disguise, and bestowed on the shrine a jewel, called *Regal* of France, which Henry VIII., at the dissolution of the monasteries, appropriated to his own use, and wore as a thumb ring. All the other treasures were also seized, together with the estates of the monastery, and the cathedral was then established on the

new foundation of a dean, twelve prebendaries, six preachers, six minor canons, and other officers and servants.

From the west door to the choir steps, the body of the church measures 178 feet; from north to south, including the side aisles, 71 feet; and, to the vaulted roof, in height 80 feet. The choir is considered the most spacious in the kingdom. The altar-piece was designed by Sir James Burrough, master of Caius college, Cambridge; and the great stained window rivals any thing of the kind in England. Behind the altar is the beautiful chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the middle of which stood the shrine of the famous Becket. It contains the episcopal chair, and the monuments of Henry IV. and his Queen; Edward, the Black Prince, &c.

There are eleven other churches in this city; and there were formerly several others, no remains of which are now left. In and near Canterbury are many ruins of ancient buildings, particularly of a strong wall, supposed to have been built by the Saxons, the work not being in the Roman taste. This has been suffered by the inhabitants to fall to decay, though its remains, and those of several other antiquities in this city and its vicinity, are still worthy the attention of the curious traveller.

MAIDSTONE was anciently called *Mæpærgertun*, *Sax.*, which signifies *Medway town*, from its being seated on the river of that name. Nennius, who wrote about the ninth century, calls it *Caer Megwad*—corruptly, as is supposed, for *Medway*—or the *Medway city*; and states that it was the third considerable city in Britain, before the arrival of the Saxons; and it appears from Domesday Book to have been a borough by prescription, although it did send representatives to Parliament till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it received a charter of incorporation to be governed by a mayor, assisted by twelve of the principal inhabitants.

When the foreign protestants found shelter in England, many of them settled at Maidstone, where they carried on trade, and there being a manufactory of bays, at the time of the reformation, and hops planted at the same time, the following distich was often repeated:—

"Hops, reformation, bays, and beer,
Came into England all in a year."

Maidstone is the county town, and contains above 8,000 inhabitants. It has a gaol, a spacious stone building, a large handsome church, a neat theatre, and extensive barracks for horse and foot. The trade, by means of the Medway, is considerable, particularly in hops, of which

there are numerous plantations around the town. It is considered to have been anciently a Roman station of great repute. The chief antiquities are the gate of St. Mary, and 'All Saints' College, built by Archbishop Courtney, in 1396. The privilege of returning two Members of Parliament, was conferred by Edward VI. and confirmed by Queen Elizabeth. The assizes for the county are holden here.

SEVENOAKS received its name from seven tall oaks, which formerly grew on the spot where the town is built. In the reign of Henry V., one Sir John Sevenoke, lord mayor of London, and once a poor foundling, brought up by the benevolence of the people, and named of course, after the place in which he was found, a custom generally adopted by the parish officers, built an hospital here, for the support of aged persons, and a free school for the education of the youth of the town, in gratitude for the charity he had himself formerly received from the inhabitants. His school was afterwards further endowed by Queen Elizabeth. In the ancient market house, standing near the middle of the High Street, the assizes were holden several times in the reign of Elizabeth, as they have been twice or thrice since. The church of this town is a spacious and handsome structure, forming a very conspicuous object for several miles round, from its elevated situation at the south end of the town.

ASIATIC AND AFRICAN CON- DESCENSIONS.

IN Turkey, the Grand Seignior every morning in his progress from the apartments of his favourite Sultana to his morning prayer, receives in person the petitions of the meanest of the faithful. In the year 1695, Yamausc, the Grand Vizier of Mustapha IV. and the son of Fatima, his favourite mistress, was em-
paled, because he stood between his sovereign and the petition of a poor shoemaker of the Crimea.

In Persia, the Schah, or king, sits three days in the week upon his throne to give public audience, and any minister who prevents even the poorest Persian from free access to his royal master, undergoes a painful but ludicrous punishment. The hinder part of his body is bereft of the skin, and under a burning sun, upon a saddle of yellow leather, the criminal is forced to ride upon an ass through the streets of Teheran, with a label round his neck proclaiming his offence.—*Morier's Travels in Persia.*

The Day of Algiers, in the apartments of his Zehana, every morning ad-

ministrators justice to, and hears the complaints of, his people; and Mohammed Mahadi, in the year 1478, put out the eyes of his Sultana Zegavai, because she detained him beyond the hour when his subjects were accustomed to carry their petitions to the foot of his throne.

In China, the emperor, though secluded from the world, is never for a moment inaccessible to his people. Surrounded by ministers, by mistresses, and minions, degradation and death await upon even the greatest favourite who intercepts the supplications of the people in their passage to his foot-stool.

In the Missionary History of China we read that, in the year 1685, the emperor Tehun-Tsong bastinadoed and cut off the ears of his grand Chawlaa, or favourite, Yan-Mo-Ut-Chin, a white eunuch, because he told a silk weaver of Canton that the emperor had something else to do besides listening to the catalogue of his grievances.

Even amongst the Galla, the most savage nation in Africa, we read in Bruce, that every fifth day the king dresses himself in fresh-drawn entrails, and seating himself upon the reeking hide of a cow, killed newly for the occasion, listens to the simple complaints of his naked and oily subjects. Wasili Oslo, prime minister of that nation, was flayed alive, because he plotted with Ozaro Hert, the king's mistress, for the purpose of preventing Gorgi, the fourth sovereign of the Galla nation, from receiving the petition of one of his slaves.

NOBLE DARING OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

WHEN Captain Boscawen was cruising with a single ship in the Bay of Biscay, he was chased and near being captured by a French squadron. A rope of great consequence in the position of the wind was stranded, it was the fore topmast studding-sail tack. A young seaman, who saw the officers anxiously looking at it without ordering any one out to repair it, seized a stopper, ran aloft, and at the imminent risk of his life went out on the boom and made it fast. Called down on the quarter-deck, the good Captain (afterwards Admiral) Boscawen gently rebuked him for his rashness, and observed, "Had, you fallen overboard, I must have hove the ship too, and should probably have been taken in my attempt to save your life." "I hope, Sir," said the young Boscawen, "your honour would not have considered my life when his Majesty's ship was in danger."

The excellent captain was delighted

and affected at this manly answer; "Say you so, young man—then we don't part." He immediately took him on the quarter-deck, and advanced him in time to the rank of lieutenant. He was a companion of the late Sir John Laforey, at the famous cutting out of the *Bienfaisant* from the harbour of Louisberg, in the island of Cape Breton, and he died a yellow admiral; for his friend Boscawen died, "and other Pharaoh's were at the Admiralty, who knew not Joseph."

ANDREW.

THE MAELSTRÖM WHIRLPOOL.

THE following account of this singular phenomenon is contained in a letter from a gentleman in Washington to the Hon. A. B. Woodward, Judge of Middle Florida:—

"This wonderful phenomenon is situated between two islands belonging to a group off the coast of Norway, called the Low-instaff Islands, between Dronthiem (being the most northern port of commerce) and the North Cape. I had occasion, some years since, to navigate a ship from the North Cape to Dronthiem, nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached near enough for examination without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself. We began to near it about 10 A. M. in the month of September, with a fine leading wind N.W. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, the Mate on the quarter-deck, all hands at their station for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit between the night-heads. I went on the main-topsail yard, with a good glass. I had been seated but a few moments, when my ship entered the dish of the whirlpool; the velocity of the water altered her course three points towards the centre, although she was going eight knots through the water. This alarmed me for a moment. I thought that destruction was inevitable. She, however, answered her helm sweetly, and we run along the edge, the waves foaming round us in every form while she was dancing gaily over them. Imagine to yourself an immense circle running round, of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue colour to white—foaming, tumbling, rushing to its vortex: very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing, roaring, dashing—all

pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight I ever experienced.

"We were near it about 18 minutes, and in sight of it two hours. From its magnitude, I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales had also been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter."

Origins and Inventions.

No. VI.

CROWNS.

IN Scripture there is frequent mention of crowns, and the use of them seems to have been very common among the Hebrews. The high priest wore a crown, which was a fillet of gold placed upon the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of hyacinth colour, or azure blue. It seems also as if private priests, and even common Israelites wore a sort of crown, since God commands Ezekiel not to take off his crown, nor assume the marks of one in mourning. This crown was no more than a ribbon or fillet, with which the Jews and several people in the east girt their heads; and indeed, the first crowns were no more than a bandalet drawn round the head, and tied behind, as we still see it represented on medals round the heads of Jupiter, the Ptolemies, and kings of Syria. Afterwards they consisted of two bandalets; by degrees they took branches of trees, of divers kinds; at length they added flowers, insomuch that Claudius Saturninus says, there was not any plant whereof crowns had not been made. The woods and groves were searched to find different crowns for the several deities, and they were used not only on the statues and images of the gods, by the priests in sacrificing, and by kings and emperors, but also on altars, temples, doors of houses, sacred vessels, victims, ships, &c. Some authors conclude, from passages in Eusebius Cæsarensis, that bishops had likewise anciently their crowns. The Roman emperors had four kinds of crowns, still seen on medals, viz. a crown of laurel, a radial or radiating crown, a crown adorned with pearls and precious stones, and the fourth a kind of bonnet or cap, something like the mortar. The Romans had also various kinds of crowns, which they distributed as rewards of military achievements, as, 1. The oval crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed upon generals, who were entitled to the honours of the lesser triumph, called *Ovation*. 2.

The naval, or rostral crown, composed of circles of gold, with ornaments representing beaks of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled, or the soldier who first boarded an enemy's ship. 3. The crown called in Latin *vallaris*, or *castrensis*, a circle of gold raised with jewels or pallasades; the reward of him who first forced the enemy's intrenchments. 4. The mural crown; a circle of gold, indented and embattled, given to him who first mounted the wall of a besieged place, and there lodged a standard. 5. The civic crown, made of the branch of a green oak, and given to him who had saved the life of a citizen. 6. The triumphal crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterwards made of gold; proper to such generals as had the honour of a triumph. 7. The crown called *obsidionalis*, or *graminea*, made of grass growing on the place; the reward of a general who had delivered a Roman army from a siege. 8. The crown of laurel; given by the Greeks to their athletes, and by the Romans to those who had negotiated or confirmed a peace with an enemy; this was the least honourable of all. We meet also with the *corona aurea*, often bestowed on soldiers, without any additional term; the radial crown, given to princes at their translation among the gods; athletic crowns, and crowns of laurel, destined to crown victims at the public games, poets, orators, &c. All these crowns were marks of nobility to the wearers; and upon competition with rivals for rank and dignities, often determined the preference in their favour. Radiated, or pointed crowns, are those of the ancient emperors, which had twelve points, representing, as is thought, the twelve months of the year. Those crowns were called *pearled*, or *flowered*, which have pearls or leaves of smallage, parsley, &c.; such were anciently almost all crowns, even those of sovereign princes, though they were not used on their armories till about 200 years ago. In modern heraldry we have the following order and description of the various crowns now in use:—The *Imperial* crown is a bonnet or tiara, with a semicircle of gold, supporting a globe with a cross at top. The *British* crown is adorned with four crosses, between which there are four *fleurs de lis*; it is covered with four diadems, which meet at a little globe supporting a cross. The *French* crown is a circle of eight *fleurs de lis*, encompassed with six diadems, bearing at top double *fleurs de lis*, which is the crest of France. The *Spanish* crown is adorned with large indented leaves, and covered with diadems terminating in a globe surmounted with a

cross. The crowns of almost all other kings are adorned with large leaves, bordered with four, six, or eight diadems, with a globe and cross at top. The *Papal* crown is composed of a tiara, and a triple crown encompassing it, with two pendants like the bishop's mitres. These crowns represent the pretended triple capacity of the Pope, as high priest, supreme judge, and sole legislator of Christians. An *Electoral* crown, or coronet, is a scarlet cap turned up with ermine, and closed with a semicircle of gold, all covered with pearls, with a globe at top surmounted with a golden cross. The Prince of Wales's crown consists alternately of crosses and *fleurs de lis*, with one arch, in the middle of which is a ball and cross, as in the royal diadem. That of all the younger sons and brothers of the king consists likewise of crosses and *fleurs de lis* alternately, but without an arch, or being surmounted with a globe and cross at top. That of the other princes of the blood consists alternately of crosses and leaves, like those in the coronet of Dukes, &c., the latter being composed of leaves of smallage or parsley: that of a Marquis, of flowers and pearls placed alternately; an Earl's has no flowers about the circle like the duke and marquis, but only points rising, and a pearl on every one of them; a Viscount has neither flowers nor points raised above the circle, like the other superior degrees, but only pearls placed on the circle itself, without any limited number; a Baron's has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised, to distinguish him from the earl, and the number of them limited, to shew he is inferior to the viscount.

SCEPTRE.

THE sceptre is of greater antiquity than the crown. The Greek tragic poets put sceptres into the hands of the most ancient kings they ever introduce. Among the Romans, the sceptre was first assumed by Tarquin the elder. We are informed by Le Gendre, that the sceptre borne by the first race of the French kings was a golden rod, crooked at one end like a crosier, and almost always of the same height as the king himself. The pastoral staff or crosier, used by the bishops in the church of Rome, and held in the hand when they give the solemn benediction, as likewise the custom of bearing this symbol of pastoral authority before bishops, is very ancient. Regular abbots are also allowed to officiate with a mitre and crosier, except in regard to the Greeks, where none but a patriarch had a right to the crosier. The sceptre is likewise prominent in the regalia, or ensigns of royalty used for the apparatus of a coronation, as the crown,

the sceptre with the cross, that with the dove, St. Edwards' staff, the globe, and the orb with the cross, four several swords, &c.

CARDINAL.

THE cardinals were originally nothing more than deacons, to whom was entrusted the care of distributing the alms to the poor of the several quarters of Rome; and as they held assemblies of the poor in certain churches of their several districts, they took the title of these churches. They began to be called cardinals in the year 300, during the pontificate of St. Sylvester, by which appellation was meant the chief priests of a parish, and next in dignity to a bishop.—This office grew more considerable afterwards, and by small degrees arrived at its present height; in which it is the reward of such as have served his holiness well—even princes thinking it no diminution of their honour to become members of the college of cardinals. The cardinals compose the pope's council, and till the time of Urban VIII. were styled—*Most illustrious*; but by a decree of that pope in 1630, they had the title of *eminence* conferred upon them. At the creation of a new cardinal, the pope performs the ceremony of shutting and opening his mouth, which is done in a private consistory.—The shutting his mouth implies the depriving him of the liberty of giving his opinion in congregations; and the opening his mouth, which is performed fifteen days after, signifies the taking off this restraint. However, if the pope happens to die during the time a cardinal's mouth is shut, he can neither give his voice in the election of a new pope, nor be himself advanced to that dignity. The cardinals are divided into six classes or orders; consisting of six bishops, fifty priests, and fourteen deacons, making in all seventy; which constitute the sacred college. The number of cardinal-bishops has very seldom been changed; but that of priests and deacons have varied at different times. The privileges of the cardinals are very great—they have an absolute power in the church during the vacancy of the holy see—they have a right to elect a new pope, and are the only persons on whom the choice can fall: most of the grand offices in the court of Rome are filled by cardinals. The dress of a cardinal is a red soutanne, a rochet, a short purple mantle, and the red hat. When they are sent to the courts of princes, it is in quality of legates *a latere*; and when they are appointed governors of towns, their government is called by the name of legation. The title of cardinal is also given to some bishops, as those of Mentz

and Milan, to the archbishop of Bourges; and the abbot of Vendome calls himself *cardinalis natus*. It is likewise a title applied to secular officers. Thus the prime ministers in the court of the emperor Theodosius were called cardinals.

SALIQUE-LAW.

THE ancient and fundamental law of the kingdom of France, usually supposed to have been made by Pharamond, or at least by Clovis, in virtue whereof males are only to inherit. Du Haillan, after a critical examination, declares it to have been an expedient of Philip the long, in 1316, for the exclusion of the daughter of Lewis Hutin from inheriting the crown. Father Daniel, on the other hand, maintains that it is quoted by authors more ancient than Philip the long, and that Clovis is the real author of it. This law has not any particular regard to the crown of France; it only imports, in general, that in salic land no part of the inheritance shall fall to any female, but the whole to the male sex. By salic lands, or inheritances, were anciently denoted, among us, all lands, by whatever tenure held, whether noble or base from the succession whereto women were excluded by the salic law; for they were by it admitted to inherit nothing: but moveables and purchases wherever there were any males.

F. R—Y.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF IMAUM REZA, AT MUSHED, IN PERSIA.

THIS magnificent cluster of domes and minarets is situated in the centre of the city; to them all the roads lead, and to them the gaze of all approaching travellers, from the greatest possible distance is attracted.

The first thing that strikes the eye on arriving at this point is a noble oblong square, inclosing an area of about one hundred and sixty yards long, by seventy-five broad, built in the manner of a caravanserai, having two stories of apartments all round, which open in front into a handsome arcaded gallery. In the centre of each side and end there is a magnificent and very lofty gateway, and the whole is completely incrustured with mosaic work of tiles, painted and glazed, and arranged in figures of the most tasteful patterns and colours. This superb square is called by the natives, the *Sahn*.

The area of this court is flagged with

grave-stones, which form almost a continuous, though not a very smooth pavement; under which lie interred the remains of the noblest Persians, whose bodies have been brought hither from all parts of the country, to rest under the protection of their favourite saint. In the centre there is a building called Succah-Khaneh, or water-house, highly ornamented with gilding, and surrounded by small aqueducts, filled from the dirty stream of the canal that runs through the principal street. These are for the purpose of ablution.

The gateways at either end, which contain wickets for the purposes of entrance and exit, form magnificent specimens of this style of eastern architecture; but no description, unaccompanied with a minute drawing, can convey a just idea of them.

Of the mausoleum itself, little is seen externally except the dome, which is covered with a coating of gilded tiles, relieved in some places around the neck, with bands of azure blue, bearing Arabic inscriptions in gold letters; but the most striking ornaments are, I think, two minarets of a very beautiful model; one of which springs from a part of the mausoleum itself; the other from behind the opposite gateway; each of these is adorned near the top with a handsome carved gallery of wood work, which, with the greater part of its shaft, is richly gilt.

A silver gate, the gift of Nadir Shah, admits the devotee into a passage that leads to the centre and chief apartment, beneath the gilded cupola. This is of magnificent dimensions rising loftily into a fine dome, like the centre nave of a cathedral, and branching out below into the form of a cross; the whole is highly ornamented with tiles of the richest colours, profuse of azure and gold, disposed in the most tasteful manner into garlands and devices of flowers, mingled with texts from the Koran. From the centre depended a huge branched candlestick of solid silver.

A doorway in the arch to the north-west, gives entrance into an octagonal room with a fine dome, which, with the walls and floor, are ornamented as richly as the first; the latter being partially covered with a fine carpet; the sacred shrine in which reposes the dust of Imaum Reza, and that of Caliph Houron-al-Rasheed, the father of his murderer, occupies the south-western part of the room; it is surrounded by a massy grating of fine wrought steel, within which there is an incomplete rail of solid gold, and other glittering objects, which, with the uncertain light, prevent the possibility of distinguishing what might be thus enclosed.

At the north-eastern end, there is a door to the shrine covered with gold, and set with jewels, richer in appearance than in reality, the gift of the present king; several plates of silver engraved with writing in the Arabic character depended from the grating, and there were many glittering and showy things besides, but the dim religious light, and the shortness of my visit, with the dangerous circumstances under which it was made, prevented me from ascertaining further particulars.

From the arch-way to the south-west in the great central chamber, a broad passage leads through the mausoleum, to a court which belongs to a mosque, by far the most beautiful and magnificent I have seen in Persia, and which owes its origin to Gauher Shahud, the wife of Shah Rokh, son of the Great Timoor; it has but one dome, and one archway, which rises to a great height, in a noble screen that conceals the neck of the dome.

Both sides of the area are formed of buildings like those of the Sahn, having two stories of niches of compartments; it is rudely paved with flag-stones, and in the centre there is a small tank, which, with several jars in different corners, is kept full of water for the purposes of ablution, or quenching thirst. The whole forms a very magnificent court.

Fraser's Khorassan.

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED.

WE saw besides, at Spa, a young and charming Spanish lady, the Countess of Rechtereau, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attentions she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour; she was at once clever, ingenious, pretty, and a fine woman. At Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments; among others the Duke of L—, a young and handsome nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she remaining constantly near the count, he thought he had found a favourable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechtereau was not on that occasion seated by her husband. The duke and several other gentlemen, who had the gallantry to serve the ladies, had not sat down to table, and his grace placed himself behind Madame de Rechtereau; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone, and leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, in a low voice, a formal declaration of love. Madame de Rechtereau, after

listening quietly to what he was saying, made this reply :—" My lord duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying ; but my friend there " (so she always styled her husband) " is much better acquainted with it than I ; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly." The duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately, with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechtereau made every one comprehend what the duke had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

THE following directions to young sportsmen is copied from an excellent work, with the above title, by Colonel Hawker, who is an excellent shot and in much practice :—

First, let the young sportsman take a gun that he can manage, and be shown how to put it to his shoulder, with the breech and sight on a level, and make himself master of bringing them up to a wafer.

Then, with a wooden or bone driver (instead of a flint) let him practise at this mark ; and, when he thinks he can draw his trigger *without flinching*, he may present the gun to your right eye, by which you will see at once, if he is master of his first lesson. In doing this he must remember, that the moment the gun is brought up to the centre of the object, the trigger should be pulled, as the *first* sight is always unquestionably the best.

Then send him out to practise at a card with powder, till he has got steady, and afterwards load his gun, occasionally, with shot ; but never let the time of your making this addition be known to him, and the idea of it being, perhaps, impossible to strike his object, will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.

The intermediate lesson of a few shots, at small birds, may be given ; but this plan throughout must be adopted at game, and continued, in the first instance, till the pupil has quite divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed, in the last, till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to the birds. If he begins with both eyes open, he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterwards. An aim thus, from the right shoulder, comes to the same point as one taken with the left

eye shut, and it is the most ready method of shooting quick.

Be careful to remind him (as a beginner) to keep his gun moving, as follows : before an object, crossing ; full high for a bird rising up, or flying away very low ; and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running straight away (all this of course, in proportion to the distance ; and if we consider the velocity, with which a bird flies, we shall rarely err, by firing, when at forty yards, at least five or six inches before it). Till the pupil is *au fait* in all this, he will find great assistance from the sight, which he should have precisely on the intended point, when he fires. He will thus, by degrees, attain the art of killing his game in good style, which is to fix his eyes on the object, and fire the moment he has brought up the gun. He may then, ultimately, acquire the knack of killing snap shots, and bring down a November bird the moment it tops the stubble, or a rabbit popping in a furze-brake, with more certainty than he was once used to shoot a young grouse in August, or a partridge in September.

SCARRON.

SCARRON was called the buffoon of the French court, he had a good share of wit, and on that account had a pension from the crown. In the dedication of a book of his, Scarron speaks in this manner to the king :—

" I shall endeavour to convince your majesty, that to do me a little good would be doing yourself no great hurt ; if you did me a little good I should be more cheerful than I am ; if I was more cheerful than I am, my comedies would be merrier ; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted ; if you was more diverted, your money could not be said to be thrown away. All these conclusions hang together so naturally, that methinks I could not hold out against them, were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature.

DESCARTES.

A NOBLEMAN who was very ignorant, being at the same table with Descartes, and seeing him eat of several nice dishes with pleasure ; " how ! " said he to him, " do philosophers meddle with dainties ? " " Why not ? " answered Descartes ; " is it to be imagined that the wise God created good things only for fools."

Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. VII.

Dan Terry. C. Matthews

Edw. J. J. Munden

W. E. Burton C. M. Young

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

ALTHOUGH theatrical criticism makes no portion of our work, which we think is in many respects much better occupied, yet we are sure the popularity of the performers whose autographs we this week present, will render a brief notice of them, and a fac-simile of their hand-writing acceptable, and therefore without further introduction we commence.

MISS O'NEILL.

THIS delightful actress though now retired from the stage and enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic life as the wife of Mr. Beecher, M.P. for Malabar, is too well remembered for her histrionic talents not to be entitled to a niche in our MIRROR, particularly as her character and conduct were so correct that they have nothing to fear from reflection. Miss O'Neill was the daughter of Mr. John O'Neill, the manager of a provincial theatre in Ireland, and was either born or brought up at Dundalk. Her mother, to whom she was principally indebted for her education, was before her marriage, a Miss Featherstone. When very young she became the heroine of her father's little theatre, and was afterwards engaged by Mr. Talbot to appear at Belfast, where owing to the penchant of Mr. T. she much more frequently appeared

in comedy than tragedy. From Belfast she proceeded to Dublin, where she made her *debut* as the *Widow Cheery*. The Dublin critics seemed at first insensible of her merits, and mentioned her as "a tolerable substitute for Miss Walstein, but deficient in power and conception." In the second season, however, her performance of *Juliet* gained her immense applause, and led to her engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, where she made her first appearance on the 6th of October, 1814, and from that moment she became a distinguished favourite of the public, both in tragedy and genteel comedy; it was, however, in the former that she excelled. She was certainly the greatest actress of her day; and in the present age had not her equal except Mrs. Siddons: in 1819, Miss O'Neill was married, and the stage lost its brightest ornament.

In private life Miss O'Neill was extremely amiable; out of the proceeds of her profession, which, after her London engagement, produced from ten to twelve thousand pounds a year, she purchased a lieutenancy in the army, for one brother, established another in the medical profession, and made liberal provisions for her other relations; nor was it to these alone that her bounty was confined; a shopkeeper to whom she and her father had been indebted for some acts of kind-

ness, afterwards fall into indigence, she no sooner heard this than she sent for him to London, and having supported him for some time in her own house, gave him money sufficient to enable him again to commence business.

MR. MATHEWS.

THIS genuine son of Momus, Charles Mathews, is the son of the late Mr. James Mathews, a respectable bookseller in the Strand, where he was born June 28, 1776. At an early age he discovered a strong predilection for the stage, which his father, who was very religious, discountenanced. In 1793 he made his first public appearance on the Richmond stage, in the characters of *Richmond* in *Richard III.*, and *Bowkitt* in the *Son-in-Law*. He afterwards played at Canterbury; but it was not until he had proceeded to Dublin that he made any decided impression. He made his first appearance at the Dublin theatre, on the 19th of June, 1794, in *Jacob Gawkay* and *Lingo*. From this time he became a favourite; and after performing for five years at the York theatre, under Tate Wilkinson, he was engaged at Drury-Lane theatre, where he made his first bow Sept. 16, 1804. With this company he remained several years, and accompanied them to the Lyceum in 1809, when burnt out of Drury-Lane. He left his "old companions of the war" in 1811, and was immediately engaged by the Covent-Garden managers, where he made his first appearance as *Buskin*, in Theodore Hook's farce of *Killing no Murder*, Oct. 12, 1812. Considering, however, that he was not afforded sufficient scope for the display of his abilities, he left this establishment in 1816, and soon after formed the idea of presenting for public approval, that agreeable and successful *mélange*, entitled *Mathews' At Home*: this, in conjunction with Mr. Arnold, he carried on at the Lyceum until the commencement of 1822, with both "honour and profit" to both parties. In 1822-3, Mr. Mathews visited that "Land of promise" yclept America, and reaped, we believe, a golden harvest. He returned, however, to his native country in August, 1823, and on the 18th of that month made his re-appearance at the Lyceum, in *The Adventures of the Polly Packet*, and *Monsieur Tonson*, in both of which he was greeted with a hearty welcome.—Last season he appeared at the English Opera House, in a new piece called—*The Memorandum Book*, written, we believe, conjointly, by Mr. Moncrieff and Mr. Peake, and which was the most lucrative of all his *At Homes*.

MR. YOUNG.

MR. YOUNG, who is no less celebrated for his amiable private character than for his talents as an actor, is the son of a respectable surgeon, and was born in Fenchurch Street, on the 18th of January, 1776. Under a private tutor, and afterwards at Eton, and Merchant Tailor's school, he received an excellent education. At the age of eighteen he was placed in the counting-house of an eminent merchant, in the city; but a love for the drama led him to a private theatre, and afterwards to Manchester, where he first appeared in the name of Green, but soon assumed his real name, and during the first year of his engagement played first-rate characters. He afterwards visited Glasgow and Liverpool; and on the 22nd of June, 1807, made his *debut* on the London stage, at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of *Hamlet*, with the most complete success. From this period he became a great favourite with the London public, and, with the exception of one or two seasons, has had a liberal engagement at the principal theatres as a tragedian. *Hamlet* is perhaps his best character, though his *Iago* to Kean's *Othello* is admirable, and this tragedy was perhaps never better performed.

MR. MUNDEN.

THIS excellent comedian, who has just quitted the stage, and in his line left no one to succeed him, was born in Brook's Market, Holborn, in 1758. He was successively placed with an apothecary, an attorney, and a writing stationer; but Joseph Munden was destined for the stage, and it was no use to contend against the fates. He first appeared in some humble characters in Liverpool, and after leading a life as miserable as provincial comedians usually do, he appeared in some private plays at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1780. It was not, however, until he had been a strolling player for ten years more, that he got an engagement in London, where he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, December 2nd, 1790, in the characters of *Sir Francis Gripe*, and *Jemmy Jumps*, in both of which characters he was honoured with immense applause. He afterwards played at this, the Haymarket, and Drury Lane Theatres, and quitted the stage at the latter house, on the 31st of May, 1824. Munden shone in everything he undertook, but if there was any one character in which he was pre-eminent, it was in that of *Old Dornton*, in the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*, by Holcroft.

MR. ELLISTON.

ROBERT WM. ELLISTON, the present lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, was born in Orange Court, Bloomsbury Square, in the year 1774. He was educated in St. Paul's School, and intended for the church, but preferred the sock and buskin. He first appeared at a private theatre as *Pyrrhus*, to Mr. Mathews's *Phoenix*, in the *Distressed Mother*, it being the debut also of the latter. Mr. Elliston's first appearance on a public stage was at Bath, on the 21st of April, 1791, in the humble character of *Tressel*, in *Richard the Third*. The leading characters both in tragedy and comedy being occupied, he had little room for displaying his talents, and returned to his friends, whom he had abruptly quitted. But he soon returned to the stage, and on the 24th of June, 1796, made his first public appearance in London at the Haymarket Theatre, as *Octavian*, in the *Moltaineers*, and *Vapour*, in the farce of *My Grandmother*. In both he was completely successful, and had afterwards the merit, by his performance of *Sir Edward Mortimer*, to give great popularity to Colman's play of the *Iron Chest*, which had been condemned at Drury Lane Theatre, owing, as the author said, to the bad acting of Mr. Kemble in the same character. Elliston afterwards played the principal parts in tragedy and comedy, at the Haymarket and Drury Lane Theatres. Mr. Elliston was for some time proprietor of the Surrey and Olympic Theatres, and in 1819, became the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, at a rent of £10,200 a year. His management has been generally spirited, but not always judicious.

MR. TERRY.

DANIEL Terry is a native of Bath, and at the Grammar School of that city he received the first rudiments of education. At the age of 16 he was articled to an architect, with whom he remained five years, but at the expiration of this term he indulged his early predilection for the stage, and in 1803 appeared at Sheffield, as an amateur, in Macready's company. Two years afterwards we find him regularly in the profession. It was, however, at Edinburgh, that he first acquired popularity. On the 25th of May, in the year 1812, he first appeared before a London audience, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and has since distinguished himself by his performance of old men, at both the winter theatres. Mr. Terry possesses some literary talents, and has adapted some of the Scotch novels to the stage.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.HINDOO SUTTEE, OR SELF-IM-
MOLATION OF A WIDOW.

Extract from a letter dated Soerndroog,
29th September, 1824.

"I LEFT this early yesterday morning to visit ——— at Broondie and Koorundah, and, on returning, was surprised to find an immense concourse of people assembled on the shore at the further end of the village of Murood. On inquiring of my hammals, I found that a suttee was about to be performed, and of course immediately stopped. The pile was already prepared, and the corpse placed on it. The deluded victim had arrived at the ground, and was preparing for the last and dreadful scene.

The poor wretched woman I found seated on a mat, and surrounded by about forty or fifty females, who all seemed to be in a state of perfect indifference, and were frequently laughing to each other. I was particularly anxious to discover if any intoxicating draught had been administered to her, but of this there was no appearance, as she appeared to be in the possession of all her faculties, and gave distinct answers to all my questions. She told me that she had no family; that her mother-in-law had burned with her husband on the same spot about two months ago; that she was resolved to follow her footsteps; that in so doing she obeyed the commandment of God, and was certain of everlasting happiness. I endeavoured to set before her the absurdity of such conduct, and to shew how much it was at variance with the character of the Divine Being, and that in place of performing an acceptable service, she was doing the very thing which he had commanded not to be done; and assured her that if poverty had driven her to her present resolution, if she would abandon it, I would find her adequate support. After reasoning with her a long time, I took higher ground, and plainly told her she was a self-murderer; and that, instead of finding happiness after death, as the reward of her conduct, she must be visited with the punishment which a murderer deserves. She told me that she was not poor; that she had never committed any sin; that her heart was holy; that she had gone to God, and that he had ordered her to do what she was about to do. This last expression she explained by saying, she had gone to the idol, and that it had

told her to turn. It immediately struck me that some interested individual had induced her to go to the temple, and had employed means to give her such an answer; but on this subject I could obtain no information, as her answers were vague and unsatisfactory.

"The ceremonies performed on the occasion were few, and have often been described. The widow took off her ornaments, and gave them to her sister-in-law, who was the only person in the whole company, that seemed in the least affected. She partially undressed and bathed in the sea, from which she returned singing some verses, while a brahmin sprinkled her with a red powder, which seems to be frequently used in their religious services. She then sat down in front of the pile, surrounded by five or six aged brahmins, and, at their dictation, repeated certain prayers. She walked twice round the pile with her hands clasped; and then distributed some beetle-nut and spice to those around, who fell at her feet and did her reverence, as a being of a superior nature. She ascended and calmly laid herself down on the pile, without the smallest assistance; and nothing I have ever witnessed surprised me more than the indifference with which she went through the whole. She was a young woman of perhaps about twenty-two, in the full vigour of health and strength. There appeared no symptom of grief for her departed husband, and I should certainly have thought her in a state of stupor, but for the answers she gave to our questions, and the composure with which she performed all the ceremonies. No sooner had she laid herself down on the pile, than her husband's brother heaped around the entrance an additional quantity of dried grass, calmly gathered his flowing garments around him, and set fire to the whole. I shall never forget the Satanic joy which at this moment was displayed by the whole multitude, by the clapping of hands and a shout, which sent to my inmost soul a thrill of inexpressible horror!—*Asiatic Journal*.

TO GAME PRESERVERS.

PHILANTHROPISTS may preach in vain
Christians may echo back the strain,
Jurists may scold and wrangle;
But country life, they must confess,
Is insupportable unless
Squires may hunt and mangle.

Agriarian boobies! who admit
So plentiful a lack of wit,
That for a short-lived season
Your dullness cannot have recourse
To any intellectual source,
Or exercise of reason.

Large-acred fools! ye may be right,
'Gainst time and vapours to unite,
(These confessed encroachers),
And yearly struggle to appease
Your wing'd or four-legged deities
With sacrifice of poachers.

Pass laws that Draco would disown,
Let guns and gins be thicker strown,
Shoot, banish, trap the peasant;
Since game must live let none compare
A fellow-creature with a hare,
A Christian with a pheasant.

But hope not vainly to unite
Respect, esteem, and peaceful right,
With sanguinary rigour;
If ye must live the oppressor's life,
Look for his enmities and strife,
Ye tyrants of the trigger.

New Monthly Magazine.

Select Biography.

No. XXX.

THEODORE COLOCOTRONI, THE GREEK CHIEF.

THE public attention has within the last few weeks been particularly called to the affairs of Greece; not that they have ever ceased to excite a lively interest in this country. Four successive campaigns had terminated in the defeat and disgrace of the Ottoman power. The fifth was commenced on a larger scale than any of the preceding, and with better prospects of success, an army from Egypt having landed in the Morea, under the command of the Pacha's son, Ibrahim Pacha. This army gained some advantage, and took Navarino, when the Greeks, whose dissensions have been very injurious to their cause, resolved on an act of amnesty. Among those who by this act were liberated from prison was Theodore Colocotroni, a brave chieftain, who had been arrested and conveyed to Hydra on a charge of treason, but not brought to trial. On being liberated, he took a solemn oath in the church of Napoli di Romania, with all the solemnities of religion, that he would be faithful to his country. The Greeks have great confidence in his talents, and not without reason, for he is a very skilful and daring chieftain; and if the intelligence from Greece can be trusted, the affairs of that country have improved much since the chief command was given to him. But to whatever extent this may be true, or owing to his influence or exertions, Colocotroni is no ordinary person, and a memoir of him, for which we are indebted to the *Iris*, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers:

"Colocotroni, one of the most spirited and celebrated of the present Greek chief-

tains; is the son of a famous leader of mountain *Kefs* (or robbers), as the Turks call them, who avenged upon the Albanians the atrocities which that savage people inflicted on the unfortunate Greeks, when the latter were deserted by the Russians in 1770. To avoid the loss of Greece, the Turks, who were then warmly engaged in carrying on the war against Russia in another quarter, let in upon the Morea 70,000 Albanians, who carried fire and sword wherever they went; all the inhabitants who could not gain the mountains were massacred. Being deserted, and left defenceless by the Russians who had incited them to revolt, the Greeks were hunted like wild beasts, and threatened with utter extermination. Cities were overthrown, and the Turks, perceiving the loss which they would sustain by this devastation, endeavoured to check the fury of the Albanian hordes, but the latter refused submission to the mandate, and revolted. The famous Hassan Pacha, when sent to reduce them, found that it would be impossible to conquer such redoubtable bands without the aid of the other mountaineers, and he called to arms the Greeks who had escaped to the mountains, furnished them with ammunition, and swore to pardon their last revolt, on condition of their joining him against the Albanians. It was then that Colocotroni the elder, the most famous of the Greek mountaineers, made the summits of Menelaus resound with the cry of war, and that the *Kefs* burst forth from their rocky fastnesses, and sought vengeance on the "Albanian wolves." They exterminated whole races of that savage people. A song still extant represents the suffering and terror of the Albanians, when pursued by the indefatigable Colocotroni; sinking with exhaustion, and a prey to despair, they stopped on the banks of the Erynites, and exclaimed, 'O terrible Christians, let the brave drink, and kill them afterwards.'

"The victorious Colocotroni was invited by the Turks to a feast. He had saved the finest of their provinces, and in the midst of the festivity he reminded them of the brilliant promises which they had made in the time of danger, and by so doing he roused their jealousy. He was perfidiously seized, loaded with irons, and put to death with the most horrible tortures. His three sons, of whom Theodore, the Greek chieftain, was one, being then a youth, escaped to the mountains, and soon became leaders of a daring mountain band, which hurled vengeance on their father's murderers. Theodore was the most daring and enterprising, and he frequently executed the most dreadful

and indiscriminate retaliation: he surprised and massacred all the Turkish inhabitants of whole villages. He had never been taught pity or mercy by the Turks, and he never practised either. His warfare was particularly directed against the petty district tyrants; he surprised the agas of the villages, and the governors of small towns, whom he put to the sword, nor did he spare their families, or any of that race which he so much hated. After having given up the place to plunder, he usually reduced it to ashes, and then returned to the mountain fastnesses with his spoil, before any of the Turkish soldiery could arrive. To guard against these incursions of the *Kefs*, the Turks erected in each town and village, a sort of citadel, which is called a *Pyrgos*, on the same plan as the ancient baronial castles, having moats, drawbridges, and loopholes, from which they could fire on the assailants; some of these *pyrgos* are so strongly built, as to withstand artillery. They were invariably the abodes of the pacha, and the depositaries of his treasures. The Turks, however, in such places were often kept in a state of siege; communication was cut off between district and district, or could only be kept up by a very strong force, which was frequently harassed by a handful of mountaineers, who lay in wait for it, scattered death amongst the Ottoman ranks, as they wound through the defiles, and sometimes obliged them to abandon their baggage. At length the Turks found it necessary to make every sacrifice of blood and treasure to reduce these mountaineers, of whom the Colocotronis were the leaders, and a number of dreadful conflicts took place, in which the Turks were unsuccessful. What they could not gain by force, they at last partially obtained by bribery and treachery. They promised pardon and rewards to the Colocotronis, and two of them, having ventured to rely on these promises, were treacherously seized and beheaded. Theodore, who escaped, got away to the island of Zante, where he entered into the British service, and served nearly four years as a lieutenant, and subsequently as captain of an Albanian regiment. It is related of him, that from that island, he often turned his fierce aspect towards the blue tops of the mountains of Menelaus, and sorrowfully exclaimed, 'Will the days of battle never return? Shall the gun of Colocotroni no more make the caverns of the Peloponneseus resound with the echo of its thunder?'

"He acquired additional military knowledge in the English service, and appeared destined to perform a principal part in the scenes which were preparing

in Greece. Towards the latter end of 1830, he landed at the port of Karacoa, with seven men from Zante, and gained the mountains. The celebrity of his name induced the bravest of the mountaineers to join his standard, and they soon spread revolt throughout the whole country, in conjunction with the agents of the Greek priesthood, who had spread themselves abroad for that purpose.

"Colocotroni is now fifty-nine years of age, and he has preserved all the activity which is necessary for the leader of a band of mountaineers. In person, he is tall and well made; he has a haggard and sunburnt visage, sunken eyes, with a fixed, piercing, and determined look, a large, sharp aquiline nose, an enormous pair of black mustachios, black hair, hanging in long lank locks from under a small blood-red cap, which covers one side of his head. He wears the mountain dress of Greece, 'the snowy camease, and shaggy capote,' (i. e. a white kilt, and a white fur cloak), with pistols and sabre, and always marches with his hand upon one of the pistols in his belt. He is one of the most remarkable characters that modern times have produced. His mind, in some measure corresponds with his exterior, he inherits all the daring and indefatigable bravery of his father, with a rooted sense of his wrongs, and a hatred of tyranny. He is impatient of control, unhesitating in the expression of his sentiments, and, independently of all command, has generally fought with his band. From his character, it may be conceived that he is highly popular amongst those rude and daring men, who, like himself, are partial to a desultory system of warfare, and no sooner does the mountaineer hear the sound of Colocotroni's drum, whose

" ————— larum afar
Gives hopes to the valiant, and promise of war."

Than

"To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild
flock,

And descends to the plains, like the stream
from the rock."

"Colocotroni has been generally at the head of nearly 3,000 men, who have fought bravely, though irregularly, against the enemies of their country. They frequently would not concede to the regular troops the post of honour in mounting the breach when a tower was to be taken by storm. But it must be confessed, that this right was more frequently claimed from the hopes of being first to share the plunder, than from their being ambitious of the glory to be derived from it. Colocotroni, like most others of his country-

men, is tainted with the vice of avarice, but his passion for gold has never counteracted his love for his country.

"When the Greeks besieged Tripolitza, several Turkish officers came out of that city, and went to his tent with presents. Two of them advanced, and threw themselves on their knees to kiss the earth at his feet, according to the oriental custom. 'What means this to me?' said he: 'keep these degrading marks of slavery for your Pachas, but speak to me standing, like men.' The envoys then placed before him vases of precious stones, which they had brought with them for his acceptance. 'See these asses' heads, who scarcely give themselves the trouble of shaving,' said the rough chieftain to them in derision. 'What, infidels! do you expect to move me by your gifts? Know that this is not an affair of *Kefitis*, (banditti): we fight for the safety and the happiness of millions of men, whose fate we are about to decide. Take back your presents, then. I love money, (why should I disown it?) yes, I love it, but I will gain it with my sabre,—I will take these riches in Tripolitza.' After the dreadful scene of the storming of that place, where few who were of the Turkish race escaped the vengeance of the Greeks, not less than fifty mules were laden with his share of the spoil.

"He is not like others of the Greeks, implicitly submissive to the clergy. On one occasion, when a debate took place between the leaders of the army, the Bishop of Patras interposed, but was speedily silenced by Colocotroni, who bade him confine himself to the affairs of his church, and sent him out of the tent.

"A female once begged of Colocotroni to perform some favour, and throwing herself at his feet, said, 'My lord, render me that service, and I will be your slave.' 'Weak woman,' cried he, starting up, 'we fight for liberty, and thou wouldst be my slave!'

"After he had acquired considerable riches at the capture of Tripolitza, his views enlarged with his success, and from being, on his first arrival in the Peloponnesus, the dreaded captain of the most numerous band, with whom riches were apparently the sole object, his ambition aspired to the office of generalissimo of the Peloponnesus, which was also claimed by Mavrocordato. The new government, embarrassed by their conflicting interests, tried to balance them. Colocotroni openly expressed his discontent at finding his services, as he conceived, not duly appreciated, and from that time fought as an independent chieftain.

"In a conversation which he had with

an European officer, he said to him, 'Who are these new men arrived to-day in Greece, who have engrossed all power, and who would give us laws? What are their rights to command us? Is it because they have gained in Europe knowledge that is refused to the inhabitants of this unfortunate land? It is not with choice language, and softer manners, that we shall free ourselves. It is by steel, and by that bravery and experience which we have acquired through severe trials in our mountains, in times when they were enjoying all the refinements of civilization.'

"We cannot conclude our sketch of the Greek chieftain without observing, that in the death of the greatest poet of our day, amongst other and deeper reasons of regret at our lot, may be included one arising from the probability that, had he lived, he would have perpetuated, in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," the interesting character of those who, like Colocotroni, distinguished themselves in the arduous struggle for Grecian independence."

Miscellanies.

A FEMALE WARRIOR.

At the siege of Namur by King William, an ensign, called Robert Cornelius, was observed to shew more than ordinary bravery. This person, after having received several wounds, being carried to be dressed by the surgeons, was discovered to be a woman. The novelty was so great and so surprising to many in the army, who had seen her bravery on this and other occasions, that it soon came to the king's ears, who had the curiosity to see so extraordinary a warrior. The account she gave of herself was very particular; she affirmed that she was born of Dutch parents, who, to prevent the loss of a small annuity, which they were to enjoy on the birth of a male child, had caused her to be christened as a boy, and bred her up as such to an advanced age, before they thought fit to entrust even herself with the secret. Among other diversions suitable to her supposed sex, she had learned to beat the drum, and at last enlisted as a soldier. This adventurous female, who began, it seems, by taking a fancy to that instrument of noise, was soon after made a sergeant, and after that an ensign. She had been in many actions undiscovered, as she said, until this occasion. After the peace of Byswick, she had a pension given her in England. She was at that time married to one of her former comrades, and lived with her husband in Chelsea college.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride;
To-morrow, poor, of life itself denied.
To-day, lays plans for many years to come;
To-morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.
To-day, his food is dress'd in dainty forms;
To-morrow, is himself a feast for worms.
To-day, he's clad in gaudy, rich array;
To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay.
To-day, enjoys his halls, built to his mind;
To-morrow, in a coffin is confin'd.
To-day, he floats on honour's lofty wave;
To-morrow, leaves his titles for a grave.
To-day, his beauteous visage we extol;
To-morrow, loathsome in the sight of all.
To-day, he has delusive dreams of heaven;
To-morrow, cries too late to be forgiven.
To-day, he lives in hopes as light as air;
To-morrow, dies in anguish and despair.

GRETNA GREEN.

WE have, in a former Number, given some account of the far-famed Gretna Green, where the famous son of Vulcan, in his day, was no less celebrated for his skill in *forging* hymeneal chains, vulgarly called silken bands, than for his amazing cleverness in rivetting them round his customers in a way which he could never undo. But we warrant many have never seen one of those singular documents—a certificate of a Gretna Green marriage. Under this impression, therefore, we now take up our pen to give them one *verbatim*, which, though by no means remarkable for correctness of diction or orthography, is, we think, nevertheless, very amusing, and undoubtedly genuine.

"Gretnay Green Febr'y 17 1784.

"This is to Sertfay to all persons that my be Cunserned that William Geades from the Cuntey of Bamph in thee parish of Crumdel and Nelley Patterson from the Sitey of Ednbrough Both Comes before me and Declares them Selve to be Both Single persons and New Mareid by the way of thee Church of Englund And Now mareid by the way of thee Church of Scotland as Day and Deat abuv menched by me David McFarson

his
William X geades
Witness Mark
Danell Morad nelly Patorson."

EXTRAORDINARY EXECUTIONS

Of the Mayor of Bodmin, in Cornwall, by Sir William Kingston, in the reign of Edward VI.

A REBELLION happening in the reign of King Edward VI. upon the alteration of religion, and the rebels being defeated, what shameful sport did Sir William Kingston make with men in misery, by

virtue of his office of Provost Marshal ! One Bowyer, mayor of Bodmin, in Cornwall, had been among the rebels, not willingly, but by constraint. Sir William sent him word he would dine with him on such a day, for whom the Mayor made a hospitable entertainment. A little before dinner, the Provost took the Mayor aside, and whispered in his ear, "That there must be an execution that afternoon;" and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up over against his own door. The Mayor obeyed his command; and, after dinner, the Provost took the Mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution; which, when he beheld, he asked the Mayor, "If he thought it was strong enough." "Yes," says the Mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well, then," said Sir William, "get up and try, for it is provided for you." "I hope, Sir," said the Mayor, "you are not in earnest?" "By my troth," says the Provost, "there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel;" and so, without delay or liberty to make his defence, the poor Mayor was executed. Near that place also lived a miller, who had been very active in the rebellion, and, fearing the Provost's coming, told a stout young fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go from home, and therefore willed him, if any gentlemen should come a fishing in his absence, and inquire for him, "He should tell them himself was the miller, and ready to serve them." The Provost not long after came, and, asking for the miller; out came the servant, saying, "Sir, I am the miller;" upon which the Provost commanded his servants to seize him, "and hang him upon the next tree." The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, "I am not the miller, but the miller's servant." "Nay, friend," says the Provost, "I will take thee at thy word. If thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hanged. If thou art not the miller, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master better service than to hang for him;" and so, without more ado, he was executed.

W. M.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff." — Wotton.

THE great Lord Burleigh used to say, "I will never trust any man not of sound religion; for he that is false to God can never be true to man."

W. C.—R.

FOUR REQUISITES.

Hops, reformation, baize, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

EPITAPHS.

THIS tombstone is a Milestone; hah! how so?

Because beneath lies Miles, who's Miles below.

IN SELBY CHURCH-YARD, YORKSHIRE.

HERE lies the body of poor Frank Rowe, Parish clerk and grave-stone cutter; And this is writ to let you know, What Frank for others used to do Is now for Frank done by another.

JOHN SULLEN.

HERE lies John Sullen; and it is God's will,

That what was Sullen should be Sullen still; He still is Sullen, if the truth ye seek, Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH.

BENEATH YON humble chyd, at rest,
Lies Andrew, who, if not the best,
Was not the very worst man;
A little rakish, apt to roam;
But not so now, he's quite at home,
For Andrew was a dustman.

G. W.

PROVIDENTIAL ACQUITTAL.

A LAD, named Male, was tried at the Old Bailey Sessions on the 14th of Sept. 1772, for a highway robbery, and his identity positively sworn to by several witnesses. When called upon for his defence, he persisted in his innocence, and said that his witnesses would prove it. These witnesses were the books of the court, by which it appeared, that on the very day and at the very hour when he was stated to have committed the robbery, he was on trial at the bar, where he then stood for a similar offence, in which he was likewise unfortunate enough to be mistaken for the guilty person; he was, of course, honourably acquitted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of the *Novel of John Doe*, and the continuation of the *History of Music*, with the favors of several correspondents, in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLVIII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Residence of Dr. Goldsmith.



THE abode of genius, as a modern author observes, though humble, is always interesting, and the contemplation of it is calculated to impress pleasing sensations on the mind. Many of these residences have been given in the MIRROR, from the birth-place of that gigantic genius, Shakspeare, to the humble cottage of that ill used but great poet, Robert Burns; one of the most calumniated of men, whose treatment will ever be a reproach to Scotland, which all the monuments they can erect to his memory will never efface.

We this week present our readers with a view of a house once the residence of Dr. Goldsmith, situated at the corner of

VOL. VI.

M

Break-neck Stairs, Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey. In this house, says the Life of Goldsmith, "a friend of the Doctor's paying him a visit in this place during the month of March 1759, found him in lodgings here as poor and miserable, that he should not think it proper to mention the circumstance if he did not consider it as the highest proof of the splendour of Dr. Goldsmith's genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their powers under every disadvantage of person and fortune he could gradually emerge from such obscurity, to the enjoyment of all the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. At this time the Doctor was writing his *Inquiry into the Present*

161

State of Polite Learning, in a wretched room in which there was but one chair ; and when he from civility offered it to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, and asked the favour of the loan of a few coals."

The house in which Goldsmith wrote many of his works, was about twenty years ago occupied by a chimney sweep ; it is now let out in lodgings ; it is however a classic house, which every admirer of Goldsmith (and whoever reads his works must admire him) will be pleased to visit.

AUTUMN.

(For the Mirror.)

"Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on."—THOMPSON.

— "who with lavish stores the lap of
Nature spreads."—HUGHES.

THIS is the third season of the year, being that in which the harvest and the fruits of the summer are gathered. It is commonly represented by painters under the figure of a female crowned with vine branches and bunches of grapes ; naked in that part which respects summer, and clothed in that which corresponds to winter. Her garment is covered with flowers, like that of Bacchus. "In Autumn," says a modern writer, "the promise of Spring is fulfilled. The silent and gradual progress of maturation is completed, and human industry beholds with triumph the rich productions of its toil. The vegetable tribes disclose their infinitely various forms of fruit ; which term, while with respect to common use, it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered by the friendly winds which now begin to blow over the surface of the earth which they are to clothe and decorate. The groves now lose their leafy honours ; but, before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour superior to the ver-

ture of spring, or the luxuriance of summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and the contemplation of the poet and philosopher."—See *Contemplative Philosopher*, vol. I.

"The fall of the leaf," says a modern physiologist, "is that spontaneous separation of the leaves of trees and shrubs from their branches, which regularly takes place every autumn in such species as are, for that reason, termed deciduous ; and which happens, sooner or later, to all leaves whatever. American trees and shrubs in general, and such European ones as are botanically related to them, are remarkable for the rich tints of red, purple, or even blue, which their leaves assume before they fall. Hence the autumnal foliage of the woods of North America is, beyond imagination, rich and splendid. In tropical countries, though many trees lose all their leaves regularly in the rainy season, or winter, the generality are evergreen, parting with them in succession only, so as never to be naked."

P. T. W.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 71.)

BRITISH HARPERS, WELSH MINSTRELS, MUSIC IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

BRITISH harpers were famous long before the conquest. The bounty of William of Normandy to his *joculator* or bard is recorded in the Doomsday book. The harp seems to have been the favourite instrument in Britain for many ages, under the British, Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings. The *fiddle*, however, is mentioned so early as 1200, in the legendary life of St. Christopher. The ancient privileges of the minstrels at the fairs of Chester are well known in the history of England.

The extirpation of the bards of Wales by Edward I. is likewise too familiar an incident to be mentioned here. His persecuting spirit, however, seems to have been limited to that principality ; for we learn, that at the ceremony of knighting his son, a *multitude of minstrels* attended.

In 1315, during the reign of Edward II. such extensive privileges were claimed by the minstrels, and so many dissolute persons assumed that character, that it became necessary to restrain them by express laws.

The father of our genuine poetry, who in the 14th century enlarged our vocabulary, polished our numbers, and with ac-

questions from France and Italy augmented our store of knowledge (Chaucer), entitles one of his poems "The History of St. Cecilia;" and the celebrated patroness of music must no doubt be mentioned in a history of the art. Neither in Chaucer, however, nor in any of the histories or legendary accounts of this Saint, does any thing appear to authorise the religious veneration paid to her by the votaries of music; nor is it easy to discover whence it has arisen. As an incident relative to the period of which we speak, it may be mentioned, that, according to Spelman, the appellation of *Doctor* was not among the degrees granted to graduates in England sooner than the reign of King John, about 1207; although, in Wood's History of Oxford, that degree is said to have been conferred, even in music, in the reign of Henry II. It is known that the title was created on the continent in the 12th century; and as, during the middle ages, music was always ranked among the seven liberal arts, it is likely the degree was extended to it.

After the invention of printing, an art which tended to disseminate knowledge with wonderful rapidity among mankind, music, and particularly counterpoint, became an object of high importance. The names of the most eminent composers who flourished in England, from that time to the Reformation, were, Fairfax, William of Newark, Sheryngham, Turges, Banister, Tudor, Taverner, Tye, Johnson, Parsons; to whom may be added John Marbeck, who set the whole English cathedral service to music.

Before this period Scottish music had advanced to a high degree of perfection. James I. was a great composer of airs to his own verses; and may be considered as the father of that plaintive melody which in Scotch tunes is so pleasing to a taste not vitiated by modern affectation.

Besides the testimony of *Fordun* and *Major*, who may be suspected of being under the influence of national prejudice, we have that of Alessandro Tassani, to the musical skill of that accomplished prince. "Among us moderns," says this foreigner, "we may reckon *James, king of Scotland*, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, who in our age has improved music with new and admirable inventions."

Under such a genius in poetry and music as king James I. it cannot be doubted that the national music must have been greatly improved. It is certain that

he composed several anthems, or vocal pieces of *sacred music*, which shows that his knowledge of the science must have been very considerable. It is likewise known, that organs were by him introduced into the cathedrals and abbeys of Scotland, and choir-service brought to such a degree of perfection, as to fall little short of that established in any country of Europe. By an able antiquary of the present day, the era of music, as of poetry, in Scotland, is supposed to have been from the beginning of the reign of James I. down to the end of the reign of James V. During that period flourished *Gavin Douglas*, Bishop of Dunkeld, *Balcanquhallen*, Archdeacon of Murray, *Dunbar*, *Henryson*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir David Lindsay*, and many others, whose fine poems have been preserved in Bannatyne's Collection, and of which several have been published by Allan Ramsay in his *Evergreen*.

Before the Reformation, as there was but one religion, there was but one kind of sacred music in Europe, plain chant, and the decast built upon it. That music likewise was applied to one language only, the Latin. On that account, the compositions of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Flanders, and England, kept pace in a great degree with each other in style and excellence. All the arts seem to have been the companions, if not the produce, of successful commerce, and to have pursued the same course. Like commerce, they appeared first in Italy, then in the Hanseatic towns, next in the Netherlands; and during the 16th century, when commerce became general, in every part of Europe.

In the 16th century music was an indispensable part of polite education; all the princes of Europe were instructed in that art. There is a collection preserved in manuscript called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*. If her majesty was able to execute any of the pieces in that book, she must have been a great player; a month's practice would not be sufficient for any master now in Europe to enable him to play one of them to the end. *Tallis*, singularly profound in musical composition, and *Bird*, his admirable scholar, were two of the authors of this famous collection.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the genius and learning of the British musicians were not inferior to any on the continent; an observation scarcely applicable at any other period of the history of this country. Sacred music was the principal object of study all over Europe.

In the 17th century, the musical writers and composers who acquired fame in Eng-

land, were Dr. Nathaniel Giles, Thomas Tomkins, and his son of the same name; Elwy Bevan, Orlando Gibbons, Dr. William Child, Adrian Batten, Martin Pierson, William Lawes, Henry Lawes, Dr. John Wilson, John Hilton, John Playford Captain Henry Cook, Pelham Humphrey, John Blow, William Turner, Dr. Christopher Gibbons, Benjamin Rogers, and Henry Purcell. Of these, Orlando Gibbons, Pelham Humphrey, and Henry Purcell, far excelled the rest.

About the end of the reign of James I. a music lecture, or professorship, was founded in the University of Oxford by Dr. William Hychin.

In the reign of Charles I. a charter was granted to the musicians of Westminster, incorporating them, as the king's musicians, into a body politic, with powers to prosecute and fine all who, except themselves, should, "attempt to make any benefit or advantage of music in England or Wales;" powers which in the subsequent reign were put in execution.

About the end of the reign of Charles II. a passion seems to have been excited in England for the violin, and for pieces expressly composed for it in the Italian manner.

(To be continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY WORKMANSHIP.

It has been stated at Hatton Garden Office, that some years ago, a prisoner, a man of extraordinary talents, made a coach with four wheels, of gold and ivory, not bigger than a pea, with a complete set of gold harness for two fleas which drew the carriage; each flea had a chain of gold round its neck consisting of one hundred and sixty links, fastened on by a small gold padlock and which they drew along a table, and being examined by a microscope, appeared quite perfect in all parts, and when he unfastened them from the coach he let them feed on his wrist or on the back of his hand, and then put them into a small box in which was a bit of cotton, the coach he kept in a separate box, each not bigger than a nut; and this extraordinary curiosity was shewn at the time to their late majesties, and the principal nobility in the kingdom. A gentleman present expressed his doubts that two fleas could be able to draw a coach and harness of that size and weight, the gentleman remarked, that a flea was the strongest living thing in nature, that it could carry a thousand times its own weight, and leap upwards of two thousand times its own length, and had but an elephant the strength and activity of

a flea in proportion to its enormous bulk; it could carry the monument on its back or leap from Hyde Park to Greenwich.

This extraordinary curiosity the prisoner lost when in a state of intoxication, at a public house on Clerkenwell Green.

E. B. K.

LORD BYRON'S MONUMENT.

AN elegant Grecian tablet of white marble, executed by Messrs. Walker, of Nottingham, has been placed, during the present week, in the chancel of Hucknall church.* The following is a copy of the inscription. The words are in Roman capitals, and divided into lines as under:

In the vault beneath,
where many of his ancestors and his
mother are buried,
lie the remains of

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

Lord Byron of Rochdale,

in the county of Lancaster:

The author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

He was born in London, on the

22nd of January, 1788;

He died at Missolonghi, in Western
Greece, on the

19th of April, 1824,

Engaged in the glorious attempt to
restore that country to her ancient
freedom and renown.

His sister, the Honourable

Augusta Maria Leigh,

placed this tablet to his memory.

27th August, 1825.

J. W. E.

* No. 99, of the MIRROR, contains a view and description of Hucknall Church, with several highly interesting anecdotes of his Lordship, tributes to his memory, &c. No. 85, is entirely devoted to a Memoir of his Lordship, as is No. 90 to the Recollections of Byron, with a Portrait of the noble Poet, engraved on steel.—To the friends and admirers of Byron we recommend these Numbers of the MIRROR, as containing a more interesting and copious account of his Lordship than is to be found in any other work.—ED.

INTRODUCTION OF VEGETABLES, &c., INTO ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CLVI. of your interesting publication we are presented, by a correspondent, P. T. W., with an account of the origin of fruits, &c., in England, to which the following may serve as a conclusion:—Currants came originally from Zante, and were introduced into this country in the year 1533; gooseberries, pippins, artichokes, and cazarots, were first cultivated in England in the reign

of Henry VIII. Previous to this period, Queen Catherine, of Arragon, when she wanted a salad, was compelled to despatch a messenger to Holland or Flanders on purpose. Cos lettuces came from an island of that name, near Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Saffron was introduced from Arabia, in the reign of King Edward III. Hops came from the Netherlands, about the year 1525; and are mostly cultivated in Kent, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire. Asparagus, cauliflowers, beans, and pease, were planted in England about the time of the Restoration. Turnips were brought from Hanover. Melons were conveyed from Armenia to Rome, and thence to England. Nor can we claim the jessamine, the lily, the tulip, &c. &c.—for the jessamine came from the East Indies; the lily and the tulip from the Levant; the carnation and pink from Italy; the auricula from Switzerland; and the tuberosa from Java and Ceylon.

Your correspondent, P. T. W., has committed a mistake in asserting that potatoes were introduced by the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh; for I know it as a certainty that we owe this valuable root to Admiral Sir John Hawkins, the great navigator in the time of Queen Elizabeth.—(See the appendix to *Robinson's Hume and Smollett, and Evans's Juvenile Tourist*, p. 370—compilations of authenticity.)—The writer of these pages has in his possession a manuscript which would further prove the fact, if it were necessary.

POLYCARP.

ODE TO THE "MIRROR.*"

HAIL magic glass! thou general reflector

Of wit and wisdom! May thy surface bright
Be ne'er obscured by any dull defect! or
Get crack'd in hoary headed Time's fast flight;
But like the glass of Ptolemy,† exhibit
Thought to our view beyond our vision's limit.

* Modesty in Editors is a thing so unfashionable in the present day, that the person who pretended to it would be set down for a hypocrite or an idiot; as we are not ambitious to be thought either, or to boast of a virtue the public does not expect in us, we print our correspondent's very flattering Ode, merely remarking that we should have paused in this step, had not justice to the correspondents he notices demanded its insertion.—Ed.

† We reading several ancient authors, that Ptolemy Energetes, ~~came~~ to be placed on the tower of Pharos, at Alexandria, a mirror, which represented every thing that was transacted throughout Egypt, on water and land. Some writers affirm, that with this mirror an enemy's fleet could be seen at the distance of 100 leagues.

—Percy Anecdotes.

His was a wondrous glass, it is most true,
To shew a fleet one hundred leagues away!
But what of that, when thou giv'st to our view
Objects as far apart as night from day:
Vesuvius' fires from our chairs we gaze on,
The grand Turk's turban, and the coach he lays
on.

The Polar ices—(Parry did not find them
So pleasing to his taste as those we eat,
Lounging o'er counters, whilst there stands be-
hind them
Smart damsels, as we see in every street—
A kind of man-trap, set to catch our glances!
Woman, the joys of eating e'en enhances!)

The Polar ice—Africa's burning sands,
All, all, thou shew'st us when it suits our
leisure

To look on thee, thou work of many hands,
Fountain of mirth, intelligence and pleasure!
But to break of the glassy simile,
I'll thank thee for the amusement thou hast
given me.

Hail then to thee! all potent Editor!
Thy mandate terrible at once decides,
The fate of those thou'lt give no credit, or
Suffer to appear within thy margined sides.
Health on thy years attend thee as they pass,
But let me be reflected in thy glass.

"To Correspondents" next my muse inclines,
Utopia's verses much I must admire,
I wish he may succeed in all's designs,
And may his poetry ne'er light a fire.
For sometimes, when young Love our bosom
claims,
Sonnets and Valentines oft feed the flames.

I've found it so! It makes me misanthropic
When e'er I think on't. So adieu, adieu
To all such thoughts—for thus I'll change the
topic,
By thanking for his essays P. T. W.
With TOBYKIN and others, 'mongst them CLAVIS,
Shines brightly forward like a *rara avis*.

And now, to put a finis to my song,
A line to JANET will conclude it well;
So then, sweet maid, whose'er thou art, prolong
Thine essays, tales, thy pen so well can tell.
I thank you all; but truth bids me declare,
None had been thanked had the day been fair.
August, 1825. W. CORFIELD.

MEMENTO MORI.

(For the Mirror.)

DEATH to remember, doth on man impose
A solemn task—life's brevity implies—
Vain transient space!—man like the blushing
rose,
In one short moment blooms; another dies!

Dear Saviour, grant me knowledge of thy will,
Keep me in virtue, then I'll fear no ill;
E'en death defied, my soul, its frail abode
Yielding quiescent, takes its flight to God!

CLAVIS.

THE CELEBRATED DUETT,

In the Opera of "Il Crociato in Egitto," translated from the Italian of "Da questo istante," by Miss K. Thompson.

(For the Mirror.)

From this blest hour 'till life shall part
And terminate in sad decay;
'Till death shall sever heart from heart,
And waning nature fade away;

May the firm bond that links us now
Still blend our mingling souls in one;
And ev'ry thought and action flow
In hallow'd sweet communion.

And while thus at thy side I live,
While round my heart thy thoughts entwine:
What more has Hope or Heaven to give?
Ah! where a fate so blest as mine!

THE FATE OF CONQUERORS.

SINCE the reign of Augustus, the world has seldom been so free from war and bloodshed as at the present moment. The Turks and Greeks, in a small spot on the confines of Europe and Asia, are carrying on a petty warfare; but excepting in that quarter, Europe may be said to enjoy the most profound repose. All the great States, that in their turn have contended for the mastery, are at peace with one another, and most of them are free from internal broils. Asia, Africa, and America, with the exception of a few occasional skirmishes, seem to follow the example of Europe, which, indeed, for ages has not only been the great theatre of war, but the original cause of most of those commotions that have devastated the world. At the present day, when the blessings of peace are so justly appreciated, one is astonished at the madness of the people in following ambitious leaders to war and death, and disposed to ask, what benefit these leaders themselves derived from the miseries of which their insatiable ambition was so frequently the cause? History, "the great mistress of wisdom," points out two remarkable circumstances in their fate, which cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. Of all the mighty conquerors that have been praised by poets, admired by their followers, and adored for a moment by their countrymen—that have made babes fatherless, wives widows, and carried ruin and devastation in their train—how few have fallen in battle, and yet how few have come to a timely end! Perhaps not one in ten has died a natural death. They made themselves conspicuous for a time, they marked the age in which they lived, but they seemed to rise above the stream of time rather as beacons to deter, than as guides to be followed. Poison, assassi-

nation, or disappointed ambition, commonly put an end to their dazzling career. Witness the fate of those who, in ancient times, were surnamed the Great, and deemed the first warriors of their age. Cyrus the Great, after conquering Media, Lydia, and Assyria, had his head cut off by a woman, who threw it into a vessel filled with blood, and addressed it in these words, "Go, quench there that thirst for blood which seemed insatiable." Mithradates, who commanded the Athenians at Marathon, and was reckoned the most celebrated general of his age, was accused of treason by the Athenians, and condemned to death. The sentence was commuted for a fine, which he was unable to pay, and he died in prison. Pausanias, who conquered at Platæa, and slew about 300,000 Persians, was starved to death in the temple of Minerva, whither he had fled to save himself from the fury of his countrymen. Themistocles, who was called the most warlike and courageous of all the Greeks, who destroyed the formidable fleet of Xerxes at Salamis, and slew and drowned countless thousands of Persians, was banished by the capricious Athenians, delivered himself, like Napoleon the Great, into the hands of his former enemies, and died (by poison, according to some) in exile. Epaminondas, the Theban, by his extraordinary talents raised himself to the first rank in the State, defeated the Lacedæmonians at the famous battle of Leuctra, was afterwards accused as a traitor, and about to be condemned to death, when his countrymen pardoned him on account of his former services, and placed him at the head of an army, where he was slain, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Philip of Macedon, who, by his intrigues and arms, conquered all the neighbouring states, and finally destroyed the independence of Greece at the battle of Chæronea, was assassinated at the age of forty-seven, when on the point of leading his victorious armies against the barbarians of the East. His son, Alexander the Great, who conquered Asia Minor, Egypt, Media, Syria, Persia, and deemed the world too small for his conquests, was prematurely cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of his favourite General, Antipater. Pyrrhus, the Epirot, declared by Hannibal the greatest of captains, fell by the hand of a woman. Hannibal himself, the prince of generals, after conquering Spain, and retaining possession of Italy for sixteen years against all the power of the Romans, was defeated by Scipio at Zama, fled to Syria, thence to Bithynia, where he poisoned himself, to elude the

swords of his enemies. Scipio, his conqueror, as famous for his virtues as a citizen as his military qualities, was accused of extortion, and was obliged to flee from Rome. He died in exile at Lilerum, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and left, as his dying request, that his bones might not be laid with those of his ungrateful countrymen. Mithridates, King of Pontus, who by his skill and bravery opposed the Roman power for thirty years, and was declared by his enemies a more powerful and indefatigable adversary than the great Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Perseus, or Antiochus, was doomed to death by his unnatural son, attempted to poison himself, and not succeeding, fell upon his sword. Antiochus was murdered by his followers in the Temple of Belus, at Susiana. Perseus was carried captive to Rome, and died in prison. Scipio the younger, who wept over the ruins of Carthage, of which he had been the unwilling cause, was, after the most astonishing victories, on the point of being made dictator, when he was found dead in his bed, murdered at the instigation of his wife, and the triumvirs Carbo, Gracchus, and Flaccus. Cinna was assassinated by one of his own officers. Marius and Sylla, the most cruel of Roman generals, died in their beds; but their death was hastened by excessive drinking, in which they indulged, to blunt the stings of a guilty conscience. For a time the triumvirs Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus governed the world. Crassus was treacherously put to death by Surenæ. Pompey the Great, the friend of Cato, who conquered Mithridates, was defeated by Cæsar in the plains of Pharsalia, and assassinated by the command of Ptolemy, whom he had protected and placed on the throne. The fate of Cæsar himself is well known. By his astonishing abilities he raised himself to the first rank as a general and an orator. After defeating all his enemies, he triumphed in one day over five different nations, Gaul, Alexandria, Pontus, Africa, and Spain; he conquered three hundred nations, took eight hundred cities, slew a million of men, was created perpetual dictator, and became master of the world. He generously forgave his bitterest enemies, and was assassinated by his most intimate friends in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Cicero was beheaded near Gaeta, and Cato stabbed himself in Utica. Brutus, Cassius, and Antony fell on their swords. Of the twelve Cæsars, the successive masters of the world, nine suffered a violent death.

Similar instances might be produced in modern times, to show how fortune sports with the destiny of the mightiest men; but

it will be sufficient to close this moral catalogue with the tragical end of two contemporaries, the greatest commanders, on their respective elements, that the world ever saw. Nelson, by his undaunted courage, his skill and perseverance, raised himself far above all his compeers, defeated every fleet that opposed him, and when at the summit of fame, and the last shot was fired at the enemy, died, at a premature age, of a wound which he had received in battle. Bonaparte, the hero of the age, commanded the most effective and powerful armies that ever went forth to battle, who made and unmade kings at his pleasure, was defeated at Waterloo, banished for ever from his native country, and died of a broken heart on the bare rocky island of St. Helena. Old Diogenes, in his tub, with a little sunshine, amusing himself with the foibles and frailties of the surrounding multitude, and quietly slipping into his grave at the patriarchal age of ninety-six, had some reason to treat with contempt the vanity of the demi-god Alexander.

The Watering Places.

No. II.

HERNE BAY.

It is a little remarkable, that this delightful place should so long have escaped the notice of those persons who annually deem it necessary to visit a sea-bathing place, either for pleasure or health; it would be better, perhaps, to say *general* notice, for there are a few who have found it out, and properly appreciate its beauties.

It is situated in the parish of Herne, on the coast of Kent, and forms a romantic little bay, the indent of which may be seen on the map, nearly equi-distant between the fishing town of Whitstable and the ruins of the ancient nunnery of the Reculvers. There are terraces perfectly dry along the whole extent of the bay, at a sufficient distance from the sea at high water to protect the houses from the spray, yet commanding a large extent of sea, with distant views of the opposite shore towards the North-West. The country round the bay is well wooded, and it is surrounded by extensive and flourishing farms. It reminds us more of the beautiful villages on the coast of Devon, than any place we know of in this part of England; and, like them, its walks and rides are singularly diversified and picturesque—that to Canterbury, a distance of about eight miles, through the village of Herne and the ancient town of Sturry, is, perhaps, not exceeded by any thing in this country so near the sea, where beautiful

timber is so rarely to be met with. The church of the former place, as you approach it from Canterbury, is one of the most striking objects we have ever noticed.

A few years ago, some gentlemen of Canterbury commenced building at Herne Bay; but whether the speculation did not answer, or from want of spirit to proceed, we know not; certain it is, that only a few houses were then built, and those without any regard to taste. This seems the more remarkable, as the proprietor of the land offers to dispose of it in fee, which has led a spirited individual from London to renew the attempt. He has already built a few houses, in one of which he resides with his family during the summer, and he has purchased a considerable tract of land for the erection of more. The bathing is excellent. There are warm baths also to be had, and what is a great recommendation, the people of the place are civil. Their charges are low; but whether they may continue so when the place grows into more notice, is what we cannot venture to prophecy. That it will become a favourite place we boldly predict, at least with those who like quiet and retirement, and who are getting disgusted with the influx of persons of all descriptions, emigrating from London in the season, into every place where a steam-boat can unload. It is strongly indicative, that our prophecy is about to be fulfilled, when we learn that there is already an hotel, moderately commodious—an attempt at a library—that a doctor has ventured to put up a smart brass plate proclaiming his profession—and a church of ease is about to be erected forthwith, the distance from Herne being about two miles. There is at present a small chapel for the Establishment, and another for Dissenters.

The bay itself, from its generally unruffled state, except during the prevalence of a northerly wind, affords the finest boating on the coast. Margate is only distant a few miles, and a trip by sea from that place to Herne Bay often affords to the residents of the former place a few days' retirement, which they seek in vain either at Ramsgate or Dover.

M.

CROSS READINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

LAST night a gang of notorious villains were apprehended—the Earl of S— spoke half an hour in his own defence.

Lady A. M. S— has engaged to eat a leg of mutton and turnips at one sitting. Yesterday a man was branded in the

hand; none are genuine but those that have this mark.

On Friday, a man was whipped at the cart's tail—the ceremony was performed by his Grace, the Archbishop of York.

Yesterday, a chimney-sweeper's boy, under seven years—attended a Cabinet Council in Downing-street.

Yesterday, the five condemned malefactors—appeared in court with the collars of their respective orders.

This morning Lady D— was delivered of a prince—to be continued annually.

Yesterday, being the last day of term—the villains made off, after doing all the mischief, and escaped.

The most audacious robberies are daily committed—by his Majesty's royal letters patent.

JOHN FIELD.

WHO WANTS A WIFE?

In Paris there is a regular *bureau* for negotiating marriages; and such is the variety of female candidates, that the most capacious taste may be suited. The following advertisements appeared lately in the *Journal d'Affiches* :—

"MARRIAGES.

"1st. Fifty widows, with 2 to 20,000 francs of income.

"2nd. One and fifty *damselfs*, with from 10,000 to 600,000 francs of dowry.

"3rd. Four hundred young ladies and widows, with a small fortune.—Apply to M. Porre, &c."

Another marriage broker advertises as at his disposal,

"1. Two young ladies, of between 15 and 18 years of age, with between 30 and 60,000 francs of portion.

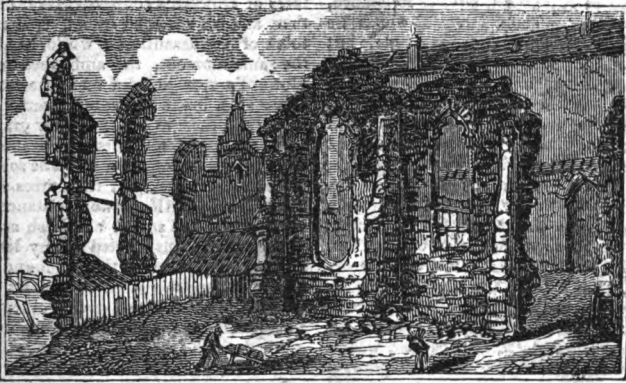
"2. Two others, between 30 and 36 years, with 35,000 francs; and several *damselfs* of all ages, with between 4,000 and 6,000 francs of income; with lots of widows, of incomes from 1,000 to 6,000 francs."

Surely such an assortment cannot fail to be interesting to prudent middle-aged bachelors; but if money is not the object, M. Porre tells us that he has at his disposal "several young ladies of ancient families, with little fortune, but with all the qualities which should accompany fortune."

BON MOT.

It was observed to the Rev. S. Smith, that Lord ——— must have felt himself considerably astonished at becoming the father of a clever son—"Yes," replied the Rev. Jeater, "he must have felt like a hen that has hatched a duck, and seen it suddenly take water."

Remains of the Savoy Palace.



THE site of the once celebrated Savoy Palace which some thirty years ago was even magnificent in its ruins, is now occupied by new buildings in part, and will be wholly so ere long. The precinct of the Savoy takes its name from Peter, earl of Savoy, who built a large house here, 1245, and gave it to the fraternity of Mountjoy, of whom queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III. purchased it for her son, the duke of Lancaster. When it came into the hands of Henry VII. he founded here an hospital, and called it the hospital of St. John the Baptist: and Mr. Weaver says, that the following inscription was over the great gate:—

Hospitium hoc inopi turba Savoia vocatum,
Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo Solo.

This hospital consisted of a master and four brethren, who were to be in priests orders, and officiate in their turns, and they were to stand alternately at the gate of the Savoy, and if they saw any person who was an object of charity, they were obliged to take him in, and feed him. If he proved to be a traveller, he was entertained for one night, and a letter of recommendation, with as much money given him, as would defray his expenses to the next hospital.

The Savoy has been reduced to ashes several times, particularly by Wat Tyler and Jack Cade; and at other times by accident.

This hospital was suppressed in the seventh year of Edward VI. and the furniture given to the hospitals of Bridewell, St. Thomas, &c. but falling afterwards into the hands of queen Mary I. she new founded and endowed it plentifully, and it was under the care of a master and four brethren in holy orders,

and a receiver of the rents, who was also the porter, and locked the gates every night; and he chose a watchman.

The original rents amounted to £22,000. per annum, which being deemed too large an endowment, an Act of Resumption was obtained in the fourth and fifth of Philip and Mary, so that the lands reverted to the crown. But they who had taken leases from the master of the Savoy, had their leases confirmed to them for ever, upon the payment of twenty years purchase; a reserve being made of £300. or £1,000. a year, in perpetuity for the master and four brethren, &c.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXVII.

JOHN DOE.

(Concluded from page 128.)

WHILE Purcell was driving from his door the wretched Cauthleen he had betrayed, and his and her infant, he meditates an attempt at abduction on Mary Grace, who was enamoured of Lieutenant Howard; and at the same time endeavoured to induce Mullins, one of the White Boys, to assassinate his rival. The attempt to murder Howard was prevented by the villain being shot at the moment by a stranger of the name of Sullivan, who persuades Howard not to go to Mr. Grace's, whither he was proceeding, but to return and let him take a note of apology.

Sullivan, who, as may be anticipated, was Kavanagh, gets the note written in a cabin, takes it to the house, is admitted, and invited to stop all night. While there, the attack is made by Purcell and

his party to carry off Mary Grace. Sullivan, whom Mary had by this time recognised as Kavanagh, advises resistance, and attempts to shoot Purcell, whom he recognised through the key-hole, but misses him. Mary is carried off, together with her father, a Mr. Somers, and Kavanagh. When Howard heard of the abduction, he mustered his men, and went in search of them. The party were led to a cottage, where there was an old man, who commanded Purcell to let go the hand of Mary Grace. Purcell insisted on Mr. Somers, a clergyman, to marry them, but he refused; and then called on Tack'em, an unprincipled priest; but he was deterred, partly from the illegality of the act, and from a promise of Mr. Grace to give him more money than he would get by the job. Purcell, thus baffled, was on the point of carrying off Mary, and punishing the refractory priests, when the old man exclaimed, "Stand out, grandson! Harry Kavanagh, stand out!" Then Kavanagh stood forth without disguise, and was hailed by the whole party. He blew a horn, and was soon surrounded by an overpowering force, wearing loose blue coats, and strongly armed. They attacked Purcell's party, and some were killed on both sides, but he escaped.

Purcell now applied to Howard for assistance; but, wishing to sneak away, and exciting some suspicion, was dragged forward more like a prisoner than a fallen combatant. Howard came up with Kavanagh's party, and learnt that he had rescued Mary from Purcell and his party. Kavanagh now avowed himself to be John Doe.

While speaking these words he engaged his hands in unbuttoning the close frock that we have described as fitting tight to his figure; and when he had ended, Kavanagh, laying the reins on his horse's neck, flung it aside altogether, and displayed an inside dress, consisting of a white vest, or jacket, over which was a red waistcoat, with bunches of green ribbon for shoulder-knots, and a broad green sash round his waist. He also wore a belt, or girdle, in which were seen two cases of pistols.

Kavanagh then calls on his "Twelfth Sub-division of the Flying Army of the Hills" to show themselves, and they immediately cast off their great coats. Mullins is Sergeant Moonshine, and Flinn Lieutenant Starlight. Howard expresses his regret that he must do his duty, and bids Kavanagh surrender, while he, on the contrary, orders his party to disarm that of Howard.

He had scarcely done speaking when the party which he headed rushed forward

with tremendous cries, and, as they had been ordered, discharged a volley into the faces of Howard's soldiers, Mary, her father, and his reverend friend, still in the thick of the assaulters; while, at almost the same moment, the ambushed foes in Howard's rear jumped upon the road, at either side, broke through his ranks, and, more than three to one, instantly grappled with the royal muskets, simultaneously assisted by Kavanagh's men. The soldiers, taken by surprise, and their arms shouldered, made little or no resistance; in the midst of the smoke and flash and explosion of the unexpected volley levelled at them, every man in the line found himself in the sudden gripe of at least three enemies, front and rear, so that every effort was paralyzed: some few shot, indeed, escaped them; but this happened while they vainly struggled against an overwhelming force, and while their pieces, already seized by tugging hands, were pointed upward; a few others, who might have fired straight on, saw Howard's friends immediately before them, and remembered his orders; and, in fact, a minute had not elapsed until Howard found himself at the head of an unarmed body, wearing red coats and military caps, indeed, but deprived of every other badge of warfare, as even their pouches and belts had been ravished in a twinkling.

Himself, too, did not longer than any of his soldiers retain the means of defence. While all was yelling and uproar around him, Lieutenant Starlight advanced, with simply a short stick in his hand, and—"Captain, honey," he said, "I'm comin', first, to keep my promise with you; I tould you in the barn, that we'd show you Doe, some time or other; well, a-vich, sure, there he is; an' now, honour bright, just lend me a loan o' your sword, a moment, an' I'll take the best care in the world o' you."

Howard only answered by a pass at his antagonist, which Flinn skilfully parried; they then set to, nearer to each other, and the contest ended in Lieutenant Starlight striking the sword out of the hands of Lieutenant Howard, and immediately flourishing it aloft, and then dropping the point. At the same moment Sergeant Moonshine came up, dismounted, with a sword also girded round his loins, the property, a few moments before of his more loyal brother, who now accompanied him as his prisoner.

Kavanagh seizes Purcell, and all the party and their prisoners move towards Grace's house. Flinn and Mullins were sent forward on a special mission. One of them being asked by the other if he ever did a good deed in his life, says he did two:

he killed a gauger and shot an attorney. Kavanagh led Mary Grace forward, and endeavoured, with all the eloquence of true love, to induce her to renew her affection for him: this she firmly refused. Kavanagh then, half-distracted, heaped his reproaches on Purcell—

Purcell, starting and clasping his hands, here uttered a loud cry,—“Lights in my house! in every window!” he exclaimed, “what is this?”

“Lights in your house! and in hell, tyrant!—a shadow of the flame, that shall soon, and for ever, swathe you. Look again! ’tis brighter and redder than the midnight blaze that shone over your costly feasts, and on the worms that crawled round to share them:—look again!”

The fierce light grew stronger at all the windows; then waned; and then flared out again, as it proceeded in its destroying course.

“My house on fire! my property wrecked! my papers! my wealth! my all!—and was it for this, plunderer and assassin; was it for this you led me here?” he continued, turning in fury on Kavanagh.

“For this?—fool, fool, prepare yourself! If you have ever learned a prayer, repeat it.”

“Mercy! I am now below your vengeance,” cried Purcell, suddenly changing his tone and manner; “I am a beggar, and at your feet. Look on me, I am at your feet!”

“There would I have you be! by the round world, I have prayed and wept for it! For such a scene and hour have I thirsted, and my tongue hath burned with thirst!—thus, in my dreams have I seen it, and shrieked and laughed to see it!—Look at your house again!”

While he spoke, the crackling of slates and glass was heard, and, a second after, the flame shot out through the windows and door, clear and straight, like a broadside from some great war-ship. Immediately followed the smoke—the volumes of smoke, massy, thick, and curling, and showing, amid the red light and the murky relief of the hills around, white as a morning vapour that the sun calls from the bottom of the valley. The moon had set, and here and there in the sky black wreaths of clouds moved swollen and slowly along; while through them, and between them, the “chaste stars” glimmered wildly on the phenomenon; reduced by the contrast of lurid light to the appearance of cold silvery specks set in a frozen ground of intense blue. The side of every hill and every break, for miles adjacent, caught the sudden glow, remov-

ing it, fainter and farther, into almost desert solitude, till it was at last devoured by remote darkness. But the rugged features of all the nearer heights became fitfully enveloped in the blaze, and, grim and haggard, broke out into the night; nay, at a very considerable distance, high peaks, white in snow, blushed faintly, and without form, like the shadowy indications of grand scenery caught and lost in a dream. The lawn immediately before the house seemed perishing in light, and the pond of water, flaming like molten ore, reflected and heightened the immediate horrors and magnificence of the scene.

Kavanagh was on the point of filling up the measure of his vengeance on the life of Purcell, but was prevented from it by Mary, O’Clery, and others; he then handed Purcell over to Mullins and Flinn, for the purpose of being despatched, but he was at this time spared.

“And your hand again, Mary Grace,” resumed Kavanagh, when they had left the height, “and be quick—be quick! why do you draw back and shiver? Mine is not yet blotted. Howard!—men, let him advance; here—take her—she is your’s—virtuously your’s—you will be kind to her, for her own sake, for my sake.”

A sudden explosion of fire-arms reached them, and, almost at the same moment, the roof of Purcell’s house fell in, and one tremendous spire of flame darted to the heavens, illuminating for a few seconds more fiercely than ever all contiguous objects, and even the remotest distances. Then succeeded the vomiting and expanding smoke, and the red fragments of burnt timber that the exploding air impelled upward; and then almost utter darkness wrapt once more the hills, the fields, and the blotted sky. But ere thickest shadow had veiled the countenances of all near him, Howard, for the first time, brought to mind, while looking on Kavanagh, the features of the young man who had so much interested him in the tent, on the evening of the pattern.

While all paused in consternation, Dee continued:—“’Tis over! mother, and sister, you are revenged!—yet, now, I hear that sound, and see that sight in more sorrow than my first yearnings promised—who comes?”—interrupting himself as the faint but wild cry of a female was heard advancing; and, immediately after, Cauthleen tottered forward, and sunk at his feet, exclaiming—

“Brother, spare me, ’tis poor Cauthleen.”

“Spare you, my poor girl, spare you!” he repeated, “rise, come to your brother’s

heart—you have a brother still! I did not think to see you so soon, Cauthleen," he continued, pressing his flushed cheek to her pale one; "but, but—oh, Cauthleen!—sister!" he wept on her neck.

"I always loved you, Harry—and—I—hoped—I—" she could not, amid sobbings and chokings, utter the words 'till she sank, fainting, in his arms. "The health has faded from your cheek, my girl," he resumed, "and you are worn and wasted—a shadow of my once beautiful Cauthleen!—'tis over!" looking round—"farewell all, and every thing; but this poor bruised flower, which, to raise up and nurse, and to call back to bloom, must now be my life's only care and occupation! Farewell, country! my native hills—my hearth made desolate—my lost love!—Mary, I ask not now to touch your hand with mine—Farewell!"

He bore his insensible sister on his arm down the hill, and was followed by all his party; Mr. Grace, Mary, Howard, their reverend friends, and the disarmed soldiers remaining behind: and the outcast brother and sister were never again heard of in the land of their birth, their sorrows, and their crimes.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI. OF FRANCE.

THIS melancholy event took place on the 21st of January, 1793. On the day previous, a terrific scene took place in Paris. Some few generous souls dared to express their indignation; but the mass, either indifferent or terrified, remained passive. One of the body-guard, named Pâris, had resolved to avenge the death of the king on one of his judges. Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, like many others of his rank, had voted for the death of Louis, to avert the odium caused by his birth and fortune. He had excited great indignation among the royalists, on account of the class of society to which he belonged. On the evening of the 20th he was pointed out to Pâris, at a tavern in the Palais-Royal, whilst he was seating himself at table. This young man, wrapped in a great coat, went to him, and said, "Is it you, scoundrel, Lepelletier, who voted for the death of the king?"—"Yes," replied he; "but I am not a scoundrel, for I voted according to my conscience."—"Hold," resumed Pâris, "here is your

recompense!" and he plunged his sabre in his side, and disappeared before any one had time to seize him.

The news of this event spread with rapidity through all parts of Paris. It was announced at the convention; the Jacobin club, and at the commune. This incident gave countenance to the report of the conspiracy of the Royalists, who, it was said, meditated massacring their enemies, and rescuing the king when at the foot of the scaffold. The Jacobins declared their sittings permanent, and sent new messengers to all their authorities to rekindle their zeal, and to call the whole population to arms.

On the next day, the 21st of January, as the Temple clock struck five, the king awoke, called for Clery, and dressed himself with the most perfect tranquillity. He congratulated himself on having recomposed his mind by sleep. Clery lighted the fire, and moved a chest of drawers, which served for an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his sacerdotal vestments, and commenced solemnizing the mass; Clery assisted at it, and the king, on his knees, gave deep attention to the ceremony. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and the mass being finished, rose with increased strength, and awaited with serenity the moment in which he was to be transported to the scaffold. He demanded scissors to cut his hair himself, to avoid the humiliating operation from the hands of the executioner; but the commune, suspecting the possibility of suicide, refused his request.

The drum now beat through the streets of the capital. All those who belonged to the armed sections joined their companies with the most perfect submission. Those who were not obliged to make their appearance on this terrible day, concealed themselves in their houses. Their doors and windows were all shut, and they awaited, at home, the tidings of this heart-rending event. It was reported that four or five hundred men, devoted to the king, had designed to burst their way to the carriage, and carry him off. The convention, commune, executive council, and Jacobins were all assembled.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation of the commune, of the department, and of the criminal tribunal, proceeded to the Temple. The king, hearing the noise of their approach, rose, and prepared to depart. He had determined not to renew the sad scene of the preceding evening by seeing his family again. He charged Clery to give his adieu to his wife, sisters, and children. He also begged him to carry them a lock

of his hair and some jewels, which he gave him for that purpose. He then squeezed his hand, and thanked him for his services. He afterwards addressed one of the municipal officers, begging him to transmit his will to the commune. This officer, named Jaques Roux, had formerly been a priest; he answered him in a brutal manner, that it was his business to conduct him to the scaffold, not to run on his messages. Another charged himself with this commission, and Louis, turning himself towards his conductors, gave, with firmness, the signal of departure.

Officers of the gendarmerie were placed in front of the carriage in which Louis was transported to the place of execution; he himself and M. Edgeworth were seated behind. During this transfer, which was rather long, the king read, from the breviary of M. Edgeworth, the prayers appropriate to his situation. The two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. They had orders, it was said, to stab him if the carriage should be attacked. No hostile attempt, however, was made from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution. The armed multitude formed a street. Profound silence prevailed, and the carriage advanced slowly. At the Place de la Revolution, a large vacant space was left round the scaffold. Tiers of artillery surrounded this space; the most democratic confederates were formed round the scaffold; the very refuse of the rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when they received the signal from higher authorities, pressed behind the ranks of confederates, and manifested their execrable satisfaction by many hateful gestures of triumph and revenge; whilst, every sentiment of commiseration was suppressed by terror, and buried in silence. Louis, alighting from the carriage, advanced with a firm step and undismayed air, towards the place of execution. Three executioners came forward; he rejected their interference, and disrobed himself. But when they attempted to bind his hands, he experienced a movement of indignation, and seemed involuntarily about to defend himself. M. Edgeworth, whose expressions were, at this moment, full of sublimity, seeing his emotion, said to him, "Suffer this indignity, as a last resemblance to the God who is about to be your recompense." The victim became resigned, and suffered himself to be bound, and led to the scaffold. Suddenly he advanced one step in front of the executioners, and addressed the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a strong voice, "I die innocent of the crimes im-

puted to me; I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not be upon France." He would have continued, but the drums were now ordered to beat; the voice of the king was drowned in their noise, the executioners seized upon their victim, and M. Edgeworth inspired his last moment with this sublime exclamation: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" The furious wretches who surrounded the scaffold then dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in his blood, spread through Paris, shouting "Live the nation! live the republic?" and even went to the gates of the Temple, to manifest that false and brutal joy which the multitude always experience on the opening of a new era, and at the downfall of the great.—*Thier's and Bodin's History of the French Revolution.*

THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA.

THE ENTRY INTO OPORTO.

WE halted here the next day for a supply of provisions, of which we were much in want, while the light division of the army followed up the enemy; and I took this opportunity of paying my good old *patrons* a congratulatory visit on the expulsion of the French. My astonishment may be more easily conceived than described, when, on arriving at the scene of my late happiness, I found nothing but bare walls remaining. The house had been completely stripped of all its costly furniture and every thing that was valuable, by the desperate robbers who were now flying before us. To witness the destruction occasioned in this beautiful residence was truly pitiable: on entering, I perceived the fine balustrades broken; the chandeliers and mirrors were shattered to pieces; all the portable furniture had been taken away, and the remainder either wantonly burned, or otherwise destroyed; the choice pictures were defaced, and the walls more resembled a French barrack than the abode of a Portuguese Fidalgo, from the obscene paintings that were daubed upon them. The beautiful garden was entirely ransacked; the charming walks and fragrant bowers torn up and demolished; the fountains broken to pieces; and the crystal-like water drained off to catch the little fish, I suppose to satisfy the wanton appetites of these all-devouring marauders. However, I was somewhat relieved from my apprehension and sorrow on the account of this worthy family, by being informed that they had made their escape to England, in a vessel of their own, at the time we sailed, with all their plate, money, and most valuable property.

While here, I went to visit a Welsh gentleman who had married a Portuguese lady. He was a resident of this town, on whom I had been billeted on our first landing here, and from whose family I received much attention, but had been unable to wait on them on my last arrival, owing to indisposition. He was not living at the same house, but I was directed where I might find him. My interview with him proved of the most painful description: he met me on the stairs, and received me with great kindness, but appeared in a very dejected state of mind. He showed me into the parlour; and, pointing to an arm-chair, told me that in that seat a French officer had, a few hours before, blown out the brains of his poor old father-in-law, because he would not resign one of his daughters to gratify the abominable lust of this detestable assassin, who suspected she was secreted in the house, though in reality she had fled to the mountains on the first approach of the enemy. There was no corroboration of this shocking catastrophe necessary, as the blood and parts of the skull were still visible in the chamber, but the body had been removed. His amiable wife, from whom I had received the greatest civility, and whom I wished to congratulate on the liberation of their town from such vile miscreants, to my regret could not make her appearance; she was too much overwhelmed with grief. My friend was about to enter into the particulars of his misfortunes, occasioned by the arbitrary contributions and severities of the French, when the drum beat for us to fall in, and continue the pursuit of the routed army.

Capt. Wood's Subaltern Officer.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

NIGHT put an end to the bloody fray and equally bloody pursuit; when we halted, leaving Vittoria some miles in our rear. We had not had a morsel to eat the whole of this day, as we moved off our ground before the supplies had arrived: bread, indeed, we had not received for two days previous; we therefore appeased our hunger by plucking the corn from the ears, as we trampled over the fields of it with which this fine country abounds, and which was at this moment fit for the sickle. This expedient satisfied our craving wants till the action commenced, when our attention was attracted by other objects. One of my men picked up a French haversack, out of which he got a large biscuit, which he began eating most greedily without offering his comrade any part: at this instant a shell burst very near him, a splinter of which broke his leg; he hopped screaming away, and let

fall the bread, which his comrade snatched up and ate, observing, that it served the other right for his greediness.

At this time we were halted; and were, in some measure, compensated for the loss of bread, by the plentiful supply we got of water, which, indeed, was a great advantage, after the heat and fatigue of the day.

We had now taken up our ground, and piled our arms, when some of the men went up to the rear under various pretences, but soon returned: some with bread, brandy, fowls, and all kinds of eatables; others with dollars, doubloons, plate, and every article that could be procured from the French baggage, which we had passed, but dared not fall out of our ranks to take possession of at the time, having a more serious duty to perform than attending to plunder,—that of first beating the enemy away from it. I certainly must confess I regarded these waggons loaded and broken down with specie, over which we were obliged to drive the foe, with a wishful eye; but honour being with a soldier preferable to riches, I relinquished the latter for the former. We were, however, amply supplied with every thing that was good, by those who had the good fortune to share in the spoil. Indeed, for my own part, I could not complain, having contrived to get a very fine young horse, belonging to the Polish Lancers, which came running in my way without a rider, completely accoutred; and a handsome quilt, which I found very useful at night. Such plenty now prevailed, that I do not suppose there was a man in the field who had not a good meal that night from the stores of the enemy, which were copiously supplied with every comfort, and now came to us so very seasonably; for, although every man had not an opportunity of partaking in the plunder, yet there was so great an abundance of every necessary brought into camp, that they were enabled to share the provisions with each other. We also got a most seasonable supply of those valuable articles—good shoes, taken from the French magazines. Our men had been constantly on the tramp for many weeks together, without having time or opportunity to get their old ones mended; indeed several of them had marched for the last few days barefooted. Not getting quite enough to supply all my men, (having the charge of a company,) I sent the remainder to exchange theirs with the dead men, many of whom were found scattered about the field with much better shoes than their living comrades had on; so that all got completely suited in this respect. We likewise obtained a good

supply of salt, an article of great luxury in this part of the country, where it is very dear and scarce; and also tobacco, which could not be obtained previous to this day's victory,—a victory that crowned us with almost every desirable gift that honour and good fortune could confer.

To paint the scene that now ensued after the battle, among the troops, would be far beyond my power. Some were carousing over their spoils, others swearing at their ill-luck at not obtaining more; some dancing mad with *eau-de-vie*, others sharing doubloons, dollars, watches, gold trinkets, and other valuable articles. The more rational and feeling were talking of their suffering comrades, somewhat in the following strain:—

"This was a devil of a fight surely! that was a woundy crack poor Barney got, wor'n't it, Joe?" "Ah! but poor Bill Flint got a worse: he be laid low enough, poor fellow!" "But what do you think of that fine young lieutenant of the grenadiers?" "Why, dang it, his limbs be shivered to splinters; but I hope as how I shall see the brave fellow on a timber-toe some of these odd days; for he be a dam'd good officer." "Ay! that he be; and had luck to the French frogs, if they don't hop away too fast for us, we will pay them off for it yet; but we can't help trifles; so come along, Joe! here's to ye, and let's have the old song, 'Our lodgings be on the cold ground.'"

Amidst this extraordinary and novel scene, with a bottle of French brandy in one hand, some biscuit in the other, the fine large quilt thrown over me, and two fat fowls under my head, I sunk on my pillow to sleep. Morning now came, and we rose from our verdant couch, with spirits become light as air, to continue the pursuit. Our provisions being issued, we set off completely elevated by our late success, and the defeat of the enemy.

Ibid.

WALES

Is the little Switzerland of Great Britain, and, like that country, is neglected by adjoining nations, and sought only by the traveller of a far-distant clime. Wales is a spot which our neighbours seldom think of, or, when remembered by them, is visited but by the antiquary,—the searcher after the remains of ancient splendour, and the relics of ancient bravery; or valued only for its mountains, its falls, its ruined castles, its desolated monasteries, its subterranean

vaults and corridors; or prized for the produce of its fields: the people are entirely forgotten;—one would scarcely think, indeed, by the indifference with which we are treated, that we are descended from the masters of the island. Every Englishman knows something of foreign parts—of the continental countries—of Asia, Africa, and America; but of Wales he seems to know no more than he does of the inside of the Chinese empire: it is a little spot of earth, which appears to have entirely escaped his observation and inquiry. I sometimes cannot avoid thinking John Bull a very long-sighted personage, who sees with more accuracy the objects which are placed at an immense distance, than those which lie immediately under his eye; I doubt not, if Wales were situated at the North Pole, that he would have numberless ships fitted out for numberless expeditions to our outlandish region, and some of the chief people,—myself, for instance, or Miss Vaughan, or my mother, or my redoubtable neighbour, Mr. Morgan Hughes, who keeps a shop in the cwm,—brought to the English capital as living curiosities: as it is, we have no right to expect any such distinction; the Hottentot and Otaheitan have eclipsed us there; and the only reason why we are not such marketable articles is because we are placed too near Mr. Bull's shop-door: had he to cross his broad quay and wealthy docks, and to rummage for us amongst wild beasts' skins, sugar-casks, and rice barrels, he would consider us worth the trouble of stowing into his warehouses, and preserving against the ensuing season.

Ambition—a Novel.

GERMAN CEMETERIES.

BEYOND Frankfort, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the verdure which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary enclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying place, as lonely in its situation, and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined. In so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones were overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower-bed. I walked out one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin,

to visit the tomb of Klapproth, which is merely a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly-looking woman, in decent inquiring, was watering the flowers with which she had platted the grave of an only daughter (as the sexton afterwards told me), who had been interred the preceding week. The grave formed nearly a square of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all crossed, kept with great care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermixed with daisies, were ranged round the borders; little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior, and in the centre a solitary lily, hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a small stick to secure it against the wind; at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—walked towards the gate, and hurried out of the churchyard.—*From Russell's Tour in Germany.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

AFRICAN MANUFACTURES.

A COTTON shawl, manufactured by Africans from the growth of their own country, has been received at Baltimore. It consists of five pieces, woven three yards in length, and six inches in width, sown together, and is considered a favourable specimen of arts yet in their infancy amongst that rude people. Cotton, of the quality of which this shawl is manufactured, is said to grow in abundance over a track of country extending to 40 degrees of latitude, and 51 or 70 of longitude, inhabited by many millions of naked human beings.

THE STEEPLE BUILDER.

THE top of the spire of St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, has for some time been in a dilapidated state, and about a fortnight ago, a part of the ball fell from it. It has been deemed necessary to repair the spire, which is about fifty yards high, and the intrepid steeple-builder, Philip Wootton, has been engaged to perform the task. On Tuesday afternoon he commenced the undertaking, and in less than two hours had reared three long ladders, by which means, in the presence and cheers of crowds of spectators, he ascended

to the top, and with the utmost deliberation took off the weather-cock and descended with it. On Wednesday he resumed his labour, and in the evening had taken down about a yard of the spire.

PROBLEM:

Or a difficult question brought for solution into the Ecclesiastical Court.

A WONDROUS couple * here behold,

Who come to stand the test

Of Law;—for they (in virtue bold,†)

Would know which is the BEST.

DIALECTICUS.

* Mr. and Mrs. B.

† Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Shakespeare.

CONCLUSION OF LENT IN ROME.

THE fast of Lent, in which is ordered the most rigorous abstinence from flesh, is at an end on Easter-day, and then, in Rome, you see all the tables of the eating-houses decorated with flowers, and the joints of meat gilded and illuminated. Bladders of fat are hung out at the ham shops brilliantly ornamented, and every thing seems teeming with joy that the days of fasting are over, and that the season is again restored when all may eat, drink, and be merry. The illumination at St. Peter's, and the splendid fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, finish the whole matter. As the rockets fly up and disperse in the air, all remembrance of the penance and abstinence of Lent vanishes. The *giorni di grasso* (days of fat) are commenced, and the whole of the people give themselves up to merriment and pleasure.

DANCING.

SWIFT called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue; for when Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some Court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Janet, Clavis, Mr. Bloor, and several other Correspondents shall have insertion next week, when we shall also decide on sundry cases in our Court of Chancery.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House); and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLIX.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

St. Paul's Cathedral.



In a preceding volume of the MIRROR, (No. XLIV.), we gave an interesting account of the commencement of the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral by Sir Christopher Wren. Our readers need scarcely be told, that it was built on the site of the old cathedral, which was burnt down in the great fire of 1666. Dryden, who has celebrated this awful year as the *Annus Mirabilis*, in noticing the destruction of the cathedral, has a very happy allusion to its profanation, during the time of the Commonwealth, when the body of the church was converted into saw-pits, and stables for soldiery. Dryden says,

"The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it perg'd by fire."

The first stone of the new cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by the great architect himself, who lived to see his son, then but a few months old, thirty-five years afterwards, deposit the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola.

During the early progress of the work, an incident occurred, which, even in a

less superstitious age, might have been considered a favourable omen, without any charge of extraordinary credulity. Sir Christopher was marking out the dimensions of the great cupola, when he ordered one of the workmen to bring him a flat stone, to use as a *statolith*. A plate was brought: it was the fragment of a tomb-stone, on which but one word of the inscription was left—that word was *RESURGAM*. Some authors suppose this circumstance to have been the origin of the emblem sculptured over the south portico, by Cibber, namely, a phoenix rising out of its fiery nest, with this word as an inscription.

During the whole time that the cathedral was building, Sir Christopher, in order to preserve the new temple from profanation, affixed orders on various parts of the building, prohibiting the workmen from swearing, on pain of dismissal.

In 1693, the walls of the new choir were finished, and the scaffolding removed; and on the 2nd of December, 1697, it was opened for divine service, on occasion of the thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick. The morning prayer chapel was

opened for divine service the 1st of February, 1699.

It is remarkable, that this mighty fabric was begun and finished by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one principal mason, Mr. Strong; and during one bishopric, that of Dr. Henry Compton, bishop of London.

The time occupied in its erection, though, in truth, marvellously short, compared with that devoted to other buildings similar in magnitude, was thought, at the period, to have been unnecessarily protracted. Nor was this the prejudice of the ignorant vulgar merely. In the 9th of William and Mary, parliament passed an act "for completing and adorning the cathedral church, in which there was a clause for suspending a moiety of the salary until the said church should be finished; *thereby, the better to encourage* him to finish the same with the utmost diligence and expedition." And what does the reader imagine was the salary, the suspension of a moiety of which was to have this encouraging influence? Only 200*l.*! Who, but a man whose genius soared far above that of the times in which he lived, who looked forward to the admiration of future ages as his reward, could have brooked so unmerited an indignity? The whole time occupied in this building did not exceed thirty-five years; while St. Peter's at Rome, the only fabric in modern times which can be placed in competition with it, was not completed in less than one hundred and forty-five.

The total expense of the building was 736,752*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*

The dimensions of this cathedral, compared with that of St. Peter's, are, according to the Parentalia, as follows:—

	St. Paul's. St. Peter's.	
Length, within	500	669ft.
Greatest breadth	223	442
Height	340	432

In the construction of the edifice, the architect was forced to observe the general shape of a cross, and yet it exhibits little or none of the awkwardness of that form of building. By means of an additional transept or arm he has given due breadth to the west end or principal front; the east end terminates in a projecting semicircle; and at the extremities of the principal transept, there are also semicircular projections for porticos, while the angles of the cross are occupied with square appendages, which serve as buttresses to a magnificent dome or cupola. The front of the building on the west presents a grand portico of the Corinthian and Composite orders, surmounted by a spacious pediment, with a lofty tower or

steeple of great elegance and richness on each side. In the tympanum, the conversion of St. Paul has been well sculptured in basso relievo, by Bird; on the apex is a colossal statue of St. Paul, and on either hand, at different distances along the summit of this front, are similar statues of St. Peter, St. James, and the four evangelists. The semicircular porticos at each end of the principal transept are of the Corinthian order, and are also crowned by statues of the apostles. The tympanum of that on the north side exhibits a sculpture of the royal arms and regalia, supported by angels; and that of the other, the phoenix rising from the flames, as before mentioned. The side walls of the building present the appearance of a two storied structure, there being two ranges of pilasters all round, one of the Corinthian, and the other of the Composite order; the intervals between which are occupied with windows. The dome, or cupola, is the most striking feature of the whole edifice. A plain circular basement rises from the roof of the church to the height of twenty feet; above that, there is a Corinthian colonnade of thirty-two columns; and every fourth intercolumniation is filled with masonry, so dispersed, as to form an ornamental niche or recess, while, at the same time, the projecting buttresses of the cupola are thus concealed. "By a happy combination of profound skill and exquisite taste, a construction adapted to oppose, with insuperable solidity, the enormous pressure of the dome, the cone, and the lantern, is thus converted into a decoration of the most grand and beautiful character. The columns being of a large proportion, and placed at regular intervals, are crowned with a complete entablature, which, continuing without a single break, forms an entire circle, and thus connects all the parts into one grand and harmonious whole." The entablature of the peristyle supports a handsome gallery surrounded with a balustrade. Within this rises an attic story, with pilasters and windows, from the entablature of which springs the exterior dome. Round an aperture on the summit of the dome, there is another gallery, from the centre of which ascends an elegant lantern, surrounded with Corinthian columns, and surmounted by a ball and cross richly gilt.

For this account of St. Paul's Cathedral we are indebted to the *Percy Histories of London*, and we copy from the same work some further remarks on the subject.

The great dome over the central area is supported by eight stupendous piers, four of the arches formed by which open into the side aisles. The cathedral church

of Ely is said to be the only other one in this country in which the central area is thus pierced by the side aisles. The advantages of this mode of construction are, that it gives an air of superior lightness to the clustered columns, affords striking and picturesque views in every direction, and gives greater unity to the whole area of the building. The view upwards into the interior of the dome is extremely striking. It has been so constructed as to shew a spacious concave every way; and from the lantern at the top, the light is poured down with admirable effect over the whole, as well as through the great colonnade that encircles its basement. The inside is divided into eight compartments, in which there are as many paintings of subjects from scripture, by Sir James Thornhill; but though originally executed with much animation and relief, the colours are now so faded, that they present to the eye of the observer below only a confused mass of stains. Sir Christopher Wren wished to have beautified the inside with the more durable monument of mosaic work; but in this, as in other instances of correct foresight, he was unhappily overruled.

The choir is separated from the body of the church by handsome iron railings. Over the entrance to it is the organ gallery, and an organ in it supposed to be one of the finest in the kingdom. It was erected in 1694, by Bernard Schmydt, or Smith, for 2,000*l*. On the south side of the choir is a throne for the bishop; on the north another for the lord mayor; and besides these, there is on each side a long range of stalls. The whole are richly ornamented with carvings by Gibbons, who was the first, according to Walpole, who succeeded in giving to wood "the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements, with a free disorder natural to each species." In the chancel, or semicircular recess at the east end, stands the communion table. What is called the altar piece, has four fluted pilasters painted in imitation of lapis lazuli, and is besides ornamented with a profusion of gilding; but its appearance is on the whole insignificant, when contrasted with the lofty windows above it, and the general magnitude of the choir. It is due, however, to the memory of Wren to notice, that he had other designs for this part of the building than those which have been realized. "The painting and gilding," says the Parentalia, "of the east end of the church, over the communion table, was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been procured for

a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed, of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture, for which the respective drawings and a model were prepared. Information and particular descriptions of certain blocks of marble were once sent to the Right Honourable Dr. Henry Compton, bishop of London, from a Levantine merchant in Holland, and communicated to the surveyor; but unluckily the colour and scantlings did not answer his purpose; so it rested in expectation of a fitter opportunity, else probably this curious and stately design had been finished at the same time with the main fabric." The pulpit and reading desk are both splendid objects; the former was designed by Mylne, and is richly carved and gilt; the latter consists entirely of brass gilt, and is very light and airy.

In the south end of the western transept there is a chapel for morning prayers, and in the north the consistory; both are divided from the aisles by screens of insulated columns and ornamental carved work.

Few of the persons to whom monuments are erected in the cathedral, have been really buried here. Among the number, the first who claims our notice is the great architect of the building, Sir Christopher Wren. Descending to the vaults by a broad flight of steps, you see beneath the south east window, inscribed on a low tomb, the following simple epitaph: "Here lies Sir Christopher Wren, Knight, builder of this Cathedral Church of St. Paul, who died in the year of our Lord MDCCXXIII., and of his age XCI." On the wall above, there is an additional inscription in Latin, with which the public are more familiar, and which may be thus translated:—

"Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the builder of this church, and of this city, who lived upwards of ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good.

"Reader, would'st thou search out his monument? Look around.

"He died 25th February, 1723, aged 91."

Admired as this inscription has been, yet we can say from experience, that the direction to "look around," when the reader is in the midst of a dark gloomy vault, has a very contrary effect to that intended.

At the suggestion of the late Mr. Mylne, the architect, it has been repeated on a tablet in front of the organ gallery in the choir; yet even there the effect is incomplete. Considering that Wren was

in truth the builder both "of this church and this city," the reader should be enabled to "look around" on *both*, to behold "his monument."

In these vaults, also, repose the mortal remains of that Prince of Enterprize, the Immortal Nelson, and of his friend and companion in victory, Lord Collingwood, both of which were deposited here with all those funeral honours, which a sorrowing country could bestow. Here, too, lie interred those eminent masters, Reynolds, Barry, and Opie, in contiguous graves; the eloquent and sagacious Loughborough; the learned and pious Dr. Newton, bishop of Bristol; Dr. Boyce, the organist and composer; the eccentric disciple of Animal Magnetism, Mainandot; and a few others of inferior note.

After examining all that is to be seen in the lower part of the cathedral, the visitor has still to make the ascent to the summit, to examine the interior of the vast dome, and to enjoy the magnificent views which the outside galleries furnish of this vast metropolis, before his curiosity can be fully gratified. You ascend by a spacious circular staircase, to a gallery which encircles the lower part of the interior of the dome, and is called the *Whispering Gallery*, from the circumstance, that the lowest whisper breathed against the wall in any part of this vast circle, may be accurately distinguished by an attentive ear on the very opposite side. The paintings within the dome, you find, even on this nearer inspection, scarcely distinguishable. All the lower parts have perished utterly, and the rest are in a state of rapid obliteration. The subjects were all chosen from the life of St. Paul, as recorded in the scriptures, from his Miraculous Conversion near Damascus to his shipwreck at Melita. Branching off from the circular staircase at this place, there are passages which lead to other galleries and chambers over the side aisles. One conducts you to the *Library* of the chapter, which is immediately over the consistory. The floor of this apartment is a great curiosity, being entirely constructed of small pieces of oak, without either nail or peg, and disposed into various geometrical figures with the utmost nicety. Above the chimney, there is a good half-length portrait of the Protestant bishop, Dr. Compton, who bequeathed the whole of his books to the library; which is not, however, of much value as a collection. Over the morning prayer chapel, at the opposite end of the transept, is a room called the *Trophy Room*, from being hung round with various shields and banners used at

the ceremony of Lord Nelson's funeral. In this room are kept the rejected model, according to which Sir Christopher Wren first proposed to erect this cathedral, and also the model of the altar piece, which was left unexecuted.

ON THE APPEARANCE OF SAMUEL TO SAUL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE circumstances attending the predictions of the sorceress consulted by Saul, as to their fulfilment, &c. have led some to imagine that persons of her description have power, by the assistance of evil spirits, to foretell future events. Others, who deny the possibility of such information from that quarter, imagine, by the surprise evinced by the woman, that the appearance and information of Samuel was more than she herself had been used to; and that the predictions were dictated by Jehovah himself. To the first we observe, that to foretell future events is a miracle, and a certain criterion whereby to judge of the pretensions of any one to divine teaching; that if witches or magicians by the power of evil spirits were capable of performing such a miracle, or indeed, of any other miracle, we should have no certain criterion by which to judge of the truth or falsehood of any teacher whatever. It was by the miraculous powers possessed by Moses and the Prophets, that the Jewish system was introduced and established—it was by this power that Jesus proved the divinity of his mission. But if other beings,—beings which are represented as having only the cause of vice in view, were likewise capable of performing miracles, there would be no argument from this source why we should not give the preference to the champion of vice and falsehood, rather than to the advocate for virtue and truth; at least it places them on equal ground. But the Scripture is conclusive against this idea, "*I am God, saith Jehovah; and there is none like unto me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done.*" Isa. xlv. 9, 10.

Again, it is supposed that the woman saw more than she expected, and that Jehovah himself interposed in the affair, and revealed to Saul what should befall him. In order to make this opinion feasible, it is supposed Saul had forsaken God, and not inquired of him; and when he did inquire, even though it was by a sorceress, he made use of that occasion to reveal his will. It is true (from 1 Chron. x. 13, 14.) that Saul did *not* consult Jehovah at some part of his life, but by comparing this fact with 1 Sam. xxviii. 6,

I think we may reasonably conclude, that he had neglected and despised the commands of his God so long (particularly in his conduct to David, whom *he knew* was chosen by God for peculiar services, that *when he did consult him*, he attended not to him; for in that passage it is said, that when Saul inquired of Jehovah, he answered him neither by dreams, nor by urim, nor by prophets. But those who hold this opinion, should endeavour to reconcile a contradiction attending it. For is it not astonishing that God should make use of those very means to instruct Saul which were the offspring of idolatry, and against which he had denounced the severest punishments.—See Lev. xx. 27; Deut. xviii. 11. Whether there was any *real* occasion for the *surprise and fear* which the woman evinced, will be seen in the sequel. Having in our opinion shown the *unreasonableness* of both these opinions, we proceed to show that *the part of the woman was that of a juggler; that there was not any appearance of Samuel; that the predictions as to events were natural deductions from certain facts; and as to time, ambiguous and uncertain.*

The woman in our translation is called *a woman that hath a familiar spirit*; but the Hebrew is *a mistress of Aub, or Ob*. The word Ob is generally understood as conveying the idea of a bottle, or of a cavity in general; and the usual interpretation of it in this place is, that the persons thus denominated were so called in consequence of their speaking from their bellies, or using *ventriloquism*. That they did avail themselves of that art, is highly probable, and we even conjecture that it was the method used by the woman at En-dor; but that *positive information* thereof may be derived from the word Ob, we deny. For let it be observed, *this is the word used by Saul himself to his servants when he said, Seek me a mistress of Ob*; but let common sense decide whether this ought to be interpreted, *Seek me a woman that speaks from her belly*. If this was Saul's meaning, it must be evident to every one that Saul knew the whole mystery of the oracle, and he might as well have said, *Seek me a woman that may cheat me, for I have a great desire to be deceived*. The absurdity of this interpretation is so evident, that it needs no further refutation.

Better information as to the true meaning of the word probably cannot be obtained than in the following extract from Mr. Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology:—"Oph signifies a serpent, and was pronounced at times, and expressed Ope, Oupis, Opis, Ops, and by Cicero Upiis. It was an emblem of the sun, and

also of time and eternity. It was worshipped as a deity, and esteemed the same as Osiris, by others the same as Vulcan. A serpent was also in the Egyptian language styled Ob, or Aub, though it may only be a variation of the term above. We are told by Orus Apollo, that the basilisk or royal serpent was named Oubaios. The deity so denominated was esteemed prophetic, and his temples applied to as oracular. This idolatry is alluded to by Moses (Lev. xx. 27; Deut. xviii. 11.) who in the name of God forbids the Israelites ever to inquire of those demons Ob and Ideone, which shows that it was of great antiquity. The symbolical worship of the serpent was introduced into all the mysteries, wherever celebrated. The Greeks called Apollo himself Python, (a Hebrew name for a serpent), which is the same as Opis, Oupis, and Oub. The woman at En-dor is called Oub, or Ob, and it is interpreted Pythonissa. The place where she resided seems to have been named from the worship there instituted; for En-dor is compounded of En-Ador, and signifies the *fountain of light—the oracle of the God Ador*. This oracle was probably founded by the Canaanites, and had never been totally suppressed."

From these circumstances we think ourselves justified in calling this *mistress of Ob, a Pythian or Ophite Priestess*, and in asserting that she was a person of some consequence; and this may be drawn from the circumstance of her being so readily known by the attendants of the king; and to her acquaintance with them may probably be attributed her continuing in the practice of the art, although *Saul had put away those who had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land*.

It is necessary that we briefly view the situation of affairs in Israel at this time. Previous to the accession of Saul to the throne of Israel, the Philistines had reduced that people to the lowest pitch of slavery; for, not content with conquering them in the field, and *disarming them*, they went so far as to take with them in their return from conquest, every smith from among the Israelites, in order to prevent them forging arms to assist them in rebellion. As soon as Saul came to the throne, his people were unexpectedly supplied with arms. In consequence of his son Jonathan and his armour-bearer's slaying a few men of the outposts of the Philistines, a panic ran through the whole camp, and every man's hand was against his fellow: the Jewish multitude took the advantage of this, and from the spoils of their former masters supplied themselves with arms; for from this time the armies of Israel

seem to have been well accounted. It is not to be supposed that the Philistines, ever a warlike people, would quietly put up with the loss of the Jewish territory, and with the disgrace the late events had made them subject to, they therefore gathered together their armies to battle at Shohoh; at which place the memorable combat between David and Goliath took place, when the latter was killed, and his people suffered considerable slaughter; this repulse being little expected the Philistines returned with a tremendous army, to endeavour to regain their lost possessions, and they gathered their armies together for warfare to fight with Israel. It is to be remarked that this dreadful invasion took place during the absence of David; that Saul was scarcely served, even through fear; that having so repeatedly acted contrary to the revelations which God had made concerning David, and habitually consulted witches (1 Chron. x. 13.) he now refused to answer his inquiries. Under these circumstances, and subject to hypochondria, dejected and afraid, his heart greatly trembling, he applied for information respecting the issue of the invasion to a heathen oracle.

Behold now the king of the chosen people of Jehovah entering the cave of a Pythian priestess! Notwithstanding he had disguised himself, he could not prevent his being known; kings are not so seldom seen in the infancy of a monarchy, as not to be known by one who, from the nature of her profession ought to be acquainted with every one of note; besides, from his being so much taller than any of his people, it was improbable that any one who had once seen him should not recollect him; nay, those who had not seen him, might from this peculiarity conclude, untold, that he was the king. However, the woman affected not to know him, till she began to practise the mysteries of her art; she even speaks of him in the third person—*Thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those which have familiar spirits, and wizards, out of the land: wherefore, then, layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die? And Saul sware to her by Jehovah, saying, As Jehovah liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing. Then said the woman, whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, bring me up Samuel.*

We may readily imagine the pomp of ceremony commenced at this instant; awful incantations, accompanied, perhaps, with mysterious configurations by the priestess, before the altar of the serpentine god, and apparently painful contortions of

her body, arrested the attention of the superstitious king, and rendered useless the small degree of rationality which he possessed. But while his passions predominate, his pulsations beat quick, and he breathes short with fear and expectation, his ears are assailed by the screaming of the woman. She pretended to have discovered by her art who her consultor was. And was this of such importance? No, doubt it increased his faith in her art, and this probably was what it was done for, for we find it excited his eagerness, and curiosity. Then the king comforts her, and asks her what she saw? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw a JUDGE ascending out of the earth. And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said unto him, An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel.

Perhaps it need not be pointed out that we have no direct proof that Saul saw Samuel; we rather have evidence that he did not. 1. Had he HIMSELF seen him, why need he ask the woman what she saw? Why should he ask her what form he was of? 2. Again; had Samuel appeared, why need the WOMAN describe those particulars, when Saul, by looking himself, would have prevented the information. 3. The historian remarks, that when the woman had given this description (*not from what himself HAD SEEN, but from what she had said*), Saul PERCEIVED that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

It needed no attired figure to enable the priestess to describe the dress of an Israelitish judge or prophet; one, too, who had been free of access all his life, and without doubt known to every body in Israel. Saul had named Samuel as the person he wished to be raised up; as the apparition was not intended to be seen, but only heard, she merely had to give the general idea of a man in years, and the dress usually worn by the judges of Israel. This she did, and Saul was weak enough to imagine, in consequence thereof, that Samuel himself must be there. Following the narration, we find that she related to him the following particulars:—1. That the kingdom was (or should be) taken from him and given to David. 2. That Jehovah would deliver him and the host of Israel into the hands of the Philistines. 3. That he and his sons should die. We will speak briefly on each of these particulars. 1. *That the kingdom should be taken from Saul and given to another*, the priestess learnt from Samuel when alive. The evidence for

this is as follows:—In ch. xiii. ver. 13, 14, Samuel told Saul that had he kept the command of God, he would have established his kingdom upon Israel for ever; but that in consequence of his disobedience, his kingdom should not continue; that Jehovah had sought him a man after his own heart, and commanded him to be captain over his people. Again, in ch. xv. 28, after Samuel had been reproving Saul for his disobedience in saving a certain part of the spoil of the Amalekites, which was prohibited, as *Samuel turned about to go away, Saul laid hold upon the skirt of his mantle, and it rent; and Samuel said unto him, Jehovah hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbour of thine that is better than thou.* To be more particular as to who was to succeed him. This could not be a secret; for in ch. xvi. ver. 13, we are informed that Samuel anointed David *in the midst of all his brethren.* It was even known in an enemy's court; for (ch. xxi. 11) *the servants of Achish said unto him, Is not this David the king of the land?* Jonathan, Saul's son, knew it (xxiii. 17), and he told David that his father was apprised of it. Where, then, is the wonder that the priestess of an oracle, whose business it was to be particularly acquainted with such things, should know it? 2. *That Saul and his army would fall into the hands of the Philistines,* was deduced from the then existing state of the Jewish army. The main strength of the enemy seems to have been drawn forth on this occasion; several kings united their forces; they brought into the field against the Hebrews 30,000 chariots, 6,000 horsemen, and infantry almost innumerable, on a former occasion, and we can suppose they now had fewer, for at the sight of the enemy, *Saul was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled.* Favourable circumstances could not be presaged from such data; the prospect was melancholy indeed! 3. *That Saul and his sons would fall* was highly probable; he was subject to melancholy; he had an implacable enemy to withstand; it was under Saul that the Jews revolted from the Philistines; *his life,* therefore, should he be taken, would be the forfeiture, as well as of each of his children. And when the woman learnt (by the artful question, *Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?*) that GOD HAD FORSAKEN HIM, and as he could not then be less than seventy years of age (supposing him to be thirty when he came to the throne, Acts xiii. 21), she naturally concluded, that this was the time at which the kingdom would be given to David—that the battle would be lost—

and that Saul would be slain. Thus we see there was no occasion for supernatural tuition in any part of the predictions of this oracle. But some imagine the prediction was inspired on account of its exact fulfilment *as to time.* Let us examine this. The oracles of antiquity have been represented, and not without truth, as giving such indeterminate answers to questions referred to them, that, however the event might happen, their prediction could be so interpreted, as to appear to foretell it. Several instances of this might be pointed out; we think the narration before us contains one. Samuel is represented (ver. 19) as saying to Saul, *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me;* but the word which is translated *to-morrow* is used also to convey the idea of any future period, however distant; and the passage might be translated, *Hereafter shalt thou and thy sons be with me.* So that had her politics failed, and Saul had lived any length of time, or had died *that very night,* the prediction would have been equally true. As we do not wish to advance any thing without proof, we will refer to a few passages where this word is used to express indeterminate future time, Gen. xxx. 33. Jacob, in making the agreement with Laban concerning his hire, after having proposed his terms, relying on the justice thereof, says *So shall my righteousness answer me to-morrow (in time to come).* Again, Exod. xiii. 14. *All the first born of man among thy children shalt thou redeem. And it shall be when thy son asketh thee to-morrow—in time to come—hereafter—What is this? that thou shalt say unto him, &c. &c.* This is the word likewise used by the oracle to Saul. It may be expected that we should propose some method by which it is probable the sorceress effected her purpose, or how her deceptions were carried on. This might be done various ways, either, first, by means of a confederate, concealed in some convenient part of the cave, or apartment; or, secondly, by means of ventriloquism. We incline to the latter. The Abbe de la Chapelle (in a work published in 1772, entitled “Le Ventriloque”) takes occasion to account for all the circumstances attending Saul's conference with the WITCH of Endor, and endeavours to shew that the speech, supposed to be addressed to Saul by the ghost of Samuel, actually proceeded from the mouth of the reputed sorceress, whom he supposes to have been a capital ventriloquist. He afterwards brings many instances to prove, that the ancient oracles principally supported their credit, and derived their

influence, from the exercise of this particular art. Many other learned men have given the same account of the witch of Endor. The art, according to this author, does not depend on a particular structure or organization of these parts peculiar to a few individuals, and very rarely occurring, but may be acquired by almost any, ardently desirous of attaining it, and determined to persevere in repeated trials. The judgments we form concerning the situation and distance of bodies, by means of the senses mutually assisting and correcting each other, seems to be entirely founded on experience (see Reid's "Inquiry into the Human Mind," page 70, edit. 2); and we pass from the sign to the thing signified by it, immediately, or at least without any intermediate steps perceptible to ourselves. Hence it follows, that if a man, though in the same room with another, can, by any peculiar modification of the organs of speech, produce a sound, which, in faintness, tone, body, and every other sensible quality, perfectly resembles a sound delivered from the roof of a house opposite, the ear will naturally, without examination, refer it to that situation and distance; the sound which the person hears being only a sign, which from infancy he has been accustomed, by experience, to associate with the idea of a person speaking from a house top. A deception of this kind is practised with success on the organ and other musical instruments, and there are many similar optical deceptions. Perhaps our mode of interpretation may be objected to by some, from a consideration that the historian expressly states that *Samuel* replied to the questions put, and does not say that it was either a confederate or by means of ventriloquism. We ask, By whom are the particulars of the affair related? By the priestess or by Saul's attendants? By one of these they must be. If by the former, is it to be supposed she would betray the secrets of her profession, that the historical account might be given with truth and impartiality? If by the attendants of Saul, is it probable they would have advised him to apply to one they *knew* was an impostor? the mystery of whose art they were acquainted with? But if either of those had assisted the historian in his collection of materials (and no other person immediately could), where is the wonder that it is told in *their* language, and according to the then generally received notion of things? We will observe further, that the historian himself might not believe the minutiae of the circumstances related concerning this consultation, and only recorded it as an instance of the very great

disobedience and superstition of Saul.—*Biblical Researches.*

CLAVIS.

EVILS OF FORTUNE TELLING.

DR. MOORE being at Berlin, went to see the execution of a man for the murder of a child; his motive for this horrid deed was still more extraordinary than the action itself. He had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow, who assumed the character of a fortune-teller, and having disoblged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied that this man should die on a scaffold; this seemed to make but little impression on him at the time, but afterwards, haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered completely wretched, and he resolved to commit murder, but thinking if he murdered a grown person he might probably send a soul to eternal torments, he in consequence murdered a child of his master's, of whom he was extremely fond, and thus the random prophesy proved its own completion.

GEORGE R.

LEVEL OF LONDON STREETS.

The following are the Levels in London above the highest high water mark—(according to the Parliamentary Reports):—

	F.	I.
North End of Northumberland-street, Strand	- - - -	19 7
North of Wellington-street, Strand	- - - -	35 6
North of Essex-street, Strand	- - - -	27 0
West of Coventry-street	- - - -	52 0
South of St. James's-street	- - - -	13 3
South of Air-street, Piccadilly	- - - -	49 8
North of St. James's-street	- - - -	46 7
West of Gerrard-street	- - - -	61 4
North of Drury-lane	- - - -	65 0
South of Berners-street	- - - -	74 3
South of Stratford-place	- - - -	59 4
North of Regent-street	- - - -	76 0
South of Orchard-street	- - - -	70 4
North of Cleveland-street	- - - -	80 10
Centre of Regent's-circus	- - - -	77 2
North of Gloucester-place	- - - -	72 3
North side of Aqueduct crossing Regent's Canal	- - - -	102 6
Opposite south end of King-street, Great George-street	- - - -	5 6

The whole of Westminster, except the Abbey and part of Horseferry-road, is below the level of the highest tide

Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. VIII.



"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

WE have this week the pleasure of presenting our readers with a fac-simile of the hand-writing of his late Majesty, George III.—a sovereign who reigned for a longer, and during a more eventful, period than any that has occurred in English history. Reserving for a future occasion a detailed memoir of the life of his late Majesty, which, amidst all the turmoils of state, was a life of domestic virtue and happiness, we shall merely remark that George III. whose ancestry is as ancient and as illustrious as that of any sovereign in Europe, was born on the 4th of June, 1738, that he succeeded his grandfather, George II. on the 25th of October, 1760. His Majesty was married to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, who died on the 17th of November, 1818, leaving his present Majesty and several other princes and princesses. During the last ten years of the life of his late Majesty, he laboured under a mental affliction, from which he was released on the 29th of January, 1820, when he died. During the time of his Majesty's malady, the empire was governed by his present Majesty as Prince Regent.

. ANCIENT MONUMENT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Being at Bishop Burton in the summer of 1823, on a visit to a friend, I was shewn an ancient monument, standing in a field in that parish, about two

miles from Beverley, on the left side of the turnpike road leading to York, and on making inquiry, the following account was given me of it:—

INSCRIPTION.

Orate pro anima Pray for the soul
Magistri Willielmi of Master William
d'Waltho. de Walthon.

"The above inscription was made out by Mr. Topham, of Hatfield in Hol-
derness. The said Mr. Topham was the son of the Rev. William Topham. When he made out the above writing (which he did in the year 1773) he resided in London, as an antiquarian, being employed by government to translate old deeds into English. Mr. Topham thought this stump cross to be a sepulchral monument, and that William de Walthon was buried under or near it, and by the Latin he thought it had been erected about the year 1400."

I beg to add, that the monument is about 6 feet high and square, each of the sides being about twelve inches over; it is much declined from the perpendicular, and but few of the letters are visible. The inscription appears to be written in square text.

Should the above be thought worthy a place in your entertaining little work, I should feel myself much gratified at seeing it inserted, and possibly some of its numerous readers may be able to give an account of the person for whose memory the monument was erected.

I am, your constant reader,

Newmarket. FRANCIS BAKER.

My Note Book.

No. I.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

DISTINGUISHED by your complimentary notice, Mr. Editor, far beyond my desert, I again venture to coquet with my "MIRROR"—conscious that if I can endure without wincing its dazzling reflection, I may rejoice in having passed the Rubicon, and fairly escaped, with flying colours, your worship's discriminating censorship. But why talk we of escape? Is such a word to be tolerated by amazonian prowess? Assuredly not; besides, you are too gallant to be vastly scrupulous. Be it known, then, worthy Sir, to you and all whom it may, or may not, interest, that I, . . . , par indulgence an occasional scribbler in your most agreeable miscellany, having jeopardized my five sentences, as the man says in the play, in an excursion to the isle of Thanet, in search of our mutual and justly esteemed friend, Tim Tobykin (for the pleasure of whose society, a trip even to the Antipodes would be no inordinate sacrifice), was therein most pleasurably gratified. For this object I cheerfully encountered fire and water, and the grievous *et cetera* of evils consequent thereon, rather than forego my purpose; and I am happy to think the fearful hazard was amply compensated.

A word or two in eulogy of steam will not, it is hoped, be deemed unseasonable, even to those who are familiar with its merits—the uninitiated I would urge to patronise it by all means. If the weather be tranquil, and the atmosphere cheerful, the novelty of the scene, and the steadiness and rapidity of the motion, effectually banish the least approach of *ennui*; and if conversationally disposed, the inclination may be pleasantly indulged by every degree and condition; a change of station instantly remedies the annoyance of a morose or, otherwise, objectionable *compagnon du voyage*—an alternative that land carriage does not present; and though, with respect to scenery, but little possessing interest or variety courts attention, the shrewd observer finds ample scope for observation and amusement in what is passing around him: for there

A MOTLEY group enjoy promiscuous chat, Whose faces prove an index to the mind; Nor Gall nor Spurzheim need be here consult, In each their ruling passion may be traced The man of trade, with anxious care-worn brow, Reluctant mingles in discourse on aught That savours not of gain; and if perchance

His penetrating eye can single out An old associate from among the crowd, It welcome speaks and glistens with delight In hopes on favourite theme, the passage to beguile.

The Invalid—sore stricken by disease Impatient looks to gain the happy shore He fondly hopes his vigour will renew; The cheering thought, as onward speeds the bark, Diffuses through his feeble frame unwonted strength;

A flush of health revisits his wan cheek, And bids him hope his suffering's at an end.— The purry dame and daughter fair, alike on rambling bent,

On tiptoe with delight, rejoice to quit their home, And taste the sweets of pleasure's giddy maze; Industrious habits for a time take wing, And mirth and revelry usurp their place: The one, a stately dame, exults in dress— The other simpers with delight, and thinks of beaux.

The city spark too, boldly gazing round, Until transfixed by glance ethereal from fair maid

(Whose charms to him seem moulded with a grace

Beyond the reach of art) resistless feels Fond rapture check the erratic course of thought, And admiration mute his state betrays! But pause we here, for we have much to say In plainer guise,—Kind reader—if you please— Of all on board we now will take our leave.

Perceiving that it is your intention, Mr. Editor, occasionally to gratify your readers by describing favourite places of summer resort, this desultory sketch may not be unacceptable, as it is not likely to trench upon formal detail, a pains-taking practice I would be the last in the world to interfere with; you must not expect, therefore, other than fugitive ideas, which I shall note down as memory serves.

I am ashamed to say I regarded Margate and its vicinity with considerable prejudice, grounded on the very light estimation in which it is held in common parlance—namely, as being almost exclusively the resort of a class of individuals having greater pretensions to wealth than polished manners: if it be the case, in no other place are unpleasant manners so unobtrusive. Propriety of behaviour seems a distinguishing characteristic; and though fashion may stigmatise all that are not so eccentric as itself, *ton* is not exclusively a criterion of excellence. It is also to be regretted that pleasing situations, like favourite music, and indeed many other attractive mundane sources of felicity, are no sooner pretty generally appreciated, than their very celebrity begets indifference; and what we should else prize for its intrinsic merit, absurd caprice induces us to think lightly of, because attainable by all.

But a truce to sage comment for the

present. Our friend Timotheus must feel impatient at being so long overlooked. I exchanged cordial greetings with him, his amiable bosom companion Mr. M'Tantrum, and little Bobbikins, as he jocosely calls them; and being duly refreshed after the fatigues of the voyage (determined to enlist both air and exercise in our behalf), we planned an active campaign—a practice, by the bye, but little attended to by the majority of the visitants, if we may fairly judge from the retired character of our rambles. The following morning we took the field, and directed our course to St. Peters; the most delightful walk, in this thirsty soil, we perhaps could have selected; the chalky surface of its dusty roads proving an intolerable nuisance, for no genial shower for months had wept in sympathy. And here I cannot help apostrophizing the easy negligence admissible in the apparel of the gentlemen, for you nowhere observe the prescribed formalities of the drawing-room attended to in this particular, which seems an abandonment of ceremony, much to the increase of personal comfort, no doubt, but strange in appearance to such as are not accustomed to it.

In our progress Nature's rich products, lavishly abundant in various kinds, gladdened our sight in every direction; and, fanned by the grateful sea breeze, we pursued our course with joyous hearts towards this interesting village. Although the verdant mead is but rarely encountered in this neighbourhood, yet tillage is by no means deficient in variety; but corn seems the staple. The surface of the ground exhibits a more pleasing *coup d'œil* than in other parts is often to be met with. Being but scantily intersected by hedge rows, and often unobstructedly exposed, the sight has freer scope for observing the beautiful diversity its patches present: these, small in extent, do not tire the eye with eternal sameness, but lead from tint to tint, till the whole range harmonizes in the most pleasing manner imaginable. We sauntered leisurely along, inhaling a wilderness of fragrant sweets, alive to all around us, and beguiling the time in cheerful converse, until we reached a sheltered, pleasant, little retreat—of which, more anon.

(To be continued.)

LINES

Translated from an Italian MS. Poem,
By Miss C. M. T——N.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis evening hour, and less and less
Her parting twilight gilds the sea,
And many a heart she comes to bless,
But not for me—but not for me.

This is the time for happy meeting,
When friendship's chords more sweetly twine,
How many a kindred heart is beating,
But, oh! how desolate is mine.

For me each dear, each hallow'd tie,
Each tender link of love's denied;
And life, when it has floated by,
Save grief, what has it brought beside?

For me, for me alas! there springs
No boon of hope my fate to bless,
Dim sadness 'round my pathway clings,
And all is widowed loneliness.

And oft at parting evening, when
I gaze upon the fading sky;
How many a thought is wasted then
To sorrow, and to —— Italy.

AN ADIEU.

(For the Mirror.)

ADIEU dearest Emma, but believe that to grieve
thee,
My heart swells with sorrow, and is ready to
burn;
'Tis distraction to think that thy William must
leave thee,
But my father is cruel and insists that I must.
Let me kiss off the tear from thy blue eye that's
starting,
And enfold thy soft frame in embraces once
more;
Oh, repress grief's convulsions, and now that
we're parting,
Repeat the fond vows thou so oft hast told o'er.
Was the heart of my sire not enlaved by his
treasure,
And had o'er felt as I do the transports of love;
Thy merit by riches no longer he'd measure,
But confess that thy charms e'en a monarch
would move.

Oh, then fortune defy, and fulfil my fond wishes,
Our wealth be contentment, and love be thy
dower;
We will scorn the base fools who their bliss sell
for riches,
A cottage our palace, our mansion a bower.
When we lie down to rest at each evening's re-
turning,
To Emma a pillow my bosom shall be;
The bright flame of love in my heart will be
burning,
Which ceaseless will beat with affection to thee
W. JONES.

Origins and Inventions, No. VII.

TRUMPETS.

THE Trumpet is said by Vincentio Ga-
lileo, to have been invented at Nurem-
berg; and there is extant a memoir,
which shews that trumpets were made to
great perfection by an artist in that city,
who was also an admired performer on

that instrument; it is as follows: "Hans Meuschell, of Nuremberg, for his accuracy in making trumpets, as also for his skill in playing on the same alone, and in the accompaniment with the voice, was of so great renown, that he was frequently sent for to the palaces of princes, the distance of several hundred miles. Pope Leo X., for whom he had made sundry trumpets of silver, sent for him to Rome, and after having been delighted with his exquisite performance, dismissed him with a munificent reward." They were, according to chronology, first sounded before English kings A. D. 790.

COATS OF ARMS.

HARRY, surnamed the Fowler, Emperor of the West, who regulated the tournaments in Germany, was the first who introduced those marks of honour, armouries, or coats of arms. Before that time we find nothing upon ancient tombs but crosses, with gothic inscriptions, and decorations of persons entombed. The time of Clement IV. who died A. D. 1268, is the first whereon we find any arms; nor do they appear struck upon any coins before the year 1336. Camden refers the origin of hereditary arms in England to the time of the first Norman kings. Chronology says, coats of arms and heraldry were introduced in 1100, and that the arms of England and France were first quartered by Edward III. 1358.

HOUSE OF BOURBON.

THE illustrious Duke of Sully, was the youthful friend, the military companion, and the constant counsellor of Henry, Prince of Bearn, who was just seven years older than this great man, being born on the 13th December 1553, and was the immediate heir to the crown of France, on the possible extinction of the house of Valois, in the person of the reigning monarch and his younger brothers the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon. The latter died in 1584, and the former, Henry III. being assassinated in 1589, the prince of Bearn then ascended the throne as Henry IV. This young prince was the son of Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendome, and Jane d'Albert, Queen of Navarre, who by this marriage gave the title of king to her husband. Anthony was descended from Robert, the sixth son of St. Louis, the ninth of that name, and the ninth king of France, from Hugh Capet, the first of the third race of the French monarchs. Robert, who was born in 1256, married Beatrice of Burgundy, the daughter of Agnes, heiress of the House of Bourbon, in consequence of which his son Louis took the name of

Bourbon, and with that title was created Duke and Peer of France. As the sovereignties of France, Spain, and the Two Sicilies, &c. are now in different branches of the house of Bourbon, and the former further secured by the Coronation of Charles X. this account of the origin of that house may not, at this particular period be thought superfluous.

TITLE OF DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

IN the times of the feudal system, the kingdom of France was divided into many petty sovereignties, as the empire of Germany is at present. Humbert, or Hubert II. the Count of Dauphiny, married in 1332, Mary de Baux, who was allied to the house of France, and by her he had an only son. One day, it is said, being playing with this child at Lyons, he let him accidentally fall into the Rhone, in which he was drowned. From that fatal period, he was a prey to all the horrors of grief; and feeling, moreover, a deep resentment for the affronts he had received from the house of Savoy, he resolved to give his dominions to that of France. This cession, made in 1343, to Philip of Valois, was confirmed in 1349, on condition that the eldest sons of the kings of France should bear the title of Dauphin. Philip, in gratitude for a cession which thus united Dauphiny to the crown, gave the donor 40,000 crown pieces of gold, and a pension of 10,000 livres. Humbert next entered among the Dominicans, and on Christmas day, 1351, received all the sacred orders from the hands of Pope Clement VI. who created him Patriarch of Alexandria, and gave him the administration of the Archbishoprick of Rheims. Humbert passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity, and in the exercises of piety, and died at the age of 43, at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne.

CORONATIONS.

IN addition to the variety of information as connected with the origin of coronations in No. CXLIV of the *MIRROR*, it may not here be uninteresting to detail, shortly, some of the modes now or formerly adopted by different nations on these important occasions. The first coronation ceremonial recorded to have been performed in the metropolis was that of Edmund Ironsides, 1016. Chronology likewise informs us, that the first sermon preached at any coronation was at that of Edward the Confessor, in 1041; and the first who is stated to have touched for the king's evil, in 1058. The first king's speech said to be delivered was that of Henry I, 1107; but it is not a little singular that the first coronation feast in England is observed to

be that which was given on the crowning of Edward I, 1273. The oath taken at the coronation of Hugues Capet, is recorded to be as follows:—"I, Hugues Capet, who, by the grace of God, will soon be made king of the French, promise, on the day of my *sacre* (consecration) that I will distribute justice according to the laws of the people committed to my charge." Henry IV. was anointed the 27th February, 1594, at Chartres. He made his abjuration on the 25th July preceding, at St. Denis. On the day of his *sacre*, says Sully, the Liguers ran in crowds to see him; they were delighted by his noble appearance; they raised their hands to heaven, dropping tears of joy, and they exclaimed in ecstasy—*Ha ! Dieu le benite*. At the coronation of the emperors of China, it was customary to present them with several sorts of marbles, and of different colours, by the hand of a mason, who was then to address the new emperor to this purpose—

Choose, mighty Sir, under which of these stones
Your pleasure is that we should lay your bones.

They brought him patterns for his grave-stone, that the prospect of death might restrain his thoughts within the due bounds of modesty and moderation in the midst of his new honours. The Dey of Algiers is elected from the army; and, as the meanest person has the same right to sovereignty as the highest, every common soldier may be considered as heir-apparent to the throne. Every person, besides, has a right to vote on the election; and this being concluded, he is saluted with the words, "*Alla Barek !*" that is, God bless you, and immediately invested with the caftan, or insignia of royalty; the cadi addressing him in a congratulatory speech, which concludes with an exhortation to the practice of justice, equity, and moderation. The deys, after their exaltation, generally disdain the meanness of wishing to disguise their humble extraction; on the contrary, when Mahomet Basha was in possession of that dignity, in a dispute with the deputy-consul of a neighbouring nation, he is said to have thus frankly acknowledged his origin:—"My mother sold sheep's trotters, and my father neats' tongues; but they would have been ashamed to have exposed to sale so worthless a tongue as thine." The kings of Poland are crowned in the cathedral dedicated to St. Stanislaus, a majestic structure in the city of Cracow, and where are preserved the relics of that saint, the ancient bishop and patron of the nation; who being murdered in this church, in the 11th century, by Boleslaus the Bold, the king and nobles walk in

procession to his shrine the day before the coronation, to expiate the crime; and several kings on these and other occasions have offered vessels of gold and silver at his tomb. In Turkey, the Mufti, as high-priest or patriarch of the Mahometan religion, girds on the sword to the Grand Signior's side, which ceremony answers to the coronation of our kings; and here, perhaps, it may not be amiss to observe that the mines of Golconda, in the East Indian empire, have, it is said, furnished the principal diamonds which adorn all the crowns in the world.

CRESCENTS.

THE Crescent was the symbol of the city of Byzantium, now Constantinople,* which the Turks have adopted. This device of the Ottoman empire is of great antiquity, as appears from several medals, and took its rise from an event related by Stephens the Geographer, a native of Byzantium. He tells us that Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, meeting with mighty difficulties in carrying on the siege of that city, set the workmen in a very dark night to undermine the walls, that his troops might enter the place without being perceived, but luckily for the besieged, the moon appearing, discovered the design, which accordingly miscarried. "In acknowledgment of this deliverance," says he, "the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and thus the crescent became their symbol."

MAMALUKES.

ABOUT the year 1160, Assareddin, or Saracen, the general of Narradin, the Saracen Sultan of Damascus, subdued the kingdom of Egypt, and usurped the dominion of it, and was succeeded by his son Saladin, who reduced also the kingdom of Damascus, Mesopotamia, and Palestine under his power; and, about the year 1190, took Jerusalem from the Christians. This prince established a body of Troops in Egypt, like the Turkish Janissaries, composed of the sons of Christians taken in war, or purchased of the Tartars, to whom he gave the name of *Mamalukes*, which is said, signifies *slaves*, from their being devoted in a peculiar manner to the service of their sovereigns.

ATHEISM.

ATHEISM was first taught in France by Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan gentleman,

* The principal entrance into the Seraglio, or palace of the Grand Signior is a huge pavilion, called *Capi*, the gate, or port, from whence some imagine the name of *Porte* has been applied to Constantinople, but rather, perhaps, by way of eminence, from its admirable port or harbour.

who was convicted and condemned to suffer death. When he was brought out to the place of execution, he was pressed to ask pardon of God, of the king, and of justice. He answered, he did not believe there was a God; as for the king, he had never offended him; and with respect to justice, it might go to the devil. His tongue was first cut out, and then his body burned to ashes, April 9th, 1629.

INQUISITION.

THE Inquisition, or Holy Office, as it is impiously termed, may be traced to Pope Lucius, who, at the council of Verona, in 1184, ordered the bishops to procure information of all who were suspected of heresy, and if they could not effect this in person, they were to enjoin it as a duty on their commissioners. In the beginning of the 13th century this order was re-enforced, and the poor Albigenses and Waldenses severally felt its fury. Dominic, usually called *Saint Dominic*, reduced this to practice, and was, if not the first *Inquisitor*, yet the founder of that order to which the management of the Inquisition was committed. In 1251 the Inquisition was established in Italy; in 1255 it was extended into France. The horrors accompanying the practice of this office soon excited universal disgust in the best disposed Catholics. It was not fully established in Spain till 1478; but when it was established, it triumphed in all its fury. In Portugal it was received about 1536. The gradual progress of knowledge checked the bloodshed of this tribunal; and it rarely, of late years, terrified the world by displaying ranks of heretics led to the stake. The triumph of humanity in the entire abolition of this most cruel depository of power, terrestrial and spiritual, was a prominent good arising from the evils of the French Revolution. It lingered last of all in the Peninsula; but the Spanish Cortes, after much discussion, passed a law for its abrogation. Is it again to be revived by Ferdinand, King of Spain?—Alas! whether with all the dreadful torments which formed its *original splendour*, or merely as an engine of state policy, is not yet fully ascertained; but the worst is feared, for “what has been may be again.”

F. R.—Y.

Useful Domestic Hints.

TO KILL FLIES.

To a table-spoonful of milk, add one tea-spoonful of black pepper, and one tea-spoonful of brown sugar. Put them in a small plate or saucer, and place it where

the flies are most numerous. I have tried this myself, and find it always clears my house.
R. F. H.

PARSNIP WINE.

WINE made of parsnip roots approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the Canaries than any other wine; it is made with little expense or trouble, and only requires to be kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the palate as it is wholesome to the body; yet fashion induces us to give pounds for foreign wines, when we can obtain excellent wines of our own country for as many shillings. Parsnip wine surpasses the other home made wines in the same ratio of excellence that East India Madeira is superior to Cape. To every 4lbs. of parsnips, clean and quartered, put one gallon of water; boil them till they are quite tender; drain them through a sieve, but do not bruise them, as no remedy would clear them afterwards. Pour the liquor into a tub, and to each gallon add 3lbs. of loaf sugar and half an ounce of crude tartar. When cooled to the temperature of 75 degs. put in a little new yeast: let it stand four days in a warm room, then turn it.—The mixture should, if possible, be fermented in a temperature of 60 degs. September and March are best seasons for making the wine. When the fermentation has subsided, bung down the cask, and let the wine stand at least twelve months before bottling.

The Selector;

or,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

CHEVALIER DE JAUCOUR AND THE GHOST.

THE Chevalier de Jaucour had an agreeable countenance, a round face, full and pale, black eyes, handsome features, and brown hair, which he wore in disorder, and without powder; he really deserved his *sobriquet* of moonlight. His shape was noble, and he had a good air; his disposition was excellent, full of sincerity and honour. He had served in several campaigns; he entered the army at the age of twelve, and had shown as much military knowledge as courage. His understanding was like his disposition, solid and reasonable. At one of these suppers my aunt happened to say that I was afraid of ghosts. Upon this, Madame de Gourgues begged the Chevalier de Jaucour to relate his *grand story* about the *tapestry*.

I had always heard of this adventure as being perfectly true, for the Chevalier de Jaucour gave his word of honour that he added nothing to the story, and he was incapable of telling a lie, in which, besides, in such a case there would have been no pleasantry. The adventure became prophetic at the period of the revolution. I can repeat it with scrupulous fidelity, because, knowing the Chevalier de Jaucour intimately, I have heard him relate it five or six times in my presence.

The Chevalier, who was born in Burgundy, was educated at the college of Autun. He was twelve years of age when his father, who wished to send him to the army under the care of one of his uncles, brought him to his château. The same evening, after supper, he was conducted to a large room, where he was to sleep; on a stool in the middle of the room was placed a lighted lamp, and he was left alone. He undressed himself and went immediately into bed, leaving the lamp burning. He had no inclination to sleep, and he had scarcely looked at his room on entering it, he now amused himself with examining it. His eyes were attracted by an old curtain of tapestry wrought with figures, which hung opposite to him; the subject was somewhat singular; it represented a temple, of which all the gates were closed. At the top of the staircase belonging to the edifice stood a kind of pontiff or high priest, clothed in a long white robe, holding in one hand a bundle of rods, and in the other a key. Suddenly, the Chevalier, who gazed earnestly on the figure, began to rub his eyes, which, he thought, deceived him; then he looked again, and his surprise and wonder, rendered him motionless!—He saw the figure move, and slowly descend the steps of the staircase!—At last it quitted the tapestry, and walked into the room, crossed the chamber, and stood near the bed; and addressing the poor boy, who was petrified with fear, it pronounced distinctly these words:—

“These rods will scourge many—when thou shalt see them raised on high, then stay not, but seize the key of the open country, and flee!” On pronouncing these words, the figure turned round, walked up to the tapestry, remounted the steps, and replaced itself in its former position. The chevalier, who was covered with a cold sweat, remained for more than a quarter of an hour so bereft of strength, that he had not the power to call for assistance. At last some one came; but not wishing to confide his adventure to a servant, he merely said that he felt unwell, and a person was set to watch by his bedside during the remainder of the

night. The following day the Count de Jaucour, his father, having questioned him on his pretended malady of the preceding night, the young man related what he had seen. In place of laughing at him, as the chevalier expected, the count listened to him very attentively, and then said—“This is very remarkable; for my father, in his early youth, in this very chamber, and with the same personage represented in that tapestry, met with a very singular adventure.” The chevalier would very gladly have heard the detail of his grandfather’s vision, but the count refused to say any more upon the subject, and even desired his son never to mention it again; and the same day the count caused the tapestry to be pulled down, and burnt in his presence in the castle courtyard.

Such is the detail of this story in all its simplicity. Mrs. Radcliffe would have been glad to have heard it; and I dare say the Chevalier de Jaucour thought of it at the time of the Revolution; for the fact is, that when he saw the rods raised, he seized the key of the open country, and fled. He quitted France.—*Genlis’ Memoirs.*

DEATH OF WALTHEOF, THE SAXON CHIEF.

WILLIAM the Conqueror was so jealous of the power of the Normans getting on the wane, that he wished to regulate their marriages, and was quite indignant that Guillaume, the son of Osbert, his first captain, should marry his sister Emma to Raulf de Gaël, a Breton by birth, and Count of Norfolk. The marriage ceremony took place at Norwich, and, at the nuptial feast, some harsh things were said against the king; these were followed by a feeble conspiracy, which was severely avenged by William. Raulf de Gaël was dispossessed of all his property, the family of Oswald completely ruined, and even the town where the marriage was held was visited with indiscriminate punishment. The arrival on the English coast of a Danish fleet afforded the king an opportunity to glut his vengeance on Waltheof, a Saxon chief, who had married the king’s niece Judith. He was accused of having invited the Danes (who never landed), and was condemned to death at Winchester.

Early in the morning, while the people of Winchester were yet asleep, the Normans led the Saxon chief without the walls of the town. Waltheof walked to the place of execution clothed in his count’s apparel, which he distributed among some clerks and poor people who

had followed him, and whom the Normans permitted to approach, on account of their small numbers and their entirely peaceful appearance. Having reached a hill at a short distance from the walls, the soldiers halted, and the Saxon, prostrating himself, prayed aloud for a few moments; but the Normans, fearing that too long a delay would cause the rumour of the execution they wished to perform to be spread in the town, and that the citizens would rise to save their fellow-countryman, said to Waltheof, "Arise, that we may fulfil our orders!" He asked, as a last favour, that they would wait only until he had once more repeated, for them and for himself, the Lord's Prayer. They allowed him to do so; and Waltheof, rising from the ground, and resting on his knees, began aloud, "Our Father, who art in Heaven—," but at the last verse—"and lead us not into temptation," the executioner, seeing, perhaps, that daylight was beginning to appear, would wait no longer, but, suddenly drawing his large sword, struck off the Saxon's head at one blow. The body was thrown into a hole dug between two roads, and hastily covered with earth.

The English, who could not save Waltheof, put on mourning for him, and made him a saint and a martyr, as they had made martyrs of the ancient chiefs killed by the Danes, and as they had more recently made one of Bishop Egelwin, who had died of hunger in one of the Norman donjons. "They have sought," says a cotemporary, "to efface his memory from this land, but they have not succeeded; we firmly believe that he dwells among the blessed in Heaven." It was rumoured among the Saxon serfs and townspeople, that, at the end of a fortnight, the body of the last chief of the English race, carried away by the monks of Crowland, had been found unchanged, the blood being still warm. Other miracles, springing in like manner from patriotic superstition, were worked at Waltheof's tomb, erected, with William's permission, in the chapter of the Abbey of Crowland. The Norman wife of the decapitated chief was disturbed by the news of these prodigies; and, in order to conjure the supernatural power of the man whom she had betrayed, and whose death she had caused, she went trembling to Waltheof's tomb, and laid over it a silk pall, which was instantly thrown afar off, as by some invisible hand.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

THE Edinburgh Reviewer, in speaking of the novel of *Rob Roy*, has the following words:—"This is not so good as some others of the family; but it is better than any thing else."

IMPROMPTU ON READING THE ABOVE.

"Better than any thing else."—Indeed!

THEN this same writer doth exceed
All our great sons of wit:
Pope, Dryden, Milton the divine!
Nay more,—his book we must opine,
Has place of Holy Writ.

INCREDULUS.

IMPROMPTU

On reading in the papers—"An Asses Milk Company is about to be established."

NED calls our isle—the isle of gulls,
Tom says—no swallow like John Bull's,
Such schemes! and of all classes.

Now here's a Company (the ilk
Was never) to sell *Asses Milk*,
Sly rogues! that's *Milk for Asses*.
RISOR.

* See a Comedy so called.

† "No swallow like a true-born Englishman's.
A man in a quart bottle—the Cock-lane ghost;
Give it him—down it goes, glib, glib,
See *Upholsterer*, a *Farce*.
‡ The *Ilk*—in old language, the like.

PHILOSOPHERS DISPUTING.

A CARTESIAN and Newtonian disputing in a coffee-house at Paris, fell to fighting; after they were parted the Newtonian made a heavy complaint of the blows which he had received. A merry fellow who had seen the affair, said to him, "you must forgive your adversary, he was determined by a superior force; attraction acted upon both; and the repulsive force unhappily failing, he was carried towards you in a direct line with such an impetus, as occasioned a collision."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are again, though reluctantly, compelled to defer our answer to Correspondents for another week.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House); and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLX.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Sir Isaac Newton's House.



If there is anything to be regretted in the modern improvements of the British metropolis, it is in the destruction of those places with which some of our most pleasing recollections are associated. Many a spot in London, once the residence of the good and great of the olden time, is now very differently occupied. A few of these, however, remain, and amongst them, the residence of the greatest of philosophers, and one of the best of men, Sir Isaac Newton, of whose house we present an engraving. This house is situated in St. Martin's Street, the south side of Leicester Square, and was long occupied as an hotel for foreigners, and kept by Mr. Pagliano, though it is now more ap-

propriately used for the purpose of education.

About the year 1814, Mr. Pagliano left this house, when the committee of the Sunday school belonging to the chapel adjoining took it, for the purpose of converting it into school-rooms for boys and girls, for which purpose it is still used.

The observatory, which is at the top, and where Sir Isaac Newton made his astronomical observations, had lain dormant, and been in a dilapidated state for some years, when, in 1824, two gentlemen, belonging to the committee of the school, had it repaired at their own expense, and wrote a brief memoir of the great and immortal Newton, which was

put up in the observatory, with a portrait of him.—The chair in which Newton studied was lost in the removal of the hotel to Leicester square.—The observatory is now used as a library for the use of the teacher of the Sunday school, and lectures have occasionally been given in it.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL OF SANDWICH.

(For the Mirror.)

AN old servant in the family of Sir John St. Aubin, relates the following anecdote of the late earl of Sandwich. He says, when a boy, in taking a walk one day, he observed a pony bridled and saddled coming full speed towards him, which he succeeded in stopping, and immediately returned with it in search of its rider: he had not returned far when he observed a little boy nearly senseless lying on the ground, he rendered him every assistance necessary and soon got him replaced on the saddle, the little fellow seemed very grateful, and thanked him, telling him if at a future period he requested a favour and would write, mentioning this circumstance to the earl of Sandwich, it should be granted. A number of years intervened, and nothing happened until the next generation that made it necessary to avail himself of the circumstance, being the whole of the time in the service of Sir John. However, his son, who had served his time to a watch and chronometer maker, being out of his time, and an excellent situation being vacant at the Chronometer Station at Portsea, recollecting the circumstance of the pony, he immediately wrote to the earl of Sandwich in his son's behalf, but with very little hopes of success, it being such a considerable time since, and both being boys at the time of the promise: however, the following laconic answer from the earl was shortly after received:—"Your son is appointed." The situation he has now filled several years, and gives general satisfaction.

I am, Sir, yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

AN EASY METHOD OF DETECTING SALT IN SUGAR.

SEVERAL adulterations in the article of sugar having lately been exposed, the public should be aware of an easy mode of detecting such sophistication; and I know of no readier method to apprise it, than through the medium of the widely circulated MIRROR.

I beg therefore to point out a test, by means of which salt may be detected in sugar, even when in the minute proportion of a hundredth part.

Put any quantity of the suspected article into a gallipot or wine glass, and drop into it a small quantity of strong oil of vitriol, sufficient to moisten it well, stirring them together with a glass rod or tobacco pipe: if it be a genuine unsophisticated sugar, it will be turned black, and have a peculiar faint smell, but if it contain salt in the above proportion, or more, on adding the vitriol a strong suffocating odour will immediately arise, similar to spirit of salt; which in fact it is, in an acrimiferous or gaseous state. If no odour be perceptible and the article be perfectly soluble in boiling water, it may be concluded to be a genuine sugar: sand being insoluble in water would fall to the bottom of the vessel and consequently be easily detected. As a satisfactory proof, let a small quantity of salt be mixed with some sugar and treated as above; the effect will be most strikingly apparent.

CLAVIS.

SYMPTOMS.

OF VANITY.

To place £100. at a banker's in order to give a check, sometimes for £2.

To go to Calais, return next day, and afterwards talk of a continental tour.

To go into a coffee-house, ask in a loud tone if the Champagne be good, and in a low voice order a bottle of soda water.

OF FORESIGHT.

To give up a debt of £100. in order to avoid a law-suit.

To dine before visiting an author.

To burn a MS. in lieu of placing it in the hands of a bookseller.

OF ECCENTRICITY.

To pay 10s. for a bottle of Port, at _____'s hotel.

To eat beef at Paris, and omelets in London.

OF SIMPLICITY.

To speculate on the Stock Exchange in virtue of intelligence in the newspapers.

To purchase Spanish Bonds at 95 per cent. loss.

To inquire for a recent work at a circulating library.

To regard all officers as gallant, and all lawyers as learned: all actors as artists, and all writers as literary men.

My Note Book.

No. II.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c.

(Continued from page 187.)

THE sheltered retreat alluded to in my last, which we encountered in our route to St. Peter's, is called *The Shallows*; a spot interesting to my companion, who had there passed many a rational and pleasant hour in the society of endeared friends, now, alas!

"—or slumbering on Earth's bosom cold,
Or scattered wide on Life's tempestuous shores:"

and while thought, brooding over the past, idealised the gay vision, emotion would not be repressed;—nor is it indeed desirable on such occasions that it should. Language but poorly expresses intensity of feeling, and would need a more eloquent pen than mine to convey its imagery; but truly might he have exclaimed, in the words of the highly-gifted Bowring—

"Ah! those were blissful moments: yet

I revel in their memory,
And present cares and fears forget
In their departed company.

To me it whispered joy and love—
Of hope and peace a blended sound;
Heaven's azure arch was spread above,
And laughing nature all around.

Yes! they are fled—those hours are fled!
Yet their sweet memories smiling come,
Like spirits of the hallowed dead,
And linger round their earlier home.

Slapt in the thought, my passions seem
To drink the exhausted cup of bliss;
And, do I dream?—Was ever dream
So bright—so beautiful as this?

The dreams which early life has stored—
Hope's sunny summer hours are o'er;
And my lone bark at last is moored
On sullen Reason's rocky shore.

I tread my melancholy road,
No more by vain delusions driven,
Hold solemn converse with my God,
And track my onward way to heaven!

Why should I murmur?—O'er this scene,
The night descend and thunders roll,
Man may create a heaven within—
In the still temple of the soul."

Such, I would fain imagine to have been the train of thoughts that followed up my valued friend's early recollections, for to that purport did his observations tend.

Our walk *hitherward* had been delightful; the day was beautifully clear, and a refreshing breeze floating over the cliffs from the sea, tempered the sun's rays so agreeably, as to prevent the lassitude

usually attendant on an exposed track at this season of the year—at the same time diffusing the aromatic fragrance of the blooming clover, its delicate hue peeping from emerald tint in great luxuriance, and adding materially to the beauty and enjoyment of our stroll. After perambulating its garden, and admiring its neatness, we seated ourselves in one of its embowered arbours; and whilst partaking of some refreshment my companion, as I have already observed, pleasantly beguiled the passing hour with reminiscences of times which have everlastingly departed except from memory. Those only who have similarly indulged can truly appreciate the luxury of feelings thus powerfully excited; and painful though they may be to the heart, their influence is salutary to the understanding, for they tend to detach it from the pernicious influence of terrestrial excitements and gratifications, by directing it to a channel of profitable reflection, calculated to chasten and subdue all unruly and irregular impulses.

It would be an unpardonable oversight to quit *The Shallows* without eulogizing our rustic hostess's excellent cake and new milk, of which we partook with real enjoyment. I believe she furnishes little else than such humble fare: the description of entertainment she professes to furnish is, simply that required by domestic tea parties; and any accession of enjoyment beyond those simple auxiliaries, is dependent on the temperament and disposition of her *visitants*. It may readily be inferred from this circumstance, that *they* are by no means numerous; for in society, the majority are dependant on amusement, instead of feeling a pleasure in conferring it; and to this portion, there is no want of attraction elsewhere better calculated to afford it.

Proceeding onward, we soon reached the grave-yard of that venerable fane, St. Peter's, where by prescriptive right we loitered away another half hour, in "moralizing o'er the dead." The inscriptions, as a matter of course first attracted our attention—one of them, a brief memorial of the indiscriminate rapacity of our relentless enemy, is a memento of no ordinary character, and well deserves a place in *The MIRROR*; it runs thus—

"An angel form, for earth too pure, too bright,
Glanced in sweet vision o'er parental sight,
Then fled.—This holy hope to faith is given,
To find that vision realized in heaven."

Perhaps no surer test of truly Christian feeling and elevation of character can be instanced, than in the calm relinquishment of a sole and tender pledge of conjugal felicity to the will of our Heavenly

Father, its untainted innocence softens the calamity, and teaches the heart to aspire to "a habitation not made with hands," where destiny may speedily effect a reunion of endless duration, impressing upon it the necessity of a virtuous life for the accomplishment of this momentous object, for "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Time, we found, had escaped us so insensibly, as to indicate the propriety of our return homewards; but our admiration of this pleasing village was too strongly excited to be satisfied with such a transitory visit, and our departure was therefore accompanied with the resolve that we would speedily gratify our curiosity more satisfactorily.

(To be continued.)

ON CRUELTY.

(For the Mirror.)

HUMANITY is a virtue so strongly implanted in our nature, that every violation of its benevolent precepts is derogatory to the character of *man*. The whole black catalogue of crime exhibits no atrocity greater than cruelty; for there is scarcely any injustice which may not be traced to this as its parent source. Most other offences may plead some inducement, some darling passion, by way of mitigation; but cruelty admits of no such palliation, since it arises from a bad heart alone, and bespeaks a depravity of disposition that is prepared for every other enormity. The breast that cherishes it, while utterly apathetic to the charms of pity, knows not the sweet reflections which result from conscious benevolence, nor reflects that, as *Couper* sings

"Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
By which Heaven acts in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn."

Cruelty, moreover, acts in opposition to the will of the great Author of being; for, by inflicting pain on even the meanest of his creatures, we embitter that existence which He graciously bestowed for enjoyment. A celebrated writer observes, that "habits of tenderness towards the brute creation, naturally beget similar feelings towards our fellow-creatures;" and we may take it as an invariable rule, that any one who feels gratified it torturing the former, is merely restrained by the dread of exposure and punishment from exercising his cruelty upon the latter:

"A man of feeling to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions mark a brutal mind."

The most admired authors, both ancient and modern, abound in precepts enjoining the duty of humanity, and severely reproving a disposition to cruelty. It is certain that education greatly inspires the mind with sentiments of good feeling, by refining the taste, harmonising the milder passions, and restraining the bad ones: the truth of Ovid's moral distich must indeed be forcibly admitted, that

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

(To have accurately learned the liberal sciences, polishes our manners, nor permits us to be brutal). Hence, it is highly incumbent upon parents and preceptors, to check any disposition to cruelty in their youthful charge. Such inclinations are but too often displayed, and cannot certainly be too seasonably restrained; for vice is extremely rapid in her march, and trifling offences, by "growing with our growth," are gradually ripened into matured and hardened villainy.

I have been led to these remarks from a consideration of several brutal exhibitions which are of late become too common. Among others, a Frenchman has recently shown some revolting trials upon dogs, under a plea of scientific improvements. That in an age which boasts of its refinement, men of rank and fortune can so far forget their dignity, as not only to witness, but even to promote pugilistic combats, badger-baits, *lion-fights*, &c. is hardly to be credited. What shall we say of the presence of ladies in such places? (Oh! cruel curiosity!)

Example, it is admitted, is more prevalent than precept; and it is much to be feared that such disgraceful scenes may prove injurious to society, by rendering the heart callous to better feelings.

JACOBUS.

THE OLD DOG; OR, THE WINTER'S DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

LAY down old dog, the winter's day
Forbids thy hobbling feet to stray:
The wind roars far and wide—
The streets are wet—the roads are bad—
And thou for clothes but thinly clad,
Lay down by the fire-side.

'Tis true we've trudge'd some years together,
Like friends, defying wind or weather,
But then, 'twas *Spring's green age*!
O'er hills and fields we have walked or run;
But now our labour's nearly done,
We are going to quit the stage.

Yet we have seen strange things and ways
To strike beholders with amaze;
And what strange times can do!
We have seen too oft, both ups and downs,
Some men got shot, and others crowns,
To scare both me and you.

Then we have witness'd here and there
What bold faced knaves and villains dare,
And priestcraft can exhibit :
Seen bullies bark down modest merit,
And fawning creatures live in credit
That would disgrace a gibbet.

Nay more—we've known, both you and I,
Protected cowards give the lie,
Who trembled while they spoke ;
Have seen hypocrisy look big
Beneath a star and powdered wig,
And virtue deemed a joke !

Then we have lived (nor lived for nought)
To see proud pomp by feathers caught,
And *vices* in coaches roll :
Seen honesty kicked out of doors—
Seen pensions gave to pimps and ——
And panders pawn their souls !

But where, friend *Lion*, have we got ?
On the rag-worn-out murmuring trot !
Like croakers, never still.
This thing or that will bring to view
A bone for all the grumbling crew,
Let fools say what they will.

Well ! be it so ; still thou, old dog,
In sun-warmed days shall with me jog,
Tho' almost *blind* and grey !
The task shall now devolve on me,
To do those traits of love for thee
Thou didst in *Life's young day*.

UTOPIA.

RURAL LIFE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the present rage for writing and reading *Tours*—*Travels*—*Narratives*, and such like productions—perhaps the following journal, of ten days spent at my country friends lately, may not be deemed unworthy of perusal, especially by those of your numerous readers, who, during this fine season, feel a great inclination for, but have little idea of what *rural life* is.

First day, Saw the neck of two fowls twisted, and then held by the feet till dead with convulsions, for next day's dinner.

Second day, Witnessed the operation of nine pigs being ringed ; in accomplishing which, the assistant's hand became horribly lacerated by a bite of one of them.

Third day, Fine sport in fishing, with a poacher's net—not content with a rod and line, but must destroy hundreds for the "*fun of the thing*."

Fourth day, Sold a calf ; and the buyer's most expeditious mode of killing was by suffering it to *bleed gradually to death*, in order that the meat might be white.

Fifth day, After a sleepless night, the cow roaring and moaning all night for its calf. The only novelty the day produced,

was in drowning kittens, and afterwards placing *ducks'* eggs under a *hen*.

Sixth day, Brought the operator's visit to the piggery.

Seventh day, Being a day of *rest*, only fifteen visitors called in succession, some to dinner and some to tea.

Eighth day, Parted with a favourite lamb, brought up *in the house* with the same care and fondness as you would a child ; at the same time ordered a loin of it for next day's dinner.

Ninth day, The only occurrence this day, was in seeing a knife thrust into the throat of an old worn-out boar—the blood carefully preserved for the manufacture of *black puddings* ; and flesh for bacon, for Londoners.

Tenth day, In taking a long promised ride, escaped most providentially being killed, the horse having been stung by a *harvest fly*, kicked the family chaise to atoms, and was consequently obliged to take the ladies home in a conveyance yclept—a *dung cart*.

These are the pleasures of a *country life*.

I am, your's, respectfully,
August 11, 1825. G. W.

RETROSPECTION NOT ALWAYS PLEASING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—By inserting the following Essay in your valuable miscellany you will confer an obligation on your's most respectfully,
R. W. B.

O memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain !

GOLDSMITH.

Much has been said by poets and essayists on the *pleasures* of memory, while the *painful* sensations that frequently arise from a retrospection of the past, have rarely been painted with equal force of colouring or equal truth to nature. This is not adopting the equitable maxim of *Audi alteram partem*. It will readily be conceded that the feelings resulting from the consciousness of a well-spent life must ever be of a pleasing and consolatory kind, but, alas ! who can look back upon the past stages of his existence without discovering indiscretions that might have been avoided, opportunities which might have been improved, vices that have tarnished the purity of his virtues, and joys that have left nothing behind them but the bitter conviction that they are gone, perhaps for ever ! Earthly happiness is but a comparative

good. Consequently, the only legitimate method of ascertaining the real advantages of retrospection, is to contrast present circumstances with past. And let us begin with the spring of life, the season when the soul may be said to put forth its blossoms, when reason begins to assume its province, and mind to assert its rights. What are the feelings of the school-boy as he cons his heavy task? Is there a soothing power in the recollections that weigh upon his heart? Assuredly not. Nourishing of hope, the past seldom mingles with his reveries; if, however, memory should intrude, it recalls with painful accuracy the pleasures of the last vacation, compares the freedom from care and confinement which he then enjoyed with existing privations and present restraints, and far from being a source of consolation, it adds tenfold poignancy to his griefs.

Let us proceed a step further, and contemplate the human blossom in its expanded state, at the period when

* Life's gay fire,

"Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire."

It is a melancholy fact, that the further we advance in the career of life, the more thorny becomes the path. Infancy and boyhood have fewer, or at least, more trivial causes of infelicity than the succeeding stages of existence. An accumulation of years is too often accompanied by an accumulation of sorrows. Childhood and youth have their respective cares, but those cares are frequently rather imaginary than real, limited in their duration, and restricted in their influence to the immediate subjects of them. But how different is it in the more advanced period of manhood. The important relations of husband and father have doubtless many charms attached to them; but, alas! those charms are generally counterbalanced by the additional duties imposed upon the mind. A father cannot wrap himself up in the selfish consideration that no misfortune can affect him but those of which he may be the direct object. His connections are near to him and dear to him; they are members of the same body. Consequently, the distresses by which they are assailed must necessarily extend to him their contagious influence. Well then may he regret in the hour of adversity the loss of that "sunshine of the breast," that buoyancy of spirit which characterised his boyhood, and enabled him to bear its petty afflictions with light-hearted resignation. Well may he sigh for those halcyon days, when his joys were not embittered by the

anticipation of approaching evil, when his cares were trifling and transient, and produced merely by the casualties and changes of his own being. In manhood such reflections must too frequently attend the exercise of the retrospective faculty.

Nor does the case vary in old age when man is declining into the vale of years. The same causes of regret still operate; to which perhaps is added the recollection of some bright unclouded hours, which, like the verdant oases in the wilds of Africa, shed a cheering influence over the desert of life, and teach us for a while to forget the perils that surround us. Finally, in every stage of our mortal pilgrimage, the remembrance of opportunities neglected,—indiscretions committed,—joys departed,—and cares, perchance, needlessly contracted, must ever be a sad drawback upon the pleasures of memory. In conclusion it may be observed that if memory sometimes imparts consolation, it as frequently awakens regret; and, therefore, that a retrospect of the past is less calculated to soothe the mind than a contemplation of the future.

R. W. BARKER.

Norwich.

A FRAGMENT,

TRANSLATED FROM AN ITALIAN M. S. POEM, BY
MISS E. THOMPSON.

(For the Mirror.)

I SAW her—she was happy. On her brow,
Radiant with hope, and dreams of fairy bright-
ness,
Young Joys own image sat;—and there did
beam
Around her tips—a smile—Ah! such a smile,
Speaking of such supreme felicity,
That you would think the heart which sent it
there
Had heaven in it, and that its buoyant lightness
Had scarcely power to heave the happy breast
It beat against. And I did mark
The lamp of gladness that came beaming from
Her dark and laughing eye. I saw that glaucous
Shining the planet of internal peace:
Oh! such a glance of speaking happiness,
That joy might light a thousand tapers there.—
Again I passed her; on her faded cheek
Sat sorrow—bitter sorrow. The fair smile
Of cheerful beauty lingered there no more,
And all that spoke of happiness was fled.—
Quenched was the lustre of that sunny eye,
For grief had waved her murky banners there;
And all that once so joyous did appear
A wasted wreck now met me.—Why was it so?
Go ask the grave of Love.

SOLITUDE.

(For the Mirror.)

SWEET the first peepings of the opening day
To him who watchful waits the approach of
morn;

Sweet the soft notes of Philomela's lay,
She charms the night upon the whitening
thorn.

The balm of sleep is sweet to weary eyes,
And cooling draughts to raging thirst are sweet;
Sweet from pale sickness' couch in health to
rise,
And sweet the hour when friends long absent
meet.

The melting kiss to lovers' lips is sweet,
And sweet the hope the martyr's breast that
warms.

Oh, Sympathy! thy glistening tear how bright!
And Melody, how sweet thy magic charms!

Thou' sweet are these—yet sweeter far to me
Is lovely Solitude's enchanting bower;
The world's foul discord how I love to flee,
And calm repose find in her peaceful power.

Here as I lay me on her mossy bed,
And distast view the world's tumultuous strife,
To happier scenes by contemplation led,
Retirement shields me from the ills of life.

W. J.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE BATTLE OF BAYONNE.

Two of the most severe engagements during the whole Peninsular war took place after the peace of 1814 had been concluded, owing to the armies on the Spanish frontier not being *officially* apprised of it; we allude to a sortie made by the French garrison at Bayonne when a part of our army besieged it, and the battle of Thoulouse. The governor-general Thouvenot had been told that peace was concluded, but he would not believe it, and at three o'clock in the morning made a sortie on our camp, which is thus well described in an article entitled the *Subaltern*, in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Immediately on the alarm being given, Sir John Hope, attended by a single aid-de-camp, rode to the front. Thither also flew Generals Hay, Stopford, and Bradford, whilst the various brigades hurried after them, at as quick a pace as the pitchy darkness of the night, and the tugged and broken nature of the ground would permit. Behind them, and on either hand, as they moved, the deepest and most impervious gloom prevailed; but the horizon before them was one blaze of light. I have listened to a good deal of heavy firing in my day; but a more

uninterrupted roar of artillery and musketry than was now going on, I hardly recollect to have witnessed.

As the attacking party amounted to five or six thousand men, and the forces opposed to them fell somewhat short of one thousand, the latter were, of course, losing ground rapidly. The blue house was carried; the high road, and several lanes that ran parallel with it, were in possession of the enemy; the village of St. Etienne swarmed with them; when Sir John Hope arrived at the entrance of a hollow road, for the defence of which a strong party had been allotted. The defenders were in full retreat. "Why do you move in that direction?" cried he, as he rode up. "The enemy are yonder, Sir," was the reply. "Well then, we must drive them back—come on." So saying, the general spurred his horse. A dense mass of French soldiers was before him; they fired, and his horse fell dead. The British picquet, alarmed at the fall of the general, fled; and Sir John, being a heavy man,—being besides severely wounded in two places, and having one of his legs crushed beneath his horse, lay powerless, and at the mercy of the assailants. His aid-de-camp, having vainly endeavoured to release him, was urged by Sir John himself to leave him; and the French pressing on, our gallant leader was made prisoner, and sent bleeding within the walls.

Of this sad catastrophe none of the troops were at all aware, except those in whose immediate presence it occurred. The rest found ample employment both for head and hand, in driving back the enemy from their conquests, and in bringing succour to their comrades, whose unceasing fire gave evidence that they still held out in the church of St. Etienne. Towards that point a determined rush was made. The French thronged the street and church-yard, and plied our people with grape and canister from their own captured gun; but the struggle soon became more close and more ferocious. Bayonets, sabres, the butts of muskets, were in full play; and the street was again cleared, the barricade recovered, and the gun re-taken. But they were not long retained. A fresh charge was made by increased numbers from the citadel, and our men were again driven back. Numbers threw themselves into the church as they passed, among whom was General Hay; whilst the rest gradually retired till reinforcements came up, when they resumed the offensive, and with the most perfect success. Thus was the street of St. Etienne, and the field-piece at its extremity, alternately in

possession of the French and allies; the latter being taken and retaken no fewer than nine times, between the hours of three and seven in the morning.

Nor was the action less sanguinary in other parts of the field. Along the sides of the various glens, in the hollow ways, through the trenches, and over the barricades, the most deadly strife was carried on. At one moment, the enemy appeared to carry every thing before them; at another, they were checked, broken, and dispersed by a charge from some battalions of the guards: but the darkness was so great that confusion everywhere prevailed, nor could it be ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, how matters would terminate. Day at length began to dawn, and a scene was presented of absolute disorder and horrible carnage. Not only were the various regiments of each brigade separated and dispersed, but the regiments themselves were split up into little parties, each of which was warmly and closely engaged with a similar party of the enemy. In almost every direction, too, our men were gaining ground. The French had gradually retrograded; till now they maintained a broken and irregular line, through the church-yard, and along the ridge of a hill, which formed a sort of natural crest to the glacis. One regiment of guards, which had retained its order, perceiving this, made ready to complete the defeat. They pushed forward in fine array with the bayonet, and dreadful was the slaughter which took place ere the confused mass of fugitives were sheltered within their own gates. In like manner, a dash was made against those who still maintained themselves behind the church-yard wall; and they, too, with difficulty escaped into the redoubt.

A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen; on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand: and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St. Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artilleryman had fallen across it, with a fuse in his hand. There he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fuse in his grasp. The muzzle and breach of the gun were smeared with blood and brains; and beside them were

several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewed about. Among the number of killed on our side was General Hay: he was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous; in a word, it was one of the most hard fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace.

A truce being concluded between General Colville, who succeeded to the command of the besieging army, and the Governor of Bayonne, the whole of the 15th was spent in burying the dead. Holes were dug for them in various places, and they were thrown in, not without sorrow and lamentations, but with very little ceremony. In collecting them together, various living men were found, sadly mangled, and hardly distinguishable from their slaughtered comrades. These were, of course, removed to the hospitals, where every care was taken of them; but not a few perished from loss of blood ere assistance arrived. It was remarked, likewise, by the medical attendants, that a greater proportion of incurable wounds were inflicted this night than they remembered to have seen. Many had received bayonet-thrusts in vital parts; one man, I recollect, whose eyes were both torn from their sockets, and hung over his cheeks; whilst several were cut in two by round shot, which had passed through their bellies, and still left them breathing. The hospitals accordingly presented sad spectacles, whilst the shrieks and groans of the inmates acted with no more cheering effect upon the sense of hearing, than their disfigured countenances and mangled forms acted upon the sense of sight.

THE SORROWS OF A DONKEY.

I AM the most unfortunate of an unfortunate race. The most wretched of the wretched who have no rest for the soles of their feet. Mistake me not—I am no Jew—would I were but the meanest amongst the Hebrews!—but my unhappy, despised generation labours under a sterner, though a similar curse. We are a proverb and a bye-word—a mark for derision and scorn, even to the vilest of those scattered Israelites. We are sold into tenfold bondage and persecution. We are delivered over to slavery and to poverty—we are visited with numberless stripes.

No, tender-hearted Man of Bramber! we are not what thy sparkling eyes would seem to anticipate—we are, alas! no negroes—it were a merciful fate to us to be but Blackamoors. They have their snatches of rest and of joy even—their tabors, and pipes, and cymbals—we have neither song nor dance—misery alone is our portion—pain is in all our joints—and on our bosoms, and all about us, sits everlasting *shagreen*.—Dost thou not, by this time, guess at my tribe?—

Dost thou not suspect my ears?

I am, indeed, as thou discernest, an inferior horse—a Jerusalem colt; but why should I blush to “write myself down an ass?” My ancestors at least were free, and inhabited the desert!—My forefathers were noble—though it must rob our patriarchs of some of their immortal bliss, if they can look down from their lower Indian heaven on their abject posterity!

Fate—I know not whether kindly or unkindly—has cast my lot upon the coast. I have heard there are some of my race who draw in sand-carts, and carry panniers, and are addressed by those Coptic vagabonds, the Gypsies—but I can conceive no oppressions greater than mine.—I can dream of no fardels more intolerable than those I bear; but think, rather with envy, of the passiveness of a pair of panniers, compared to the living burdens which gall and fret me by their continual efforts. A sand-bag might be afflictive, from its weight—but it could not kick with it, like a young lady. I should fear no stripes—from a basket of apples. A load of green peas could not tear my tongue by tugging at my eternal bridle. All these are circumstances of my hourly afflictions—when I am toiling along the beach—the most abject, and starved, and wretched of our sea-roamers—with one, or perhaps three, of my master’s cruel customers, sitting upon my painful back. It may chance, for this ride, that I have been ravished from a hasty breakfast—full of hunger and wind—having at six o’clock suckled a pair of young ladies, in declines—my own unweaned shaggy foal remaining all the time un nourished (think of that, mothers!) in his sorry stable. It is generally for some child or children that I am saddled thus early—for urchins fresh from the brine, full of spirits and mischief—would to Providence it might please Mrs. D——, the dipper, to suffocate the shrieking imps in their noisy immersion! The sands are allowed to be excellent for a gallop—but for the sake of the clatter, these infant demons prefer the shingles; and on this horrible footing

I am raced up and down, till I can barely lift a leg. A brawny Scotch nursery wench, therefore, with sinews made all the more vigorous by the shrewd bracing sea air, lays lustily on my haunches with a toy whip—no toy, however, in her pitiless “red right hand;” and when she is tired of the exercise, I am made over to the next comer. This is probably the Master Buckle—and what hath my young cock, but a pair of artificial spurs—or huge corking-pins stuck at his abominable heels.—No

—gentle knight comes *pricking* o’er the plain.—

I am now treated, of course, like a cockchafer—and endeavour to rid myself of my tormentor; but the bruteling, to his infernal praise, is an excellent rider. At last the contrivance is espied, and my jockey drawn off by his considerate parent—not as the excellent Mr. Thomas Day would advise, with a Christian lecture on his cruelty—but with an admonition on the danger of his neck. His mother, too, kisses him in a frenzy of tenderness at his escape—and I am discharged with a character of spitefulness, and obstinacy, and all that is brutal in nature.

A young literary lady—blinded with tears, that make her stumble over the shingles—here approaches, book in hand, and mounts me—with the charitable design, as I hope, of preserving me from a more unkindly rider. And, indeed, when I halt from fatigue, she only strikes me over the crupper, with a volume of Duke Christian of Lunenburg—(a Christian tale to be used so!)—till her concern for the binding of the novel compels her to desist. I am then parted with as incorrigibly lazy, and am mounted in turn by all the stoutest women in Margate, it being their fancy, as they declare, to ride leisurely.

Are these things to be borne?

Conceive me, simply, tottering under the bulk of Miss Wiggins, (who, some aver, is “all soul,” but to me she is all body,) or Miss Huggins—the Prize Giantesses of England; either of them sitting like a personified lumbago on my loins!—Am I a Hindoo tortoise—an Atlas?—Sometimes, Heaven forgive me, I think I am an ass to put up with such miseries—dreaming under the impossibility of throwing off my fardels—of ridding myself of myself—or in moments of less impatience, wishing myself to have been created at least an elephant, to bear these young women in their “towers,” as they call them, about the coast.

Did they never read the fable of “Ass’s Skin,” under which covering a

princess was once hidden by the malice of fairy Fate? If they have, it might inspire them with a tender shrinking and musing, 'lest, under our hapless shape, they should, peradventure, be oppressing and crushing some once dear relative or bosom-friend, some youthful intimate or school-fellow, bound to them, perhaps, by a mutual yew of eternal affection. Some of us, moreover, have titles which might deter a modest mind from degrading us. Who would think of riding, much less of flagellating the beautiful Duchess—or only a namesake of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire? Who would think of wounding through our sides the tender nature of the Lady Jane Grey? Who would care to goad Lord Wellington, or Nelson, or Duncan?—and yet these illustrious titles are all worn—by my melancholy brethren. There is scarcely a distinguished family in the peerage—but hath an ass of their name.

Let my oppressors think of this and mount modestly, and let them use me—a female—tenderly, for the credit of their own feminine nature. Am I not capable, like them, of pain and fatigue—of hunger and thirst? Have I, forsooth, no rheumatic aches—no cholics and windy spasms, or stitches in the side—no vertiges—no asthma—no feebleness or hystericks—no colds on the lungs? It would be but reasonable to presume I had all these, for my stable is bleak and damp—my water brackish and my food scanty—for my master is a Caledonian, and starves me.—I am almost one of those Scotch asses that “live upon a brae!”

Will you mention these things, honourable and humane Sir,* in your place in Parliament?

Friends of humanity!—Eschewers of West Indian sugar!—Patrons of black drudges—pity also the brown and grizzle-grey! Suffer no sand—that hath been dragged by the afflicted donkey. Consume not the pannier-potato—that hath helped to overburthen the miserable ass! Do not ride on us, or drive us—or mingle with those who do. Die conscientiously of declines—and spare the consumption of our family milk. Think of our babes, and of our backs. Remember our manifold sufferings, and our meek resignation—our life-long martyrdom, and our mild martyr-like endurance. Think of the “languid patience” in our physiognomy!

I have heard of a certain French Metropolitan, who declared that the most afflicted and patient of animals was “de Job-horse:”—but surely he ought to

* Mr. Martin is the gentleman addressed, we presume.

have applied to our race the attributes and the name of the man of Uz!

London Magazine.

The Selector;

99.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

THE following observations and recipes are from an excellent work, just published, entitled, *The Art of Preserving the Hair* :—

COLOUR OF THE HAIR.

WE think that the most useful hints on this subject may be derived from the scientific modes of dyeing woollens and silks of a black colour, as both of these are animal substances of similar chemical composition to the hair. We should recommend, therefore, to procure from the dyers a quantity of walnut water, which is prepared by steeping for a year in water the green shells of walnuts, and with this to wash the hair, as the first part of the process: then to make an aromatic tincture of galls, by scenting the common tincture with any agreeable perfume, and with this to wet the hair, which must next be moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron.

If this be properly done, we have no doubt that it will tinge the hair black or dark; but care must be taken not to let any of the substances touch the skin on the linen, as they will have a similar effect on these. It is most absurd, indeed, to pretend that any preparation will dye the hair and not tinge the skin, if applied to it; for the skin being of precisely the same chemical composition with the hair, it must be affected by the same chemical agents. The advertised nostrums, therefore, which are said to dye the hair, and not to discolour the skin or soil the linen, must be a gross imposition on the public.

CLEANING THE HAIR.

WHEN the hair becomes greasy and dirty, it ought to be washed with warm (not too warm) soft water and soap; an operation which is very requisite when pomatums and hair oils are much used, as they are apt to combine with the scales which are always coming off from the skin, and form a thick crust very detrimental to the gloss and beauty of the hair.

Frequent cutting of the hair is of advantage to the eyes, the ears, and, indeed,

to the whole body; in like manner, the daily washing of the head with cold water is an excellent remedy against periodical head-aches. In coryzas, or defluxions of the humours from the head, and in weak eyes, the shaving of the head often affords immediate relief, while, at the same time, it opens the pores, and promotes perspiration. It is altogether a mistaken idea, that there is a danger of catching cold from the practice of washing the head, or leaving it exposed to the free air after having been washed. The more frequently the surface is cleansed of scorbutic and scaly impurities, the more easy and comfortable we feel.

Should any of our readers, however, be prejudiced against washing the hair, we would recommend it to be cleaned by means of a brush moistened with hartshorn, or rather with hartshorn to which one-half or two-thirds of soft water has been added. This will combine at once with all greasy or oily substances, form a kind of soap, and cleanse the hair more completely than even water will do.

After washing the hair or cleansing it in the way just directed, it will be necessary to use some of the following oils, as, by being deprived altogether of its natural oil, it will without this be left feeble and lank; whereas the fresh oil will give it a body, and impart a gloss as fine as the particular sort of hair operated upon is capable of receiving. In this case, the soap is not so good as oil for imparting a fine gloss.

OILS FOR THE HAIR.

Imperial Oil.—Take a gallon of salad oil, and put it into a pipkin, with a bag containing four ounces of alkanet root, cut and bruised. Give the whole a good heat, but not a boiling one, until the oil is completely impregnated with the red colour; then pour the whole into a jar, let it stand till cold, and then add four ounces of essence of bergamot, four ounces of oil of jasmine, and three ounces of *eau des mille fleurs*. When properly mixed, put the compound liquid into small bottles for use.

Macassar Oil.—The following is given in some late works as the genuine receipt for this oil:—Take a pound of olive oil, coloured with alkanet root, and add to it one drachm of the oil of origanum. It may be remarked, that olive oil is an excellent basis for hair oil, and it is also the most economical; for a thin, stale, olive oil, at ten shillings a gallon, will do equally well as a superior oil at fourteen shillings the gallon, because the powerful odour of the perfumes takes off or destroys any disagreeable smell peculiar to

stale and thin olive oil. When you have mixed your perfume with it, you must shake the bottle in which it is contained, twice a day, for at least one week.

Another way of giving the hair a beautiful gloss is, by means of soap, which, in the case of hair that is apt to be greasy, is better than any sort of oil, as it moistens without matting it, as oil in those cases usually does; if it is not put on in too great quantity. The best preparation of this kind is the

Essence of Soap.—Put two pounds of good common soap, cut small, into three pints of spirit of wine, with eight ounces of potash, and melt the whole in a hot-water bath, stirring it the while with a glass rod or wooden spatula. When it is thoroughly melted, leave it to settle, pour off the liquor clear, and perfume it with any fragrant essence you please.

Or you may mix together equal parts of essence of violets, jasmine, orange flowers, and ambrette, with half the quantity of vanilla and tuberose. Mix with these rose and orange flower water, so as to form in all about three pints of liquid, in which dissolve, as in the first case, two pounds of good soap sliced, eight ounces of potash, and proceed as before. Add some drops of essence of amber, musk, vanilla, and neroli, to make it more agreeable.

CURLING OF THE HAIR.

THE stronger hair is, the more easy it is to be brought into curl, and the longer also it will remain curled; because, when it is weak and lank, it appears to be more elastic than when it is stronger. Hair also which is weak and dry at the same time, which frequently happens to be the case, as well as hair which has a tendency to be greasy, will not take nor keep curling well. The processes of cleaning the hair above directed, particularly that in which we have recommended the use of hartshorn, will be found to promote the tendency of the hair to curl, and also to retain the curls which have been formed.

The liquids which are sold for the professed purpose of assisting in the curling of the hair, are chiefly composed of either oily or alkaline substances; and perhaps you will find that the essence of soap, for which we have given the receipt above, is as good as any other. Any combination of potash or hartshorn with some of the aromatic oils, will answer every purpose of the most expensive curling fluid.

Oils, if not put on too copiously, for this will destroy the effect intended, are the best preparations for keeping in the curls during moist or damp weather, or in ball-rooms and theatres, where they are

exposed to moisture from perspiration and from the breath; because oil, when spread over the hair, prevents it from imbibing moisture, which will infallibly cause it to lose curl.

THE CROSS.—CRUCIFIXIONS.

THE Cross appears to have been used as a very general instrument of punishment among various nations, from the earliest times of which we have any record. The "hanging on a tree," in Scripture, has been interpreted by many commentators of crucifixion; although, again, others have believed that the Cross was unknown among the Jews till the time of Alexander Jannæus, when the word "crucify" is expressly used by Josephus. In Thucydides, we read of Inarus, an African king, who was crucified by the Egyptians. The similar fate of Polycrites, who suffered under the Persians, is detailed by Herodotus; who adds also, that no less than 3,000 persons were condemned to the Cross by Darius, after his successful siege of Babylon. Valerius Maximus makes crucifixion the common military punishment of the Carthaginians. That the Greeks adopted it is plain, from the cruel executions which Alexander ordered after the capture of Tyre, when 2,000 of the captured sufferers were nailed to crosses along the sea shore. With the Romans it was used under their early monarchical government, and it was the death to which Horatius was adjudged, and by which he ought to have suffered for the stern and savage murder of his sister. Though originally a punishment extending indiscriminately to every rank, it latterly, at least among the Romans, became the most dishonourable of all deaths, and was confined principally to the lowest orders and to slaves.

Before the sufferer was exposed upon the Cross, it was customary to scourge him; and the column to which our Saviour was fastened during this cruel infliction, is stated by St. Jerome to have existed in his time in the portico of the Holy Sepulchre, and to have retained marks of the blood of our Lord. Bede places this column within the church, where we believe it is still shown, and Gregory of Tours dilates on the miracles wrought by it. The criminal carried the instrument of his punishment, or, most probably, only the transverse part of it, to the place of execution. Here he was fastened naked upon the Cross (which occasionally was not raised from the ground till after his affixion), by cords, or, more frequently, by nails (and sometimes by both), driven through the hands and feet.

The number of nails by which our Saviour was thus fastened, has been a subject of very learned dispute. Nounus affirms that three only were used, both feet having been confined by the same. Nicolaus Toutanus, a physician, to whom the question as to the capability of the hands to support the weight was proposed, decided in the affirmative, upon experiment.

The Martyrologies are full of extraordinary relations of the length of time during which some of those condemned to the tortures of the Cross have continued to endure them, before they were released by death from their pangs. St. Andrew is said to have remained alive two days. Victorinus, who was crucified with his head downwards, under the reign of Nerva, for three; and Timotheus and Maura, no less than nine; a marvel which it is scarcely possible to exceed. Some who have been taken down while yet alive, are said to have recovered. Josephus mentions, that such was the case with one out of three of his friends, whose release he obtained from Titus.

At length, in the reign of Constantine, this horrible punishment was abolished in the Roman world. *Postquam Vitam ipsam interfecit non diu illi vita*, is the no less untrue than the quibbling observation of Lipsius, for more than three centuries had then elapsed since the death of our Saviour. The edict of Constantine for the suppression of the Cross, is attributed to the holy vision which preceded his engagement with Maxentius, and henceforward that instrument, which had proverbially betokened infamy, was exalted on the standard by which the warriors of the empire were wont to rally on the field of glory, and became the symbol of military honour in the Labarum.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Select Biography.

No. XXXI.

THE EMPECINADO, DON JUAN MARTIN DIEZ.

THE Nero of the present age, Ferdinand VII. king of Spain, who has all the cruelty of the Roman Emperor, without his courage has recently added to the long list of his victims by the execution of an individual, the Empecinado, to whom he was more indebted than to any single person for the throne on which he is seated. A feeling of horror and indignation at the barbarous manner in which the brave Empecinado has been put to death universally prevails, if we except

Spain, which from a brave and generous nation has sunk into a state of the most cowardly apathy or despair. In the war of independence, the Empecinado particularly distinguished himself, and his talents as well as his melancholy death are such as we are sure will render a memoir of him acceptable to our readers. The Empecinado was one of the first Guerilla chiefs, who raised the standard of opposition to the French, and in the province of Guadalajara early took the field with a small band, chiefly composed of men of his own occupation, over whom he had ascendancy. This party, accustomed to every kind of hardship and privation, was extremely useful, being always out in the country, cutting off the enemy's communications.

John Martin Diez was born in September, 1775, in the town of Castrillo de Duero, near Valladolid, in Old Castile. His parents, John and Lucy, were respected peasants, descended from persons of the same class; and John Martin, from his infancy, seemed destined to pursue the same course of life as his forefathers. By labouring in the fields he acquired great bodily strength, and gave early proof of the desire he felt to employ it in the service of his country; for, before he had attained his sixteenth year, he ran away from his family and enlisted. He was, however, discharged, at the earnest entreaties of his parents, upon the fair plea of his being under age.

His father, it seems, died at the very moment that war was proclaimed against France, at the commencement of the French Revolution. John Martin, following the dictates of his heart, resolved to be a soldier, and instantly volunteered his services during the term of the war. He was admitted as a private into the regiment of *Dragoons of Spain*, in which he served until the peace; and was always distinguished for his gallantry in the field, and for his subordination and regularity in quarters.

At the close of the war he was discharged and returned to his home: soon after, he married Catalina de la Fuente, and went to live in the town of Fuentecen, two leagues from Castrillo, and there resumed the labours of the field.

When Napoleon, under the insidious pretext of being the ally of Spain, was meditating its subjugation, Martin openly declared that the French troops ought to be considered as enemies; and when he was told that king Ferdinand had passed through Aranda de Duero, he exclaimed, "the French are an infamous people; Napoleon is the worst among them; and if Ferdinand once enters France he will

never get out of it until we go and fetch him."

This spirited conduct and correct opinion seemed to portend that he was one of those Spaniards destined by Providence to espouse the cause of his country, to defend her, and to free her from the slavery with which she was threatened by the despot of France.

The instant it was known that King Ferdinand was at Bayonne, the Empecinado determined to *make war against the French*, and at the close of the month of March, having persuaded two of his neighbours to accompany him, he took the field, and thus most justly acquired the title of the *first proclaimer of national liberty*. One of his two companions was a boy of sixteen years old, Juan Garcia, of the town of Cuevas, near to Castrillo.

He took post upon the high road from France to Madrid, close to the village of Onrubia, four leagues from Aranda de Duero, conceiving this spot well calculated for the purpose of intercepting the French couriers. In a few hours he got possession of the correspondence of a courier, who escaped only by the fleetness of his horse, but who left behind him the guide and letter bags.

A few days afterwards he intercepted and killed another courier, and thus supplied himself with a horse and arms.

We next find the intrepid chief with twelve or fifteen companions, undertaking the most dashing affairs; and at last he is seen at the head of from 1,500 to 5,000 brave men, facing the strongest columns of the enemy in the field, baffling armies sent to surround him, shutting up garrisons, and cutting off supplies, by an activity which seemed to quadruple his force, and make the name of Empecinado a shield to the people, and a terror to their invaders.

During the months of May, June, and July, 1808, the enemy was harassed or attacked by these gallant men amounting now to twelve in number. There is no doubt but that, in the course of these three months, above 600 Frenchmen were put to death by Martin and his gallant comrades. They could give no quarter, as there was no depôt to which prisoners could be sent. In one day alone, in the beginning of June, ten sergeants and eighty-three soldiers fell by the hands of these patriots, who were often much assisted by the peasants, who, though unarmed helped to intimidate (by appearing in bodies) and were not backward in assisting to destroy the stragglers.

Amongst the early and bold operations of this chief, one in particular deserves notice, the capture of a convoy, in which

was a carriage conveying a female relation or friend of Marshal Moncey. This coach was escorted by twelve soldiers, in the centre of two columns of six thousand men each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado with eight of his people was concealed close to the town of Caravias. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage; and when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, and he effectually eluded the long and strict search which was made after him. He was only able to save the life of one of the men-servants and of the lady, whom he not only saved, but as she was with child, he sent her to his own house that she might receive care and attention. The convoy turned out a prize of great value: it consisted of money, some jewels, and a variety of ornamental trinkets for women, military effects, such as officers' epaulets, gold and silver lace, and sword blades. Martin divided a great portion of these things amongst his men; he took a share himself; but he reserved for the government the principal part, which he placed at the disposal of General Cuesta, in Salamanca; thus giving an unequivocal proof of his disinterested feelings, for an order had been issued by the government (the central Junta,) that every thing taken from the enemy by the patriot parties should exclusively belong to them.

On the retreat of the French beyond the Ebro, the Empecinado and his men particularly distinguished themselves. They frequently co-operated with our own divisions, and the name of this bold and persevering patriot was repeatedly mentioned in the public despatches of the day.

The virtue the French could not conquer in the Empecinado, they tried to corrupt, and employed a renegade Spaniard, General Hugo, to invite him over to the side of King Joseph. To this proposition the Empecinado sent the following answer:—

SIR,—I value as I ought the opinion you have formed of me; I have formed a very bad one of you; nevertheless, if you sincerely repent your atrocities, and, tired of being a slave, you wish to recover your liberty in the service of a free nation, valiant as she is generous, the Empecinado offers you his protection.

That Massena and his army surrendered on the 4th of November last would seem to admit of no doubt; but allowing it to be untrue, certain it is that if he has not already perished he will soon be destroyed;

for fortune his mother has for a long time turned her back upon him.

There is little doubt that the actual state of things must soon terminate, for it appears that all the nations of Europe are combined against the French: however, without that circumstance, Spain has always had, and now particularly has, more force, energy, and constancy, than are required merely to humble the legions of your king.

Corrupt and venal men alone can find in your Joseph the First *King of Madrid*! those qualities which you suppose him to have—if he be so good a man, why does he commit and suffer to be committed such atrocities? a proud and perfidious usurper can never be a good man! the Spaniards who take part with the brother of Napoleon must be very few; but if there were many, they must always be the vilest and most detestable: the sound part of the nation, which is the great majority, and which constitutes her strength, abhors and detests even the very name of a Frenchman.

I am quite astonished at your holding out and breathing sentiments of humanity! Publish your *humanity* at Guadalaxara, Signenza, Huete, Cefuentes, Frillo, Douon, Ita, in the towns of the valleys, in short in every village and spot that has had the misfortune to be visited by either you or your soldiers! will they believe you? and I who have witnessed your *deeds*, how am I to credit your *words*?

In vain do you labour if you think to dissuade either me or any of my soldiers from our honourable undertaking; be well assured, that so long as one single soldier of mine is alive, the war will be carried on; they have all, in imitation of their chief, sworn eternal war against Napoleon and those vile slaves who follow him. If you please you may tell your king and your brethren in arms, that the Empecinado and his troops will die in defence of their country.

They never can unite themselves to men debased, without honour, without faith, and without religion of any kind! Be good enough to cease to write to me.

I am the *Empecinado*.

The Empecinado had, as might be expected from his daring courage, many hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion when he had got a respectable force, he singled out the French commandant and they engaged, the Frenchman wounded the Empecinado by a thrust of the sword, which ran through his arm and penetrated into his side. This seemed but to increase his courage and double his exertions; he avoided another blow, seized

the French commander by the neck, dragged him off his horse, fell with him, but kept the upper hand : both were disarmed and struggled violently : the Frenchman would not surrender ; the Empecinado collared him with one hand and with the other snatched up a stone and put him to death.

On another occasion the enemy advanced against Sigüenza, but our chief beat them back to Mirabueno, where they were reinforced ; and next day they marched again upon Sigüenza. An action commenced upon the heights of Rebollar, and a heavy column of cavalry, profiting by a momentary confusion in a part of the line of Spanish infantry, made a desperate charge and took above one thousand prisoners. Our chief was not in that part of the line where this occurred, but immediately repaired to it in the hope of remedying the evil, when he was recognised by the perjured corps of Spaniards under the orders of the infamous Villagarcía, who rushed upon him, and he was only able to save himself by the desperate means of throwing himself down a precipice ; preferring even that sort of death to falling into the hands of the renegade Spaniards.

He was saved ; but the consequence of his fall was a severe illness, which obliged him to go to Monterigo, *Almadovar*, and *Arocas*, for the recovery of his health. He was driven from one town to the other by the enemy when they discovered where he was ; however he escaped their persecution.

Our general was celebrated for taking as bold a part in every enterprise and battle that was fought, as the bravest soldier of his division ; and in this affair he gave a signal proof of the attachment he felt for every individual of it : one of his trumpeters, who was made prisoner and was guarded by three dragoons, called out to him, "General, I was once in Joseph's service, they are going to shoot me." He instantly rushed alone upon this party like lightning, and set at liberty the prisoner : two officers of French dragoons, who knew the person of the Empecinado, charged at him ; the first who came up he shot dead, and whilst resisting the attack of the other, some of his own soldiers came up, and the second officer shared the fate of his companion.

On the 14th he returned to Guadaluara, and the following day the garrison surrendered to him ; on the 16th he took possession of that city, which for three years had been the focus of the banditti who had been persecuting him.

The surrender of this place enabled the Empecinado to equip his corps brilliantly ; grenadier caps, accoutrements, caps for

the infantry, clothing ; in short, his division put on the appearance of highly dressed soldiers.

The Empecinado's forces did not augment very rapidly, but, slender as they were in numbers, they did good execution ; his promotion, however, was rapid enough ; he became a brigadier-general of cavalry in the national army, attended the Duke of Wellington to Madrid, and was by him appointed to an important command at Tortosa. After the return of Ferdinand, in 1814, he retired to his home, and chiefly spent his time in domestic pursuits, although distinguished by several marks of special approbation from his sovereign. He did not step forward in public till the revolution of La Isla had been completed, and when, it will be remembered, the King adhered to the Constitution, and solemnly announced this his determination in his memorable Decree of the 9th of March, 1820, addressed to the Authorities and People, and in which he says, "Spaniards ! pursue the Constitutional path, and I will be the first to lead you on."

From that time to the late invasion of the French, El Empecinado took no other part in public affairs than as a military commander of a small district, neither his inclination nor the previous education he had received, allowing of any thing more. Again called upon to repel a foreign aggression, he joined the army of General Placencia in Estremadura, acted under his orders, and jointly with him capitulated with the Royalist General Laguna, the French having at the time no division in that quarter ; but this capitulation was sanctioned and confirmed by the Regency, the Supreme Authority, the French themselves had instituted in the country.

After lingering in prison a long time, the sanguinary Ferdinand ordered the gallant Empecinado to an ignominious death.

The pretext on which he was condemned, without, however, having been heard or tried, is the following :—A few weeks before the capitulation, and when the war was carrying on against the French and the Royalist Spaniards, the Empecinado happened to be operating with his division near the town of Cáceres, in Estremadura, and had occasion to transmit certain orders to the local authorities of that place, connected with the service, which were not obeyed. Cáceres was noted for being favourable to the servile party, with which a clandestine correspondence was there kept up. The Empecinado, finding his orders disobeyed, and the movements of his division consequently paralysed, renewed them, adding, that if they were not immediately carried

into execution, he would chastise the town for its treachery. They were again disregarded, and he marched up before the place. The traitors, in the mean while, had organized a force, which was posted in the advances to the town. The Empecinado's division was attacked, and feeling indignant at the manner in which he was treated, he led his men on, overcame his opponents, and punished the ringleaders for their audacity. This is the crime for which he has suffered, although a solemn capitulation intervened, as well as the lapse of upwards of a year, during which time he has endured all kinds of indignities, even that of being shewn about in an iron cage, like a wild beast! The Empecinado, after the several armies had capitulated, and the Constitution had been put down, retired home, unconscious of having done anything beyond his duty, and provided with a regular discharge and passport from the Royalist Authorities who had succeeded. He was then near the frontiers of Portugal, and had he apprehended any future reproach, flight was open to him.

The following account of the tragical end of this distinguished patriot is furnished by an inhabitant of Rueda, where the unfortunate General was hanged. When he came out of the prison to undergo his punishment, he became violent with rage on finding that it was intended to put him upon an ass. He refused, and walked to the place of execution with great firmness. When he had reached the foot of the gallows, he suddenly made so great an effort, that he burst the cords by which his arms were confined. He then attempted to rush through the line of soldiers who surrounded him, and no doubt he would have escaped if he had been armed; but as it was, he was attacked and beaten down with blows. A rope was then passed round his neck, and the hangman, who was upon the gallows, leaped upon him, and with the assistance of some bystanders put him to death. As this wretch was returning to Valladolid, after the execution, he was welcomed in several villages by the ringing of the bells.

The author of "The Military Exploits of the Empecinado," to which we acknowledge ourselves much indebted for some of the materials of this memoir, gives the following account of the person and character of this brave patriot:—

The Empecinado was a little above the middle stature, with a firmly knit and muscular frame, which indicated a capability of sustaining privation and fatigue: his complexion was dark, his beard strong and of a sable hue, his eyes black, ani-

mated, and sparkling. His mental powers were strong, and calm in acting, and both clear and quick in perceiving. Of this superiority he has given unequivocal proofs in the high military talent he displayed; for he was active, enterprising, judicious, and by his personal example inspired the brave with heroism, and the timid with resolution—in his letters—in his celebrated address to his king—and in the manner in which he bore adversity, calumny, and prosperity. The qualities of his heart were of a corresponding stamp.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

CHARACTER.

SEE thou thy credit keep;—'tis quickly gone;
'Tis gain'd by many actions, but 'tis lost by one.

EPITAPH.

THE following inscription is on an oval stone monument, against the south wall of St. Mary's Church, Beverley, under two swords crossed:—

"Here two young Danish souldiers lie,
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die;
The other's head, by their own law,
With sword was sever'd at one blow,
December the 23rd, 1689."

EPITAPH

On Joan Kitchin, in Bury St. Edmund's Church-yard.

HERE lies Joan Kitchin; when her glass was spent,
She kick'd up her heels and away she went.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A new Chapter from *Edgar's Common-Place Book*; *Mr. Bloor, on Swimming*; the *History of Music*, and the favours of several Correspondents, in our next.

Jacobus, Terence, Andrew, Wilhelmina, W. S. and Caution, have been received, and are under consideration.

J. R. J. of Reading, shall be obliged as far as is in our power.

P. T. W., Mr. Ball, and Macmaurs, in an early number.

Our poetical contributors increase beyond all power of gratifying them, unless, instead of a sheet, we printed a volume a week. Childish rhymes on Love, or Addresses to Females, unless of great merit, are inadmissible.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

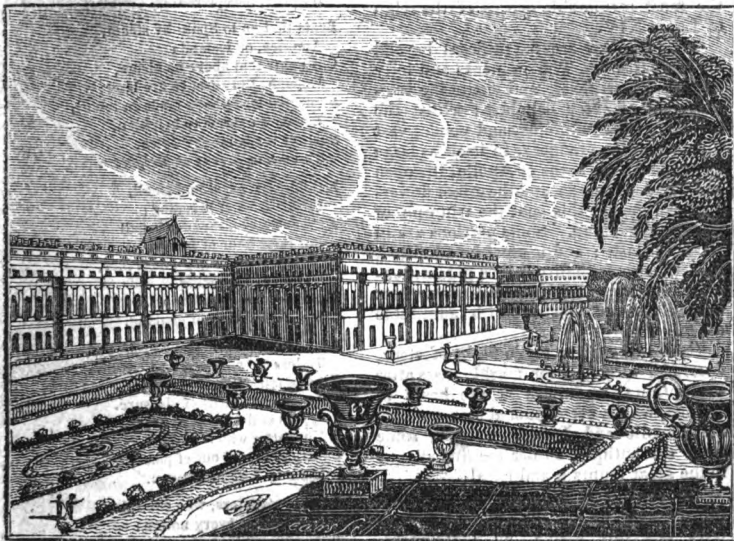
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXI.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1825. [PRICE 2d.]

Palace of Versailles.



THE Palace of Versailles, of which the above engraving is an excellent view, was long a favourite residence of the French monarchs. It is situated in a town of the same name, ten miles from Paris. The palace stands upon a height, and is approached by three fine avenues or roads, which terminate at the great square or *Place d'Armes*, in front of the palace. This extensive edifice forms one side of the square; the remainder being chiefly occupied by the hotels of the members of the household, the stables, and other buildings connected with the palace. The stables in particular are very considerable, and distinguished as handsome structures. The appearance of the palace from the town by no means corresponds with its reputation: it displays, indeed, a vast extent of buildings, but by no means remarkable either for elegance of construction or unity of plan. The new façade, or front, towards the park, is truly magnificent: it is about 800 yards in length, is composed of a ground floor, first story, and attic, and is decorated in its whole length by Ionic pilasters: there are fifteen projec-

tions, supported by Ionic columns, and ornamented with colossal statues, representing the Arts, the Seasons, and the Months. Bronze statues of Apollo, Antonius, Bacchus, and Silenus, are placed along the middle pavilion. These possess much merit.

The Chapel is a model of elegance; its interior is adorned with paintings, sculpture, and bas-reliefs, by the ablest artists: the tribunes are decorated with sixteen Corinthian columns, and twenty-two half columns, the pavement is of marble.

The Theatre was begun by Louis XV. in 1753, and completed in 1770, at the marriage of his successor. Although despoiled of the greater part of its ornaments, there are sufficient remains to enable the spectator to judge of the extraordinary splendour which formerly characterized this celebrated area. Some portraits by Lebrun, and others of no mean talent, but ill preserved, are scattered about, and there is altogether a woful appearance of dilapidation. Half a franc is given to the man who attends, and who is himself a curiosity, a mass of whim and anecdote.

The grand gallery is 222 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 37 feet high; is lighted by 17 large windows, opposite which are arcades, with mirrors reflecting the gardens, fountains, &c. Between the windows and arcades are 48 marble pilasters of the composite order, with gilt vases and capitals. The ornaments were designed by Lebrun, and sculptured by Coysevox; the ceiling is painted by Lebrun, with allegorical representations of the most memorable epochs of the reign of Louis XIV.

The Gardens are magnificent beyond all comparison. The immense and lofty terraces are artificial, and excite the astonishment of every beholder; whilst the statues, grand fountains, and ponds, vast plantations (an orangery, in itself as large as a palace), the baths of Apollo, the open and circular rotunda, and the minor flower-gardens, render this spot the triumph of French gardening. Some portions are in the finest taste; and it must be admitted, that, though formality makes gigantic encroachments, grandeur or beauty present themselves occasionally with admirable effect.

Descending by a noble flight of steps, decorated with fourteen marble vases after the antique, we arrive at the basin of Latona, who is accompanied by her children, Apollo and Diana. Statues, some from the antique, border the fine avenue to the great fountain and canal.

The Orangery, built by Mansard, contains, among an extraordinary number of trees and rare plants, an orange-tree, styled *Le Grand Bourbon*, which was planted nearly 400 years ago.

LONDON FASHIONS, FOOLERIES, SIGHTS, AND SPECULATIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

Cloaks like hedgehogs, small white hats,
Whiskers like Jew Moses;
Collars padded, black cravats,
And cheeks as red as roses;
Short frock-coats that reach the knees,
Waistcoats striped and gaudy,
Fringelocks as wide as drays,
And stays to brace the body.

Cabriolets, that hold but three,
Along the ground are dragging;
Hacks that weary all the day,
In Rotten-row are fagging.
Bludgeons like a pilgrim's staff,
Or canes as slight as oziars,
Doubled hose to show the calf,
And swell the bill of hosiers.

Rum-ti-tum, and boxers bold,
Fancy swells attending;
Beauty to be bought or sold,
And folly never ending.

Married women who have seen

The flat of the commons,
Lots of sharps, with flats between,
And bailiffs with a summons.

Playhouses in every street,
Sometimes audience lacking;
Puffs of every kind we meet,
Beave-grease, and liquid *blacking*.
Magazines at every price,
Education aiding;
Gambling Greeks who cog the dice,
Achilles, masquerading.

Boats that go to Spain by steam,
America, or Ireland;
Gas-lights that above us gleam,
Enough, I'm sure, to fire land;
Smuggled lace (that's made in town),
Beauty's charms to lighten,
Sold for ready money down,
To various greens at Brighton.

Exhibitions, great and small,
Fit for folks of breeding;
Ex-ter Change—hyenas squall
For their hour of feeding.
Almacks, with its gay *quadrilles*,
Cavaliers advancing,
Other steps at treading *mills*,
A different kind of dancing.

Authors with their plays *unplayed*,
Tailors beyond *measure*,
Tradesmen without any trade,
And dicky-birds of pleasure.
Lawyers still a thriving race,
No matter who is an donee,
Courtiers in and out of place,
Make up Life in London.

Loan contractors, who can raise
Supplies for every nation;
Roads improv'd, and mended ways,
By *Macadamization*.
Aldermen with bellies round,
And numerous carbuncles;
Judges with their wigs profound,
And pop-shops of my uncles.
Phrenology, which plainly shows
Every organ human;
Mutton pies all hot; old clothes
To sell by every Jew men.
Bankers tumbling up their gold,
With their copper shovels;
Made-up goods, by auction sold,
The great unknown's Scotch novels.

Companies of every kind,
Each trade monopolizing,
Only meant *John Bull* to blind,
In *bubbles* most surprising;
Various *shares* not worth a rush;
Long live *speculation*!
While so many make a push,
To humbug all the nation.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BIGOT.

THE word bigot is derived by that judicious antiquary Camden, from the following circumstance:—When Rolla, Duke of Normandy received Gisla, the daugh-

ter of Charles the Simple, King of France, in marriage, together with the investiture of that dukedom, he would not submit to kiss Charles's foot: and when his friends urged him by all means to comply with that ceremony, he made answer in the English tongue, "Ne se, by God," i. e. *Not so, by God*. Upon which, the king and his courtiers deriding him, and corruptly repeating his answer, called him *bigot*, from whence the Normans were called *bigodi*, or *bigots*.

The great Rollo was a Norwegian duke, but in consequence of his piratical conduct, was banished from Norway by the king, Harold Halfager. From thence he proceeded with his fleet to the Hebrides, and finally settled in Normandy, then called Neustria. Rollo was afterwards converted to Christianity, which made him an altered man;—he was no longer Rollo, *the pirate*, but the exemplary *Christian*; and having governed his duchy with considerable justice, he deceased, A. D. 917, respected by all as a *religious*, wise, and magnificent prince.

POLYCARP.

My Common-Place Book.

No. XI.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

THE season of literature is abundantly dull at this time of the year; and yet there are novelties enough in this changing and changeable world in every hour of every day, for any reasonable man. But "London is out of town" yet, and though the newspapers still continue to tell us that such a work is preparing for the press, and such another is just published, yet they fall from the press with a fearsome weight in the summer and autumn months. Well, be that as it may, the fields are looking very unsimmerlike now, symptoms of the "sere and yellow leaf" are beginning to shew themselves. We shall have winter anon, and the long-headed fellows will give us something rich that cast up during the recess no doubt, and the widdings will be getting all in readiness to give the public a handsome broadside of *good things, genuine, new*, such as will make the very sun to stare, and the man in the moon to take an extra pinch of snuff. New Miltonic MSS. perchance may rejoice in being restored to light; letters and memoirs of wonderful personages behold the day, and stories so affecting be concocted, as to make the very ten cats of Leadenhall-street and its vicinity, ring their hands—so "any peevish public wherefore are you sad?"

P 2

This place of cockney resort is very pleasant now, breezes fresh, and life and spirit the order of the day. By the way Siddall's library at which I am now scribbling is one of the novelties this season, and from its situation, and the unwearied civility of its conductors, worthy the patronage of the public. Directly fronting me is the pier, and of course a noble view of the green ocean, one of the most magnificent objects in nature, and of which the eye seldom or never wearies. The bathing rooms, where music, and love, and beating hearts, &c. are in full action from morn till night, are seen with their green painted fronts, and the bay here where the Londoners have their annual dip, with the tide just coming up, and the white chalky tinted element, can really furnish my mind at present (although poetically disposed) with no finer simile than a capacious basin of pease soup. Don't turn away fair ladies at my vulgar and odious comparisons. This *hère* Margate is after all a place not to be sneezed at by any means. Here you have fine air, fine walks, noble donkeys, sea breezes, lots of fun, frolic, and vulgarity, and what more would you have? Here Liquorpond-street at least may be forgotten *pro tempore*—deaks, quills, reams of paper, ledgers, may be whisked to "auld Hornie," and—and—all the horrors of a London winter may be lightened by the pleasant recollections of these things, in each and all of which however, it must be said that many are more merry than wise; but I have spent at this same place many a merry day and more thoughtful ones, many in the bustle, but more in the stillness of retired life, and upon the whole, Margate, as I may never see thee again, we part in peace and friendship. St. Peter's, Minster, Reculver, Canterbury will return with its merry faces and sunny remembrances to my mind's eye, when Margate and all its scenery are far enough remote from the retina of my visible optics.

But what have you got here, Mr. Siddall?—behold the *Lady's Magazine*, with a couple of neat prints at the commencement, and nothing else earthly to claim a loungers' notice; see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, hallowed by hoary age and excessive ponderosity. The *Edinburgh Review* stares me next in the face, and then I think of Frank Jeffrey, and anon the ghost of the Rev. Sydney starts to my view. "Fare thee well, thou blue and yellow; still for ever fare thee well," I can have none of thee. What next? the *Monthly Review*, Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, who it appears was an amiable man, a courteous

in the north of Ireland. He possessed some talents which as usual in small literary coteries were considered by his friends as very remarkable. His existence would never have been heard of in this country but for the introduction of his verses on the burial of Sir John Moore into *Madwin's Conversations of Lord Byron*. This circumstance prompted the publication of all the loose papers which he left behind, of course, with a memoir by some kind friend. Wolfe was born in 1791, was bred at Winchester, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809, distinguished himself there by obtaining a scholarship, and other collegiate honours; graduated in 1814, became a country curate, exerted himself usefully and honourably in his sacred profession, and died of a consumption in February, 1823. The papers here collected consist of a volume of sermons, which are not in any respect remarkable above the usual run of such compositions, and never could have been intended for the public eye; some letters, useful to no one but to the owner; a few mediocre prose pieces, and a dozen copies of verses, of which the lines on Sir John Moore are by far the best. So much for the *Monthly Reviewer*. The verses have been inserted in the *MIRROR* a pretty considerable time back; they were sent by a very worthy friend of mine and although well worth recurring to, need not be again inflicted on our readers. But let me have a few words with this Trojan. I think this the most heartless scrap of criticism I ever saw. The work reviewed, has never met my eye, but from the very few extracts which the *kind critic* gives, I would venture to say there was more real genius in poor Wolfe, and more acquirement of splendid thought and genuine knowledge, than ever the said gentleman reviewer can by any chance be guilty of, let him even number up the "threescore and ten years" which are allotted much oftener to the dull, uninteresting fool, than to the gifted and noble mind; I will venture to say, the work itself will prove it, which has now been given to the public, and from its contents alone, that public will be able with interest and sympathy to take into account the workings of a mind and its high and holy musings, when banished indeed from the world, he was communing with his God, "anxiously striving to aid in the greatest and best of all works, the eternal weal of the human race, the life of sedentary and retiring men of genius rarely supplies any thing for the biographer," says this hugeous gomerai: he was *then* a man of genius! and yet he *only possessed some talents*."

In these days *every body* possesses talent and information, and it would be a scandal were it otherwise; but *men of genius*, alas! are few, even with all the advantages of mental culture which we possess; but I am really tired to death of being in a rage, and shall calm my own mind, please my readers, and conclude this paper with some lines of the Rev. Charles Wolfe's, quoted from the *Monthly Review*, which need no comment.

(*At. — GRAMACHREE.*)

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy shill, damp corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,—
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!"

The following stanzas are not less fine, although in a different way:—

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling
there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from the thought to sever;
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but mortal clay,—
The elegant form that haunts me:
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
 Tho' I once in its notes delighted;—
 The feeling and mind that comes whispering
 forth,
 Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame, had I loved that face,
 E'er my eye could twice explore her;
 Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
 And her warm—warm heart I adore her.

EDGAR.

THE COMMEMORATION OF HANDEL.

THE splendid Musical Festival at York last week, of which we shall next week give a better account than has yet appeared, with an appropriate engraving, involuntarily reminds us of the Commemoration of Handel in 1784, which it so nearly approaches. Of the talents of Handel it is not now our intention to dwell; he was, perhaps, the most sublime musical composer the world has produced; and the grandest and most extensive musical display ever witnessed was that at Westminster Abbey, on the centenary of his birth, in the year 1784. No sooner was it proposed to pay such a tribute to the genius of Handel than the plan gained the support, not only of the musical world, but of the nobility, and even of the sovereign, who honoured it with his sanction and patronage.

In order to render the band as powerful and complete as possible, it was determined to employ every species of instrument that was capable of producing grand effects in a great orchestra and spacious building. Among these the *sacbut*, or double trumpet, was sought; but so many years had elapsed since it had been used in this kingdom, that neither the instrument, nor a performer upon it, could easily be found. It was, however, discovered, after much useless inquiry, not only here, but by letter, on the continent; that in his Majesty's military band there were six musicians who played the three several species of *sacbut*, *tenor*, *bass*, and *double bass*.

The double bassoon, which was so conspicuous in the orchestra, and powerful in its effect, was likewise a tube of 16 feet. It was made, with the approbation of Mr. Handel, by Stainsby, the flute-maker, for the coronation of his Majesty George II. The late ingenious Mr. Lampe, author of the justly admired music of "The Dragon of Wantley," was the person intended to perform on it; but, for want of a proper reed, or for some other cause, at present unknown, no use was made of it at that time; nor, indeed, though it has been often attempted, was it ever introduced into any band in Eng-

land till by the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Ashly, of the Guards.

The double-bass kettle-drums were made from models of Mr. Ashbridge, of Drury-lane orchestra, in copper, it being impossible to procure plates of brass large enough. The Tower drums, which, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, were brought to the Abbey on the occasion, were those which belonged to the ordnance stores, and were taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709. These were hemispherical, or a circle divided; but those of Mr. Ashbridge were more cylindrical, being much longer, as well as more capacious, than the common kettle-drum; by which he accounted for the superiority of their tone to that of all other drums. These three species of kettle-drums, which may be called *tenor*, *bass*, and *double bass*, were an octave below each other.

The excellent organ, erected at the west end of the Abbey, for the commemoration performances only, was the workmanship of the ingenious Mr. Samuel Green, in Islington. It was fabricated for the cathedral of Canterbury; but before its departure for the place of its destination, it was permitted to be opened in the capital on this memorable occasion. The keys of communication with the harpsichord, at which Mr. Bates, the conductor, was seated, extended 19 feet from the body of the organ, and 20 feet 7 inches below the perpendicular of the set of keys by which it is usually played. Similar keys were first contrived in this country for Handel himself at his oratorios; but to convey them at so great a distance from the instrument, without rendering the touch impracticably heavy, required uncommon ingenuity and mechanical resources.

In celebrating the disposition, discipline, and effects of this most numerous and excellent band, the merit of the admirable architect, who furnished the elegant designs for the orchestra and galleries, must not be forgotten; as, when filled, they constituted one of the grandest and most magnificent spectacles which imagination can delineate. All the preparations for receiving their Majesties, and the first personages in the kingdom, at the east end; upwards of 500 musicians at the west; and the public in general, to the number of between 3,000 and 4,000 persons, in the area and galleries; so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building, and which may not metaphorically be said to have been in

perfect tune with it. But, besides the wonderful manner in which this construction exhibited the band to the spectators, the orchestra was so judiciously contrived, that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader; which accounts, in some measure, for the uncommon ease with which the performers confess they executed their parts.

At the east end of the aisle, just before the back of the choir-organ, some of the pipes of which were visible below, a throne was erected in a beautiful Gothic style, corresponding with that of the Abbey, and a centre box, richly decorated and furnished with crimson satin, fringed with gold, for the reception of their Majesties and the Royal Family: on the right hand of which was a box for the bishops, and, on the left, one for the dean and chapter of Westminster; immediately below these two boxes were two others, one on the right for the families and friends of the directors, and the other for those of the prebendaries of Westminster. Immediately below the king's box was placed one for the directors themselves, who were all distinguished by white wands tipped with gold, and gold medals, struck on the occasion, appending from white ribands. These their Majesties condescended to wear at each performance. Behind, and on each side of the throne, there were seats for their Majesties' suite, maids of honour, grooms of the bed-chamber, pages, &c.—The orchestra was built at the opposite extremity, ascending regularly from the height of seven feet from the floor to upwards of forty from the base of the pillars, and extending from the centre to the top of the side aisle. The intermediate space below was filled up with level benches, and appropriated to the early subscribers. The said aisles were formed into long galleries ranging with the orchestra, and ascending so as to contain twelve rows on each side: the fronts of which projected before the pillars, and were ornamented with festoons of crimson morine.—At the top of the orchestra was placed the occasional organ, in a Gothic frame, mounting to, and mingling with, the saints and martyrs represented in the painted glass on the west window. On each side of the organ, close to the window, were placed the kettle-drums described above. The choral bands were principally placed in view of Mr. Bates, on steps seemingly ascending into the clouds, in each of the side aisles, as their termination was invisible to the audience. The principal singers were ranged in the front of the orchestra, as at *cantatas*, accompanied by the choir

of St. Paul, the Abbey, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal.

Few circumstances will seem more astonishing to veteran musicians, than that there was but one general rehearsal for each day's performance; an indisputable proof of the high state of cultivation to which practical music has attained in this country. At the first of these rehearsals in the abbey, more than five hundred persons found means to obtain admission. This intrusion, which was very much to the dissatisfaction of the managers and conductor, suggested the idea of turning the eagerness of the public to some profitable account for the charity, by fixing the price of admission to the rehearsal, at half a guinea each person.

On the subsequent rehearsals, the audience was very numerous, and rendered the whole so popular, as to increase the demand for tickets for the grand performance so rapidly, that it was found necessary to close the subscription. Many families, as well as individuals, were attracted to the capital by this celebrity; and it was never remembered to have been so full, except at the coronation of his late Majesty. Many of the performers came from the remotest part of the kingdom at their own expense, so eager were they to offer their services on this occasion.

The commemoration of Handel is not only the first instance of a band of such magnitude being assembled together, but of any band at all numerous, performing in a similar situation, without the assistance of a *maître de chœur*, to regulate the measure; and yet the performances were no less remarkable for the multiplicity of voices and instruments employed, than for accuracy and precision.

This festival exhibited in a most striking degree the extraordinary effects of music.

Mr. Burton, a celebrated chorus singer, well known to the musical world at that time, was on the commencement of the overture of "Esther," so violently agitated, that after being in a fainting fit for some time, he expired. At intervals he was able to speak, and but a few minutes before he died, he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music, which had thus so fatally operated upon him.

Dr. Halifax, the Bishop of Gloucester, during one of the performances of the "Messiah," at the same commemoration, was so much affected, that he wished to quit the abbey, fearing he should not be able to bear up against its extraordinary effects.

A country gentleman who was present at the same time, declared before the pen-

performance commenced, that curiosity and a wish to save his credit with his neighbours at his return, were his chief motives for attending, as he never experienced much pleasure from music. He was, however, soon so affected that the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he confessed that he felt transports of which he had never before formed the slightest conception.

Another gentleman who had never in his life been able to attend an oratorio, and very seldom an opera without falling asleep, so tedious did they seem, was so unconsciously delighted at the commemoration of Handel, that the whole day's performance seemed to him but the work of a single hour. Such are the effects of music in its most refined state, on minds incommensurable to its ordinary charms.

EXTENSIVE PROSPECTS.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the variety of scenery that diversifies a complete and extensive panorama presented to view from the summit of Fairlight Downs, near Hastings, may be distinguished three bays of the sea, six castle ruins, fourteen market-towns, fifty-seven village churches, and the coast of France.

BAPTISM OF CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS used formerly to be baptized, anointed, exorcised, and blessed by the bishop. For instance, the bell belonging to the church of Holywell, was christened in honour of Saint Winefride. On the ceremony, they, all the gamins, held hold of the rope, bestowing a name on the bell; and the priest, sprinkling it with holy water, baptized it in the name of the Father, &c. &c.; thus blessed, it was endowed with great powers; allaying (on being rung) all storms, diverted thunderbolts, and drove away evil spirits.

The baptism of bells is further confirmed by an old author, John Stoll, in his "Beehive of the Romish Church," 1590, p. 18. The following are his words:

"Nowe, over and above all this, the belles are not only conformed and hallowed, but are also baptized; and have appointed for them godfathers, which hold the rope (wherewith they are tied) in their hands, and doe answer, and say, amen, to that which the suffragane or bishop doth speak or demand of the belle; and then they put a new coat or garment upon the belle, and so conjure it, to the driving away of

all the power, craft, and subtiltie of the devill, and to the benefit and profit of the souls of them that bee dead, (especially if they bee rich, and can paye the sexton well,) and for many other like thynges. Insomuche that the belles are so holy, that so long as the church and the people are (upon any occasion) excommunicate, they may not bee rung."

J. F.

GAMING.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT a delightful, what a laudable employment is gaming! and what a pity it is that this noble and fashionable amusement has not been assigned its due rank among the cardinal virtues! Surely nothing redounds so much to the honour, interest, and prosperity of a nation as its being distinguished for a spirit of gaming!

Again; how beneficial how admirable are its effects! To enumerate them all would be tedious; let us, however, mention a few.—By gaming we overcome the *tedium vite* with which that inveterate enemy Time too often assails such as complain of having nothing to do; thus it is a sovereign remedy against the hyp.—By gaming we learn the art of patience under losses, and become enured to disappointments: gaming also teaches the virtue of humility, by occasionally taking us a *peg lower*; it moreover tries the genius, and keeps all the faculties upon the alert, especially when *sharp's* the motto, and you play high.—By gaming we also acquire a noble contempt for both time and money, and gradually become emancipated from that troublesome *weakness* of humanity, which some are apt to feel for their wives and families. Gaming likewise elevates and enlarges the soul; to evince this, what a noble creature is your losing gamester!—hear him—what sublime expressions!—what magnanimity, thus to censure the whole fabric of the universe, nay, almost to arraign Omnipotence itself, because, forsooth, he did not, upon a critical emergency hold—
"the ace of spades!"

Such, together with many others equally valuable, are the inestimable results derived from gaming; and even its bitterest enemies can merely urge three TRIVIAL objections against it, namely, that it is the parent of Robbery, Blasphemy, and Murder!

JACOBUS.

USEFUL HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

THE following recipe for keeping wet out of leather I have proved to be extremely useful as a sportsman:—Take one pint of linseed oil, half a pound of mutton suet, six ounces of bees' wax, one halfpenny worth of rosin finely powdered; boil them all in a pipkin together, stirring them all the time until well mixed. Brush the dirt off your shoes or boots, set the pipkin on the fire, when milk-warm lay the above mixture on with a little hair brush or hare's foot.

A SMALL pebble in the mouth will allay thirst.

WHEN over-heated, never drink water; a dessert spoonful of brandy will cool the body and prevent cold.

IF the sportsman's hands are benumbed, rub them smartly on your dog, and the friction will cause circulation and heat.

JOHN LANGRISH.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

THE UNIVERSAL CULPRIT.

* Assist me, knight, I am undone—fly, run, hue
and cry!" SHAKESPEARE.

* Then first the Culprit answer'd to his name."
DRYDEN.

THE manifold intricacies and subtleties of the law have too long occasioned it to be compared to a cobweb, "which catches the small flies, and allows the great ones to break through; or to a bramble-bush, through which the most innocent lamb cannot force a passage without leaving a considerable portion of his wool behind; or to a gridiron, which greases the bar by roasting and extracting all the fat out of the clients; or to the well-known arbitrator, who swallowed the cyster, and left the shells for the plaintiff and defendant; or to the honest fellow in a mob, who eases you of your purse and watch while assisting you to secure the rogue that ran away with your handkerchief; or, finally, to fifty disparaging similitudes which we hold it not seemly to enumerate. It is high time to remove this stigma from a profession, the members of which have invariably been upright when it was better policy not to stoop, who have been loudly and even indignantly virtuous, when it was their interest to be just, and have nobly preferred truth, even to Plato himself, whenever she stood arrayed on the winning side. This expurgation, so devoutly to be desiderated, could not be more satisfactorily accomplished than by their immediately and gratuitously bring-

ing to condign punishment a high and hardened criminal, whose mysterious character, Protean devices, and subtlety in eluding all proofs of his identity, have hitherto enabled him to perpetrate enormities of every description with an absolute impunity as to any legal penalty; though his scandalous misdemeanours have fixed an indelible brand of infamy upon his moral character. To enable our readers to escape his machinations, as well as to assist the public in general in the great purpose of his apprehension, we think it right to apprise them that this notorious delinquent was not only the real author of the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, and of every other great government failure, but that he is responsible for all the gross robberies and abuses of the Ecclesiastical and Chancery Courts, and has been the original projector of the bubbles, chimeras, and joint-stock companies, by which the most thinking people of England have been lately gulled, cajoled, and bamboozled.

Nor are his mischiefs and misdeeds in private families a whit less flagrant and notorious than his public guilt. Neither Puck himself, nor all the evil gnomes and fairies of the household, ever equalled him in domestic atrocity. He is universally admitted to be the real party to blame in all matrimonial squabbles; and as to the demolition of household furniture, and more particularly of crockery and glass, from common pots and pans up to French mirrors, cut chandeliers, real china bowls, and porcelain vases, every housekeeper who wants to discover the author of the mischief, may say to this ubiquitous and Briarean-handed felon, as Nathan said unto David, "*thou art the man.*" Not contented with these malignant pranks, he is perpetually spilling oil upon costly carpets, leaving finger-marks upon silk curtains and white doors, or scratching varnished tables in a most frightful and disfiguring manner; while it is notorious, that whenever a window has been left unfastened, so that the thieves have entered and made away with the plate, it was *his* business to have shut it, and that *he* is to blame for the robbery.

With all these misdeeds upon his head, and in defiance of the old adage, that honesty is the best policy, this unprincipled rogue is singularly fortunate in his operations of every description. He gets all the great prizes in the lottery, is a constant winner at the gaming-table, even including Fishmongers' Hall, and holds Foreign Stocks without quaking for the payment of the dividends, beyond those that have been retained in this country. Moreover, he is the general finder of all

lost and missing articles, except the wits of the crazy, which the man in the moon preserves in jugs, under a patent granted to him by Ariosto. All waifs and strays find their way to this universal receiver, though the real owners seek his address in vain; and he comes in for the whole of the unclaimed dividends upon bankrupt estates, together with the secret fees and official pickings of all sorts which are extorted without due authority.

Knave as the fellow is, he is by no means a fool. Nay, his knowledge upon many subjects is almost peculiar to himself. He knows a person who was really cured by one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles. Perhaps, however, his own character has a small tendency to credulity, for he conscientiously believes there would be political danger in Catholic emancipation; and maintains the efficacy of the Sinking Fund, which creates Stock at fifty or sixty to buy it back at ninety or a hundred. He has great faith in the visions of the night, although, among other vagaries, he actually dreams of going to afternoon church, a benefit play, the exhibition of the British Artists in Suffolk-street, and the Gresham Lectures at the Royal Exchange; of success in converting the Hindoos; of Harriette Wilson's veracity; of wearing topped boots and buckskin breeches, or long cloth gaiters and hair powder; of the Parliament reforming itself, and of the Chancery commission inculcating its own chairman; of a certain pea-green personage being worth ten pounds next year; of reading Richardson's novels, and Southey's History of Brazil; of eating roasted pig, water Sootje, toasted cheese, and sour krout; or of drinking Cape wine and cider; of knowing the way to Bloomsbury and Russell squares; of being in London in September, and other similar extravagances.

Some of his waking opinions are not less liable to the charge of singularity, for he thinks the latter novels of the Great Unknown (of whose real name he is ignorant) as good as his earlier productions; while he maintains that there are no abuses in the church of Ireland, and that it is by no means overpaid. As a proof that he knows himself, a species of wisdom which is, perhaps, peculiar to the individual, he confesses that he is rather wrinkled, and not quite so good looking as he was; while he candidly admits that his faculties begin to fail him, and frankly discloses his real age whenever the question is asked. As to his genealogical claims and honours, few persons can compete with him, for there is reason to believe that he was born before the beginning of the world, and it was unquestionably one

of his descendants that put out the eye of Polyphemus, if we may take the word of the Cyclops himself, who expressly accused him by name, when denouncing him to his companions, as the author of his total blindness. There is also an ancient ballad, written about the year 1550, preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Memoirs of Oranger, entitled "Little John Nobody," which evidently immortalizes some member of the same family, who is there accused by a splenetic Papist as being the author of the then recent Reformation in religion. Alas! how has his descendant of the present day fallen off from the glorious reputation of his ancestors, for the existing inheritor of the name *denies* any reform to be necessary either in church or state, and will not of course ever signalize himself as the champion of improvement. But we trust we have said enough of him and of his delinquencies to raise a general hue and cry for his apprehension; or if this article should meet the eye of the great offender, he may, perhaps, be induced to spare any further trouble, by surrendering himself forthwith to justice. Should we be disappointed in this expectation, he may depend upon it that, although we have for the present forbore any mention of his real name, otherwise than by implication, he will shortly be advertised with an accurate description of his person, and his patronymic appellation at full length.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE PREPONDERATING MOTIVE.

SAID Lady Blue to Lady Brown,

"The speech was read to day,
Where shall we go, on leaving town,
To wear the time away?

"Brighton's a winter place, you know,
And therefore will not do;
Tower sits at Margate overflow,
And pester Ramsgate too.

"Broadstairs and Southend common are,
Cheltenham is out of season,
Tonbridge too near, Scarborough too far—
In Worthing, perhaps there's reason.

"Fashion and grave society,
I'm told are mingled there,
And parties form continually,
And 'tis the purest air."

Said Lady Brown to Lady Blue,

"Dear Lady Blue, believe,
I would not disagree with you;
The bare thought makes me grieve.

"But Worthing is a dull, dull town,
Whist, and religion too,
Are needful there to force time down,
And these will scarcely do.

"I must have rout, and ball, and play,
Love, scandal, and champagne;
I cannot dribble life away
In sentimental pain.

"Pore o'er dull books, or walk the strand,
Yawning the livelong day;
I am for Tonbridge, hate flat sand,
Sea-dipping, air and spray.

"And then, my dear," said Lady Brown,
"You are too wise for me;
So let us go to Tonbridge town,
And leave Geology."

"Dear Lady Brown," said Lady Blue,
"With you I can't agree,
Being 'intellectual' in my view,
To leave Geology.

"I love to look at cliffs and sail,
And rear a theory:
And always find well-paid my toil,
When studying near the sea."

"No, Tonbridge, Tonbridge, come you will!"
Sir Gregory is there,
Who shew'd you, upon Ephraim hill,
To make the circle square.

"He spoke of you—but I am mum!
Who knows what things may be?—
Years pass my dear, and age will come—
How sweet is company!"

"Well then, I lay my studies by
For your sake, Lady Brown—
If you will say, with certainty,
Sir Gregory's in the town!"

1844.

ON THE DANGER OF DRINK- ING COLD WATER IN HOT WEATHER.

BY AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

THE excessive heat of the present season seems to have occasioned a greater number of deaths from immoderately drinking cold water, than has ever been known in any one season before in our country. The public attention is therefore very naturally called to the subject, and various remedies have been recommended to remove the effects of this imprudence. In one of the public prints the Tincture of Camphor is said to be a specific. Emetics and Bloodletting are recommended in all cases by others, and Laudanum it is well known was the favourite and sole remedy of the celebrated Dr. Rush. These means, so opposite in their character, cannot, it is obvious be adapted to every case, though each may be serviceable in some particular form of the affection. The oversight consists in recommending one remedy as adapted to every variety of the disease; for the effects of cold water are very different, in my opinion according to the state of the system at the time it is taken.

I will endeavour to explain as briefly

and intelligibly as I can, my views on the subject, which are not the result of any preconceived opinions, but are derived solely from facts that have come under my observation. When the cold water is taken in large quantities into the body, heated perhaps to 110 or 115 by exercise or exposure to the sun, while the temperature of the water is not more than 55, if the body be not debilitated by heat and excessive perspirations, and the muscular strength is unimpaired, the effect will be, as far as my observation extends, spasmodic action of the stomach in the first instance, and immediately after, violent, irregular, convulsive action of the heart, by which a great quantity of blood is forced upon the brain, and the patient becomes apoplectic. Usually he is totally insensible, at other times, though dull and stupid, he may be roused sufficiently to point out the seats of his pain, and he will tell you, if he can speak, that it is in his stomach, heart, and head. In these cases the skin is hot, and generally, I may say, I believe, always dry, and the pulse is full, strong, and irregular. The eyes are frequently suffused (bloodshot), and in the worst cases have a glazed appearance, and oftentimes remain wide open. I will ask any medical man, if he were called to a case of this kind, as I several times have been within a fortnight, whether he would give an emetic, or the tincture of camphor, or laudanum? I am confident that his answer would be No, and that blood-letting would be immediately employed and continued till the stupor was removed and the pulse reduced. It not unfrequently happens that laudanum may be required afterwards to remove the spasmodic action of the stomach, if it should continue, or even that an emetic may be necessary, though I have not found it so.

But the injurious effects of drinking cold water are exhibited in another form, which requires a different mode of treatment. The body is frequently exhausted by copious and long-continued sweating, and the muscular power extremely reduced by labour and exposure to the heat, at the very moment when the water is taken into the stomach. This organ then is thrown into violent and irregular contractions, in which the heart participates; these continue however but a very short time, the vital power seems to have been nearly exhausted before the introduction of the cold liquid into the system, which precludes it completely, and the patient falls down almost lifeless. The skin is cold and moist, the pulse is hardly perceptible at the wrist, and when it is, it is found to be excessively weak and irregular. Many

of these cases terminate fatally before advice can be obtained, but if a physician should arrive and find the patient still alive, with such symptoms as I have enumerated, would bleeding even so much as enter his head, among the remedies to be employed? I think not; at any rate. I do not hazard much in saying that if he could unfortunately succeed in drawing any blood from such a patient, that in my opinion all hopes of his recovery might be abandoned at once. The system evidently requires stimulants, both external and internal, of the most active kind. The feet, and if possible the whole body, should be put into hot water; and if it can be only applied to the feet, a bladder of hot water should be laid on the pit of the stomach, or a very strong mustard seed poultice, the body should be rubbed with hot camphorated spirit, and if the patient can swallow *Laudanum*, *Æther*, *Tincture of Camphor*, and *Spirits of Ammonia*, one or all, may be administered in such doses as the urgency of the case demands. Emetics might be proper if there were vitality of the stomach enough to allow of their operation; but I do not believe that this is the case, and I have usually found that the first effect of the stimulants I have named is to produce an evacuation of the stomach. Such has been the method which I have employed, and though my means of observation may have been limited, when compared with those of many of my professional brethren, and the cases which have come under my observation may not have been of the worst character, yet I have seen a number of severe affections from imprudently drinking cold water, without yet meeting with a fatal case.

In conclusion I would remark, that if the view I have taken of the subject be correct, it must be obvious that the administration of the remedies recommended should be confided to none other than medical men, as few, if any other persons would be able to determine what was adapted to each particular case. The advice to call in a physician in every instance of this kind is given without any apprehension that it will be attributed to a mercenary motive, when it is recollected that the class of people most usually affected in this way are those who are, of all others the least able to make any pecuniary compensation to their professional attendants.—*New York Mercantile Advertiser*, July 26.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

ANECDOTE OF DR. DONNE.

DOCTOR DONNE was of a somewhat eccentric turn, and on the persuasion of Dr. Fox was induced to give orders for his own monument.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth:—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hand so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height, and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church.

Upon Monday, after drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job,

so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beautiful vision, he said, "*I were miserable if I might not die*;" and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "*Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.*" His speech, which has long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master,—for who speaks like him,—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on Earth, as angels are said to do in Heaven, *only by thoughts and looks*. Being speechless and seeing Heaven by that illumination which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, *look stedfastly into it, until he saw the Son of Man standing at the right-hand of God his Father*; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.—*Wotton's Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, &c. (Major's edition.)*

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are:

Traveller! o'er yon mountains height

See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman! doth its beauteous ray

Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Traveller! yes! it brings the day,

Promis'd day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;

Higher yet that star ascends:

Traveller! blessedness and light

Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth?

Traveller! ages are its own.

And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,

For the morning seems to dawn:

Traveller! darkness takes its flight,

Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease;

Hie thee to thy quiet home:

Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,

Lo! the Son of God is come."

Bowring's Hymns.

SEA ELEPHANTS AND SEA LIONS.

THE amphibious animals of South America have been hitherto the only production which foreigners have turned to advantage. Among these the sea-elephant ought to have the first place. The male of that species, when it has attained its full bulk, is from seven to seven and a half varas in length, and from five to five and a half in circumference. The females never exceed four varas in length, with proportionate thickness. Its formation is like that of the rest of the phoca genus, differing only in the head, which is smaller in proportion. The large males go out on the beach in August, September, and October, sooner or later, according as the spring has been more or less cold. At their cry the females assemble in a gang around the strongest male; and, if any rival comes, they fight terribly, until the one overcome again betakes himself to the sea. The females produce on land, during these months, one, but rarely two young, which at first are black, and retain that colour three weeks or a month, during which time they suck. Afterwards they change their hair to a dark grey; they are then abandoned by their mothers, who rut, become with cub again, and betake themselves to the sea, as well as the large males. The young ones go in gangs of from fifty to sixty, and always remain two months on the shore. The males and females of a year old quit the sea in November and December, change their hair, and remain a month, or a month and a half on shore. During the rest of the year some of them quit the sea, but in small numbers, and in general lean. It is worthy of remark, that while these animals remain out of the sea, which sometimes is for the space of from two months and a half to three, they eat nothing.

The killing of these animals commences with the first, which leave the sea in September. The fishermen, armed with spears, approach a gang. The females, which are sometimes at a distance from the males, draw near to him, in order that he may defend them. He rises on his fins, shows his tusks, and makes a horrible noise, but all in vain; his weight renders his strength useless, and the fishermen pierce him with their spears in the breast. If at first he does not fall, finding himself wounded, he covers the wound with a fin, going backwards till he dies. The females crowd together, and, as they offer no resistance, the business of death is soon over with the whole group. The fat is found between the skin and the flesh, and is sometimes six inches thick;

and the blubber is extracted by frying the fat. The skin is of no use whatever. Some elephants have yielded as much as two pipes of blubber.

The sea-lion, or pelucon, is from four to five varas in length, with a head more bulky, in proportion, than the elephant. The males have a mane; and, as they are infinitely more nimble than the elephants, and it is dangerous to attack them with spears, they are generally killed with fire-arms. In their manner of living they resemble the elephants last mentioned; only with this difference, that they go more frequently into the sea. As the sea-lions have but very little fat, and their skin is of inconsiderable value, they are not persecuted, and are, therefore, very numerous. Some of them go from the sea to the smooth head-lands on the banks of the North; but their principal rendezvous is on the shores of the South, in the vicinity of San Antonio and San José.

The sea-wolf, with two kinds of hair, is a vara and a half in length; and has a dark grey fur, long and coarse, which covers another that is very fine; and it is this that makes it valuable. Their manner of living is the same as that of the lions. They are killed with sticks; but, having been very much persecuted, they have become extremely fierce; and on the least alarm they plunge into the sea, not rising again for the distance of more than half a league. At present there are some of them in the bay of Buenos Cables, to the North of the river Negro, and in some places between San Antonio and San José.

The sea-wolf, with one kind of hair, is somewhat larger than the former: it has only one sort of fur, very ordinary and dark grey. As they are of no value, they are left unmolested, and are therefore not so fierce as the others.—*Account of Río de la Plata.*

THE COSSACS.

WE observe that the annals of the times of Wassily the Dark, in the year 1444, mention the Rjasan Cossacs, a peculiar kind of light troops, who have rendered themselves so famous in modern times. Thus we find that the Cossacs were not exclusively in the Ukraine, where their name occurs in history about the year 1507; but it is probable that their name is older in Russia than Batu's irruption (1241-2), and belonged to the Torks or Berendeji, who dwelt on the banks of the Dneiper, below Kiev. There we also find the habitations of the Cossacs of Little Russia.

The Torks and Berendeji were called Cherkessi; so were the Cossacs. If we call to mind the Cassogi, who, according to our annals, dwelt between the Caspian and Black Seas, it will naturally bring us to the Kassachie, placed in that country by the emperor Porphyrogenita. The Ossets still call the Cherkessi, Kassachs: all which circumstances lead us to conclude, that the Torks and Berendeji, who called themselves Cherkessi, were also called Cossacs; that some of them lived protected by their rocks, reeds, and marshes, on the islands of the Dneiper, independent of the yoke of both Tartars and Lithuanians; that many Russians, flying from their oppressors, joined them there, and together formed the nation of the Cossacs, which the more readily became Russian, as their forefathers, who had lived in the territory of Kiev, since the tenth century, had themselves nearly become Russians. Increasing in numbers, and nourishing a spirit of fraternity and love of independence, they formed a republic of Christian warriors in the southern parts of the Dneiper, where they built villages and towns in a country laid waste by the Tartars, and became the defenders of Lithuania against the Crimeans and Turks. For these services they obtained many privileges and immunities by Sigismund L, who also granted them lands above the falls of the Dneiper, where they gave their name to the town of Cherkassy. They divided themselves into *hundreds* and regiments, whose chiefs, or hetmans, obtained from the Polish king Stephen Bathory, as a mark of particular esteem, a royal standard, a horse's tail, a commander's staff and seal. It was these warriors, burning for liberty and the Greek church, who, during the first half of the seventeenth century, freed Little Russia from its foreign oppressors, and restored the province to its lawful sovereigns. The Cossacs called Saporogi (dwelling below the waterfalls) formed a part of those of Little Russia: their *asjetsha* (*mud forts*) were originally the rendezvous of unmarried Cossacs, who had no other trade but war and plunder; but subsequently they settled in them. It was probably from the example of the Ukraine Cossacs, who were constantly armed and prepared to receive the enemy, that the northern cities caught the idea of forming a similar militia. The territory of Rjasan, which was most exposed to the attacks of the nomade robbers, wanted this kind of defenders more than any other; and the immunities offered, and the prospect of booty, induced many young men without property to enlist themselves as Cossacs. In the history of

subsequent periods, we find horde Cossacs, Assovian, and Nogai: Cossacs: the name at that time implied *volunteers, garrisons, or adventurers*, but not *robbers*, as some pretend, referring us to the sense which the word bears in the Turkish language. It cannot be a term of insult, since warriors, who died for their liberty, country, and religion, called themselves thereby.

By this short sketch it appears evident that the Cossacs have not only originated in different tribes, but that many of them are a mixture of different races, of which the real Russians form no small proportion; a supposition rendered the more probable from their great conformity with that nation in features, language, religion, and habits. But still there is a difference in their capacities and feelings, which is perhaps more owing to the peculiar mode of life they have been pursuing for several centuries past, than to a natural difference of disposition. They are by far more active, intelligent, and enterprising than the other Russians in private life, as much as in war; and although fierce towards an enemy, they are of a gentle and tractable disposition, and candid, upright and hospitable to the stranger who sojourns in their land: what distinguishes them above all from the rest of their countrymen, is their spirit of independence and love of liberty.

They have proved of incalculable benefit to the Russian government, not only in actual warfare, but also in guarding its extensive frontiers in the south and east, against the predatory tribes which hover around them,—in protecting mercantile caravans and political missions over mount Caucasus, and through the steppes of the Kirghis,—in conveying government orders, escorting prisoners, &c., their activity and strength, courage, vigilance and fidelity being proof against the severest trials. Armed with his pistols and lance, and seated on a pony as nimble and as indefatigable as himself, the Cossac will travel hundreds of miles with scanty food, and without any other rest than a few short snatches of sleep taken on the hard ground, and under the canopy of heaven, while his faithful animal is grazing near him; and never be satisfied till his commission, whether it be the simple conveyance of a letter, or the intercepting of a *convoy*, be fulfilled.

There is still another circumstance in which they have been very useful to Russia, and under which they are least known in this country, viz. discoverers. The vast countries of Northern Asia, situated between the Ural mountains and the Eastern Ocean, the Arctic Sea and

the river Amoor, now known by the general name of Siberia, were all discovered and rendered tributary to Russia by Cossacs; and that at a period when the monarchy itself (during the seventeenth century), struggling against the imbecility of its rulers and the rude attacks of foreign invaders, was on the point of being dissolved. A few of these adventurers, encouraged by some Russian merchants, and followed by some hundreds of vagabonds from all parts of the country, conquered the country as far as Tobolsk, before they received any aid from government. A few hundred of them even effected a settlement on the banks of the Amoor, barding the power of thousands of Chinese and Tartars, and would perhaps have extended their conquests far into Mongolia, had they been properly assisted. In short, we may say,—As Providence bestows on every country that which its climate and situation seem most to require, so it gave to Russia her Cossacs, without whom she would have remained a prey to the Tartars, and could even now scarcely subsist as an empire.

Asiatic Journal.

LAST ILLNESS OF JAMES II.

KING James is very ill: it is not thought he can recover; he is no longer in a state to think of going to Fontainebleau, so that there will be more room for the courtiers. The poor king is dying like a saint, and the unhappy queen is in great affliction. The king went to St. Germain at two o'clock to see the king of England, who was very desirous of seeing his majesty before his death. The king found the king of England a little better; but it is not thought he can last long. He spoke to the prince of Wales his son with much piety and firmness, telling him, that however splendid a crown may appear, there comes a time when it is quite indifferent; that there is nothing to be loved but God, nothing to be deared but eternity; that he should always remember to behave with respect to the queen, his mother, and with attachment and gratitude to a king from whom they had received so many favours. He desires to be buried in the church of St. Germain, without any pomp, and like the poor of the parish. The poor king had sent in the morning for the prince of Wales, to whom he said, "Approach, my son; I have not seen you since the king of France made you king (alluding to Louis's promise of recognising him:) never forget the obligations which you and me have to him; and remember that God and religion are always to be pre-

ferred to all temporal advantages." He then relapsed into his lethargy, from which no remedy could rouse him. Whenever he has an interval of quiet, he speaks with a degree of piety and judgment that edifies every one; *he seems even to speak more rationally than before his illness.*—*Dangeau's Memoirs.*

Miscellanies.

ACCORDING to Dr. Johnson's folio edition of his Dictionary, the English language consists of 15,799 words. A gentleman a few years ago, undertook to form a table of the languages from which they were derived, and the result of his labour was, that 6,732 were derived from the Latin,

4,812 French,	691 Dutch,
1,148 Greek,	106 German,
211 Italian,	75 Danish,
95 Welsh,	50 Icelandic,
56 Spanish,	31 Gothic,
50 Swedish,	15 Teutonic,
16 Hebrew,	6 Irish,
18 Arabic,	4 Flemish,
4 Runic,	3 Syriac,
4 Erse,	2 Irish and Erse,
3 Scottish,	1 Irish and Scot-
1 Turkish,	tish,
1 Portuguese,	1 Persian,
1 Pernic,	1 Frisec,
1,665 Saxon,	1 Uncertain.

CLAVIS.

PAUL JONES, THE PIRATE.

SOME anecdotes have recently been published of this daring Buccaneer,—a memoir of him is in preparation in this country, and another has recently been published in America. In No. LXXXIII. and LXXXIV. we gave an interesting biographical notice of this extraordinary man, and we now subjoin an anecdote in which he is intimately connected, which contains an account of, perhaps, the most desperate naval action on record.

Of the various engagements which took place at sea between the English and the Americans in the year 1780, several had been very remarkable for the courage and obstinacy exerted on both sides: but that which attracted most notice was on the coast of Yorkshire, between Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*, a large frigate accompanied with a smaller, and an American squadron, consisting of two ships of forty guns, one of thirty, and another of twelve, commanded by the celebrated Captain Paul Jones. After exchanging several broadsides, Captain Pearson's

ship and that of Captain Jones, from the anchor of one hooking the quarter of the other, lay so close to each other, fore and aft, that the muzzles of their guns touched each others sides. In this singular position they engaged full the space of two hours. During this time, the quality and variety of combustible matter thrown from the American ship into the *Serapis*, set her on fire no less than ten or twelve different times; and it was not extinguished without the greatest difficulty and exertion.

During this conflict of the two ships, another of equal force to the *Serapis* kept constantly sailing round her, and raking her fore and aft in the most dreadful manner. Almost every man on the main and quarter deck was either killed or wounded. Unhappily for the *Serapis*, a hand-grenade thrown from the enemy into one of her lower deck ports, set a cartridge on fire: the flames catching from one cartridge to another, all the way aft, blew up the people that were quartered abaft the main-mast; from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action.

After an hour and a half's fight, the people on board the American ship called out for quarter, and said they had struck: Captain Pearson hereupon called upon Captain Jones, to know whether he had struck or asked for quarter. No answer being returned, after repeating the question two or three times, Captain Pearson ordered his men to board the enemy; but, on preparing to execute his orders, they perceived a superior number lying under cover, with pikes in their hands ready to receive them: hereupon they desisted and returned to their guns; continuing the fight half an hour longer; when the other ship coming across the stern of the *Serapis*, poured a whole broadside into her; her main-mast went by the board; while from her position she was not able to bring a single gun to bear upon that ship. Finding it impracticable to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success, the *Serapis* struck. Had it not been for the accident of the cartridges taking fire, and the consequences that ensued, there was no doubt the latter must have proved victorious, notwithstanding the great superiority of the enemy. The American ship was in the greatest distress; her lower deck quarters were drove in, and all her lower deck guns dismounted: she was on fire in two places, and had seven feet water in her hold. Her people were obliged to quit her, and she sunk the next day. Out of three hundred and seventy-five men, which was her com-

plement, three hundred were killed and wounded. The other frigate, the *Scarborough*, Captain Piercy, that accompanied the *Serapis*, shared the same fate; being taken by one of greatly superior force, after a desperate resistance. Captain Paul Jones displayed great personal bravery throughout the whole engagement, and fully maintained the reputation he had already acquired.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

WHEN Rodney first put in practice that manœuvre (which, like that of Columbus, had employed his attention for years), he appeared lost in thought for some moments, then starting from his reverie, he stamped with his foot on the quarter-deck and exclaimed, "Formidable! sink or break that line!"

MAJOR-GENERAL ARNOLD, after the termination of the American war, fell into company with some American officers at Martinique, when, in the course of conversation, he asked them "what the Americans would have done with his body had he fallen in some particular engagement he mentioned, and they had got possession of it?" "We should have buried your right leg where you received two wounds at the siege of Quebec, with the honours of war; the rest of your carcass would have been buried under the gallows!"

JOHN WILKES stood for the City; when he saw the day going against him, he knelt down on the hustings upon one knee, and wrote his address to the freeholders of Middlesex, which election he carried.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer, and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

A GENTLEMAN passing through Fleet-market, was surprised at being hailed from the well-known college by a friend, who was in durance vile. "Ah! Tom, why how come you there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, a very rascally piece of business; I am imprisoned for telling a lie." "For telling a lie: impossible! there must be some mistake." "No, it's true enough, I promised to pay my tailor's bill and didn't."

EPIGRAM.

SOME say Charlotte good is not;

A few, she is not evil;

But Billy says, and he knows best,

She is a very devil.

POLTROON.

It was a custom among those Romans who did not like a military life, to cut off their own thumbs, that they might not be capable of serving in the army. Sometimes the parents cut off the thumbs of their own children that they might not be called into the army. According to *Suetonius*, in *Vit. August.* c. 24. a Roman knight, who had cut off the thumbs of his two sons, to prevent them from being called to a military life, was, by the order of Augustus, publicly sold, both he and his property. Calmet remarks, that the Italian language has preserved a term *poltrone*, which signifies *one whose thumb is cut off*, to designate a soldier destitute of courage and valour. We use *poltrone* to signify a dastardly fellow, without considering the import of the original.

EPITAPH.

IN memory of Sarah Lloyd,
who departed this life March 9, 1803,
Aged 34 years.

REFLECTIONS BY A FRIEND.

THIS humble grave though no proud
structures grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place.
Oh, 'scap'd from death, oh, safe on that
calm shore,
Where pain, where grief, where sorrows
are no more,
What never wealth could buy, nor power
decear,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee.
Lo, soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship stands a mourner
here.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next we shall give a finely-engraved view of *York Minster*, with an historical notice, and an account of the late splendid *Yorkshire Musical Festival*.

My Note Book, No. 3, with several articles intended for insertion in our present Number, shall appear next week.

Florio; *Mr. Palin*; *N. B.*; *A. B. C.*; *F. R. y.*; *P. T.*; *Thomas Z.*; *Montagu*; *Coleba*, and *Jukan*, shall have early attention.

We shall avail ourselves of the *Pamphlet* sent by Mr. Armitage, and thank J. W. for his hint.

We must again observe, that with all our respect for the muses, yet as our poetical contributions are to those in prose in the proportion of ten to one, and the taste of our readers we believe runs in an opposite direction, we find it impossible to gratify a great portion of our poetical correspondents.

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

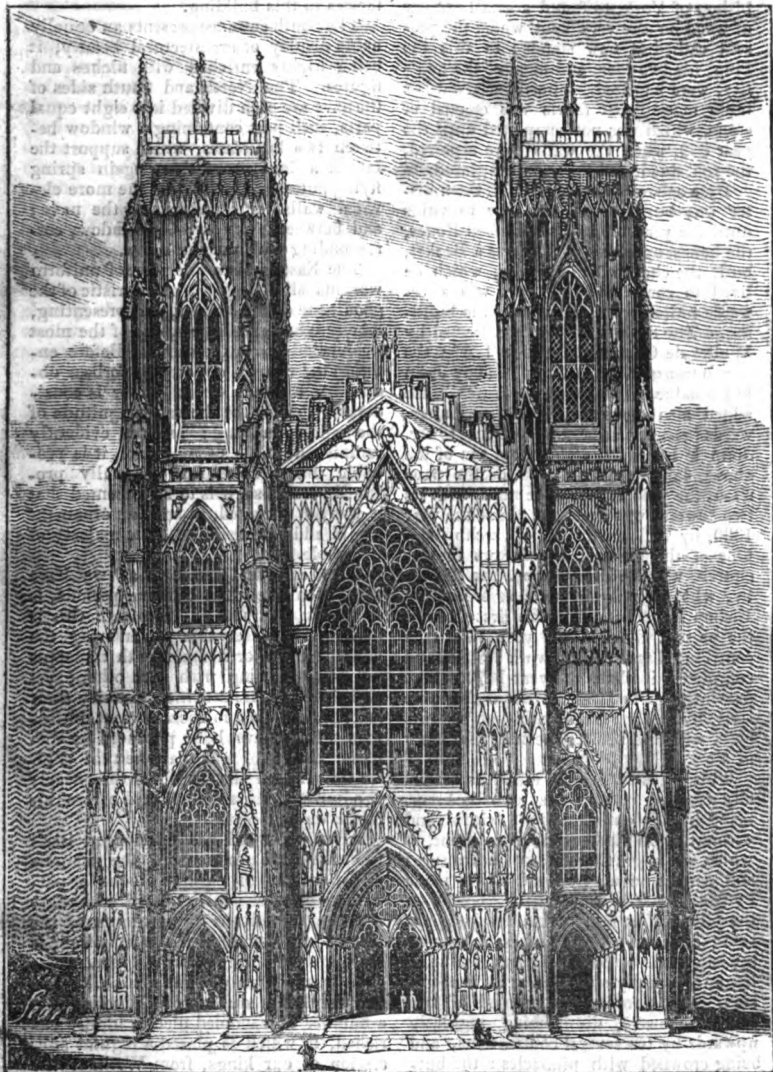
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

York Minster.



THE Cathedral, or Minster as it is there called, at York has always been considered as one of the most splendid architectural structures in Great Britain, and we are sure our readers will be gratified by a view and description of this noble pile.

The first religious foundation raised here by the Christians was about the year 627, when Edwin the Great, King of Northumberland, being converted to Christianity, permitted Paulinus, Archbishop of York, to found a small oratory of wood on the very spot where the present cathedral now stands; in this the king, his two sons, and most of the nobility, were baptized. Shortly afterwards a more magnificent fabric was erected of stone, which was not completed until the year 669, when the walls were repaired, the roof fixed, and the windows glazed.

By a calamitous fire in 1137, the minster was burnt down, and lay in ruins until the year 1171, when Bishop Roger, the honest opponent of Thomas à Becket, built the choir with its vaults, which he lived to complete: this part was afterwards pulled down to improve the building. The South transept was erected by Walter de Grey, in the year 1227; the North transept was built in 1260 by John le Romaine, treasurer of the church. He added also a steeple, which was afterwards removed for the present tower. John le Romaine, archbishop, son of the above, laid the foundation of the nave about the year 1291. The nave, with its two towers, was finished, about the year 1330, by William de Melton, archbishop. One of the greatest benefactors to this church, was the archbishop, John Thorsby, who took down the choir erected by Bishop Roger, and laid the first stone of the present choir in the year 1361: he contributed towards the work 1,670*l.*, and completed it about the year 1370. The present tower was added about the same time, by Walter Skirlaw, bishop of Durham, who had formerly been a prebendary of York.

This minster, which was thus gradually erected, is a most superb building, being highly enriched both within and without. On viewing the West front, of which our engraving presents a beautiful and correct view, from a drawing made by Mr. Carter in 1806, the immensity of the pile is what first strikes the imagination; and when the eye has leisure to settle on the ornamental parts, the mind becomes equally surprised at their profusion. This front is composed of two uniform towers, diminishing regularly upwards by ten several contractions, and being crowned with pinnacles: the but-

resses at the angles are highly decorated; and in some of the ornamental niches still remain statues. These towers flank and support the centre part of the building, in which is a highly enriched door-way, and above it a magnificent window, full of tracery-work; the whole front presents an image of grandeur highly interesting. Over the West door is the figure of Archbishop Melton; and below, at the sides, those of Robert le Vivasour, and Robert de Percy, both of whom were great benefactors to this building.

The South entrance presents an equally noble display of architectural beauty, it being highly enriched with niches and figures. The North and South sides of the nave are each divided into eight equal parts, each part containing a window between two buttresses, which support the lateral aisles: from these again spring flying buttresses, sustaining the more elevated walls, or cleristery, of the nave; and between every two is a window, corresponding with the one below.

The East end is a fine piece of uniform workmanship, highly characteristic of the good taste of the builder, and presenting, among other excellences, one of the most noble windows in the world. Before entering the church, one cannot forbear observing, that the Great Tower is considerably too low for the vast magnitude of the whole building: as it is evidently unfinished in its present state, it is probable that a spire was originally projected; and if so, it is to be lamented that it was not executed, as such an ornament would add considerably to the majesty of the whole.

This cathedral having, as we have seen, been erected at different periods, is somewhat irregular in its parts: this is particularly observable on entering the church, the North and South transepts not corresponding with each other; yet still there is more attention to unity than is often observed in those ancient buildings which have been produced by different hands. From the time that Walter Grey began the South Cross, nearly two hundred years had elapsed before this fabric was completed.

After the mind has disengaged itself from the effect produced by the vastness of the structure, it naturally looks for particulars on which it may dwell with more repose. On advancing up the nave, the first object that arrests the attention, is the beautiful screen which separates the choir from the body of the church. This elegant piece of architecture is divided into a number of canopied niches, highly enriched, in which is placed a regular succession of our kings, from William the

Conqueror to Henry the Fifth: the last niche had formerly held the statue of Henry the Sixth; yet this was removed, probably on the final success of his opponent, and the place left vacant for many years; but on James the First visiting this city, the Dean and chapter filled up the vacancy with a figure of that monarch. These statues are in a most wretched bad style of sculpture, the execution not evincing the smallest taste in the artist. On entering the door which is in the middle of this screen, all the beauties of the choir are displayed to the delighted spectator. The most fastidious critic must be charmed with it; nothing can exceed the beauty and sharpness exhibited in the wood-work of the stalls; and their rich dark colour coming in opposition with the stone produces a most happy effect. The screen at the back of the communion-table forms another most elegant specimen of the Gothic, and abounding in beauty and fine taste. It is composed of light tracery-work, which is now filled up with glass, and when viewed from the opposite side, by receiving the reflection of the painted glass of the East window, produces a deception altogether magical, the spectator appearing to stand between two windows.

There is a great profusion of painted glass in this church, which may please those who look for no higher excellence than such as merely results from the manufacture of that article; but should a higher degree of merit be sought for, the spectator will be disappointed. Many ignorantly suppose that the art of painting on glass is lost; but the fine window of New College Chapel, at Oxford, is in itself sufficient to convince the world, that it was never found till now.

Among the numberless curiosities in this Cathedral, some of the ancient tombs are well worthy of attention. Those modern performances which profess to give the representations of humanity, are execrable; the best is to the memory of the Honourable Thomas Watson Wentworth, and bad is the best: they rather disgrace than ornament the building.

The dimensions of York Cathedral, as given in Dayes's "Picturesque Tour through Yorkshire and Derbyshire," are as follows:—

	Feet.
The whole length from east to west is	524½
Breadth from east to west.....	106
Breadth of the west end.....	109
Length of the transept, from north to south	222
Height of the lantern tower to the vaulting	188
Height of ditto to the top of the leads	213

	Feet.
Height of the body of the church...	99
Breadth of the side aisles, north and south.....	18
Height of the side arches of ditto...	42
From the west end to the choir door	261
Length of the choir from the steps ascending to the door to the present communion-table.....	167½
Breadth of the choir	46½
From the choir door to the east end	222
Height of the east window.....	76
Breadth of ditto.....	32
Height of the chapter-house.....	67
The diameter of ditto.....	63
Length of the library.....	34
Breadth of ditto.....	22½
Length of the treasury	80
Breadth of ditto.....	20½
Length of the inner vestry	80
Breadth of ditto.....	23
Length of the vestry	44½
Breadth of ditto	22½
Height of the screen, which divides the choir from the nave.....	24

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT YORK.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."
COWPER.

THE gentlemen who proposed to give a musical festival on a grand scale at York, for the purposes of charity, must have been of opinion with Cowper, that there is in souls a sympathy with sounds; and that sympathy they wished to direct towards charity. Two years ago, a grand musical festival was given at York, in aid of the York County Hospital, and the Infirmary of Hull, Leeds, and Sheffield, which, after paying all expenses, yielded a sum of 1,800*l.* to each. Encouraged by this success, it was determined to have a musical festival on a much larger scale this year, and so confident were the gentlemen who undertook the management of it, that they built a concert room, at an expense of 6,000*l.*, the cost of which is not only covered by the receipts, but there is a surplus of 2,000*l.* beyond this outlay and all other expenses. Thus has the cause of humanity been promoted, and musical science advanced in the country.

The arrangements for the festival this year were on the most extensive scale; nearly all the musical talent in the country, vocal and instrumental, was engaged for the occasion, and several of the performers were engaged at salaries of from

200*l.* to 250*l.* each for the four days; nor large as this sum may appear, do we think it by any means extravagant, considering the distance from town, and the expense of travelling so far.

The preparations in the cathedral had been going on for several weeks previous to the festival, and they were made in very good taste. Not the famed cathedral of St. Remy, decorated for the imposing ceremony of the coronation, though it might be more garish in its ornaments, could be more impressive in its effect, than the nave of the venerable Metropolitan church of York, in its fitting up for this great occasion. It presented the same simple magnificence, so accordant with the solemn style of its architecture, which was observed at the festival of 1823, yet from the additional arrangements to accommodate the increased assemblage of visitants, the *coup d'œil* was heightened and improved. The enlarged extent of the orchestra and the patron's gallery, at the east and west ends of the spacious centre aisle, corresponding so exactly with the side galleries, which ascended in the southern and northern aisles, to the elegant

" Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,"

gave an appearance of completeness to the whole, more resembling the solid architecture of the surrounding masonry, than the temporary accommodations of a few days' performances. As might be anticipated, when the gallery was filled with the dignified and ennobled, and diversified with the variety and elegance of female attire; when the orchestra from its front to the grand organ which crowns its summit, was occupied by its numerous band of vocalists and instrumental performers, and the centre and sides all crowded with the anxious audience, the effect was magnificent in the extreme.

The splendid Music Hall, also, which was opened for the evening concerts, presented its lighter beauties to the eye in pleasing succession. Its walls, of a pale straw colour, with its elegant marble columns, its spacious entrance to the gallery stair-case, terminated by a recess, in which was an elegant statue of Apollo, the ample gallery itself, with its front of rich crimson drapery, and the richly carved frieze, designed by the celebrated Rossi, all attracted by turns, until the whole area appeared one magnificent building, equally an honour to the city which contained it, and a credit to the architects by whom it was designed. This spacious building was lighted for the evening performances, by a number of lights, supported on massy gilt and bronze stands,

by two richly gilt chandeliers suspended through the sky-lights, which admitted the solar rays by day, and by several clusters of lights, disposed along the sides. The chandeliers contained 30 lights each, and the whole threw an excessive brilliancy throughout the building. The large entrance from the Assembly Room is a fine object of contemplation from the interior of the Music Hall. Through the expanded leaves of this ample gateway, the noble columns of the grand Egyptian Hall terminate the long perspective, while the entrance doors themselves, of a bronze colour, and the panels surrounded with highly polished brass, form an appropriate opening to the scene. The orchestra, &c. are fronted with a beautiful imitation of rose-wood, and the music-stands form a very elegant musical device. When the whole suite of rooms were opened and thronged with the character and costume displayed at the grand fancy ball, a scene of splendour was presented not to be surpassed in the grandeurs of the great metropolis itself.

For several days previous to the festival the influx of strangers into York was great and successive; there was scarcely a post horse or chaise in the county that was not in requisition, and many persons were detained at Harrogate, Ripon, Tadcaster, Boroughbridge, &c. for want of relays of horses.

FIRST DAY.

The festival commenced on Tuesday the 13th of September, but on the Saturday previous, a rehearsal of the chorus singers took place in the cathedral, accompanied on the organ, and by two double basses. The effect was very powerful, although upwards of 100 of the chorus singers had not then arrived, and the precision and readiness with which some of the most difficult passages in the choruses were executed, gave an earnest of that superior and perfect style in which their grand performance was, subsequently conducted.

Every hour now brought an accession of visitors to York, and on Monday evening the town might be said to be full. On the ensuing morning Old Ebor was all bustle, and crowds of elegantly attired females were seen pressing towards the cathedral, the doors of which were opened at ten o'clock. When the doors were thrown open, the rush was for some time a little alarming, but fortunately no serious accident happened, and a very short time served to spread the numbers which so recently beset the approaches over the great aisle and the side galleries, as well as to fill the west gallery. The performance did not commence till twelve

o'clock, and in the mean time the principal parts of the Minster set apart for this festival were filled with such an audience as no other county in England, Middlesex alone excepted, could produce.

The number of persons present was 4,000. The performers began to assemble a little time before the opening of the morning performance, and exhibited the following brilliant list :—

Mademoiselle Garcia, Madame Caradri, Miss Travis, Miss Goodall, Miss Stephens, Miss Wilkinson, and Miss Farrar; Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sapio, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Braham, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Phillips; the grand chorus consisted of 90 cantos, 70 altos, 90 tenors, and 100 basses. Mr. Greateorex conducted the instrumental part of the performance, assisted by Mr. Camidge, Dr. Camidge, Mr. White and Mr. Philip Knapton. Dr. Camidge presided at the organ, and Mr. Greateorex at the piano-forte. Mr. Cramer led the band, and Mori played the first violin. The total number of performers [was] 15 principal vocals, 250 instrumentals, and 350 chorus singers.

The orchestra having been occupied by its numerous band, the necessary business of *tuning* was attended to. When the chaos of discord had settled into the creation of harmony, a rest, as sabbatic as that which followed the formation of the "beautiful visible world," from the heterogeneous elements of darkness succeeded. Breathless anticipation arrested every motion, and intense anxiety pervaded every countenance. At length the signal was given—and "*Glory be to the Father*," from Handel's *Jubilate*, shouted from the host of voices, and thundered from the brazen clarion, the roaring bass, the rolling drum, caused an electric thrill of devotion—of awe—of ecstasy—which they only who experienced it can comprehend. The sweet retiring cadence of the violins, as the loud praises ascended towards the heavens to which they led, composed the agitated nerves for a fresh accession of sound, loud as the "noise of many waters, even of the mighty waves of the sea." This grand piece, so well adapted for the opening of the festival, was succeeded by the beautiful and appropriate duet by Dr. Boyce—"Here shall soft charity repair," and it was performed by Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Phillips, with all that melting pathos, which its peculiar composition allows.

Handel's chorus from Deborah, "*See the proud Chief*," re-awakened all the thunders of the choir, which again subsided into the plaintive and melting tones of Miss Travis, as she sang "*Agnus*

Dei," from a service by that inimitable musician, Mozart, with the most touching effect. This lady's concluding cadence was admirably chaste and beautiful. A chorus from the Oratorio of Joshua, by Handel, followed—"Behold the listening Sun;" and here the varied emotions of its subject received their full effect from the band. The close

"Breathless they pant—they yield—they fall—they die,"

was grandly expressive; and as the sounds died into silence, the complete conquest of Joshua over the Canaanites was brought with strong effect to the mind of the biblical reader. Mozart's delightful Motet, "*Lord have mercy upon us*," was happily gone through; and the expression given by Mr. Terrail to the words "peace on earth and good will to men," was sweetly effective. A tenor solo by Mr. Vaughan, "*Enter into his gates*," was sung with good taste. The grand chorus "*Praise ye the Lord*," followed. Miss Farrar, in Handel's song, "*Oh! had I Jubal's lyre*," was accompanied in the most delicate style, and with admirable precision. An anthem by Purcell—Psalm cvi. 1, 2, 4, 48, was sung by Misses Travis and Goodall, and Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Sapio, Terrail, Phillips, and Bellamy, in a pleasing manner; and the organ accompaniment, by Dr. Camidge, displayed the masterly hand of the performer, and the excellence of the instrument. The air and chorus from the *Dettingen Te Deum*—"O Lord, in thee have I trusted," &c. concluded the first part.

The Second Part opened with Handel's first Grand Concerto, and furnished a rich treat to the musical amateur, whilst it displayed the masterly performance of Mr. Cramer, who led the band with grand effect. That celebrated recitative, from Handel's "*Sampson*," "*Oh, loss of sight!*" was given by Mr. Braham, with an effect which almost chilled the blood. The words "*My very soul in real darkness dwells*" were so harrowingly expressive, that a momentary gloom overspread the mind. The accompanying air, "*Total eclipse*," was a grand piece of singing—as judicious in its expression as it was powerful in effect; and the giving of the words "sun, moon, and stars, are dark to me," conveyed an idea of the wretchedness of being deprived of "glorious light" the most complete and the most affecting. The performance of the succeeding chorus did not weaken the impression Mr. Braham had produced. Miss Wilkinson, a daughter of J. Wilkinson, Esq., the late manager of York

theatre, next made her *debut* in York, by giving the recitative "*Relieve thy Champion*," and the air "*Return O God*," in a style of pathos and feeling, which fully justified the expectation previous reports of this young lady's talents had excited. The remainder of this part was a continuation of the selections from "*Sampson*," and embraced the recitative "*Justly these evils have befallen*," with the air, "*Why does the God of Israel sleep*," which were tastefully sung by Mr. Vaughan, whilst the grand accompaniments well depicted the sublimity of divine awakened vengeance. The air, "*How willing*," by Mr. Bellamy, was given extremely well. The recitative, "*Heaven, what noise!*" and the distant chorus of the Philistines sinking beneath the ponderous ruins of Dagon's temple, partook of that fine effect which had throughout the day's performance characterized those imitative pieces. This part was closed by that fine air, "*Let the bright seraphim*," which was sung by Miss Stephens in her best style. As a whole, the song and its accompaniment demand the warmest praise for Miss Stephens and Mr. Harper. The grand chorus, "*Let their celestial concerts all unite*," left the hearers in the unsatiated enjoyment of the performance, and improved zest for

The Third Part, which was opened by an Anthem and Gloria Patri, by Dr. Camidge, preceded by an instrumental production, rich in science, and replete with beauties. The excellence of the instrumental band was greatly displayed in this performance, and the oboe of Mr. Erskine was heard with fine effect. The vocal parts were not less pleasing. Madame Caradori was next introduced to us in a recitative, and air from "*Il sacrificio d'Abraham*," by Glimarosa. The next piece was a quartetto, with double choir and chorus, being a National Hymn by Haydn, now first performed in this country, from the original score, and with words written for the present festival, by Mr. Crosse, of Hull. Mr. Sapia gave the recitative, "*To heaven's Almighty King we kneel*," and the beautiful air "*O Liberty! thou choicest treasure*." In the latter he was accompanied by Mr. Lindley in a violoncello obbligato, which was a master piece of art. Himmel's chorus, "*Hark! the grave its portals open*," in the loud thunders at its opening, forcibly brought to mind the statement of scripture, "*The heavens shall pass away with a great noise*," whilst the piercing trumpet heard at intervals seemed to cry, "*Awake ye dead, and come to judgment*," and the wild tumult of the "*wreck of crumbling worlds*" was well softened and relieved by

the sweet harmony of "*angels in their song*." Miss Stephens next gave the recitative "*Alas! I feel the fatal toils are set*," from the Oratorio of "*Susanna*," with great effect. We noticed particularly her expression of the words, "*Which words shall ne'er suppress, nor fear control*," these were given with all the dignified determination which virtuous courage can inspire against the machinations of the malevolent. The air which followed, "*If guiltless blood*," was also chastely and judiciously sung. A fine chorus, beginning, "*Glory to God*," from a service by Beethoven, as introduced into the Oratorio of Judah, by W. Gardiner, Esq., was next in order. The recitative: "*Thus saith the Lord, I do set my bow*," &c., from "*The Deluge*," by Bochs, was given by Miss Goodall, whose voice harmonized with the charming accompaniment of trumpets and horns, with as much delicacy as the hues of the ethereal bow blend their tints together. This part and the day's performances were closed by the double chorus from Beethoven's "*Mount of Olives*," "*Behold him! Behold him!*" In this piece, the deep voices of the numerous bass gave such a dreadful truth to the taunting sarcasm against the Redeemer as actually to cause an involuntary shudder. We were greatly relieved from the painful sensation by the cheering song by Mr. Vaughan—

"Over sin and death victorious
Hail him conqueror and king."

And the final chorus of "*Hallelujah to the Father*," dismissed the assembly with feelings of thankfulness to HIM who had on our behalf so wonderfully caused "*the wrath of man to work out his praise*." The performance concluded about five o'clock.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday, September 14.

THE Oratorio of "*The Messiah*" was appointed for Wednesday morning's performance; and at half past eight o'clock in the morning, many who were anxious to hear this sublime production, had congregated at the several doors of admission into the Cathedral, and when the doors were opened the crowd in the Cathedral was extreme.

At twelve o'clock the performances commenced with the appropriate Overture which introduces the Oratorio. The charming symphony to the recitative of "*Comfort ye my people*," next arrested the mute attention of every one. Mr. Vaughan's performance of this beautiful recitative was everything that could be desired: We dwell less on this piece as

it is so well known. The chorus, "*And the glory of the Lord*" was rich and charming.—Mr. Bellamy gave the recitative "*Thus saith the Lord of Hosts*" in a powerful and distinct manner, and in the following song, "*O who may abide,*" there was much to commend. Miss Wilkinson gave the recitative and air, "*Behold a Virgin shall conceive,*" and "*O thou that tellest,*" with great judgment and feeling. Miss Stephens had the difficult and delightful task to perform the recitative "*And there were shepherds,*" which she did in the most happy manner; to this "*Rejoice greatly,*" Mademoiselle Garcia gave all the effect of her superior talents. Miss Wilkinson gave the sweet pastoral air, "*He shall feed his flock,*" with much taste and feeling, though the second part, "*Come unto him all ye that labour,*" by Madame Caradori was omitted. The chorus, "*His yoke is easy,*" closed this part.

The Second Part, which opens with "*Behold the Lamb of God,*" in the powerful effect given to it on this occasion, seemed to place the suffering Son of God, "visibly in the midst," whilst the touchingly pathetic declaration "*He was despised and rejected of men,*" which Mr. Knyvett gave in a strain of the most melting softness. The swelling of the chorus "*All we like sheep,*" again receding into the softness of repentant regret at "*The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all,*" was again heightened and augmented in the strong and expressive recitative by Mr. Sapiro—" *All they that see him laugh him to scorn,*" and the chorus "*He trusted in God.*" Mr. Braham opened the recitative, "*Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,*" with such a deep expression of sorrow, that it would perhaps be impossible for the human voice, to give the idea stronger effect.—When he described the Saviour as having looked for succour, and "*there was no man,*" a sensation of desertion and distress was awakened, which spoke to the truth and feeling of the performance. The accompanying song, "*Behold! and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow,*" turned the full tide of pious sympathy on the sufferings of Christ, whilst the "*Glory that should follow,*" was delightfully introduced by Miss Travis, in the words, "*Thou didst not leave his soul in hell.*" The semi-chorus, by all the principal singers, "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates,*" was a sweet piece of harmony. "*He is the King of Glory,*" pealed and re-echoed through the mighty aisles, as if the heavenly host had acknowledged the title through its opening portals. Miss Goodall sung "*How beautiful are the feet of them*

that preach," &c., in a charming manner. Mr. Phillips was heard with much effect in the song "*Why do the nations,*" and the noisy opposition of impotent rage expressed in the chorus "*Let us break their bonds asunder,*" was answered with great truth in the succeeding recitative and song by Mr. Sapiro, "*He that dwelleth in the heavens shall laugh,*" &c. The grand Hallelujah chorus, which finishes the second part, called forth all the powers of the Orchestra.

The Third Part opens with that fine song, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*" and its execution by Miss Stephens was delightful—chastely mingling the confidence of faith with the humility of devotion. Her delicate and intricate cadence at the close was heard by the immense assembly with mute attention, and was followed by a murmur of approbation which the sanctity of the place alone prevented from breaking forth into louder plaudits. "*The trumpet shall sound*" was given by Mr. Bellamy with all its sublime effect. Mr. Terrail and Mr. Vaughan sang the duet "*O Death where is thy sting,*" with a sweetness and harmony that were enchanting; and Miss Goodall was judiciously chaste in her style of singing "*If God be for us.*" The sublime closing chorus of "*Worthy is the Lamb,*" now burst upon the astonished ear, in all the powerful thunders of the numerous host of musicians. And the ascription of "blessing and honour, and glory and power," ascended to the skies, whilst the sweet symphony of the violins to the long "*Amens,*" occasionally arrested the full peal of sound which again broke forth with increased grandeur and effect. The performance was finished a little after four o'clock.

(To be concluded in our next.)

My Note Book.

No. III.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c.

(Continued from page 196.)

OUR friend Tobykin's anxiety, I should observe, was unmingled with a particle of apprehension as to his reception on his return, for Mrs. T. possesses one of the sweetest dispositions imaginable, never suffering herself to be disconcerted by those unavoidable crosses which will occasionally interfere with family arrangements; and perhaps few of such petty occurrences are more tiresome than a spoiled dinner, the extent of our present delinquency. To his credit be it men-

tioned, that it is his delight, on every possible occasion to evince his estimation of her amiability, by strict punctuality in his movements. What a vast portion of useless and unavailing discontent would be banished from home, where nought but unanimity should breathe, by the universal adoption of a line of conduct so praiseworthy; but the varieties of temper and disposition we encounter in the world are too often constitutionally permanent, and but seldom controlled in the season of trial by discretion and good sense. We will digress no farther on this subject, which demands a more experienced pen to render it instructive;—perhaps, were it treated most elaborately it might answer as little practical purpose as did the discourse of a grave divine, who (partial to his glass) after delivering an eloquent sermon on Job's prominent virtue—patience, discovered on his return home, to his great dismay, that during his absence a cask of his liquid treasure had drained out, and on being recommended to imitate the self-possession of that exemplary personage, passionately exclaimed, “He never had such a cask!”

Mais assez des réflexions.—After due refreshment, the fatigues of the day were most agreeably terminated by a delightful saunter along the cliffs in the direction of North-Down. On our way we observed a spirited undertaking for the formation of new bathing accommodations, which promises to become a valuable acquisition to its populous vicinity; it consists of all the needful appurtenances, and communicates with a secluded and extensive range of excellent sands (superior in every respect to the spot at present frequented) by a gradual subterranean descent; and, with the aid of sufficient funds to give it a substantial and durable character, bids fair to become a favourite resort. Indeed, it is surprising that the idea has been followed up so tardily, for the old bathing situation is objectionable in so many respects, that few respectable visitors are induced to patronise it at all. The water is so impure when the tide is in, from its washing over a low chalky ledge of rock, the marine safeguard of Margate; and its situation is so exposed, as to render it both unpleasant and unfit for the purpose. At the new station these annoyances will be obviated, and this salutary practice will be more generally indulged in by visitors than appears to be the case at present.

It is to be regretted that so little taste is observable in the laying out of the extensive newly created neighbourhood of the Fort; the situation of the houses overlooking the sea is bold and commanding, affording a fine opportunity for raising

showy and elegant structures, calculated to redeem the character of the place, at present so lightly estimated, and so dependant on external appearance for its celebrity. Its showy rival Ramsgate ought to have excited a spirit of emulation, but of this feeling there is no demonstration; the builders here seem to have but one idea in the construction of a house, a tiresome sameness observable wherever you move.

Proceeding on our walk, we soon arrived at a very prettily laid out station belonging to the preventive service establishment, the neatness of which bore strong evidence of their industry, and attention both to appearances and comfort. Their garden would do credit to an adept in the art, and though from its being so near the sea but few shrubs would thrive, (and such as they managed to raise seemed stunted in their growth) there was no scarcity of such flowers, plants and vegetables as were congenial to the soil and exposed situation.

So much is said about mental improvement of the humbler classes, that I am sure if it is worthy of consideration, these poor men might very reasonably put in a claim for some attention in this respect. One of them, off duty, speaking of the strictness of their discipline, said, their watch lasted four hours each man by day and eight by night; during which they were prohibited from indulging in reading, talking, or anything else likely to interfere with a strict look out. It may seem a hardship to prohibit conversation; but when it is considered to what abuse it might lead in their peculiar employ, this privilege seems very properly withheld. Tobykin slyly observed, that it would be an admirable punishment to entail this sort of duty on female convicts, to whom taciturnity, he presumed, would be intolerable. From the pitiful tone in which the poor fellow spoke of his hardships, it is questionable if he did not consider the prohibition as irksome as any female could; and if we bear in mind the listless and monotonous vacancy of thought to which their solitary duty subjects them, their case is really pitiable; and the sooner their services can be dispensed with, the better for all parties.

Following the devious track that edged the cliff, our ears were gladdened by the even-song of the venturous lark hovering above with grateful note, a mere speck on the azure vault of Heaven, into which it had soared, as if to enjoy the very latest beams of the setting sun. The latter, fast verging on the gilded wave, yet shone with softened glory over the face of nature, and the splendid lamp of night,

already high in the firmament, appeared reluctantly to veil her brilliancy in the presence of her more lustrous rival. My companion, eager to rhapsodize on the sublimity of the scene, "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," glanced from sun to moon, from moon to sun again, ere he decided which first claimed homage; the brighter orb was, however, making such a rapid exit, as at once to decide the point—and from one to the other the transition was easy; but neither memory nor ability serves at this present to do justice to the force and energy of his imagination. The task must, therefore, rest with his abler pen.

It is only away from the busy haunts of men that we can truly enjoy the splendours of creation, and entertain becoming reverence for that Being whose generous care exceeds our finite comprehension beyond what imagination can conceive; who, disregarding our unworthiness, graciously scatters unsought, unnumber'd blessings around us, as if to compel in our hearts emotions of gratitude and thankfulness; and shall we undervalue such mercies; rather should we exclaim in the language of a favourite poet,

"Nature's a temple worthy Thee, that beams
with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose
stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs that rise
along the shore,
Whose anthems the sublime accord of storm
and ocean roar.
"On all Thou smilest—and what is man before
thy presence, God?
A breath but yesterday inspir'd—to-morrow
but a clod;
That clod shall moulder in the vale, till kin-
dled, Lord, by thee,
Its spirit to Thy arms shall spring—to life, to
liberty!"

(To be continued.)

JOE GRIMALDI.

(For the Mirror.)

Son of frolic, mirth, and glee,
Laughter weeps to part with thee;
Momus (sighing) droops his head,
Now his great vicegerent's fled.

Where is now the jest and song
That in thee did shine so long?
Where are now the joy-throng'd crew
That were wont to follow you?

Where is now the grin and wile
That so often forc'd the smile?
Where is now the trick and joke
That in thee so proudly spoketh?

Where is now the fun-fraught clown
That brought the thund'ring plaudits down?
Vanish'd, vanish'd—gone with thee,
Child of whim and jollity!

Fare thee well! then, matchless Joe!
Mirth's delight and Sorrow's foe!
Fare thee well! for truth to say,
"Yes, Grimaldi had his day."

Now must Harlequin repine,
Till some Clown appears like thine!
Mourn, and say with grief sincere,
"Joe Grimaldi is not here!"

UTOPIA.

* It was once observed by the Editor of the *Examiner*, when speaking of the illness of this inimitable Clown, "that there would be a blank in the annals of humour when Grimaldi quitted the stage." The prediction has in some manner been verified; though it is but justice to say of his son, that as far as promise goes, it looks well.

INTRODUCTION OF VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, &c. IN ENGLAND.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE advantages arising from the exploration of foreign regions are scarcely to be enumerated. To the discovery of America by the illustrious Columbus, we owe the introduction of that truly useful root, the potato. The pear, the peach, the apricot, and the quince, were respectively brought into Europe, from Epirus, Carthage, Armenia, and Syria, and by degrees into England. Cherries are of very ancient date with us, being conveyed into Britain from Rome, A.D. 55. In the King of Saxony's Museum, at Dresden, there is a cherry-stone, upon which, aided by a microscope, more than a hundred faces can be distinguished. Dr. Oliver was shown a cherry-stone in Holland with one hundred and twenty-four heads upon it; and all so perfect, that every one might be seen with the greatest ease by the naked eye. Melons were originally brought from Armenia.

According to Mr. Andrews, fruit was very rare in England, in the reign of King Henry VII.; that gentleman informs us, that apples were then not less than one or two shillings each; a red rose, two shillings; and that a man and woman received eight shillings and fourpence for a small quantity of strawberries. Cabbage, carrots, &c. were introduced about the year 1547. Previous to this period, Queen Catharine, of Arragon, first consort of Henry VIII, when she wanted a salad, was compelled to send to Holland or Flanders on purpose. About this time, apricots, gooseberries, pippins, and artichokes were first cultivated. The currant-tree came from Zante, and was planted in England, A.D. 1533. Cos lettuces were brought from the island of Cos, near Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

* See MIRROR, No. 156 and 158.

Asparagus, beans, peas, and cauliflower, were introduced in the beginning of the reign of Charles II. Nor can we claim the jessamine, the lily, the tulip, &c. &c.; for the jessamine came from the East Indies; the lily and the tulip from the Levant; the tube-rose from Java and Ceylon; the carnation and pink from Italy; and the auricula from Switzerland.

Thus it appears, that nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almost all the variety of vegetable food indigenous to our island.

POLYCARP.

DR. RADCLIFFE AND DR. CASE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As you have alluded to Dr. Case in your biography of Dr. Radcliffe, (No. 153, p. 91.) allow me to present you with the following anecdote:—

Dr. Radcliffe being in company with Dr. Case, drank to him, "Brother Case, here's to all the fools—your patients." "Thank you, brother Radcliffe," replied the other, "let me but have that part of the practice and you are quite welcome to all the rest."

Dr. Case (according to his biographers,) wrote a work entitled "The Angelical Guide;" I have never seen it, and should be obliged to any of your correspondents who have, to state where it may be met with.

I am, Sir,
Your friend and subscriber,
CIVIS.

COURTSHIP IN FIFE.

THE mode of courtship in some parts of Fife is curious. When the young man hath the felicity to be invited of the same party with the maiden that hath won his affections, then doth he endeavour to sit opposite to her at the table, where he giveth himself not up to those unseemly oglings and gazings which he practised in other parts, to the offence of aged virgins and other persons of much discretion; but, putting forth his foot, he presseth and treadeth withal upon the feet and toes of the maiden; whereupon, if she do not roar forth, it is a sign that his addresses are well received, and the two come in due course before the minister. This form of attack is known by the name of Footie, and the degree of pressure doth denote and measure the warmth of the passion. Such young men as be bashful do hence make good speed; these do take with them a more forward friend, who shall vicariously, and in their stead, give

a light pressure and treading; and a person who doth thus melt the ice of coyness between the parties, is, in these parts, called Lightfoot from the lightness of his pressure.

CIVIS.

TO BURNS, WHILE LIVING.

DEAR BURNS,

Unkind I lo'e your lays,
In troth they merit mickle praise;
Weel may ye fare through a' your days,
Ay pipe an' sing,
An' ne'er want either brose or clais',
Or ony thing.

Wi' walth o' Greek and Latin lare
Some chields can hammer out an air;
But aye like you affronts them sare,
An' proves wi' birt,
That nature can do ten times mare
Than apes o' her.

As Scotland's bard weell be ye kent,
I hope frae her ye'll ne'er be rent,
On proud Parnassy's birsy bent
Lang may ye shine,
An' far an' near your fame be sent
Through ilka clime.

I wish ye mony a happy year,
Wi' routh o' fame and walth o' gear,
Abundant health to crown your cheer,
An' a' that's good;
I wad be glad frae you to hear
In merry mood.

LINES

On the conduct of ***, commanding a division
of the army under General Lord
(For the Mirror.)

THASO was sent to storm a place,
But march'd back with this saving grace,
"Inattackable, my Lord."
"How! inattackable, d'ye say?"
None comprehend you here, away!
'Tis not an ENGLISH word."

VETERANUS.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.STUDYING THE LAW IN
SCOTLAND.

THERE, as far as we can judge, the young aspirant for legal honours does not encumber himself with much classical lore. It is necessary to know something of Latin—as a naughty intrusive quotation from a Roman poet may occur. It is very unreasonable in authors of living works, to introduce scraps of the dead languages; but since it does happen, it may be very disagreeable (when reading to ladies especially), to be put to a stand, as if the hieroglyphics of Egypt had sud-

denly been atrayed before one's eyes. There is not an equal necessity to attend to quantity; and no Scotch barrister, at least of the olden time—say twenty years ago—could have been more offended than by being twitted, as a critic in longs and shorts. Greek is quite out of the question; unless, perhaps, the student ventures on subscribing to Valpy's Edition of the Classics. That looks well; and if the volumes be regularly bound, with broad margin, *a la Dibdin*, it shews taste; and, besides, there can be no detection from uncut leaves. French, Italian, and German, are, however, pretty generally mastered, with a fair proportion of mathematics. Belles Lettres are in great demand; and, more or less, metaphysics, whether they are understood or not; above all, it is requisite to be able to talk scoffingly of the Lake Poets, to have a veneration for black letter, and to sneer at Cantabs and Oxonians. To this must be added the taking, for two years, tickets at the Scotch and Roman law classes; that is highly recommended by the professors of these chairs, but attendance is not vitally essential.

Matters being thus prepared, it is mentioned by aunts and cousins, that Mr. So-and-So is going to the bar. His father makes a point of bowing to the different attorneys whom he may have happened to meet at dinner; and their daughters are invited to *petit soupers* and quadrille parties. The young man embraces an early opportunity of declaring his political sentiments, generally in accordance with the *Ins*; or, perhaps, if he be of particularly prudent habits, he watches how the straw flies, to ascertain the likely current the political gale may take. He then purchases law books; has them bound in plain calf, but handsomely lettered; always has half a dozen dog-eared on his table; goes through his private and public examinations without fear (as a well regulated bow will stand either for *etiam* or *non*), and arrives at the bar.

It is now nearly time to study law; and he does so with very praiseworthy perseverance. But he loses none of his relish for the "*dulce ridentem Lalagen*;" and considers Bacchus as infinitely a more amiable personage than Apollo. He gets his clothes from *Stulze* or *Nugle*; yields to none in the whiteness of his French Kid, or the cobwebness of his bird-cage hose. He talks trippingly of the last novel, and has by heart the tender passages of *Little*. You will see him about nine in the morning, when the claret that was in his head is evaporating by the heels, half walking, half leaping, towards the Parliament House. Speedily he is

lost in the *profanum vulgus*. Then he emerges near the stove, and joins in the roar and revelry of that centre of quiz and scandal. Suddenly he is perceived at the side bar, "submitting to his Lordship," "astonished at his brother," or, "deprecating the idea." As he escapes from the thick and dusty atmosphere, a client, with anxious face and inquiring look, watching for some convocation amidst the wreck of hopes, hears him curse the "Bannatyne Club," for seducing him into last night's debauch—propose a hopping-match at the "Hunter's Tryst," or volunteer the mixing a bowl of punch in the gallery encircling the base of the dome of St. George's—and next morning when the disconsolate litigant creeps, in fearful anticipation of the worst, to the dreaded arena, he finds his counsel master of the case prepared on all points, and certain of success.

If you are stumbled with a decision, the Scotch barrister does not inquire what was decided, but what on principle ought to have been the judgment. Even if the House of Lords has been unfavourable, he says, "We will give the Hon. House another opportunity of fixing the point." Sometimes he is not particularly respectful to statues, and sputters with very wrath if he be met with an English opinion. He proves that his view is right, by a reference to first principles. He draws his arguments from every subject, and strengthens them by the analogies of every science. He is not particularly scrupulous as to the source from which he draws his elucidations, nor their connection with the subject matter under discussion. Thus, if the action be to recover a favourite blue greyhound, you may depend upon his detailing the whole evidence on record of the existence of a black swan. The consequence is, that the law papers become volumes, and the night's rest of the judges is either disturbed or confirmed according to the nature of the contents. It also leads to a host of quotations. Horace is made an authority in questions of feudal law, and Ennius in disputes of thirlage—Cicero is referred to in matters of insurance, and Tacitus in actions of putting to silence. Then comes the hit and thrust of wit and repartee. He parries—he feints—he lunges—until he is out of breath, the judge out of patience, and the client out of funds. Thus the law is settled and unsettled a thousand times. The "Dictionary of Decisions" boasts of near twenty thousand pages, and what the next will extend to, Heaven only knows.

—*European Magazine.*

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

OUR calendars of crime are full enough, our prisons are enlarging, our penal inflictions are increasing in number; and with the knowledge that prize-fights and other exhibitions of the same character increase the aggregate number of offenders, and always add a fresh victim or two to the vengeance of the law, out of the crowds that flock to them, we are astonished at the supineness, if a term so complaisant may be used, when a stronger one would be more appropriate respecting those whose duty it is to prevent their recurrence. In vain may the press reprobate, and the judges set in a right light the question of power possessed by those who have the peace of the country confided to them—in vain the better part of society may discountenance them; they are still tolerated—still suffered to render us a spectacle to foreign countries. We are still seen defying the increased knowledge of the age, and proclaiming that our anxiety for knowledge is a pretext. We think ourselves the best of all possible people: our laws, institutions, manners, and customs, unequalled; but, in our self-inflation, we overlook the blemishes that are for ever staring us in the face. Attached as we are to our native land, knowing that we are a great and envied nation, and allowing that England contains a vast mass of noble and generous feeling, we are bound to confess, that the proverb is but too true, “that England is the hell of dumb animals.” It is almost impossible, to say nothing of the country, to pass by the alleys and stable-yards of the metropolis, and not see some exhibition of cruelty, a cat-hunt, a dog “tail-piped,” (as the phrase is), or the over-worked horse, covered with galls and sores, labouring in torture. Here we encounter a party of bullock-hunters; and there a bird-catcher sits burning out the eyes of a singing bird, under the pretence of increasing the power of its music. But animals in the metropolis are far better off, *en masse*, than those of the country, where more ingenious methods of tormenting may be everywhere seen. The treatment of the animal creation will be hardly classed as the best thing in this the best of all possible countries; for whatever the conventional laws of society may be, there cannot be a greater proof of their want of moral justice, than their neglect of guarding the grade of creation but a little below ourselves, with special and definite protection.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

THE PINDAREES.

A SHORT sketch of the origin of the predatory hordes, passing under the general denomination of Pindarees, and of the chiefs under whom their numbers were arrayed in 1814, will lead to a more distinct view of their actual condition at that time. The name of Pindara is coeval with the earliest invasions of Hindoostan by the Mahrattas; the actual derivation of the word is unknown, notwithstanding the researches of several etymologists. The designation was applied to a sort of roving cavalry, that accompanied the Peshwa's armies in their expeditions, rendering them much the same service as the Cossacs* perform for the armies of Russia. When the Peshwas ceased to interfere personally in the affairs of Hindoostan, leaving that part of the Mahratta empire to the Sindheea and the Holkar chieftains, the Pindarees were thenceforth ranged in two parties, assuming respectively the appellation of Sindheea-shahee, or of Holkar-shahee, accordingly as they attached themselves to the fortunes of either family. They still preserved, however, all the peculiarities of their own mode of association; and the several leaders went over with their hands to one chief or the other, as best suited their private interests, or those of their followers. In 1794, the principal leaders first obtained assignments of land from Sindheea, in the valley of the Nerbudda, and amongst the hills which skirt it on the north. From that time till about 1800, there were two principal chiefs, the brothers Heeroo and Burun, whose standards were annually raised in that valley at the season of the Dussera (an annual festival that takes place at the end of October or beginning of November), as a rallying point for all loose spirits and unemployed military adventurers. Here they consulted upon the best means of providing for the necessities of the year, by the exercise of rapine, accompanied by every enormity of fire and sword, upon the peaceful subjects of the regular governments. Until the close of the rains and the fall of their rivers, their horses were regularly trained, to prepare them for long marches and hard work. The rivers generally became fordable by the close of the Dussera. The horses were then shod,

* Pindara seems to have the same reference to Pandour that Cozák has to Cossac.

and a leader of tried courage and conduct having been chosen, all that were so inclined, set forth on a foray or *luhbur*, as it was called in the Pindaree nomenclature. These parties latterly consisted sometimes of several thousands. All were mounted, though not equally well; out of a thousand, the proportion of good cavalry might be four hundred: the favourite weapon was a bamboo spear from twelve to eighteen feet long; but, as firearms were sometimes indispensable for the attack of villages, it was a rule that every fifteenth or twentieth man of the fighting Pindarees should be armed with a matchlock. Of the remaining six hundred, four hundred were usually common *luteas*, indifferently mounted, and armed with every variety of weapons; and the rest slaves, attendants, and camp followers, mounted on tattoos or wild ponies, and keeping up with the *luhbur* in the best manner they could.

Prinsep's India..

PAUL JONES'S ATTACK ON WHITEHAVEN.

WHILE the British troops occupied a great portion of America, Paul Jones formed a plan for attacking the coast of England. He sailed for France, and had the honour of the first salute the American flag had received; he then determined to make a descent on Whitehaven.

The harbour of Whitehaven was one of the most important in Great Britain, containing generally four hundred sail, and some of a very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants, and was strongly fortified. When night came on, the wind became so light, that the Ranger could not approach as near the shore as its commander had originally intended. At midnight, therefore, he left the ship, with two boats, and thirty-one men, who volunteered to accompany him. As they reached the out-pier, the day began to dawn; in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatched one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort; and the sentinels being shut up in the guard-house, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon of the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety was further increased, as all the combustibles had been entrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously expected blaze did not, however, appear; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. The day was breaking apace, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this predicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burden. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. "The inhabitants," says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioners, "began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation." The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we re-embarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no person advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants.

When we had rowed a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having as I apprehend, either brought down ship guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls,

dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help showing by firing their pistols, &c. in return for the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than two hundred could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town.—*Life of Paul Jones.*

Miscellanies.

ANECDOTES OF LAW AND LAWYERS.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS drolly satirises the prolixity of our laws, by one Counsellor at the bar referring to the 984th page of the 120th volume of the *abridgement* of the statutes.

The laws of China (Mr. Barrow tells us) are but sixteen small volumes; and probably they have lasted for thousands of years, for a population which is equal to that of one-third of the universe.

The *Code Napoleon*, we believe, is in a single volume octavo.

The pictures of the Twelve Judges in Guildhall, are those of the virtuous Sir Matthew Hale, and his eleven contemporaries, who, after the dreadful fire in London, 1666, regulated the re-building of the city by such wise rules, as to prevent the endless train of vexatious law-suits which might have ensued. These Judges sat in Clifford's Inn, to compose all differences between landlord and tenant.

Richard Watts, who was a Member of Parliament in the days of Queen Elizabeth, being taken suddenly ill, he employed a Proctor to make his will; and on his recovery, found that he had constituted *himself* heir to all his estates. He gave a lasting testimony of his remembrance of this, by building an almshouse at Rochester, with this notice over the door:—"Six poor travelling men, not contagiously diseased, rogues, nor Proctors, may have lodging here one night freely, and every one four-pence every morning." This inscription may be seen to this day.

Voltaire records a law-suit that lasted above sixty years, in France, and if not at last compromised, would have ruined the parties.

One of the longest law-suits is to be found recorded in *C Camden's Britannia*.

It was commenced between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, about certain possessions lying in Gloucestershire, not far from Wotton-under-edge; which suit began in the end of the reign of king Edward IV. and was depending until the beginning of king James, when it was finally compromised.

Summary Justice.—The prime minister at Mahratta himself, perambulates the bazaars, or market places; and if he happens to detect a tradesman selling goods by false weight or measure, this great officer breaks the culprit's head with a large wooden mallet, kept especially for that purpose. — *Broughton's Letters from a Mahratta Camp.*

That most inimitably facetious law case, called *Bullem and Boatem*, fashioned by George Alexander Stevens, in his *Lecture on Heads*, seems to be founded on an anecdote to be found in a work, in two vols. called *Colloquia Facetia*, &c. Lutheri, Francfort, 1571. It runs thus: "A law case. Christophorus Gross used to relate the following doubtful case. A miller's ass wanting to drink, stepped into a fisherman's boat, which was loosely floating on the water; and being thus put in motion, carried the beast down the stream. A law-suit was instituted between the parties. The fisherman complained that the miller's ass had stolen his boat. The miller replied to the accusation, by saying that the fisherman's boat had run away with his ass. Here issue was joined. Martin Luther decided this point of dispute by saying, that each party was to blame, being both equally guilty of carelessness, in the first instance."

COMBATS OF ANIMALS.

COMBATS of wild animals were frequent entertainments in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the whole court, with her Majesty at its head, was accustomed to attend them. An anecdote appears in *Stow's Annals*, of a battle between three mastiffs and a lion, the result of which was favourable to the dogs. "One of the dogs," it is said, "being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, who took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner; but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted by the conflict,

refused to renew the engagement, but taking a sudden leap over the dogs fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds, the third survived, and was taken great care of by the Prince, who said, 'He that had fought with the king of beasts, should never after fight with an inferior creature.' The latest exhibition of this kind, however, on record, took place in the reign of James I., in the summer of the year 1609—the King, Queen, Prince, in person, with a large retinue of nobles being present. The story is very strangely told in the first volume of *Seymour's Survey*, but the event has a striking similarity to that which has just now occurred at Warwick. "A bear," Seymour says—(we quote from memory, but his words are pretty nearly as follow)—"A bear was turned loose into an open yard, and a lion was let out of his den upon him; but the lion refused to attack him. Presently two lions were turned in; but neither of them would assault the bear. A horse was next put into the yard with the two lions and the bear; but the horse only fell to grazing quietly beside them. Two mastiff dogs were then let in, who flew at the lion and fought with him," (with what success does not appear.) "Afterwards six more dogs were let in, who attacked the horse—he being the most conspicuous object; but three bear-herds then entered, and rescued the horse, and brought away the dogs, while the lions and the bear stood staring at them."

The Germans, as late as down to the middle of the last century, were much addicted to sports of this same kind; and Dr. Burney, in his *Musical Tour*, (1770), gives a translation of a curious bill which he saw of such an exhibition at Vienna:—1st, there was "a wild boar to be baited;" 2nd, "a great bear to be torn by dogs;" 3rd, "another boar to be baited by very hungry dogs, defended by iron armour; and lastly, to use the words of the exhibitor, the spectacle would conclude thus—"a furious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, will attack a wild bull, and eat him alive upon the spot; and if he should be unable to complete the business, a wolf will be in readiness to help him."

A third anecdote, related of a nobleman of the Milanese, who delighted in fighting wolves, &c. with dogs, suggested the ground, probably of a laughable drama, called *The Bear and the Pacha*, which was first acted in France, and at most of our minor theatres, about three years ago. The story is related very tediously by an old Italian novelist; but the catastrophe is striking. Three peasants,

carrying a large bear in a caravan from Genoa to Castello Sorbente, are stopped by a party of banditti, who suppose that the machine contains treasure. Finding only the bear, and learning from the carriers that it is sent from Archangel to the Marquis Marialva, they resolve to indemnify themselves for their disappointment by robbing the chateau of his Grace. Accordingly, the peasants are detained; the bear is killed and flayed, and one of the gang causes himself to be sewed up in the skin. On arriving at Castello Sorbente, the Marquis is from home—this the rogues knew, and have laid their account accordingly. The supposed bear is delivered in his cage—the domestics being afraid almost of the sight of him—and placed for security, until the Lord comes home, in the vestibule of the chateau. In the night, when all seems safe, he lets himself out of the machine, and proceeds to admit his companions; but, crossing through the gardens for this purpose, without advertent to what may affect him in his assumed character, he is seized by the wolf-dogs who are loose in the grounds at night, and, before his cries can bring assistance, torn to pieces as a bear.

BANKERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MR. FOSBROKE, in his "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," on the authorities of the encyclopædists and others, gives the following short account of their early history:—

"The *Trapezitæ* of the Greeks, and *Argentarii* or *Nummularii* of the Romans, were persons who lent money upon usury, kept the accounts of other usurers, and exchanged worn for new money, for a profit, but did not deal in *cheques*, *drafts*, &c. Beckmann, however, says that they *did* pay money by a bill, which process was termed *præscribere* and *rescribere*, and the assignment or draft *attributio*, and dealt besides in exchanges and discounts. Philip the Fair, in 1304, ordered a bank to be held upon the great bridge of Paris; and they had booths and tables before church doors, &c. called '*mensæ combiatorum*,' (our scriptural 'tables of the money-changers,') stands at fairs for changing money, &c. They were obliged to give security in property, and were formed into guilds. We had a set of them called *Causini*, from the family Causini at Florence, it being agreed, that however divided, they should take the name of that family, *penes quam summa mercatura erat*. All the Italian merchants who practised usury, were called *Lombards*; hence our Lombard-

street. The draft of one banker upon another, and the cheque, occur in Rymer. The deposit of money to be let out at interest is a practice of the Roman *Argentarii*, who exercised their trade in the *Forum*, under the inspection of the town Magistrate; and when they ceased to show themselves, their bankruptcy was declared by these words, *foro cessit*."

Such is their ancient history—with regard to modern times Pennant says, regular banking by private people resulted in 1643 from the calamity of the time, when the seditious spirit was incited by the acts of the Parliamentary leaders. The merchants and tradesmen, who before trusted their cash to their servants and apprentices, found that no longer safe, neither did they dare to leave it in the mints at the Tower, by reason of the distresses of Majesty itself, which before was a place of public deposit. In the year 1645, they first placed their cash in the hands of goldsmiths, who began publicly to exercise both professions. Even in my days were several eminent bankers who kept the goldsmith's shop, but they were more frequently separated. The first regular banker was Mr. Francis Child, goldsmith, who began business soon after the Restoration. He was the father of the profession, a person of large fortune and most respectable character. He married between the years 1665 and 1675, Martha, only daughter of Robert Blanchard, citizen and goldsmith, by whom he had twelve children. Mr. Child was afterwards knighted. He lived in Fleet-street, where the shop still continues in a state of the highest respectability. Mr. Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, mentions Mr. Child as successor to the shop of Alderman Backwel, a banker in the time of Charles the Second, noted for his integrity, abilities, and industry, who was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in 1672. His books were placed in the hands of Mr. Child, and still remain in the family.

The next ancient shop was that possessed by Messrs. Snowe and Benne, a few doors to the west of Mr. Child's, who were goldsmiths of consequence, in the latter part of the same reign. Mr. Gay celebrates the predecessor of these gentlemen, for his sagacity in escaping the ruins of the fatal year 1720, in his epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith, near Temple Bar:

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South Sea rocks, and shelves where thou-
sands drowned,

When credit sunk, and commerce grasping lay,
Thou stood'st, nor sent one bill unpaid away.

To the west of Temple Bar, the only

one was that of Messrs. Middleton and Campbell, goldsmiths, who flourished in 1622, and is now continued with great credit by Mr. Coutts. From thence to the extremity of the western end of the town, there was none till the year 1786, when the respectable name of Backwel rose again, conjoined to those of Darel, Hart, and Croft, who with great reputation opened their shop in Pall Mall.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

POPE'S NURSE.

THERE is in Twickenham church-yard, an inscription to the memory of the woman who nursed Pope, of which the following is a copy:—

"To the memory of Mary Beach, who died Nov. 5, 1725, aged 78. Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and whom she affectionately attended for twenty-eight years, in gratitude for such a faithful old servant, erected this stone."

GAMING.

An Imitation of the Verses of Madame Deshoulières, on the Love of Play.

AMUSEMENT which exceeds the measure
Of reason, ceases to be pleasure.
Play, merely for diversion's sake,
Is fair, nor risks a heavy stake.
The vet'ran gamester, void of shame,
Is man no longer but in name;
His mind the slave of ev'ry vice,
Spawn'd by that foul fiend Av'rice.

AN ambassador, who arrived from Constantinople to reside at Rome, retained in his mind so high an idea of the grandeur of the Ottoman empire, that having occasion to address Pope Leo, he thus acquitted himself. Having used the titles of St. Barnard by calling the Pope Abel, with respect to his eldership; Noah, by his government; Melchisedech, by his order; and Aaron, by his dignity; he added, as characters paramount to all the rest, *Sullan* of the Catholic Church, and *Grand Turk* of the Christians.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next we shall give an engraving of the *Doncaster Gold Cup*, of 350 guineas value, with several interesting articles from our correspondents, whose favours we fail not to appreciate, though we may seem tardy in acknowledging them.

New Window-Bills for the MIRROR, and other Popular Works, published by J. LINDIN, are now ready for delivery, at the Office, 143, Strand.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXIII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Doncaster Gold Cup, for 1825.



Among the sports and pastimes of the people of England, there is not one so generally attractive, or in which so large a number of persons can participate at one time, as horse racing. From the Sovereign, who patronises horse races by his presence, and supports them by his bounty, to the humblest of his liege subjects, they are in general popular, and we therefore are, we presume, pretty sure of gratifying a considerable portion of our readers, in selecting for one of the embellishments of our present MIRROR, a correct representation of the splendid Gold Cup which was contended for at the Doncaster races which have just closed.

VOL. VI.

R

This cup, which is one of the most massive and elegant prizes ever contended for on the turf, was given by the stewards of the Doncaster race meeting, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir John Vanden Bempde Johnstone, Bart. The cup was of the value of three hundred and fifty guineas, and while it evinced the taste and liberality of the spirited donors, it also reflected great credit on the ingenuity of Mr. Bright, of Doncaster, the silversmith, who has for many years furnished the gold cups at these races.

This magnificent vase (says the editor of the *Annals of Sporting*, in language somewhat obscure,) is of the low and wide

241

picturesque form, prevalent in the reign of Louis Quatorze; the ornaments are of the same Arabesque style: a horse of Araby, rampant and exceedingly spirited, forms the prominent object on either side, whilst from the stem rich acanthus and lotus foliage curls gracefully to their feet. A very free and beautiful scroll-work encircles the body of the vase, and a varied and projecting carving of leaves drops over the rim. The crest is formed of a basket, rich with fruits and flowers, a portion of which seems to drop naturally and gracefully on the cover. A fluted circular pedestal, richly ornamented by a frieze of scroll foliage issuing from the two ends, and which form the handles, supports the vase. The arms and names of the stewards are on each side, and are most distinctly and beautifully executed.

Doncaster races commenced on Monday the 19th of September; on the following day the great St. Leger's stakes was run for by thirty horses, and won by Mr. Watt's *Memnon*.

The Gold Cup, of which our engraving is a beautiful representation, was contended for on Wednesday the 21st of September, and excited intense interest. The cup was free for any horse; three years old, to carry 7 st.; four years, 8 st. 3 lbs.; five years, 8 st. 10 lbs.; six years old and aged, 9 st. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 3 lbs. extra if he started, but Mr. Watt selling *Memnon* for 3,500 guineas to the Earl of Darlington, with the condition that he should not run for the cup, he, of course, did not start. The distance was two miles and five furlongs. Nine horses started, but only three were named coming in in the following order:—

Mr. Whittaker's br. p.,	Lottery,	by
Tramp,	5 yrs.	- - - - 1
Mr. F. Craven's b. c.,	Longwaist,	4 yrs. 2
Mr. Lumley's gr. c.,	Falcon,	3 yrs. - 3

The other horses that run were Cedric, Figaro, Zealot, Starch, Crowcatcher, and Mr. Duncombe's ch. f., by St. Helena. The odds at starting were 13 to 8 against Lottery, 2 to 1 against Cedric, 7 to 1 against Longwaist, and 10 to 1 against Figaro. At the word "go," Lottery went off leading, and at a quick pace, but very closely followed by Longwaist: the riding round by the Judge's stand was beautiful, and Sam Day getting, at the turn, his horse's head close upon the haunches of Lottery, the pace was now severe and the struggle to keep in good places not the easiest. All tried in their turn to reach the leader, but George Nelson knew that if his horse was headed or collared, he would probably shut himself up and drop good running at the press, and he, there-

fore, kept on at a killing rate over every inch of the ground. Chiffney, upon Figaro, made his run at the Red-House, but, though his horse was fast, (*he says*, as fast as the first and second,) his journeyings had leg-wearied him, and he could not sustain his speed. At the distance Longwaist actually run up, and headed Lottery, the others were by this time dead beat, and Nelson was compelled to use whip and spur with no moderate degree of infliction; fortunately for him and Mr. Whitaker, the horse answered, and he won by half a neck,—two or three lengths more and the result might have been different. This was decidedly the finest race of the meeting.

In our next MIRROR we shall give an historical account of horse-racing, ancient and modern.

THE WEDDING-RING AND THE RING FINGER.

THERE are few objects amongst the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies after a certain age, as the simple and unadorned annular implement of Hymen yclept the wedding-ring; this has been a theme for poets of every calibre; for geniuses of every wing, from the dabbling duckling to the solar eagle. The mouldy antiquary can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perchance why a ring is round, and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circlet, on the most conclusive evidence, amounting to absolute conjectural demonstration; amidst all that has been said and written in reference to the ring, I believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter, the taper residence of this ornament has been neglected; now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of the matrimonial union; it is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks; the thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore-finger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring finger, whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring finger, at the point or extremity of which a real union takes place; it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger.

That the side of the ring finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve is frequently proved by a common accident,—that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve

is then frequently struck and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring finger, but not on the other side of it.

ANATOMICUS JUNIOR.

YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from page 231.)

THIRD DAY.

Thursday, Sept. 15.

THE disappointment sustained by many persons yesterday seemed to have had its influence upon those desirous of witnessing this sublime music which pall not the appetite, but seems to "make the meat it feeds upon." The Cathedral was more crowded than ever; and hundreds, who would willingly have been present, were obliged to submit to a disappointment, not a ticket being procurable.

The First Part opened with the first and last movements of the Overture in "*Soul*," which was succeeded by a selection from "*Judas Maccabæus*," commencing with the chorus, "*Mourn, ye afflicted*." Then followed—

Duet—Miss Goodall and Miss Travis, "From this dread scene."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Braham, "Sound an alarm."

Chorus—"We hear, we hear."

Song—Miss Goodall, "Come ever smiling liberty."

Recit.—Mr. Sapiro, "So will'd my Father."

Trio and Chorus—"Disdainful of Danger." Messrs. Knyvett, Terrail, Vaughan, Sapiro, Phillips, and Bellamy.

Song—Miss Wilkinson, "Father of Heaven."

Chorus—"Fall'n is the Foe."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Phillips, "The Lord worketh wonders."

Song—Miss Stephens, "Wise men flattering."

Duet and Chorus—Miss Travis and Miss Farrar, "Sion now."

Recit. and Song—Madame Caradori, "So shall the lute."

Song—Mr. Bellamy, "Rejoice, O Judah."—Chorus, "Hallelujah."

The words which close the first chorus, "Your father, friend, and hero, is no more," was given with an effect peculiarly touching. Miss Goodall and Miss Travis sang "*From this dread scene*," in which their voices were blended in the sweetest and most touching tones. We had, indeed, a rich treat in the performance of "*Sound an alarm*," by Mr. Braham, whose soft but effective opening of the song was followed up with

a spirited and brilliant execution hardly to be equalled, particularly in the fine expression he gave to the words, "and call the brave, the only brave around." This call was well answered in the following chorus, "*We hear*," which was very spiritedly performed, and the piano part "If to fall; for laws, religion, liberty, we fall," was managed with the most judicious effect. Miss Goodall gave the song "*Come, ever smiling Liberty*," in a very pleasing manner, throwing into its execution a chaste but becoming spirit. The recitative by Mr. Sapiro, "*So will'd my father*," was rich in its expression. The trio and its chorus "*Disdainful of danger*," opened by Messrs. Knyvett, Terrail, Vaughan, Sapiro, and Bellamy, seemed like the leading of the generals to the attack, and the roaring voices and instruments which followed as the advance of the victorious force, whose triumph was sweetly carolled forth in the delightful air, sung by Miss Wilkinson, "*Father of Heaven*," &c. Mr. Phillips executed the air "*The Lord worketh wonders*," with much effect. Miss Stephens next delighted us with the air "*Wise men flattering may deceive you*," which was given in a very chaste manner, and the flute in the accompaniment finely blending with the voice added greatly to its pleasing effect. Madame Caradori warbled the air "*So shall the lute and harp awake*," in her sweetly dulcet notes, which she swelled out with much spirit at the closing cadence. The grand chorus "*O Judah rejoice*," closed this part, awakening every feeling in its loud and re-echoing Hallelujahs.

The whole of the pieces were admirably performed; and the song of "Wise men flattering," would induce us to think that Handel was by no means so insensible to the uses of, and beautiful effects to be produced by wind instruments, as he is represented to have been. The flutes, hautboys, and bassoon obligato were beautifully expressive in the responses which they made to each other, and to the voice in this beautiful melody.

The Second Part was from the opening of *Haydn's Creation*, and included the following:—

Overture, Chaos.

Recit.—Mr. Phillips, "In the beginning."

Chorus—"And the spirit."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Now vanish."

Chorus—"Despairing."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Phillips, "The dreadful tempest."

Air and Chorus—Miss Travis, "The glorious hierarchy."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Bellamy, "Rolling in foaming billows."

Recit. and Song—Madame Caradori, "With verdure clad."

Recit.—Mr. Sapio, "And the heavenly host."

Chorus—"Awake the harp."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "In splendour bright."

Chorus—"The heavens are telling."

This most celebrated of all Haydn's works, was commenced by him in 1755, when he was about 63 years old. It was finished in 1758; and brought out at Vienna the same year. It was published in score in England, in 1800, when it was performed at Worcester.

It opens with an overture representing chaos; one of the most singular compositions perhaps upon record. The ear is struck by an incongruity of sounds, which in horrid discord strike harshly on the sense. Many images are suggested—but nothing is completed: and if it is possible for music to impart sense to sound, we thing no bad notion of those ideas which impress our imagination, when we endeavour to picture to ourselves

"Chaos and the world unborn,"

is conveyed by this celebrated overture. Still the idea is fanciful and wild; and many persons might hear it without recognizing chaos in the composition, unless they had received a previous intimation. So thinks Haydn's biographer. The overture was performed in a style of surpassing excellence, exceeding, we think, anything we ever before heard.

The opening of Haydn's "*Creation*" commenced the Second Part. The recitative "*In the beginning*," was given by Mr. Phillips with majestic expression, but it was in the chorus "*And the Spirit of God*," that the powerful effect of this fine composition was principally manifested.—The divine command "*Let there be light*," pronounced in the sweetest tones of the semi-chorus, leaves the hearers as it were totally unguarded as to the stupendous effect, the description of which is continued in still softer strain, the words "*and there was*" being sung by the principal performer only, the whole force of drums, trombones, trumpets, basses, and the hundreds of instruments and voices bursting at once in the expression of "LIGHT." The effect was overpowering in the extreme and the sudden start of the audience owned its electric influence. The sweet recitative which precedes the song "*Now vanish before holy beams*," "*And God saw the light*," was finely performed by Mr. Vaughan; the chorus "*Despairing*," &c. completing

this dramatic representation of the world's emerging from Chaos, with the most sublime close. The accompanied recitative by Mr. Phillips "*The dreadful tempest now is roused*," was rich in beauty and magnificence, and the "awful thunder," the "reviving rain," the "wasteful hail," and the "flaky snow," seemed in imagination to descend from the storehouse of heaven. Miss Travis was heard with much power and effect in the air "*The glorious hierarchy of heaven*," and Mr. Bellamy's air "*Rolling in foaming billows*," again brought before us the grand and the majestic in the birth of nature. Madame Caradori continued the pleasing description, in the air, "*With verdure clad*," and the sweet tones of her mellifluous notes seemed to claim affinity with the vernal beauties which formed the subject of her song. The chorus "*Awake the harp, the lyre awake*," follows most appropriately. Mr. Braham again came forward in the accompanied recitative "*In splendour bright*," which he commenced with a brilliancy of execution adapted to the nature of the subject. His peculiar emphatic expression of the words "the sun emerging darts his glorious rays," was extremely grand, and the chastened tone of the words "With softer beams" well expressed the retiring of "the greater light," and the silver beaming of the gentle moon. The grand chorus "*The Heavens are telling*," with the fine trio "*Day unto day*," charmingly sung by Miss Goodall, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Phillips, ended the Second Part.

The Third Part was a selection from the second and third Parts of the "*Creation*," and contained the chief beauties of those parts of the Oratorio, including—Recit. and Air—Miss Goodall, "On mighty plumes."

Trio—Miss Goodall, Messrs. Sapio and Bellamy, "How beautiful."

Chorus—"Jehovah reigns." (*Solos doubled.*)

Song—Mr. Phillips, "Heaven now in fullest."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "In native grace."

Hymn (Doubled)—"By thee with bliss."

Chorus—"For ever blessed."

Duet—Miss Stephens and Mr. Bellamy, "Gentle Consort."

Chorus—"Accomplished is the glorious work."

The most striking beauties were the air "*On mighty plumes*," sung by Miss Goodall; the air "*Heaven now in fullest splendour*," by Mr. Phillips; and the air by Mr. Braham "*In native grace*," which with its peculiar sweetness formed a fine contrast to the more sublime and martial themes

in which he had before engaged at the morning performances. Miss Stephens and Mr. Bellamy sang the duet between Adam and Eve, beginning *Gentle consort thee possessing*, with that tender expression suited to the composition; and the chorus *Accomplished is the glorious work*, ended the third day's performance.

FOURTH DAY.

Friday, September 16.

If possible, an increased eagerness was manifested to be present at this last of the series of grand sacred performances. The doors were again besieged at an early hour, and as the time of the commencement arrived, all the wonted pressure was felt by their early occupants.

The selection for this day was replete with all the variety and sublimity the "heaven born science" can furnish. The first part consisted of the

First and fourth movements of the "Dettingen Te Deum." Handel.

Song—Miss Travis, "What tho' I trace." (*Solomon*) Do.

Chorus—"Let none despair." . . . Do.

Song—Mr. Phillips, "Tears such as tender fathers shed."—(*Deborah*) Do.

Dead March—(*Saul*) Do.

Quartet—Miss Goodall Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Terrail, Vaughan, Sapio, Phillips, and Bellamy, "When the ear heard him."	} (<i>Funeral Anthem.</i>)	} Do.
Chorus—"He delivered the poor."		

Song—Miss Stephens, "Praise the Lord." (*Esther*) Do.

Grand Chant—*Venite exultemus and Jubilate Deo* . . . P. Humphreys.

Recit. and Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle airs," (*Athalie*) Handel.

St. Mathew's Tune, as arranged for the Ancient Concert by Mr. Greatorex—

Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy . . . Dr. Croft.

Motett—"The arm of the Lord," (introduced in the Oratorio of *Judah*, by W. Gardiner.) Haydn.

Recit. and Air—Miss Stephens, "As from the power." } Handel.

Chorus—"The dead shall live." (*Dryden's Ode.*) }

The piercing notes of the trumpet in the seraphic ascription to the "Holy Lord God of Sabaoth" was overpoweringly grand. This chorus was followed by the song *What tho' I trace*, by Miss Travis. The air by Mr. Phillips, *Tears such as tender fathers shed*, was given with great feeling, and the succeeding

celebrated *Dead March*, in *Saul*, formed a solemn prelude to the fine funeral anthem, composed by Handel, on the death of queen Caroline, the consort of George II. the quartet, *When the ear heard*, &c. was finely performed. The chorus was admirable, and the *canto* and *alto* voices came in with fine effect, between the full harmony of its louder parts. Handel's song from *Esther*, *Praise the Lord with cheerful voice*, was sung by Miss Stephens, and accompanied on the harp by Mr. Bochsa. This was a charming performance, and displayed Miss S.'s vocal talents to greater advantage than any of her previous songs had done. The accompaniment was a brilliant exhibition of Mr. Bochsa's execution on his favourite and elegant instrument. The grand chants, *Venite exultemus* and *Jubilate Deo*, by P. Humphreys, afforded a grand specimen of the beauties of this species of church music, when performed by so stupendous a choir. The next treat was the singing of *Gentle airs, melodious strains*, by Mr. Vaughan, with an inimitable accompaniment on the violoncello, by Mr. Lindley, which was followed by the 10th Psalm (O. V.) sung to St. Mathew's tune, and had a very good effect. The motet, *The arm of the Lord*, introduced into the Oratorio of *Judah*, by W. Gardiner, Esq. was replete with overpowering sound and sweet harmony. As from the power of sacred lays, afforded Miss Stephens another opportunity of displaying the richness of her voice, and the trumpet, introduced in the accompaniment, was heard with superior effect. The chorus, *The dead shall live*, closed the First Part in a most impressive style.

The Second Part consisted of—
Fourth Concerto (Oboe) . . . Handel.

Luther's Hymn—Mr. Braham - M. Luther.

Chorus—"He gave them hailstones"

Chorus—"He sent a thick darkness"

Chorus—"He smote all the first-born"

Chorus—"But as for his people"

Song—Mademoiselle Garcia, "Gratias agimus" Guglielmi.

Chorus—"He rebuked the Red Sea," (*Israel in Egypt*) . . . Handel.

Duet—Messrs. Bellamy and Phillips, "The Lord is a man of war" (*Ditto*) Handel.

Song—Miss Wilkinson, "Lord to thee" (*Theodora*) Handel.

Recit. Solos, and Double Chorus—Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "The Lord shall reign" (*Israel in Egypt*) Handel.

Luther's Hymn (in which Madame Catalani shone so pre-eminently last Festival), lost none of its interest in the hands of our celebrated English vocalist; and the attenuation of sound, from the trumpet of Mr. Harper, is we suppose, as near perfection as it is possible for humanity to go. Mr. Braham's expression of the words "the graves restore" in the softest Piano, and the closing words "Prepare my soul to meet him," which he swelled out with a power that penetrated and shook the mighty temple, thrilled through the soul with the most awful sensations. The grand chorus "*He gave them hailstones for rain*" was sublime in the extreme. The opening symphony increased upon the ear like the drops that fall precursive to the storm, the tremendous force of which was shortly poured forth with overwhelming fury. The trumpet in the part "fire mingled with the hail ran along the ground," was astonishingly expressive of that awful visitation, and the subsequent parts of this chorus was equally well performed. The Bravura "*Gratias agimus tibi*" was brilliantly sung by Mlle. Garcia, accompanied by Mr. Willman on the clarinet. This was followed by another magnificent chorus from "Israel in Egypt,"—"He rebuked the Red Sea," in which the rolling drums, and the murmuring bass seemed like the foaming of the angry billows, whilst the voices in their close enunciation, not unsaply expressed the steady march of the Israelites between the walls of waters. "*The Lord is a man of war*," was finely sung by Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Phillips. A pleasing song by Miss Wilkinson, from Handel's "*Theodora*"—"Lord to thee each night and day," intervened between the above duet and the grand double chorus of "*The horse and his rider*," which ended the Second Part.

The Third Part included—

Recit. March, Air, and Chorus—Mr. Sapio, "Glory to God" (*Joshua*)—

Handel.

Recit. Accompanied, Mr. Braham "Deeper and deeper still" (*Jephthah*) . Handel.

Song—"Waft her angels" (ditto) - ditto.

Chorus—"O God who in thy heavenly hand (*Joseph*) Handel.

Duet—Miss Goodall and Miss Wilkinson, "Te ergo quæsumus" Graun.

Hymn in D—"Glory praise" . Mozart.

Song—Mr. Bellamy, "The Seasons"—Callcott.

Chorus—"Rex Tremende"

Quartet—Mademoiselle Garcia, Madame Caradori, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Sapio, Phillips, and Bellamy, "Benedictus" (*Requiem*)

Mozart.

Song—Madame Caradori, "Holy, Holy," (*Redemption*) ? Handel.
Coronation Anthem—"Zadok the Priest"—Handel.

The recitative and air were given with great spirit by Mr. Sapio, and the chorus well performed by the band. "*O magnify the Lord*,"—Handel, was introduced by Miss Travis, by particular request, and gave much gratification by the pleasing style in which it was sung. That fine recitative "*Deeper and deeper still*," was given by Mr. Braham, with a feeling and a pathos of which no description can convey an idea; the expression of the words "a thousand pangs that lash me into madness," was an inimitable effort. The air "*Waft her angels*," was delightfully sung. The duet "*Te ergo quæsumus*," was sung most charmingly. "*Angels ever bright and fair*," was sung by Miss Stephens in a manner the most delightful and affecting. A Hymn by Mozart, had a very good effect. "*These as they change*," by Mr. Bellamy, was fine in its execution. The sweet song "*Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*," was sung in the most simply pious strains by Madame Caradori, who, if she does not always exhibit intensity of feeling, never offends in the smallest degree by imperfect intonation.

The day's performance, and the Festival concluded, very appropriately, with the "Coronation Anthem;" and at its commencement, by command of the Dean, the West doors were thrown open, and the crowd assembled without were admitted to hear that sublime composition, and to join with their hearts, if not with their voices, in the choral shout of "*God save the King—Long live the King—May the King live for ever!*"

The Festival has been altogether the greatest musical gratification which has been experienced in England since the Commemoration of Handel, of which we gave an account in No. CLXI. of the MIRROR. The superiority of Handel as an oratorio writer, was strongly proved at this Festival, which was attended by all the rank and fashion not only of Yorkshire, but of the neighbouring counties, as well as numerous visitors from the Metropolis, and not a few from the Continent.

Three concerts were given on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, which were well attended; and the vocal and instrumental performances were of the highest order. The receipts at the Festival in 1823 amounted to 16,174*l.* and the expenditure was 8,800*l.*; the receipts of 1825, 20,550*l.*, expenditure 18,000*l.*

The band cost more than the one in 1823, by 2,500*l*. This of course is included in the latter sum; and it also includes 6,000*l*. expended in the site and erection of the New Music Hall. It, however, should be understood, that there are two distinct funds—one formed by the receipts at the Rooms—the other by those at the Minster. The Music Hall was to be paid for out of the former—but the receipts there being deficient for the purpose, and the Hall having been devoted for ever to the public charities; it is more than probable that the two funds will be joined in one, for the purpose of liquidating the debt.

The following is a correct statement of the number of tickets issued for the various performances, during the Festival of 1825:—

MORNING PERFORMANCES.

Tickets, at	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
One guinea	1,153	1,207	1,449	1,199
Fifteen shillings	1,614	2,500	2,599	2,372
Seven shillings	664	1,990	1,900	1,509
Five shillings	18	39	154	27
	3,389	5,736	6,102	5,107

CONCERTS.

Tuesday's Concert	-	-	1,179
Wednesday's ditto	-	-	1,894
Thursday's - ditto	-	-	1,353

BALLS.

Monday's Ball, at seven shillings	-	-	734
Friday's (Fancy) Ball, at fifteen shillings	-	-	2,262

Numbers present in 1823:

Cathedral.			
1st Morning	-	3,050	1st Concert - - 1,355
2nd ditto	-	4,685	2nd ditto - - 1,525
3rd ditto	-	4,840	1st Ball - - 1,450
4th ditto	-	4,145	2nd ditto - - 930

THE MARRIED STATE.

A SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

[The following Song is copied from a manuscript in the British Museum. Whether it has appeared in print before, or not, the gentleman who sends it cannot say. It is certainly very old.]

MASTER Tommy's married;

Pray what says St. Paul?

If I'm not mistaken,

Marry not at all.

Tol de rol de rol de,

Tol de rol de rol de.

If I take a wife,

Whoso'er she be,

Tho' she be an angel,

Still she's wife to me.

If she brings me money,
Will it be forgot;
If she brings me nothing,
Can we boil the pot?

If she is a beauty,
Then the Spaniards say
She'll be ever gadding;—
Very like she may.

If she is a wit,
The Lord have mercy then;
For if her tongue is silent,
She'll employ her pen.

If she's weak and silly,
She'll disgrace my name;
If I choose the folly,
I must bear the blame.

But if in domestics,
Madame is no fool,
All the night I'm lectured,
All day long at school.

Thus, Sir, I have run thro'
All the married state;
When I am more knowing,
I'll communicate.

Tol de rol de rol de,
Tol de rol de rol de.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

Sent to a Widow of the name of Britton, who carried on the business of Boot-making, after the death of her husband.

(For the Mirror.)

ONE would think that I lived as far off as Thames
Ditton,

As you don't send the lad with my boots, Mrs.
Britton;

Those you sent me before, I in no way could get
on,

And he promised to bring me some more—Mrs.
Britton;

'Tis a subject not worthy to exercise wit on.
But I don't understand this neglect—Mrs. Britton;
Of boots or of shoes I have scarcely a bit on,
So prythee be speedy, my good Mrs. Britton;
This plan is the best that, I trust, I could hit on,
To get what I ordered from you—Mrs. Britton;
Pray send him to-morrow, with others to fit on,
Then I'll say, none so punctual as you—Mrs.
Britton;

But if you omit it, I'll say I ne'er lit on
Such a negligent *sole* as you are—Mrs. Britton.
Leather Lane. BARNABY RAKEFOOT.

A BLIND WATCHMAKER.

(For the Mirror.)

IT has often been recorded that persons deprived of that most inestimable blessing, eye-sight, have, by dint of perseverance and by possessing other faculties to a greater degree of perfection than usual, been enabled to read, write, draw, play cards, &c. and have produced many specimens of their knowledge of the Mechanical and Fine Arts, that would

have reflected honour on any artist. Instances of this kind seldom occur, but when it does, it shows the benevolence of our Creator, who in depriving us of one faculty, bestows the others in greater abundance. We have been led to these remarks by witnessing a few years since, at Barnstaple, a sign over a door, denoting that clocks, watches, &c. were repaired by Wm. Huntley, a *blind man*. On making inquiry, we were informed that this man was born blind, or at least that he has no recollection of ever seeing. He was bred by his father, who was a watch and clock maker, to that business, which he now follows, and has plenty of employment, being considered by the inhabitants very superior in his profession; he repairs musical clocks and watches, and seldom meets with any difficulty in repairing the most complicated. It often occurs that in cases where others have failed in completely repairing a watch or clock, this man has discovered the defect.

EPITAPH

(Copied from a stone in the church-yard of East Grinstead, in Sussex.)

In memory of Russell Hall
And Mary his wife.
He died March 25, 1816,
Aged 79 years.
She died August 22, 1809,
Aged 58 years.
The ritual stone thy children lay
O'er thy respected dust,
Only proclaims the mournful day
When we our parents lost.
To copy thee in life we'll strive,
And when we that resign
May some good-natured friend survive
To lay our bones by thine.

INDOLENCE REBUKED.

A CURE of Souls, in one of the parishes of the county of Somerset, failing to be closely attended by its spiritual shepherd, as was his duty, one Sunday morning a gentleman rode up to the church-door, and not finding it open, as he appeared to expect, inquired for the clerk or sexton, to whom he put the question, whether there would be any service that morning? "Why, non, Zur," said John, "I don't think there wool; we musn't expect measter here to-day!" "Well, never mind him," said the inquirer, "go and ring the bell; I am come to do this day's service." John's dutiful instinct being sufficiently alive to the command, without the ceremony of first learning the name and quality of his director,

the novel sounds were gladly heard, and the people flocked to the "village spire which points to Heaven." The stranger proceeded with the service, and delivered a discourse that fully convinced his admiring hearers there was no lack of reverend qualification for his office. Upon the eve of his departure, the preacher left a record in the vestry-book, under the proper date, to this effect:—"Divine service was performed here this day, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells."

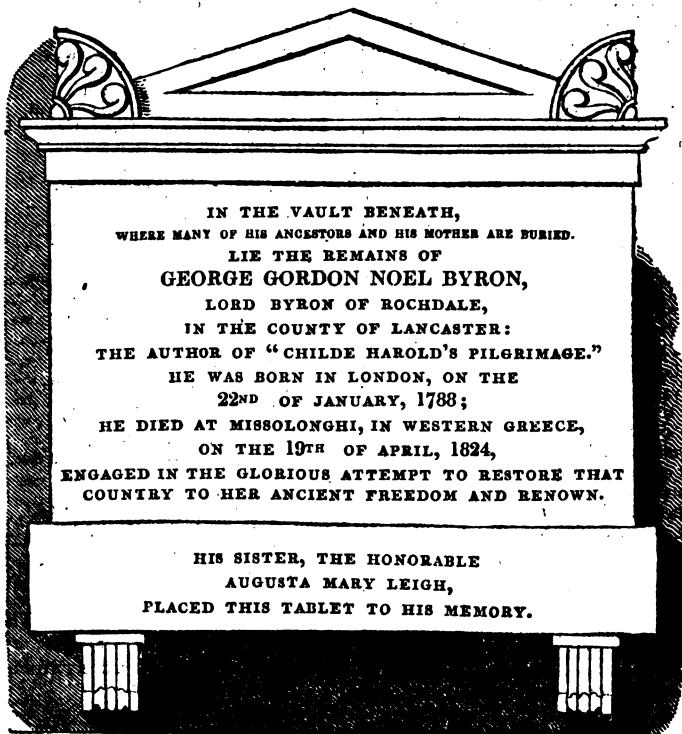
AWKWARD EXECUTIONS.

SOME of the daily newspapers have got up a very strange story about a man who was hanged at Bari, in Naples, recovered under the hands of a surgeon—found himself stark naked—demanded his clothes from the hangman, and on the very official refusal of that functionary to deliver up his perquisites, drew a knife and slew, or almost slew Jack Ketch; for which he is to be hanged again. There is a degree of verisimilitude about this story, which is quite refreshing. We can only approach it in our history. When Major General Harrison was hanged for being one of the Judges of Charles I., the rope broke, and the undaunted regicide, previous to being tied up again, struck the hangman a sound box on the ear for his negligence in tying him up. A more wonderful but less tragical and notorious similarity took place in Cork, where a tailor was hanged, but revived under the hands of Glover, a player at that time performing in Cork. The first use the incorrigible tailor made of his revivification was to get *dead drunk*, in which state he went to the theatre where Glover performed that evening, and thanked him in presence of the astonished audience, from the gallery, for his kind exertions. Brasbridge, the ex-silversmith and Horace Walpole, of Fleet-street, also deposes to this fact, which he had from the lips of Glover, a competitor of his in days lang syne.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

BEAU BRUMMELL, in the *zenith* of his reign, was one day accosted by a notorious *garnisher*, with "Do you go to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade to-night, Brummell?"—"Yes, certainly," was the reply. "Good! and pray do you go in *disguise*, or as a *gentleman*?"—"Soured, but not moved from his natural coolness, by such a question, Brummell replied, "I think of going as Apollo, and, if so, shall take you as my lyre!"—(Quare, liar?)

Tablet to the Memory of Lord Byron.



UNWILLING to detain from our readers anything which relates to that noble bard, whose fame will be coeval with the permanence of the English language, we inserted, in No. CLVIII. of the MIRROR, the inscription on a Grecian tablet of white marble, erected in August last, to the memory of Lord Byron, in the chancel of Hucknall church, without waiting until we could give an engraving of this simple tribute to the greatest poet of his age. We have since procured a very correct drawing of the tablet, and lose no time in presenting our readers with an engraving from it.

A person of Lord Byron's genius needs not the aid of marble to perpetuate his fame or memory, for though

"Some when they die, die all; their mouldering clay

Is but an emblem of their memories,"
Yet Byron has left

"A mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity."

We fear, however, respect for the illustrious dead is not a virtue that increases in this country. The first of modern dramatists, Sheridan, slumbers in Westminster Abbey, with no record of his fame save a plain stone which covers his remains. Charles Dibdin, who deserved a national monument for his patriotic sea songs, which not only manned our navy with volunteers, but won our battles, remains without a single memorial; and a plain tablet, with an inscription niggardly of praise, is all that is given to Byron. On this subject, and the respect in which the memory of this great poet is held, we cannot do better than conclude with the following interesting article from the *Nottingham Review* :—

LORD BYRON.

The name of Byron is immortalized by the splendour of his genius and the transcendent beauty of his poetical compositions, no less than by his ardent love of liberty, which led him to volunteer his services, his purse and his person, and to yield his dying breath in the cause of the Greeks. It is no wonder, therefore, that the spot of ground which contains the dear deposit of his body should be visited by many who honour his name, and are desirous of paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Some of those distinguished foreigners who had the happiness of being acquainted with him in other countries, have, on their arrival in Britain, with eager haste sought for his grave, kneeled upon his tomb, and bedewed the hallowed ground with their tears. But these have not been alone in their mourning—many of his countrymen who have read his works, have felt their souls inspired by the ever-living fire which pervades his writings, and acknowledging the triumphs of his mighty pen, in the use of which he had no compeer, they have also paid their silent homage at his last earthly resting place. Amongst these, a stranger, whose name we know not, presented himself at Hucknall, in July last, a few days before the monumental inscription to the memory of Lord Byron was fixed in its destined place. The stranger inquired of the clerk of the church whether there was not a book in which strangers who visited the tomb of this great man might inscribe their names? and on finding there was no such record, he promised to send one, and in a few days afterwards that promise was fulfilled. The clerk of the parish has been so obliging as to show us the book: it is a small octavo, very neatly bound, and in the first three pages is an inscription and a few stanzas, which we have copied below. There are many blank pages to receive the names of visitors, and there are some very respectable names, both of Englishmen and foreigners already inscribed; but the stranger who furnished the book has not given his name, neither have we any key to it further than the initials 'J. B.'

TO THE IMMORTAL & ILLUSTRIOUS

THE FAME OF
LORD BYRON,

THE FIRST POET OF THE AGE
IN WHICH HE LIVED,

THESE TRIBUTES,

WEAK AND UNWORTHY OF HIM,
BUT IN THEMSELVES SINCERE,
ARE INSCRIBED

WITH THE DEEPEST REVERENCE.

July, 1825.

'At this period no monument, not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbourhood, had been erected, to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes—and he has been buried more than twelve months.

'So should it be—let o'er this grave
No monumental banners wave;
Let no word speak, no trophy tell
Aught that may break the charming spell,
By which, as on this sacred ground
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.

A still resistless influence,
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense;
While every whisper seems to breathe
Of th' mighty dead who rests beneath.
—And though the master hand is cold,
And though the lyre it once controll'd
Rests mute in death; yet from the gloom
Which dwells about this holy tomb,
Silence breathes out more eloquent,
Than epitaph or monument.

One laurel wreath—the poet's crown
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown:
One tear, that so much worth could die,
Fills, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye.

This the simple offering
(Poor but earnest) which I bring,
—The tear has dried—the wreath shall fade,
The hand that twin'd it soon be laid
In cold obstruction; but the fame
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim
From most remote posterity
While Britain lives, can never die.

July 26, 1825.

J. B.

SOPHIA HYATT, THE WHITE
LADY.

SINGULAR TRIBUTE TO BYRON'S
MEMORY.

[The following interesting but melancholy narrative is copied from the *Nottingham Review*, a provincial journal of very superior merit, which, while it omits none of the useful details of a country newspaper, is not inattentive to the progress of literature and the arts.—*Ed. MIRROR.*]

IN our last we recorded the melancholy death of Sophia Hyatt, who was, in consequence of her extreme deafness, run over by a carrier's cart, at the entrance of the Maypole Inn-yard, on the 28th of September, and unfortunately killed. At that time we stated that she had come that morning in a gig from Newstead, Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood, and we again advert to the lamentable occurrence, because some very singular and mysterious circumstances are connected with the melancholy accident.

The unfortunate deceased Sophia Hyatt, had been, for the last three or four years, a lodger in one of the farm-houses belonging to Colonel Wildman, at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly from

whence she came, nor what were her connexions. Her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the Abbey, to which from the kindness of Colonel Wildman, she had free access; her dress was invariably the same; and she was distinguished by the servants at Newstead as the "White Lady." She had ingratiated herself with the Newfoundland dog which came from Greece with the body of Lord Byron, by regularly feeding him; and on the evening before the fatal accident which terminated her existence, she was seen, on quitting the gardens, to cut off a small lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in her handkerchief. On that same evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were no less interesting than surprising; they consisted of various poems in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the mighty bard to whom Newstead once belonged, and whose fame is imperishable. A letter, addressed to Mrs. Wildman, was enclosed with the poetry, written with much elegance of language and native feeling; it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kind attention towards her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement that she had connexions in America, that her brother had died there, leaving a widow and family; and she requested Colonel W.'s assistance to arrange certain matters, in which she was materially concerned. She concluded with declaring, that her only happiness in this world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to trace the various spots which had been consecrated by the genius of Lord Byron. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately after the perusal of this letter, urging her, either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. With the melancholy sequel our readers have been made acquainted; and it now only remains to say, that Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, and that she has been buried in the churchyard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of Lord Byron. We have been favoured with a sight of the last poem she composed; and the public will perhaps feel gratified by its insertion. It seems to have been dictated by a melancholy foreboding of what was so shortly to take place:—

MY LAST WALK

IN THE GARDENS OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Here no longer shall I wander
Lone, but in communion high,
Kindred spirits greet me—yonder
Glows the form that's ever nigh.

Rapt in blissful contemplation,
From that hill no more I gaze
On scenes as fair as when creation
Rose,—the theme of Seraph's lays.

And thou, fair sylph, that round its basis
Driv'st thy oar with milk-white speed;
Oft I've watch'd its gentle paces,—
Mark'd its track with curious heed.

Why? ah! why thus interesting
Are forms and scenes to me unknown?
Oh, you, the muses' power conferring,
Define the charm your bosoms own.

Why love to gaze on playful fountain,
Or lake that bore him on his breast?
Lately to wander o'er each mountain,
Grove, or plain his feet have press'd?

It is, because the muses hover,
And all around a halo shed;
And still must every fond adorer
Worship the shrine, the idol dead.

But 'tis past; and now for ever
Fancy's vision's bliss is o'er;
But to forget thee, Newstead,—never,
Though I shall haunt thy shades no more.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

SPATOLINO, THE ASSASSIN.

SPATOLINO had been an assassin for eighteen years, and had, in that time, committed the most atrocious crimes in Italy. About the year 1807, the French government, finding it impossible to apprehend him, entrusted that service to one Angelo Rotoli, a very active commissary of police. This man, seeing that the assassin was not to be openly subdued, had recourse to stratagem, and sent him a message, stating that a commissary of police desired to speak with him, and bade him fix upon a place fit for the purpose, whither he would repair alone and unarmed, hoping that Spatolino, bearing no base mind, would offer him no violence; he trusted entirely to him, and added that the conference would relate to very important affairs. Spatolino credited all that was alleged in Rotoli's message, and in his reply, named a place to which the commissary was to repair by night to confer with him. Accordingly, Rotoli went thither, unarmed and alone; he found Spatolino armed, who said, "Signor Rotoli, are you come to betray me, or is it true, as you have written to me, that you

have important business to communicate?" Rotoli answered, "I am no traitor: the French government wishes by means of thee to seize all thy band, and will give thee a general pardon, and thou mayest live upon the money thou hast amassed." Spatolino was, indeed, weary of the life he was leading, and would have been very glad of a pardon; he therefore said, "Look you, Signor Rotoli, I am an assassin, but I have a sense of honour, and I give you my word that I will enable you to apprehend a part of the men, if not the whole; but I will be assured of my personal safety." Rotoli answered, "On that point thou mayest be quite certain; I give thee my word of honour." — "Well, then," said Spatolino, "this evening, at eight, come to this place again with twenty gens-d'armes, in the garb of peasants; here you shall find me, and we will go to a house, and we will take seven or eight of them: this is all I can do. In that house there will be my wife, who must be free as well as myself." Rotoli gave him his word for it, and said, "As for yourselves, be under no concern, I will take care of you." They had much further talk, in the course of which, Spatolino promised Rotoli a present of two thousand dollars on obtaining his freedom, adding, that he had great sums of money buried in secret places. After a long conversation they parted.

Rotoli returned to Rome, and gave an exact account of his proceedings. In the evening he and the gens-d'armes went to the place appointed by Spatolino, who in a short time came; and having hailed Rotoli, said, "Come, let us be going; they are now at supper." Accordingly Rotoli went arm in arm with Spatolino, closely followed by the gens-d'armes. "Recollect," said Spatolino to Rotoli, "I trust myself to you; don't deceive me, for it really seems to me impossible that the French government can be willing to pardon me." Rotoli answered, "Don't doubt it; I am guarantee for thy life." Having by this time reached the house, Spatolino whistled; the door was instantly opened; Spatolino entered first, and then all the gens-d'armes. Spatolino's comrades believed the strangers to be other comrades, and for that reason kept their seats. The gens-d'armes, as soon as they had posted themselves conveniently, seized all at once; four of them fell on Spatolino, disarmed him, and bound him like the others. Then said Spatolino, "Signor Rotoli, you have betrayed me." Rotoli replied, not without agitation, "It is a mere matter of form; to-morrow thou wilt be set at liberty." Then Spatolino exclaimed, "Eighteen

years have I been an assassin, and never was overreached by any man; who would have thought that this was reserved for Rotoli! Well, I must have patience; I have been too honest; I thought a man's word of honour was good for something; I deserve what I have got; I wished to betray my companions; I have betrayed myself." When he saw that his wife also was bound, and must be carried to prison, he exclaimed, "My wife! she is innocent! Doubt not, my wife, I will save thee; thou shalt not die; I will be thy defender."

The gens-d'armes having now secured all the men, conducted the whole party that night to the dungeons of the Strada Giulia in Rome with all possible secrecy. The Commission instituted a process, and after a lapse of five months, having collected four hundred witnesses to prove his various assassinations, the trial of Spatolino commenced. He was brought up, with his eight companions and his wife. Rising from his seat at the bar, the first words he said were, "Signor President, I know well enough that it is all over with me; I chose to trust Signor Rotoli on his word of honour; that's enough, and there is no remedy; I have been too honest, and must endure the consequence. I will myself undertake to inform you of all my crimes, and of every particular connected with them. One favour I have to ask of you, which is, an hour's talk with my wife ere I die." The President promised that he should have leave before his execution to speak with his wife as long as he pleased. Spatolino added, "This surely will not be such a promise as that of Signor Rotoli, who assured me I should be pardoned, and now takes my life away." All this he said with a very cheerful air. "Doubt not," replied the President, "I promise thee." "Well," rejoined he, "we shall see what comes of this promise!" He then added, "Signor President, we are ten of us brought to trial, but of these ten all do not deserve to die; I will enable you to tell which is innocent and which is guilty." "Be assured, Spatolino," answered the President, "we shall judge them according to their merits." The trial commenced; and as each witness was called to give testimony against the assassin, Spatolino would rise from his seat, and say, "Excuse me; you do not remember rightly: I committed that assassination in such and such a manner;" thus explaining the minutest circumstances of every successive crime, without caring whether he aggravated his guilt, his sole aim being to involve in his own fate four of his companions, while he saved the lives of his wife

and of four other comrades. He represented that his wife had always acted under his authority, and had been threatened with death in case of disobedience. The four comrades last mentioned he always exculpated, and with such effect as to save their lives, constantly asserting that he had compelled them to become assassins much against their will. All who heard him were diverted; he kept the whole audience in continual mirth; and occasionally, on hearing a laugh, he would turn round and say, "Gentlemen, you laugh now; but three or four days hence you will not laugh, when you see Spatolino with four bullets in his breast." Turning to the spectators as usual, on one of these occasions, he noticed one of the *gens-d'armes*, who were stationed around him as guards, and recognised him to have been formerly an assassin along with himself. After eyeing him a considerable time, to be sure that he was not mistaken, he turned to the President and said, "Signor, I could never have believed that the French government would admit such men as this among the *gens-d'armes*." "How! what is it you say?" asked the President. "I am quite sure that this *gens-d'arme*, who stands on guard behind me, served with me for four years as an assassin; we committed such and such crimes; we assassinated such and such gentlemen; and that the truth of what I say may be proved, call that witness there, for his servant was killed, and he will recognise the man." The witness pointed out by Spatolino was accordingly called; the *gens-d'arme* was confronted with him, and was recognised to have been the man who killed this gentleman's servant. Even without such testimony, the manifest confusion of face which the *gens-d'arme* showed when Spatolino had begun to view him, would have made any one suspect that he was guilty. The President ordered him to be instantly disarmed, and to be placed as a culprit on the same seat with Spatolino. "All in very good time," said the latter: "here at my side thou art at thy proper post; we have been assassins together, and we shall go to execution together, merrily enough." The *gens-d'arme* had not a word to say; he hung down his head, and had not even strength to walk to his dungeon. The trial lasted eight days, and I think it impossible that there should ever be such another assassin, with presence of mind to recollect thousands of crimes, and to recount them with all imaginable coolness, making his own comments, and manifesting disappointment when his remarks on any particular individual failed of their intended effect. For

instance, when the post-master of Civit  Castellana was called to give evidence; Spatolino rose from his seat and said, "Signor President, thrice with my own hand have I wounded this worthy gentleman; on the last occasion I shot him in the left arm, and he lost the use of it; I shall die bitterly regretting that I did not kill him, for the post-master of Civit  Castellana has always been the greatest enemy that I have had in life, or that I shall have in death."

After this trial of eight days, the Commission passed sentence of death on Spatolino, on four of his comrades, and on the *gens-d'arme*; the wife was condemned to four years' imprisonment; and of the other four assassins whom Spatolino wished to save from death, two were sentenced to ten, and two to twenty years' captivity in *irona*. When the trial was over Spatolino said, "Signor President, remember the promise you made me, that I should speak with my wife." "Doubt it not, Spatolino; I have promised thee, and I shall be as good as my word." Accordingly, the wife was allowed an interview of an hour and a half with Spatolino, in the strong room of the prison. His purpose was to tell her the amount of his treasures, and reveal to her the places where he had buried them. After this conference, he caused himself to be shut up in the strong room, saying, he wished to be molested no more by any person until the moment when he was to be removed to the Mouth of Truth (*Bocca della Verit *, the place where assassins are shot), to undergo his sentence. He would neither listen to nor speak with a priest; and declared that the first who transgressed his order, by coming into the strong room, should be massacred. At this every body laughed; but Spatolino was serious, for, in a few minutes, he pulled up all the bricks from the floor of the strong room, and piled them in a heap against the door, resolving that when any one ventured to transgress his prohibition, that moment should be his last. It is to be understood, that in Rome the prisoners confined in the strong room (*segreta*) are not bound; they can walk about the room as they like, so that Spatolino had scope for action. The gaolers attempting to enter, he struck one of them such a blow that they durst not venture in. They tried from without to persuade him. He said, "It is useless; I must die at ten o'clock to-morrow; come for me at nine, and I shall be ready. I will not be tormented by priests or chaplains." Some priests went to the door of the strong room to ask if he had confessed himself. "I shall confess myself," answered Spatolino, "as soon as

you have brought me the postmaster of Civit  Castellana, and Signor Rotoli, who betrayed me, that I may kill them both; and instantly go to confession."—They importuned him a good deal, but he would give no further answer to any one.

In the morning, on being informed that it was nine o'clock, he said, "Very well; I am ready." The gaolers were unwilling to enter the room; but he said, "Come in; I shall do you no harm." They accordingly bound Spatolino, and led him to execution. On the way, some priests wished to speak to him; but he said, "Don't tease me; let me amuse myself for the last time, by viewing the many fair ladies of Rome, who are looking at me from their windows;" and he walked gaily along, bowing to the girls at the windows, and rebuking his comrades for giving heed to the priests. On arriving at the fatal place, however, he shook hands with his fellow culprits, and said, "We have made so many people suffer, that it is only fair we should suffer in our turn; therefore, let us die contented; we have committed our share of crimes." Then turning to the people, he added, "Remember, Spatolino dies regretting that he has not been able to revenge himself on the postmaster of Civit  Castellana, and that traitor of a commissary, Angelo Rotoli, who, with all his pretended good faith, has been the death of me." Then, bidding the soldiers fire, he said, "give me, I pray you, four good bullets in my breast;" and without allowing his eyes to be bandaged, he fell and expired. In Rome, his adventures were dramatised, and became very popular.

London Magazine.

HONNEUR AUX BRAVES.

The Emperor Napoleon and his suite were riding slowly towards Easing, when they encountered a numerous body of captive Austrians, most of whom were wounded—many severely. Napoleon and his Staff immediately turned out of the road, and as the prisoners filed past, the Emperor, uncovering himself with respectful solemnity, repeated in noble and touching accents, "Honour to the brave! Honour to the brave who bleed for their country!"—*Manuscript Memoirs of a French Officer.*

Honour unto the Brave,
Honour to those who fall
Where Freedom's banners wave,
Where glory's trumpets call:
The laurel that alone
Should shade a hero's grave
Will bloom when we are gone—
Then "Honour to the Brave!"
Honour unto the Brave,
Honour to those who bleed
Their native land to save,—
Oh! theirs is fame indeed.

Who that could perish so
Would live to be a slave?
Can brave men crouch so low?
No!—"Honour to the Brave!"

Honour unto the Brave,
Who bore their banner high,
Above the stormy wave,
Beneath the stormy sky:
They sleep the hero's sleep
In many an ocean cave,
But their fame is on the deep—
Then "Honour to the Brave!"

Honour unto the Brave,
Where'er they draw the sword;
Honour to those who crave
But fame as their reward;
In camp, in regal hall,
On mountain, or in cave,
At beauty's festival,
Still "Honour to the Brave!"

BERNARD WYCLIFFE.

Oriental Herald.

EPIGRAM.

FROM PAREHASIUS.

Kind Asper will do anything you choose—
But lend his ass,—and that you must excuse;
His time and toil he freely will expend
On your behalf—his ass he'll never lend.
He'd fetch and carry at your call or beck,—
But would not lend his ass to save your neck:
None in self-knowledge Asper can surpass,
Who justly rates himself below an ass!

Asiatic Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK.

OF David Garrick I must be permitted to indulge the remembrance. I am, perhaps, one of the few now living who have had the happiness of seeing him on what may be justly called the theatre of his glory, the stage of Drury-lane. At an early period of life it was my good fortune to pass a winter in London, and that happened to be the last season of his appearance. He performed regularly twice a-week; and I very rarely missed an opportunity of being present. It was, indeed, a work of no small difficulty to one who preferred sitting in the pit, for the purpose of seeing him to greater advantage, for I was obliged to go long before the doors were opened, and to encounter a scene of confusion and jostling, in which many suffered severely, though youth and strength like mine found nothing serious in the obstacles to be overcome. The difficulties, however,—and had they been ten times greater, the result would have been the same in my estimation,—were overpaid by the appearance of Roscius, and the wondrous-working power of his inimitable performance.

When a student in the University of

Dublin, I had frequent opportunity of seeing almost all the great performers of that day—Roebuck alone excepted—Barry, Sheridan, Moosop, &c.; and to say the truth, they appeared to me to carry their various excellencies to the highest degree of theatrical excellence. The first of these derived great advantage from a beautiful countenance and fine person; and there were in consequence a few parts in which he has never been surpassed. I had even ventured to spout myself, that is, to recite parts of tragedy with what I then thought the necessary graces of theatrical strut, measured cadence, and vociferous ranting. The fame of Mr. Garrick naturally excited a great curiosity to see his performance, in order that I might employ my own judgment in ascertaining how far he was justly entitled to pre-eminence in an art which I had seen exercised with what I thought consummate ability. I had heard, indeed, that he was a closer copier of Nature in his representation both of comic and tragic parts, but not perceiving anything unnatural in the representation of heroic dignity, as exemplified in the performance of the great actors I had seen, and being quite satisfied with the skill of those who excelled in the comic line, I could not clearly conceive in what Mr. Garrick's superior delineations of natural action could consist. This, of course, increased my impatience to behold the man who was universally allowed to have reached the highest attainable perfection of his art.

The play-bill in which I first saw his name announced as an actor, was for the tragedy of Zara, the part of Lusignan by Mr. Garrick. There was something of disappointment in this, for the old King does not appear till the third act, has little to do, and that little, as it seemed to me, of too trifling a nature to give scope to any display of great or peculiar powers. The three principal parts were well sustained, particularly that of Zara, by Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), whose only want was that of beauty. Though probably there were not many, who, like myself, had never seen Mr. Garrick, yet the general impatience for the third act seemed equal to my own; there was a good deal of noise in the house, and few appeared to be very attentive. At length a general buzz proclaimed his approach, and all was hushed when he entered—a pin might have been heard to fall. The power with which he rivetted the auditors, of whom, while the scene lasted, every eye was fixed on him alone, was, you may be sure, peculiarly felt by me, a native of another country, and one who, until a few days before, had never flattered himself

with a hope of seeing Mr. Garrick. In truth, many minutes had not elapsed after he began to speak, before I became aware, not only that I had seen nothing like him, but that I had formed an erroneous judgment of what acting ought to be; that, in short, the general usage of the theatre had framed a plan for itself, and that Nature, as exhibited by this her favourite disciple, had laid down another. Every word, look, gesture, and movement, in none of which was the smallest show of the artificial, were so exactly suited to the character, that the idea of a part acted was out of the question—it was not Garrick acting Lusignan, it was Lusignan himself—by a kind of magic like that of Belshazzor, the old king was conjured from his grave, and exhibited to the spectators in *propria persona*, as just liberated from the long confinement of his dungeon—first unable to distinguish objects in the light, after such a length of gloomy incarceration, and afterwards gradually recovering the power of vision. Garrick was completely excluded from my mind, and my feelings were wholly engrossed by the affecting situation and pathetic language of the old and venerable object before me. Another striking peculiarity, applicable also to every part he played, and which belonged but very partially to any other actor I ever saw, was that exquisite art of elocution which compelled you to believe that what he spoke was not a coned lesson, but suggested by the exigency of the moment, and the immediate dictate of his own mind. You could not prevail upon yourself to think that it was an actor repeating words he had got by heart, and endeavouring to suit the action to the speech, which is the usual idea of dramatic deception, and under which, while you applaud the performance, the idea and name of the actor are always present to your mind,—no, in the inimitable Roebuck you forgot the representation, and thought only of the thing represented. It was not Garrick, but Lusignan, Richard, and Lear, that were before your eyes, nor was it until the exhibition was at an end that you had leisure to reflect upon the magic illusion by which he was enabled to represent them so faithfully to your view.

In comedy he shone with at least equal lustre, and it is one of the most inconceivable things in the world, how one man should have been able to exhibit such an amazing contrast and variety of powers as fell within the range of his performances, in most of which he had nothing like a rival, and in none of which was he surpassed. The same set of features which, in the animating or pathetic scenes of a tragic part, could thrill the very soul,

exalt it into admiration, or sink it in irresistible distress, were with equal art employed in the most delightful display of comic gaiety or laughable humour. The strictest adherence to propriety was always observed, the droll never descending to buffoonery, nor the lively into extravagance. In no single instance, I believe, was he ever known to transgress the rules so admirably delivered by his Hamlet, or to outstep the modesty of nature; a temptation, which, ever since his time, and under the force of his example, few have been able wholly to resist. Wonderful, indeed, it is to think that the action, features, and demeanour which convulsed the spectator with laughter in the Lying Valet, in Scrub, or in Abel Drugger, should be capable of so great a metamorphosis as was exhibited in the heart-rending distress of Lear, the tyrannical vivacity of Richard, or the terrifying remorse of Macbeth. Wonderful it is to think that something of the tragic cast of countenance should not occasionally appear in the low comedian, or something of the droll be exhibited in the hero. But alike true to nature in all the enchantment that riveted the temporary attention of the spectator, he never suffered it to wander into a thought of anything beyond the object presented to his view.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH

On a tomb-stone in the burying-ground of Church Cretlow, a village in Shropshire, on the road between Ludlow and Shrewsbury, is this epitaph:—

ON a Thursday she was born,
ON a Thursday made a bride,
ON a Thursday put to bed,
ON a Thursday broke her leg, and
ON a Thursday died!

BENEDICT the Thirteenth had a dislike to certain of the clergy wearing wigs; in 1724 he issued a bull, imposing an imprisonment of ten days upon transgressors.

LOQUACITY.

MEN of great loquacity and moderate intellect are represented in an Arabian proverb as mills whose clatter we only hear without ever carrying away any flour. A proclamation was issued by Henry VIII. "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Janet is requested to send to our office for a letter.

Lady Byron's Answer to her Lord's Farewell; The History of Horse-racing; Edgar; Everard Endless's Leaves from a Journal; J. F. P.-r; C. P. N. W.; C. M. T.; The History of Music, and several other interesting articles, are intended for insertion in our next.

We shall endeavour to find a place early for the following—*Theodosia; Home; Curioni; Tim Tartlet; S. G.; The Happy Girl; **H.*

We thank a *Periodical Reader* for his good opinion, but we should be liable to the imputation of vanity if we printed his letter.

The following communications are marked for insertion as early as we can conveniently make room for them—*George Piercy; A short Historical Collection touching the Succession to the Crown; G. S. (whose Cromlech is not forgotten); J. W.; Aliquis; Antiquarius; Justus; Henry Morland; R. W. A.; R. W.; G. W. N.*

Vinyan's Critical Letter, though good, does not exactly come within the range of our plan. By the bye he is sadly misinformed as to the sale of a much-puffed though obscure periodical.

The Drawing sent by *S. J. B.* is in hand.

We are obliged to our old Correspondent *A. B. C.*—Has he verified the correctness of the extract he gives on the faith of the *E. M.*? If this is ascertained, we shall insert his excellent letter.

A Correspondent, in answer to an inquiry from *Civis*, begs us to state, that "Mr. Hurcombe, of St. Paul's Church-yard, has a copy of Dr. Case's 'Angelical Guide.'"

We thank our Reading friend for his Autographs; they shall appear, and his inquiries be promptly answered.—Original autographs of eminent persons, if sent us, will be carefully returned.

We cannot interfere in affairs so important as that of *Matilda* and the whiskers of her lover.

We thank our Correspondent for the drawing of Ludlow Castle, which we shall insert.

Mr. Gompertz's Poem of *Devon* may be all that his admirer thinks it, but he will see, by a contemporary of last Saturday, that critics disagree on that point. At all events the extracts sent are much—very much too long for us.

The following are under consideration—*J. F.; Julia S.; S. J.; J. N. B.; Jean; J. P.; W. Jones; Steepy; M. L.; Loinir, jun.; Florio.*

In order to facilitate the despatch of business in our court of judicature, we have a plan in contemplation. It is not, however, to create a Vice Chancellor, whose decisions may be reversed nine times out of ten. We shall establish a Court of Claims, where all cases will be at once registered, and such as are not, from some informality registered in the outset, will be referred to a superior tribunal, which we hope, in the language of Magna Charta, will not delay nor deny justice to any applicant.—To drop all metaphor, we are making arrangements for a more speedy decision on all communications sent for the MIRROR, which we can assure our readers will be as great a relief to us as it will be to them.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

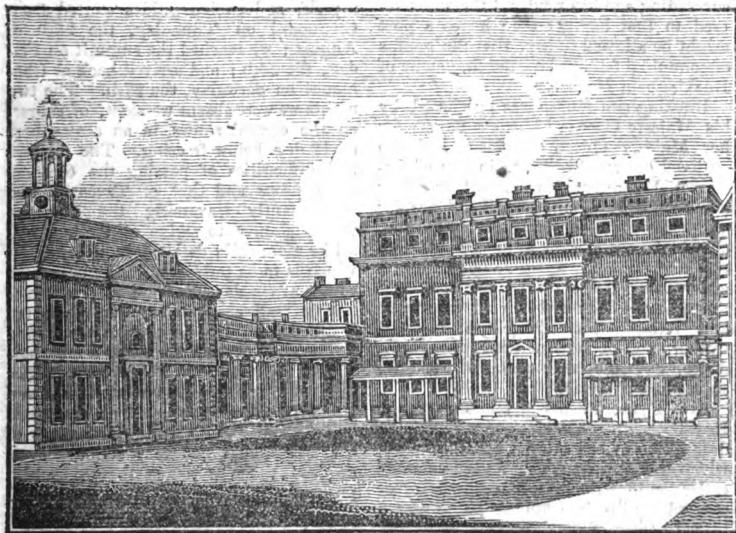
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXIV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

Buckingham House.



INTENDING in the progress of our work to give engravings of all the royal residences in England, and having already given Windsor Castle and St. James's Palace, we now present our readers with a view of Buckingham House, which has recently been taken down in order to erect a new Palace; but whether on a scale worthy the residence of the sovereign of the first nation in the world, or not, seems doubtful. We are sure that in these times of peace and prosperity the country would not begrudge the sum necessary to erect a splendid palace, such as should do credit to the taste and munificence of the country, rather than having a few thousands every year frittered away in repairing old buildings. The money expended on the Pavilion at Brighton, at different times, would have been sufficient to construct an extensive and noble edifice, and yet it appears an incomplete piece of architectural patchwork.

Buckingham House was erected in 1703, on the site of what was originally called the *Mulberry Gardens*, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who held the office of Lord Privy Seal, under Queen Anne.

VOL. VI.

S

Buckingham House, built of brick and stone, is situated at the west end of St. James's Park; has a lawn, enclosed with iron rails, in front, and spacious grounds behind. It was much altered by their late Majesties: the front was modernized, and the grounds, which were, according to the old style, over-ornamented with parterres, fountains, statues, &c. were changed to the succeeding style, which excluded ornament altogether. By an old folio print, we perceive that there was a fountain on the front lawn, in the basin of which were Neptune and his Tritons. The house too was ornamented over the attics with an *acroteria* of figures, representing Mercury, Secrecy, Equity, Liberty, &c. In the centre of the entablature of the eastern front was inscribed, in large gilt Roman capitals, "*SIC SITI LÆTANTUR LARES*;" and on the front to the north was inscribed, "*RUS IN URBE*:" above which were figures of the four Seasons.

The situation of this noble mansion, when occupied by its founder the Duke of Buckingham, must have been delightful; no buildings extending beyond St. James's, to the left, the north open to Hampstead,

257

and the view of the Thames almost unintercepted from the south-west corner of the park. The beauty of the surrounding scene, and the general *agremens* of the site were sensibly felt by the noble founder of the house, and may be adduced as one among many instances to prove, that wealth does not necessarily preclude the blessing of domestic enjoyment; and a succeeding age has rendered the walls sacred to that happy state; hence a poet might be allowed to say, that the genius of connubial felicity laid the first stone of Buckingham House.

Buckingham House was purchased by his Majesty George III. as a Palace for her Majesty Queen Charlotte, had she outlived her royal consort, in lieu of Somerset House, which ancient building had been held as the town residence for queen dowagers of England. The purchase was made soon after the birth of the heir apparent at St. James's Palace, which being the seat of government, and the Queen's House being more elegant and retired, their Majesties removed thither, and it became their town residence, and the birth-place of all their succeeding children.

Mr. Pyne, in his "History of the Royal Residences," gives a very minute description of the interior of this Palace, which was enriched with a very valuable collection of paintings, purchased for or ordered by his late Majesty, who was a liberal patron of the fine arts.

On the ground floor the suite of apartments, although sufficiently spacious to admit of splendid decoration, were remarkable for their plainness, being in character with those habits of simplicity which some great men have affected, but which in his Majesty George III. were the offspring of a genuine love for domestic quiet in the bosom of his family. They were not without splendour however; but the ornaments selected by this virtuous sovereign were such as change not with the fashion of the times, being of a character to suit the mind which delights to dwell upon the works of good and ingenious men. The walls were covered with well-selected pictures, and the library was amply stored with the choicest treasures of literature. It was in the contemplation of these that his Majesty, in retirement from public duties, lengthened his many days of happiness.

One apartment in Buckingham House was entirely appropriated to the works of Mr. West, and contained some of his best paintings, including *Regulus returning to slavery*, for which the king gave a thousand guineas; and several other excellent pictures.

THE LAST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.*

Berne en Suisse, 4th Sept. 1825.

AMONG other eccentricities of my life, I have just completed the difficult and dangerous task of reaching the summit of Mont Blanc. A few hasty particulars may amuse you. Dr. Edmund Clark, myself, and twelve guides started from Chamouni on Thursday, the 25th of August; we reached the summit on Friday, the 26th; and arrived back at Chamouni on Saturday, the 27th. The two nights we were absent we slept, of course, on the eternal snows, in an atmosphere of 12 deg. below freezing. The dangers and difficulties of passing the *Glaciers des Bossons* and that of Tacconai, and subsequently traversing the immense plains of snow to arrive at the top, will all be more fully detailed in a pamphlet which is to be published at Geneva in the course of ten days, as soon as our narrative is ready. The barometer was ten inches lower with us than in the Valley de Chamouni, where we had a man stationed to observe the mercury. The thermometer at twelve o'clock in the sun was 2-12 below freezing only; our pulses varied from 100 to 150. The rarity of the atmosphere had very serious effects on us all; one or two of the guides bled profusely at the nose; one spit blood during a whole day; I vomited during eighteen hours with little intermission. Sleep overcame us at every moment; but my principal guide, Coutet, son of him who went with Monsieur de Saussure in 1787, would not permit me to sleep on the snows a long time, fearing the frost, &c. One of the most remarkable things is the most perfect silence which reigns on the top of Mont Blanc. You do not hear any one thing. The sky is dark, quite indigo. The full moon in such a black ground was the finest thing imaginable; one star was visible only; our faces almost all peeled, and our eyes were very much swollen. It was a hazardous thing. The last ascension was four years since, when three guides perished by an avalanche. We sealed up a bottle with names and dates, and plunged it in the snow. Some hundred years hence it will perhaps come to light, for we have ascertained the probable rate of movement of

* For this very interesting account of the recent ascent of Mont Blanc by our enterprising countrymen, we are indebted to the kindness of a gentleman whose urbanity in the discharge of an important public situation is only equalled by the amiability of his character in private life. ED.

the glaciers. We found no autographs of any sort! God bless you.

MARKHAM SHERWILL.*

* A recent number of the *Journal of Savoy* contains a letter written by Jacques Balmat, one of the guides of Chamonvi, relative to the above described ascent to the top of Mont Blanc. This guide, who has obtained the cognomen of Mont Blanc, from his many hardy enterprises upon that mountain, has ascended to its ridge no less than a dozen times; and this father of guides relaxes not even in his 66th year from the painful labours of his youth. The services which he has rendered, and the fatigues to which he has been subjected all his life, are of a nature to inspire a true interest in his favour. The letter is in these terms:—

"I take the liberty of sending you some intelligence of the number of visitors who have been lately to see Montanvert, Le Gardin, Mont Breven, and La Flaisiere. Two Englishmen ascended Mont Blanc on the 26th of August, at three quarters past two in the afternoon. They could remain only eighteen minutes on the summit, but were unable to catch the ensemble of the mountain, as the summits and valleys were wrapped in clouds. These gentlemen are Captain Markham, and Dr. Edmund Clark, of London. They had the utmost difficulty in ascending, and found the rarity of the air very painful at the top."

THE REV. MR. FLETCHER AND HIS MYRMIDONS.

SIR,—Being desirous of hearing Mr. Fletcher, of Grub Street, preach, I went to his chapel last Sunday morning, but was disappointed, he being in Edinburgh. I did not, like one third of the congregation, quit the chapel immediately after the sermon, but waited till the whole of the service was concluded, and was about to retire when a genteel dressed young man, who sat in the same pew with me, asked me if I would give him leave to insert my name as a Subscriber towards defraying the expenses of Mr. Fletcher's chancery suit, or if I felt disposed to give anything towards it; I, of course, refused to do either, and immediately left the chapel.

Your's, obliged,

Sept. 17th.

X. U.

THE ORIGIN OF PORTER, AND THE WORD "ENTIRE."

MANY of the readers I believe of the *MIRROR* do not entirely comprehend the meaning of "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s *Entire*," "Meux and Co.'s *Entire*," &c. on the boards of our public houses. Most of them may consider that the meaning is porter, but the following will shew the origin of the word, as here made use of. There was in the early

part of the last century a drink called "two-penny," which with ale and beer were the malt liquors in general use in London; and it was then customary to call for "a pint of half and half," (or more) that is, half of beer and half of ale, or half of ale and half of two-penny. In the process of time the taste of the day was for a mixture of the three liquors, and thus became the call for "a pint of three-thirds," meaning a third of each. This did not over much please the publicans, as they had the trouble to go to three different casks for a pint of liquor, and had not in those days the convenient beer engines of the modern taps. However, to avoid this inconvenience, a brewer of the name of Harwood, set to work and produced a liquid which partook of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny, and called it entire, or entire butt, meaning that it was drawn from one cask or butt, and as it was a very hearty and nourishing beverage, soon gained favour with porters and other labouring people, and thus obtained the name of porter.

H.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

(For the Mirror.)

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

A GENTLEMAN was speaking somewhat paradoxically in a mixed company, a fool, said he, could not reconcile such apparent contradictions, "then said the other, "by a new example I will make the possibility plain to the meanest capacity. You are both like and unlike Brutus in his earlier days, like him because you appear an idiot, and unlike him because you are one.

LAYING A WAGER.

Two gentlemen eminent on the turf chanced to meet in Regent-street, when one thus addressed the other, "D—n Ascot Heath, the races have cleaned me out, I hav'n't a farthing left; could you lend me fifty pounds or so." "No, hang it, I'm just the same, not a bawbee, minus all and every thing—not a sixpence to help myself, hav'n't got enough to buy a ha'porth o' gingerbread." "That you have I'll be bound." "That I hav'n't." "Done for a thousand." "Done."

BEN JONSON.

THE following anecdote of this immortal poet is so little known that it deserves to be inserted here. Lord Craven once invited him to dine at his house. At the appointed time, Ben trudged off in his

usual poor clothes, patched all over, and knocked at his lordship's door. The astonished porter scratched his head, and before he conducted the stranger in, sent to inform Lord Craven that a shabby clod-hopper, who called himself Ben Jonson, desired to see him. His lordship flew to the door to welcome the poet, but started back in surprise when he saw such an odd figure, "you Ben Jonson," said he, "you Ben Jonson, indeed! shouldn't care for your clothes, but your face, sounds, you couldn't say bo to a goose." "Bo," said Ben. His lordship burst into a hearty laugh and satisfied by the joke of the personal identity of his famous guest, conducted him in.

THE CHARLATAN.

A CHARLATAN once said he could tell a person's thoughts. One of the company laughing, desired him to tell his, "Why," said he, "you think what I asserted impossible." The gentleman was forced to acknowledge the truth of the answer. "Besides this," continued the man, "if you get into the other room and shut the door, I'll tell you what you are doing." The gentleman did so, and balanced a chair on his head, thinking it would be impossible for the charlatan to guess this curious occupation. Finding he continued silent for some time, the gentleman called out, "what am I doing." "Asking me what you are doing," said the charlatan. The gentleman then tried another method, finding himself thus foiled, and took a companion with him into the room, who asked aloud, "what is the gentleman doing," "something foolish," said the man, and his opponent became so chagrined at these answers, that he ceased tormenting the charlatan.

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

A FRENCHMAN who visited England was so afraid of being at a loss for words that he always carried a *Johnson's Dictionary* about with him. One day having spent a pleasant evening with a very merry old gentleman, he asked him who he was, "I am a stock-jobber," said his companion. This last word puzzled the foreigner, who consulted his *Johnson*, and replied, "vat, sare, you are den a low wretch who gets money by buying and selling in the funds," which is the explanation given by the great colossus of literature. It is needless to add that the Frenchman descended the stairs quicker than he came up.

A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

A BOA CONSTRICTOR which was brought

over in a ship to England broke from his den and burst out upon the deck. The sailors fled in terror, and were proposing several means to effect the destruction of the monster, when the serpent, mistaking the sea for a green field, plunged in and was drowned.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

THE commander of a slave ship finding the Ophthalmia had broken out amongst the unhappy captives ordered them to be thrown overboard. A few months after, a ship whose captain had in vain protested against the horrid deed, learned that the diabolical precaution had been too late, and saw the blind monsters tossed about in a storm at the mercy of the winds and waves.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

A MAN whose mind was left distracted at being condemned to death was visited by an Irish friend. "Is it possible!" said the criminal, "and is it really decreed that I shall ignominiously perish by the hands of the commoner executioner, oh, horrid thought." "I know how you can prevent it," said the Irishman, "oh, I conjure you, tell me," exclaimed the unhappy man. "By hanging yourself," said the Hibernian, as he retired.

EVERARD ENDLESS.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HORSE-RACING.

"OF all the various sports in which the brute creation are in any shape concerned, none is so pure in principle, or susceptible of practice, with so little trespass upon the claims of justice and humanity, as that of English horse-racing."

So says Honest John Lawrence, a literary farmer, and the oldest living writer on the horse; and there is certainly much truth in the remark. One advantage there is in horse-racing, that is, it improves the breed of this very useful animal. At what period, or in what country horse-races originated is unknown; they certainly formed a portion of the amusements of the Romans, although their races seem rather to have resembled feats of horsemanship than trials of speed; these sports were repeated in apparent endless succession, not only at the circus, which was more than a mile in circumference, and calculated to contain from 150,000 to 250,000 spectators, but at six similar though smaller courses in the city and its immediate vicinity. It does not seem certain whether jockeys were used in the Roman races, but it is probable that

they were run as in modern Italy, without riders.

It is, however, in England that horse-races have assumed their highest perfection, and so popular are they, that scarcely a year passes in which they are not introduced into some distant region. In Hindostan, in the New states of South America, in the United States, in Russia and even in France, which is so slow to acknowledge itself indebted to England for anything, races, according to the English fashion, are peculiarly attractive.

At what time horse-races were introduced into England seems very doubtful; it is more than probable that we owe them to the Romans, but certain it is that they were among the amusements of the Anglo Saxons. Bede says, the English began to use saddle-horses about the year 631 when prelates and others rode on horseback. So far, however, as relates to English horse-racing we do not know that we can do better than quote the historical notice of Mr. Sandivir, a surgeon, of Newmarket, whose observations on the antiquity and progress of horse-racing appeared a few months ago in the *Annals of Sporting*. The account is certainly not elegantly written, but it contains the facts, which in a case of this sort, are of more importance.

Mr. Strutt, in his book on the Sports and Pastimes of England, informs us, that several race-horses were sent by Hugh Capet, in the ninth century, as a present to Athelstan, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelwitha, his sister: and the first indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a Description of London, written by Fitzstephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in West Smithfield, and in order to prove the excellence of the most valuable hackneys and charging horses, they were matched against each other. His words are to this effect:—when a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and, perhaps, by others, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest; such as being used to ride, know how to manage their horses with judgment; the grand point is to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their part, are not without emulation,—they tremble, are impatient, and are continually in motion; at last, the signal once being given, they strike down the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity: the jockeys, inspired with

the thoughts of applause and the hopes of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries.

In the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Southampton, it is said,

In somer, in Whitsontide,
When knights most on horseback ride,
A courselet they make on a day,
Steeds and palfreye for to essaye:
Whiche horse that best may ren
Three miles the course was then,
Who that might ryde him shoulde
Haue forty pounds of redy gold.

William the Conqueror brought many horses from Normandy, and encouraged their breed in England: but Roger de Bellesme, created Earl of Shrewsbury by the victorious monarch, rendered a most essential service to the nation by introducing the stallions of Spain into his estate, in Powisland, and through them, perhaps, a nobler breed than this kingdom had ever known. Cambrensis takes notice of them, and Drayton, the poet, celebrates their excellence; he confirms the account given of racing in Smithfield, by Fitzstephen, in Henry the Second's time.

In the romance of Richard I. coeval with Sir Bevis, we find that swift running horses were greatly esteemed by the heroes who figure in romance, and rated at prodigious prices; for instance, in an ancient poem, which celebrates the warlike actions of Richard I. it is said, that in the camp of the emperor, as he is called, of Cyprus,

Two steeds fownde king Richard
Thatt von Favell, that other Lyard;
Yn this worlde they hadde no pere,
Dromedary, rabyte, ne cammele,
Goeth none so swifte withoute fayle;
For a thousand pownde of gold
Ne shoulde the one be solde.

And though the poet may be thought to have claimed the license for exaggeration respecting the value of these two famous steeds, yet it plainly indicates that, in his time, there were horses very highly prized on account of their swiftness. We do not, indeed, find that they were kept for the purpose of racing only, as horses are in the present day, but for hunting, &c. &c., and to be used by heralds and messengers in cases of urgency.

Running horses are frequently mentioned in the registers of the royal expenditure, and king John was so fond of swift horses and dogs for the chase, that he received many of his fines in the one or the other; but it does not appear that he made use of the horses for any purpose of pleasure, beyond the pursuits of hunting, hawking, &c. &c.

Edward II. and Edward III. imported horses from the continent; but they were large strong horses, fit to carry men completely armed. Sir Thomas Chaloner, who wrote in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, mentions Henry VIII. as a great admirer of horses, and of his having imported some from Turkey, Naples, Spain, and Flanders, to improve the breed. The light and fleet breed of horses originated with the invention of gunpowder, and general use of fire-arms; the heavy armour falling into disrepute, a lighter and more active sort of horse of course became necessary. Racing is mentioned and condemned by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, as cheating frequently attended it.

In the reign of Edward III. there were running horses purchased for the king's service, at the price of thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence each; and in the ninth year of his reign, the king of Navarre sent him a present of two running horses, when the king gave the person who brought them no less than one hundred shillings for his reward.

It has been customary, says a Chester antiquary (the elder Randel Holme,) time out of mind, upon a Shrove Tuesday, for the Company of Saddlers, belonging to the city of Chester, to present to the Drapers a wooden ball, embellished with flowers, and placed upon the point of a lance.

This ceremony was performed in the presence of the mayor, at the Cross in the Roody, an open place near the city; but this year, 1540, continues he, the ball was changed into a silver bell, valued at three shillings and sixpence, or more, to be given to him who shall run the best and the furthest on horseback before them on the same day, Shrove Tuesday.

These bells were denominated St. George's bells, and we are told, that, in the last year of James I. John Brereton, innkeeper, mayor of Chester, first caused the horses entered for this race, then called St. George's race, to start from the point beyond the new tower, and appointed them to run five times round the Roody; and, says my author (the younger Randel Holme), he who won the last course, or trayne, received the bell, of a good value, eight or ten pounds, and to have it for ever; which moneyes were collected for the citizens for that purpose. By the author's having added that the winner of this race was to have the bell for ever, is implied, that it had formerly been used as a temporary mark of honour by the successful horseman, and afterwards returned to the corporation: this alteration was made April 23, 1624.

Race-horses were prized, on account of

their breed, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears from the following observations in one of Bishop Hall's Satires:—

Dost thou prize
Thy brute beast's worth by their dam's qualities;
Say'st thou thy colt shall prove a swift-paced
steed,
Only because a Jennet did him breed?
Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the
prize,
Because his day was swiftest Tranchepee
Or Ruucevall, his sire, himself a gallaway,
While like a tiring jade he lags half way?

John Northbrook, a puritanical writer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, though very severe against cards and dice, vain plays, interludes, and other idle pastimes, allows of horse-racing; a proof that it was no uncommon amusement at that time, when (two centuries back) it was considered a liberal pastime, practised for pleasure rather than profit, without the least idea of reducing it to a system of gaming. It is ranked with hunting and hawking, and opposed to dice and card-playing, by an old Scotch poet, who laments that the latter had, in a great measure, superseded the former; and Commenius says, at this day, 1590, tilting, or the quintain, is used when a ring is struck with a truncheon, instead of horse-races, which, he adds, are grown out of fashion.

In the reign of king James I. public races were established in many parts of the kingdom; the races were then called bell courses, because the prize was a silver bell; and such horses as had given proofs of superior abilities became known and famous, and their breed was cultivated.

Gatherley, in Yorkshire; Croydon, near London; Theobald's, on Enfield-Chase, when the king was resident, were the spots where the races were run. Food, physic, exercise, sweats, and weight at this time were rigidly attended to: the usual weight was ten stone. It is imagined, that at this time of day the winning of a race was attended with more honour than profit. This king (James I.) bought an Arabian horse of Mr. Markham, and gave £500 for him. He was the first of that country which England had ever seen.

The Duke of Newcastle mentions him to have been of a bay colour, a little horse, and no rarity for shape; he was trained, but disgraced his country by being beat in his race by every horse that ran against him.

Boucher, in his Survey of the town of Stamford, informs us, that a concourse of noblemen and gentlemen met together in the vicinity of the town, in mirth, peace,

and amity, for the exercise of their swift running horses, every Thursday in March. The prize they run for is a silver and gilt cup with a cover, of the value of seven or eight pounds, provided by the care of the alderman for the time being; but the money is raised out of the interest of a stock formerly made by the nobility and gentry which are neighbours and well-wishers to the town.

Bourn, a writer of the seventeenth century, tells us, that horse-racing, which had formerly been practised at Eastertide, was then put down as being contrary to the holiness of the season.

Races were held at Newmarket in 1640, although the round course was not made till 1666.

In Charles the First's time, Sir Edward Harwood mentions the scarcity of able horses in the kingdom, there not being so many as two thousand that were equal to a like number of French horses, the cause of which he supposes to proceed from the strong addiction which the nation had to racing and hunting horses, which, for the sake of swiftness, were all of a lighter and weaker mould.

In this king's reign it was customary to have races performed in Hyde Park; this appears from a comedy called the *Merry Beggars*, or *Jovial Crew*, 1641.—“Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there, in Spring-Garden and Hyde Park, to see races, horse and foot?”

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, mentions horse-races as the disports of great men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen, by such means, gallop quite out of their fortunes.

After the Restoration, horse-racing was revived and much encouraged by Charles II. who frequently honoured this pastime with his presence. He established the breed of our present race of running horses, by importing mares from Barbary and other parts, which were called royal mares: the first horse we have on record, whose pedigree can be authenticated, was bred by him and called *Dodsworth*; and, for his amusement when he resided at Windsor, appointed races to be run in *Datchet mead*; and at *Newmarket*, where it is said he entered horses, and run them in his own name: he built a house for his better accommodation, and he also occasionally visited other places where horse-races were instituted,—*Burford Downs*, in particular, as may be inferred from the following doggerel verses, written by *Matthew Thomas Baskerville*, about the year 1690:—

Next, for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race:

King Charles the Second I saw here,
But I've forgotten in what year;
The Duke of Monmouth here, also,
Made his horse to sweat and blow;
Lovelace, Pembroke, and other gallants,
Have been venturing here their talents;
And Nicholas Bainton, on black Sloven,
Got silver plate by labour and drudging.

At this time (Charles II.) it appears that the prizes run for became more valuable than they formerly had been, they being bowls, or other pieces of plate, which were usually estimated at one hundred guineas each; and upon these trophies of victory the exploits and pedigrees of the successful horses were most commonly engraved, whence, perhaps, much curious information might be obtained.

According to the younger *Randel*, the sheriffs of *Chester* would have no calf's head feast, but put the charge of it into a piece of plate, to be run for on *Shrove Tuesday*; and the high sheriff borrowed a Barbary horse of *Sir Thomas Middleton*, which won him the plate; and, being master of the race, he would not suffer the horses of *Master Massey*, of *Puddington*, and of *Sir Philip Egerton*, of *Oulton*, to run, because they came the day after the time prefixed for the horses to be brought and kept in the city, which caused all the gentry to relinquish our races ever since.

William III. was also a patroniser of this pastime, and his queen not only continued the bounty of her predecessors, but added several plates to the former donations. *George I.* (1720), instead of a piece of plate, gave one hundred guineas, to be paid in money.

(To be continued.)

Words arranged to a beautiful MS. Spanish Air, for the Harp, in the possession of Mrs. Elliston.

By Miss C. M. T.—N.

CEASE lady, cease that strain,
Tho' dear 'twas once to me,
Wake not its tones again,
Tho' sweet their melody.
For, ah, each note wafts hither
Some thought of days gone by;
Sweet eyes that beam'd to wither,
Fond hopes that bloom'd to die.

'Twas in my days of brightness
First on mine ear it rung;
When life was robed in lightness,
And I and Hope were young.
But joy has now pass'd o'er,
Like moonlight on the sea,
And youth shall bloom no more
Nor Hope be bright for me.

A FRAGMENT.

DWELLS there on earth one sunk in crime so low,
 Can laugh at grief, and mock another's woe?
 Shall not the tear by virgin sadness shed,
 Tend to draw down a blessing on her head?
 Shall not the maid a sure protection find?
 Can man forget that tenderness of mind
 Due to a woman's tears, and stern, despise
 The pleading softness of her suppliant eyes?
 C. P. N. W.

The Selector;

OR,

**CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.****ANECDOTES OF RICHARD
BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.**

JUSTICE has at length been done to the genius and memory of Sheridan in the publication of his memoirs by Mr. Thos. Moore, the poet. The work, while it contains those fine touches of imagery which Mr. Moore knows so well how to introduce, is an extremely well written and spirited memoir, in which the foibles of Sheridan's character are not concealed, nor his good qualities ostentatiously blazoned forth. In one word, Mr. Moore's life of Sheridan is an honest work, and we are sure our readers will be gratified by our detailing a few passages.

SHERIDAN AT SCHOOL.

DR. PARR, who was under-master at Harrow school when Sheridan was there, says, "There was little in his boyhood worth communication. He was inferior to many of his school-fellows in the ordinary business of a school, and I do not remember any one instance in which he distinguished himself by Latin or English composition, in prose or verse. Nathaniel Halhed, one of his school-fellows, wrote well in Latin and Greek. Richard Archdall, another school-fellow, excelled in English verse. R. Sheridan aspired to no rivalry with either of them. He was at the uppermost part of the fifth form, but he never reached the sixth; and, if I mistake not, he had no opportunity of attending the most difficult and the most honourable of school business, when the Greek plays were taught—and it was the custom at Harrow to teach these at least every year. He went through his lessons in Horace and Virgil and Homer well enough, for a time; but, in the absence of the upper master, Doctor Sumner, it once fell in my way to instruct the two upper forms, and, upon calling up Dick Sheridan, I found him not only slovenly in construing, but unusually defec-

tive in his Greek grammar. Knowing him to be a clever fellow, I did not fail to probe and to tease him. I stated his case with great good humour to the upper master, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world; and it was agreed between us, that Richard should be called oftener, and worked more severely. The varlet was not suffered to stand up in his place, but was summoned to take his station near the master's table, where the voice of no prompter could reach him; and, in this defenceless condition, he was so harassed, that he at last gathered up some grammatical rules, and prepared himself for his lessons. While this tormenting process was inflicted upon him, I now and then upbraided him. But you will take notice that he did not incur any corporeal punishment for his idleness; his industry was just sufficient to protect him from disgrace. All the while, Sumner and I saw in him vestiges of a superior intellect. His eye, his countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which, somehow or other, all his school-fellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness which delighted Sumner and myself. I had much talk with him about his apple-loft, for the supply of which all the gardens in the neighbourhood were taxed; and some of the lower boys were employed to furnish it. I threatened, but without asperity, to trace the depredators, through his associates, up to their leader. He with perfect good humour set me at defiance, and I never could bring the charge home to him. All boys and all masters were pleased with him. I often praised him as a lad of great talents, often exhorted him to use them well; but my exhortations were fruitless. I take for granted that his taste was silently improved, and that he knew well the little which he did know."

SHERIDAN'S COURTSHIP.

It was in the year 1770, that old Mr. Sheridan and his family took up their residence in Bath, where Mr. Linley and his family then resided; an acquaintance between the fathers ripened into intimacy between the junior branches of each family, and, without knowing it, young Richard Brinsley and his brother Charles both became deeply enamoured of the all-accomplished Miss Linley.

Her heart, however, was not so wholly unpreoccupied as to yield at once to the passion which her destiny had in store for her. One of those transient preferences,

which in early youth are mistaken for love, had already taken lively possession of her imagination; and to this the following lines, written at that time by Mr. Sheridan, allude:—

“ TO THE RECORDING ANGEL.

“ CHAEUS of Heaven, that from thy secret stand
Dost note the follies of each mortal here,
Oh, if Eliza's steps employ thy hand,
Biot the sad legend with a mortal tear.

Nor, when she errs, through passion's wild extreme,
Mark then her course, nor heed each trifling

wrong;

Nor, when her sad attachment is her theme,
Note down the transports of her erring tongue,
But, when she sighs for sorrows not her own,

Let that dear sigh to mercy's cause be given:
And bear that tear to her Creator's throne,

Which glistens in the eye upraised to Heaven !”

But in love, as in everything else, the power of a mind like Sheridan's must have made itself felt through all obstacles and difficulties. He was not long in winning the entire affections of the young “Siren,” though the number and wealth of her rivals, the ambitious views of her father, and the temptations to which she herself was hourly exposed, kept his jealousies and fears perpetually on the watch.

Among the competitors for Miss Linley, it would have excited little surprise that one should be found whose motives were base and dishonourable, had not her modesty and virtue been as distinguished as her beauty.

Captain Mathews, a married man, and intimate with Miss Linley's family, presuming upon the innocent familiarity which her youth and his own station permitted between them, had for some time not only rendered her remarkable by his indiscreet attentions in public, but had even persecuted her in private with those unlawful addresses and proposals which a timid female will sometimes rather endure than encounter that share of the shame which may be reflected upon herself by their disclosure.

In consequence of this persecution, and an increasing dislike to her profession, which made her shrink more and more from the gaze of the many, in proportion as she became devoted to the love of one, she adopted, early in 1772, the romantic resolution of flying secretly to France, and taking refuge in a convent, intending, at the same time, to indemnify her father, to whom she was bound till the age of twenty-one, by the surrender to him of part of the sum which Mr. Long had settled upon her. Sheridan, who it is probable had been the chief adviser of her

flight, was, of course, not slow in offering to be the partner of it.

It will be recollected that Sheridan was at this time little more than twenty, and his companion just entering her eighteenth year. On their arrival in London, with an adroitness which was, at least very dramatic, he introduced her to an old friend of his family (Mr. Ewart, a respectable brandy-merchant in the city), as a rich heiress who had consented to elope with him to the Continent; in consequence of which the old gentleman, with many commendations of his wisdom, in having given up the imprudent pursuit of Miss Linley, not only accommodated the fugitives with a passage on board a ship which he had ready to sail from the port of London to Dunkirk, but gave them letters of recommendation to his correspondents at that place, who with the same zeal and despatch facilitated their journey to Lisle, and at a little village not far from Calais, they were married about the latter end of March 1772, by a priest well known for his services on such occasions.

SHERIDAN'S DUEL.

CAPTAIN Mathews vented his rage and revenge in an advertisement in the Bath Chronicle, in which he called Richard Brinsley Sheridan names which no gentleman could brook; and on the return of the latter to this country, he followed Captain Mathews from Bath to London, and demanded satisfaction. A duel ensued, which Mr. Sheridan, in a letter to Captain Knight, the second of Captain Mathews, thus describes:—

“ Mr. Ewart accompanied me to Hyde Park, about six in the evening, where we met you and Mr. Mathews, and we walked together to the ring. Mr. Mathews refusing to make any other acknowledgment than he had done, I observed that we had come to the ground: Mr. Mathews objected to the spot, and appealed to you. We proceeded to the back of a building on the other side of the ring, the ground was there perfectly level. I called on him, and drew my sword (he having previously declined pistols). Mr. Ewart observed a sentinel on the other side of the building; we advanced to another part of the park. I stopped again at a seemingly convenient place: Mr. Mathews objected to the observation of some people at a great distance, and proposed to retire to the Hercules' Pillars till the park should be clear; we did so. In a little time we returned. I again drew my sword; Mr. Mathews again objected to the observation of a person who seemed to watch us. Mr. Ewart observed that the chance was equal, and

engaged that no one should stop him, should it be necessary for him to retire to the gate, where he had a chaise and four which was equally at his service. Mr. Mathews declared that he would not engage while any one was within sight, and proposed to defer it till next morning. I turned to you and said that 'this was trifling work;' that I could not admit of any delay, and engaged to remove the gentleman who proved to be an officer, and who, on my going up to him, and assuring him that any interposition would be illtimed, politely retired. Mr. Mathews, in the meantime, had returned towards the gate; Mr. Ewart and I called to you, and followed. We returned to the Hercules' Pillars, and went from thence, by agreement, to the Bedford Coffee-house, where the master being alarmed, you came and conducted us to Mr. Mathews, at the Castle Tavern, Henrietta-street. Mr. Ewart took lights up in his hand, and almost immediately on our entering the room we engaged. I struck Mr. Mathews's point so much out of the line, that I stepped up and caught hold of his wrist, or the hilt of his sword, while the point of mine was at his breast. You ran in and caught hold of my arm, exclaiming, 'Don't kill him.' I struggled to disengage my arm, and said his sword was in my power. Mr. Mathews called out twice or thrice, 'I beg my life.' We were parted. You immediately said, 'There, he has begged his life, and now there is an end of it;' and on Mr. Ewart's saying that when his sword was in my power, as I attempted no more, you should not have interfered, you replied that you were wrong, but that you had done it hastily, and to prevent mischief—or words to that effect. Mr. Mathews then hinted that I was rather obliged to your interposition for the advantage; you declared that 'before you did so, both the swords were in Mr. Sheridan's power.' Mr. Mathews still seemed resolved to give it another turn, and observed that he had never quitted his sword. Provoked at this, I then swore (with too much heat perhaps) that he should either give up his sword, and I would break it, or go to his guard again. He refused—but on my persisting, either gave it into my hand, or flung it on the table, or the ground (which, I will not absolutely affirm). I broke it, and flung the hilt to the other end of the room. He exclaimed at this. I took a mourning sword from Mr. Ewart, and presenting him with mine, gave my honour that what had passed should never be mentioned by me, and he might now right himself again. He replied, that he 'would

never draw a sword against the man who had given him his life:'—but, on his still exclaiming against the indignity of breaking his sword (which he had brought upon himself), Mr. Ewart offered him the pistols, and some altercation passed between them. Mr. Mathews said, that he could never show his face, if it were known how his sword was broke—that such a thing had never been done—that it cancelled all obligations, &c. &c. You seemed to think it was wrong, and we both proposed, that if he never misrepresented the affair, it should not be mentioned by us. This was settled. I then asked Mr. Mathews whether, as he had expressed himself sensible of, and shocked at the injustice and indignity he had done me in his advertisement, it did not occur to him that he owed me another satisfaction; and that, as it was now in his power to do it without discredit, I supposed he would not hesitate. This he absolutely refused, unless conditionally; I insisted on it, and said I would not leave the room till it was settled. After much altercation, and with much ill grace, he gave the apology which afterwards appeared. We parted, and I returned immediately to Bath. I, there, to Colonel Gould, Captain Wade, Mr. Creaser, and others, mentioned the affair to Mr. Mathews' credit—said that chance having given me the advantage, Mr. Mathews had consented to that apology, and mentioning nothing of the sword. Mr. Mathews came down, and in two days I found the whole affair had been stated in a different light, and insinuations given out to the same purpose as in the paper which has occasioned this trouble. I had undoubted authority that these accounts proceeded from Mr. Mathews, and likewise that Mr. Knight had never any share in them. I then thought I no longer owed Mr. Mathews the compliment to conceal any circumstance, and I related the affair to several gentlemen exactly as above."

The apology which Mr. Mathews gave was immediately inserted in the Bath Chronicle by the Sheridans; the following is a copy:—

"Being convinced that the expressions I made use of to Mr. Sheridan's disadvantage were the effects of passion and misrepresentation, I retract what I have said to that gentleman's disadvantage, and particularly beg his pardon for my advertisement in the Bath Chronicle.

"Thomas Mathews."

A second duel ensued, in which both were wounded.

LINES ON A WOMAN OF FASHION.

IN noticing the "School for Scandal," which Mr. M. does at some length, he inserts the following verses found in Mr. Sheridan's hand-writing, as the foundation of the specimen Sir Benjamin Backbite gives of his poetical talents. Mr. Moore thinks it was probably written by Tickell and Mr. S. to ridicule some woman of fashion:—

"Then, behind, all my hair is done up in a plat,
And so, like a cornet's, tuck'd under my hat,
Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
And, follow'd by John, take the dust in High Park.

In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride;
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,

Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider!

"But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage, myself, my two little greys
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies,
Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies,
And to give them this title, I'm sure isn't wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

"In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town,
The thing's well enough, when allowance is made

For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade,

But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords

To those noisy impertinent creatures called birds,

Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me, and gives me the spleen.

"Yet, though 'tis too rural—to come near the mark,

We all herd in *one* walk, and that, nearest the park,

There with ease we may see, as we pass by the wicket,

The chimneys of Knightsbridge and—footmen at cricket.

I must though, in justice, declare that the grass,
Which, worn by our feet, is diminished space,
In a little time more will be brown and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall, or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,

With a small pretty band in each seat of the walk,

To play little tunes and enliven our talk."

SHERIDAN'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

HE made his first speech in Parliament on the 20th of November, 1780, when a petition was presented to the House, com-

plaining of the undue election of the sitting members (himself and Mr. Moncton) for Stafford. It was rather lucky for him that the occasion was one in which he felt personally interested, as it took away much of that appearance of anxiety for display which might have attended his first exhibition upon any general subject. The fame, however, which he had already acquired by his literary talents, was sufficient, even on this question, to awaken all the curiosity and expectation of his audience; and accordingly we are told, in the report of his speech, that "he was heard with particular attention, the house being uncommonly still while he was speaking." The indignation which he expressed on this occasion, at the charges brought by the petition against the electors of Stafford, was coolly turned into ridicule by Mr. Rigby, paymaster of the forces. But Mr. Fox, whose eloquence was always ready at the call of good-nature, and, like the shield of Ajax, had "ample room and verge enough" to protect not only himself but his friends, came promptly to the aid of the young orator; and, in reply to Mr. Rigby, observed, that "though those ministerial members who chiefly robbed and plundered their constituents might afterwards affect to despise them, yet gentlemen who felt properly the nature of the trust allotted to them would always treat them and speak of them with respect."

It was on this night, as Woodfall used to relate, that Mr. Sheridan, after he had spoken, came up to him in the gallery, and asked, with much anxiety, what he thought of his first attempt. The answer of Woodfall, as he had the courage afterwards to own, was, "I am sorry to say I do not think that this is your line—you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits;" on hearing which, Sheridan rested his head on his hand for a few minutes, and then vehemently exclaimed, "It is in me, however, and, by G—, it shall come out!"

SHERIDAN'S JEUX-D'ESPRIT.

BETWEEN Tickell and Sheridan there was a never ending "skimish of wit," both verbal and practical; and the latter kind, in particular, was carried on between them with all the waggery, and, not unfrequently, the malice of school-boys.*

* On one occasion Sheridan having covered the floor of a dark passage leading from the drawing room with all the plates and dishes of the house, ranged closely together, provoked his unconscious play-fellow to pursue him into the midst of them. Having left a path for his own escape, he passed through easily; but Tickell, falling at full length into the ambuscade, was

Tickell, much less occupied by business than his friend, had always some political *jeux d'esprit* on the anvil; and sometimes these trifles were produced by them jointly. The following string of pasquinades, so well known in political circles, and written, as the reader will perceive, at different dates, though principally by Sheridan, owes some of its stanzas to Tickell, and a few others, I believe, to Lord John Townshend. I have strung together, without regard to chronology, the best of these detached lampoons. Time having removed their venom, and with it, in a great degree, their wit, they are now, like dried snakes, mere harmless objects of curiosity :—

* Johnny W—lks, Johnny W—lks,*

Thou greatest of bilks,
How chang'd are the notes you now sing!
Your fam'd Forty-five
Is Prerogative,

And your blasphemy, 'God save the King,'
Johnny W—lks,
And your blasphemy, 'God save the King.'

* Jack Ch—ch—ll, Jack Ch—ch—ll,
The town sure you search ill,
Your mob has disgraced all your brags;
When next you draw out
Your hospital rout,

Do, prithee, afford them clean rage,
Jack Ch—ch—ll,
Do, prithee, afford them clean rage.

* Captain K—th, Captain K—th,
Keep your tongue 'twixt your teeth,
Lest bed-chamber tricks may betray;
And, if teeth you want more,

Why my bold commodore,
You may borrow of Lord G—ll—y,
Captain K—th,
You may borrow of Lord G—ll—y.

* † Joe M—wb—y, Joe M—wb—y,

Your throat sure must raw be,
In striving to make yourself heard;
But it pleased not the pigs,
Nor the Westminster Whigs,
That your knighthood should utter one word,

Joe M—wb—y,
That your knighthood should utter one word.

very much cut in several places. The next day Lord John Townshend, on paying a visit to the bed-side of Tickell, found him covered over with patches, and indignantly vowing vengeance against Sheridan for this unjustifiable trick. In the midst of his anger, however, he could not help exclaiming, with the true feeling of an amateur of this sort of mischief—"But how amazingly well done it was!"

* In Sheridan's copy of the stanza written in this metre at the time of the Union (beginning "Zooks, Harry! zooks, Harry!") he entitled them—"An admirable new ballad, which goes excellently well to the tune of

'Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Arne,
It gives me consarn,' &c.

† This stanza, and I rather think the next, were by Lord John Townshend.

* M—ntm—res, M—ntm—res,

Whom nobody for is,
And for whom we none of us care;
From Dublin you came—

It had been much the same,
If your lordship had stayed where you were,

M—ntm—res,
If your lordship had stayed where you were.

* Lord O—gl—y, Lord O—gl—y,

You spoke mighty strongly,
Who you are, though, all people admire!

But I'll let you depart,
For I believe in my heart,

You had rather they did not inquire,
Lord O—gl—y,

You had rather they did not inquire.

* Gl—nb—e, Gl—nb—e,
What's good for the scurvy?

For ne'er be your old trade forgot—
In your arms rather quarter

A pestle and mortar,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot,
Gl—nb—e,

Your crest be a spruce gallipot.

* Gl—nb—e, Gl—nb—e,

The world's topsy-turvy,
Of this truth you're the fittest attester;

For who can deay
That the low become high,
When the king makes a lord of Silvester,
Gl—nb—e,

When the king makes a lord of Silvester.

* Mr. P—ll, Mr. P—ll,

In return for your zeal,
I'm told they have dubb'd you Sir Bob;

Having got wealth enough
By coarse Manchester stuff,
For honours you'll now drive a job.

Mr. P—I,
For honours you'll now drive a job.

* Oh, poor B—ks, oh, poor B—ks,
Still condemn'd to the ranks,
Nor e'en yet from a private promoted;

Pitt ne'er will relent,
Though he knows you repent,
Having once or twice honestly voted.

Poor B—ks,
Having once or twice honestly voted.

* Dull H—I—y, dull H—I—y,

Your auditors feel ye,
A speaker of very great weight,

And they wish you were dumb,
When with ponderous hum,
You lengthen the drowsy debate,

Dull H—I—y,
You lengthen the drowsy debate.*

There are about as many more of these stanzas, written at different intervals, according as new victims, with good names for rhyming, presented themselves—the metre being a most tempting medium for such lampoons. There is, indeed, appended to one of Sheridan's copies of them, a long list (like a tablet of proscription), containing about fifteen other names marked out for the same fate; and it will be seen by the following specimen that some of them had a very narrow escape :—

"Will C—r—s . . ."
 "V—ns—t—t, V—ns—t—t, for little thou art."
 "Will D—nd—s, Will D—nd—s, were you only an ass."
 "I—ghb—h, thorough."
 "Sam H—rs—y, Sam H—rs—y . . . coarsely."
 "F—tym—n, F—tym—n, speak truth if you can."

BYRON'S CHARACTER OF SHERIDAN.

THE following extract from a diary in my possession, kept by Lord Byron, during six months of his residence in London, 1812-13, will show the admiration which this great and generous spirit felt for Sheridan:—

"Saturday, Dec. 18, 1813.

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this:—'Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best opera (The Duenna—in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, The Beggars' Opera), the best farce (The Critic—it is only too good for an after-piece), and the best address (Monologue on Garrick); and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told Sheridan this the next day, and on hearing it, he burst into tears! Poor Brinsley! If they were tears of pleasure, I would have rather said those few, but sincere words, than have written the *Iliad*, or made his own celebrated philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine—humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MINUTE PENMANSHIP.

MR. BEDELL, of Ottery St. Mary, has been for some time engaged on a beautiful specimen of penmanship. This admirable piece of skill and ingenuity is now finished, and the most elaborate description would fail in doing justice to the merits of it. This inimitable piece is surrounded by an elegant border, of six weeks' labour, and contains, in a beautiful and tasteful arrangement, the following figures, &c. Common hare, varying hare of the northern countries of Europe, pine martin, otter, wild cat; harrier (hunting piece); three foreign birds on a tree; a correct representation of Ottery St. Mary's

church, surrounded by a beautiful border; ruins of a castle, encompassed by a very neat and pretty border.

At the bottom of the piece Mr. Beedell has written another specimen of his minute penmanship. He has elegantly written, in the circumference of a common sized pea, the Lord's Prayer, Belief, and two verses of the third Psalm; the whole is written with the naked eye, and without the least abbreviation. Not so many words, in a similar compass, have ever been written by any one but this gentleman; it is certainly the most rare species of micrography that England (and I think I may truly say the world) can produce. It is absolutely so extraordinary as to excite astonishment, and which, but for ocular evidence, would defy credibility. This is certainly a grand display of the power of the human eye.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ON WRITING AND WORKING IN GENERAL WITH BOTH HANDS.

Is it not a most extraordinary thing that we should be intentionally restricted in our bodily powers by the present mode of teaching to write?—We know not whether we have reason to wonder more that this should be the case at this enlightened period, or that it should ever have been the case at all; and the wonder is increased when we find that the right hand has been, as it were, chosen from all time to be employed in handling weapons of defence, and to be put before the other in every situation. It is a common doctrine that the left arm is weaker than the right, and that on account of the organization of the body, the right is best adapted to labour. If there be any difference in the strength of the arms, we believe it will have proceeded from want of equal exercise to both. —Look, for instance, at left-handed people, and you find the *left arm the stronger*; look at those who use both hands and arms alike—those few favoured men or enemies to prejudice, who have become ambidexter, and they never complain that one wears before the other. Indeed, analogy shews this idea of the greater natural power of the right arm to be an argument of nought. Does any body argue that we should always set the right leg foremost when we walk, or that we should turn the right ear to sounds, or look at anything with the right eye alone; or that the most correct smell is to be procured through the right nostril? Besides, where real labour comes—where actual strength is required, both hands are generally employed. Where the left hand might be most useful by itself, as a

substitute for the right, the labour is very trifling indeed—such as the weakest left hand and arm in the kingdom might with a little practice safely, and to its own credit, venture to undergo. And amongst other labours which the hands do singly, what is there so important to be taught to both hands as the art of writing?—Suppose a man to lose his right arm by mortification, or by a cannon ball, or to lose even the fingers from his right hand. How many are there to whom such an accident as this has occurred at mature age, who have never afterwards been able to write at all! To a man like Lord Nelson, who had only very small use for his right hand as a penman, this was not of so much moment; but imagine that this should happen to a great writer—to a man whose whole soul was bent on composition. *There have been many such, and most able men, who could not dictate to an amanuensis.* Imagine that this fatal accident should occur to such a person. The world has lost his services. Thousands of the brightest thoughts, of the most noble suggestions, perhaps, for the improvement of mankind, are buried in the mind, which was hardly ever on the alert till the pen was in operation; and all for want of a little extra trouble in the education of the hands when the unfortunate was yet a boy. The same thing might happen to thousands of accountants and writers in offices, who depend entirely on *their right hands* for their bread, when they have the means of doubly guarding against starvation. The same will apply to all schoolmasters—to all sempstresses and persons who use the needle in every possible manner—to all engravers—to all artists of every description—and to immense numbers of persons who, having no very fine work, merely follow the bad habit of using the right hand chiefly, because they see others do the like. Why should not a painter gain as much reputation in his profession with his left hand as his right? What superstition is there which prevents him from learning the use of it? Leaving the pen and the pencil for a moment, we may observe that we have seen wonderful feats done at circuses and such like places of exhibition, by fencing with both hands. What is there to hinder any young soldier from learning to fence with both hands?

But there is another very important advantage of this ambidexter education, which we have hitherto entirely overlooked. Consider the additional labour that might be done, if painters, writers, engravers, &c. were to be able to work with both hands with equal skill. When the right hand tired, they would only

have to change hands and fall to work again like new men.—At this very moment, we have been writing nearly the whole day, our right hand is aching in every joint, but the left is perfectly unwearied. We could write on for some hours yet, for we do not feel at all wearied any where but in the hand; but we are compelled to lay down the pen. Imagine the benefits resulting to society, were Mr. Brougham to be able to change hands, instead of stopping in his labours, on a similar occasion, and you will instantly try to educate your children, if you have any, to write with the left hand.

Newcastle Magazine.

The Novelist.

No. LXXVIII.

THE GENEROUS CAVALIER.

Two knights of Portugal, both of whom are probably still in existence, entertaining a mortal enmity towards each other, were incessantly occupied in studying the surest means of taking revenge. The one, however, who first conceived himself injured, surpassed his adversary in the vigilance with which he watched every occasion of carrying his designs into execution. This ferocious disposition was further nurtured by the circumstance of his inability, either in force or courage, successfully to contend with his enemy, which, while it compelled him to stifle the expression of his hatred, led him to reflect upon every secret method of annoying him in his power. Though formerly of noble and virtuous dispositions, this unhappy feud had so far disordered his better feelings and his judgment, as to induce him to commit one of the most atrocious actions recorded in history. He watched his opportunity of surprising and assassinating both the father and brother of his nobler foe, intelligence of which fact having reached the court, a proclamation was forthwith issued by the king, forbidding his subjects, under the severest penalties, to harbour the author of so foul a crime, while officers were despatched on all sides in pursuit of him.

After perpetrating the deed, the assassin, hearing the proclamation everywhere bruited in his ears, and believing it impossible long to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, torn at the same time by the agonies of remorse and guilt, came to a resolution rather of dying by the hand of him whom he had so deeply injured, than awaiting the more tardy and ignominious course of justice. For, having satiated his revenge, the idea of what he had once been, and of his lost fame and honour,

rushed with an overwhelming sense of despair across his mind; and he felt a dark and fearful satisfaction in yielding himself up to the sword of his deeply injured adversary. With this view he secretly issued from his retreat, under cover of the night, and having before day-break reached the residence of him whom he deemed his executioner, he presented himself in his astonished presence with the fatal poniard in his hand, kneeling and baring his bosom as he offered it to the grasp of his foe.

Impelled by a sudden feeling of revenge, and viewing the assassin in his power, the cavalier was in the act of plunging the steel into his breast, but restraining his passion, and conceiving it dishonourable to take so inglorious an advantage, he flung it from him, and turned his face away. At length commanding his emotion, he declared that he would never stain his hands with the blood of a defenceless man, much less of an unarmed knight, be his offence what they would; and with singular greatness and generosity of soul, proceeded to assure the assassin of his safety, as long as he remained with him. Witnessing the terrors of remorse and guilt which seemed to sting him to the quick, and leaving his further punishment to heaven, his generous foe attended him the ensuing night on horseback, beyond the confines of the kingdom. Yet, on his return, unable to forget the sad source of his resentment, he hastened to the court of Portugal, and on obtaining an audience of his majesty, said that he had heard of his enemy's escape from the country, and that he was now probably beyond the reach of justice, glorying in his iniquity. It was therefore incumbent upon him to adopt some other means of redressing the wrongs he had suffered, and his majesty would oblige him by granting a safe conduct to his foe, to re-enter the kingdom, so that he might meet him in single battle. "There is only one condition," continued the knight, "I would beseech your majesty to grant; that if I should be so unfortunate as to fall beneath his arm, your majesty will please to absolve him from all his offences, and permit him to go free; and if, as I firmly trust, I should come off victorious, that his fate shall rest in my hands." The king, with some difficulty, being prevailed upon to grant these terms, the noble cavalier immediately despatched messengers, bearing at once a safe conduct, and a public defiance to his enemy to meet him in the field, and yield him satisfaction in single combat, according to the laws of honour, before the king and court. Willing to afford his enemy the revenge he

sought, the assassin, to the astonishment of the people, made his appearance on the appointed day in the lists, clothed in complete armour, and accepted the challenge proposed. On the heralds sounding a charge, they both engaged with apparently equal fury; but the injured knight shortly wounded his antagonist severely in several places, and stretched him on the field weltering in his blood. Instead, however, of despatching him, as every one expected, on the spot, he raised him up, and calling for surgical assistance, had him conveyed to a place of safety. His wounds-proving not to be mortal, the noble cavalier, on his recovery, accompanied him into the presence of the king, and declared publicly before the whole court, that he granted him his liberty and his life, entreating at the same time the royal pardon for him, and permission to reside in any part of his majesty's dominions.

In admiration of his unequalled magnanimity, the king readily conceded what he wished; while the unhappy object of their favour, overwhelmed with feelings of remorse and shame, humbled himself before his generous conqueror, and ever afterwards evinced sentiments of the utmost gratitude and respect to the noble cavalier, being at once the most faithful friend and follower he ever had.

Miscellanies.

ANTIQUITIES AT HASTINGS CASTLE.

Two stone coffins were found in the remains of a vault, in excavating the ground on the inside of Hastings castle, July 30, 1824. The skeletons in both were complete when first opened; the top coffin contained the skeleton of a child, which mouldered away in the course of a day; the lower one, that of a man about five feet nine inches high, this was perfect (with the exception of the ribs having fallen in,) when I saw it five days after it had been exposed; the lower jaw contained all the teeth, which appeared to be then very fast fixed. The coffins are built with rough stones of different sizes, and no labour seems to have been used in forming any of them, except the head and shoulder stones, which are worked out to form a rough circle.

F. M. B.*

* We thank our correspondent for the sketch which accompanied this article, but, although we doubt not its correctness, yet the subject is not a good one for an engraving. For a view of Hastings Castle, see MIRROR, No. 134.

MEMORABILIA OF THE ANCIENTS.

JULIUS CÆSAR fought 500 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men.

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received twenty-three wounds, and taken two spoils before he was seventeen years of age.

Denatus fought 120 battles, was eighty times victorious in single combat, and received forty-five wounds in front.—He had among his trophies 70 belts, 8 mural 3 obdional, and 14 civic crowns.

Cato pleaded four hundred causes, and gained them all.

Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers of his army; **Lucius Scipio** of the Roman people.

Chaimides could relate all that he had ever heard in the same words.

Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend at the same time.

A philosopher is mentioned by **Pliny**, who being struck by a stone forgot his alphabet. A man reputed for his stupidity falling from a horse, and being trepanned, became very remarkable for the sprightliness of his genius.

The orator **Corvinus** forgot his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors of twenty-two different nations without an interpreter.

Julius Viator lived to an advanced old age without drinking water, or using any kind of liquid nourishment.

Crassus, grandfather of the Triumvir **Crassus**, who was slain by the Parthians, never laughed. He had on this account the surname of **Agelastes**.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

LITERAL EPIGRAM

To the author of a poor Sonnet on the River Dee.

HAD I, Sir, been U,
And quite in the Q,
As 'twould have been easy to B
I'd soon let you C,
Whilst sipping my T,
By far better lines on the D.

ENGLISH GIANT.

JOHN MIDDLETON, born in the year 1578, was remarkable for his large stature and extraordinary strength. It is traditionally reported, that Sir G. Ireland took him to London, and introduced him

to the presence of **King James I.**, dressed up in a very fantastic style; on his return from London a portrait was taken of him, which is preserved in the library of **Brasen Nose College, Oxford.** **Dr. Plott** says, "his hand, from the carpus to the end of the middle finger, was seventeen inches long; his palm, eight inches and a half broad; and his height, nine feet eight inches, wanting but six inches of the size of **Goliath.**"

THE LAST FOLLY.

A VOLATILE young Lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my Lord," said the Countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my last folly."

IMPROMPTU.

On seeing an Acquaintance with a shabby Coat.

I met a friend the other day
Whose coat was rather CD;
When told, no wonder, you will say;
His pockets were quite M. T.

ON SWEARING.

WEAK is the excuse that is on custom built;
The use of sinning lessons not the guilt.

ON CHARITY.

"What numbers, once in Fortune's lap
high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!—
To shock us more, solicit it in vain."

AN EPITAPH ON A PRESSMAN.

No more shall register imperfect, vex,
No more shall friars pale, provoke my ire,
No more shall bites or picks my brain perplex,
No more the Devil's aid shall I require.
No more shall gloomy monks retard my way,
No more shall overlays my patience try,
No more shall batlers stop me half a day,
No more shall I the iron frisket fly.
My body has been overrun with care,
My soul shall undergo a strict revise,
And if my Founder thinks my proof is fair,
I quick shall join my Saviour in the skies.

SHANDY.

Printed and Published by **J. LIMBIRD**,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

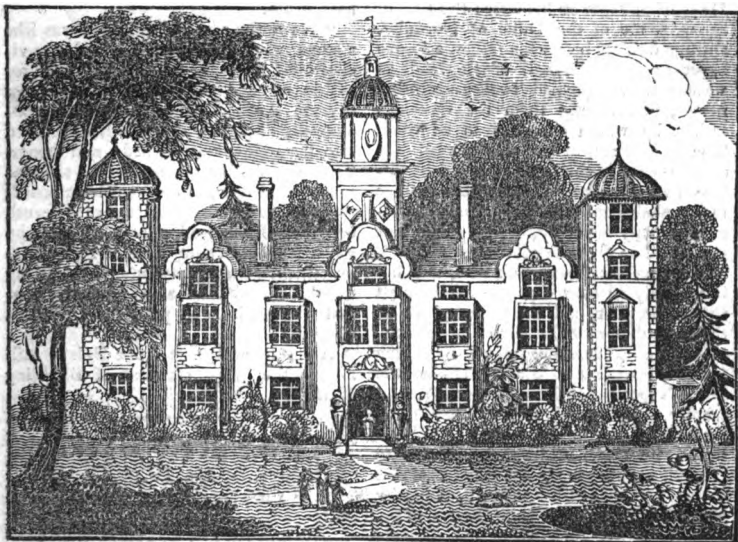
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

The Birth-place of Queen Anne Boleyn.



BLICKLING HALL, the seat of the Dowager Lady Suffield, near Aylsham, Norfolk, of which the above is a view, drawn for the MIRROR, was the mansion in which Anne Boleyn, the beauteous but ill-fated queen of that faithless tyrant, Henry the Eighth, was born. The mansion was built and is now in the possession of the Hobart family; its principal interest is however created by its having been the birth place of a lady so elevated and so disastrous in her fortunes.

Anne Boleyn, perhaps few of our readers need to be told, was the second wife of Henry VIII. She was born in the year 1507, and was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. At the age of twenty she was appointed maid of honour to queen Catherine, the first wife of Henry, who afterwards being divorced, she was married to the faithless monarch on the 25th of January, 1532, and afterwards crowned queen with great pomp. In the September following she gave birth to Elizabeth, afterwards queen of England. Queen Anne Boleyn was very favourable

to the reformation, to which the king was at this time inimical, and Henry becoming enamoured of another object, got charges of the most scandalous and improbable nature brought against her, which ended in her condemnation, and on the 19th of May, 1536, she was beheaded in the Tower, her own brother, Viscount Rochford, and four others being tried and executed four days afterwards.

The fate of this unfortunate princess is sufficiently known; and the account of her personal attractions and amiable qualities only serve to increase the indignation which every one must feel at the wretch, who like the base Judean, could cast "a pearl away richer than all his tribe." In the *Harleian MSS.* at the British Museum, No. 2194, there is an affecting account of the summary trial and execution of this unfortunate queen. The MS. purports to give the names of the "Lord High Stewards of England from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Charles the First; with the proceedings against the several criminals who were tried before them." The following extract relates to Anne Boleyn:—

"Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Lord

High Steward of England, att the tryall of Queene Anne Bulloigne, who, on the 15th day of May, in the 28th yeare of the raigne of Kinge Henry the Eight, was arraigned in the Tower of London, on a scaffold for that purpose made in the King's Hall, the Duke of Norfolkke sitting under the cloath of state, the Lord Chancellor on his right hand, and the Duke of Suffolke on his left; the Earl of Surry, sonne of the Duke of Norfolkke, sittinge directly before his father, a degree lower as Earl Marshall of England, to whome were adjoynd twenty-six other peeres, and among them the Queene's father, by whom she was to be tried. The King's commission beinge read, the accusers gave in their evidence, and the witnessses were produced. The Queene sittinge in her chaire, made for her (whether in regard of any infirmity, or out of honour permitted to the wife of the Sovereigne), havinge an excellent quick witt, and beinge a ready speaker, did so answaere to all objections, that had the peeres given in their verdict accordinge to the expectation, shee had bene acquitted. But they (among whome the Duke of Suffolke, the King's brother-in-lawe was chiefe, and wholly applyinge himselfe to the King's humour), pronounced her guilty. Whereupon, the Duke of Norfolkke, bound to proceede accordinge to the verdict of the peeres, condemned her to death, either by beinge burned in the Tower Greene, or beheaded, as his Majestie in his pleasure should thinke fitt.

"The sentence beinge denounced, the court arose, and she was conveyed back againe to her chamber; the Lady Bolen, her aunt, and the Lady Kinsman, wife to the constable of the Tower, only attending her.

"And on the 19th of May, the Queene was brought to the place of execution, in the greene within the Tower, some of the nobility and companie of the citie beinge admitted, rather to bee witnesses than spectators of her death, to whom the Queene (having ascended the scaffold), spake in this manner:—

"Friends and good Christian people; I am here in your presence to suffer death, whereto I acknowledge myself adjudged by the lawe, how justly I will not say; I intend not an accusation of any one. I beseech the Almighty to preserve his Mat^e. long to reigne over you, a more gentle or mild prince never swayed septer; his bounty and clemency towards me I am sure hath bene speciall; if any one intend an inquisitive survey of my actions, I intreat him to judge favourably of mee, and not rashly to admit any censorious conceit. And soe I bid the world fare-

well, beseeching you to commend me in your prayers to God."

"This speech she uttered with a smiling countenance, then kneelinge downe with a fervent spirit, said 'to Jesus Christ I commende my soule, Lord Jesu receive my soule,' and repeating these words very often, suddenly the stroake of the sword sealed the debt that shee owed unto death.

"Nowe the court of England was like a stage, whereon are represented the vicissitudes of ever various fortune; for within one and the same month yt saw Queene Anne flourishinge, accused, condemned, executed, and another assumed into her place, both of bedd and honor. The first of May (yt seemeth), she was informed against, the second imprisoned, the fifteenth condemned, the seventeenth deprived of her brother and friends, who suffered in her cause, and the nyneteenth executed. On the twentieth the King married Jane Seimour, who on the nyne and twentieth was publicly showed Queene."

A statue of Queen Anne Boleyn still adorns the grand staircase of Blickling Hall.

My Note Book.

No. IV.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c.

(Continued from page 233.)

WE had rambled nearly a couple of miles in the direction of Northdown, hoping shortly to reach a village or hamlet so named; but Tobykin, ridiculing the expectation, manifested his disbelief by venturing sundry sage remarks on the superiority of *South* over *Northdown* mutton, although there was no living evidence thereof discernible; when suddenly our progress was stayed by music's magic charms—its Eolian sweetness made us pause. At first I imagined it wafted from the deck of one of those gay steamers that are perpetually flitting to and from the continent; but my companion was not so easily mistaken—his ears had already been similarly assailed, and the charm as inopportunately dissolved; unwilling, however, at once to dissipate the pleasing illusion, he suffered me, on wending our course homeward, to draw my own inferences; until our near approach undeceived me, and I eventually discovered it to proceed from a junto, designated a military band, in the pay of the proprietor of a newly established library at Margate; not, of course, purposely retained as disturbers of the

peace of this devoted place, but admirably qualified to accomplish it. This gentleman is said to have graduated at Cambridge, and that his hand had followed his example is devoutly to be wished. Only conceive, dear Mr. Editor, its deafening effect, in an ordinary sized drawing-room! Orpheus is said to have moved stocks and stones by his ravishing musical skill, and may not this outrageous dissonance move even bricks and tiles, at the imminent hazard of life and limb? Truly, judging from appearances, this votary of the Muses, much as he is to be respected for his politeness and urbanity, is not likely (whatever be his claim to academic honours) to attain the distinguished character of *Moderator*.

A glance at Bettison's and other rooms, here frequented in the way of lounge, terminated our day's enjoyment. The oppressive heat of these places at this period of the day is intolerable at the several bathing-rooms, which may most appropriately be termed gratuitous vapour baths, the attraction of juvenile pianists, and at the libraries the incessant rattle of dice, suffice to collect large assemblages of folks (the majority of whom are well dressed females) hardly enough to hazard the perilous change of temperature, unapprehensive of consequences. Perhaps no cause is more prejudicial to health than transition from a heated room to the chilling atmosphere of our variable climate, and yet it is risked annually here by thousands, whose plea for visiting the coast is, in nine cases out of ten, grounded on ill health.

The style of performance at these places is pleasing and cheerful; but the character of the music is chiefly volatile and trivial, intended rather *pour passer le temps*, than as an organized species of amusement. One of their exhibitants, a Master Deane, evinced both sweetness of voice and brilliant execution; but he seemed in a fair way of being spoilt by the flattering attentions of the ladies. His tones are weak and tremulous; but, conscious of this, he manages them with considerable adroitness, and, judiciously selecting such airs as are best suited to the compass and power of his voice, he imparts a plaintive and touching tenderness of expression, that seems to have established him a star of some magnitude in the Margate horizon. In itself, perhaps, no place is more insipid and uninteresting; it can boast of no promenade, if we except the pier and jetty, which are too distant from its most respectable neighbourhood to be pleasantly accessible. The new esplanade constructing, promises to remedy this evil, and to afford substan-

tial protection to that part of the town in its vicinity, which, apparently, must heretofore have been sadly exposed in tempestuous weather; but this improvement is but slow in progress.

One trait that strongly marks the good sense of the visitants is the rational hours observed by them; by eleven the busy turmoil is over, and the gay throng dispersed to their several homes to "steep their senses in forgetfulness," an example we felt no reluctance in following.

Our next day's excursion was to Broadstairs, to which place there is a choice of route either through Kingsgate or St. Peter's, and we so arranged it as to pay our devoirs to each in their turn. Our little party consisting of Adelbert, Toby-kin and self, sauntering cheerfully on—

"The day so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal seem'd of earth and sky."

Elate with pleasurable expectation, we felt all the influence of the enlivening scene. On quitting the town, we seemed isolated from its congregated multitude. The beauty of a park may be heightened by the presence of a gay assemblage; but boundless Nature needs not adventitious aid; her minutest and most gigantic productions harmonize with a perfectness that no effort of art, however meritorious, can approach. A writer of some celebrity, alluding to the difficulty of giving even the most trivial objects an air of novelty, observes, that not a spray has trembled in the breeze, nor a leaf rustled to the ground, nor a diamond drop pattered in the stream, that fragrance has not exhaled from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfolded its crimson tints to the morn without challenging observance, and being wrought into some beautiful morality. How idle were it, then, to hope to convey amusement from the familiar, though pleasing sources to which our walk gave us access.

Indifference about early habits and healthful exercise may naturally exist in crowded cities, where there is so little inducement to roam abroad; but that it should prevail where incitements to their adoption present themselves, is matter of astonishment and regret. I one evening heard a lady remark to her companion, as though it had been matter of congratulation, that she was quite delighted with the place, for that, reclining on her pillow, she could every morning witness the departure of the packets! So pernicious is the influence of idle habits, that they would seem to dictate seclusion from the gentle airs of Heaven at times when their balmy freshness renders them most grateful and alluring.

It was pleasing to observe that the building mania of Margate has not extended to the neighbouring villages, which yet preserve their original bounds and rustic simplicity. Those immediately adjacent are, during the season, much resorted to by families seeking health and seclusion from the busy throng; and among these favourite retreats, the pretty village of St. Peter's ranks pre-eminent. Its humble occupants, with common diligence and attention, must find their condition greatly ameliorated by the incessant influx of new faces, and the consequent increased consumption of the simple products of their industry. Its gardens are of considerable notoriety, and well frequented; but being anxious to reach Broadstairs, we had not time to visit them. Our eagerness, if we except the pleasure the walk afforded us, was but indifferently repaid. The handsome and substantial appearance of the harbours of Margate and Ramsgate widely contrast with the simple and pretensionless pier of Broadstairs, though the latter may be fully adequate to the purposes for which it may be required. Those spacious and secure shelters render one of corresponding beauty and stability here superfluous, as its principal utility would appear to be, the accommodation of fishing-boats and pleasure yachts.

To persons unused to retirement, this place must seem peculiarly dull, although its elevated line of terrace commands an interesting and extensive marine view, replete with interest. The surface of its mighty expanse was beautifully serene, and we were almost disposed to feel incredulous of its treacherous character; but a tragical occurrence a few days previous, in which two lives were sacrificed, painfully undeceived us. Towards the horizon might occasionally be seen a vessel's mast peering over the mighty sphere, as she neared the shore, her hull invisible; and the intermediate space was dotted with a plentiful sprinkling of vessels of various nations flitting to and fro, swelling and diminishing, in all the agreeable variety of light and shade. Amidst their fantastic gambols was seen, embosomed on the flood, the gaudy majestic steamer, fitted alike "to point a moral or adorn a tale!" the latter streaming its dusky, unbroken, and interminable length through the pure ether, unmingled, serving to indicate the vessel's constant and steady course to her port of destination. Like the bright luminary of day, though storms may veil her from our gaze, and the unstable winds rise in fierce contention, yet, smiling at their impotent rage, she glides majestically and determinedly on, fit em-

blem of a virtuous life. Her equipments resembling the variety of knowledge needful to freight our frail barks; her crew our passions; her track not to the right nor to the left, but to the haven whence recompense ensues.

At Adelbert's suggestion, we had made the Albion our head-quarters; and though we were highly gratified by the attention and excellent treatment we experienced, we were not long in discovering that his election owed its most powerful recommendation to charms divine, although of mortal mould, in the daughter of its proprietor, and to this day, poor fellow, he is not "fancy free." Nor is it surprising, for she is a most interesting girl, and is distinguished, *par excellence*, as the lily of Broadstairs. Adelbert's animation intuitively subsided as our time of departure drew near; but as the day was waning rapidly, there was no alternative, and it will long be remembered by all of us as one of interesting remark and pleasurable converse. It would be an unreasonable trespass to task my memory, or occupy "THE MIRROR" with the good things uttered by my agreeable companions during this delightful ramble; nor would modesty, in deference to their abler pens, permit it. Proceeding homewards through Kingsgate, we hastily glanced at its castellated, disjointed, and grotesque buildings, betraying, apparently, more of prettiness than utility; and thus terminated our excursion to Broadstairs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away—
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
A home in which the heart can live.
These walls no lingering hopes endear—
No fond remembrance chains me here;
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza! canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main—
The warrior's on the tented plain—
The maiden's in her bower of rest—
The infant's on its mother's breast—
But where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide—
No home is by the wanderer found,
'Tis not in place it hath no bound;

It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear:
A law of strange, attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend,
To consecrate the name of friend.
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My Love! forgive the conscious sigh;
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er my couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.

Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide
The pillar'd cloud our steps decide?—
Then resting spread its guardian shade
To bless the home which love hath made.
Daily my love shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be
Thus consecrate and shared by thee!

WHAT IS LOVE?

Oh! what is love I prithe tell—
Say, gives it pain or pleasure?
This much I know—alas! too well—
Hearts can't be bought with treasure.

Oh! yes the treasure of the mind
Is richer far than gold;
Pure sentiments, and thought refined,
These chains my heart would hold.

ELEANORA T——N.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HORSE-RACING.

(Continued from page 263.)

IN our last we brought the history of English horse-racing down to the time of Queen Anne and George the First. It was during the reign of the former that what are called "King's Plates" were introduced, not as gifts from the King's own purse, but the produce of a legacy bequeathed by a lover of the turf, for the express purpose of encouraging improvement in the breed of horses.

In an old tract, entitled "Anecdotes relating to Horse-racing," we find the following account of this sporting donation:—"Gentlemen were so partial in breeding their horses, chiefly for the sake of shape and speed only, without considering that those which were only second, third, or fourth rate in speed, were then quite useless, untill the reign of Queen Anne, when a public spirited gentleman

observing this inconvenience, left thirteen hundred guineas out of his estate for thirteen plates, or purses, to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, whence they are called king's or queen's plates, or guineas. The condition is, that each horse shall carry twelve stone weight, the best of three heats over a four-mile course; by this method, a stronger and a more useful race was soon raised; and if a horse did not win the guineas, he was yet strong enough to make a good hunter. By these crossings, as jockeys term it, we have horses of full three-quarters blood, or half bred, suitable to carry any burden; whence the English horses are allowed to be the best, and are greatly esteemed by foreigners."

The latter part of the reign of George the First, or the commencement of that of his successor, was also remarkable for the commencement of a work dedicated expressly to a record of this truly English sport; we allude to the *Racing Calendar*, which was commenced by Mr. John Cheny, of Arundel, Sussex, who, in 1726 and 1727 issued "Proposals for printing by subscription once a year, for seven years successively, an Historical List of all Horse-matches run for in England, of the value of 10*l*. and upwards in each particular year of the seven preceding the publication of each book; containing the name of the owner of each horse, &c."

The *Racing Calendar* was published by subscription, price seven shillings and sixpence, and the first volume had 450 subscribers. So eager was the author to give "a full and true account" of the races, that in the ensuing year he says, he "travelled the kingdom over, contracting a correspondence in every part with persons who, at the very times of sport, are to take accounts for me where I do not appear." 'Tis this, together with the trouble I have often taken of riding from man to man for information, to render these accounts as just as possible, has delayed the publication."

It appears by an advertisement prefixed to the volume of 1732, that as "the diversion of horse-racing had advanced to such a height," and as "the subscription inclined near to the point of expiring," many of his patrons recommended a continuance of the work on an enlarged scale, viz.—a sheet calendar, every fortnight as at the present day, for transmission by post, in addition to the yearly book. This plan was adopted in 1734; the terms were five shillings in advance, and ten shillings and sixpence annually. Prefixed to the volume for 1735, we find the old story of numerous complaints of the lateness of

the time ere this book is published. To remedy which in future, "with a view of hastening it a month," a new arrangement is made from that of the previous volumes, "Newmarket always began the book; so that at soonest it could not go to press till the month of October was expired;" next followed the account of those places where King's plates were run for; then the various counties in England in alphabetical order. The sports of this year are digested in order of time. The rules and regulations to be observed in running for the King's plates, by permission of the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse, and signed by John Adams, Esq. Clerk of the Stables, is appended to the volume for 1739, which also contains "a list of the prizes of the present year, showing the qualifications required," &c. In 1740, "it was the pleasure of the legislature to take this diversion of horse-racing under consideration, and to prohibit by law the running for any prize, unless the same be of full fifty pounds value, or run for at Newmarket or Black Hambleton. Since the day which first gave influence to that law, there have been but *very few* free prizes run for in this kingdom." The motives which induced the government to interfere are stated in the preamble, viz.—"Whereas, the great number of horse-races for small plates, prizes, or sums of money, have contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of the subjects of this kingdom, and the breed of strong and useful horses hath been much prejudiced thereby." So far from the provisions of this Act operating to the prejudice of horse-racing, the result has proved quite contrary. It may not be deemed out of place to observe here, that the number of subscribers now amounted to nearly one thousand, more than double the original number.

That the sturdy champion of the turf took alarm at the measure, and that his alarm was without foundation, is evident enough at the present day; had the writer of this article, however, lived at the time, he probably would have been influenced in a similar way: so circumscribed and narrow are the views of the majority of us poor bipeds. We are no longer furnished with details of the racing at Kentish-Town, Hampstead, Highgate, Hackney, Tothill-fields, or the Artillery-ground, it is true, but our Calendars record the contests for the Doncaster St. Leger, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, &c. at Newmarket. Instead of thirteen, as at that day, we have now twenty-three royal plates

annually contended for, exclusive of thirteen run for in Ireland.

A clause in the act provides, that bequests left by will for any plate or prize, whether arising from rents or interests of money, shall continue in force, and not be in any way affected. A penalty of 200*l.* is imposed on any person entering a horse, &c. to run for any prize less than 50*l.* in value; and 100*l.* for advertising any plate, &c. under the like amount.

The volume for 1740-1 commences with the account of the sports of Farn, in Cheshire; Kipling Coates, in Yorkshire; and Barham Downs, in Kent; where, we learn, "the foregoing prizes are all *free* from the influence of the late Act of Parliament, being settled for ever." As the very early Calendars are in the possession of but few persons, perhaps we shall be considered as neglecting our duty did we not present to our readers the history and origin of these free prizes.

Two of the four were founded at Farn, by subscription, about sixty years ago, from the interest of which the two prizes annually arise, appointed to be run for on the Monday and Tuesday following St. Chad's day; both free for any horse, &c. The value of the first, by the Foundation is *nine guineas*, and the second *twenty-one guineas*; the entrance money of the preceding year is always added to the respective prize; but there is a very severe circumstance or two relating to the second, viz.—that every non-subscriber pays five guineas entrance, and five guineas more if distanced; but both the entrance and forfeits, as well as the entrance of subscribers or their successors, are all added to the twenty-one guineas in the following year.

The prize at *Kipling Coates* was founded by a body of *fox-hunters*, appointing it to be annually run for on the third Thursday in March, who, taking an affection to the Wolds of Yorkshire, in some respects resembling the downs of the southern counties, were pleased to deposit the sums whence the prize annually arises; and although but *sixteen guineas*, yet as the time of running for it is in the infancy of the season, it is looked upon as a proper taste-trial, or proof how horses have come through the winter; many of considerable form in the north have often started for this prize.

The *ten guineas* at *Barham Downs* (appointed to be run for annually on Easter Tuesday) is said to have been founded by a well meaning public-spirited lady, who, at her leaving the world was pleased to bequeath a donation, in order to add her latest mite towards the perpe-

tual support of the spirit of those elegant diversions.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE charms of beauty have long formed the favourite theme of the most eminent pens. Its omnipotence over us *poor devils* of males has been always forcibly (and in very numerous instances *painfully* too) acknowledged; the highest encomiums have been launched forth in its praise, and the most laboured invention cannot depict it in brighter colours. Since, then this subject has been already so amply discussed, let us, just by way of novelty, consider the *benefits of ugliness*! Don't be alarmed, ladies,—'tis by no means either intended to depreciate your matchless attractions, or by odious comparisons to make ugliness paramount to your charms.

It has been asserted that "ugliness carries with it a considerable portion of dignity; and that magnificence of command, authority, &c. are ill supported by a regular set of features." Whether this opinion be correct, or whether it may not be attributed to spite, in such as being destitute of personal attractions themselves, would, like the fox, *sour* the forbidden fruit, we presume not to determine. It is however, certain, that many of the most exalted families in Europe have been remarkable for hereditary ugliness. Again, look to the Roman emperors, survey the busts of the ancient philosophers, and you will find most of them, as it were, critically *deformed* for attracting attention, and consequently better calculated to leave a strong impression of their doctrines.—Need we cite *Æsop*, *Socrates*, or the more modern cases of *Heydigger* and *Scarron*? Of this, however, enough, which we trust is sufficient to prove the *dignity* of ugliness.

2. Ugliness is again of advantage, because it often stimulates to excellence.—How often do we find the finest features spoiled by pride and a bad temper? Intoxicated with the false homage of sycophants, the fair damsel too commonly thinks herself secure of undiminished affection, and relying on the power of beauty alone, she often neglects those mental and *domestic attainments*, which should endear the matrimonial chain; but ugliness reminds her possessor to make up for deficiency of form by the more lasting attractions of a well cultivated mind, and an engaging demeanor.

3. Ugliness is likewise advantageous, since it checks vanity, so universal an attendant upon beauty, that it proves its bitterest enemy.—It not only creates much ill will among rival fair ones, but what is much worse, opens the door to many temptations; aware of this general failing, the devotees to beauty never fail to sacrifice largely to its vanity, that they may take the first advantage resulting from too frail credulity.

4. Ugliness also is a sovereign remedy against envy. Beauty is perpetually liable to malignant insinuations and cruel side hints, more particularly from its sister sex; but ugliness not only averts these, but even enlists the fair themselves on its side.—"It is true, ma'am," cries one, "Miss H—— is hump-backed, but then she has all imaginable discretion; Miss A—— is certainly extremely homely, but were you in her company an hour or two, you would be highly delighted, she is always so extremely agreeable; and though Mrs. M—— is monstrous ugly, she is an exceeding good kind of woman, &c."

The last comforter we shall name for ugliness is, that it is the guardian of virtue, it is a potent security against the numerous temptations to which beauty is continually exposed; let then, such as now bewail their want of beauty, in future rather console themselves by their happy exemption, and agree with the poet,

"Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care:

Ladies are happiest moderately fair."

Some may perhaps object, that beauty is a relative term, or to use the common phrase, "*all fancy*;" away then, with your paltry symmetry, mere eye-traps,—empty shadows:

"Talk of blooming charms and graces,
All is notion—all is name;
Nothing differs but their faces,
Every woman is the same."

To be serious, how many of us prefer ugliness to beauty? for, whoever forsakes the intrinsic charms of virtue for the imaginary pleasures of vice, is in *love with ugliness*.
JACOBUS.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

No. II.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

WHEN Peter Pindar visited the grandmother of Polwhele, the historian of Cornwall, about a week before her death, she said, "all is well but for the crumbs under me, they are so hard, boil them and it would do as the story says." She

then told the "Pilgrims and the Pease." Pindar was delighted at the idea, and afterwards, as every one must know, employed it in a delightful comic tale.

EXERCISE.

AMONG the few anecdotes of Abernethy delicate enough to be printed, is the following. A lady consulted him, "You know my usual fee," said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket and pulling forth a sixpence, put it into her hand, "there," said he, "go and buy a skipping-rope; for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise."

DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS, tyrant of Syracuse, who wrote most wretched verses, was so enraged at the opinion of Philoxenus, who declared them to be miserable, that he sent him to prison. Next morning, being supplicated by his friends, he released him, and invited him the same night to a magnificent banquet. Here the tyrant recited some ranting nonsense of his own composition, and turning round, asked Philoxenus what he thought of it. The other without giving a reply, called to Dionysius's myrmidons and said, "lead me to prison." The tyrant could not restrain a laugh and pardoned him.

TOUCHING THE SPANISH.

IN the late war with Spain, a party of French were sent to seize a treasure escorted by some Guerillas. When they returned, defeated and woe-begone, their comrades crowding round them, asked if they had touched the Spanish. "No," said they, "but the Spanish have touched us."

READY AND NEEDFUL.

"I SAY," cried a fashionable youth to an old usurer, "the ready is needful." "Yes," said the other, "but the needful is n't ready."

EVERARD ENDLESS.

EPITAPHS.

MR. EDITOR,—The following Epitaphs are copied from the tomb-stones in Prittlewell church-yard, one mile from South-end.

GEORGE PIERCY.

ON AN INFANT.

Just with her lips the cup of life she
 prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the
 rest,
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sighed her little soul away.

ON THOMAS HALLIDAY, AGED 23.

How lov'd, how valued once, avails thee
 not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of me,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

ON MATTHIAS MITCHELL, AGED 22.

No warning given unceremonious fate;
A sudden push from life's meridian joy!

ON ROBERT DODD,

*Glasier, who died from the mortification
of a wound occasioned by accidentally
falling amongst broken glass.*

Stranger, or friend, whose feet shall haply
 tread,
Above the chambers of the mould'ring
 dead,
If youth and modest innocence be thine,
Welcome, fair pilgrim, to th' instructive
 shrine;
Think, by no warning was I ta'en away,
Prepare! prepare! this might be your
 last day!

In Memory of

MR. THOMAS FOX,
of 352, Oxford-street, who was
unfortunately killed by falling into the
machinery of the Royal Sovereign
 steam-packet,
during an excursion to the Nore,
on the 22nd July 1825,
Aged 26 years.

EPITAPH

*In Darley church-yard, Derbyshire, to
the memory of four Sisters, who died
shortly after each other, the eldest being
twenty, the youngest nineteen.*

YE thoughtless youth, who now so gaily
 tread
O'er the dark mansions of the solemn
 dead,
Pause here awhile beneath this awful
 tomb.
Here lieth four, cut off in beauty's bloom,
Who once, like you, possessed each win-
 ning grace,
Each sweet attraction both of mind and
 face;
Scarcely attain'd to life's fair smiling day,
Ere the dread fiat summon'd them away,
Like some fair flow'r, who native charms
 adorn,
And give fresh verdure to the verdant
 morn,
Blossoms for awhile, till cold inclement
 skies
Nip the fair plant, it sickens, droops, and
 dies.

The Tomb of Virgil.



THE tomb of Virgil, the prince of Roman poets as he is justly called, is situated near Naples. What it might have been in its original state it is difficult to say, the all conquering hand of time having used it so roughly, but we know that it originally bore an epitaph dictated by himself, and which is as follows :—

*Mantua me genuit Calabri rapuere tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini Paeana, Rura, Duces.*

Virgil's tomb does not appear to have been built in the manner of other Italian remains of antiquity, owing probably to the construction as well as the epitaph having been ordered by the owner; however it still retains a venerable and pleasing richness from the numberless tints time has bestowed on it, and the various plants, shrubs, and wild flowers which cluster as if emulous to outvie each other in numbers and richness, in a spot so hallowed. "It is here," as a writer some half century ago says, "the gay may learn thought, and the contemplative mind indulge itself in all the luxury of pleasing meditation. It is a happy reflection the arts are so encouraged, that, without the expense and danger of travelling, we can survey whatever is curious and entertaining in foreign parts; at the same time the very object above mentioned puts us in mind of the fluctuations of all things; as Italy, that school of the arts, mistress of the world,

now presents a fatal reverse to its former situation; and the Italian now scarce knows to and by whom those venerable piles were raised in his own country, that foreigners so much admire."

JOHN BROWN, THE WILTSHIRE BEGGAR.

JOHN BROWN, an aged beggar, who died at Broughton Gifford, near Melksham, last month, was in the early part of his life apprenticed to a weaver, and for a few years after he arrived at maturity, followed his employment, working for a respectable clothier of Melksham. It is nearly forty years since he became a mendicant, which he continued until within three days of his decease, on the 24th of September last, at the advanced age of 77.

The circuit to which he confined himself in his excursions, did not extend much beyond the clothing district of Wiltshire, and part of the adjoining county of Somerset; but his visits were generally very regular, and when rebuked for repeating them too often, he would reply that it was so long since he came last (mentioning the time,) adding, "and I come only once in so many weeks." Though in general importunate in his supplications for charity, yet when refused on the plea of there being nothing

for him, he would coolly observe, as he walked away, "never mind, never mind, it will do when I call next time." In some of the villages at a distance from home, he has appeared as a *silent* petitioner, imploring the assistance of the spectators by *signs* only. On such occasions he was known by the name of the *dumb-man*, and was generally successful in obtaining food or money; but when seen by some of his neighbours, and reproved for his deception, he has readily found his speech, saying, "you mind your business, and I will mind mine." He would sometimes observe to his neighbours on returning from his excursions that he "would rather see the *heads* than the *tails*," at the different houses he went to, thereby insinuating that the masters were more attentive to his plea of distress than the servants. When at a distance from any houses, he has been known to accost the labourers in the fields, begging a part of their food, saying, he was nearly perishing for want; and so meagre and abject was his appearance, and his manner of imploring them so earnest, that he has been relieved by those who could ill afford to share a pittance of their food.

The plaintive manner in which he would solicit aid, his dejected and worn countenance, and the wretchedness of his dress, would impart to those ignorant of the contrary, the idea of his being

* A poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs had borne him to your door."

A few days before his death he went to a gentleman's house where he had been frequently relieved, and invited one of the servants to attend his funeral when he died, which he said would not be long first; he entreated him to attend, whether he received any further invitation or not.

The hut in which Brown lived and died corresponded with its inhabitant:—its exterior, mean and wretched in the extreme, whilst its interior contained an assemblage of poverty, filth, and misapplied articles of value, blended together, without any regard to order or discrimination. This hovel, for it deserves not the name of a house, is about fifteen feet in length, by five in breadth, and seven in height, comprehending only one apartment, and in this miserable abode its miserable inmate had huddled together the following, amongst other articles:—One bed and bedstead, four chairs, three boxes, seven tea-kettles, four saucepans, five frying-pans, two gridirons, ten pepper-boxes, four flour dredgers, forty table and tea-spoons, three tea-canisters,

four tea-trays, one hundred and twenty dowlas and Holland shirts, one hundred and thirty pocket and neck handkerchiefs, forty cravats or stocks of cambric muslin, twenty pair of stockings, two night-caps, thirty-four pair of shoes entirely new, and a great number of old ones, three pair new buckskin breeches and many old ones, five coats and four waistcoats, three pair of gaiters (new), six hats three narrow and three broad brims, four smock frocks, a silver watch and a pair of plated buckles for shoes. A large quantity of old silver (shillings, &c.), which sold for £12. at the rate of 5½d. per shilling; and about £3. worth of old sixpences, halfpence, and penny pieces; four large bags full of meat, in an advanced state of putrefaction, and about two bushels full of pieces of cheese, too bad to be given to pigs.

In a neighbour's house, Brown had deposited a large chest and three boxes full of linen, shoes, and other articles; for the preservation of which the person was paid £10. after his decease.

Notwithstanding he had collected so large a quantity of clothes, some of which were in excellent condition, he was frequently known to go into neighbouring towns to purchase wearing apparel, linen, &c. which on his return home he would put away in the most incongruous manner—as for example, a pair of old shoes, with rusted nails, wrapped up in a new shirt; yet he would not leave his residence otherwise than in an old ragged suit, which betokened the most extreme want, and added to the wretchedness of his appearance.

Upon dividing the property which was found, and which is supposed to have included a considerable sum of money of the present currency (one statement having been published, of there being upwards of £140. found in money, independent of other sums placed out at interest) it was apportioned to ten nephews and nieces; but in the division thereof considerable disturbance ensued, so as to render it necessary to call in the aid of constables in order to preserve the peace.

MR. BLOOR'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR SWIMMING.

[IN No. CLVI. of the MIRROR we inserted a letter from Mr. Bloor, on the utility and practice of swimming; and we now quote the following remarks from a letter which the same gentleman printed in the *Monthly Magazine* some years ago—ED.]

THE immense number of persons that have been drowned renders it unnecessary for me to use any argument to shew the propriety of every person learning to

swim; When I say every person, I mean females as well as males; for, why should not they learn to protect themselves from the danger of a watery grave as well as we? Their lives are dearer to us than our own! They have hands and feet, and the same capacity; and no doubt are as capable of learning as we are; and, with all due regard to their delicacy, I should be proud, very proud, to have the honour of being their instructor, and could, I am persuaded, adopt a plan by which it may be accomplished without the least violence to their modesty; but, should they object to the instruction by a man generally, the necessary art might be communicated to a few females, if there are not such already taught, and it may thus be made general.

Besides the utility of learning to swim, what a delightful amusement is bathing in fine clear water, and how conducive to health! it is a blessing bestowed by our great Creator, which the better and more lovely part of our race, or the greatest part thereof, do not enjoy. This, however, is the case in this country.

In order to assist the young swimmer, I would recommend as an useful assistant a large gut from the bullock, called by butchers the wizen, or perhaps whizen; this gut is about two inches diameter, and perhaps from fourteen to twenty-two inches long. I have found three of them, altogether amounting to about four feet long, tied round a boy of nine years old, quite sufficient to support him on the water. From this, I suppose, as much as measures ten feet, or twelve feet, will be sufficient for an adult. They are to be tied round the body, beginning close under the arms, with the first and the next close to it, and so on with the rest, having one round the neck. If they are long enough to go quite round the body all the better; in which case a person may tie them in front, and can do it himself; and, it may not be amiss to prevent them slipping downwards by fastening a string to each from that on the neck, or by putting it over the shoulders, or the like. But I think, the best way to fill them will be, when they are just taken out of the beast and cleaned, to tie them round anything of the shape of a man's body, and blow them not very tight, as they will be the stronger; and, should not a right curve be obtained; they will be more pliable by being slackly filled. The use of these will be found far preferable to corks or bladders, for they are an hindrance to the spreading of the arms; but not so these. I have now to add a little by way of caution, and I have done; and first, I advise those who bathe in strange waters,

and have not the means of extending their bottom not to plunge in violently, for fear of stakes or broken glass, or stones and the like; such things are not uncommon. I am informed that a young man, fell off a stake in the New River, and his life was despaired of.

A few years ago, I myself was swimming in the Thames on my back, and very narrowly escaped running my head against a buoy; therefore, it is safer for those who swim here to be a little nearer the middle, and look for some time before they turn on the back, that no buoy has just plunged under water and is waiting to effect their destruction; and also to watch if any boat is approaching, with which they may come in contact.

It is also necessary to caution all persons against dropping in head foremost, and that vertically, near the edge of any water whose banks are of a soft muddy kind. It lately happened that a son of mine immersed in this kind of way into the New River; his head stuck in the mud, and it appeared to him about a minute before he could extricate himself.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

ANECDOTES OF MR. SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN, JUST PUBLISHED.

(Concluded from page 269.)

SHERIDAN'S IMPROVIDENCE.

His improvidence in everything connected with money was most remarkable. He would frequently be obliged to stop on his journeys, for want of the means of getting on, and to remain living expensively at an inn, till a remittance could reach him. His letters to the treasurer of the theatre on these occasions were generally headed with the words "Money bound." A friend of his told me, that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay upon the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on the seals, said to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present, "I see we are all treated alike." Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over this table, a letter which he had himself sent, a few weeks before, to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note, to release him from some inn, but which Mr. Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of

opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter, and reserved the enclosure for some future exigence.

Among instances of his inattention to letters, the following is mentioned. Going one day to the banking-house, where he was accustomed to receive his salary, as receiver of Cornwall, and where they sometimes accommodated him with small sums before the regular time of payment, he asked, with all due humility, whether they could oblige him with the loan of twenty pounds. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "Would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?" Sheridan, all smiles and gratitude, answered that a hundred pounds would be of the greatest convenience to him. "Perhaps you would like to take two or three?" said the clerk. At every increase of the sum, the surprise of the borrower increased. "Have not you then received our letter?" said the clerk; on which it turned out, that in consequence of the falling in of some fine, a sum of twelve hundred pounds had been lately placed to the credit of the receiver-general, and that, from not having opened the letter written to apprise him, he had been left in ignorance of his good luck.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE following extracts are from an unfinished comedy by Mr. Sheridan, on *Affectation*, every species of which he so happily describes:—

Character—MR. BUSTLE.

A man who delights in hurry and interruption—will take any one's business for them—leaves the world where all his plagues may follow him—governor of all hospitals, &c.—share in Ranelagh—speaker everywhere, from the vestry to the House of Commons—"I am not at home—gad, now he has heard me, and I must be at home."—"Here am I so plagued, and there is nothing I love so much as retirement and quiet."—"You never sent after me."—"Let servants call in to him such a message as "Tis nothing but the window-tax," he hiding in a room that communicates.—A young man tells him some important business in the middle of fifty trivial interruptions, and the calling in of idlers; such as fiddlers, wild-beast men, foreigners with recommendatory letters, &c.—answers notes on his knee, "and so your uncle died?—for your obliging inquiries—and left you an orphan—to cards in the evening."

Can't bear to be doing nothing.—"Can I do anything for any body any where?"—"Have been to the secretary—written

to the treasury."—"Must proceed to meet the commissioners, and write Mr. Price's little boy's exercise."—"The most active idler and laborious trifter.

He does not in reality love business—only the appearance of it. "Ha! ha! did my lord say that I was always very busy?—What, plagued to death?"

Keeps all his letters and copies—"Mem. to meet the hackney-coach commissioners—to arbitrate between, &c. &c."

Contrast with the man of indolence, his brother.—"So, brother, just up! and I have been, &c. &c."—one will give his money from indolent generosity, the other his time from restlessness—"T'will be shorter to pay the bill than look for the receipt."—Files letters, answered and unanswered—"Why, here are more unopened than answered!"

He regulates every action by a love for fashion—will grant annuities though he doesn't want money—appear to intrigue, though constant, to drink, though sober—has some fashionable vices—affects to be distressed in his circumstances, and, when his new *vis-a-vis* comes out, procures a judgment to be entered against him—wants to lose, but by ill luck wins 5,000*l*.

What are the affectations you chiefly dislike?

To see two people affecting intrigue, having their assignations in public places only; he, affecting a warm pursuit, and the lady, acting the hesitation of retreating virtue—"Pray, ma'am, don't you think, &c."—while neither party have words between 'em to conduct the preliminaries of gallantry, nor passion to pursue the object of it.

A plan of public flirtation—not to get beyond a profile.

Then I hate to see one, to whom Heaven has given real beauty, settling her features at the glass of fashion while she speaks—not thinking so much of what she says as how she looks, and more careful of the action of her lips than of what shall come from them.

A pretty woman studying looks and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady —, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds.

An old woman endeavouring to put herself back to a girl.

A true trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambuscade of his ready-made joke.

A man intriguing, only for the reputation of—to his confidential servant, "Who am I in love with now?"—"The new-

papers give you so and so—you are laying close siege to Lady L. in the *Morning Post*, and have succeeded with Lady G. in the *Herald*—Sir F. is very jealous of you in the *Gazetteer*.”—“Remember tomorrow, the first thing you do, to put me in love with Mrs. C.”

An old man, who affects intrigue, and writes his own reproaches in the *Morning Post*, trying to scandalize himself into the reputation of being young, as if he could obscure his age by blotting his character—though never so little candid as when he’s abusing himself.

“Shall you be at Lady —’s?—I’m told the Bramin is to be there, and the new French philosopher.”—“No—it will be pleasanter at Lady —’s *conversations*—the cow with two heads will be there.”

A fat woman trundling into a room on castors—in sitting can only lean against her chair—rings on her fingers, and her fat arms strangled with bracelets, which belt them like corded brawn—rolling and heaving when she laughs with the rattles in her throat, and a most apoplectic ogle—you wish to draw her out, as you would an opera-glass.

A long lean man, with all his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread, he’d lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin, that his front face is but the moiety of a profile—if he stands cross-legged, he looks like a caduceus; and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of *chevaux-de-frise*—to make any use of him, it must be as a pontoon or a fishing-rod—when his wife’s by, he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one’s a mast, and the other all hulk—she’s a dome, and he’s built like a glass-house—when they part, you wonder to see the steeple separate from the chancel; and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker’s bolster—to sing her praise, you should choose a rondeau; and to celebrate him, you must write all Alexandrines.

The loadstone of true beauty draws the heaviest substances—not like the fat dowager, who frets herself into warmth to get the notice of a few *papier mâché* fops, as you rub Dutch sealing-wax to draw paper.

A lady who affects poetry.—“I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebuses—a rondeau of circumvallation—her pride sapped by an elegy, and her re-

solve surprised by an *impromptu*—proceeding to storm with Pindarica, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation.”

Her prudish frowns and resentful looks are as ridiculous as ’twould be to see a board with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or of steel-traps set in a common—because they imply an insinuation that there is something worth plundering where one would not, in the least, suspect it.

The expression of her face is at once a denial of all love-suit, and a confession that she never was asked—the sourness of it arises not so much from her aversion to the passion, as from her never having had an opportunity to show it—Her features are so unfortunately formed, that she could never dissemble or put on sweetness enough to induce any one to give her occasion to show her bitterness.—I never saw a woman to whom you would more readily give credit for perfect chastity.

Lady Clio. “What am I reading?”—“have I drawn nothing lately?—is the work-bag finished?—how accomplished I am!—has the man been to untune the harpsichord?—does it look as if I had been playing on it?”

“Shall I be ill to-day?—shall I be nervous?”—“Your la’ship was nervous yesterday.”—“Was I?—then I’ll have a cold—I haven’t had a cold this fortnight—a cold is becoming—no—I’ll not have a cough; that’s fatiguing—I’ll be quite well.”—“You become sickness—your la’ship always looks vastly well when you’re ill.”

MY TRUNK.

(TO ANNE.)

Have you heard, my dear Anne, how my spirits are sunk?

Have you heard of the cause?—Oh! the loss of my trunk,

From exertion or firmness I’ve never yet sunk; But my fortitude’s gone with the loss of my trunk?

Stout Lucy, my maid, is a damsel of spunk; Yet she weeps night and day for the loss of my trunk!

I’d better turn nun, and coquet with a monk; For with whom can I flirt without aid from my trunk?

* * * * *
Accurs’d be the thief, the old rascally hunk,
Who rifles the fair, and lays hands on their trunks!

He who robs the king’s stores of the least bit of junk

Is hang’d—while he’s safe who has plundered my trunk!

* * * * *
There’s a phrase amongst lawyers, when nunc’s put for tunc;

But, tunc and nunc both, must I grieve for my trunk!

Wags leaves of that great commentator, old Brunck, Perhaps was the paper that lined my poor trunk ! But my rhymes are all out, for I dare not use it—k, 'Twould shock Sheridan more than the loss of my trunk !

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE GREEK CHIEFS CONSTANTINE BOTZARI, COLOCOTRONI, AND CONSTANTINE CANARIS.—*By Count Peccia.*

CONSTANTINE BOTZARI.

A PAINTER might have made a picture of Constantine Botzari, when we went to visit him in his bivouac. He was standing under a large poplar, his warriors made a circle around him, all standing. Neither gold nor silver glittered on his person. His dress was simple and modest, like his character. Over a *peaghi* of light blue cloth he wore a white capote of long goat's hair, the usual capote of the Suliots. Accustomed to distinguish the commander of these troops by the richness of their dress and their arms, we were making a survey around whilst we were already before him. A carpet spread upon the grass, for his convenience, was his only distinction. A profound silence reigned in this assembly of immovable warriors. Botzari was quietly smoking; he received us coldly, and yet kindly. He is from Suli, and the brother of Marco Botzari, the Leonidas of the Greek revolution. He is thick-limbed and robust, though of the middle stature, and is said to resemble his brother. His is the name dearest to the Suliots, of all the surviving names of that martial colony. His soldiers are almost all Suliots; and amongst them many of his own relatives, who follow him in his wars, and, more from love than from right, always fight at his side. General Roche announced to Botzari that the French committee had selected the son of Marco Botzari to be educated in France. Botzari replied that he was grateful to the committee, and that he wished his nephew to become well-informed.

Gen.—“Are you versed in the history of the ancient Greeks and their deeds?”

Bots.—“We have not read their history, but we have heard it.”

Gen.—“The career you pursue will procure you honour amongst your contemporaries, and immortality with posterity.”

Bots.—“The aim of our actions is solely the good of our country.”

Gen.—“The death of your brother will always rebound to the glory of the Greeks.”

Bots.—“The Greeks only desire a death like his.”

Gen.—“Is there amongst the Suliots any one who bears the name of some illustrious ancient?”

At this question, a cousin of Botzari, who was standing behind him, in a resolute tone, answered: “The heart, and not the name, makes the hero.”

Gen.—“Should you like to have a king in Greece?”

Bots.—I think that a king would be desirable for the good of Greece in its present circumstances.”

The general had purposely proposed this question to many other chiefs; and the answer of them all agreed with that of Botzari. I know not, to speak plainly, if confidence is to be placed in the sincerity of these answers, as the Capitani appeared too condescending, either from politeness or from dissimulation.

Constantine Botzari, as I have already observed, is the idol of his companions in arms. In the last affair of the 19th of April, they saved him at the price of their blood. He was dismounted from his horse by an Egyptian officer, who was on the point of taking him prisoner. His soldiers and relatives, ashamed of losing their captain, resolved to save him at all hazards. They made a hedge around him with their bodies—they fight, retreating—they thrust him along—they carry him nearly a mile; when the enemy presses forward, they make head against him—they fight—they fall, and replace each other, and in this manner leaving seventeen of their dead on the field, they bear him off in safety; and they not only recover his horse, but they take from their enemies, whom they had slain, twelve of their's. In this conflict, which renews the battles of the Iliad, six brothers, relatives of Botzari, fell, to preserve his life and the honour of the Suliots. On taking leave, Constantine Botzari kissed us on the mouth. This is the most tender kiss of friendship that can be given in Greece.

COLOCOTRONI.*

WHEN I beheld Colocotroni sitting amidst ten of his companions, prisoners of state, and treated with respect by his guards, I called to mind the picture that Tasso draws of Satan in the council of the devils. His neglected grey hairs fell upon his broad shoulders, and mingled

* For an interesting memoir of this distinguished Warrior, see *Mirror*, No. 157.

with his rough beard, which, since his imprisonment, he had allowed to grow, as a mark of grief and revenge. His form is rugged and vigorous, his eyes full of fire, and his martial and savage figure resembled one of the sharp grey rocks which are scattered throughout the Archipelago. I presented him the compliments of Bobolina, and announced to him that in a few days he would be free. He thanked me by the interpreter, and asked what was the news. I told him that the Egyptians were on the point of gaining possession of Navarino; and that they were formidable, not only for their personal valour, but for their tactical skill, and the cavalry in their army. He observed, that to conquer the Egyptians, it was sufficient merely to levy men, and then (suited the action to the word) to fire. "I know," added he, "the positions in which their tactics and their cavalry would be useless. Do you know what has given the victory to the Egyptians? Unity of command; whilst the Greeks are ruined by the mania that every one has for command without experience."—Whilst he raised his arm in speaking, I noticed upon it a sabre wound, and asked him where he had acquired that honorable decoration. "It is not the only one that I bear on my person," he replied; and thus saying, he showed me another mark of a shot on his left arm, another on the right side of his breast, and a fourth on his thigh.

Whilst speaking, he hastily ran over the beads of a rosary; and, instead of the Turkish gravity which the Greeks have contracted, he rolled his eyes rapidly and fiercely, arose and sat down, agitated as if still a kliept in fear of the ambushes and attacks of the enemy. General Colocotroni is certainly not a man of the common stamp. A few days afterwards he was set at liberty, and received by the government in Napoli di Romania with all due dignity and honour. On the act of reconciliation with the government, he replied without premeditation to the speech which one of the legislators addressed to him. In his unpolished reply is a remarkable passage, in which he said, "In coming hither from Hydra I have cast all rancour into the sea; do you do so likewise—bury in that gulph all your hatreds and dissensions: *that* shall be the treasure which you will gain." He was speaking in the square of Napoli, where the inhabitants had been for several days excavating the earth, in the hope (common in Greece) of finding a hidden treasure.

CONSTANTINE CANARIS.

I INQUIRED for the habitation of Capt.

Constantine Canaris, desirous of becoming acquainted with that intrepid leader of the fire-ships. I found him by the side of his wife, playing with his son *Miltiades*, a child of three years of age. He received me with frankness and courtesy, and made his elder son, *Nicholas*, present me with a half-blown rose, a mark of affection in the Levant. Canaris is a young man about thirty-two, frank and gay, and at the same time extremely modest. I could never induce him to relate any of his deeds. He is loved by all his countrymen; but envied by the *Hydriots*, through whom he has been left this year without the command of a fire-ship. His gun was hanging against the wall. His arms and his courage are all the riches of this intrepid man, after having burnt four of the enemy's ships of war. Last year, having avenged the burning of his country by that of an enemy's ship, he presented himself at Napoli di Romania, poor and in want of everything. Whilst each inhabitant was eagerly making him some present, he said before the legislative body, "I would much rather than all these gifts receive another fire-ship to burn in the service of my country." Whilst we were speaking, his wife, with matronly dignity, suckled an infant three months old, named *Lycurgus*. She is an *Ipsariet*, of great beauty, grave and modest—a *Minerva*.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

LINES ON LIBERTY.

OH, Liberty! how fair thy angel face,
Which gives to ev'ry thing a double
grace—

That crown's with joy Britannia's little
isle,

And makes a barren moor or mountain
smile.

How wretched he who lives and is not
free;

For showers of gold I would not part
with thee;

For, nothing Fortune gives or takes away
Could for thy loss, sweet Liberty, repay.

A. WALKER.

EPITAPH ON AN IRON HEEL.

RELEASED from the burthen of human
frailty, which was borne without mur-
muring, lie the remains of poor *Tip*, an
offspring of *vice*. At his birth he dis-
covered such a *heat* of disposition, that,
but for repeated blows from the author of
his existence, he would not have been

formed for society. Driven to *extremes*, he was a *hanger-on*, and generally at the bottom of many a black thing; yet, when he held fast to his duty, no one was better fitted to strengthen the *under-standing*. Still was he too often trod on in return, and was left at length entirely forsaken by him to whom he had always proved a steady adherent. Worn out in constitution, no longer on a footing with any one, good or bad, he fell a heart-broken victim to the pressure of his cares at an early age.

LINES TO AN INFANT.

Translated from the Persian, by Sir William Jones.

ON Parents' knees a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

AN OLD JOKE VERSIFIED.

PAT at a mirror stood, with eyes
Close shut; when one, in great surprise,
Exclaim'd, "What means the ape?"
"What mane I, honey? Widout book
That's answer'd—*to see how I look*
When I am fast asleep."

W. H.

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"How is it, my friend, that
Wherever I stray,
Mine ears are regal'd with
A jack-ass's bray?"
"Why the reason's most plain;
Birds of a feather
Have always been known, Sir,
To flock together."
H.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION

To spend an hour at a Tavern.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by and bye,
Or else the de'il is in it.

LINES,

Written extempore by a Captain of a Ship upon his going to the Sun Tavern, at Ratcliff, and left in a note in the key-hole of his door, in expectation of an

Exciseman's coming to visit him, who was reputed a sober, frugal man, and intended as a jeer on his frugality and employment.

At the sign of the Sun,
As sure as a gun,
You'll find us inspir'd with Port;
Without children or wives
To ruffle our lives,
And free from dependence at court.

Thus by freedom and wine,
Like Suns we all shine;
And when you our footsteps have trod,
With each generous soul
Your fame we'll enrol,
And enlist you under Bacchus our god.

THE EXCISEMAN'S ANSWER.

NOR the charms of your wine,
Nor your Sun in a sign,
I value so much as my gold;
My children and wife
Are the joys of my life,
And a drunkard I hate as a scold.

In honesty's cause
And just excise laws
I spend my days cheerful and merrily;
From each honest mind
Acceptance I find,
And I laugh at the wonders of Sherry.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C. on London Improvements. Memoir of Henry Kirke White. The Pleasures of Travelling. The Death of Goliath, and several other original communications in our next.

W. C. &c. on Masonry; in a week or two.

Several articles which remain under consideration, shall be disposed of in our next.

J. F.'s communications have been received, and shall have insertion.

Jacobus is informed that we do not renounce poetical contributions altogether, but we should only deceive our correspondents if we gave them hopes that one twentieth part of the poetical articles we receive could obtain insertion. We thank him for his forbearance, but many pieces have been delayed as long as those to which he alludes, and that unavoidably.

We almost fear the length of G. W. B.'s article on the *Runic Mythology*, and should wish to have the conclusion previous to our commencing it.

Greece, by C. T. J.—is a very creditable juvenile attempt, but he will do better things by and by, and thank us for not hurrying him into print.

T. M. B. will perceive that the article to which he alludes has been inserted, but the drawing did not appear to us sufficiently interesting. It shall be returned to him.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

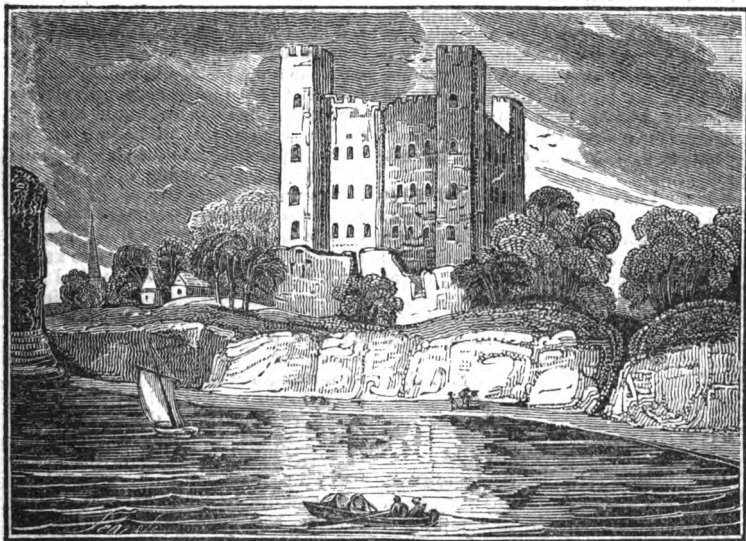
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXVI.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Rochester Castle, Kent.



THE ruins of Rochester Castle, of which the above is a good view, are situated on an eminence which rises abruptly from the Medway, and overlooks the rich and beautiful valley through which that river has its course. It was erected by William the Conqueror, or according to some historians he only repaired a former building, on the same site, which appears to have some foundation, as frequent mention is made of the "Castrum Roffense" in the Saxon annals. Whichever it was, he entrusted Otho, bishop of Baieux, with the execution of it, and also with the custody of the fortress; but Otho proving unworthy of the trust reposed in him, was seized and sent as a prisoner to the castle of Rouen, in Normandy, where he remained till the accession of William Rufus, who reinstated him in his former rank and possessions. He, however, afterwards shewed his ingratitude by raising an insurrection in favour of the king's brother, Robert, duke of Normandy. Upon this, Rufus laid siege to the castle, and having forced the garrison to surrender, banished the bishop from his dominions.

The castle having sustained consider-
VOL. VI. U

able injuries during the siege, the king committed the repairs to the care of bishop Gundulph, and the prior of Rochester. The former not only rebuilt the walls, but also erected the keep, a square tower which perpetuates his name, and ranks him amongst the most eminent architects of the Anglo-Norman times.

This castle underwent several other sieges, the most memorable of which was by king John. It was then defended by the barons, but was forced to surrender after an investment of three months. Edward IV. about the eleventh year of his reign, repaired the walls both of the castle and the city, since which time they have been neglected, and have fallen to their present state of decay. The principal entrance was on the north-east, and was defended by a tower-gateway, with outworks on the sides. The outward walls measuring three hundred feet in length, were strengthened by several round and square towers. The keep occupies the south-east portion of the castle area; it is of a quadrangular form seventy feet square at the base, its angles corresponding with the four points of the compass. The walls, which are twelve

or thirteen feet thick, incline inwards from the base. The interior is divided by a wall into two parts, with arched doorways of communication upon each floor. In the centre of this wall is a circular hole for a well of considerable depth, and open from the top to the very bottom of the keep. This tower consisted of three floors besides the basement, but they were removed when the tower was dismantled in the reign of James I. At the north-east angle is a winding staircase which ascends to the summit, and near it is a small arched doorway leading to a narrow, vaulted apartment underneath the tower, supposed to have been a dungeon for criminals.

Several estates in the county of Kent hold of Rochester Castle by ancient tenure of castle guard. On St. Andrew's day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of rents, and every tenant who does not discharge his arrears, is liable to have his rent doubled on the return of every tide of the Medway, until the whole is discharged.

S. I. B.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

AT a meeting of the mechanics of Deptford, held last week for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics' Institute: Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who has consented to be the president, spoke in powerful terms on the advantages of education to the lower classes. After happily ridiculing the dangers which some persons anticipate from the diffusion of knowledge, he thus proceeded:—

It is said that immediately you are instructed in science you become unfitted for the practical arts; as if the improving of your heads would lessen the skillfulness of your fingers. I contend, from actual observation, that the contrary is the fact. Will a man, because he may be told that queen Elizabeth reigned after William the conqueror, make the worse journeyman blacksmith? Because he may be instructed in geography, and learn that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa, and Cape Horn in South America, will he make the worse locksmith? Improvements are far more likely to be suggested to those engaged in the practical application of a science to the useful purposes of life, than to those whose attention is devoted to its theory. I know of several improvements that have been made in an engine at Woolwich-yard by the persons engaged in the labour of working it. There are, besides, other

advantages resulting from the knowledge of science. Opportunities will sometimes occur when that knowledge will be of the utmost possible consequence. I will mention two cases bearing upon this declaration. Two young men, neither of whom could swim, were about to bathe in a place where the water did not appear above four feet deep. One of them, however, who had studied a little of optics, and knew that the rays of light refracted from water, that is, in passing from a denser to a rarer medium, would become bent, and consequently apparently elevate the bed of the river, cautioned his companion to stop, just as he was on the point of plunging into the stream. This probably saved the young man's life, for it was subsequently ascertained that the water was above six feet deep. The second is an instance of the life of a sailor being saved through the scientific knowledge of a cabin-boy; this lad had read in some book, that the specific gravity of the whole of a man's body was to a similar bulk of sea water as nine is to ten, and consequently that it must float upon its surface; but the man kept lifting his arms above the water, which the lad saw would counterbalance the less specific gravity of the remainder of the body; he therefore kept calling to the sailor, "Keep your arms down." This advice was attended to for more than twenty minutes, and the poor fellow's life was eventually saved. This poor cabin-boy was no less an individual than the subsequently eminent Mr. Nicholson, editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, who, in connexion with Dr. Birkbeck, first gave that impulse to the mechanics which is now felt at the remotest parts of the kingdom. Here, then, is a striking instance of a man bursting from obscurity—of genius shaking off the trammels that bound it, and springing into new life and freedom. You all know what the poet says—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Is it not possible, then, that there may be many such a gem here; that there may be in this room the bud of many such a flower? What was Sir Richard Arkwright, a man to whose genius this country is indebted for very much of its commercial prosperity—to whose improvements in the machinery for spinning cotton we are indebted for being enabled to keep the cotton trade chiefly confined to ourselves—what, I say, was the great Arkwright? A barber. Yet we owe

our proud superiority in this department of our national greatness to the unassisted efforts of Dick the barber. Who was Ferguson? A simple peasant, a man who, wrapped in his plaid, passed the winter nights in contemplating the heavens, and who, by arranging his beads upon the cold heath, at length completed a map of the stars. Who was Dr. Herschel, the discoverer of so many important astronomical facts? A boy who played the pipe and tabor in a foreign regimental band. Who was Watt? A mathematical instrument maker. Who was Brindley, whose canals have given such an accession of power to our commerce by the facilities of internal communication? A millwright. Nicholson, a cabin-boy; and Ramdage, the best maker of reflecting telescopes in the world, a Scotch cutler. Now, without labour, without perseverance, without science, Sir R. Arkwright would have remained Dick Arkwright, the barber—the great Herschel would have piped on till the end of the chapter—Watt would have made spectacles—and all the others would have continued in that obscurity from which they emerged with such astonishing brilliancy. And what is it that renders us fit to be raised into such distinction? Why, our being Englishmen. From the cowboy up to the throne, there is not an individual who does not enjoy the higher elevation for being an Englishman. What is it that makes George the fourth the greatest monarch in the world? Not his splendour, nor his army, nor his navy; but that he reigns over the most free, the most intelligent, the most inquisitive, the most virtuous people on the face of the earth."

IMPROVEMENTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—There is an old and ill-natured Latin phrase, the spirit of which seems in a measure even to have been centered in Alexander the Great, when he lectured his tutor, Aristotle, namely, that "a man's knowledge is worth nothing if he communicated it to others." If this selfish character could prevail, what advancement should we have obtained beyond that which rude nature had implanted—where would have been the excitement for the production of those rich and sound volumes of which we are so well supplied—where would have been the anxiety to put into action those never-to-be-forgotten inventive powers which first fathomed the use of steam, and have since pursued its powers—where would

have been all those means by which health is preserved, happiness increased, wealth augmented, and divine revelation promoted—and lastly, where would have been the situation of England, with all her proud and magnificent attainments, glittering and alluring as they are, which flow in so many varied streams with such a mighty torrent, and concentrate in one grand and general ocean of all that is sterling, sublime, and great. "Yea! the whole globe itself" would have been deficient.

Happily it is a property in the heart of man to be diffusive, and its excellencies extend over the face of creation almost as freely as the hand wafts the healthful and refreshing breezes. Every new-born year, therefore, brings with it fresh and generous channels for the scope of knowledge in the arts and sciences, and mechanism, and architecture, and all men are proud in acknowledging, that "to direct a wanderer in the right way is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

I have been led to these observations through the perusal of an article in the new series of the *European Magazine*, and by my anxiety that no check should be offered to any fresh openings likely to encourage that inestimable treasure, knowledge, or that no impediments should be raised to any inventions or improvements of whatever magnitude, or however simple. Although there may be very many ingenious inventions and admirable improvements, which at first view appear unprofitable, or of little service; it must be borne in mind, that our steam-engine, through which we are enabled to accomplish so many valuable undertakings, was even within the memory of many individuals, pronounced by the then greatest scientific men to be a machine that could never be relied upon for its *regularity*, and consequently of little value. Our streets are now brilliantly illuminated with *gas* lights, a circumstance that we now let pass unnoticed, but had we been told half a century ago that the means of light would have been thus communicated, how much would the idea have been ridiculed; indeed even when *gas* itself had been for some time known, the idea of *portable gas* became an object for several puns, but all this has gone, and we are blessed not only with *portable gas*, but *coal* and *oil gas*.

Probably these circumstances appear equally obvious to all individuals, and without descanting upon the folly of supposing that the nineteenth century has

attained the highest summit of knowledge. I shall make the following extract from a debate in the House of Commons, in the year 1671, on the subject of building a new bridge at Putney, which I copy from the *European Magazine*, where it has been transferred from *Grey's Debates*, vol. i. p. 415.

"*Die Martis, Ap: 4. 1671.*

"A bill for building a bridge over the river Thames from Putney was read. On the motion that it be read a second time—Mr. Jones (Member for London), rose and spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker—It is impossible to contemplate without feelings of the most afflictive nature the probable success of the Bill now before the House. I am sensible that I can hardly do justice by any words of mine to the apprehensions, which not only I myself personally feel upon the vital question, but to those which are felt by every individual in the kingdom, who has given this very important subject the smallest share of his consideration. I am free to say, Sir, and I say it with the greater freedom, because I know, that the erection of a bridge over the river Thames at Putney, will not only injure the great and important city which I have the honour to represent; not only jeopardize it, not only destroy its correspondences and commerce, but actually annihilate it altogether, (hear, hear!) I repeat in all possible seriousness, that it will question the very existence of the metropolis; and I have no hesitation in declaring, that next to pulling down the whole borough of Southwark, nothing can destroy London more certainly, than building this proposed bridge at Putney (hear, hear!) Allow, me, Sir, to ask, and I do with the more confidence, because the answer is evident and clear, how will London be supplied with fuel, with grain, or with hay, if this bridge is built? All the correspondences westward will be at one blow destroyed. I repeat this fact boldly, because, as I said before, it is incontrovertible; as a Member of this Honourable House, I should not venture to speak thus authoritatively, unless I had the best possible ground to go upon, and I state without fear of contradiction, that the water at Putney is shallow at ebb, and assuming as I do, that the correspondences of London require free passage at all times; and knowing as I do, that if a bridge be built there, not even the common wherries will be able to pass the river at low water, I do say, that I think the Bill one which only tends to promote a wild and silly scheme, likely to advantage a few speculators, but highly un-

reasonable and unjust in its character and provisions; because, independently of the ruin of the City of London, which I consider inevitable in the event of its success, it will effect an entire change in the position and affairs of the watermen, a change which I have no hesitation in saying, will most seriously affect the interests of his Majesty's government, and not only the interests of the government, but those of the nation at large."

Mr. Waller followed the Honourable Member for London, and gave it as his opinion, that the erection of a bridge at Putney could not be considered as oppressive, even were a toll laid upon the bridge, because, said the Honourable Gentleman, "those who dislike paying the toll may go by water, and so pay nothing, (hear, and a laugh.) It seems to me," said the Honourable Gentleman, "if it be a bad thing for Southwark it is a good thing for Westminster, where the Court is, and where we are, (a laugh;) at Paris, Sir, there are several bridges—at Venice, hundreds. What then?—Paris is not ruined, and Venice flourishes. I must say I think the opposition offered to this bill shews considerable want of patriotism; no object in my mind can be more beneficial to the country than the extension of its resources, the multiplication of those avenues and approaches to the metropolis by which the public wealth may be increased, and the national character elevated; no object in my mind is better calculated to extend the reputation of this country, or its mercantile advantages, than a bridge over the river at Putney, (loud cheering.) Besides, Sir, if I may be permitted to make such an allusion, I think it by no means irrelevant to throw out, by way of observation, that the King cannot hunt in London; if the King wishes to hunt, he must cross the water. This is a fact incontrovertible by gentlemen on the other side of the House, and a fact which I think well worthy our consideration; in short, I have no hesitation in saying, that the measure of building a bridge over the river at Putney, is one which, independently of the advantages to which I have just cursorily alluded, cannot fail to be of the greatest utility and convenience to the whole British nation."

Sir Thomas Lee, in a very excellent speech, expressed at some length his fears that the bill was little better than a job, and that its object was to improve the value of the new buildings about the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, (hear, hear! and a laugh.)

Col. Birch rose and said, "Sir, it seems to me, that in a popular view of a subject

like this, it matters very little whether men are actually aggrieved, or whether they think themselves so; now, I have no hesitation in saying, because I have brought all the powers of my mind to the subject, that whenever a cart carries anything to the City in the ordinary course of affairs, it takes something back to the country. The only difference in point of fact, then, whether the proposed bridge at Putney be built or not, comes to this, that people bringing provisions from the country *into* this neighbourhood will take back something in the country *out* of this neighbourhood; but what of that? If they do not go to the City to get what they want here, somebody from this part of the town must go the City to get it for them, (hear, hear!) I really see nothing seriously objectionable to the bill before us."

Mr. Secretary Trevor rose amidst general cheering; the House having subdued itself into quietude, the greatest attention prevailed. The Right Hon. Secretary then said, "Sir, it may naturally be expected that upon a subject of such vital interest as that, which we are now called upon to discuss, I should say a few words. I do assure you, Sir, that it is far, very far from my wish, upon a matter so highly important as the erection of a bridge at Putney, to say more than I consider it my duty to submit, with a view rather to direct, than lead the judgment of the House. I have considered the matter with all possible attention, and with those advantages which circumstances naturally afford me; and as I wish Honourable Gentlemen to put aside all feelings but those strictly applicable to the circumstances of the case, so I most candidly declare my sentiments upon it. It appears evident to me, Sir, (and I trust I shall be borne out in the opinion I have deliberately formed,) that no new law can well be made without, in some degree, having reference to a law previously made, and that whatever improvements are contemplated, the Legislature, in forwarding such improvements, may probably transfer an inconvenience from one set of people to another; it appears evident to me, after all I have done in this business, that passages over rivers are, in fact, great conveniences, and I really am at a loss to understand why there is any serious opposition raised abstractedly to a bridge at Putney; because, although Putney is farther up the river Thames than London, Honourable Gentlemen who speak so warmly against the proposed bridge at the former place, because it is likely to infringe upon the *vested rights of the watermen*, might, by

a parity of reasoning, contend that there ought to be no bridge at London." (The Right Hon. Secretary sat down amidst continued cheers.)

Sir William Thompson being loudly called for, rose and made the following speech:—

"Sir,—When a convenience has been long possessed, it grows as it were into a custom, and therefore the observations of the Right Hon. Secretary, with regard to London bridge, do not, as it appears to me, at all apply to the romantic and visionary scheme of building a bridge over the river at Putney; one thing, indeed, may be well enough remarked upon in the Right Honourable Gentleman's speech—he talks of the objections which might be made to London bridge by those who oppose the imaginary bridge at Putney; it is true, that those who would support the one, would annihilate the other, for if a bridge be raised at Putney, London bridge may as well be pulled down, (hear, hear!) Yes, Sir! I repeat it—because this bridge, which seems to be a favourite scheme of some Honourable Gentlemen whom I have in my eye—if this bridge be permitted, the rents necessary to the maintenance of London bridge will be annihilated; and, therefore, as I said before, the bridge itself must eventually be annihilated also. But, Sir, this is not all. I speak affectionately of the City of London, and I hope I shall never be forgetful of its interests, (hear, hear, from Mr. Jones;) but I take up the question on much more liberal principles, and assume a higher ground, and I will maintain it. Sir, London is circumscribed—I mean the City of London; there are walls, gates, and boundaries, the which no man can increase or extend; those limits were set by the wisdom of our ancestors, and God forbid they should be altered. But, Sir, though these landmarks can never be removed—I say *never*, for I have no hesitation in stating, that when the walls of London shall no longer be visible, and Ludgate is demolished, England itself will be as nothing—though, Sir, these landmarks are immovable, indelible, indestructible, except with the Constitution of the country, yet it is in the power of speculative theorists to delude the minds of the people with visionary projects of increasing the skirts of the City so that it may even join Westminster. When that is the case, Sir, the skirts will be too big for our habits; the head will grow too big for the body, and the members will get too weak to support the constitution: but what of this? say Honourable Gentlemen—what have we to do to consider the policy of increasing

the town, while we are only debating a question about Putney bridge?—to which I answer, look at the effects *generally* of the important step you are about to sanction; ask me to define those effects *particularly*, and I will descend to the *minutiae* of the mischief you appear prone to commit. Sir, I, like my Honourable Friend the Member for the City of London, have taken opinions of scientific men, and I declare it to be their positive conviction and mine, that if the fatal bridge (I can find no other suitable word) be built, not only will quicksands and shelves be created throughout the whole course of the river, but the western barges will be laid up high and dry at Teddington, while not a ship belonging to us will ever get nearer London than Woolwich; thus, not only your corn-markets, but your Custom-house, will be nullified; and not only the whole mercantile navy of the country absolutely destroyed, but several west-country bargemen actually thrown out of employ. I declare to God, Sir, that I have no feeling on the subject but that of devotion to my country, and I shall most decidedly oppose the Bill in all its stages," (hear, hear, hear!)

Colonel Stroude said, that he approved of the notion of the bridge at Putney, although he must confess there appeared a somewhat too sanguine expectation of carrying a question of such importance, on the part of its advocates. The gallant Colonel observed, that no city was so long as ours on the bank of a navigable river, without more bridges than one; and although, as being a Colonel in the army, it was not exactly in his province to meddle with bridges or quays, or such sort of things (of which he professed himself sincerely to understand nothing), yet it struck him, as a military man, that if the river Thames were frozen up, and no vegetables or provisions of that sort could be forwarded to London by boats or barges, then a bridge (which, although liable to be blown up or blown down, could not well be frozen up) would afford a constant and seasonable supply—besides, in case of mutiny, he considered it would be a wonderful advantage to have this communication always free and open.

Mr. Boscawen, before he came down to the House, could not understand what possible reason could be adduced in favour of a bridge at Putney; and now that he had heard the reasons of Honourable Gentlemen, he was equally at a loss to account for them. If there were any advantage derivable from a bridge at Putney, perhaps some gentlemen would find out that a bridge at Westminster would be a convenience. Then other Honour-

able Gentlemen might dream that a bridge from the end of Fleet Market into the fields on the opposite side of the water would be a fine speculation; or who knew but at last it might be proposed to arch over the river altogether, and build a couple more bridges, one from the Palace at Somerset-House into the Surrey marshes, and another from the front of Guildhall into Southwark, (great laughter.) Perhaps some Honourable Gentlemen who were interested in such matters would get up in their places and propose that one or two of these bridges should be *built of iron*, (shouts of laughter;) for his part, if this passed he would move for leave to bring in half a dozen more bills for building bridges at Chelsea, and at Hammer-smith, and at Marble-Hall stairs, and at Brentford, and at fifty other places besides, (continued laughter.) "Now, Sir," continued the Honourable Gentleman, "some Honourable Gentlemen have talked of Paris and Venice as examples for us to follow. Why, Sir, Venice is built in the water, and if it were not for bridges there would be no streets; what has that to do with London? As to Paris, it is true there are many bridges, and what is the consequence? There is no use for watermen; and are we for our advantage, even admitting for argument's sake any to arise, to compromise the vested rights of the watermen? (hear, hear, hear.) I, for one, say no; but when I say no upon this particular point abstractedly, I do not mean to say that I for one *alone* disapprove of the measure *in toto*; neither the people of Middlesex nor of Surrey in the localities desire it, and I must say that at best it is a new conclusion to no end."

Sir John Bennett was of opinion, that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen sanctioned the proposed bridge at Putney, inasmuch as that of two evils they preferred the lesser, and thought to avoid that which was threatened to be built at Lambeth.

Mr. Low rose and said—"Sir, I feel myself called upon to say a few words upon this very important question, because I am authorised to state (which I feel it my bounden duty to do, after what has just dropped from the Honourable Gentleman who spoke last,) that the present Lord Mayor is of a very different opinion from his immediate predecessor, (hear, hear, hear.) I really speak nothing but the opinion of the worthy chief magistrate, when I say, that if any carts go over Putney bridge, the City of London is *irretrievably ruined*. This, I have no hesitation in saying, is the matured opinion of the present Lord Mayor! (hear, hear, hear.) Some Honourable Gentle-

men, who seem to think that the body of Thames watermen are nobodies, (great laughter,) treat their vested rights with something very like contempt; and even those who condescend to consider the interests of that body with a little complacency, tell you that the ferry in that remote part of the river encourages but very few hands; now, Sir, that I deny, (hear, hear.) I have procured a list of persons employed in the ferries at Putney, from which I can assert, that very many watermen actually subsist upon the produce of the ferry there, (hear, hear.) Now, Sir, there is another point to which I must speak; the projected bridge, I understand, is to be built of wood, (much laughter.) Honourable Gentlemen may laugh, but such is the fact; and although one Honourable Gentleman has just now humorously suggested iron as a material for bridge-building, (hear, hear,) it is, if not less strange, not less true, that it is proposed to build this visionary Putney bridge of timber, (hear, hear.) As to the possibility of the undertaking, I leave that to the projectors; but I presume timber wherewith a bridge across the Thames is to be built must be vast and large, and that the bridge must consist of many arches; if that be the case, I have no hesitation in saying, that these pieces of wood, thick and numerous as they must be, will *stop the tide altogether*, (hear, hear, hear.) And when the tide ebbs in the short space which intervenes between London bridge and Putney, *there will never be sufficient water in the river to admit of the passage of the smallest boat*, (hear, hear, hear.) I repeat, Sir, never after the tide ebbs will there be sufficient water for the smallest boat to row between London bridge and Putney; in short, I state here, without fear of contradiction, that if the odious measure is carried, the river above London bridge will not merely be injured by it, but *totally destroyed as a navigable river*," (hear, hear.)

Sir Henry Herbert next addressed the Speaker in the following words:—"Mr. Speaker, I honestly confess myself an enemy to monopolies. I am equally opposed to mad visionary projects, and I may be permitted to say, that in the late King's reign several of these thoughtless inventions were thrust upon the House, but most properly rejected. If a man, Sir, were to come to the bar of the House, and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches in seven days, and bring us back in seven days more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Surely we should, if we did him justice; or if another told us that he would sail to the Indies in six months,

should we not punish him for playing upon our credulity? Assuredly, if we served him rightly. Well, then, Sir, here are persons proposing to build a wooden bridge over the river Thames, in an unfrequented part of the country, and which they imagine, from the mere novelty of the speculation, we shall agree to. I say, Sir, suppose the matter worthy of discussion, it is of too great importance to be discussed in such a House as this. Why, Sir, there are not a hundred and fifty members present; what would our constituents say? what would the country at large say, if we decided a measure of such importance as the building a wooden bridge at Putney in so thin a House as this? I must think it would appear extremely strange to let this Bill go to a second reading after all we have heard so reasonably alleged against it."

The cries of question here becoming very general, the House divided,

For the Bill 54

Against it 67

Majority against it... —13

The numbers in this *thin* House being 121!

After reading this extract it is not surprising that in those days when men who are *now* considered to have possessed some little share of talent, shined, Waller, Shaftesbury, and Rochester, for instance, so much ignorance should have been displayed. I know it is a principle taught by some authors, and received by others, that we should not believe any thing beyond the capacity of the understanding, this by a careless observer may appear a sound doctrine, but it is a principle calculated to interrupt the progress of knowledge in general, which, justly speaking, has no limits, as its resources are as extended as time itself.

Your's, most respectfully, Sir,
A. B. C.

ON SUGAR, AND THE SUGAR CANE.

THIS useful condiment is the concrete juice of the *saccharum officinale*, or sugar-cane—a plant which grows wild in both Indies, though now extensively cultivated in the West, for the production of sugar; the method used for which, it is presumed, will be acceptable to the readers of the MIRROR.

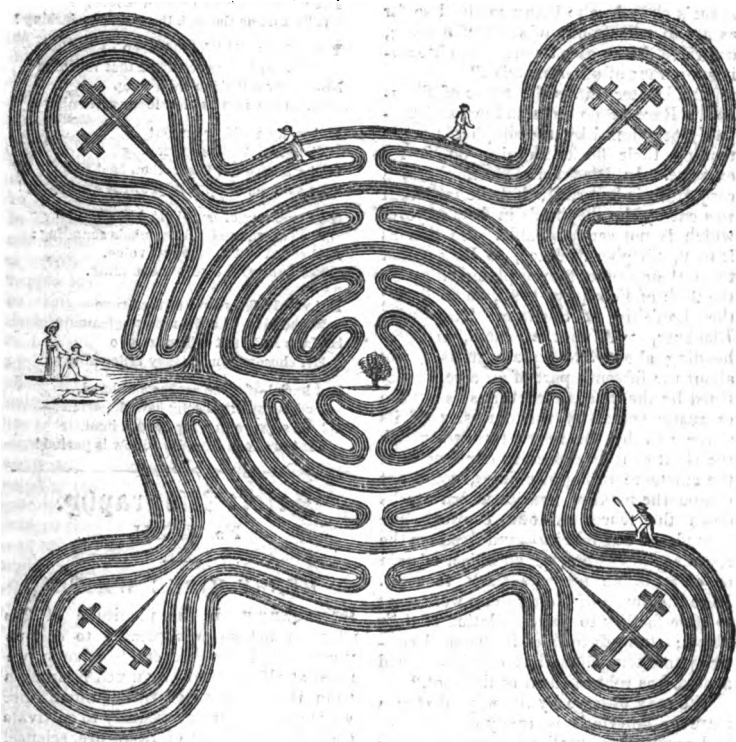
Although sugar is principally obtained from the sugar-cane, yet other plants yield it. In North America it is made from the juice of the maple tree; it is likewise

contained in the roots of plants, as those of the carrot and beet—in the stems, as the birch, maple, sugar cane, some palms, in the leaves, as those of the ash—in the flowers, the fruits, and the seeds. It exists in wheat, barley, beans, peas, and other leguminous seeds, especially when they are young, in considerable quantity. Sugar was first noticed by Paul Eginetta, a physician, in 626. It was twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flourished in the 14th century. The Greeks and Romans seem to have been but little acquainted with this useful plant. Among the latter, Lucan and Pliny are the only authors who name it; and Arrian the only Greek.—The first of these writers, in enumerating Pompey's Eastern auxiliaries, describes a nation who made use of the cane juice as a drink—*Dulces bibebant ex arundine succos*. The industrious naturalist says, *Saccharum et Arabia fert, sed laudatius India*; and the Greek historian, in his periphrasis of the Red Sea, tells us of a neighbouring nation who drank it also, *Μελιν το καλαμινον το λεγομενον ΣΑΚΧΑΡΙ*. The cane, however, as it was a native of the East, so has it been probably cultivated there time immemorial. The raw juice was, doubtless, first made use of; they afterwards boiled it into a syrup, and in process of time an inebriating spirit was prepared by fermentation. We have no historical record of the period when the distillation of spirit was invented. The Greeks and Romans were ignorant of ardent spirits; but it is certain that spirits were very early known to the northern nations. The sugar-cane itself was unknown to Europe till the Arabians introduced it into the southern parts of Spain, Sicily, and those provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. Although it is undoubtedly a native of the American continent, and islands adjacent, yet the culture of it, and the art of making sugar, were carried from Spain to the Canary Islands, and thence extended, about the 15th century, to the West Indies and the Brazils, the former place of which supplies the greater part of the consumption of Europe. From being a luxury, it has now become one of the necessities of life; and although solely used as a condiment, it is a very wholesome and powerful article of nourishment; for during crop time the negroes in the West Indies, notwithstanding their increased labours, always grow fat. The plant is propagated by cuttings of the stalk, taken near its top, and laid horizontally in the ground. The canes are cut for the purpose of making sugar between the sixth and thirteenth month of their growth; when the stems

have acquired from seven to ten feet in height, and a proportionable size. This generally happens in the months of February, March, and April. As soon as they are cut, the canes are stripped of their leaves, and crushed between iron rollers, to express the juice, which is received into large leaden vessels, called *receivers*; whence it is immediately conveyed into a capacious copper vessel, named the *clarifier*, where it is mixed with lime, in the proportion of a pint to 100 gallons of juice, and heated to the temperature of 140°. A thick scum soon forms on the top, from under which the clear liquor is drawn off by a cock, into a large copper boiler, where it is boiled till the bulk of the liquor is very considerably diminished. The boiling is successively repeated in four other coppers, progressively smaller; and from the last, which is called the *leache*, it is conveyed into shallow wooden coolers, where it grains; and the concretion mass separates from the uncrystallizable matter or molasses. This mass is then put into hogsheads, having holes in the bottom, through each of which the stalk of a plantain leaf is thrust; and when the molasses is drained off, the process is finished. In this state the sugar is brought home, under the name of *raw*, or *muscovado* sugar. In Europe, however, it undergoes another process for its purification. This was first practised in England in 1569. It is coarsely ground, dissolved in lime water, and clarified with bullock's blood; then boiled down to a proper consistency, the impurities being skimmed off as they rise, and poured into conical earthen vessels, where it is allowed to grain. The point of the cone is perforated, and the base covered with moist clay, the moisture of which percolates the sugar, and runs off through the perforated apex, which is placed undermost, carrying with it any uncrystallized impure syrup. In this state it is called *loaf* sugar, and requires a second purification before it is considered as completely *refined* sugar. When the evaporation is carried only to a certain length, and the syrup permitted to cool slowly, the sugar assumes a regular form of crystallization, and becomes *sugar candy*—either *brown* or *white*, according to the degree of its purity. In the West Indies the skimmings of the sugar, &c. &c. are fermented; and by distillation, yield that agreeable liquor *rum* (that from Jamaica being reckoned the best), which, in its natural state, is pellucid like water, but derives its colour from the wooden pancheons in which it is brought to England.

CLAVIS

Shepherd's, or Robin Hood's Race.



SHEPHERD'S, or Robin Hood's Race, was a curious labyrinth or maze, cut in the ground, on Snen-ton Common, about a mile from Nottingham, and within a quarter of a mile of Robin Hood's, or St. Ann's Well, of which we shall give an account in our next. This maze, of which the above is a correct engraving, though only occupying a piece of ground about eighteen yards square, is, owing to its intricate windings, five hundred and thirty-five yards in length; at the four angles were oval projections intersecting the four cardinal points.

Dr. Deering, in his "History of Nottingham," printed in 1751, gives an interesting account of Shepherd's Race; we differ, however, with him in considering the cross croslet at the corners as a proof that it was made before the Reformation, it being more probably a compliment to some person who might bear the cross croslet fitchée in his arms. The following is the description of this maze by Dr. Deering:—

"Shepherd's Race is made somewhat

in imitation of those of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, who made such intricate courses for their youth to run in, to acquire agility of body. Dr. Stukeley, in his Itinerary, speaks of one of Roman origin still in being, at Aukborough, in the county of Lincoln, called *Julian's Bower*, which comes pretty near ours; he says it is a kind of circular work made of banks of earth, in the fashion of a maze or labyrinth, and that the boys to this day divert themselves with running in it one after the other; that which I mentioned differs from the Doctor's, in that it pretends to no Roman origin, and yet is more ancient than the Reformation, as is evident from the cross croslets in the centres of the four lesser rounds; and in that there are no banks raised, but circular trenches cut into the turf, and those so narrow that persons cannot run in them, but must run on the top of the turf. Nobody can at this time give any account when it was first made, nor by whom; neither is it known whose business it is to keep it in repair; but might I offer my conjecture,

I should think this open maze was made by some of the priests belonging to St. Anne's chapel, who being confined so far as not to venture out of sight of hearing, contrived this to give themselves a breathing for want of other exercise."

The Doctor thinks the name of Shepherd's Race of no old standing, and probably occasioned by the shepherds while tending their flocks running on it for exercise. In Blackner's Nottingham, a conjecture is hazarded, that the labyrinth was cut by the shepherds in days of yore, which is not very probable. Be this as it may, Shepherd's Race, so long sacred to rural amusements, was ploughed up on the 27th of February, 1797, on enclosing the Lordship of Snenton. Thus says Blackner, "A spot of earth, comprehending about 324 square yards, (only about the fifteenth part of an acre,) sanctified by the lapse of centuries as a place of rustic sport, by the curiosity of its shape and by the magic raptures which the sight of it awakened in our fancies of the existence of happier times, could not escape the hand of avarice which breaks down the fences of our comfort—the mounds of our felicity—and destroys the reverence of custom, if an object of gain or of ambition presents itself to view. Here the youth of Nottingham were wont to give facility to the circulation of their blood; strength to their limbs, and elasticity to their joints, but callous-hearted avarice has robbed them of the spot."

We may observe by the way, that as a maze or labyrinth is easily constructed, and occupies so small a space of land, we wonder gentlemen, and even retired tradesmen, do not form them in their grounds for amusement and exercise; there are a hundred villas near London with useless and even unornamental grass plots which might be converted into pleasing labyrinths. Mazes might also relieve the monotony of the tea gardens in the environs of London, and even if formed in the parks, might amuse the juvenile promenaders. Shepherd's Race will supply a good model, and in a preceding number of the MIRROR we have given the plan of the Maze at Hampton-court, which would serve for another more simple in its construction, but much more difficult to perambulate.

THE DEATH OF GOLIAH.

(For the Mirror.)

His heart is cold—his head is low,
And his pride of strength departed;
Wither'd in death the dauntless brow,
And the look that terror darted.

O ! Elah's vale is red with gore,
And steel with steel is clashing;
But where is he who rush'd before,
Like a flame through the columns dashing ?

Young hero of Elah ! did sleep
Thy sword in its scabbard that morning ?
No—many a maiden shall weep
When she sees not her lover returning !

And many a widow lament
The chariot wheels delaying
Of the lord of her heart, thou hast sent
To his long sleep, thy prowess displaying !

Ye daughters of Israel rejoice,
With tabret and wild cymbals sounding;
And rais'd be the loveliest voice,
The fame of the hero resounding.

But vainly the sword of the brave
Might flash, like the meteor gleaming,
Had the Lord not arisen to save
His chosen from slavery redeeming !

But hush !—for the scoffer's at hand,
And the spirit of song hath departed;—
O ! 'tis strange in a far distant land,
That my harp from its willow is parted !

Select Biography.

No. XXXII.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BONAPARTE, in the plenitude of his affection for us, was pleased to call us "a nation of Shopkeepers." If such we must at all events have much relaxation from the business of the counter, since we are enabled so successfully to cultivate every denomination of literature, science, and the arts, more successfully, I will venture to say, and certainly more *universally*, not only than that hectoring warrior's *own* country, but than *any* country in *any* age. Indeed, when we consider the mighty workings of our Briarean press, that upwards of a thousand new works are published annually in London, exclusive of our Universities and provincial towns; and that we poor "shopkeepers" issue, on the last day of each month, *from our metropolis alone*, upwards of one hundred thousand periodicals ! any one that considers these things, I say, will rather call us "a nation of Authors." Of such of these in the poetry schools as have died during the present century, it is my intention to publish at intervals a compendious narrative. I beg to assure the readers of the MIRROR, that the materials of each memoir will be drawn from the most authentic sources; and I shall intersperse them with observations critical and moral, and often original, as the subject may suggest.—We will commence with

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THIS "Bard of brief days," (as one of his panegyrists has apostrophised him), was the second son of Mr. John White, a butcher, of Nottingham. He was born on the 21st of March, 1785. From three to five years of age he was under the care of one Dame Garrington, an ancient *gouvernante* of that city, who seems to have been peculiarly qualified to "teach the young idea how to shoot;" and who, with very affectionate treatment, combined so much solid and effective instruction, that her little pupil thought fit, soon after leaving her, to turn teacher himself. He was actually discovered one day in the kitchen, teaching his father's maid servant to read and write! We may infer, too, that she made no small advances under her little preceptor, for he seems to have thought sufficiently well of her ability, to submit to her inspection his first attempt at composition,—a tale of a Swiss emigrant. On this circumstance, his biographer (Mr. Southey) remarks, "He gave it to the servant, being *ashamed* to shew it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is *always* at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred solitary feeling. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great!" Now this is, in my judgment, at variance with fact. "Among the English poets," says Dr. Johnson, "Cowley, Milton and Pope might be said to 'lisp in numbers;' and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seem scarcely credible." And now for the *coyness* of these three: Cowley was so *shy* as not only to write, but *publish* a volume of poems in his *thirteenth year*! Pope had the modesty to exhibit his crudities, as we are told, to his father, and perhaps to every body else that came in his way! Of Milton we read, "He was at this time (his sixteenth year) eminently skilled in the Latin tongue; and he himself, by annexing the dates to his first compositions, (a boast of which the learned politician had given him an example) *seems to commend the earliness of his own proficiency to the notice of posterity!*" So much, Mr. Southey, for the "diffidence" *always* resulting from "a consciousness of genius." Did not *these* "forward children ever produce anything truly great?" Far be it from me to encourage the impertinence and petulance of "forward children," which seldom need such encouragement, and than which few things are more disgusting; all I contend for is,

that neither forwardness nor bashfulness are either of them any *test* of genius, since *equal* capacities have, in innumerable instances, been accompanied by *both*. That modesty is a criterion of *good dispositions*, I will allow, and to *their* account, therefore, instead of that of genius, we will lay the little incident we have discussed.

In his sixth year Henry was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept at that time the best school in Nottingham. He remained with him till about his twelfth year, a long but not very easy interval; for his father, who still intended him for a butcher, compelled him, over and above the school drudgery, to employ all his leisure hours, and one whole day each week, in carrying out meat. If any thing could have crushed his mounting spirit, surely this would. A curious circumstance attended his removal from this establishment.—One of Mr. Blanchard's assistants, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an *incorrigible son* she had, and that it was impossible to *make the lad do anything!* This information made his friends very uneasy; they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, "the stupidity or malice of this man," says Mr. Southey, "would have blasted Henry's progress for ever." *Ab uno disce omnes.* Too many men, it is to be feared, embark in the important task of education, with no better qualifications than this man seems to have possessed. Indeed, in the present constitution of our schools we cannot but expect this. So humiliating and laborious are the duties, so meagre the comforts,

(* * * queque ipso miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.

* * * * *
Quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque
refugit.)

so contemptible are the emoluments (not so much very often, as half the operative mechanics get, and *think too little*), so much is there to encounter from the superciliousness of upstart ignorant principals, and the impertinence of vulgar, ill disciplined boys, that few men of talent, and *very* few who can turn their talents into any other channel, care to enter the profession at all, and if they do, they take good care to be quickly out again. No Goldsmith ever stayed *long* in a school—to comb boys' hair!* I am quite aware there are exceptions, that

* I think Goldsmith, or one of his biographers says, he was once asked to do this, while an assistant. We know, at all events, he quitted the profession in disgust.

there are able and honourable men in the profession, both principals and assistants; but, as a body, they are *not* so. I do think (and I testify *what I have seen*), that our English schools are half a century behind the increased and increasing improvements of the age. "Oh! reform it altogether."

Henry was then placed under a Mr. Shipley, who seems to have appreciated his talents with much more discrimination. His home comforts also were, materially increased about this time, his mother having opened a ladies' boarding and day school in Nottingham. Still, however, his family was unable to give him that education and direction in life which his talents deserved and required. It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place, and at the age of fourteen he was placed at a stocking-loom. With all his dutiful affection, however, he could not help expressing much dissatisfaction; till at last his mother articulated him to an eminent attorney of Nottingham. This was in 1800.

He now prosecuted his classical studies with much ardour, never permitting them however to interfere with his professional duties. His intense application had indeed already a very visible and alarming effect on his health. He distinguished himself about this time in a magazine then in publication, called the *Monthly Preceptor*; and subsequently in the *Monthly Mirror*, which gained him the acquaintance of another very respectable contributor, Mr. Capel Loft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor. Their encouragement induced him, in 1802, to prepare a small volume of poems for the press. In consequence of an increasing deafness, which would incapacitate him for the bar, he had now turned his attention to the church, and the profits of his poems were to carry him through the university. These, however, were insufficient, nor was it without much difficulty, nor till three years afterwards, that he obtained even a sizarship at St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he carried all before him; his extraordinary talents were blended with so much benignity and goodness, that he gained the love even of his vanquished competitors, the admiration of all good men, and the respect even of the vicious. Such intense application, however, was ill adapted to a constitution naturally infirm; and to this he fell prematurely a victim, on the 19th day of October 1806, in the twenty-first year of his age.

WILLIAM PALIN.

RIDDLES AND CONUNDRUMS.

WE are not very partial to riddles and yet they often serve to beguile the tedium of a winter's evening, and to exercise the ingenuity of the young. We are, however tempted to select the following from *Friendship's Offering*, for 1825; and we do it thus late in the year, as the publication of the forthcoming volume will enable us soon to give the solutions, for the benefit of such of our readers as may not be able to make the whole of them out, though a few we are sure will give them little difficulty:

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a basket of apples like an army of volunteers?
2. Why is the root of a tongue like a dejected man?
3. You eat me, you drink me; explain if you can;
I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man?
4. Why is an under-done egg like an egg over-done?
5. Why are Algiers and Malta as opposite as light and darkness?
6. What three letters spell Archipelago?
7. In what sea would a man, by choice, take up his abode?
8. Why is a beggar, led by a dog, like the Chancellor's wig?
9. What is the distinction between a lady and a looking-glass?
10. Why is the letter S like the furnace of a battery?
11. Why is a hired landau no landau?
12. How can you add to nine so as to make it six?
13. Why is a lean monarch like a man meditating?
14. Why are all the letters in the alphabet but the three first exiles?
15. If all the letters in the alphabet were asked out to dinner, why could they not all go?
16. What is it that is above all human imperfections and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest, as well as the wisest of mankind?
17. What river is it which flows between two seas?
18. Why is intending to pay a debt the same thing as paying it?
19. Why is a man, about to put his father into a sack, like a traveller journeying to an eastern city?
20. Had you rather a lion eat you or a tiger?
21. A letter in the Dutch alphabet denotes a woman of rank; walk on it, and it describes a woman of inferior rank; reckon it, and it makes one

of a still lower rank ; give it a title,
and it must yield precedence to all
the before-mentioned ladies ?

22. What little children always have ;
What married women never have ;
What Paul had behind, and Luke
before,
And Captain Luttrell had behind
and before ?

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

A DISSUASIVE TO INVALIDS.

(For the Mirror.)

Ye stay-at-home ladies, whose laughing eyes
glisten

At a traveller's tales, to a traveller listen,
I will tell you the pleasures that may be expected,
To gladden your hearts in the tour you projected.

You'll be tax'd well at Dover,
And sick half seas over ;
And bother'd at Calais,
For tho' in a palace

Of an inn at —, you will get little ease,
Disgusted with dirt, and tormented with fleas.

Postillions will vex you,
And the language perplex you,
And you'll cry out "How far is
From London this Paris ?"

And then of the streets and the smells you'll
complain,

And the water,—and wish yourselves safe back
again ;

But on you must go,
'Tis the fashion, you know ;
Tho' but half alive,
You forward must drive

To Switzerland's mountains, and if you have
breath,

You must climb up their crags till you're tir'd to
death.

And then on to Italy,
Where you'll be cheated prettily,
And with beggars be pester'd,
And have your skin fester'd

With moschitos ; and what too is not to be
wonder'd

At—near Terracina you'll be stopt and plunder'd ;

There'll be screamings and faintings—
You'll be *enust'd* with paintings ;—

You'll be flea-bitten, bug-bitten, sick of *malaria* ;
In short you will envy the life of a paria.

So pray stay at home,
And let others roam,
Who come home the thinner
For many a bad dinner.

Do you, with the blessings of home, well con-
tented,

Laugh at others' adventures, or true or invented.
Pai Pai.

COLONEL GORDON'S MONU- MENT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having lately visited the plains of
Waterloo, I copied the following Inscrip-
tion from the monument erected to the

memory of Sir Alexander Gordon. If
you think it will give any satisfaction to
your readers, it is entirely at your service.

Your's,
JOANNES W——.

Sacred to the Memory of

Lieut. Col. the Hon. Sir Alex. Gordon,
Knight Commander of the most honour-
able order of the Bath,
Aid-de-Camp to Field Marshall Duke of
Wellington,
and third brother to George, Earl of
Aberdeen,

who in the 29th year of his age,
terminated a short but glorious career,
on the 18th June, 1816,
whilst executing the orders of his great
Commander

in the Battle of Waterloo.
Distinguished for gallantry and good con-
duct in the field, he was honoured with
repeated marks of approbation,
by the illustrious Hero ;
with whom he shared the dangers of every
Battle,

in Spain, Portugal, and France,
and received the most flattering proofs of
his confidence on many trying occasions.
His zeal and activity in the service ob-
tained the reward of

Ten Medals,
and the honourable distinction of the order
of the Bath.

He was justly lamented by the Duke of
Wellington, in his public despatch,
as an officer of high promise,
and a serious loss to his country ;
nor less worthy of record were his virtues
in private life ;

His unaffected respect for religion ;
His high sense of honour ;
His scrupulous integrity ;
and the more amiable qualities,
which secured the attachment of his friends ;
and the love of his own family.

In testimony of feelings which no lan-
guage can relate,
a disconsolate sister and five surviving
brothers,

have erected this simple monument,
to the object of their tenderest affections.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ROAD OVER MOUNT CAUCASUS.

THIS remarkable road, the sole land-
communication between Russia and Geor-
gia, and following the same line which
has been known to the ancients by the
appellation of the "Gates of Caucasus,"

has been frequently described, but never as far as we recollect, by a person who had seen it in its former and present state. This advantage has been enjoyed by Mr. Eichfeld, who gives a very animated description of the stupendous work in a Russian Journal, from which we lay the following facts before our readers.

The author observes, that he saw this road in the same state of insurmountable difficulty, as it most probably was at the time of Darius Hystaspes, who, finding it impassable for an army, was compelled to pursue the farther route along the Black Sea, in order to reach the Scythians, whom he wished to attack. This road winds through a narrow pass, containing, on one side of the range the beds of the Argawa and Kur, and on the other that of the Terek. The greatest obstacles were found on the north side, or that of the Terek; and these were of such a nature, that an insignificant fortress, placed in the narrowest point of the pass, was found sufficient to protect the Trans-Caucasian nations of old against the incursions of the predatory tribes who inhabit the northern parts of these mountains. The ruins of this fort still subsist under the name of *Dariel*, meaning in the Tartaric language *a difficult road*. The Romans kept a garrison here during the time they ruled in Persia and Armenia. It was continued by the Greek emperors, till the sway of the Mohammedans introduced new relations amongst the people on both sides of these mountains, and this pass fell into the hands of the native tribes. It came into the possession of the Russians in the reign of the empress Catherine; but they were soon compelled to relinquish this perilous station; and it was not till 1801, when Russia felt sufficiently strong to take a permanent footing on the southern shores of the Caspian, that this pass was regularly occupied by that power, and the present road was first planned, and ultimately executed.

The difficulties of the Caucasian pass on the Russian side, began near Balta, the first settlement of the Ossets, about fifty-eight English miles from Moedok. From thence to the small town of Kasbeg, a distance of about twenty miles, a cleft is formed through the overhanging rocks, which rise perpendicularly in many places to a height of sixty fathoms and more. The width of this cleft is very unequal; but at Dariel it is no more than thirty fathoms. Near Kasbeg the rocks form an opening, as if it were on purpose to afford a view of the snowy mountain of the same name. Behind this place they close again, and continue in this manner as far as Kobi, where the pass takes a

sudden turn, and presents to the eye of the traveller, wearied by the dull uniformity of naked rocks, a small valley covered with verdure. On leaving this valley, a steep ascent of about seven miles in length begins, leading to the summit of a mountain, which forms the actual boundary between the northern and southern sides of the ridge. A large cross is raised here, inviting the traveller to give thanks for the mercy which has conducted him so far; and even the mountaineers offer something, though merely a fragment of their dress, to the god who has led them to this boundary. Here eternal silence seems to reign; life and vegetation cease; even a bird of prey rarely soars up to this inhospitable height.

A narrow path running along an abyss, which the eye is scarcely able to fathom, leads to the village of Kaltuar. Before arriving at the cross, every circumstance recalls the bleak north; but here a new world opens. The grateful breath of the south salutes the wanderer at the first step; and the eye is delighted on beholding the beautiful valley of the Argawa, gentle declivities covered with houses, and everywhere the traces of a happy and industrious population. Everything here is new; the fragrance of flowers, the hues of the foliage, all is different; and even the echo seems louder and clearer. The farther we advance the more we feel the beneficial influence of a southern sky. The traveller arrives at Zahet, where the Kur and Argawa unite their lovely waters in a broad valley, and where, in the fourth century, the first cross was planted by the hands of a woman, named Nina; not of hard wood, or still harder stone, but of the supple vine, confined in a proper shape by this female apostle's own hair! One step more brings the traveller to Tiflis.

The reader will observe that we have as yet presented him with a mere sketch of this road. The difficulties on the north side of the ridge seem to have been of a frightful kind. The pass is filled with ruins of mountains, which frequently form high and steep masses; and between these the Terek precipitates its agitated stream, winding round with foam and noise, or breaks through them, hurrying downwards to seek a more peaceful bed, which it finds behind Balta. Near Kob it has a perpendicular fall of nearly one werst, hurrying along with it everything that opposes its violent progress; and at Dariel, where it is hemmed in by rocks, its horrible roar is deafening to the ear. But the violence of this river is most frightful in spring, when the returning sun fills its bed with new supplies from the ice which perpetually caps the summits of these

mountains. It was along the rocks overhanging this fearful torrent that the adventurer who dared to cross Mount Caucasus had to find his way, where, in one spot he had for a distance of fifteen wersts (about ten miles) no other footing than a few ledges, which often would scarcely admit of the tip of his toes, and no other hold for his hands besides a few shrubs, the seeds for which must have been carried into this wilderness by birds. He could not walk, but he had to climb sideways on hands and feet; and if he missed his hold or footing, he was dashed to pieces amongst the projecting rocks, or thrown an immeasurable depth into the river, which rolled its furious waves below him. The most dangerous spot was at Dariel, where the traveller had to force himself through a narrow chasm, in which many had lost their lives. The mountaineers, however, moved even here with perfect ease, and two of them would convey a traveller in perfect safety, tying him, if necessary, fast to their own bodies, and untying him, without ever losing their equilibrium. This chasm was about fifteen fathoms long. Behind it the former mode of travelling was resumed, till, on arriving at the site of the ancient fort, the wanderer found a short repose. A little farther was another perpendicular chasm of about four fathoms deep, just large enough to admit a man, and in which the traveller had to descend as through a chimney; and continuing his dangerous course, he would at last come to spots where the river threw fewer impediments in his way. The principal difficulties began at Lars; but even near Balta it was necessary to avoid the Terek by climbing up to the hills on a sort of crazy ladders, the steps of which seemed ready to break every instant under the traveller's foot. Between Takim and Lars the passage was comparatively easy along the heights, but all the rest of the pass was difficulty and imminent peril.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

A BEAUTIFUL COW:

A POETICAL Auctioneer, in Gloucestershire, made use of the following lines in describing a beautiful cow:—

Long in her sides, bright in her eyes,
Short in her legs, thin in her thighs,
Big in her ribs, wide in her pins,
Full in her bosom, small in her shins,
Long in her face, fine in her tail,
And never deficient in filling her pail.

GOLDSMITH.

WHILE Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of a novel, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of his landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunderstruck with surprise and consternation: he was unable to answer her demands, either then or in future. At length the lady relieved the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of the debt, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse. His friend Dr. Johnson chanced, by good luck, to come in at the time, and, by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting of only himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

EPITAPHS.

MR. EDITOR,—Having observed that you sometimes insert curious epitaphs in the MIRROR, I send you a few, that I collected in some retired churchyards in Herefordshire.

1. IN PETERCHURCH.

Sickness was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good.
The Lord took pity on me,
Because he thought it best—
He took me to his bosom,
And here I lies at rest.

2. Encomiums is but flattery, she was a good wife, and pray God bless her soul.

3. IN BLAKEMORE.

26 years I lived single,
5 a married life,
Long time I was afflicted,
And then I lost my life.

4. IN MICHAELCHURCH.

John Prosser is my name, and England is my nation,
Bowchurch* is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation;
Now I am dead, and in my grave, and all my bones are rotten,
As you pass by remember me, when I am quite forgotten.

5.

This is the place where all must come;
On earth there is no perfection;
The soul shall meet the body great,
Both at the resurrection.

M. M.

* A village about four miles from Michaelchurch.

EPIGRAM UPON AN EPIGRAM.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Tom, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances, should
Be like a jelly-bag."

Your simile, I owp, is new,
But how'll you make it out? says Hugh,
Says Tom, "I'll tell thee, friend;—
Make it at bottom round, and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end."

JACOBUS.

FROM A LADY

To a squinting Cozcomb who much annoyed her.

IF Argus be the poet's prize,
Who look'd with just one hundred eyes,
How much more praise to you is due,
Who look a hundred ways with two.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

CLODPOLE, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilferers stole his team
away;

He waking cries, "Why, how now,—
what!

Why be I Clod, or be I not?
If be, I've lost six geldings; to my smart,
If not,—oddsboddikins, I've found a
cart."

END OF COURTSHIP.

THOMAS in high Dutch did court a
wench,
And to his grief she answered him in
French.

AN Irishman, on seeing an acquaintance
reading, exclaimed, "Arrah, honey!
an' whose the arther o' that work?"—
"Fait, my jewel, an' how can I tell that
same?" "Why, my dear, look to the
ind on't, an' ye'll see that." "Tis *Finis*!"
rejoined the other, "A clever fellow, that
said *Finis*; why, he's the arther of every
book."

TRAVELLERS.

The following *bull*, though somewhat the
worse for wear, is worth recording.

AN Irish scholar, a bald man, and a bar-
ber, travelling together, agreed each to
watch four hours in the night in turn, for
security. The barber's lot came first, who
shaved the scholar's head while he was
asleep, then waked him when his turn

came. The scholar, scratching his head
and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You
wretch of a barber, you have waked the
bald man instead of me."

AN honest tar was heard to describe the
dress of his wife thus:—On my return
from the Cape she was bamboozled in all
her rigging, that I hardly knew her *stem*
from her *stern*; and as to her *midshtips*,
that was lumbered up with a vengeance!
—Even her *studding-sails* were all apeak;
her *clue-garnets* afoul of her *reef-tack-*
ling, and her *fore-sheet* so lubberly belaid
to her *cat-head*, that on putting her about,
I soon found she *missed stays*, and away
she went, bomb ashore, on the rocks of
Scilly!

SOME time ago, in the Court of Common
Pleas, Mr. Shiel, in an argument relative
to a matter of account, addressing the
Court, said, "My Lord, I shall demon-
strate this point by a *numerical*."—"Mr.
Shiel," said the learned and facetious
Lord who presided, "let us have no more
new miracles."

"DOUBT SHALL HAVE THE CREDIT."

"THE goods I have bought, Sir, have I
must,

I hope you're not afraid to trust,
You recollect you have said it."

"Why, Sir, there's many rogues about,
And you are one, I have no doubt—
And I'll give doubt the credit!"

ALIQUIS.

EPITAPH

In Denmark Church-yard, Ireland.

HERE lie the remains of John Hall,
grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and
I have good reason for saying so.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was
o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as
before.

"Faith," said the client, "how came you
To be such friends, who were such foes
just now?"

"Thou fool," said one, "we lawyers,
though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but
what's between!"

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

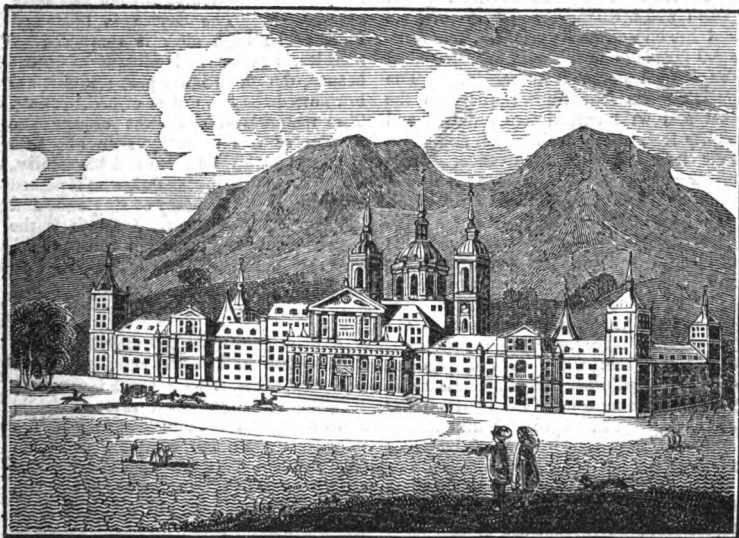
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXVII.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Escorial in Spain.



THE celebrated palace of the Escorial has not undergone much alteration since Francisco de los Santos described it, but Spain itself has been completely revolutionized since this ecclesiastic thus pompously wrote, "in the most illustrious kingdom of Toledo, the centre of the monarchy of Spain, which is composed of so many large and opulent provinces, nine leagues west of Madrid, the court of its monarchs and the metropolis of two worlds, is situated the Escorial."

The name of the building has a very humble origin. Ferruginous ores abound in the neighbouring mountains. Escoria, from the Latin scoria, is the term in the Spanish language for metallic dross, and Escorial is the topographic derivative, signifying the place of reception for this dross. A corruption from the etymology has occasioned the exchange of the second vowel, whence the name Escorial.

This palace is seated on an acclivity, which forms part of the chain of mountains that extend to Segovia, where, taking a direction north-west, they unite with the Pyrenees, which separate the territories of France and Spain, expanding on a broad base from the gulf of Lyons to

the bay of Biscay. The country adjacent to it is barren and inhospitable; a vast forest extends before it, infested by the savage boar and prowling wolf, and reluctant nature yields a scanty produce to the laborious peasant. It would indeed be a difficult task for the historian to perform, if he were always required to assign reasons for the conduct of the characters introduced into his narrative, by what caprice the son of Austrian Charles was introduced to select the unfriendly tract for the construction of this enormous edifice, it is at this day impossible to determine; it is, however, an instructive lesson to after times, that the treasures of two worlds, and the ingenuity of man for twenty-two years, should have been exhausted in unproductive exertions.

One convenience this situation possessed, which, however, is far from being peculiar to it in the country to which we are referring; the materials of wood and stone were supplied from the forests of pine, and from the quarries in the vicinity. The building is not usually described with sufficient accuracy, and hence it has been imagined to possess a singularity of form much greater than appears

on a view of the structure; it is precisely in the shape of a gridiron in culinary use. The far-famed builder of this artificial quarry, was Juan Baptista de Toledo, "in whom (to use the language of the historic parasite) all qualifications and sciences concentrated." The principal subsequent improvers were Antonio de Villacastro de Toledo, and his pupil Juan de Herrera. The stone has an unusual polish and brilliancy, and veins of blue and brown undulate upon it. The principal façade is to the west, the height of the central dome is tremendous. The building has four fronts; those to the east and west extend five hundred and eighty feet, those to the north and south four hundred and twenty-five. This quadrangle is adorned with four spires, each of which ascend two hundred feet. The entrance from the west is by three gates, the pedestal of the grand portal is of marble, and supports a row of Doric semi-columns, of fifty-six feet in altitude. Over these appear others of the Ionic order. In the interval of the first is the principal entrance, twenty-four feet high, and twelve feet wide. Its decorations consist of gridirons, and of a colossal statue, in white marble, of St. Laurence, by Juan Baptista Monegro. A fillet at the height of thirty feet, occupies the whole range of the building.

The limits to which we are prescribed do not admit our descending to minute particulars. The structure is composed of four stories, and they compute fourteen thousand doors, eleven thousand square windows, and eight hundred columns. It comprises a royal palace, a church, and all the appendages of a monastery, and of a mausoleum for the interment of the sovereigns of Spain; and the expense, even in the time of the founder, is said to have been twenty-eight millions of ducats.

Philip the Fourth built the pantheon, or mausoleum. On the 7th of June, 1671, a chimney taking fire, this vast edifice was in imminent danger of being burnt to the ground: the conflagration continued fifteen days without intermission, and four large towers sank amid the general ruin. The whole was restored under Charles the Second, and in its present state, if it be not the most correct and elegant, it is confessedly the most magnificent royal residence throughout Europe.

The orders employed in the principal part of the building are the Doric and Ionic. As a subject of architecture, it is too much broken into parts, by which the simplicity is destroyed; the narrow high towers, the steep sloping roof, and the small windows disgust the eye. Its mag-

nitude is great, but the works of nature which rise behind it in multiplied forms, of the mountainous character, diminish the imposing effect. The best station to contemplate this structure is at the distance of about a thousand yards on the descent towards Madrid, where the bleak mountain behind it is excluded from the angle of vision. The church, which is in the centre, is richly, but not profusely ornamented. The cupola is bold and light. The high altar is composed of marbles, agates, and jaspers of great beauty, the produce of Spain; into it are introduced the five orders of architecture. Two magnificent catafalcos occupy the arcades of this sanctuary; on one side appears Charles the Fifth and his family, excepting Philip the Second, who is placed opposite, with our Mary of England, and his two other consorts. Beneath is the mausoleum; steps descend into the vault, over the door of which is inscribed—

*"Hic locus sacer mortalitatis exuviis catholico-
rum regum."*

A place destined to the reception of the dead should be so constructed as to impress the observer with pious reverence; weeping figures, stuffed ravens, skulls and bones, and the startling peal of the minute bell are not necessary to excite this feeling; but an awful solemnity should prevail in the structure devoted to the reception of these silent relics; from these principles the architect has greatly deviated; the style is too gay, light, airy, and fantastic, more suited to the merry ghosts of Lucian, than to the decencies of Christian burial.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARACTER OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE AND HIS WRITINGS.

In our last we gave a biographical memoir of Henry Kirke White, and we now insert some extracts from his poems, with critical remarks.

Pascal divides eminent men into three classes, heroes, scholars, and Christians. The least commendable, in a moral view, are the first; the second are better; but even these inferior to the third. The last two characters seem, in Kirke White, to have been united.

MORAL CHARACTER.—In all social relations he was eminently exemplary; a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a warm friend. Indeed, it is impossible, says Mr. Southey, to conceive a human being more amiable in *all* the relations of life. In his earlier years his opinions inclined to Deism. These, however, were

soon dissipated, and succeeded by a piety at once rational and fervent. Of this his letters, his prayers, and his hymns will afford ample and interesting proofs. His system of belief was what is called *evangelical*. Be this scriptural or not, it had, in this instance, the most beneficial effects. It was, in him, a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms which it ever displayed of human imperfection. His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but this he had long since effectually subdued; the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. In fact, no person can study such a character without admiration, interest, and profit; and enviably felicitous is that man's religious state, who can rise from a review of the practice of Henry White, without thinking very meanly of his own. To every candidate for the ministry, to every friend, to every Christian, I would say, "Go and do thou likewise."

LITERARY CHARACTER.—When we consider the disabilities he laboured under till the last two years of his life, his attainments cannot but appear extraordinary. When, after Henry's death, his manuscripts were transmitted to Mr. Southey for publication, he, and his friend Mr. Coleridge (who happened to be present), were equally astonished at the proofs of industry and genius they exhibited. There were papers upon law, electricity, chemistry, the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study; upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. I have inspected, says Mr. Southey, all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these. Of his classical and mathematical attainments, his academical honours are sufficient evidence. He was acquainted also with Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. His genius was comprehensive and brilliant, fitted alike to every pursuit, and excelling in all. In fact, had his body been half as vigorous as his mind, he would have lived to be, it is probable, not only one of the first divines, but one of the most profound and elegant scholars of his day.

POETICAL CHARACTER.—We do not ask fruits of the spring; it is quite enough that we have an earnest of them in its blossoms. In like manner, it were idle

to expect from twenty the maturity of forty. It is sufficient praise for Kirke White to have done well at an early age, in which none of our poets, perhaps, have done much better. "Cowley, Milton, and Pope," says Dr. Johnson, "are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood; and, therefore, of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer years." And I would ask, what poem did Cowley publish, in his minority, superior to the "Clifton Grove" of Kirke White, written in his *sixteenth year*? The greater number of his poems, says Mr. Southey, are of so much beauty, that Chatterton is the *only* youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him:—

"Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these * * * * *
Are all that must remain of thee!"

WORDSWORTH.

In support of Mr. Southey's assertion, I would refer my readers to the poems themselves. These, however, may not be within the reach of all; I shall proceed, therefore, to make one or two short extracts. Were I asked to prove Kirke White's claim to the character of a genuine poet, I think I could very safely quote the following lines, among innumerable others:—

* Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd
far

From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poesy! though thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart. Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried
hand

O'er the responding chords. It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heav'nly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my
cheek;

Still, though unbidden, plays. * * *

If this be mere verse, if this do not stamp him a poet, I confess I do not know what poetry is. I had intended to quote much more; but, on consideration, this appears superfluous, and would be encroaching too far on the valuable pages of the MIRROR. I cannot do better than conclude my notice of this amiable youth with some pleasing lines, written on occasion

of his death, by Josiah Conder, author of "The Star in the East," and other poems:—

What is this world at best,
Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy dress'd,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb?
If flow'rets strew
The avenue,
Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few!

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow or by woe;
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A scythe the soft-shod pilf'rer brings,
To lay some comfort low;
Some time t' unbind,
By love entwinn'd,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time;
Faded the flowers! The spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime;
The songsters flee
The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody.

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne;
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear
Which should most avert who's doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep;
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call,
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True, it was thine
To tower, to shine,
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounce'd it never,)
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harp the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever;
At death, then, why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live but he who fears
to die!

WILLIAM PALIN.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF FREEMASONRY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As various surmises and criticisms have been formed, and illiberal attacks made upon the subject of Freemasonry, I, sometime since, when master of a respectable country lodge, compiled, and at sundry times delivered, the following. If you think proper it should occupy a page in your highly entertaining miscellany, the perusal of it may be amusing to many of your readers, amongst whom is

Yours, &c. W. C.

MASONRY is an institution founded upon a sublime, rational, and moral principle, with the praiseworthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most important truths in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasure, and promoting, without the least ostentation, or the hope of reward, the most diffusive benevolence, the most generous and extensive philanthropy, and the most warm and affectionate brotherly love.

The brightest titles suffer no diminution of lustre by being professors of it; even nobility itself acquires an additional distinction by countenancing and protecting so ancient and venerable an institution. If antiquity merits our attention, where shall we find a society in the known world that has so just a claim?

As masons, we are well informed from Holy Writ, that the building of King Solomon's temple was a most important crisis, from whence we derive many mysteries of our art. This great event took place above a thousand years before the Christian era, consequently many centuries before that wise and learned philosopher, Pythagoras, brought from the East his sublime system of truly masonic instruction to illuminate the western world; yet, remote as that period was, we date not from thence the commencement of our art, for, although we are indebted to that wise and glorious King of Israel for many of our mystic forms and hieroglyphic ceremonies, yet the art itself is coeval with the creation of the world, when the great and glorious architect of the universe, upon masonic principles, formed from chaos this beauteous globe, and commanded that master science, geometry, to lay the rule for the planetary orbs, and to regulate, by its unerring laws, the motions of that stupendous system in just proportion, rolling round the central sun.

In all civilized ages and countries masonry has been universally admired. Men of the most exalted characters have considered it their glory to honour and protect it. It is an art, for whose dignity

and protection many hundred lodges have been established in the four quarters of the habitable globe; and in whatever else men may dispute and disagree, yet they are unanimous in supporting so amiable an institution, as it annihilates all differences, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who by their Almighty Father were formed of one blood, to be of one heart, one mind, brothers bound; firmly bound together in one unalterable, one unalienable tie, the love of their God, and the love of their fellow-creatures.

Masonry must and will always keep pace with the culture and civilization of mankind; for we may with truth aver, that where Masonry is *not*, civilization is not to be found. In rude and barbarous countries and in savage climes, where operative masonry never lays the line or stretches the compasses, we must be convinced that neither liberal art nor useful science can ever shine upon them, but where Masonry exerts its heaven-directed talents—where it erects the lofty temples, spacious palaces, noble bridges, and benevolent hospitals—where it gives to its patron Architecture completion and glory—then does it eminently display the improvement of youth and the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity and the solace and comfort of adverse hours; it pleases us at home—it is no incumbrance abroad—it lodges with us, travels with us, and adds pleasure and amusement in all our solitary retirements.

The professors of masonry are possessed of certain signs and tokens, known only by themselves, which have been preserved with inviolable 'secrecy from remotest ages. These were originally adopted that they might know each other with the greater ease and certainty from the rest of mankind, that impostors might not intrude upon their confidence and brotherly affection, and intercept the fruits of their benevolence. This, amongst masons, became an universal language, and which, notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, or the forbidding alienation of custom, draws from the heart of a stranger the acknowledgment of a brother, with all its attendant endearments.

The decorations and symbols of the craft serve to characterise our noble institution; and the emblems are certain indications of the simplest, purest, and most important moral truths. Masonry connects men of all nations and of all opinions into one amicable, firm, and permanent association; binds them by new obligations to the discharge of every relative and moral duty; and thus becomes the most essential support and brightest ornament of social life; opens a wider

channel for benevolent actions, and adds a new source to human happiness. Its laws are reason and equity; its principles benevolence and love; and its religion purity and truth;—its inclination is peace on earth, and its disposition good will towards men.

Let us be cautious, then, my brethren, that our private as well as public conduct may never contradict our professions. Let us studiously avoid being guilty of any vice or impropriety, that may tarnish the lustre of our jewels, or bring a disgrace upon the credit of the craft. Masonry will rise to the zenith of its glory, if our lives do justice to its noble principles; and the world will see that our actions hold a strict and uniform correspondence with the incomparable tenets we profess. Remember, brothers, we are the associated friends of humanity; that our sacred union embraces in its philanthropy the amities of the Gospel; and that charity, in its largest extent and widest exercise, is our distinguished characteristic. A Mason's disposition should be mild as the autumnal breeze, open as the air, and genial as the sun, cheering and comforting all around him; his deeds should be pleasant as the clear shining after rain, and diffusive as a dewy cloud upon a harvest day.

If we have truly and sincerely at heart a real love for the honour and dignity of Masonry—if we *square* our lives and actions by the unerring laws transmitted to us—if in our dealings with mankind we act strictly on the *level*—if, in our deportment through life we walk humbly before God, upright as the *plumb-line*, and within *compass*, then shall we merit and obtain the distinguished character of good men and true, as also that of wise and experienced Free and Accepted Masons.

W. C. P. M. B. C. of the
H. R. A. C.

North Briston.

ST. ANNE'S WELL, NOTTINGHAM.

ST. ANNE'S WELL is situated one mile north of Nottingham. Near the well, which is frequented by many persons as a cold bath, and reckoned the second coldest in England, there stood anciently a chapel dedicated to St. Anne, whence the well obtained the name it bears, though before this chapel was built it was known by the name of Robin Hood's well, and by some is so called to this day.

The people who keep the bowling-green and public-house, to promote the

holiday trade, shew an old wicker chair, which they call Robin Hood's chair, a bow, and an old cap, both these they affirm to have been this famous free-booter's property; this little artifice takes so well with the people in low life, that at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, it procures them a great deal of business, for at those times great numbers of young men bring their sweet-hearts to this well and give them a treat, and the girls think themselves ill-used if they have not been saluted by their lovers in Robin Hood's chair.

Of the chapel I find no account; but that there has been one in this place is visible, for the east wall of that quondam chapel supports the east side of the house, which is built on the spot, where that place of worship stood. In the room of the altar is now a great fire-place, over which was found upon a stone the date of the building of this chapel, viz. 1409, which, says Dr. Deering, whilst legible, one Mr. Ellis, a watchmaker, took down in his pocket-book and communicated to me; by this it appears that it was built in the reign of king Henry IV. and who knows whether it might not be founded by that king, who resided about that time at Nottingham? It did not stand much above two hundred years, for my oft mentioned anonymous author does not remember any of the ruins of the chapel, who wrote his account in 1641, which, however, he might plainly have seen, had he taken notice of the east wall of stone, when all the rest of the present house is a brick building.

St. Anne's well was about a hundred years ago a very famous place of resort, concerning which, take the above author's account in his own words.—

“At the well there is a dwelling house serving as an habitation for the woodward of those woods, being an officer of the mayor. This house is likewise a victualling-house, having adjoining to it fair summer houses, bowers or arbours, covered by the plushing and interweaving of oak boughs for shade, in which are tables of large oak planks, and are seated about with banks of earth, fleighted and covered with green sods like green carrie cushions. There is also a building containing two fair rooms, an upper and a lower, serving for such as repair thither to retire to in case of rain or bad weather. Thitherto the town men resort by an ancient custom beyond memory.

“Among the meetings I may not omit one royal and remarkable assembly at this place, whereof myself was an eye-witness, which was, that it pleased our late sovereign king James, in his return

from hunting in this forest, to honour this well with his royal presence, ushered by that noble lord, Gilbert, earl of Shrewsbury, and attended by many others of the nobility, both of the court and country, where they drank the woodward and his barrels dry.”

THE COLOUR OF RUM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in the MIRROR of this day a communication from *Clavis*, on the subject of sugar, wherein he states that rum “derives its colour from the wooden puncheons in which it is brought to England,” I take the opportunity to remark, that he has conceived a very erroneous idea of the means by which the colour is produced—being by the introduction of a compound called “colouring,” composed of burnt sugar, &c.; and it is evident the colour is not occasioned by the wood, from the fact of a vast quantity being imported in its original state—viz., white and clear as water.—Your notice of this at your earliest convenience will oblige, Your's, &c.

29th Oct., 1825.

PASCHE.

Origins and Inventions.

No. VIII.

CANDIDATE.

It was the custom, while the Roman republic subsisted in full vigour, for the candidates for high offices to appear on the day of election in long white robes; intimating by this, that their characters likewise ought to be pure and unsullied. Hence the origin of our word candidate, from *candidus*, white, pure, sincere, upright, &c. In the Roman commonwealth, we are told, they were obliged to wear a white gown, during the two years of their soliciting for a place. This garment, according to Plutarch, they wore without any other clothes, that the people might not suspect they concealed money for purchasing votes; and also, that they might the more easily show to the people the scars of those wounds they had received in fighting for the defence of the commonwealth. It was also unlawful to put up for any public office, or magistracy, unless the candidate had attained to a certain age, which differed according to the offices sued for.

FRANKING LETTERS.

THE privilege of franking letters by Members of Parliament occurred in the debate on the Post-Office Bill in the year

1660, concerning which the following is related in the 23rd volume of the Parliamentary History:—"Colonel Titus reported the Bill for the settlement of the post-office, with the amendments. Sir Walter Earle delivered a proviso, for the letters of all Members of Parliament to go free, *during their sitting*. Sir He-neage Finch said, 'It was a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the house.' Mr. Prynne spoke also against the proviso. Mr. Bunckley, Mr. Bosca-wen, Sir George Downing, and Sergeant Charlton for it; the latter saying the Council's letters went free. The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it, saying, *he was ashamed of it*. Nevertheless, the proviso was carried, and made part of the Bill, which was ordered to be engrossed." The Lords subsequently disagreed to this proviso, and it was ultimately thrown out. At a subsequent period, however, both houses did not feel it to be "below their honour" to secure for themselves this exemption from postage.

ELECTION RIBANDS.

A PARLIAMENT was held at Oxford in the beginning of 1681, on which occasion the representatives of the City of London assembled at Guildhall on the 17th of March, for the purpose of commencing their journey. Many of the citizens met them there, intending to accompany them part of their way, together with others who were deputed to go to Oxford as a sort of council to the City Members. "Some of our ingenious London weavers," says Smith's 'Protestant Intelligencer,' "had against this day contrived a very fine fancy; that is, a blue satin riband, having these words plainly and legibly wrought upon it, 'No Popery, No Slavery,' which being tied up in knots, were worn in the hats of the horsemen who accompany our members."

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

OF the hundreds into which many of the English counties were divided by King Alfred, for their better government, the jurisdiction was originally vested in particular courts, but came afterwards to be devolved to the county courts, and so remains at present, except with regard to some, as the Chiltern Hundreds in Buckinghamshire, which have been by privilege annexed to the crown. These having still their own courts, a steward of those courts is appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a salary of twenty shillings, and all fees, &c. belonging to the office. This is made a matter of convenience to the Members of Parliament; when any of

them wish to resign, he accepts the nominal office of the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and by this vacates his seat.

ADMIRAL.

ACCORDING to Ducange, the Sicilians were the first, and the Genoese the next, who gave the name admiral to the commanders of their fleets, deriving it from the Arabic *amir*, or *emir*, a designation applicable to any commanding officer.

GIVING QUARTER.

THIS term, so well known in warfare, had its origin in an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be the quarter of his year's pay. Hence to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for personal safety; and to refuse quarter, was not to accept the offered ransom.

CITY ARMS.

THE introduction of the dagger as a part of the City arms, instead of the plain cross, which was previously used, and the title of *Lord* prefixed to *Mayor* of London, was first conferred by Richard II. in consequence of Sir William Walworth (then Mayor of London) killing Wat Tyler in Smithfield.

COAL.

ON the authority of chronology, this useful and necessary mineral was first discovered near Newcastle, in the year 1234; and Stowe observes they were first used in London in the reign of Edward I., but, says he, "the smoke was supposed to corrupt the air so much, that he forbade the use of them by proclamation."

RED HERRINGS.

IN a curious old pamphlet, published in 1599, called the "Lenten Stuffe," the author says, "The discovery of red herrings was owing to accident, by a fisherman having hung some up in his cabin, where, what with his firing and smoking, a smoky firing, in that his narrow lobby (house), his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a (boiled) lobster."

F. R.—Y.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY.

THE following interesting anecdotes are from a work on the eve of publication, entitled, "Reminiscences of Michael

Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury-Lane: Abroad and at home."

DR. O'LEARY AND CURRAN.

I HAD the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

One day, the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as may easily be imagined, O'Leary *versus* Curran was no bad match.

"One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

THE DUKE D'AGUILLON.

ONE morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services; he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aguiillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet I still retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music.—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my

good friend, the favour I am about to ask is, that, *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aguiillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say, that his spirits never drooped; nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the Duke went to Hamburg, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

SHERIDAN'S PIZARRO.

EXPECTATION was on tip-toe; "Pizarro" was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun to be written; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, "Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow;"—but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment

of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends that he must carry me off with him that moment to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's tent, and the temple of the Sun.

The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the chorusses and marches were to come over the platform—"To-morrow," said he, "I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon me; and I know that I can depend upon you; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after."

After this promise we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.

But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

STRATAGEM TO GET A WATCH.

MR. HARRIS, the late proprietor of Co-

vent Garden Theatre, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him, that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end for ever.

Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and positively fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he literally made his appearance in Hart-street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watch-maker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

Sheridan told him, that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

"I have just left him," said Tregent, "in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock."

"What have you been doing at the theatre?" said Sheridan.

"Why," replied Tregent, "Harris is going to make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen that he may choose one for that purpose."

"Indeed," said Sheridan.

They wished each other good day, and parted.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent had described.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Harris, "I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if—

"Stop, my dear Harris," said Sheridan, interrupting him; "I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my fault; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man."

"Well, then," said the unsuspecting Harris, "if that be all, you shall not long want a watch, for here—(opening his drawer)—are half a dozen of Tregent's best—choose any one you like, and do me the favour of accepting it."

Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*."

TALLY HO.

WHEN Kelly was at Vienna, an Italian of the name of Botterelli, who had married an English woman, a singer at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, applied to him to get the Emperor's patronage to a concert, which he obtained, and the house was crowded.

At the end of the first act, the beautiful Syren, led into the orchestra by her *caro sposo*, placed herself just under the Emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke "dignity and love." The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned, when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of "Tally ho!" in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof off the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The Emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian what Tally ho! meant?—I replied I did not know, and literally, at that time, I did not.

His Majesty the Emperor finding that even I, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre; and the major part of the audience, convinced by his Majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on their way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of "Tally ho!" nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it.

BON MOT OF BANNISTER.

A PERSON of the name of Bowden made his appearance at Covent Garden in *Robin Hood*, and was received with great applause. In the same box, with Madame Mara and myself, sat Charles Bannister, who had originally acted the same part of *Robin Hood*; a person next to him, who was vehemently applauding

Bowden, had the bad taste to say to Bannister (purposely, I suppose, to mortify him), "Aye, aye, Sir, Bowden is the true *Robin Hood*, the only *Robin Hood*;" on which Bannister replied, "Sir, he may be *Robin Hood* this year, but next season he will be robbing Harris." This *jeu d'esprit* produced some merriment.

MOODY AND THE SAILOR.

MOODY, in early life, was sent out to Jamaica, and on his return to England, went on the stage, unknown to his friends. I do not recollect the name of the ship, in which he told me he came to England; but he informed me that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast.

One night, some time after he had been on the stage, when he was acting *Stephano*, in the *Tempest*, a sailor in the front row of the pit of Drury Lane, got up, and standing upon the seat, hallooed out, "What cheer, Jack Moody, what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address from the pit rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward to the lamps, and said, "Jack Hullet, keep your jawing tacks aboard—don't disturb the crew and passengers; when the show is over, make sail for the stage-door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch; but till then, Jack, shut your locker."

After the play was ended, the rough son of Neptune was shewn to Moody's dressing-room, and thence they adjourned to the Black Jack, in Clare Market, (a house which Moody frequented,) and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack.

MATHEWS AT THE "SCHOOL OF GARRICK" CLUB.

ONE night, when we were full of mirth and glee, and Moody seated, like Jove in his chair, a waiter came in to tell Mr. Henry Johnstone that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the next room. In a few minutes we heard a great noise and bustle, and Henry Johnstone, in a loud tone say, "Sir, you cannot go into the room where the club is: none but members are on any account admitted; such are our rules."

"Talk not to me of your rules," said the stranger; "I insist upon being admitted." And after a long controversy of, "I will go;" and "You sha'n't go;"—the door was burst open, and both contending parties came tumbling in.

The stranger placed himself next to me, and I thought him the ugliest and most impudent fellow I ever met with. He went on with a rhapsody of nonsense,

of his admiration of our society, that he could not resist the temptation of joining it,—filled himself a glass of wine, and drank to our better acquaintance.

Moody, with great solemnity, requested him to withdraw, for no one could have a seat at that table who was not a member.

The stranger replied, "I don't care for your rules;—talk not to me of your regulations—I will not stir an inch!"

"Then," cried the infuriated Moody, "old as I am, I will take upon myself to turn you out."

Moody jumped up, and throttled the stranger, who defended himself manfully;—all was confusion, and poor Moody was getting black in the face; when the stranger threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose, and before us, stood Mathews himself, *in propria persona*. So well did he counterfeit his assumed character, that except Henry Johnstone, who was his accomplice in the plot, not one amongst us suspected him.

CORSICAN CURIOSITY.

THE traveller in Corsica never meets with a beggar. If he is accosted in his road, it is generally with the question of, "What news do you bring with you?" and others relating to his journey, his business, &c. Often these inquiries extend beyond the trifles that generally engross conversation, even in more civilized countries. The Secretary in Chief of the Prefect related to us the following anecdote:—I was travelling in the interior quite incognito; a peasant came up to me, and asked as usual for news; I told him immediately of the marriages, deaths, &c. that had then lately occurred at Ajaccio. The peasant replied, "I don't want to know those matters; I wish to be informed what the Allied Sovereigns are now doing." The peasantry never feel the least abashed; and whatever may be the appearance of the traveller, they come towards him, rest on their muskets, and begin a conversation as familiarly as if the parties were intimate acquaintances. Each man seems to consider it a duty to bring home as much news as he can learn in his rambles, and to communicate it to his countrymen; and thus, in the absence of public facilities of communication, knowledge is transmitted from one end of the island to the other.—*Benson's Sketches in Corsica.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ACRE.

THIS town is at present the strongest in Syria, being encompassed with a new wall. Being obliged to spend several days here to wait for an opportunity of going to Damascus, we had full opportunity of observing the effects of the war between the two Chiefs. Three or four human heads were frequently brought into the town in the course of the day, cut off by the Pacha's troops from some of the enemy's stragglers, or, in default of them, from the poor peasants. This war was occasioned by mere private feuds, and unauthorised by the Porte. The young Pacha of Acre, who acted in a most rash and ungovernable way, opposed with success the stronger Chief of Damascus by means of the mountain troops of Lebanon. He resolved on cutting a deep and wide trench all round the town, effecting a communication with the sea on each side, which was not impracticable, as the point on which it stood advanced considerably into the sea. But the trench, if executed, could not avail in any way for the defence of the town, as it was more than a mile distant, and an attacking army would find it easy to pass it in the night. But the Pacha believed the place would be impregnable if the water flowed all round it; and to effect this object, he made the whole population go out and work from morning till evening. The soldiers were seen going about the streets, and compelling by blows the idlers they met, to go and dig at the trench. The town was nearly emptied; and on walking one day to the spot, we found all ranks of people, rich men, merchants, and domestics, mingled with the poorer classes, working up to their chins in the ditch, each with the wicker basket in his hand, which they filled with the earth, and then threw its contents above the bank. Some others were employed in digging, and overseers were set over the whole; rations of bread and water were served out at mid-day, and at sun-set they were allowed to enter the city. We walked out a short distance, and stood beneath some palms to view their return. The better order of people came first, the poorer followed; amongst both were seen several noseless and earless people, who had been the objects of Djezzar's cruelty. The mountaineers, who had been compelled to come and assist in the work, came last, singing their mountain songs with great cheerfulness. The gates were closed on them, till summoned to resume their task

the next day. This prince, Selim, is the second in succession from Djezzar. The instances of the latter's cruelty are innumerable. He seemed to take a supreme delight in destroying; yet he has built the handsomest mosque and bathing-house in Syria. Beside the former are a quantity of fine palms, and a beautiful fountain. He was a rigid Mussulman, and never failed to attend the mosque twice a day, and died in his bed at last in peace, at the age of eighty years. The history of his prime minister, the Jew, is tragical and interesting. This Israelite was an uncommonly clever man, and so well versed in all the affairs of the province, as to be invaluable to Djezzar, who cut off his nose and ears, however, for no reason on earth, but still retained him his prime minister. Suleiman, his successor, who governed only two years, could not do without the Jew's services; and on the present Pacha Selim's accession, he stood in as high confidence as ever. "In those days," said Anselac, the Jewish merchant, who was bewailing to us the fate of his friend, "no Turk dared to turn up his nose at a Jew in the streets of Acre, or discover the least insult in his manner; but the face of things was changed at last." The unfortunate Israelite had served Selim for some time with his usual integrity and talent, when his enemies, taking advantage of the young Pacha's ignorance and weakness, persuaded him that his minister, from his long intercourse with the Porte, and deep experience in intrigue, would probably be induced to maintain a secret correspondence, and detail his master's exactions. The next time the minister appeared, he was ordered to confine himself to his house, and not appear again at the palace till sent for. He obeyed, trembling and astonished, and remained in safety secluded amidst his family and friends. But the habit of ruling had taken too strong hold on his mind; this quiet and inactive life pressed heavily on the old man's spirits, and he resolved to venture to go to Court again. He came and prostrated himself before the Pacha, and humbly demanded to know what his offences were, and why he had been deprived of his office. Selim was very angry at seeing him again, and bade him instantly begone. The advantage he had thus given his enemies over him was not lost. A few evenings after he was at supper with his family, when one of his servants told him two messengers from the palace were below; he instantly knew their errand, and tranquilly retiring to another apartment, requested a short time to say his prayers, and was then strangled

by the mutes, and his body thrown into the sea. "I was returning," said Anselac, "on the following evening from Sidon, and saw a body on the shore, partly out of water; and on coming to the spot, found it was that of my friend and countryman, the minister, of whose cruel death I had not heard." This poor man removed soon after with his family to Beirout, under the Consul's protection, as he thought the Pacha might take it into his head to serve him in like manner, or strip him of his property. Djezzar was called the butcher, partly from a small axe he carried at his sash of an exquisite edge; and he sometimes amused himself by coming behind a culprit, or an innocent person (it mattered little which), and, hitting him a blow with it on the back of the neck, putting an instant period to his care. During one of Djezzar's journeys to guard over the deserts the caravan of Mecca, his nephew, Sulieman, found access to his seraglio: the chief, on his return, discovering the circumstance, drew his hanger, and stabbed several of his wives with his own hand. The Porte often attempted to take him off, but the various Capidgé Bashis sent for that purpose were none of them suffered to enter his presence, as the death-warrant of the Sultan, if exhibited in presence of the offender, is never resisted even by his own guards. He very civilly received all their kind inquiries after his health, and the welfare of his province, and took care to have them taken off snugly by poison.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE ROAD OVER MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(Concluded from page 303.)

IN order to form a regular road through the midst of all these impediments, it was necessary to work a distance of no less than thirty-two wersts. Rocks were levelled, galleries excavated, the river turned into a straighter and more regular bed, and its power, as it could not be subdued, divided and lessened. Its winding course formerly required twenty-four bridges within a distance of twenty wersts. These bridges were made of slight wickerwork, supported by half rotten beams; fabrics which threatened and sometimes occasioned destruction to those who ventured over them on foot or horseback. They were kept up by different mountain tribes, who levied a toll upon the passengers: and woe to them that refused to satisfy their demands! an instantaneous death was their lot. Sometimes they le-

vied their toll on the travellers entering the pass; and their stations were so well chosen, that it was impossible to escape. Most of these bridges having become useless, have been destroyed, and two durable ones built near Wladikawkas and Dariel. The natives are prevented from enforcing their ancient claims upon travellers; but a toll is levied upon merchants by Russian officers, and afterwards distributed, according to the rank of each individual, amongst the natives.

The immense task was accomplished within six years, and now there is a road across these mountains, as good as the nature of the ground will admit. It is only, however fit for use in summer; in winter it is impassable, especially between Kobi and Kaïtaur, near the cross. Both the cold and snow set in with the severity of the highest latitude; the wintry storms, pent up amongst the narrow passes, raise such masses of snow as totally to obscure the air; and the mountains, throwing off their burdens, completely fill the glens which separate them. At such a season, nothing but death awaits the bold adventurer who dares to advance within those passes; and many are those who, fancying that nothing can withstand man's courageous enterprise, have been engulfed in the snow, and perished.

As soon, however, as the falling of the avalanches has ceased, every effort is made to restore the communication; and the snow being heaped up in mounds, the traveller may again venture to tread the rocky path which leads to the southern declivity, where all traces of winter, and all the difficulties attending its severity, at once disappear.

In order to facilitate the passage over this stupendous bulwark of nature, and to allow the traveller a place of refuge and rest, in one of its highest vales a family of Ossets reside, established there by the Czars of Georgia, and now pensioned by the Russian government. They are to Mount Caucasus what the monks are to Mount St. Bernard.

The difficulties of preserving this road are, however, not solely confined to winter. In the year 1817, from the beginning of May till near autumn, these mountains were deluged with rain. Enormous masses of stone and earth, often covered with large trees, were carried down into the pass, sometimes forming new islands in the middle of the Terek, whose waters, swelled to an incredible volume, swept away the labour of years, destroying nearly the whole line of road which had been built with so much exertion, and among the rest, the massy stone bridge which at Wladikawkas had connected its two

shores. All means of communication being thus cut off, a rope bridge was formed from one ridge to the other, upon which, as is frequently done in America, passengers were drawn over the raging torrent.

No time or labour was lost in re-establishing the communication between Russia and its Georgian territories; and in less than four months the road was again practicable. Scarcely, however, was this Herculean task accomplished, when the winter set in with unprecedented fury; an avalanche of an immense size detached itself from the neighbouring mountains, and carrying with it all that could impede its mighty career, to a course of fifteen wersts, filled the pass of the Torek to a great distance, and to a height of fifty fathoms. The river was for a time stopped, until, uniting all its strength, it broke a passage through the midst of this mountain of snow. But it was necessary to carry the road, for nearly eighteen months, over the tops of the hills, till the snow, gradually melting and lowering, became condensed into ice, and was burst with gunpowder; a defile was then cut through it, with the old road, although much damaged, for its foundation.

It was in this condition that M. Eichfeld saw it in the year 1819. Since that period the road has been completely restored, but still requires very extensive repairs at the end of every winter. It is apprehended that the fall of avalanches, such as that described, will take place every seven or nine years, when Mount Kasbeg is so overloaded with snow as to be compelled to throw off its superabundance. The ruins which those avalanches leave behind after the snow is melted, are such as a speculative traveller would consider as the effects of the deluge. Nothing but volcanoes seem wanting to unite all the terrors of nature in these wild regions; for earthquakes are not uncommon here, some of which have continued, with more or less violence, for a month together; for instance, in the years 1804 and 1817. In fact, it may be said that the years 1817 and 1818 were most formidable for these regions, as much in a moral as in a physical point of view; since some of the mountain tribes displayed at that period more than ordinary fury and determination; such, indeed, as compelled the Russian government to resort to a war almost of extermination, in order to secure not only this mountain pass, but likewise the peaceful inhabitants on both sides of the range, against the ferocious depredations of these untameable hordes. They seem now either to be entirely destroyed, or so weakened and hemmed in with forts

and garrisons, as to be unable to stir beyond their respective boundaries, or to act in concert with one another. Even the savage Tshetshenzi are constrained to peace, and the road from Kisgar to Derbent, formerly so perilous to travellers, may now be pursued with perfect security. *Asiatic Journal.*

The Novelist.

No. LXXIX.

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

AT a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:—One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient dose by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl. "I am a poor traveller (said the stranger), and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me?" "Aye, to be sure (replied Schalken); but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left." The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified." Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man

who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. "Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he be-thought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish; that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birthdays of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him 79 years, and Mietje 73 years of age, when the moon that was shining through the window of the hut seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds, and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death: and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very

different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little colour; but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years everything passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks (said he), you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan (said he), you used me scurvily the other day (Death thinks but little of fifty years!) and I am now determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the

pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him:—"I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.—*European Magazine*.

Miscellaneous.

BONAPARTE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THE general plan of the town of Ajaccio is very simple. One broad street leads from the sea to the barracks; another, nearly as wide but much shorter, cuts the former at right angles; besides these there are many subordinate streets, extremely narrow and dirty.

The house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born is among the best in the town; it forms one side of a miserable little court, leading out of the Rue Charles.

It is very accurately given in the recent work of Las Cases. At present it is inhabited by M. Ramoullino, one of the Deputies for the Department of Corsica. Among other curiosities which this residence contains, is a little cannon, that was the favourite plaything of Bonaparte's childhood. It weighs, according to M. Joly de Vaubignon, thirty French pounds. This toy-cannon may have given the first bias to his disposition. As Ajaccio was his birth-place, so was it the scene of his first military exploit. In the year 1793, Bonaparte, then *Chef de Bataillon* of National Guards, was sent from Bastia to surprise Ajaccio, at that time in possession of the Corsican rebels. Leaving the frigate in which he had entered the gulf, he headed fifty men, and put off to take possession of the Torre di Capitello,

a tower on the opposite side nearly facing Ajaccio. No sooner was this point carried, than a dreadful tempest arose, which rendered it impossible to return to the frigate. He was forced, therefore, to fortify himself against the insurgents, who assailed him on all sides; a state of great danger ensued, and he was even reduced to feed on horse-flesh. Whilst in this condition, he is said to have harangued the rebels in that strain of emphatical eloquence which prevails among the Corsicans, and to have succeeded in gaining over many of the opposite party. On the fourth day, before he abandoned the tower, he attempted to blow it up, without success. The fissures still apparent in the tower are attributable to that attempt.

A BLOW-UP OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

AMONG the King's pamphlets in the British Museum, is a sort of advertisement, printed in 1647, of an experiment offered to be tried at London Bridge, by a Captain Bullmer. It is intitled, "The proposition of Captaine John Bullmer, remaining upon record in the Office of Assurance, London, for the blowing of a boate, with a man or boy in her, over London Bridge in safety."

The Captain thus states the particulars of his wonderful performance:—

"The said John Bullmer propoundeth, that he (by God's assistance) shall and will, at, in, or with a flowing water, set oute a boate or vessell with an engine floating, with a man or boy in or aboard the said boate or vessell in the river Thames, on the east side of London Bridge; which said boate or vessell, with the said man or boy in or aboard the same, shall the same tide (before low water be come) by the art of the said Bullmer, and helpe of the said engine, be blowne so high with a breath of man as that the same shall passe and be delivered over London Bridge, together with the said man or boy in or aboarde her, and floate againe in the said river Thames on the other side of the said bridge, in safety, &c."

We have not met with any subsequent account of the means by which this feat was to be performed, or whether it ever took place or not; but it certainly (if not a deception) seems to give place to none of modern days.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

THE late Capt. O'Byrne, of gambling memory, having made a bet on the sub-

ject of Admiral Payne, wrote the following note to him:—

"Dear Payne,—Pray were you bred to the sea?"

To which the Admiral returned, for answer:—

"Dear O'Byrne,—No; but the sea was bred to me."

IRISH BULL.

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

THE BATHOS.

BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

SINCE mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,

And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry;

"When my old cassock," says a Welsh divine,

"Is out at elbows, why should I repine?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length to which our Anecdotes from Mich. Kelly's forthcoming work has extended, has precluded the insertion of other articles intended for our present Number, and limits our space for answers to correspondents.

The gentleman who sent us an original design for a building shall hear from us in a day or two.

We thank our fair correspondent for her kind note on the subject of the lines attributed to Lady Byron; we always doubted their authenticity, and are happy to learn the disavowal of them by her Ladyship before we gave them further currency. The offered autograph will be very acceptable.

The Revolvers, A Friend to Humanity, R. C.—w—n, The Village Pen, Leaves from a Journal, and several other original articles, are intended for our next or the following Number.

We much fear the communication of *G. W. B.* will be too long for us. Some of the miscellaneous articles shall have an early place.

The article sent from Whitby (if including one or two drawings) has been mislaid, but we hope to find it in a day or two.

The following have been received:—*W. W. P. P. ; Æ;* with poetical communications from *Constant Readers, Louisa, Horatio*, and a host of love-sick swains and damsels, which we really know not what to do with.

G. W. N.'s last communication shall have a place when we give an engraving of the place to which it relates, which will be in a few weeks.

We fear the drawing sent us by *Ricardus Urbanus* would not make a good engraving.

The amusing anecdote of *W. S.* is too well known.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXVIII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Blenheim.



BLENHEIM, of which the above is a fine view, from a drawing by Mr. J. P. Neale, is a splendid monument of a hero's glory and a nation's gratitude. To perpetuate the memory of the military services of the illustrious John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the royal manor of Woodstock, with the demesne, comprising the hundred of Wootton, was granted by Queen Anne to him and his heirs for ever, to be held by Grand Serjeantry; the terms of which tenure are, that annually, the Duke or his successors in the title, shall present to the Queen, or her heirs, at the Castle of Windsor, a standard of France, on August the 2nd,* being the anniversary of the day on which the battle of Hochstet was fought, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, in 1704, where a most glorious and complete victory was obtained over the French and Bavarians. This grant was confirmed by Act of Parliament, passed on the 14th March, 1705; and half a million of money was voted by the House of Commons for the completion of the Palace, which

took place in 1715, one year after the death of the Queen.

This noble monument of national munificence was erected from the designs of Sir John Vanbrugh, who has produced a most magnificent result, highly flattering to our national pride, which is considerably raised by a contemplation of this superb Temple of British Victory. It is situated about half a mile from the town of Woodstock, and about eight miles from the University of Oxford. The general plan of the house consists of an oblong grand centre edifice, connected by colonnades to two projecting quadrangular wings, which on the principal front form the three sides of a great court; enclosed by iron palisades, the whole building being in extreme length 860 feet, and covering seven acres of ground. The wings are appropriated to the offices; each contains an open court; that on the north-east is called the Kitchen court, and on the south-west is the Stable court.

The principal front stands north-west, opposite to which is the Park, intersected in a direct line by the bridge, and a long avenue terminating at Ditchley Gate: other entrances to the Park and grounds

* The anniversary of this victory, by the change of the style, now falls on the 13th of August.

are, Wootton gate, the Triumphal gate, Hensington gate, Eagle gate, Bladon gate; entrances at Long-acre bridge and Handborough bridge, Combe Green gate, Combe gate, Stonesfield gate, and Gorrel gate; which occur in a circumference of about thirteen miles. On the south-east are the gardens and pleasure grounds, intersected by the windings of the river Glyme; the gardens on the east, and various plantations on the west side of the river. The Park, including the gardens, contains 2,700 acres; a ride of about four miles in circuit is formed within the outer boundary.

The usual approach to this magnificent residence is by the Triumphal gate, at Woodstock, consisting of a spacious centre arch, and two posterns, having its entablature supported by double detached columns raised on pedestals, and bearing on the exterior this inscription:

PORTA HAEC EXTRUCTA EST ANNO
POST OBITVM ILLVSTRISSIMI JOHAN-
NIS DVICIS DE MARLBOROVGH JVSSV
ATQVE AVSPISCIIS SARAE CONJVGIS
DILECTISSIMAE CVI TESTAMENTO
COMMENDAVIT OPERA QVIBVS VLTIM-
AM IPSE MANVM NON IMPOSVERAT.
QVANTA FVERINT DVICIS IN REM-
PVBLCAM MERITA INGRESSO TIBI
PLVRIBVS DICET COLUMNA QVAM
OPTIMAE CONJVGIS PIETAS PONI VO-
LVIT VT PERENNE ESSET IPSIVS
GLORIAE SAEQVE DILECTIONIS MO-
NVMENTVM.

A. D. MDCCXXIII.

On the opposite side of the gate, within the Park, is the following translation:

THIS GATE WAS BUILT THE YEAR
AFTER THE DEATH OF THE MOST IL-
LUSTRIOUS JOHN DVKE OF MARLBOR-
OUGH BY ORDER OF SARAH, HIS MOST
BELOVED WIFE, TO WHOM HE LEFT
THE SOLE DIRECTION OF THE MANY
THINGS THAT REMAINED UNFINISH-
ED OF THIS FABRIC. THE SERVICES
OF THIS GREAT MAN TO HIS COUNTRY
THE PILLAR WILL TELL YOV, WHICH
THE DVCHESS HAS ERECTED FOR A
LASTING MONVMENT OF HIS GLORY
AND HER AFFECTION TO HIM.

MDCCXXIII.

The scene presented, on entering the Park from this gate, is one of striking grandeur. The house is here seen in an oblique point of view, and its architecture is from hence displayed to the greatest advantage; the attention is strongly arrested by the combination of objects that form this most delightful landscape, including, in one view, the palace, the valley, lake and bridge, amidst plantations of varied tints,

and rising above the trees, the column and statue.

"Here spreads the lawn, high-crown'd with wood,
Here slopes the vale, there twines the flood
In many a crystal maze."

Lines to a Young Lady.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh! fly with me, 'tis passion's hour,
The world is gone to sleep,
And nothing wakes in brake or bower,
But those who love and weep:
This is the golden time and weather,
When songs and sighs go out together,
And minstrels pledge the rosy wine
To lutes like this, and lips like thine.

Oh! fly with me, my courser's flight
Is like the rushing breeze,
And the kind moon has said good night,
And sunk behind the trees:
The lover's voice—the loved one's ear—
There's nothing else to speak and hear;
And we will say, as on we glide,
That nothing lives on earth beside.

Oh! fly with me, and we will wing
Our white skiff o'er the waves,
And hear the tritons revelling
Among their coral caves:
The envious mermaid, when we pass,
Shall cease her song, and drop her glass;
For thou wilt break her very heart,
To see how fair and dear thou art.

Oh! fly with me, and we will dwell
Far over the green seas,
Where sadness rings no parting knell,
For moments such as these:
Where Italy's unclouded skies
Look brightly down on brighter eyes;
Or where the wave-wed city smiles,
Enthroned upon her hundred isles.

Oh! fly with me; by these sweet strings
Swept o'er by passion's fingers—
By all the rocks, and vales, and springs,
Where memory lives and lingers—
By all the tongue can never tell—
By all the heart has told so well—
By all that has been, or may be;
And by Love's self—oh! fly with me!

J. L.

THE ESCURIAL IN SPAIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE Escorial was much despoiled by the French during the Peninsular war; our description will, however, show what it was previous to this epoch, when the Escorial was in all its pride. The statues that were interspersed in various parts of the structure were not excellent, and, indeed, scarcely tolerable. The pictures exceeded every other collection in Europe except the gallery of the Saxon capital. Our Charles I. during his love expedition

to Spain (when Prince), purchased many pictures which were in this palace; but it was principally enriched with the plunder of the Italian nobility. The following interesting particulars of the palace were written in 1802 :—

"The library contains a most admirable collection of manuscripts. The man of science contemplates these works of ingenuity with alternate joy and mortification. He sees, with satisfaction, the ardour of talent displayed by the learned Arabian, and solitary monk; but he laments that the maxims of ecclesiastical policy have prevented the gates of this temple of genius from being thrown open to all mankind. Our literati travel over the deserts of Thebais, and through the ghats of Hindostan, beneath the fervour of the southern sun, to seek fragments and inscriptions, which is the labour of one generation to discover, and of many succeeding ones to explain. If the learning that is enclosed within the pale of the monastic institutions in Spain were permitted to forsake its boundary, sufficient employment would be found for the antiquary without these laborious exertions; the secrets of Saracenic erudition would be unfolded, the sublime sentiments of Garcia would fill with rapture the poetic enthusiast, the sprightly and inventive talent of Lopez would delight his imagination, and a new character would be given to the century which should be indebted for this important acquisition.

"The eventful day which gave occasion to this extraordinary application of human industry, is an important epoch in military history. The battle of St. Quintin was fought on the feast of St. Laurence, and a portion of the laurels won on that day contributed to the fragrant garland of British honour. Whatever relates to Philip has some collateral connection with English history; he was the husband of one British queen, and the sutor of another; and the affairs of this country and of Spain were for a considerable period united in one common cause.

"When the historian rises from the melancholy view of the decline of empire to the contemplation of ancient splendour, he compares present degradation with former magnificence, and the powers of his fancy afford him consolation under his temporary grief. It is thus by the assistance of the imagination that the friend of humanity is constrained to seek relief from the contrast between the condition of Spain in our own day, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century. At this period the language, the arts, and the erudition of Spain, were the fashionable attainments at the courts of Vienna, Mu-

nich, Brussels, Naples, and Milan; and the marriage of Lewis XIII. with the daughter of Philip III. so completely introduced the learning of that kingdom into France, as to make it disgraceful not to be versed in it at the court of Versailles.

"The Cid of Decastro is the original of the tragedy under the same appellation, from the pen of the father of the French drama; and it was by abandoning the pedantry and declamation of the Italians, and by the imitation of Diamante and his countrymen, that Corneille was enabled to substitute the ebullitions of nature and the conflict of the passions, for the frigid imitations of the Greek school.

"The Moorish legions, impenetrable as the Macedonian phalanx, and impetuous as the hosts of Attila, extending their conquests through the earth, blended the prowess of arms with the sentiments of virtue and humanity; anxious for the honour and the authority of their prophet, they yet respected more highly the felicity of mankind; and the vanquished slave prostrate at their feet, in the generous temper of toleration, was permitted to retain his gods and the rites of his religion.* It was from this liberality that the arts and sciences of the erudite Arabian became diffused in Spain; and the ardour of liberty promoted by the elective governments of Arragon, by the Cortes, the Justiza, and by the independent civil and military authority of the great cities, contributed to preserve in the minds of the natives that masculine and energetic character which appeared in their writings, and commanded the admission of their literature into all those countries where the operations of intellect are respected, or the feelings of the heart consulted.

"But the arts of Spain were not more conciliatory than her arms were terrible. While the English were wholly unsuccessful in their enterprises beyond the Atlantic, the golden mines of Peru supplied the throne of Spain with treasures that appeared inexhaustible. The country was at that time populous; and the kingdom of Portugal, with the whole commerce of its oriental settlements, and all its naval power, had been recently united to the Spanish crown. The pope and the princes of Italy were subject to its authority. Germany was connected with it by the closest domestic and political relations; the Netherlands appeared ready to be resigned to their ancient servitude; and Camden informs us that when Elizabeth openly undertook the protection of the revoked Flemings, the king of

* Robertson, Ch. V.

Sweden boldly asserted 'she had removed the diadem from her own head.'

"The folly of Henry VIII., who was the alternate tool of emperors, kings, and popes, had rendered England contemptible abroad; in the reign of Edward VI. the foreign transactions were inglorious; Boulogne was surrendered, and soon afterwards Calais submitted to the same fate. By expedients of finance irregular and unconstitutional, in the reign of Mary, ten thousand men were levied and sent to the Netherlands under the earl of Pembroke; this force joined the general of Spain, Philibert, duke of Savoy, one of the most distinguished commanders of the age. With the accession of the English troops his army amounted to sixty thousand men. The camp was in the neighbourhood of the fortress of St. Quintin, which was defended by the gallant admiral Coligny, nephew to the duke of Montmorency, constable of France. The latter endeavouring to relieve the place, Philibert fell first upon the advanced guard, and then upon the main body of the French army, over which he gained a complete victory, and in the action the flower of the nobility of France and four thousand men were slain. Among the prisoners was the constable, who, preferring rather to die than to survive his defeat, threw himself into the thickest of the enemy, but was surrounded and seized alive.

"Such was the important victory on the feast of St. Laurence. Among the ingenious contrivances of papal policy, we learn from Erasmus, vota or vows had been introduced in the thirteenth century, under the pontificate of Boniface VIII. Those who refer the origin of this practice to the council of Chalcedon, speak of vota of a more simple and dispensable kind; but under Boniface these solemn acts were enjoined on princes, to answer the designs of ecclesiastical policy. and were not only obligatory but indefeasible. When the mind of a powerful and bigotted prince was agitated between hope and fear on the bed of sickness or on the eve of battle, he was informed that the prayers of the church would be efficacious; but these prayers could only be employed by the priest, or listened to by the saint to whom they were addressed, on certain prescribed conditions: a monastery was to be erected for a new order of religious votaries, or an extensive domain was to be alienated to those already established. Such is the origin of the convent and palace of the Escorial, founded by the most proud, bigotted, and untractable prince in Europe, and completed by the most feeble and superstitious: a durable

monument of the glory of the general, and of the disgrace of the prince, whose armies possessed the gallantry to obtain a victory which he had not the wisdom to improve to the purposes of national glory."

REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN.

(For the Mirror.)

"AUTUMN," says the moralist, "is an emblem of declining life." It is that season of the year in which nature offers to the reflecting mind the most frequent and convincing proofs of the mutability of all earthly productions;—then the vegetable world decays and dies, and the appearance of the country is totally changed. In spring all is health and beauty;—in summer, all richness and perfections; but in autumn, all is withered and decayed—scarcely a vestige remaining of that luxuriance which we so recently admired. The seared and withered leaves—sad emblems of mortality!—which fall so fast from every tree, strewing the ground with desolation, admonishing us that we too, frail and weak like them, must soon die; and deeply impress upon our minds the truth and beauty of those lines of Homer:—

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the
ground:

Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in thin course decay,
So flourish these, when those have pass'd away.

The garden which but a short time since was adorned with flowers of every hue, exhaling perfumes sweeter than those of Arabia, is now desolate; only a few evergreen shrubs remaining as evidences of its departed beauty. The fields have changed their lively green, varied with a thousand flowers, for the dark and sombre livery of winter.

Nor are these changes confined wholly to the inanimate world; the insects,— "beings of a summer's day,"—numberless in variety as diversified in colour, have felt the chilling influence of autumn. Where are now the gaily painted butterfly, and all the *lupas* and nameless tribes (many of which could scarcely be perceived by the unassisted sight,) which so lately filled the air? Dull and mute are the choristers of the grove—the lark, the linnet, and the nightingale,—whose wild notes cheered the mid-day traveller, and solaced the evening hours of the humble cottager; or else with the swallow, they have sought for summer suns in happier

climates. The red-breast alone retains awhile his sweetly plaintive note, to chant, as it were, a dirge for his departed friends.

The long and dreary nights also warn us of the long and dreary night of the grave.

"These changes in the natural world are evidently intended by providence as warnings of that great change which we must, ere long, experience. We have our spring, our summer, our autumn;—youth, manhood, and declining age, follow each other in rapid succession. We all know the brevity of life, and daily experience proves by what precarious tenure we hold existence.

"Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, with'ring age, is cropt ere night:
Man like a shadow flees."

MONTGOMERY.

And shall these warnings, so kindly given, be allowed to pass unheeded and unimproved? No, let them not be given in vain; let not our moments be passed in idleness or folly; but rather in the constant endeavour to improve in knowledge and virtue, agreeably to Dr. Johnson's recommendation, so emphatically expressed in the following lines; so that when our lives shall close, we may have the happiness of reflecting that our time, the most precious of all the talents committed to our charge, has not been mispent:—

"Catch then, oh! catch, the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies, alas! how soon he dies."

H.

My Note Book.

No. V.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &c. (Concluded from page 276.)

THE RECVLVERS, &c.

SNUGLY seated by a cheerful fire, the coast can scarcely be thought of without a shudder, it being so natural to associate the idea of bleakness and desolation with the approach of winter. Every startling gust excites the idea of attendant peril, and the risks and hardships of the devoted mariner are present to our imagination in every variety of suffering. To the admirer of Nature, however, all seasons are interesting; her diversity, whether inclement or otherwise, fills the contemplative mind with ideas of grandeur and perfec-

tion not to be equalled by those of the sublimest creations of art; every vicissitude exhibits some striking and attractive peculiarity, and whether developed amid the chilling blasts of winter, or under the milder influence of more genial seasons, if the heart is so framed as to consider her perpetually varying aspect, "well ordered and sure," emanating as it does from the great source of every excellence, her chameleon changes will naturally inspire sensations of admiration and delight.

The advanced period of the year warns us to bring our remarks upon Margate and its vicinity to a conclusion. Without further preface, therefore, we will briefly notice a place we were induced to visit, interesting to all familiar with the coast. A trip to the Reculvers is perhaps of very ordinary occurrence; but common as it may be, it is not the less deserving of notice. To the distant observer its sacred fane yet towers apparently uninjured by the devastation of time and accident, but on the spot, a mere wreck of what it has been is all that meets the eye.

A brilliant morning tempted a party of us to engage a sailing-boat to visit its ruins; but, as is very commonly the case, the temptation proved delusive, for a storm intervened, and the boatmen pronouncing the experiment dangerous, the project was deferred to the following day. Elementary warfare is at all times grand and imposing; but rarely does it paralyze our faculties or rouse our fears so effectually, as when we are at the mercy of the wind and waves. On dry land we feel chiefly for others, conceiving we may in a variety of ways screen ourselves from impending danger; on the contrary, where nought but a plank intervenes between us and destruction, our helplessness, save through Divine agency, is alarmingly manifest, and the whole current of our thoughts is immediately concentrated in self; the heart alternates between hope and despair; we are transported beyond the present time, and "read the future in the instant." Happy is the case of those to whom the lesson is salutary; but we must check our gravity, or go thankless. Reverting to our purposed sail to the Reculvers, we accomplished it on the day following. The mixed expression of delight and apprehension apparent in the countenances of the ladies of our party would have amused a physiognomist. A lively remembrance of the risk that threatened such an attempt on the preceding day, could not at once be shaken off, although there was no ground for present apprehension; but a little lively *badinage* from our beaux at last overcame every scruple. A good sea-boat and a gentle

breeds constitute much of the pleasure of a sea-port. It is, perhaps, the idlest consumer of time, as far as personal exertion is concerned; but not the least salutary with reference to health. Buoyant spirits or sombre countenances constituted our freightage; and the rallying and merriment of the former gradually contracting and dimpling the lengthened visages of the latter, imparted a harmony of feeling that greatly enhanced our enjoyment of the excursion. The line of coast we passed, although not romantically beautiful, is prettily studded with pleasing objects to engage the attention, while skimming the surface of the smiling deep; and certainly no species of travelling can vie with water conveyance for ease and comfort. Though the frame may be passive, the mind possesses its unobstructed energies, and reflection and social converse each in their turn can be indulged in unrestrainedly.

Arrived at our destination, a difficulty presented itself that occasioned some debate before it was surmounted. The sandy beach lay very inviting before us; but the tide had not advanced sufficiently, and we had no means of gaining it but by seeking refuge in the arms of the tarry swains who had the management of our boat. A fastidious dame has some coy reluctance to surmount before committing herself to the protection of a pretty fellow, but to be clasped in the rough embrace of these monsters was not patiently to be endured; finding, however, we had no alternative, submission became a duty; but what most provoked us, was to see the gentlemen of our party step quietly on shore from the boat (the tide having in the interval made sufficiently to admit of it), and thus prevent our retaliating upon them for laughing at our difficulties.

Arrived as it were on the threshold of security, we were not alike fortunate in gaining it harmless. One of our companions, exulting in conscious liberty, attempting to use it too hastily, stumbled and fell prone on the pebbly shore, where she lay extended "many a rood" (rudder, perhaps, she will think in me to mention it), and never was the stoical discipline of the preventive service men more austere manifested. One of them (surely not of mortal mould) stalked by without a pitying glance, not heeding her distress.

"How strict see'er his charge, or mute his voice,"
A sense of duty, if not feeling, should have challenged scrutiny—

"Official search, if aught about her contraband,
Her haste would fain have screen'd."

The beach wore the appearance of great care to prevent further encroachment; and

as we picked our track over its raggedly paved causeway to gain the summit of the beetling cliff, on which the relics of the sanctuary are strewn, we were not a little startled by the remnants of mortality scattered in our path, bleached by exposure to the unceremonious elements; a glance upward at once explained this singular appearance—the strata of the soil disclosed the secrets of the tomb, unveiling to the garish eye of day its shrouded tenantry long mingled with their kindred dust. Whether the precautions of the Trinity Company (who have been at some expense in strengthening its feeble towers for nautical purposes) will arrest the hand of Time, which seems to have marked its site for oblivion, it is hard to say; but the present condition of its grave-yard excites a feeling at which the heart recoils. We could not but contrast the peaceful serenity of Birchington, an intermediate village, which we had visited a few days previous. At the latter place, Bowring's exquisite aspiration might be thought of with complacency, and we hope to be pardoned for introducing it, in consideration of its sterling merit. It runs thus:

"If 'twere but to retire from woe,
To undisturbed eternal rest,
How passing sweet to sleep below,
On nature's fair and flow'ry breast!

"But when faith's finger points on high,
From death's decaying diurnal cell,
Oh! 'tis a privilege to die,—
To dream of bliss ineffable!

"In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
When life's last sunshine gilds our even,
And then to wake from long repose,
When dawns the glorious day of Heaven!"

However restless our brief span of existence may be, the desire of repose in the tomb is so congenial to our natures, that we cannot but regard its spoliation, from whatever cause, with painful emotion and regret. We lingered about its ruins with feelings of deep commiseration, and not without apprehension that the soil whereon we trod would shortly become the prey of the devouring element which had already so greatly circumscribed its boundaries. An inscription from among the few that were legible we subjoin, not on account of style or beauty of conception, but rather as a memorial that may ere long have no other record than in the pages of the MIRROR. It was in memory of

Sarah Whiteing,
died July 29, 1780,

In sweet repose here lies interred the dust,
Whose paths were peace, whose actions
always just;

May her soul ascend to the harmonious sphere,
With hymns of prayer to meet her Saviour there.

We will just venture a parting word of caution to others in similar circumstances to ourselves; and that is, not to overlook their need of refreshment. Half famished, owing to the tediousness of the passage to the Reculvers, and the subsequent delay till our curiosity was gratified, we were not disposed to be scrupulously nice in our appetites, nor was it needful, for we necessarily had to put up with rude fare, which hunger, nevertheless, made palatable; after which, with a fair wind we speedily regained Margate, and the next morning bade its amusive shores a long adieu.

J.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISPLAY OF THE KNOCKER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I was about to apologize for addressing you on so trifling a subject; but when I consider that it is entirely at your option to receive or reject, I think it unnecessary—more particularly as my object cannot be thought reproachful, inasmuch as it is derived from the desire of adding to the variety of your amusing articles. No doubt some of our *lectores*, on viewing the title, will ejaculate *baga-telle!* but let (dare I yet include you by saying?) us remind them of the trifling amusements with which the greatest scholars of ancient and modern times have been recreated, as a relaxation from study. This should satisfy the *critical* part of our readers; but I trust, according to the various dispositions of the world, (of which no doubt you have your share among your readers), they are not all so—for my observations in the busy scenes of life have frequently shown me what trifles will sometimes affect a person, who would be quite indifferent in the most important affair: indeed, I have observed men's eyes to sparkle with delight at the snuffing of a dim candle, who perhaps would be heedlessly playing with a lap-dog, while another was reading to him an account of the loss or gain of a kingdom! I may therefore modestly expect some benevolent readers; but this *ecordium* has already surpassed in length the space I intended my subject (with your permission) should intrude upon; I will therefore be brief.

We will first notice the *tradesman's* knock, when he applies for the purpose of witnessing the progress some ten or a dozen of his men are making in the house

of my Lord——, who, with his family, is out of town—a circumstance which gives him an opportunity of displaying his consequence, by giving a loud and important peal.—(What a zeal does his vanity receive if an acquaintance happen to be passing by at the time!)—But the supposed pleasures arising from vanity are fleeting as the wind. No sooner does he commence his *course of visits* (after the account is delivered at Christmas), than this *forwando* salute gradually degenerates into an *andante* movement of three *pianissimo* quavers.

The *coup* of the fashionable world seems to be considerably decreasing in length—(a commendable recession from the *too-footman-like* manner formerly practised)—but the gentleman still adheres to the *allegro poco-forte*, and may be described—a quaver, six semi-quavers, and a quaver: again—four semi-quavers with three quavers, with, of course, the greatest variety imaginable. The lady, as we may suppose, carries her innate delicacy and tenderness even to things, deemed by the plebeians, unworthy of notice, thus with the knocker. Observe how elegantly she raises it—how graceful the position of every finger—what a TONE! In such hands certainly the knocker is unparalleled, when, with a moderate movement, it counts (*poco piano ma non troppo*) four semi-quavers and a quaver; or, a quaver, three triplet semi-quavers, and a quaver; or a quaver, two semi-quavers, and three quavers, &c. The knock of persons (such as poor relations, dependents, and those coming to beg favours) at the door of superiors, generally commences with a stumbling blow, as if the knocker slipped from their hands, and followed by two others, the last not being quite so loud as the second—seemingly doubtful whether three blows would not be considered too presumptuous.—Much about the same is that of visitors from the country—that is to say, three quavers. The *coup* of Messrs. Coachman, Footman, and Co., is well known, and consists of an amazing number of *forte* demisemi-quavers, with an occasional *forwando* quaver. Mechanics give one crotchet *forte*; beggars one crotchet *piano*. The most clumsy knock is that made by a person who thinks himself as good as Mr. B—— (the house-keeper), although Mr. B—— “may have a finer house, with carriage and nonsense, which some people get some way or other” with which he is unacquainted, but finds that he himself can only obtain a *bare* livelihood by honest means and fair dealing. Such a one, I say, gives the most awkward *coup*, for he is at a loss to know in what

state of comparison to place himself—fearful of giving too loud a flourish, lest he be thought presumptive, and therefore be badly received—yet he feels indignant at the idea of giving a peal unworthy of himself. Thus struggling between fear and pride, he lets the knocker slip from the hand several times, according as his mind changes from one to the other.—The most *decisive* knock is that of the two-penny postman; this is invariable; every body knows it. There is no alteration whatever, except that it is more particularly *violent in rainy weather*, when you have no portico to your door; but whether it be from the desire of obliging you by delivering your letters promptly, (fearing he may have occasion to repeat the blow), or from the fear of getting *wet through*, that he increases the violence during this unpleasant season, I think it no very difficult matter to determine. I shall conclude with observing, that if any person wish to give a *very rapid flourish*, the best way is to stretch the muscles of the arm to their full extension; it will then be very easy to communicate to the knocker a tremulous motion—which motion the sight of this lengthened paper has given to me. I will therefore, for the present, bid you farewell.

W. H. S.

ANECDOTES OF INTREPIDITY, OR WONDERFUL ESCAPES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE NEGRO AND THE SERPENT.

SOME time since, two negroes belonging to the estate of J. Hopkinson, Esq. were sent by their overseers to cut grass for the cattle, and were each of them supplied with a cutlass for that purpose. They proceeded till they came to a large savanna, where after cutting as much as they could carry, they fell asleep.

One of them, named Martin, was awoke from his slumbers by a most extraordinary and painful sensation in his legs, which from their weight he was unable to move. He glanced at them and to his astonishment and horror found them nearly as far as the thighs in the mouth of a tremendous serpent.

His shrieks and cries awoke his companion who, struck with terror at the monstrous reptile before him, fled. Martin felt himself absorbed more and more every instant, without a seeming possibility of escape, however, urged by despair, he caught up the cutlass that lay by his side and resting himself on his hand, gave the serpent several severe cuts. The monster annoyed and alarmed at this

assault, with a violent effort disengaged the courageous slave, but his legs were dreadfully lacerated and torn by the serpent's saw-like teeth in their passage out.

The reptile now perceiving his enemy more distinctly, folded himself up and prepared to dart at Martin. Aware of his intention the slave though smarting with agony, got up and prepared to meet his adversary, who considerably weakened by the wounds he had received, dashed forward with a very faint and languid spring. Martin stepped aside and his opponent fell without injuring him in the least. Before the serpent recovered himself, the gallant negro rushed round, and with one blow severed his tail off, and thereby mortally wounded him. The triumphant conqueror finished his feat by cutting off his antagonist's head.

Shortly after he was found by his runaway comrade, who had brought assistance, senseless by the side of the bleeding serpent. He had fainted with pain and the loss of blood, but medical assistance soon restored him to health, and healed his wounds.

In consideration of this wonderful preservation, Martin was presented with his freedom by Mr. Hopkinson, through whose exertions and kindness he is now in a good way of business as a trader, in Jamaica.

TIGER DUFF.

LIEUTENANT DUFF of the Honourable East India Company's Service, was dining with some brother officers a few miles from Bengal; while in the height of pleasure and mirth they were interrupted by an immense tiger, who springing among them, seized Mr. Duff by the leg, and throwing him across his shoulders, made off with the rapidity of lightning. The transaction was so instantaneous that long before his companions recovered their consternation, Duff was borne from their sight.

On consulting together, they agreed to take their pieces and proceed in search of their unfortunate comrade, tracking him by the progress of his destroyer through the fern and bushes. In the meanwhile, Mr. Duff was carried at that rapid rate for near half a mile, when the tiger began to relax in his progress and proceed much more leisurely. As they went along they came to a piece of wood that had been used as a wedge, Duff snatched it up, for at that very moment an idea seized him that with it he might conquer his foe. They had gone a little farther when the soldier cautiously extending his hands with their united strength, dashed the wedge into the tiger's mouth, and

succeeded in driving it so far in that he could see the animal's tongue. The tiger howled and raged most fearfully, but Mr. Duff aware that this was his only hope of life and liberty was equally desperate, at length the tiger mad with pain and rage relinquished his opponent's leg, and he sprang from his back. It was now a most appalling crisis, for Duff had urged the wedge in and seized the animal's tongue; his howls and cries of pain were dreadful, and was heard by Mr. Duff's companions, who were unable to guess the reason. At length, with a last and desperate effort, the lieutenant tore out his antagonist's tongue by the root, and then, though exhausted and almost breathless, he took his pen-knife out and succeeded in stabbing the tiger to his heart. Shortly after his companions came up, and were struck with horror and surprise at beholding Duff apparently dead deluged with blood, and the tiger lying by stretched out at length with the wooden wedge upright in his mouth.

They made a litter of boughs for him and bore him to the next Indian village, where they procured medical aid and he shortly after recovered from his wounds and scratches, and was always afterwards denominated "Tiger Duff." His friends went and skinned the tiger and then having had the spotted covering beautifully dressed, presented it to him as the strongest instance of their admiration at his courage.

Duff was killed on the continent a few years after, when he had attained to the rank of colonel.

G. W. B.

APOLOGIES FOR DOING WRONG.

It often occurs that persons guilty of iniquitous measures, apply some flattering unction to the stings of conscience. Butler, the witty writer of *Hudibras*, who seems to have studied human nature very deeply, puts into the mouths of the knight and his attendant many facetious palliations for their malpractices. As an extenuation for perjury, he brings in Ralpho to say—

"For if the devil to serve his turn,
Can tell the truth, why the saints should scorn
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why;
Else he has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impety to say :
We are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self interest or gain :
For breaking of an oath, or lying,
is but a kind of self-denying."

And he causes the lawyer to use the following expressions, when consulted by the knight, as a justification for a similar crime ;—

"For in all courts of justice here,
A witness is not said to swear,
But make an oath : that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms."

Temures, who promised the garrison of St. Sebastian, that if they would surrender, *no blood should be shed*; and when the garrison surrendered, and Temures buried them all alive, no doubt consoled himself for the treachery in having completely fulfilled his agreement, the spirit of which he had so inhumanly and treacherously violated.

Select Biography.

No. XXXIII.

THOMAS BURGESS, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

AMONG the prelates of the present day, respectable as they are, there is not one more distinguished for piety and learning than Thomas Burgess, late bishop of St. David's, and now bishop of Salisbury. In domestic life he is extremely amiable, and one of the mildest and unassuming of men. This venerable prelate has lately been translated to the see of Salisbury, after presiding for twenty-two years over the diocese of St. David's. The esteem in which he was held during this period by all ranks of society was proverbial, and the clergy and laity of the archdeaconry of Carmarthen have lately expressed their sense of his important services by subscribing for a splendid vase as a present to his lordship. Of this beautiful piece of plate we shall give an engraving in our next, from the original; in the mean time a memoir of his lordship cannot fail of being acceptable, exhibiting as it does a striking instance of worth and talent rising from a comparatively humble station to the highest rank in society.

Dr. Thomas Burgess, now bishop of Salisbury, is a native of Odiham, a village of Hampshire, where he was born about the year 1754 or 1755. Maternally he is descended from Dr. Nicholas Robinson, bishop of Bangor. His family filled the same station in life as those of Abbot, Tillotson, and Moore, prelates eminent for their piety, and celebrated for their virtues rather than their birth. The father of Dr. Burgess was a very respectable man, and for many years a grocer at Odiham, in Hampshire; his family consisted of three sons and three daughters.

Thomas, the subject of this memoir, received the rudiments of his education from Mr. Webb, a school-master in his native village. After this he was sent to Winchester, where he was admitted on the foundation, and here he became acquainted with Mr. Addington, now lord Sidmouth, and to this school friendship Dr. Burgess has been in some degree indebted for his elevation. He was afterwards removed to New College, Oxford, and was elected to a scholarship of Corpus Christi College in the year 1778. He was successively tutor and fellow of Corpus, and was a resident member of the University for sixteen years. While an under-graduate in the year 1778, he published *Observations on the Greek Tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus*, which are comprised in *Burton's Pentalogia*, the edition of which was completed by him in 1779, in an early part of which year he took his Bachelor of Arts' degree. In the following year, he gained the chancellor's prize for an Essay on the *Study of Antiquities*. In 1781 he published his edition of Dawes's celebrated work, the *Miscellanea Critica*, to which he prefixed a large critical Preface, and a copious Appendix of Notes, the value of which was greatly increased by the insertion of his friend Mr. Tyrwhitt's learned, acute, and interesting observations. By this generous friend he had been induced to continue his residence at the University after he had taken his bachelor's degree, that he might pursue his classical studies instead of devoting himself to the ministry of the church the moment he was qualified for it by age. To this he was not only induced, but (as we learn from a commendation of Mr. Burgess to Mr. Nicholls in his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*) enabled by an annual gratuity from his learned and manifest friend, equivalent to a curacy. In the year 1784, he took a rapid long vacation tour through Flanders, Holland, and Brabant, in which he became acquainted with those very eminent masters of Greek learning, Valkenaer, Ruhnkenius, and Wyttenbach. In 1787, he passed six weeks at Paris, and was there also fortunate in obtaining the friendship of Barthélemy, the author of *Anacharsis*, the editor of *Largus*, *Anecdota Græca*, &c. and Larcher, the translator of *Herodotus*. In 1788 he visited Holland, and passed six weeks at Leyden, on which occasion he had the good fortune to be the instrument of a literary undertaking of no small consequence to the republic of letters. On being informed by M. Ruhnkenius that Wyttenbach had completed all his preparations for an edi-

tion of the *Miscellaneous Works of Plutarch*, and that no bookseller could be found to undertake the publication, he wrote to the bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Barrington, now bishop of Durham, on the subject, thinking that such a work would be an object for the delegates of the Oxford Press. Bishop Barrington, with his usual promptitude in the promotion of learning, undertook to recommend the work to the delegates, who readily closed with the proposal, with what infinite advantage to Greek literature, the public, who are in possession of this most valuable edition of *Plutarch's Morals*, have long since decided. The late Dr. Heberden, who was very fond of *Plutarch*, more than once expressed himself, even in terms of gratitude to Dr. Burgess, for this literary service. While Dr. Burgess was at Leyden he printed his first Prospectus of his *Mænet Oxoniense*, of which two *Fasciculi* were published.

In 1782 he took his master's degrees, and in the course of the year was ordained, we believe, deacon and priest. In the year 1785 occurred an event, which evidently has had a material influence on the subsequent part of Mr. Burgess's public life. In this year, while he was diligently engaged in his literary pursuits, and in the duties of college tuition, the bishop of Salisbury, not less unexpectedly than kindly, appointed him his domestic and examining chaplain. The first publication of a religious character, that was found among Mr. Burgess's works, was the *Salisbury Spelling-Book, for the use of Sunday Schools*, in 1786, which was soon followed by two Tracts—on *Herod's Rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem*. In 1789 he printed an anonymous tract, entitled *Considerations on the Abolition of Slavery, and the Slave Trade*, which he has since acknowledged in the list of his publications. This tract has been lately reprinted by some friends to the Abolition of West Indian Slavery.

In the year 1791 he preached and published *A Sermon on the Divinity of Christ*, a sequel to which he preached and published in the year 1818. In the year 1791, when the see of Durham became vacant by the death of bishop Thurlow, the bishop of Salisbury succeeded him by the king's special appointment, and Mr. Burgess accompanied his lordship to Durham, as his domestic chaplain, where, on the first vacancy that occurred, which was within a few months after his arrival at Durham, the bishop gave him a stall in the church of Durham. In the year 1795 the bishop of Durham collated him to the rectory of

Winston on the Tees, in which delightful situation he passed a great part of the last eight years of his life, dividing his time between the duties of his parish, his prebend, and his attendance at Auckland Castle.

We are now arrived at a part of Mr. Burgess's life, the recollection of which, while it is calculated to make a favourable impression on the public, will tend not a little to tranquillize his own mind, smooth the brow of affliction, lessen the pangs of disease, and, alas! it is to be hoped, disarm even Death himself of half his terrors. The subject to which we allude is the Slave Trade—a traffic which, in the language of Cicero, may be fairly considered as *frons fraudum, maleficiorum scelerum omnium*. As Christians, such a practice but ill accords with the benevolent spirit of our religion; as men, it is in direct opposition to the rights of humanity; and as a people, who boast of liberty for their birthright, purchased by the blood and the exertions of their forefathers, it appears alike a satire on their principles and their practice:—

* Tell them in vain they grace with festive joy
The day that freed them from oppression's rod,
At slavery's mart who barter and who buy
The image of their God.*

Animated by these sentiments, which have since, to a certain degree, obtained the sanction of the legislature, Mr. Burgess, who appears at that period to have resided in Christ Church College, Oxford, in February, 1789, published a work, entitled "Considerations on the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade, upon grounds of Natural, Religious, and Political Duty," in an epistolary form. He begins by stating his design, and observes that he has been induced to examine how far this traffic is encouraged by natural and revealed religion, in consequence of a position in Mr. Harris's "Scriptural Researches," which affirms "that the Slave Trade is conformable to the principles of the law of nature delineated in Scripture."

The reverend and learned author admits of the propriety of trying the licitness of this odious commerce, "by a criterion which is the ultimate rule of all human actions—the Holy Bible;" but he maintains, on the other hand, that it is neither encouraged, nor enjoined there. After taking a review of the principles from which the scriptural doctrine of the slave trade is said to be deduced, it is remarked, that customs merely recorded in the sacred writings are not sanctified by

* Mason.

the record, and that the *data* laid down by the adversary are not to be tolerated.

In this work the learned author very justly observes, that slavery, even in its mildest sense, considered as an "unlimited, involuntary, uncompensated subjection to the services of another, is a total annihilation of all natural rights." He confutes the ridiculous assertion, "that the slaves in the West Indies are happier than the poor of our own country," which, in his opinion, could have originated only from the possession of inordinate authority, and insensibility to the blessings of a free country.

"Where the poor slaves are considered," says he, "as mere brutes of burden, it is no wonder that their happiness should be measured by the regular supply of mere animal subsistence. But the miseries of cold and want are light, when compared with the miseries of a mind weighed down by irresistible oppression. The hardships of poverty are every day endured by thousands in this country, for the sake of that liberty which the advocates of slavery think of so little value in their estimation of others happiness, rather than relinquish their right to their own time, their own hovel, and their own scanty property, to become the pensioners of a parish. And yet an English poor-house has advantages of indulgence and protection which are incompatible with the most humane system of West Indian slavery. To place the two situations of the English poor and West Indian slaves in any degree of comparison, is a defamation of our laws, and an insult to the genius of our country."

He then replies with equal force to the assertion, "that if the West India slaves are not happier than the poor of England, at least they are happier in the West Indies than in their own country." And he observes, among other arguments, that the *amor patriæ* of a savage is an instinctive passion, more powerful perhaps, because more simple, than the patriotism of an European.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LARRY CRONAN, OR, AN IRISH TRIAL.

LARRY CRONAN was a stout hardy Irish lad of five-and-twenty. Like Saint Patrick, "he came of decent people."*

* "St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And he came of decent people."
IRISH SONG.

He was a five-pound freeholder—paid his rent punctually—voted for his landlord and against his conscience—seldom missed a mass, a fair, a wake, or a row—hated, and occasionally cudgelled the tithe-proctor—loved his neighbour—had a wife and five children, and on the whole, passed for one of the most prosperous and well-conducted boys in his barony. All this, however, did not prevent his being “given to understand by the clerk of the crown” at the summer assizes for his native county, that he stood indicted in No. 15, for that he on a certain night and at a certain place, feloniously and burglariously entered a certain dwelling-house, and then and there committed the usual misdeeds against his Majesty’s peace and the statute; and in No. 16, that he stood capitally indicted under the Ellenborough act; and in No. 18, for a common assault. I was present at his trial, and still retain a vivid recollection of the fortitude and address with which he made his stand against the law; and yet there were objects around him quite sufficient to unnerve the boldest heart—a wife, a sister, and an aged mother, for such I found to be the three females that clung to the side bars of the dock, and awaited in silent agony the issue of his fate. But the prisoner, unsoftened and undismayed, appeared unconscious of their presence. Every faculty of his soul was on the alert to prove to his friends and the county at large, that he was not a man to be hanged without a struggle. He had used the precaution to come down to the dock that morning in his best attire, for he knew that with an Irish jury the next best thing to a general good character, is a respectable suit of clothes. It struck me that his new silk neck-handkerchief, so bright and glossy, almost betokened innocence; for who would have gone to the unnecessary expense if he apprehended that its place was so soon to be supplied by the rope? His countenance bore no marks of his previous imprisonment. He was as fresh and healthy, and his eye as bright, as if he had all the time been out on bail. When his case was called on, instead of shrinking under the general buzz that his appearance excited, or turning pale at the plurality of crimes of which he was arraigned, he manfully looked the danger in the face, and put in action every resource within his reach to avert it. Having despatched a messenger to bring in O’Connell from the other court, and beckoned to his attorney to approach the dock side, and keep within whispering distance while the jury were swearing, he “looked steadily

to his challengers,” and manifested no ordinary powers of physiognomy in putting by every juror that had any thing of “a dead, dull, hang look.” He had even the sagacity, though against the opinion of the attorney, to strike off one country gentleman from his own barony, a friend of his in other respects, but who owed him a balance of three pounds for illicit whiskey. Two or three sets of alibi witnesses, to watch the evidence for the crown, and lay the venue of his absence from the felony according to circumstances, were in waiting, and, what was equally material, all tolerably sober. The most formidable witness for the prosecution had been that morning bought off. The consideration was a first cousin of Larry’s in marriage, a forty-shilling freehold upon Larry’s farm, with a pig and a plough to set the young couple going. Thus prepared, and his counsel now arrived, and the bustle of his final instructions to his attorney and circumstantial friends being over, the prisoner calmly committed the rest to fortune, resembling in this particular the intrepid mariner, who, perceiving a storm at hand, is all energy and alertness to provide against its fury, until, having done all that skill and forethought can effect, and made his vessel as “snug and tight” as the occasion will permit, he looks tranquilly on as she drifts before the gale, assured that her final safety is now in other hands than his.

The trial went on after the usual fashion of trials of the kind. Abundance of hard swearing on the direct; retractions and contradictions on the cross-examinations. The defence was a masterpiece. Three several times the rope seemed irrevocably entwined round poor Larry’s neck—as many times the dexterity of his counsel untied the Gordian knot. From some of the witnesses he extracted that they were unworthy of all credit, being notorious knaves or process-servers. Others he inveigled into a metaphysical puzzle touching the prisoner’s identity—others he stunned by repeated blows with the butt-end of an Irish joke. For minutes together the court and jury and galleries and dock were in a roar. However the law or the facts of the case might turn out, it was clear that the laugh at least was all on Larry’s side. In this perilous conjuncture, amidst all the rapid alternations of his case—now the prospect of a triumphant return to his home and friends, now the sweet vision abruptly dispelled, and the gibbet and executioner staring him in the face—Larry’s countenance exhibited a picture of heroic immobility. Once and once

only, when the evidence was rushing in a full tide against him, some signs of mortal trepidation overcast his visage. The blood in his cheeks took fright and fled—a cold perspiration burst from his brow. His lips became glued together. His sister, whose eyes were rivetted upon him, as she hung from the dock-side, extended her arm and applied a piece of orange to his mouth. He accepted the relief, but, like an exhausted patient, without turning aside to see by whose hands it was administered. At this crisis of his courage, a home thrust from O'Connell floored the witness who had so discomposed his client; the public buzzed their admiration, and Larry was himself again. The case for the crown having closed, the prisoner's counsel announced that he would call no witnesses. Larry's friends pressed hard to have one at least of the alibi's proved. The counsel was inflexible, and they reluctantly submitted. The case went to the jury loaded with hanging matter, but still not without a saving doubt. After long deliberation, the doubt prevailed. The jury came out, and the glorious sound of "not guilty," announced to Larry Cronan that for this time he had miraculously escaped the gallows. He bowed with undissembled gratitude to the verdict. He thanked the jury. He thanked "his lordship's honour." He thanked his counsel—shook hands with the gaoler—sprung at a bound over the dock, was caught as he descended in the arms of his friends, and hurried away in triumph to the precincts of the court. I saw him a few minutes after, as he was paraded through the main street of the town on his return to his barony. The sight was enough to make one almost long to have been on the point of being hanged. The principal figure was Larry himself advancing with a firm and buoyant step, and occasionally giving a responsive flourish of his cudgel, which he had already resumed, to the cheerings and congratulations amidst which he moved along. At his sides were his wife and sister, each of whom held the collar of his coat firmly grasped, and, dragging him to and fro, interrupted his progress every moment, as they threw themselves upon him, and gave vent to their joy in another and another convulsive hug. A few yards in front, his old mother bustled along in a strange sort of a pace, between a trot and a canter, and every now and then, discovering that she had shot too far a head, pirouetted round, and stood in the centre of the street, clapping her withered hands and shouting out her ecstasy in native Irish until the group

came up, and again propelled her forward. A cavalcade of neighbours, and among them the intended alibi witnesses, talking as loud and looking as important as if their perjury had been put to the test, brought up the rear. And such was the manner and form in which Larry Cronan was reconducted to his household gods, who saw him that night celebrating in the best of whiskey and bacon, the splendid issue of his morning's pitched battle with the law.

New Monthly Magazine.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN; OR, A CHANGE IN THE ADMINISTRATION.

It is far from my wish to hurt your feelings, Mr. Editor, or that you should be more than reasonably agitated or affected by the confession, but I am a *widow*—and what may, perhaps, be still more alarming, I am a *blue*—not a light sky blue or celestial, but a deep one. It was my fortune, good or bad, (that's as people may think), to lose my husband when I was about thirty—how long ago that is, you may learn by the Parish Register—when I tell you where to find it. He was an extremely worthy man, and we were very happy together—very happy indeed.—and I have resolved never to be so very happy again!

—“Earthly happier is the rose distill'd Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.”

So says Shakspeare, speaking of *marriage*, very inconsistently as I think, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—but I have had enough of it. My good man, for he was good, is, I have no doubt, gone to heaven; and I am too pure a Christian not to be glad of it.

Egg'd on to matrimony, I bore the yoke kindly; but my genius was always of a stamp ill adapted

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.”

Even in my teens, such was my classical education and studies, I could never endure what all my sex seemed most to admire, I mean those many-named animals, beaux, macaronies, fibbles, fops, dandies, or whatever their appellation of the hour, or, as Addison calls them, “women's men:”—

“In catching birds,” says he, (*Spectator*, No. 156.) “the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices to bring them to the snare; and your women's men have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray, in their own conversation.”

Now, these "women's men," or rather *men-women*, and their conversation, I never could abide; but I had my share, and do not speak with contempt of it unadvisedly, or without experience. I am not sorry for my past sufferings, heavy as the infliction was, for having a mind "looking fore and aft," as Bacon terms it, I wish nothing to escape my knowledge or observation. That "*ALL is vanity*" I am very ready to believe with Solomon, but he did not say this, until he had tried *every thing* (indeed, it would have been very unjust if he had), and I would fain imitate his example. I have no great opinion of the wisdom of *mankind*, but as he passes for the wisest, I have no objection to copy him in this particular.

That I think but little of those worthies who style themselves the *lords of the creation*, being rather *lords of their own creation*, will appear by the result of my long consideration, great reading (especially in history), and deep reflection on the government of the different nations of the world. Nothing is often so ridiculous, and nothing in general can be worse than their management of affairs; but I know and shall propose what will be far wiser and infinitely better for the welfare of the world.

It was observed by one of the ancients, that his infant son governed Greece, as thus: "It is true," said he, "that I apparently govern Greece, but what is the fact? My wife governs me, and this little boy governs her, therefore the government is clearly in the hands of this child." So are the great men, as they call themselves, of a later period, influenced by women, and frequently imagine, good easy souls! that they are acting according to the dictates of their own "sound manly sense"—fiddle de dee—when they are but puppets set in motion by our wires behind the curtain—after a lecture. What says one of themselves, Evremond, *Lord of St. Denis*, who was born on the 1st of April, 1613, but by no means so great a fool as many who have made their entrée on other days of the year.

"Good and bad women," says my *Lord of St. Denis*, who, like other men, will think there must be *bad* amongst us as it is amongst themselves, "either sweeten or poison the cup of life; so great is their power of producing evil or the contrary by their conduct. Under the influence of love, a dull man becomes brilliant, and to please his mistress, cultivates in himself every agreeable accomplishment that can adorn a human being. When women know the power of their sex, and use it discreetly, the philosopher, the man of phlegm, the misanthrope,

and the person of amiable qualities, alike confess themselves but men. *The domination of the sex subjugates those likewise who appear to govern others.* A woman soon gains admittance to the cabinet of the politician; to them every door is open, and every secret disclosed. The magistrate and the prince think no more of their grandeur or their power; all restraint, all reserve is laid aside; and puerile freedoms of speech succeed to studied harangues and affected gravity of looks. The man of business and of retirement, the young, the old, the sage, drop their characters before women. The studious man leaves his closet; the man of employ his negotiation; the aged forget their years; and young men lose their senses."

This Lord of St. Denis was a very clever fellow; he knew "the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things," which he has clearly pointed out in appreciating the distinctive power and majesty of the sexes.

He further observes, "that a woman is a more perfect creature than a man, supposing each to have attained to their highest degree;" for he thought it "more possible to find the stronger reason of man in a woman, than the charms and endearments of a woman in a man." If some women are weak, almost as weak as the common run of men in society, why is it? Another writer has answered the question:—

"It is, says he, "as unfair to censure uneducated women, or, what is worse, women condemned to a *wrong education*, for the weakness of their understandings, as it would be to blame the Chinese women for little feet; for neither is owing to the imperfection of nature, but to the constraint of custom."

It appears," says a third, for I know men like to hear men talk, and love their own authority, "it appears a very natural thought that Providence intended *women*, rather than men, for the study and contemplation of philosophy and scientific knowledge; as the delicacy of their frame seems fitter for speculation than action; and their home province affords them greater leisure than men, whose robust and active natures seem calculated more for labour and mechanic arts." *Bos piger*.

Such being the case, and taking it for granted that all the real good that is done by our governors has its origin *indirectly* through the advice and counsel of the sex, I see no reason why they, true patriots as they are *by profession*, should not at once retire and resign the government *directly* into the hands of the women. Filtering water may make it clear, but this filtering of our good sense through such a muddy

and leaky conduit must deteriorate it both in value and effect. Better far to "take the good the gods provide you," and from the pure and unadulterated source.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft wrote a book on the Rights of Woman, which pleased me very much, and profound have been the ruminations it has occasioned me. I desire no usurpation, and I consider this none, but rather the destruction of one; I court no revolution, but such as the very nature of things requires—that is, as if we were to say, let horses move with their heads foremost instead of their tails; in a word, I wish, as the lady elegantly expresses it, in Macklin's *Man of the World*, to "let every tub stand on its own bottom."

Many years have I cogitated this matter, but nothing definite, lucid, and satisfactory could I discover, till I fell on (don't be frightened) the *Εκκλησιασται* or *Concionatrices of Aristophanes*. Ah! I exclaimed, here it is—this is the part and parcel of the constitution, which women were expressly born to fill, and formed both by nature and by art to embellish and maintain. A few words will, I apprehend, be necessary (for your readers Mr. Editor, are not, I fancy, all *blue*) with respect to the plot of this piece, as leading to a clear understanding of my plan, to make this country indeed "the envy and admiration of surrounding nations."

Prasagora, wife of *Blepyrus*, according to Aristophanes, having very properly considered the weakness and wickedness of government when trusted to the direction of *men*, resolved to take the reins into her own hands, and to this end convenes the *women*; and speedily convincing them of the propriety of her proceeding, arranges the mode by which the men are to be displaced, and they to take their seats in council. *Men's clothes* are thought necessary; this seems silly, but it was perhaps judicious not in the first instance to shock the weak prejudices of long-established habits—habits, indeed, and nothing else. *A beard* was also deemed requisite; nature had denied this, and for the following very impertinent reason, as I find it in the *Menagiana*:—

"Quam bene prospiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavittus imberbis femina quæque foret;
Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi
Illæsis posset femina nulla genis."

i. e.

"Nature regretful of the chattering race,
Planted no beard upon the woman's face;
Not Packwood's razors, tho' the very best,
Could shave a chin that never is at rest."

However, a beard is indispensable, and they furnish themselves accordingly.

Custom justifies many absurdities. We think "*the wisdom's in the wig*," but the ancients thought it dwelt in *the beard*; and in this particular it would not be wise to dispute about the wisdom of either party.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Miscellanies.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE LETTER W. TO THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON.

WHEREAS by you I have been hurl'd
From the first station in the world,
Condemned in vice to find a place,
And with the vulgar show my face;
I humbly ask to be restored,
In all that's proper, to a word.
But what I most complain of now,
Is that the women cut me so;
When any girl becomes a wife,
I'm turned away for all her life—
And even in her widowhood
I mayn't return to her abode.
Therefore with reason I complain,
Oh! let me not be heard in vain;
And born within the sound of Bow,
I trust I'm not your care below.

ANSWER.

YOUR prayer is graciously received,
But you can never be believed;
With *v's* you often spell your name—
Then is it just your dupes to blame?
As long as you act parts so *double*,
We cannot deem you worth our trouble;
But rest assured that nought will hurt you,
As long as you remain in virtue.

ANECDOTE OF MR. SHERIDAN.

THE late Richard Brinsley Sheridan was more celebrated in the senate than in the field, and enjoyed more pleasure in popping at his political antagonists than at a covey of partridges. A few years before his death he paid a visit to an old sportsman in the sister kingdom, at the commencement of the shooting season; and in order to avoid the imputation of being a downright *ignoramus*, he was under the necessity of taking a gun, and at the dawn of day setting forth in pursuit of game. Unwilling to expose his want of skill, he took an opposite course to that of his friend, and was accompanied by a gamekeeper, provided with a bag to receive the birds which might fall victims to his attack, and a pair of excellent pointers. The gamekeeper was a true *Pat*, and possessed all those arts of *blarney* which are known to belong to his countrymen; and thinking it imperative on him to be particularly attentive to his master's friend, he lost no opportunity of praising his prowess. The first covey,

and the birds were abundant, rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, but the noise they made was so unexpected, that he waited until they were out of harm's way before he fired. Pat, who was on the look out, suppressed his surprise, and immediately observed, "Faith, Sir, I see you know what a gun is; it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country." Sheridan reloaded and went on, but his second shot was not more successful. "O Ch—t!" cried Pat, "what an escape; I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers!" The gun was again loaded, and on went our senator; but the third shot was as little effective as the two former,—"Hah!" exclaimed Pat, although astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us again to-day; master was too near you to be pleasant." So he went on, shot after shot, and always had something to console poor Brinsley, who was not a little amused by his ingenuity. At last, on their way home without a bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and, unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to slap at them on the ground. He did so, but to his mortification they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s, you made them *lave* that any how!" and with this compliment to his sportsman-like qualities Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half-a-crown for his patience and encouragement.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

QUIBBLE.

Too late for dinner by an hour,
The dandy enter'd from a shower—
Caught, and no coach when mostly wish'd,
The beau was, like the dinner, *dish'd*.
Mine host then, with fat capon lined,
Grinn'd, and exclaim'd, "I s'pose you've dined—"

Indeed, I see, you took—'twas wrong—
A *whet*, sir, as you came along!"

AUTHORSHIP.

AN old author, whose name we forget, used to say it was his paradise to compose, his purgatory to revise, and his hell to correct the printer's proof sheet.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

ALFRED the Great said, with a heart truly English, "he was desirous that all his people should be as free as their own thoughts;" and king George the third of glorious memory said, "It is my wish that every poor child in my dominion may be taught to read the bible."

SMOKING IN TURKEY.

AMONG the higher order of the Turks, there is an invention which saves them the trouble of holding their pipe when stoking: two small wheels are fixed on each side of the bowl of the pipe, and thus the smoker has only to puff away, or let the pipe rest upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleases.

ST. PAUL'S.

It was the fashion, says Osborn, in the time of James I. for the principal Gentry, Lords, Courtiers, and men of all professions, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, and some of news.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

IN England, says a modern traveller, pay a man, he will do whatsoever you require; in Germany, it is necessary to add, that he must do, and in Prussia, to give a blow.

EPITAPH

In Rippon church-yard, Yorkshire.

READER, who, gazing on this letter'd stone,
My fate displaying, thoughtless of thine own,
On this important truth thou may'st rely,
To thee both death and judgment may be nigh.
Oh! let this solemn thought, whoe'er thou art,
Find place within, and regulate thy heart.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next MIRROR we shall give a fine engraving and description of the Cambrian Vase, made by Messrs. Lewis and Alston, as a present from the Archdeaconry of Carmarthen to the Bishop of Salisbury.

A description of the house of which H. C. P. has kindly sent us a drawing, will be acceptable.

OF C. M. T.'s kindness and good wishes we are fully sensible. The translation is intended for insertion. The promised narrative will be acceptable.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House), and sold
by all Newspaper and Bookellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXIX.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Cambrian Vase.



VASES which are of undoubted and almost untraceable antiquity were known to the Egyptians and the Greeks; and Denon says, the Etruscan or Greek vases found in Italy were, in fact, Egyptian vases. Mr. Dodwell, however, in his *Greece*, says, the Etruscan have no resemblance to those of Greece, the graphic and polychromick kinds of the latter nation are the scarcest. By the former are meant those upon which the figures are mere outlines. The black and dark red are the most ancient. The polychromick are composed of all the different colours which the subjects require; and these are the scarcest and most valuable of all.

VOL. VI.

Z

Formerly they were made of clay, the first material in all nations, as pottery was consequently the most ancient of all the arts. In the Egyptian vases the pericarpia or seed vessels of plants seem to have suggested the patterns, and leaves and flowers the ornaments; the fine handles were often formed of parts of animals.

Of late years vases have been made of the precious metals, and given as prizes to be contended for, or as marks of respect and esteem. Of the former class was the gold cup given by the stewards at the last Doncaster races, an engraving of which has already appeared in No. CLXIII. of the MIRROR.

357

The Cambrian vase, of which we now give a correct and spirited engraving, from the original design and models, is a splendid and beautiful piece of plate which has just been executed with great taste by Lewis and Alston, of Bishops-gate-street, as a present from the clergy and laity of the archdeaconry of Carmarthen to Dr. Burgess, late bishop of St. David's, but recently translated to the See of Salisbury.

The design of the Cambrian vase is of the ancient Druid order, emblematical of the Principality of Wales; its decorations which are national and appropriate throughout, are introduced with great taste and effect; the rich scroll water-lily handles terminate majestically with Druid's heads, and the light spiral outline contrasts admirably with the central shape, and the delicacy, yet boldness of the embellishments. The body of the vase is handsomely chased in relieve, representing the palm and olive, encircling the inscription on one side, and the arms on the other, exquisitely engraved; above which rises a rich chastely executed oak band, and on the margin a massive water-lily border.

The cover of the vase is surmounted with a mitre and cushion. The whole is supported by a triangular pedestal, on which is chased three oak trees, and in the compartments are three beautifully modelled bards reclining on their harps, the whole being richly chased white and burnished. The weight of the vase is three hundred and forty-five ounces; it is two feet high, and will hold ten quarts. The following is a copy of the inscription:—

“To the Right Reverend THOMAS BURGESS,

D. D., F. R. S., F. A. S., and P. R. S. L.
Late Lord Bishop of St. David's, now
Lord Bishop of Salisbury,

THIS PIECE OF PLATE
Is presented by the Clergy and Laity of
the Archdeaconry of Carmarthen, and
others

In testimony of their admiration and gratitude for his Lordship's important services and strenuous exertions in improving the state and condition of the Diocese of St. David's during the long period of twenty-two years that his Lordship presided over the See.

AUGUST, 1825.”

The drinking horn of Owen is celebrated as

“The drink of heroes, form'd to hold
With art enrich'd and lid of gold;”

but notwithstanding the honours the

bards have conferred on the convivial vessel, we are confident that in richness of design and beauty of workmanship the Cambrian vase far surpasses it. King Owen's cup is celebrated in song as one

“Whose fame on record shall be found,
So long as horns and mead go round.”

And the present vase will, we have no doubt, record as lastingly the name of the distinguished prelate whose virtues it is intended to commemorate; and long continue an honourable and much prized heir-loom in the family. In the present and preceding number of the MIRROR we have given a detailed memoir of the present bishop of Salisbury, which with the engraving of the cup will form an interesting memorial for the friends of his lordship, and the admirers of his talents.

SONG

Translated from the Italian of “Cara mano dell'amore,” sung by Signor Velluti, in the celebrated Opera of “Il Crociato in Egitto.”

By Miss C. M. T.—N.

(For the Mirror.)

PLEDGE of affection! dear, dear, hand,
To kiss thee thus what joy I prove;
Nought now I hope, nought more demand
Than this reward from thee—from love.

While reigns thy sire 'neath laurel shade
And in his people's hearts—to thee
My sacred vows of faith are paid,
My candour—my fidelity.

Ah! 'tis not fame that can be dear,
Or triumph welcome to my breast;
Unless thy soothing smile is near—
Unless by thy affection blest.

THE KING AND THE PEOPLE.—A SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN the sun-star of Liberty burst upon day,
And ages of tyranny moulder'd away;
To fix it for ever, great Albion made known
The lineage of Brunswick, were call'd to the throne.

Britannia then eager her joy to evince,
Bade fame sound the birth of a Briton-born prince.

'Twas done—and the ocean-queen made a decree,
That his name should be lauded by land and by sea!

And the toast shall be England,
The toast shall be England,
The king and the people!

'Twas given—and Briton's proud flag once unfurl'd,
Her commerce and glory branch'd over the world!

From climate to climate her splendour arosed,
And shew'd her in power the dread of her foes.
And long mighty England thy navy shall ride
Unrival'd in conquest, resplendent in pride!

And while British seamen their laurels display,
What nation or power can tear them away ?
And the toast shall be England,
The toast shall be England,
The king and the people !

Unaw'd and unshaken in valour or worth,
To a long race of heroes shall England give
birth !

And while British records their actions impart,
Their fame like a *Nelson's*, shall live in each
heart !

Blest sea-begirt island, thy ships like a charm,
Can shield and protect love and beauty from
harm !

And while thy proud bulwarks unmatch'd rule
the sea

Thy Britons shall triumph united and free !

And the toast shall be England,

The toast shall be England,

The king and the people !

UTOPIA.

ON THE COLOURING OF RUM, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Your correspondent *Pasche* is, perhaps, unaware of the circumstance, that although vast quantities of rum are imported in its original pellucid state, yet a still larger proportion arrives coloured, or rather discoloured, and that by the puncheons in which it is brought to England.

To those of your readers who may be unacquainted with "the art and mystery" of coopers, it is right to explain, that during the progress of forming a cask, a fire is always kindled in a certain grating, kept for the purpose, and the cask set over it ; this is done to render the staves pliable, and is indispensable to their fitting tight. Now it sometimes happens that the flame scorches the cask, and from this accidental charring arises the discolouration ; the spirit (being considerably stronger than what is allowed to be sold in England) acting on and dissolving the colouring matter. The charring being entirely accidental, is the reason why the contents of some puncheons on importation are strongly coloured, others paler, and the rest colourless, from the cask being more or less charred, or escaping the action of the flame altogether. To render the spirit uniform, and consequently more agreeable to the consumer, it is afterwards coloured to a certain depth with burnt sugar and other matters. It is to the same cause that brandy owes its colour, all spirits being originally destitute of colour.

Ardent spirits differ but little from each other, being all mixtures of alcohol (*or pure spirit*), water, and a little essential oil, or resin, which gives them their cha-

Z 2

racteristic flavour, and the quantity and nature of which constitute their sole difference, although each has a peculiarity of action ; thus brandy, which is distilled from wine, is simply *cordial and stomachic* ; rum from the sugar-cane, *heating and sudorific* ; gin, Hollands, and whiskey, from malt, juniper berries, &c., *diuretic* ; and arrack from rice, *styptic, heating, and narcotic*, and ill adapted to European constitutions. Any of them, however, taken in moderation, and properly diluted, increase the general excitement, communicate additional energy to the muscular fibres, strengthen the stomach, and exhilarate the mind. As an article, however, of daily or dietical use, particularly if taken in immoderate doses, or long continued, ardent spirits, besides being the source of much moral evil, and debasing the human character nearly to a level with that of brutes, are the occasion of many diseases.

CLAVIS.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT LINCOLN.

(For the Mirror.)

IN no place that I ever witnessed or heard of is the anniversary of the ever memorable fifth of November, commonly called Guy Faux day, or Gunpowder Plot, so rigorously adhered to, and celebrated with such spirit, and, in many instances, with such animosity, as in the ancient city of Lincoln.

For at least a fortnight before the day of celebration, squibs and crackers, and not unfrequently pistols, are heard in all parts of the town from six to nine in the evening, much to the dismay of the peaceful inhabitants. Previous to the last two years the disgraceful and brutal practice of bull-baiting used to be a characteristic of joy (or rather of a brutal and inhuman disposition) on this eventful day ; but this is now, it is hoped, totally abolished, though not out of humanity, which ought to have dictated it, but from the inability to procure money to purchase an animal to torment for the sport. The bull was purchased by subscription ; but two or three of the principal contributors having been appointed to public offices, shame now deters them from subscribing to such a disgraceful purpose.

At least ten days before the memorable fifth of November, Guy Faux is exhibited through the respective parishes, every parish having one, which is generally an effigy of some person who has been guilty of an unworthy action. On the evening of the fourth, the Guys are suspended across the main street of the

city in every parish, from two opposite chimneys, and remain until the fifth, when large fires are made under them, by which they are burnt down. At two o'clock in the morning the sport begins, when every inhabitant is awakened from sleep by shouts and halloos, discharging of guns, pistols, and fireworks, and blowing of horns. This is continued more or less during the whole day; at the same time active preparations are going on for the bon-fire. About six o'clock all the shops are closed for their own safety, and the grand gala commences. So many large fires at so short a distance from each other, present a most alarming spectacle; fire-works are flying in all directions; mischief is planning in every corner; squibs and crackers are thrown amidst groups of spectators; females running and screaming, with serpents at their heels, as a punishment for their imprudence; and all seems like confused warfare. The towering sky-rockets have a splendid appearance at a distance, which are not unfrequent. And to crown the whole, Mr. Bedford, an ingenious citizen, plays some truly admirable devices, which greatly enlivens the scene. About nine the fires are nearly consumed, and the fire-works almost exhausted; at ten all bustle and confusion is hushed into the most profound silence. Thus the fifth of November begins, continues, and ends at Lincoln, equalled, perhaps, by no place in the kingdom.

R. H. D.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

No. IV.

(For the Mirror.)

AWKWARD JOKES.

LAST year a criminal just about to suffer under the hands of the immortal Jack Ketch, gave an extraordinary instance of *sang froid*. "You seem to have caught cold, Mr. Ketch," observed he. "No I hav'n't, not yet," responded the finisher of the law, "if I had, I'd soon hang him up, as I now do you," at the same time adjusting the noose under the left ear of the unfortunate punster.

ECCENTRICITY.

IN a second-hand book shop in Beechstreet, Barbican, kept by a Mr. Simmons, a book entitled, "The Confutation of Atheism," is exposed for sale, with this title on the outside (the first leaf being absent without leave) "A good book for Atheist—sprice only nine-pence."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

PERHAPS there are few more extraordinary instances of absence of mind than the following, which is related of an opulent banker in Bourdeaux, by the inhabitants of the town, but has not yet, as far as I know, appeared in print. He was inquiring of one of his clerks, named Richard, as to the occupations of his numerous dependants, "Where is De la Motte?"—"In the counting-house, Monsieur."—"And Cadeau?"—"Assisting him, Monsieur."—"And that little scoundrel, Richard, you haven't said a word of him, where does he hide himself; I haven't seen him for a long time?" A burst of irrepressible laughter recalled him to the right use of his senses, and he was considerably surprised to find "the little scoundrel, Richard," standing before him.

EXTRAORDINARY FAREWELL SERMON.

THE following equally extraordinary and affecting story, was related to me some years ago, and I therefore hope the pardon of my readers if I err in a few unimportant particulars. I do not think it has ever appeared in print before:—

The Rev. Henry Peckham, a Methodist preacher of some note, stepped into a dissecting room, and touched one of the dead bodies, one day, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became infected, and the doctors who were called in pronounced the accident fatal; at that time service was performed at the Tabernacle, or at Tottenham-court road chapel. I forget which, on Friday evenings. Conscious of his approaching death, he ascended the pulpit, and preached a sermon so affecting as to draw tears from many of his audience, and at the conclusion, added, it was his farewell sermon, "not like the ordinary farewell sermons of the world," he said, "but one more impressive from the circumstances, than has ever been preached before. My hearers shall long bear it in mind, when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust." The congregation were unable to conjecture his meaning, but what was their surprise when on the Sunday a strange preacher ascended the pulpit and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last the preceding evening.

TALLEYRAND.

IN one of the decrees of the National Convention against the Christian religion, wonder was expressed that it should have continued so long, "I warrant," observed Talleyrand to a friend, "that their

freethinking tenets will never excite surprise on the same account.

GUILLOTINE CHIT CHAT.

LOMBARD de Langres, in his *Memoires Anecdotiques pour servir a l'Histoire de la Revolution Française*, relates the following anecdote:—As the victims at one time by the guillotine were seldom below seventy, the sack used to receive their heads was ample and capacious. When Danton was executed, he entered into a conversation with Herauld de Schelles, at the bottom of the scaffold, whilst the victims were summoned to mount one by one. Those two remained the last, but at length the executioner called out to Herauld. They approached each other to embrace, but the finisher of the law prevented them: “*Va, cruel!*” said Danton, “*nos tetes se rechercheront dans le sac.*” “Go, cruel fellow! our heads will find one another in the sack.”

THE MONARCH AND THE SPIDER.

PETER the Great, Czar of Russia, had a mortal aversion to water and to spiders. He conquered the former, but to the latest hour of his life he could not bear the sight of one of the Arachnean insects. Of this a curious anecdote is related: In one of his journeys he graciously entered the cottage of an obsequious peasant, to procure refreshments, but before he sat down he cast his eyes around the room, and asked if the house was infested by spiders? “Oh, no,” said the master of the domicile, “I have your Majesty’s own aversion for the ugly rascals, and the only one that ever ventured here I’ve nailed up to the ceiling, as a warning to all others.” The Czar involuntarily looked up, and there sure enough was the odious reptile impaled *in terrorem*. Overcome with aversion and anger, he laid the boor sprawling on the ground by a well applied box on the ear, for his injudicious speech, and rushed out of the cottage

“*Sans beer, sans bread, sans cheese, sans everything.*”

THE LEARNED HORSE.

TOBY, the Sapiient Pig, is by no means the most sagacious animal that has ever astonished the good citizens of London. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a man named Bankes got a great deal of money by showing about his horse, which, Sir Kenelm Digby says, in the thirty-seventh chapter of his Treatise “Of Bodies,” “would restore a glove to the due owner, after his master had whispered that man’s name in his ear,” and “would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coyn, barely showed him

by his master.” When the attractions of this extraordinary steed began somewhat to subside, Bankes took it to France, but there the priests stirred up the populace to tear him and his horse in pieces, as wizards. Bankes shamed them of their rash conclusions, and proved to the contrary, by making the horse bow at the sign of the cross, which it was thought a wizard was prevented from doing by his infernal contract with his Satanic Majesty. He then proceeded to Rome, but there both he and his steed were actually burnt, on the exploded supposition of magic.

HUMANE PLEASANTRY.

It is from the chivalrous pages of old Froissart, *the warlike canon*, that we cull the following anecdote:—A knight of the household of the Count de Foix, when the great hall fire was in lack of fuel, proceeded to the court-yard in search of some, and there encountered a jack-ass, loaded with panniers of good dry wood. This new Sampson caught him up in his arms, carried him to the chimney, and threw him into the fire, heels uppermost.” “A humane pleasantry,” says Sir Walter Scott, “much applauded by the Count, and all his spectators.” Alas! that some prototype of the Member for Galway was not amongst them, to hurl the knight after the jackass.

THE PILOT—A TALE OF THE SEA.

WHEN Sir Francis Drake took that rich Spanish galleon the *Cacafogo*, or Spitfire, he removed all its countless loads of wealth ashore; and whilst he did so, the Spanish pilot called out to him, “We will change names for our ships—call yours the *Cacafogo*, and ours the *Cacaplate* ;” or in plain English, “call yours the Spitfire, and ours the Spitsilver.”

EVERARD ENDLESS.

Origins and Inventions.

(For the Mirror.)

: No. IX.

EARLY BOOKS.

SEVERAL sorts of materials were used formerly in making records; plaques of lead and copper, the barks of trees, bricks, stone, and wood were the first materials employed to engrave such things upon, as men were willing to have transmitted to posterity. Josephus speaks of two columns, the one of stone, the other of brick, on which the children of Seth wrote their inventions and astronomical discoveries. Porphyrius makes mention of

some pillars, preserved in Crete, on which the ceremonies, practised by the Corybantes in their sacrifices, were recorded. Hesiod's works were originally written upon tables of lead, and deposited in the temple of the Muses, in Boeotia. The ten commandments delivered to Moses were written upon stone; and Solon's laws upon wooden planks. Tables of wood, box, and ivory were common among the ancients; when of wood, they were frequently covered with wax, that people might write on them with more ease, or blot out what they had written. The leaves of the palm-tree were afterwards used instead of wooden planks, and the finest and thinnest part of the bark of such trees as the lime, the ash, the maple, and the elm; from hence comes the word *liber*, which signifies the inner bark of the trees; and as these barks were rolled up, in order to be removed with greater ease, these rolls were called *volumen*, a volume; a name afterwards given to the like rolls of paper or parchment.* Thus we find books were first written on stones, witness the Decalogue given to Moses; then on the parts of plants, as leaves chiefly of the palm-tree; the rind and barks, especially of the tilia, or phillyrea, and the Egyptian papyrus. By degrees wax, then leather, were introduced, especially the skins of goats and sheep, of which at length parchment was prepared; then lead came into use; also linen, silk, horn, and, lastly, paper itself. The first books were in the form of blocks and tables; but as flexible matter came to be wrote on, they found it more convenient to make their books in the form of rolls; these were composed of several sheets, fastened to each other, and rolled upon a stick, or *umbilicus*, the whole making a kind of column, or cylinder, which was to be managed by the *umbilicus* as a handle, it being reputed a crime (as we are told) to take hold of the roll itself. The outside of the volume was called *frons*; the ends of the *umbilicus*, *cornua* (horns), which were usually carved, and adorned with silver, ivory, or even gold and precious stones; the title was struck on the outside, and the whole volume, when extended, might make a yard and a half wide, and fifty long. The form, or internal arrangement of books, has also undergone many varieties; at first the letters were only divided into lines, then into separate words, which, by degrees, were noted with accents, into periods, paragraphs, chapters, and other divisions.

* The name is derived from the Latin *volvo*, to roll up, the ancient manner of making up books, as we find in Cicero's time the libraries consisted wholly of such rolls.

In some countries, as among the orientals, the lines began from the right and ran leftward; in others, as the northern and western nations, from left to right; others, as the Greeks, followed both directions, alternately going in the one and returning in the other, called *Coustrophedon*; in most countries the lines run from one side to the other; in some, particularly the Chinese, from top to bottom. Again, in some the page is entire and uniform; in others divided into columns; in others, distinguished into texts and notes, either marginal or at the bottom; usually it is furnished with signatures and catch words; sometimes also with a register, to discover whether the book is complete. To these are added summaries, or side-notes, and the embellishments, as in old books, of red, gold, or initial letters, will be more particularly accounted for on reference to the MIRROR, No. CXXXIII.; they had likewise, as with the moderns, their head-pieces, tail-pieces, effigies, schemes, maps, and the like. The end of the book, now denoted by *Finis*, was anciently marked with this character <, called *cornis*; there also occur certain formulas at the beginnings and endings of books; the one to exhort the reader to be courageous, and proceed to the following books; the others were conclusions, often guarded with imprecations against such as should falsify them. Of the earlier books we have nothing that is clear on that subject. The books of Moses are doubtless the oldest books now extant; but there were books before those of Moses, since he cites several. Scipio Sgambati and others even talk of books before the deluge, written by the patriarchs Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Enoch, Methusalem, Lamech, Noah and his wife; also by Ham, Japhet and his wife; besides others by demons or angels; of all which some moderns have found enough to fill an antediluvian library: but they appear all either the dreams of idle writers, or the impostures of fraudulent ones. A book of Enoch is even cited in the Epistle of Jude, ver. 10 and 15, from which some endeavour to prove the reality of the antediluvian writings; but the book cited by that Apostle is generally allowed, both by ancient and modern writers, to be spurious. Of profane books, the oldest extant are Homer's poems, which were so even in the time of Sextus Empiricus; though we find mention in Greek writers of seventy others prior to Homer, as Hermes, Orpheus, Daphne, Morus, Iaknus, Musæus, Palamedes, Zoroaster, &c.; but of the greater part of these there is not the least fragment remaining; and of others, the pieces, which go under their

names are generally held by the learned to be supposititious. Hardouin goes farther, charging all the ancient books, both Greek and Latin, except Cicero, Pliny, Virgil's *Georgics*, Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles*, Herodotus, and Homer, to be spurious, and forged in the thirteenth century, by a club of persons, under the direction of one Severus Archontius. Among the Greeks, it is to be observed, the oldest books were in verse, which was prior to prose. Herodotus's *History* is the oldest book extant of the prosaic kind. To books we are indebted, as one of the chief instruments of acquiring knowledge; they are the repositories of the law, and vehicles of learning of every kind; our religion itself is founded in books, and without them, says Bartholin, "God is silent, justice dormant, physic at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in cimmerian darkness." The eulogia which have been bestowed upon books are infinite; they are represented as the refuge of truth, which is banished out of conversation; as standing counsellors and preachers, always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over all instructions, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please. Books supply the want of masters, and even, in some measure, the want of genius and invention, and can raise the dullest persons who have memory, above the level of the greatest geniuses if destitute of their help. Perhaps their highest glory is the affection borne them by many of the greatest men of all ages. Cato, the elder Pliny, the Emperor Julian, and others, are on record for their great devotion to books; the last has perpetuated his passion by some Greek epigrams in their praise. Richard Bury, Bishop of Durham, and Lord Chancellor of England, has an express treatise on the love of books.

FOREST OR GAME LAWS.

It is generally allowed by all who have made remarks, that the Game Laws, as they are now, and have subsisted for ages, are a disgrace to the noble fabric of our free constitution, and it is not the more remarkable since they had their origin in slavery as the following passage from Blackstone sufficiently demonstrates:—

"Another violent alteration of the English constitution (he says) consisted in the depopulation of whole countries for the purposes of the king's royal diversion; and subjecting both them, and all the ancient forests of the kingdom to the unreasonable severity of forest laws, imported from the continent; whereby the slaughter of a beast was made almost as

penal as the death of a man. In the Saxon times, though no man was allowed to kill or chase the king's deer, yet he might start any game, pursue and kill it, upon his own estate. But the rigour of these new constitutions vested the sole property of all the game in England in the king alone; and no man was allowed to disturb any fowl of the air, or any beast of the field, of such kinds as were specially reserved for the royal amusement of the sovereign, without express license from the king, by the grant of a chase or free warren; and those franchises were granted as much with a view to preserve the breed of animals, as to indulge the subject. From a similar principle to which, though the forest laws are now mitigated, and by degrees grown entirely obsolete; yet from this root has sprung a bastard slip, known by the name of the Game Laws, now arrived to, and wanting in, its highest vigour; both founded upon the same unreasonable notions of permanent property in wild creatures; and both productive of the same tyranny to the commons; but with this difference, that the forest laws established only one mighty hunter throughout the land, the Game Laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor; and in one respect the ancient law was much less unreasonable than the modern; for the king's grantee of a chase or free warren might kill game in any part of his franchise; but now, though a freeholder of less than one hundred a year, is forbidden to kill a partridge on his own estate, yet nobody else (not even the lord of the manor, unless he hath a grant of free warren) can do it without committing a trespass, and subjecting himself to an action." Indeed, the whole body of the Game Laws, as they now stand, are replete with perplexity, absurdity, and contradiction. What can be more ridiculous, than that the legislature of a mighty empire should require one hundred a year as a qualification to shoot a poor partridge, and only forty shillings to vote for a senator? But the Game Laws enacted by Henry IV. of France, of whom it is recorded, that he hoped to see the day, when the poorest peasant in the kingdom could have a fowl for his Sunday's dinner, is not a little curious, if we are to believe M. Lequinio, in a work published by him in the year 1792, entitled, *Les Prejuges Detruits*—prejudices destroyed. "By an article of this monarch," says he, "it was decreed, that every peasant found with a gun in his hand, near a thicket, should be stripped naked, and beaten with rods around it, until the blood came." So that the life

of man was sacrificed to the repose and existence of hares and partridges, destined for the pleasures of "the good Henry," as every true Frenchman, we are told by other authors, gloried in styling him. It may however be remarked, and we question in the words of a political writer, if since the first records of human society, there was ever introduced in the form of *law*, any thing so truly despotic as the attempt to claim a monopoly of *wild animals*, for certain privileged classes of people.

ANTIMONY.

CRUDE antimony, styled by the ancients, stibium, is a mineral that consists of sulphur, the very same as common brimstone, and a substance which comes near to that of metals, called the regulus. By the whimsical alchymists it was styled the red lion, because it turns red; and also the philosopher's wolf, because it consumes all metals but gold; or, as others define it, a semi-metal, being a fossile glebe, composed of some undetermined metal combined with a sulphureous and stony substance. Antimony is a black, striated, ponderous, friable, metallic, or semi-metalline body, dug out of several mines in many parts of the globe, that from gold ones is reckoned the best, and is an useful article in the *materia medica*, but its history is not a little curious, being named antimony, from anti-monichos, from poisoning some monks, as it is said, who made too free with it, and in 1566, one Jacob Graing published a treatise to prove it a dangerous poison, and advised the magistrates to prohibit the sale thereof, as they had done of quicksilver and opiment. They took this advice, and the use of antimony was forbid the same year, by a decree of the faculty of Paris, which was confirmed by one of the parliament. In the year 1637, the same faculty allowed its use as a cathartic; and in 1666, the free use of antimony was permitted by the parliament of Paris, in consequence of an opinion of the faculty of physic given in its favour; but one Besmier, a physician in Paris, had been previously expelled the faculty for using it in practice. To Basil Valentine we are beholden for first discovering the medicinal uses of antimony, as it was this great chemist who first used it inwardly, and enriched medicine with many preparations of this excellent mineral. Having thrown away some antimony he had used in the fusion of metals, he perceived some swine, who had accidentally eaten of it, to purge considerably, and soon after to become sleek and fat. This gave him the hint of trying what it could

do in human bodies. With this view he made a multitude of experiments with antimony, and at last determined its efficacy; after him several other learned chemists pleaded the cause of suspected antimony, and in particular, Alexander Van Suchten, Glauber, Fabor, with many others who were very fond of it. Surprising it is then, that some physicians, and these men of parts and learning too, should have so strenuously opposed the introduction of antimony into medicine, without (as it appears) any manner of evidence from experience, which, after all, is the safest rule to go by, and treat it as a downright deleterious poison. In short, then, this sulphurated semi-metal, so far from being deleterious, is in its natural crude state, no poison at all, but a safe medicine of great efficacy, an excellent resolver and purifier of the juices. F. R.—Y.

POPULATION, PRIESTS, &c. IN ROME.

THE last Census of the inhabitants of Rome, taken at the period of Easter, 1824, gives us the following statistical particulars:—The number of the inhabitants is 138,520, of which 66,237 are females. There died, between the years 1823 and 1824, 5,249 persons (43 every three days), of which number 2,252 were females. The number of births is 4,628 (38 every three days), of which number 2,288 are females. Protestants, Turks, Infidels, and Jews, are not comprehended in this number.

There are at Rome 81 principal churches, 32 bishops, 1,470 priests, 1,613 monks, 1,318 nuns, 469 seminaries, 1,290 poor in the hospitals, and 1,080 detained in prison. The number of marriages was 1,369 (one hundred more than in the last year). The number of families is 33,774. At the commencement of 1824, the population had increased by 2,241 persons, and within these nine years, by 10,126.

ZARAGOZA.

THEN Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy home without the honour due!

For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so fully proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins
knew,

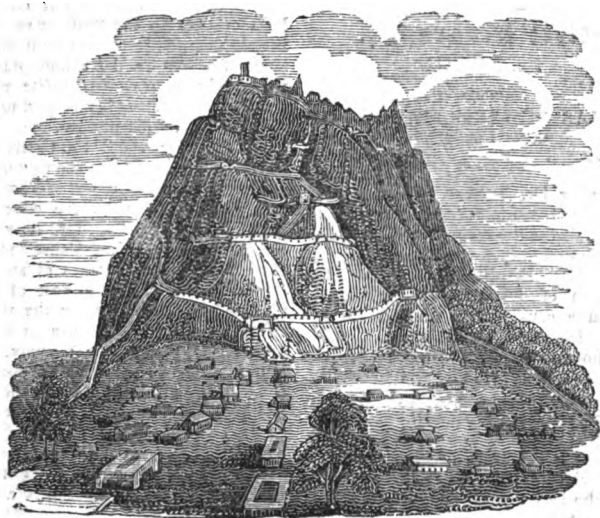
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe
withdrew,

And when at length stern fate decreed
thy doom,

They won not Zaragoza; but her children's
bloody tomb!

SOUTHEY.

The Fort of Outredroog, in India.



THE capture of the fort of Outredroog, of which the above is a correct view from a drawing made by Sir Claude Martin, was one of the many triumphs of the British arms under Lord Cornwallis during the war of the Mysore, in the years 1791 and 1792. The height of this fort is about 1,200 feet, and the length about 2,100 feet; the pettah whence the above view is taken stands about 350 feet perpendicular level of the country north of the rock.

The British army had captured by assault the celebrated fortress of Savendroog, when, on the 23rd of December, 1791, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart's detachment marched against Outredroog, about twelve miles west from Savendroog; and next day, the 24th, Lord Cornwallis followed with the army, and encamped at Magre, between these two forts.

The Colonel, on his arrival before Outredroog, sent a party to summon the place. The killedar, who, when summoned last year, had answered that he would not surrender his post till we first took Seringapatam, seemed still determined in that intention, and, to avoid any communication, fired on the flag of truce.

In consequence of this conduct, Colonel Stuart made his disposition to attack the lower fort and pettah next morning. Captain Scott, of the Bengal establishment, with four battalion companies of the 52nd and 72nd regiments, and his own battalion of Sepoys, was sent on this service; while another body made a feint,

and opened some guns on the opposite side of the fort.

Captain Scott carried the lower fort by escalade so rapidly, that the killedar sent to request a parley. While this took place, an appearance of treachery was observed in the upper fort, and that the garrison were employed in moving and pointing guns to bear upon the assailants. Fired at this sight, and impatient of the delay, the troops again rushed on to the assault. Lieutenant M'Innes, of the 72nd regiment, led the storm with part of the Europeans and the pioneers, commanded by Lieutenants Dowse and Macpherson, supported by Captain Scott, who followed in more regular order with the rest of his force. Some of the gateways were broke open, others escaladed; till passing five or six different walls, which defended this steep and difficult rock, the troops at length gained the summit, and put the garrison to the sword. So insatuated were the enemy, that whenever they saw a single European above the walls they fled; and although such was the steepness and narrowness of some parts of the road in the ascent, that a few resolute men might have defended the place against an army, it was only at the last gateway that they attempted any resistance, and that only by firing a few musket shot, by which two soldiers were wounded. The killedar was made prisoner; a number of the garrison were killed; and many, terrified at the approach of the Europeans with their bayo-

nets, are said to have precipitated themselves from the rock.

Select Biography.

No. XXXIII.

THOMAS BURGESS, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

(Concluded from page 331.)

SOON after Dr. Burgess had been preferred to a prebendal stall at Durham, and been collated to the rectory of Winston on Tees, he determined to settle in life, and married Miss Bright, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, with whom he obtained a considerable addition to his estate. He was not, however, inattentive to the honours of his University, and in 1802, repaired to Oxford, to take the degree of D.D. The accession of Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, to the office of Premier, afforded him the opportunity of testifying the force of his school and college friendship for his friend Dr. Burgess, who had not, like many persons similarly situated, ever called on the exalted statesman, though he had passed twice through the capital.

Soon after his return, however, a letter was received by the post, with the name of "Henry Addington," on the superscription, on which, unconscious of his intended advancement, he coolly replied, that some of his correspondents had obtained a frank from a gentleman to whom he himself was formerly known!

On breaking the seal, and unfolding the cover, he read as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Although many years have elapsed since we had any personal intercourse, yet to convince you that I continue to bear you in mind, I have to inform you that the bishopric of St. David's, which is now vacant, is entirely at your service.—I am, dear Sir, your most obedient, &c. &c."

"H. ADDINGTON."

Soon after the receipt of this very kind and auspicious epistle, Dr. Burgess repaired to London, waited on the minister, in Downing-street, on purpose to make his acknowledgments, was presented to the King, and consecrated and inducted in due form. Thus the *lawn sleeves* were at last tacked to his garment, unexpectedly, yet not undeservedly, and by the intervention of singular events. But he was not dazzled by the glitter of the episcopacy; and it was truly, as well as kindly observed, by the Prelate of Durham, "that his friend Burgess had accepted his new situation from gratitude,

for with such a man a bishopric could add nothing to his happiness."

The See of St. David's is one of the least opulent in the English church. It is only charged in the king's books at the sum of £426 2s. 1d.; and was, until very lately, a very inadequate provision for a dignitary. It is now said to amount to near £3,500 per annum.

In the year 1804, the Church Union Society was formed, in the diocese of St. David's; the chief object of which was to form an institution for the education of young men intended for holy orders, whose domestic circumstances precluded them from the advantages of an University education. The Report of a Committee appointed to carry the plan into effect we subjoin, because it has since been stated, we trust erroneously, that the prelate who signed this very Report, as Chairman, has, since his elevation to the See of Salisbury, declared he will only ordain such candidates for holy orders, as have previously obtained degrees at one of the two Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. The following is a copy of the

"Report of the Committee on a proposed Establishment for the Education of Young Men intended for Orders, who are precluded the advantages of an University Education.

"THE distance of this diocese from the Universities, and the poverty of the greater part of its benefices, place an university education out of the reach of most candidates for orders. It has, therefore, long been the wish of some zealous friends of religion and the establishment, to provide some appropriate and effectual means of clerical education within the diocese. The steps which have led to the plan now proposed to the patronage of the public, may be seen in the Appendix to the Anniversary Sermon.

"At the meeting of the rural deans, on the 2nd of July 1806, it was proposed to build lodging-rooms at Ystradmeirig for the society's exhibitors. Upon inquiry since made, it appears that there are local difficulties, which render this situation not so convenient as was expected. These difficulties have induced the society to think Llanddewi Brefi a preferable situation. The parish of Llanddewi Brefi is part of a manor belonging to the Bishop of St. David's, who is willing to grant to the society ground enough for the necessary building, garden, &c. Llanddewi Brefi recommends itself also on several other accounts, as a place of education for the ministry: such as its seclusion from populous society, its vicinity to some of

the Bishop's best patronage, which might serve as rewards to the ability and diligence of the masters ; its spacious church, which is large enough to accommodate a numerous society ; its convenience for stone, fuel, &c. ; and its healthy situation. Llanddewi Brefi at present appears the preferable situation, because no other has been suggested which possesses so many advantages, or which has not some counterbalancing disadvantages. But choice of situation is still open to the society, and the committee earnestly solicit communication and advice from all friends to the proposed establishment.

"An establishment for the purpose of clerical education will bring the plans of the society into earlier maturity than the proposed lodging-rooms at Ystradmeirig ; which were judged eligible chiefly on account of their intended vicinity to a very valuable school long established. But in the new situation, the seminary will assume the form (which the society has always had ultimately in view) of an establishment, which does not aspire to the dignities and advantages of university education ; but will embrace a course of professional studies, which the most learned and accomplished schoolmaster cannot provide for his pupils. In the seminary of Llanddewi Brefi it is intended to have distinct courses of lectures—

"1. On theology and Christian morals.

"2. On languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

"3. On elocution, and the study of the Welsh language.

"4. On church history and church establishments, with especial reference to our own church.

"5. On the duties of the clerical profession, and the existing laws relative to the church.

"It appears that a sum not less than ten thousand pounds will be necessary for building apartments for a master and three lecturers, and rooms for thirty students, with the requisite appendages ; exclusive of what will be required for the permanent maintenance of masters and students. It is proposed to begin the building as soon as £2,000 are subscribed and received.

"The society's first intentions are confined to the building of a house sufficient for the residence of a master, with lodging-rooms attached to the house for eight students, with a library, (which also will serve as a lecture-room), and a dining-room. These two rooms will be so arranged, as to be convertible into lodging-rooms, whenever the society's finances are competent to increase the number of scholars, and to build a distinct dining-room

and library. The first establishment will be proportioned to the society's present means, and consequently much short of the extent to which it is intended to be carried, according as the society's finances for this object increase.

"The society are in possession of two plans for the building of the seminary ; one by a liberal benefactor to the society, and another by an experienced architect. Till the intended building is ready to receive the masters and students, the proposed exhibitions for scholars at Ystradmeirig school continue open, as is provided for by the fund for clerical education ; which is at present sufficient for four exhibitions of ten pounds a year each.

"The seminary at Llanddewi Brefi will not at all supersede the usual term of classical education at school ; as no scholars will be admissible at Llanddewi Brefi, who are not nineteen years of age, and who have not passed at least four years at one of the licensed grammar-schools in the diocese.

"The Committee have only to add, that the society have to provide,

"1. For the building of the seminary.

"2. For the salary of the master or masters.

"3. For the maintenance of the students.

"A seminary intended to facilitate the means of education to future candidates for orders in this diocese, who are precluded the advantages of an university education ; to remove impediments, which have contributed to the growth of schism ; and to advance the usefulness and credit of the established church, is an object which the committee hope will meet the approbation and favour of all friends of religion, charity, and learning who have no connexion with the principality ; but they look forward with confidence to a zealous and liberal encouragement of their endeavours from its more opulent natives, and from all who partake of the patrimony of the church in this diocese, whether incumbents, sinecure rectors, or impropiators.

"T. ST. DAVIDS,

"President."

By the persevering co-operation of the clergy of the diocese, with some munificent contributions from England, the approbation and aid of the two Universities, the munificence of the king, and the favour of his majesty's ministers, the great object is now nearly completed. St. David's College is built on a plan which does credit to the taste of the architect, Mr. Cockerell ; and one half of it is in a state fit for the reception of students.

In the month of October 1820, the Bishop of St. David's received his majesty's commands to form an institution, to be

called *The Royal Society of Literature*, which his Majesty has most munificently endowed with eleven hundred guineas per annum; a thousand guineas being allotted to ten persons eminent for their literary services to the public, and one hundred guineas for two gold medals, to be given annually to authors distinguished by works of great literary merit, or by useful discoveries in literature. The medals of last year were adjudged to William Mitford, Esq. for his *History of Greece*, and to Signor Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, for his various important discoveries of works of classical antiquity, supposed long since to be lost. The medals of the present year have been adjudged to James Rennel, Esq. for his geographical works, and to Charles Wilkins, Esq. for his works in Sanscrit literature.

Although we do not entertain a very favourable opinion of the Royal Society of Literature, the members of which have within the last few days been allowed to prefix to their names the initials, M. R. S. L. (Member of the Royal Society of Literature), yet it must be allowed that the ten pensions of 100 guineas appear to have been distributed with an honest impartiality and discrimination.

On the death of John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Burgess was promoted to that See, an appointment which does honour to his present Majesty, and is certainly a due reward to the learning, talent, and private worth of the individual on whom it has been conferred. The Bishop of Salisbury is a prolific writer, and most of his works are polemical, and strictly orthodox. In the relations of private life, we have already stated he is amiable; and that he was much esteemed in the diocese over which he so long presided, will be seen by the description, in another page of this MIRROR, of the splendid Vase which has been presented to him by a portion of his late diocese.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

THE city of Damascus is seven miles in circumference; the width is quite disproportioned to the length, which is above two miles. The walls of this, the most ancient city in the world, are low, and do not enclose it more than two-thirds round. The street, still called Straight, and where St. Paul is, with reason, said to have lived, is entered by the road from Jerusalem. It is as straight as an arrow, a mile in length, broad, and well paved. A lofty window

in one of the towers to the east, is shown us as the place where the Apostle was let down in a basket. In the way to Jerusalem is the spot where his course was arrested by the light from Heaven. A Christian is not allowed to reside here, except in a Turkish dress: the Turks of Damascus, the most bigotted to their religion, are less strict than in other parts in some of their customs. The women are allowed a great deal of liberty, and are met with every evening in the beautiful promenades around the city, walking in parties, or seated by the river side. The women of the higher orders, however, keep more aloof, and form parties beneath the trees, and, attended by one or two of their guardians, listen to the sound of music. Most of them wore a loose white veil, but this was often turned aside, either for coolness, or to indulge a passenger with a glimpse of their features. They had oftentimes fair and ruddy complexions, with dark eyes and hair, but were not remarkable for their beauty. Women of a certain description are often seen in parties, each mounted on a good horse, well dressed and unvelled, driving on with much gaiety and noise, with a male attendant to protect them from insult. The fruits of the plain are of various kinds, and of excellent flavour. Provisions are cheap, the bread is the finest to be found in the East; it is sold every morning in small light cakes, perfectly white, and surpasses in quality even that of Paris. These cakes with clouted cream, sold in the streets fresh every morning, the most delicious honey, and Arabian coffee, formed our daily breakfast.

This luxurious city is no place to perform penance in; the paths around, winding through the mass of woods and fruit-trees invite you daily to the most delightful rides and walks. Summer-houses are found in profusion; some of the latter may be hired for a day's use, or are open for rest and refreshment, and you sit beneath the fruit-trees, or on the divan which opens into the garden. If you feel at any time satiated, you have only to advance out of the canopy of woods, and mount the naked and romantic heights of some of the mountains around, amidst the sultry beams of the sun, and you will soon return to the shades and waters beneath with fresh delight. Among the fruits produced in Damascus are oranges, citrons, and apricots of various kinds. The most exquisite conserves of fruits are made here, among which are dried cakes of roses. The celebrated plain of roses, from the produce of which the rich perfume is obtained, is about three miles

from the town ; it is a part of the great plain, and its entire area is thickly planted with rose-trees, in the cultivation of which great care is taken. One of the best texts we ever tasted was composed of nothing but rose-leaves.

There are several extensive cemeteries around the city. Here the women often repair in the morning to mourn over the dead ; their various ways of manifesting their grief were striking, and some of them very affecting. One widow was accompanied by her little daughter ; they knelt before the tomb, when both wept long and bitterly. Others were clamorous in their laments ; but the wailing of the mother was low and heart-breaking. Some threw themselves prostrate, with shrill cries, and others bent over the sepulchres without uttering a word. In some of the cemeteries we often observed flowers and pieces of bread laid on the tombs, beside which the relations sat in silence.

The great bazaar for the reception of the caravans at Damascus, is a noble building ; the roof is very lofty, and supported by pillars ; in the midst is a large dome. An immense fountain adorns the stone floor beneath, around which are the warehouses for the various merchandize : the circular gallery above opens into a number of chambers for the lodging of the merchants. The large mosque is a fine and spacious building ; but no traveller is permitted more than to gaze through the door as he passes by. Its beautiful and lofty dome and minaret form conspicuous objects in every view of the town. Many of the private houses have a splendid interior ; but there is nothing sightly in the part that fronts the street. The passage of two or three of the rivers through the town is a singular luxury, their banks being in general lined with trees, and crossed by light bridges, where seats and cushions are laid out for the passengers. The bazaars are the most agreeable and airy in the east, where the richest silks and brocades of the east, safras, balsam of Mecca, and the produce of India and Persia are to be found. But one luxury, which Wortley Montague declared only was wanting to make the Mussulman life delightful, is scarcely to be found in Damascus—good wine. The monks of the convent have strong and excellent white wine ; but a traveller must be indebted to their kindness, or go without. The numerous sherbet shops in the streets are a welcome resource in the sultry weather. The sellers are well dressed, clean, and remarkably civil. Two or three large vessels are constantly full of this beverage, beside which is kept a quantity of ice. The seller fills a vase

with the sherbet, that is coloured by some fruit, strikes a piece of ice or snow into it, and directly presents it to your lips.

Our abode was not far from the gate that conducted to the most frequented and charming walks around the city. Here four or five of the rivers meet, and form a large and foaming cataract, a short distance from the walls. In this spot it was pleasant to sit or walk beneath the trees ; for the exciting sounds and sights of nature are doubly welcome near an eastern city, to relieve the languor and stillness that prevail. A few coffee-sellers took their stand here, and, placing small seats in the shade, served you with their beverage and the chibouge.

The streets of Damascus, except that called Straight, are narrow ; they are all paved, and the road leading out for some miles to the village of Salchiéh, is neatly paved with flat smooth stones, and possesses a good footpath. Small rivulets of water run on each side, and beside these are rows of trees, with benches occasionally for the accommodation of passengers ; near which is sometimes found a movable coffee seller, so that ease and refreshment are instantly obtained. The houses of the city are built for a few feet of the lower part with stone, the rest is of brick. The inhabitants dress more richly than in any other Turkish city, and more warmly than to the south, for the climate is often cold in winter ; and the many streams of water, however rich the fertility they produce, are said to give too great a humidity to the air. It would be a good situation for an European physician ; and Monsieur Chaboiseau, a Frenchman, who has resided here forty years, being now eighty years old, appears to live in comfort and affluence, has good practice, and is much esteemed. The great scheik mountain, crowned with snow, is a fine and refreshing object from the city ; and large quantities of snow are often brought from it for the use of the sherbet shops, and the luxury of the more affluent inhabitants. Every private house of any respectability is supplied with fountains, and in some of the coffee-houses, a *jet d'eau* rises to the height of five or six feet, around which are seats and cushions.

We passed our time very agreeably here. In the evening some of the friends of our host came to sit and converse, and we sometimes rode into the plain, at the extremity of the line of foliage. The number of Christians in the city is computed at ten thousand, natives of the place, of which those of the Greek religion are the most numerous, and there are many Catholics and Armenians. They appear to live in great comfort, in the full and un-

disturbed exercise of their religion and their different customs. The intolerance of the Turks is more in sound than in reality; in all our intercourse with them we found them polite, friendly, and hospitable, and never for a moment felt the least personal apprehension in their territory, whether in towns or villages, or when we met them in remote situations. They are a generous and honourable people, and vindictiveness and deceit are not in their nature. The state of the Jews at this time in Damascus was particularly fortunate; the minister of the Pacha was one of their nation, and they enjoyed the utmost freedom and protection. Every evening they were seen amusing themselves outside the walls with various pastimes, and the faithful were looking on with perfect complacency. One morning while walking about the city, we heard the report of several cannon, to announce the beheading of two commanders, who had taken flight along with their troops, at the battle with the forces of Acre and Lebanon a few days before.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. CHARLES KEMBLE'S ADDRESS

On the appearance of Monsieur Mazurier at
Covent Garden Theatre, as Punch.

Come, all ye admirers of punch,
Come and gaze on our *Polichinel*;
Did ever a soul wear his bunch,
Or scream with his voice half so well?

Our prince (to whom long life I wish)
Calls the marquis's punch "quite the thing!"
And is our punch a less pleasant dish
To set before—even a king?

And lord Hertford himself—would I could.
But persuade the great Stannaries' Warden
To patronise me—and he should
Make my punch for me at Covent-garden!

And Devonshire's duke, too, should come,
And confess that my punch did surpass
Even his; though I wouldn't, like some,
Wish mine to be *frappé de glace*.

And ladies of punch-loving fame,
Should find a *Polichinelle** suits
Even them; and I'd call on thy name,
Most punch-loving relict of——!

Come, lady, and bring in thy *suite*
The—— of——, thy lover!
And thou'lt see in his *shipwreck*, I ween,
How he's sometimes, like thee, *half-seas over*.

Or behold him devour'd by the whale,†
And to sighs of deep sorrow resign thee!
That all sorts of *whale-bones* would fail
In the effort, good lack! to confine thee!

* The young gentlemen of the *garde du corps*
in their slang call a glass of spirits *un Polichinel*.

† *Polichinel avalé par la baténe*, a piece
which had a prodigious success at Paris.

From the west end of town let me turn,
And address the wise men of the east
Can they all my arguments spurn,
Unless Punch's attractions have ceased?

No, never! till Tom's in Cornhill,
"Leaves arrack (as sings Shakspeare) be-
hind."

Till the potent iced punch made by Will
Shall have gone, like queen Mab, out of mind.

And next I appeal to each Scot;
(Though I know that the punch is divine
Which Glasgow calls hers) will they not—
Will they not make a trial of mine?

Oh, yes, and the Irish who love
Punch of all kinds, and love to be frisky,
Will acknowledge my punch far above
Their own brewage of Inishone whiskey!

They shall come, and the deeds that are done
By Mazurier shall strike each beholder
With wonder, for, just like a gun,
He can throw his leg over his shoulder!

And his joints are so supple, they seem
As if they were hung upon wires;
And his leaps, and his walk, and his scream,
Are what every Parisian admires.

And so will the English, I ween,
When they've witness'd the things he per-
forms;

But even if they hiss, 'twill be seen
That his *shipwreck* has used him to storms.

But crowds I have no doubt will go,
And see him again and again;
And parties, for *French punch*, I know,
Will quit their punch à la Romaine!
News of Literature.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

(Continued from page 335.)

WHAT are we, at our time of the day,
to think of Mr. Owen and others, with
what they are pleased to call their *new*
schemes? Why, if the wisdom of
women had been properly and respect-
fully attended to, the Saturnian age would
have been restored long ago—perhaps
never lost—and we should not now have
been gaping and staring at their driv-
elling imitators.

I shall only notice a decree, which,
considering the above statute as it affects
the amassing of wealth, is admirable for
the even-handed justice it displays—for,
I may say, its deep knowledge of human
nature, and tender solicitude for the peace
and comfort of society. *Young men* in
their addresses to the fair sex, were al-
ways by the new law bound to give the
preference, and do homage in the first
instance, to the *old and ugly*—the young
and handsome took their turn next. How
judicious! passing through Purgatory
to Paradise was sure to happen; but re-
verse the journey, and it is rather doubt-
ful whether it ever would be taken. The

peace of the city is here especially provided for. A scene follows, which places the ladies in a very singular situation, as it respects their vanity and the display of their charms. Two ancient dames lay claim to a youth, one insisting that he is compelled by law to obey her, on which the other says—"No, not if another old woman appears that is UGLIER!"—These were indeed the good old times; we hear of no *such* boastings in our day.

Now, having weighed this matter well, I can anticipate no reasonable objection to a dissolution of ministry at the next dissolution of parliament; and that their places, as well as the various seats in the senate, should be filled by women. I would not go beyond this experiment at starting, although I cannot conceive how any one can deny that we are as well fitted for the bar as the senate.—*Sir Fretful*, in *The Critic*, (himself an excellent one), says—"The women are the best judges after all." However, I waive these offices for the present; but I cannot help thinking that women are too much overlooked in providing effectively for the bar. What great things might we not predict from their fascinating small talk about and about it? In that indispensable qualification, *puzzling a cause*, and in all those misty charms of forensic eloquence, which so adorn and fructify the practice, they would doubtless be found equal (flattering as the compliment must appear) to any and all the other stuff and silk gowns that rustle through our courts. "If any one questions their powers, (the eloquence of women), let him," says *Addison*, "but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the *British fishery*,—debates held, where, as *Goldsmith* expresses it, "they sell the best fish and speak the plainest English." But I shall confine myself to the House of Commons, and our superior qualifications to figure with effect in that quarter.

Speaking or talk is, as I take it, the principal ingredient in a senator—*dumbies* are always laughed at—we shall therefore be respected. "Nature," some one has observed, "gave men two ears, and only one tongue, to signify that he should hear as much again as he says." Our bitterest enemies will not affirm that Nature has successfully imposed any such restriction upon us; and we are not only eloquent, but teachers of eloquence—I don't speak of love, and its effects on simple *Cymons*, but rest our character and fame on the sober facts of history.—*Aspasia* instructed *Socrates* in eloquence, and his wife, in that part of rhetoric

"*stirring the passions*," was, as every one knows, very much his superior!

At first, I imagined that there would be a great, and, perhaps, unseemly contest amongst us who should be *SPEAKER*, but since I have learnt that *the Speaker* is the only one that don't speak, I think we shall agree in abolishing this unnatural sinecure, for I despair of finding any one amongst our body qualified for the office. In every other respect we are as debaters and legislators armed at all points. Public business is often much delayed by the complaint of members (*tongues* of course) being fatigued, and adjournments take place; or the necessity for recreation, and prorogations follow. Now, our members will never need adjournment through fatigue, nor proroguing for recreation, as we desire none better than talking all the year round.

Both administration and opposition occasionally get themselves into scrapes and difficulties, from which, being mere men, they appear to want the wit to extricate themselves. Such will never be the case with us; and I ground this opinion, not only on the vulgar saying, that "a woman has only to look at her apron string for an excuse," but I have the authority of *Simonides*, (no flatterer of ours, as his Iambics will prove), who says that "God formed woman from the crafty fox, knowing all things good and bad."—This is unquestionably that sort of *Fox-ite* best suited to meet and overcome all the turns and chances of office.

For our laws, they will be simple; and simplicity in legislation is a merit of the first order. We shall at once sweep off or reform the statutes at large, and declare away the common law, as it regards its iniquity touching ourselves.—We wish our first act to be an act of justice; and what can be more just than to see that one half the country, and that half allowed to be the most beautiful, be in the enjoyment of an equal administration of the laws, rights, and immunities of the state? We shall be content, subject to such enactments and alterations as "*the wisdom of the house*" may hereafter deem requisite, with equal advantages, notwithstanding the clear and indisputable inferiority, both in mind and body, of our predecessors and their constituents. We shall have our own peculiar *privileges*, and shall, of course, look with a very jealous eye at all *breaches*. Bringing the house into contempt is at present a breach, and such poor things as men acted very prudently in making it one, but we shall need no such safeguard; however, not to seem to innovate too much, I think it may be as well to let that remain. Thus

shall we endeavour to shame men by our moderation, and we shall continue to act on this principle—"quandiu se bene gesserint," as long as they conduct themselves properly—that is, to our satisfaction.

I suppose that nothing is more evident, or likely to be less disputed, than that women are peculiarly adapted to *manage* the HOUSE, and few, when so disposed, more expert in *dividing* it. Further, it may be safely presumed, from his Majesty's acknowledged gallantry, that he will have no objection to them on particular occasions as *privy* counsellors; nor is it likely that he will ever refuse to receive them in *his Cabinet*. The office of *Secretary of State* for the HOME department will, I foresee, prove very onerous; but it will devolve upon hands especially well calculated to give perfect satisfaction to both sides of the house in its improved condition. A short penal act will set all these little matters smooth and straight. But this is not the place or time to enter into the *minutiae* of government, or to discuss state affairs—it is enough for the happiness and the hopes of the country, to know that all such mischiefs as they have hitherto suffered will no longer be inflicted on them by *MANKIND*.

It would be premature, and indeed it is impossible for me at this moment to be prepared with my budget, but having reported progress in this desirable end, I shall beg leave to sit again; and when measures are determined on, and papers *printed*, they shall without delay be laid on the reader's table. SAPHIRA.

... Though I think it an excess of vanity in men to suppose that they can teach us anything, yet I have no objection to make them as useful as their limited capacities will allow of. Therefore I perfectly approve of Captain CLIAS, and Professor VOELKER, who have opened a *Gymnasium*; and taking probably the hint from our *dress*, consider ladies already equipped for *gymnastic* exercises. The *Captain*, I understand, at present attends several boarding-schools, and I perceive by the advertisement that "the conductors of various female seminaries" are desirous of putting themselves under his instructions—the young ladies will no doubt be found equally pliable. This is all very proper; and may prove an excellent training for us women, with a view to our taking the command of the *army*. Males may so far be rendered useful; and there can be no earthly objection, in point of qualification, to the continuance of *MEN-milliners*.

European Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

ALONZO CANO was one of the best painters ever educated in Spain, and was still more celebrated as a sculptor. The former appears to have been his favourite art, though he more eminently excelled in the latter, which he seemed to regard as a relaxation from the severer study of his principal pursuit. This artist appears literally to have felt "the ruling passion strong in death;" for when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed; but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

J. W.

PUNNING CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are oysters, which are ready to be sent into the country, compared to guns? Because they are barrell'd.

Why does the performances at the theatres on the south side of the water get more applauded than on the north-side? Because they are nearest to clap'tem (Clapham).

Why is a coach-horse's harness like the means of discovering a robbery? Because there are traces to it.

Why should a singer be compared to a banker? Because he lives by his notes.

Why should a dancer be compared to a person that sells fish? Because he lives by his heels (eels).

Why is Greenwich Park to be compared to a church? Because there is a steep hill to it (steeple.)

A DISCOVERY.

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer*!"

FINE WOMAN.

MADAME DE STAEL inquiring of Bonaparte who he accounted the finest woman in the world, the Emperor replied, "She who has brought forth the greatest number of children."

Printed and Published by J. L. BIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House), and sold
by all Newsmen and Bookellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXX.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Conway Castle.



THIS magnificent castle, situated on the south-east angle of the town of Aberconway, in the county of Caernarvon, stands on a steep rock, whose base is at high water washed by the river Conway, which is here about the breadth of the Thames at Deptford. Its general figure is irregular, being composed of a square, to which on its west side is joined a pentagon, each of three figures, forming a court. It was defended by eight large round towers, flanking the sides and ends. From these towers, towards the inside, issued slender circular turrets, rising much above them, constructed for the purpose of commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country; towards the land side it was surrounded by a moat. This castle was built by King Edward, in the year 1284, on the spot which had formerly been fortified by Hugh Earl of Chester, in the time of William the Conqueror. The walls, which are embattled, are from 12 to 15 feet thick, and quite entire, except one tower on the south side, whose lower part has fallen, owing as is said to the rock whereon it stood giving way.

The common entrance is on the south-

east side, near the east end, by a steep and winding path; the passage is now almost choked up by the fragments and ruins of the inner walls. There was also another entrance on the north side, near the west end; both these entrances were covered by an advanced work, protected by small round towers, beyond which, at the west end, was the moat, crossed by means of a drawbridge. There was a large well in the inner court, now almost filled up with rubbish. On the south side, the remains of the great hall are still to be seen—it is 130 feet in length, 32 broad, and 30 high; the walls and window-cases entire; the roof, which is destroyed, was supported by nine arches of stone—these are still remaining. On the east side, in one of the towers, is shewn a small room called *The King's Chamber*, in which is a Gothic niche finely carved. This is the only part of the castle that appears to have been ornamented. Hither King Richard II. fled, on his arrival from Ireland in the year 1399; and here he argued with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Northumberland, to surrender his crown to the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards King Henry IV. This laid the

first foundation for those wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which so long deluged England with blood. It was repaired and fortified for King Charles I. during the civil war. This castle gave the titles of Barons, Viscount, and Earl to the family of Conway. It now gives that of Baron to the descendants of Sir Edward Seymour.

A fine wood extends from the castle to the summit of the hill, from whence the prospect over the river and neighbouring country is very delightful. A considerable trade was formerly carried on in this town, particularly in the exportation of corn, but it is now much decayed, although there are still some considerable merchants residing in it. The church is a handsome Gothic structure, and in the church-yard is a stone with the following remarkable inscription:—

“Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, of Conway, Gent. who was the one-and-fortieth child of his father William Hooker, Esq. by Alice his wife, and the father of seven-and-twenty children. He died the Twentieth day of March, 1637.”

Here was anciently a Monastery for Monks of the Cistercian order; but the whole of the building has been long since demolished. The government of the town is vested in two Bailiffs, assisted by a Common Council of the principal inhabitants.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

From *Les Parvenus, ou les Aventures de Julien Delmou, écrites par lui même : par Mde. de Genlis.*

IT was on the ninth *Thermidor** of the second Republican year, that is to say, the 27th July 1794, that I awoke a little after the dawn of day with a sudden start, a kind of convulsion which I had constantly had for two or three weeks, on rousing myself from a most painful sleep.

I dressed myself, and went to the house of my friend Durand; he had risen, and was alone in his study, but instead of writing at his bureau as he was accustomed to do, he was pacing up and down the room with rapid strides—his extreme agitation struck me—I questioned him—he answered nothing. He advanced towards the window, opened it, and leaned with a dejected and sorrowful air on the rails of the balcony. He saw upon the top of a neighbouring house two men engaged in new roofing and repairing the

decayed and sunken roof; “Ah!” said he, “how I envy the lot of those poor fellows there. If anything displeases or threatens them in the place they inhabit, nothing detains them, they can depart without delay. Happy, thrice happy are those who at this present moment have no wealth—no fortune—no property—no ties. Ah! why did we not escape six weeks ago? We might have effected it then. Oh, that we had been wise! oh, that we were out of the frontiers, reduced to the labour of obtaining our own living, but free, and sheltered from these dreadful and intestine shocks!” During this discourse I had remained motionless, and I now regarded him with an inexpressible emotion. After a few moments’ silence, I said, “What’s the matter? What has happened? What fear you?” “Alas! Julian,” cried he, “our fate is cast. If the monster does not perish this morning, we are all annihilated. How say you? My mind misgives me—the wretch will triumph—we shall be stripped of everything; given up to plunder. Oh! why did I not follow the advice of my wife.” In saying these words he sank into an arm chair, and covered his face with his hands. “For Heaven’s sake,” replied I, with a vivacity mingled in spite of myself with bluntness, “cease your useless complaints, which are only tolerable in the mouths of women. What’s all this?” Durand was exceedingly hurt at this answer, and was on the point of signifying it to me, when a mournful and terrible sound struck our ears—it was the tocsin, ‘larum of woe! We remained petrified with horror; we thought our last hour was sounding; we gave ourselves up for lost. In an instant the door of the study burst open, and Sophia Durand rushed in bathed in tears, folding her two lovely children in her arms. “Ah, my dear husband!” cried she, “you would not listen to me; it is all over with us; we are undone; Robespierre carries all before him.” “Whence this intelligence?” “I have heard it all—see, yonder the servant is returned. The Municipality arms for Robespierre, and the whole city is in a tumult.” At these words Durand precipitately opened a chest, snatched out a casket, spoke to his wife in an under tone, covered it with his mantle, and hurried out of the room.

I guessed he was gone to hide his money and papers, which in fact was the case. “Oh, unfortunate riches!” said Sophia, transported with grief; “cursed wealth, of which he hoped to become the guardian and preserver, you will only serve to-day but to make our ruin inevitable. Oh! that we had been poor in

* *Thermidor*, a name given to one of the months, signifying the “hot month.”

humble life; would that we had remained in mediocrity." "In the name of Heaven," interrupted I, "Sophia, I conjure you, answer me: Is Robespierre denounced?"—"He is, and your friend Le Dru is one in the plot." "Where make they the attack?"—"At the Convention." "Tis enough." At these words I sprang towards the door, flew to my chamber, seized a poignard from my walking-stick which I had purposely hidden there, thrust it under my waistcoat, snatched my hat and hastened out of the house. I saw, in fact a terrible commotion in the street, and numerous groups apparently in great animation; but decided upon joining Le Dru, and resolved to share his fate, be it what it might, I stopped at nothing, I heard nothing. My heart sickened in passing the *Greve*,* which was completely covered with armed men, who ever and anon shouted out, "Long live Robespierre! Robespierre for ever! Huzza!"†

I arrived at the Convention quite out of breath; I had the utmost difficulty in the world to penetrate into it; at last I succeeded, and forced my way through the crowd; I sought Le Dru with the greatest eagerness; I perceived him; I sprang to his side: he beheld me with astonishment; he pressed my hand, and I said to him in a low tone, "We part no more!" At this moment Robespierre, arraigned and accused, was at the tribunal: the paleness of his countenance was more livid than ever; his languishing eye-balls were swimming in blood;‡ his ignoble physiognomy betraying, instead of insolence nothing but horror and vacuity, while everything appeared to announce to me that his frightful reign was drawing near to an end. In fact a confused noise was heard all around us, and afterwards repeated shouts of "Down with the tyrant; down with him." With what ardour did I not join in these heart-stirring liberating sounds. Robespierre, as cowardly as he was before arrogant and barbarous, suddenly assumed the character and countenance of a suppliant; he descended from the tribunal to the bar, where soon were ordered alongside of him Saint Just, Couthon, Lebas, and Robespierre the younger.§ However, the larum of woe still sounded; a report was brought that Henriot, commander of

the National Guard, and bribed by Robespierre, was marching at the head of the satellites of the Municipality, in order to attack the Convention.|| In any signal political crisis, public interest may in an instant transform into liberators degenerate and contemptible creatures. The most guilty Jacobins, who at this moment dared to attack the usurper, were all of them courageous defenders of their country and of the rights of humanity; and the Convention, degraded as it was by so many shocking crimes, in declaring itself thus against the common enemy, became a respectable senate, which one ought to protect at the peril of his life.

[Facts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES.

WHEN from this chequer'd world my spirit doth depart,

And I have ceased to feel delight or woe—
And Death's chill breath shall freeze the current
Of mine heart,

Which gaily now with purest love doth flow,
No monument or churchyard epitaph I crave—
(The which is oft more pompous than sincere);
But only wish that one I love may seek my grave,
And on my lifeless clay bestow a tear!

L. P. C.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the sun rises bright in the East,
In its brightness no pleasure I see;
As the charms of the day are increased,
I sigh, but in vain, to be free.

When the flowers are blooming in spring
No pleasure they promise for me;
As the bird flutters by on its wing
I languish in vain to be free.

How sweet is the evening gale,
As lightly it strays o'er the sea;
But sweeter by far 'twould prevail
Were I as its wild zephyrs, free.

Come Winter! congenial gloom!
Thou suitest best with the grief of my heart—
As cold as it were in the tomb
To the pleasures which Nature impart.

For the beauties of summer nor spring
No joy o'er affordeth for me;
As the bird flutters by on its wing
I may sigh, but in vain, to be free.

S. W. E.

ON THE LATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(For the Mirror.)

GREAT BRITAIN has long taken the lead of all other nations in voyages by sea, whether for the sake of conquest, discovery, or more weighty reasons. In our own time and generation we see no relaxation

* The place of public execution at Paris, similar to our Tyburn.

† A fact. These men were sent by the members of the Commons at Paris, who were of Robespierre's party.

‡ The whites of his eyes for several months had become the colour of blood.

§ Facts

in the ardour for such expeditions; nay, it is rather augmented than diminished. It will certainly be difficult for modern navigators to surpass the first introducer of tobacco, the great, but cruelly used, Raleigh; or Drake, who enriched his country by the plunder of the Spanish galleons; nor is it likely that the fame of the thrice globe-traversing Cook will soon have a successful rival. But these and many others may be considered on the whole as very fortunate voyagers, the immense expenditure of labour and money being repaid tenfold by their ultimate success.

Could consummate talent, unwearied fatigue, with an adequate command of money to supply all things comfortable, indeed absolutely necessary for an hyperborean voyage, have insured success, Captain Parry and his followers would not have returned unrewarded from the *ultima thule*. Never had any expedition such consentaneous comrades as this; here were no bickerings, no mutinies, which poor Columbus had to distract him when almost at the haven of his wishes. Captain Parry and the other officers of the expedition took every precaution to prevent such unpleasant occurrences. Who is ignorant of that excellent expedient to banish *ennui* and its often dangerous results, viz. the publication of a daily paper? of the nightly amusements, consisting of theatrical entertainments, masquerades, &c. But, alas! human skill and almost superhuman toil have not yet given, even the most sanguine, more than a passing hope that the main end of all these exertions, that great desideratum, the North West passage, will ever be made, though its existence seems more than probable. These cold-enduring mariners have in some former voyages received the minor reward of discovering many before unknown varieties of animals, &c. which impartial nature loves to place in frozen climes, as well as in those which are more genial. But we are told that this voyage has proved less successful in this way. This leads us to fear that Salmon was but too correct in the opinion which he has given us (in his "Modern History," written a hundred years back) concerning this grand geographical problem, where, after discussing an hyperborean voyage which had taken place, declares he firmly believes the discovery of this North West passage was next to an impossibility. Whether Capt. Parry has determined on another voyage is not yet made public; most likely he will again make an attempt, which seems peculiarly fitted to his undaunted mind; but we fear, though loth to express such

a fear, that he must be content with the laurels already gathered in the polar regions, nor hope to obtain that which seems fated to be classed with those improbabilities, if not impossibilities, the philosopher's stone, elixir of life, and quadrature of the circle—a North West passage.

GULIELMUS OF KENSINGTON.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 164.)

Dramatic Music.—Madrigals.—Introduction of the Italian Opera.—Purcell.—Handel.—Oratorios.—Music in England in the last and present century.

THE annals of modern music furnish no event so important to the progress of the art as the invention of recitative music, which gave to the lyric drama a peculiar language and construction. The Orfeo of Politian the first attempt at musical drama, which was afterwards perfected by Metastasio. This species of composition originated with some persons of taste and letters in Tuscany, who being dissatisfied with every former attempt at perfecting dramatic poetry and exhibitions, determined to unite the best lyric poet with the best musician of their time. Three Florentine noblemen, therefore, Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, Pietro Strozzi, and Jacobo Corsi, all enlightened lovers of the fine arts, selected Ottavio Rinuccini, and Jacobo Peri, their countrymen, to write and set to music the drama of *Dafne*, which was performed in the house of Signor Corsi, in 1597, with great applause; and this seems the true era, whence we may date the opera or drama, *wholly set to music*, and in which the dialogue was neither sung in measure, nor declaimed without music, but recited in simple musical notes, which amounted not to singing, and yet was different from the usual mode of speaking. After this successful experiment, Rinuccini wrote *Eurydice* and *Arianna*, two other similar dramas.

In the same year Emilio del Cavaliere composed the music to an opera called *Ariadne*, at Rome; and the friends of this composer and of Peri respectively lay claim to the honour of the invention of *recitative*, for each of these *artistes*. The *Euridice* of Peri was, however, the first piece of the kind performed in public; its representation took place at the theatre, Florence, in 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France, with Mary de Medicis; and Pietro della Velle, a Roman knight and

amateur musician, who, in 1640, published an able historical disquisition on the science, expressly says, the first dramatic action (of the secular drama) ever represented at Rome, was performed at the Carnival of 1606, on his "CART, or movable stage;" when "five voices or five instruments, the exact number that an ambulant cart would contain, were employed." Thus it seems, the first secular drama in modern Rome, like the first tragedy in ancient Greece, was exhibited in a cart.

Simple madrigals, for chamber music, have been claimed as the invention of James Arcadelt, chapel-master to the cardinal of Lorraine, who published five books of this species of composition, in 1572; but they appear to have been in use at the commencement of the century. This style, which was much cultivated in the 17th century, is now disused.

The 17th century, to the music of which we have slightly alluded, gave birth to the famous Purcell, who is the glory of England, as a composer; and whose works are still highly prized, notwithstanding the changes which have taken place in musical taste. In this century, harmony and counterpoint underwent a great change, by the abolition of the ancient modes, for ancient musicians looked upon all harmony as allowable, which was exempt from a succession of fifths and octaves: and thus a number of bad combinations were frequently made, such as the sixth and third, &c. and the gradual adoption of the two in use at the present day, the major and the minor mode.

Chamber and dramatic music were much cultivated, and underwent great improvements in this century. In the former accompanied madrigals and cantatas were introduced; and in the latter the talents of Scarlatti were successfully employed, in making the melody conformable to the expression of the words; and he was followed by a host of composers, who in the department of dramatic music have left little to be wished for. The first public theatre opened in Rome was in 1671; and in 1677 the opera was established in Venice. In 1680, at Padua, the opera of *Berenice* was performed, in a style which makes all the processions and stage paraphernalia of modern times shrink into insignificance.

In England, public concerts were introduced by Baltzar, master of the king's band, and to Sir William Davenant, we are indebted for introducing dramatic music about the year 1656, when a piece called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, was represented, by "vocal and

instrumental music, and by act of perspective in scenes." These scenes and decorations, according to Downes, were the first that were introduced on a public stage in England. Though this appears to have been the first opera which was performed, as early as 1617, the *stilo recitativo* is mentioned by Ben Jonson, as a recent innovation from Italy; and from that time it was used in masques, occasionally in plays, and in cantatas.

Several musical writers flourished in England towards the close of the 17th century, particularly Purcell, whose tutor, Dr. Blow, directed, that amongst his best titles to immortality there should be inscribed on his own tomb, "Master to the famous Henry Purcell."

Purcell's music is truly English in the matter, though in the manner he has imitated Palestrina, Carissimi, and Stradella. These masters he imitated, according to his own account, because he was satisfied that "the system of harmony and melody which they had reduced to practice, was founded on just principles." His superior genius can only be duly estimated by those who make themselves acquainted with the state of our music previous to his time; compared with which, his productions for the church, if not more learned, will be found more varied and expressive; and his secular compositions will seem to have descended from a region with which neither his predecessors nor contemporaries had any communication. His melodies are so easy, as to induce a belief, that the singers possessed considerable power of execution; but the fact was far otherwise. It was not till the introduction of the Italian opera amongst us, that the capacity of the vocal organ was understood, and Purcell, therefore, had to struggle against formidable impediments. In many instances he has surpassed Handel in the expression of English words and national feeling, and his success as a musician may fairly be summed up in a single sentence.—"His beauties in composition were entirely his own; whilst his occasional barbarisms may be considered as unavoidable compliances with the barbarous taste of the age in which he lived."

During the 17th century whatever attempts were made to naturalize the opera in this country, the language was always English; however, about the end of the century, Italian singing began to be encouraged; the first opera performed wholly after the Italian manner is recitative for the dialogue or narrative parts, and measured melody for the airs, was *Arsina*, queen of Cyprus, in 1706. It

was written by Stanzani, of Bologna, and the English version, set to music by Thomas Clayton, one of the royal band, in the reign of William and Mary, was then presented. The translation was bad, and the music execrable; yet this drama was performed twenty-four times in the first, and eleven in the second year. Mr. Addison's opera of *Rosamond* followed: it was set to music by Clayton, who was but a very indifferent composer.

The arrival of Handel in 1710, forms an era in the history of English music; and in the same year, the *Academy of Ancient Music* was established at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, by Dr. Pepusch, and a number of other gentlemen, where the best compositions were performed. In 1714, Geminiani came to England, and his presence did much for music, already greatly improved by the wonderful productions of Handel; and in a few years "music quitted that tranquil and unimpassioned state in which it was left by Corelli; it was no longer regarded as a mere soother of affliction, or incitement to hilarity; it would now paint the passions in all their various attitudes; and those tones which said nothing intelligible to the heart, began to be thought as insipid as those of sounding brass or tinkling cymbals."

About 1715, concerts became favourite species of recreation at our fashionable watering places; and they have since multiplied both in town and country, so that scarcely a town of any note is now without its periodical concerts, where, frequently, the best singers and instrumentalists are heard; and the repetition of which gives the inhabitants of the provinces a taste for good music, which must tend materially to promote the cultivation of the science.

Handel has the honour of having introduced to the English public a species of musical composition comprising more of the stupendous and commanding powers of the art, than had ever been witnessed in this kingdom. The sacred drama, or oratorio of "Esther," which was set by that great man, in 1720, expressly for the use of the chapel of the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, was the first production of the kind performed in this country. It was wonderfully effective; and on its subsequent representation at the Opera House, it was received with great applause by a very numerous audience. It was represented frequently at subsequent periods; and in May, 1732, it was performed at the King's Theatre for ten nights (when Handel first introduced concertos on the organ, a species of music wholly of his own invention),

and, without action, in the same manner as oratorios have ever since been performed in this country. In 1776, the *Concert of Ancient Music* was established in London, chiefly at the suggestion of the Earl of Sandwich—an institution intended to preserve the solid and valuable productions of the old masters from oblivion, and of which Mr. Joah Bates was for many years the sole conductor. These concerts are still continued, and are now conducted by Mr. Greateorex, assisted by a Board of Directors, of which his Grace the Archbishop of York is one of the most active and efficient members. In 1784, the first commemoration of Handel took place; and in 1787, the *Glee Club* now held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern was established. The *Vocal Concerts* of Messrs. Harrison and Knvett, and those of Mr. Salamon, where Haydn presided, and Madame Mara was the principal vocalist, were the precursors to the introduction of a species of music which has almost superseded that of our English composers. In the year 1813, the *Philharmonic Concerts* were established in London, with a view chiefly to the cultivation of instrumental music. These Concerts are still continued, and embrace nearly all the eminent professors in the metropolis. The works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Cimarosa, Cherubini, &c. are now more familiar to our ears than those of Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Shield, Callcott, Webbe, or Bishop; the establishment of the *Royal Academy of Music*, however, which took place in 1822, by forming a NATIONAL SCHOOL, will, it is to be hoped, enable us to render England as distinguished for its musical productions as it is already celebrated for its superiority in almost every other branch of science or the arts.

Here we close our History of Music, which might have been much extended, but it will be found sufficient to trace the progress of the science. Great changes have taken place in singing as well as in instrumental compositions within the last century. Madame Mara had introduced a pure and elevated tone; Mrs. Billington, Braham, and Catalani have, however, succeeded in producing a taste for a florid style, with a redundancy of ornament and graces, in which the execution of the singer must be wonderful, but in which simple melody and harmonious expression are little considered. Yet, though "fashion," which "in everything holds sway," has created either a real or affected penchant for the voluptuous compositions of the Italian school—the HEART is still true to NATURE and to FEELING; and such simple and pathetic airs as Braham's

Kelvin Grove, Auld Robin Gray from the lips of a Stephens, or of *What though I trace* from those of a Travis, will leave a more lasting impression than the most astonishing exertion of vocal ability from professors of the highest rank in the school of art. This however we must allow, that the talents of a Catalani are to us as delightful as they are surprising.

SUNDAY AT BOULOGNE.—BAITING OF ANIMALS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CLVI. of the MIRROR, I observed some remarks of your correspondent, A. B. C. on "A Sunday at Boulogne," in which he laments customs which can never fail of attracting the notice of every Englishman; but if your correspondent is (and that with good reason) shocked at the theatre being open, &c. how much more must his disgust be excited, when I tell him that this people not content with the imitations of horrors, must see them in reality. In the latter part of the summer they go to church at one o'clock for the second time, and come out at two or half-past, when the greater part of them repair immediately to the *chateau* on the ramparts, there to witness "*Les Grands Combats d'Animaux*," (which are only to be seen on a Sunday), and consequently a great number resort thither. I saw on the Saturday before one of these "combats," a bill of fare stuck upon the wall, in which was a list of at least forty poor beasts, who were condemned to be tortured for the amusement of the public, (and as a sacrifice I suppose *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* as *Messieurs les Cures* were always constant visitors, and *incog.* principal directors of them) in which list I saw there was a *wolf* and a *donkey* which were to be the principal combatants, though to be sure there were numerous *horses* and *dogs*, which were paired, bears and wolves, &c. &c. in great numbers, the prices were fixed at "*Un franc aux Premiers*," and "*Dir sous ana secondes*."

At one o'clock even, the crowd was so great that the military (as usual) were brought out to keep back those, "whose spirits were willing, but whose pockets were light," from having a sight, and those most wise people of this most polished country of France actually stood there *five hours*—i. e. till the baiting was over, to hear what they could, as there was a full military band playing all the while to inspire the combatants. After the battles were done, the spectators rushed out, and those who had most money left, ran to the theatre, those who

had least were to content themselves with the "*Tivoli*," and those who had none with sorrowful faces walked home.

"SPECULI ADMIRATOR."

FRENCH REFINEMENT.

FIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

OUR neighbours in France occasionally rate us, and not wholly without reason, for our passion for animal combats; but, in reality, these things take place as frequently at their side of the Channel as ours. We shall translate one out of five hundred bills of this description, and leave it to our readers to decide between the polished Parisians and the unpolished men of the Fives Court:—

"BARRIER DU COMBAT ANCIEN CHEMIN DE PANTIN.

"The Sieur Gerot, successor to the Sieur Mouroy, proprietor of the establishment hitherto known under the denomination of the *Combat des Animaux*, has the honour of informing the public, that his exercises will take place every Sunday and holiday.—To please the public, to promise little, to keep what is promised, and to surprise agreeably.

"To-morrow, Sunday, the 8th of May, 1825, will be a grand combat of a young and vigorous bull. This furious animal, without equal for agility and ferocity, will be attacked vigorously by dogs of the greatest force and first-rate shape, who will relieve one another turn about. Messieurs the amateurs, and also the *bourgeois*, will have the liberty of letting loose their dogs against the indomitable animal.

"The bear of Poland, lately arrived at the menagerie of the *Combat du Tau-reau*, and who has never appeared or fought in the arena. This young and vigorous animal will fight for the first time.

"The famous wild boar of the Black Forest will be hunted and pursued by dogs trained to this kind of exercise.

"The wolf of the forest of Ardennes will fight, and be hunted and pursued, in an astonishing manner.

"The combat will be concluded by the raising of the famous bull-dog (in the original Bouldogue) 'Maroquin,' so well known for the force of his jaw, to more than fifty feet high, in a brilliant firework of a new and very extraordinary nature.

"*Les Fanfarses*, sporting airs suitable to this kind of amusement, will be performed turn about.

"Price of admission.—Pit 75c. (7½d.);

Amphitheatre, 1 fr.; Boxes, 2 fr. The office will be opened at two o'clock, and the diversions will commence at five. In case of bad weather the whole place is covered. Bear's grease is sold for the cure of rheumatic pains, freckles, and other complaints. Sieur Gerot sells and buys all sorts of dogs for the protection of country and town houses, cures them of sickness and wounds, and takes them to keep. Tickets once taken, the money will not be returned. Children under seven years of age will only pay half-price. A great battle every Monday."

The delicacy and humanity of all this is quite "refreshing;" and the day on which it was to take place, Sunday, is equally laudable. In another of these bills we find the following assurance, which must be highly satisfactory to *Messieurs* the amateurs—"Nothing shall be neglected to render the combat obstinate."

ANSWERS TO THE RIDDLES, &c. IN NO. CLXIV. OF THE MIRROR.

WHEN we inserted the Riddles in No. CLXIV. of the MIRROR from *Friendship's Offering* for the year 1825, we promised the answers on the publication of the volume for 1826, in which it was promised they should appear. A change of plan and editorship has however taken place, and the promise has not been kept. We therefore insert the solutions given by a Correspondent, H. J. G. We must also add, that *Sam Felix* sent a string of answers to twelve of the riddles, &c. which vary very slightly from those we have adopted:—

ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS OF THE RIDDLES, &c. IN NO. CLXIV. OF THE MIRROR.

1. It contains Colonels.
2. It's down in the mouth.
3. A medlar.
4. Not well done.
5. Because the one is governed by Dey (day), the other by Knight (night).
6. Sea.
7. See of Durham.
8. He's cur-led.
9. The one reflects ideas, the other objects.
10. It makes hot shot.
11. It's a landau-let.
12. IX.—SIX.
13. He's a thin-king.
14. They are beyond the O.
15. Some will come after T.
16. A hat.
17. The river Thames, between Battersea and Chelsea.

18. It's settled.
19. He's going to Bag-dad.
20. The tiger.
21. A Dutch-S; march-i-on-S; count-S; Viscount-S.
22. The letter L.

H. J. G.

HANDEL.

THE celebrated composer Handel, had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*, but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

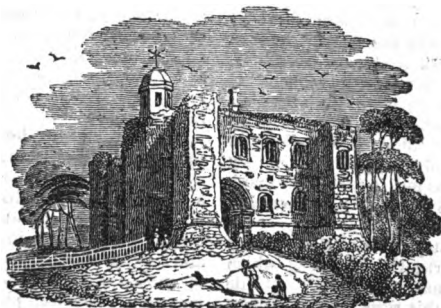
ORMSKIRK CHURCH.

AT Ormskirk, near Liverpool, the church has two steeples, one pointed, the other square. This singular circumstance is thus accounted for:—Two sisters of the name of Orme, resolved to provide the town with a church, but not being able to agree about the form of the steeple (the one wishing it pointed, and the other obtuse), it was at last agreed that each should build one according to her fancy; and consequently it was ornamented with two steeples.

NEEDLE-MAKERS.

IT is a curious fact, that this company had their charter, or were incorporated, in 1686, by Cromwell, and were the only company not incorporated by a crowded head.

Colchester Castle.



On an elevated spot to the north of the High-street, Colchester, in Essex, stands the castle, of which the above engraving is a view. The erection of this fortress is, by Norden, ascribed to Edward the elder, but other writers give it no greater antiquity than the time of William the Conqueror. In its general structure it is Norman, though from the quantity of Roman bricks used in its walls, it is probable that it was raised on the site of a Roman building, and with no small portion of its materials.

Colchester Castle is built in the form of a parallelogram, the east and west sides measuring 140 feet each, and the north and south sides 102 feet each; at the north-east and north-west angles are projecting square towers, at the south side on the west is another square tower, and on the east face a semi-circular tower, the external radius of which is 20 feet. The foundations are 30 feet thick; the lower parts of the wall 12 feet, and the upper part nearly 11 feet thick. The principal entrance is near the south-west tower, beneath a strong semi-circular arch, with three quarter columns, having capitals ornamented in the Norman style; this was anciently defended by a portcullis. On the right within the entrance is a niche, where the guard or porter was stationed; at a little distance beyond is a square room, at the further end of which is a flight of stairs leading to the vaults.

The outer walls of Colchester Castle are nearly perfect, and by their vast thickness and solidity, evince the importance that was attached to this situation at the time of its erection.

Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were confined in a strong, dark, and miserable arched room on the ground floor in this castle; their heroic deaths form an affecting narrative in English history.

Select Biography.

No. XXXV.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE was born January 10, 1697; he was the son of Anne, countess of Macclesfield, by Captain Savage, afterwards Earl of Rivers, and might have been considered as the lawful issue of the Earl of Macclesfield; but his mother, in order to procure a divorce from her husband, made a public confession of her adultery in this instance. As soon as this spurious offspring was brought to light, the countess treated him with every kind of unnatural cruelty, and such as will for ever entail infamy on her memory,—resolving that the witness of her shame should not remain in her presence, she committed him to the care of a poor woman at St. Albans, to educate as her son. She prevented the earl of Rivers from making him a bequest in his will of £6,000, by declaring him dead. She endeavoured to send him secretly to the American plantations, and at last to bury him in poverty and obscurity for ever she placed him as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Holborn. About this time his nurse died, and upon his searching her effects, which he imagined to be his right, he discovered the secret of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed. He now left his low occupation, and tried every method to awaken the tenderness, and attract the regard of his mother, but all his assiduity was without effect, for he could neither soften her heart, nor open her hand. He was now reduced to the greatest distress, and he was advised by his friends to publish his poems, by subscription, several of which had appeared in some form or other. Preparations were made for this purpose,

and he had treated his mother with great freedom in the preface of the intended volume; this circumstance being made known to the countess, a sum of money was given him, and the preface suppressed, but the work itself was published, and in the dedication to lady Mary Wortley Montague, is the following remarkable sentence:—"Nature seems to have formed my mind as inconsistently as my fortune; she has given me a heart that is as proud as my *father's*, and a rank in life almost as low as the humanity of my *mother*." In 1723, he brought a tragedy on the stage in which he himself performed a part; the subject of which was "Sir Thomas Overbury." While employed upon this work he was without lodging, and often without food; nor had he any other convenience for study than the fields or the street, and when he had formed a speech, he would step into a shop, and beg the use of pen, ink, and paper. The profits of this play amounted to £200, and it procured him the notice and esteem of many persons of distinction, some rays of genius glimmering through all the clouds of poverty and oppression; but when the world was beginning to behold him with a more favourable eye, a misfortune befel him, by which not only his reputation but his life was in danger. In a night ramble he fell into a coffee-house of ill-fame, near Charing-Cross, when a quarrel happened, and one Mr. Sinclair was killed in the fray. Savage, with his companions, were taken into custody, tried for murder, and capitally convicted of the offence. His mother was so inhuman at this critical juncture as to use all means to prejudice the queen against him, and to intercept all the hopes he had of life from the royal mercy; but at last the countess of Hertford, out of compassion, laid a true account of the extraordinary story and sufferings of poor Savage before her majesty and obtained his pardon. After this he was taken into the family of Lord Tyrconnel, and was allowed a pension of £200 a year; he now produced his poem of "The Wanderer," addressed to that nobleman, with the highest strains of panegyric. These praises, however, in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by that nobleman on account of his imprudent behaviour. He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and accordingly published "The Bastard, a poem." This had an extraordinary sale, and its appearance happening at a time when the countess was at Bath, many persons there, in her hearing, took frequent opportunities of repeating passages from it; and

shame obliged her to quit the place. His poverty still increasing, and having no lodgings, he passed the night often in mean houses, which are set open for any casual wanderers; sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble, and sometimes when he was totally without money, walked about the streets until he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, and in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house. His distress now became publicly known, and his friends proposed that he should retire into Wales, with an allowance of £50 per annum; to be raised by subscription; on which he was to live privately, at a cheap place, and lay aside all his aspiring thoughts. His imprudence, however, threw him into a goal at Bristol, where he expired, 1743, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expense of the goaler.

Thus ended the existence of a man, on whom fickle fortune deigned not to smile, and never allowed him the smallest share of the vast wealth of his unnatural mother. He, like poor Chatterton, is an eminent instance of the uselessness and insignificance of knowledge, wit, and genius, without prudence or a proper regard to the common maxims of life.

G. S.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

REMINISCENCES OF KELLY.

A HOAX.

AT the Edinburgh Theatre was a very great favourite, Mr. Wood, who was esteemed an excellent master of elocution, and a very worthy man, but a great oddity. His great ambition was to do every thing that Garrick used to do; he rose at the same hour, shaved, breakfasted, and dined at the same hour; ate and drank whatever he heard was Garrick's taste; in short, nothing could please him more than to copy Garrick implicitly, and to be thought to do so.

I was walking with him one day; and, knowing his weak point, assured him that King had often told me, that when Garrick was to perform any part to which he wished to give all his strength and energy, he used to prevail upon Mrs. Garrick to accompany him to his dressing-room at the theatre; and, for an hour before the play began, rub his head, as hard as she could, with hot napkins, till she produced copious perspiration; and the harder he

was rubbed, and the more he was temporarily annoyed by it, the more animation he felt in acting. This (as I thought it) harmless joke of mine, turned out a matter of serious importance to poor Mrs. Wood; for, a long time afterwards, whenever he had to act, particularly in any new part, he actually made her go to his dressing-room, as I had suggested, and rub away, till *she* was ready to drop with fatigue, and *he* with the annoyance which her exertions produced. The effect of the process upon his performance, however, did not, by any means, keep pace with the labour.

SHERIDAN'S INTENTIONAL, OR KELLY'S REAL BULLS.

ONE of Mr. Sheridan's favourite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury-Lane Theatre was crowded to excess in every part, I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the King comes!"

Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was, that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.

THE TWO SHERIDANS.

TOM SHERIDAN had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'"

"And under that, Tom," said his father, write 'Unfurnished.'"

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

"Money I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that be the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up-stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

SONG BY SHERIDAN.

ONE day, waiting at his house, I saw under the table half a sheet of apparently waste paper; on examining it, I found it was a ballad, in Mr. Sheridan's handwriting; I brought it away with me, and have it now in my possession. On my return home, the words seemed to me beautiful, and I set them to music. It is, of all my songs, my greatest favourite, as the poetry always brings to my mind the mournful recollection of past happy days. It was also a great favourite with Mr. Sheridan, and often has he made me sing it to him. I here insert it:—

No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,

Uncheer'd, I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.
While the sun as it rises, to others shines bright,
I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

I stray where the dew falls, through moonlighted groves,

And list to the nightingale's song;
Her plaints still remind me of long-banish'd joys,
And the sweets of the days that are gone.
Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,

Is a tear for the bliss that is flown;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE JOURNAL OF AN INDO- LENT LADY.

I KNOW a young lady who has very pretty pretensions to idleness, but who has no objection to dancing the livelong

night, and who would work at a ball-dress fifteen hours at a stretch, rather than not go to the assembly. Of this young lady's life, the following specimen as set down by her mother, may afford some idea, and it proves her to be a real amateur.

Rose at ten. Regretted not being able to lie an hour longer. Lamented the necessity of cleanliness. Dressing a great bore. Dogs in this respect happier than men. Watch-boxes still better.

Breakfasted till eleven. Sauntered for half an hour, and played with the cat. N. B. She scratched both my hands.

Half-past eleven. Sunk in an arm-chair, with a novel, read the same page three times over, and fell asleep. Got up to walk to another chair, and was told I'd a hole in my stocking. I wonder why the maid does not mend them.

Twelve. Played half a lesson on the piano. What can Rossini mean by writing such difficult music?

One o'clock. Took up a needle and thread, and looked out of the window at the cattle feeding for three quarters of an hour. Cows lead happy lives. I wonder why man does not ruminate.

At two. Luncheon.

Three. Forced to walk out. I hate exercise. Was told my petticoat is longer than my gown; but what does that signify?

Half-past four. Very tired and hungry. Played again with the cat. Made Fidelle, the French poodle, fetch a stick three times out of the water. N. B. Fidelle tore my glove to pieces. I wish my brother had been by to take it from him.

Five. Played at scratch-cradle, and then three games of *Trou-madame* till dressing time. Can't think why mamma does not allow me a maid to dress me. N. B. Scolded for throwing my hair-papers about the room. What has the housemaid to do but gather them up. It's monstrous tiresome to be scolded.

Six. Dinner. After coffee sat still doing nothing till bed time. Thought half-past ten would never come. Went to bed very tired. N. B. Doing nothing is extremely troublesome, and I hate it exceedingly.—But then what can one do?

LONDON LYRICS.

AN ACTOR'S MEDITATIONS DURING HIS FIRST LONDON SEASON.

How well I remember when old Drury Lane
First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,
I acted a Sprite in a sky-coloured cloak,
And danced round the coudron which now I
lurke.

Speak, Witches!—an Actor's nativity cast
How long shall this strange popularity last?
Ye laugh, jibing beldames!—Ay! laugh well we
may!

Popularity?—Moonshine!—attend to our lay:

'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth:
It blew round the compass east, west, north, and
south;

It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neil.

The Actor, who tugs half his life at the oar,
May founder at sea, or be shipwreck'd on shore:
Grasp firmly the rudder: who trusts to the gale,
As well in a sieve for Aleppo may sail.

Thanks, provident hags; while my circuit I run,
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun,
Yon harlequin Public may else shift the scene,
And Kean may be Kemble, as Kemble was Kean.
Then let me the haven of competence reach,
And brief—but two lines—be my leave-taking
speech.

'Hope, Fortune, farewell! I am shelter'd from
sea;
Henceforward cheat others;—ye once cheated
me.'

New Monthly Magazine.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

(Concluded from page 350.)

THE greatest luxuries the city contains are the coffee-houses; many of these are built on the bosom of the river, and supported by piles. The platform of the coffee-house is raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. The roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and it is quite open on every side; innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these and place it in the position you like best; the river, the surrounding banks of which are covered with wood, rushes rapidly by close to your feet. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, with a few trees growing out of the river beside them; and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries in the sultry heat of day. At night, when the lamps suspended from the slender pillars are lighted, and Turks of different ranks in all the varieties of their rich costume cover the platform, just above the surface of the river (on which, as on its foaming waterfalls the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard), you fancy that if ever the Arabian Nights' enchantments are to be realised, it is here.

These cool and delightful places were our daily and favourite lounge; they are resorted to at all hours of the day; there are two or three others constructed somewhat variously from the former. A low

gallery divides the platform from the tide, fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with sofas and cushions; music and dancing are always found here. Together with a pipe and coffee, they bring you two or three delicious sherbets, and fruit of some kind is also put into the vase presented you. In the middle of the river that rushed round one of these latter cafés, was a little island covered with verdure and trees, where you might go and sit for hours without once desiring a change of place. The Arabian story-tellers often resort here; their tales are frequently accompanied by a guitar; the most eminent among them are Arabs. There are a few small coffee-houses more select, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, form dinner parties, and spend the day.

There are several charitable establishments in the city, in which provisions are distributed to the poor, and medicines to the sick: one of these is a spacious and magnificent building. The Turkish gentlemen are very fond of riding in their superb plains; towards the east the vast level affords a fine area, and walking is far more practised here than in the capitals of Egypt or Turkey, from the attractions, no doubt, of the promenades around the walls. On the north-west is the fine and lonely mountain of Ashloón, near which passes the road to Palmyra. We had an ardent desire to visit this ruin, but one or two serious obstacles prevented it. The great number of tall palm and cypress trees in the plain of Damascus, add much to its beauty, particularly in the village of Salehiéh, where we spent some hours in the handsome house of a rich man, who allowed it to be hired during the day, for the reception of strangers. The large saloon was a beautiful apartment, opening into a small and delightful garden, through which ran a cool and rapid stream; the windows looked towards the plain and city. Some of the houses, in the abundance of the luxury of water, have small and handsome reservoirs in their gardens, the sides of which are neatly walled and shaded, and into which fountains play.

A good and handsome house can be hired by a traveller at a low rent; and this will be found the most independent and agreeable mode of residence: the great drawback in this, as in most other oriental abodes, is the want of society. In a visit of a few weeks this cannot be felt; but in a protracted stay of years, as there are a few instances of, a man's soul, as well as body, must be orientalized. Yet who can leave the superb climates and scenes of the east, without joining in

the eloquent and just lament of Anastasius, when gazing on them for the last time, as he sailed for Europe, to revisit them no more? Early associations also may contribute to the impassioned and romantic remembrances which an eastern journey never fails to leave behind. The transition from the garden to the wilderness—the shadow and repose of the tent in a cheerless and burning plain—the desert fountain and palm—the kind welcome in the wild, and the devotions of its people, offered up in the stillness of its scenery—these are the living and vivid pictures which delighted our early imaginations, and the only ones nature presented to the first ages of mankind, and to the patriarchs and prophets who were the favourites of Heaven.

The appearance of the Arabs who enter the city is picturesque. We one day met a procession of chiefs, who had come from the deserts on a visit of ceremony to the Pacha. They were well mounted, and were mostly slender men, with expressive features and piercing black eyes. Their cloaks were of cotton, with various-coloured stripes, and they wore light yellow turbans; they seemed out of place, and looked as if they would much rather be making a dash at the city, than paying a visit of ceremony.

The women are frequently seen walking in the bazaars; they universally wear a white cloak, covering also the upper part of the head like a hood, and shoes and slippers; the latter, as is the custom of the men, are worn within the former, which are always left at the door of the apartment. They often appear out in small boots of yellow leather, and do not in the streets seem quite such hideous figures as in Stamboul and Cairo. The tunic, or short vest, is often richly embroidered; in winter it is of cloth, with an edging, even at the wrists, of white fur; the pantaloons invariably worn, is of silk, and fancifully adorned or spangled, and fastened by a sash round the inner vest; over these is worn the robe. The blue eye is unknown among the Turkish ladies, and a few of their jet-black locks are generally suffered to fall beneath the turban. Their hands are beautifully small and white, and adorned with rings, and bracelets also on the wrists. No support to the bosom is ever used. The dress altogether, although it hides much of the symmetry and beauty of the figure, gives it a grand and imposing air, particularly the elegant cashmere turban, of which European ladies, if they possess it, spoil the effect by not knowing how to put it on.—*Ibid.*

ANECDOTES OF EARL CHATHAM AND MR. PITT.

WHEN Mr. Pitt was a youth, some law lord (could it be Lord Mansfield?) one morning paid a visit to Lord Chatham at his country residence. Whilst they were conversing, his son William came through the library. Lord — asked who is that youth? Lord Chatham said, "That's my second son—call him back and talk to him." They did so, and Lord — was struck by a forwardness of knowledge, a readiness of expression, and an unyieldingness of opinion, which even then was remarkable in the future minister. When he had left them, Lord Chatham said, "That's the most extraordinary youth I ever knew. All my life I have been aiming at the possession of political power, and have found the greatest difficulty in getting or keeping it. It is not on the cards of fortune to prevent that young man's gaining it, and if ever he does so, he will be the ruin of his country."—

Blackwood's Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF DR. PARR.

DR. PARR said Dr. Johnson was an admirable scholar, and that he would have had a high reputation for mere learning, if his reputation for intellect and eloquence had not overshadowed it; the classical scholar was forgotten in the great original contributor to the literature of his country. One of the company reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson, as related by Mr. Langton in Boswell's account of his life. After the interview was over, Dr. Johnson said, I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy; it is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion."

To this remark Dr. Parr replied with great vehemence, "I remember the interview well: 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 did 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." It is impossible to do justice to his description of this scene; the vehemence, the characteristic pomposity with which it was accompanied, may easily be imagined by those who knew him, but cannot be adequately represented to those who did not.

In the party there was Dr. —, an Arian minister, and Mr. —, a Socinian minister, with these gentlemen he appeared on terms of intimacy and regard; and as the evening advanced, and he became excited with wine (I do not mean indecorously excited), he invited them to drink a parting glass with him, and went round to the other side of the table to touch glasses sociably, first above, then below, and then side to side, or, as he called it, hob-a-nob—it was a parting glass, for they never met again. Seeing that he was on such friendly terms with these gentlemen, I said to him, I suppose, Sir, that although they are heretics, you think it is possible they may be saved? "Yes, Sir," said he, adding with affected vehemence, "but they must be scorched first." We talked of economy: he thought that a man's happiness was secure, in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said, that all his lifetime it had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself. Some one said to him, "Then, Sir, your secret of happiness is to cut down your wants." Parr—"No, Sir, my secret is, not to let them grow."

Some one had said in his presence that Mrs. Barbauld, in the Essays which she published conjointly with Dr. Aikin, had written an excellent imitation of the style of Dr. Johnson. Parr—"She imitate Dr. Johnson! Sir, she has the nodosity of the oak, without its strength—the noise of the thunder, without its bolt—the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." It is curious that when the imitators of his style were mentioned before Dr. Johnson, he himself said that the only person who had succeeded was Miss Aikin, for she had imitated not only the cadence of his sentences, but the cast of his thoughts.—*Ibid.*

The Topographer.

No. XVII.

THE hamlet of Battle Bridge, situated in the parish of St. Mary, Islington, is supposed to derive its name from its contiguity to the spot where the celebrated battle was fought between the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus and the injured queen Boadicea, A.D. 61; and there are circumstances that seem to make in favour of the opinion. Here was formerly a small bridge over the river Fleete; but the highway is now carried over an extensive archway, which covers the stream to a considerable distance. The operations of the Roman general, in his arduous contest with that unfortunate

princess, were, it is most probable, confined to the northern vicinity of London. Tacitus, who had the most authentic information, states, that after Suetonius had abandoned London, as untenable by the small army under his command, he determined on hazarding a battle. No situation in the neighbourhood of the capital could afford a more advantageous position than in the high ground in the vicinity of Islington, both in regard to security, and as a post of observation for an army apprehensive of immediate attack by an immense superiority of force.

The opinion that the scene of the dreadful conflict was not far distant from this spot, is strengthened by the remains of an encampment which may yet be seen in the immediate neighbourhood. In a field a little to the N.W. of Islington Work-house, a camp, evidently Roman, and supposed to be that occupied by Paulinus, previous to his engagement with the Britons, may be traced; and by the circumstance of the skeleton of an elephant having been in a field at Battle Bridge.

At No. 17, Weston-place, opposite the Small-pox Hospital, resided the notorious female impostor Johannah Southcott.

It is recorded by Stowe, that "in the reign of Edward IV. a millar of Bataille Bridge was set on the pillorie at the Cheape, for seditious wordes spoken by him against the Duke of Somerset."

J. H.

KIRK-MICHAEL, Isle of Man, is an extensive village, pleasantly situated near the sea. Near the entrance to the churchyard is a lofty square pillar of blue stone, with an inscription in Runic characters, which both Mr. Beauferd and Sir John Prestwich, bart., have attempted to decipher; but their explanations furnish a singular specimen of the uncertainty which attends the translation of ancient inscriptions. Mr. Beauferd reads it as follows: "*For the sins of Ivalfir, the son of Dural, this cross was erected by his mother Afride.*"—By Sir John Prestwich, bart. it was translated thus: "*Waltar, a son of Thurulf, a knight right valiant, lord of Frithu, the father, Jesus Christ.*"

Within the churchyard is another Runic inscription, on a square stone pillar; and also a tomb to the memory of the benevolent Dr. Thomas Wilson, bishop of Sodor and Man; who, after a life passed in acts of exemplary philanthropy and piety, was buried in this cemetery, in March, 1755. He was born in 1663, at Burton, a small village near Great Neston, in Cheshire.—Several tumuli, and other vestiges of ancient manners, are remaining in this

parish: the *cairn-viasl* is composed of small stones heaped together.

Useful Domestic Hints.

EASY METHODS OF ANALYZING FLOUR.

TAKE a tea-spoonful of flour, putting it into a wine-glass, which fill up with clean water, stirring it up well; allow it to stand for half an hour, then decant the milky fluid off the top, which consists of starch in a state of solution. To the remainder add a tea-spoonful of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which, if it is pure, will dissolve the whole of it. Allow it to remain for ten minutes, then fill the glass again with water, when the burnt bones, plaster of Paris, or chalk, will be easily discovered at the bottom. Should the adulteration consist of chalk, a violent effervescence will ensue upon the addition of the acid. Or, take a small quantity of the suspected flour, put it in an iron spoon, pass the flame of a candle with a blow-pipe upon it. Should it be pure it will burn black; but if it contains any of the above-mentioned ingredients, the white particles will immediately be visible.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

A FOREIGN journal recommends rye as a wholesome and economical substitute for coffee, and gives the following directions for preparing it:—It is first to be well cleaned, and boiled till it becomes soft, care being taken that it does not burst, and then put to dry in the sun, or in an oven, and afterwards burnt and ground like coffee. To use it, take as much water as it is wished to have cups of coffee, and boil and strain it, adding a third of real coffee, and the whole will resemble pure coffee from the Indies, and will not require so much sugar as the common sort.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

THIS conserve is the greatest, the most innocent, and certainly the least expensive treat that can be provided for children; and (with the exception of treacle) is the aliment of all others useful in regulating the bowels. The generality of jams and jellies are made with white sugar, and the proportions are weight for weight with fruit: hence the obvious objections to their frequent use among children are the constipating nature of the loaf sugar, and the enormous quantity that must be eaten of it before a sufficient bulk of the preserve can be obtained. The indispositions to which young persons are liable,

probably proceed from the acid formed in the stomach from their indulgence in sweet things. The cheapness of this delicate jam is astonishing; at the expense of 9d. or 10d. they might provide their little families with 3lbs. of a wholesome luxury. To make it, add to every pound of the berries half a pound of the coarsest moist sugar, and boil it rather more than three quarters of an hour, keeping it stirred from the commencement.

PLANTING TREES.

THE best month for planting trees is November; observing the old saying of a celebrated gardener, "Take them with their old leaves to their new graves."—Just as the sap begins to go down and the leaves to turn, there can be no better time for planting all sorts of fruit and other deciduous trees; but with respect to ornamental shrubs, and *more particularly evergreens*, early planting is of the greatest consequence. When the weather is open, fruit trees and forest trees may be planted from the beginning of October to the end of February; but those that are planted before Christmas will do the best, especially if the following summer should be very hot and dry. But evergreens must be planted early, so that October is a better month for them than November, that the soil may get settled about the roots before the frosts come, and that the trees may have at least some hold of the ground before they have to encounter the heat of the sun and the cold east winds of March, the most trying month they have to stand against. It is folly to ask a gardener whether it is a good time to plant, if he is standing in the market with trees to sell. Persons who have done so, and, at their recommendation, planted evergreens in February and March, found that they almost all died; while to the gardener, who was paid for his trees, it was no loss at all; but, on the contrary, he had to supply others at Michaelmas. "In the borders of my pleasure-garden," says a practical gardener, "I have no shrubs but evergreens; and the more I view them in the winter, the more I rejoice that I planted no others. Always green and cheerful in the gloomy months of winter, they give a beauty to my garden which it otherwise would not possess. The Portugal and the common laurel, the broad-leaved phil-læra, the red cedar, and evergreen oak—these, as they grow to some considerable height, may (with here and there a yew) be planted in the back ground, and form a rich variety; while these—the Grecian and Siberian arbor vitæ, the juniper, the arbutus, the cyprus, the silver holly, the

laurestina, &c. should be planted in the fore ground—especially the laurestina, which is handsome in its growth, as well as beautiful in its flower. As it is rather a tender shrub, it is better to buy them in pots, and then turn them out carefully, and plant them in a sheltered and warm situation, with the soil adhering to the roots. But no evergreens should be planted too thickly, as they do not like the knife; and few persons have resolution enough to remove a tree before it has materially injured, and perhaps spoiled the growth of its neighbour. Where the soil is good, and the situation open, evergreens, planted in October, will make some very vigorous shoots the second spring, and will fill up the ground they are intended to occupy with astonishing rapidity.—In situations where it may be desirable to plant a few firs, I would by all means recommend the Scotch. It looks coarser and less inviting to the eye than other firs (while it is young), but it is a tree which improves every year of its growth, losing that stiffness and formality which are the characteristics of firs in general, and becoming richly shaded in its bark."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CURIOUS NOTICE.

THE following is a literal copy of a notice left at the door of a cobbler, who had removed from a house in St. George's Fields:—

"*Enoy Bodey* as wants Mr. Loweridge may find him at No. 8, New-street, *Fancous hobbs.*" Anglica, facing the Obelisk.

EPITAPH

In Kingston Church-yard, Hamt.

LIVE well—Die never,
Die well—Live for ever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS from P. T. W., Miss T—, F. R—g., *Leaves from a Journal*, No. V. and the conclusion of the *History of Horse-Racing*, in our next.

The following are intended for early insertion: *On the Colours used in Painting*, X.; J. N—, *Johannes L—dk*, *Acres and Pains*, C. N. T.'s *Impromptu*: the communication of C. F. E.

The Drawing so kindly sent us by S. I. B. is in the hands of the Engraver.

We shall insert *Pasche's* rejoinder on the Colouring of Rum, and then we wish the discussion to terminate.

Erratum in our last, p. 339, col. 2, line 17.—for "dictical," read "dietetical."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Bookseellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXI.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Mold Church. Flintshire.



MOLD consists principally of one broad street, on a gentle rising, in the midst of a small but rich plain. The church, placed on an eminence, is of the time of Henry VII. and is adorned with a handsome steeple, built of late years. Before the Reformation it belonged to the abbey of Bustlesham, or Bysham, in Berkshire. The living is a vicarage, and has dependent on it the chapelries of Nerquis and Treyddyn.

The architecture of the church is the Gothic of the beginning of the sixteenth century, the windows large, and their arches obtuse. The inside is extremely elegant, consisting of a nave and two aisles, supported by seven arches, whose pillars are much to be admired for their lightness. They are composed of four round pilasters, with the intermediate space hollowed, and the capitals elegantly carved. Between the springs of every arch is an angel holding a shield, on which are either the arms of benefactors, or the instruments of the passion. The arms of the Stanleys, who long possessed the manor, are very frequent.

At the eastern ends of the two aisles are three Gothic niches, beautifully

carved. The two in the south aisle are almost hid with monuments. Among them is a very superb one in memory of Robert Davies, Esq. of Llanerch, with his figure in a standing attitude, dressed in a Roman habit. He died May 22, 1728.

Near it is a mural monument of his grandfather, another Robert Davies, of Gwysaney, the paternal seat and the residence of the family, before the acquisition of Llanerch.

Near this is one in memory of Robert Warton, alias Parfew, first Abbot of Bermondsey, and Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1536. He was interred at Hereford, but this monument was erected as a grateful memorial of his benevolence to this church by Ioan ap Rhyt. Above are his arms in a shield, quartered with those of the See of St. Asaph.

Near the church, on the north side, stands the mount from which the town has the Welsh name of *Wyddgrug*, or Conspicuous Mount. On its summit stood a castle, which, in the time of Henry I. was very strong. About 1144 it was taken by storm, and razed to the ground by the Welsh, under their

gallant prince Owen Gwynedd. It was afterwards restored, and in 1198 again taken by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth; and a third time, in 1267, by Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwys, Lord of Powys.

THE LADY IN TOWN;

A SPORTING EPISTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

DEAR SIR,

When this once reaches you,
There will arrive a *Lady* too;
One now entrusted to your care,
That never breath'd the Town-smok'd air;
Nay, more, (nor is it food for laughter),
Whom half the country lads ran after!
Tho' this I can with truth proclaim—
She was consider'd thorough game;
Wild as the wildest tit could be.
And yet with no one made too free;
Indeed, her modesty was such—
She shrink, like Daphne, from the touch!—
And yet, for sport, the liveliest thing
That ever made the Welkin ring!
A kind of paradox—downright;
All loose by day; all prim by night!
In short, in spite of form or feature,
A little *Hare-brain'd* timid creature.
And now having spoke of her virtues and vices,
(And a word to the wise very often suffices),
Strip her *naked* with speed, if you think her
worth tasting,
And give her, be sure, now and then, a good
basting.
Dress her up, if you like, with the sweets of a
jelly,
And a padding will not prove amiss in her belly.
In fact, take what freedom you will, I declare
You will find the young *Puss* just the thing to a
Hare.

UTOPIA.

PROPOSAL FOR FORMING AN OPINION-OFFICE.

(For the Mirror.)

"*Quot homines, tot sententia*," is certainly a very trite adage; for, there is, perhaps, nothing so vague, diversified, and even contradictory, as the opinions of mankind in general. Indeed, in point of fact, a large majority have literally *no* opinion; some, because they are too idle; others, because they are utterly incompetent to form any. The phrases, "I think," or, "I conceive so and so," are too frequently used by many, who will not give themselves the trouble of exercising either thought or conception upon the subject in question. Others, also, having no *mental* estate of their own, are compelled to borrow the ideas of their neighbours; and this sometimes reduces them to sad shifts, and renders them continually liable to error; for, although it is a very common practice to estimate the

opinions of others by their words and actions, second consideration must readily suggest that this is a very absurd notion. Experience fully proves, that all knaves and hypocrites say and act contrary to their real opinion; nay, more, that many an honest man is sometimes compelled to imitate the example. This, however, does not at all alter the genuine, internal sentiments of either class; for, as Hudibras quaintly observes,

"He that's convinced against his will,
Is of his *own opinion* still."

With a view to remedy these inconveniences, which have long been so seriously felt and acknowledged, the projector of the "*Intellect Company*," (vide *MIRROR*, No. CXXIV. page 54) begs leave respectfully to propose that an office be forthwith instituted for regulating and promulgating opinions, to be called "*THE THOUGHT WAREHOUSE, OR OPINION OFFICE*;" and that, for the better accomplishing this desirable object, suitable premises be immediately erected in the most conspicuous and central situation of this great city; also, that for the more effectually conducting the institution proposed, the following regulations be adopted by the officers and all subscribers, viz.

1. That no person, of whatever rank he may be, do hereafter presume to form any opinion until arrived at years of *discretion*; and as it is clear that many never reach thereto, all such persons are to consult the office—they are yet *minors*.

2. That in future no beaux, coxcombs, &c. be allowed to have an opinion upon any subject without first applying to this institution (except in their own *sweet persons*, and in the latter case inquiry would be needless).

3. That physicians, barristers, critics, &c. who may be necessitated to consult our office, be charged *double* the usual fee—to this they certainly will not object, since they make a profit thereof, by selling their opinions to others.

4. That no one be permitted to apply the words "*vile stuff! trash! ridiculous!*" &c. to any new work, until sanctioned therein by the office; or, in case of their not being subscribers, they must first transmit a declaration, that they have at least *read* the same.

5. That no person have the *hardihood* to purchase two opinions upon the same thing, so as to use one at court and its reverse on 'Change—one for *town*, another for the country.

6. A more detailed prospectus, with terms, &c., will shortly be submitted; but the proprietors thought it but right to apprise all who wish to patronise the plan,

of the above laws, previous to entering their names upon the books. They are anxious to give all "*fair play*," and will strenuously endeavour to explode and ridicule the too common practice of condemning books, men, and measures without a previous candid examination.

JACOBUS.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE following paragraph from "*Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*," struck me at the time of my reading it as a remarkable circumstance; it occurs at p. 78. fourth edit. Perth. 1800:—

"I cannot, in this place, omit an observation made by most of our company in this journey, viz. that in all the ruins of churches which we saw, though their other parts were totally demolished, yet the east end we always found standing, and tolerably entire. Whether the Christians, when over-run by infidels, redeemed their altars from ruin with money, or whether, even the barbarians, when they demolished the other parts of the churches, might voluntarily spare these, out of awe and veneration; or whether they have stood thus long, by virtue of some peculiar firmness in the nature of their fabric; or whether some occult providence has preserved them, as so many standing monuments of Christianity in these unbelieving regions, and presages of its future restoration, I will not determine. This only I will say, that we found it in fact, so as I described, in all the ruined churches that came in our way, being, perhaps, not fewer than one hundred; nor do I remember ever to have seen one instance, of the contrary. This might justly seem a trifling observation, were it founded upon a few examples only; but it being a thing so often, and indeed universally observed by us, throughout our whole journey, I thought it must needs proceed from something more than blind chance, and might very well deserve this animadversion."

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A PART of the Assembly rushed out with impetuosity to attack the recreant Henriot. Le Dru and myself were of this number; but the conflict was neither long nor bloody; all the Sections* had reunited for the good cause, and we quickly put the dastardly troops of Henriot to flight. In the meantime Robes-

pierre found means to go and take refuge in *L'Hotel de Ville*. The victorious sections besieged him there, and forced their way in. Robespierre, alone, trembling for his fate, kept out of the way, in an obscure corner of the hall. A gendarme, named Charles Meda, perceived him, and fired a pistol at him, which fractured his lower jaw and covered him with blood. They then transferred him to the "*Committee of the Public Safety*." It was in this place where he had pronounced a million of sentences of death; it was on this very table where his diabolical rage put the signature to so many death-warrants; that he passed half the hours of his frightful agony! He was unable to walk, or stand, or to keep himself upright; they threw him upon that table which had been polluted with his crimes; upon that very table where his pen commanded so many murders, and which was at last inundated with his own blood.† Some moments after, an unknown of a noble and majestic port, but whose countenance bore marks of sternness and severity, slowly traversed the hall, stopped before the thunder-struck tyrant, and addressed him in these memorable words: "Well, Robespierre, there is a Providence!"‡ After having witnessed this horrible spectacle, I promised Le Dru an interview in the evening, and ran to the prison of Edelia, that is to say, to my little chamber. Edelia was at her window, and everything in her betrayed the most lively emotion; nor was it less depicted upon the countenances of the other prisoners; she had heard the tocsin, but was ignorant as to the events. It was with extreme regret that I found myself unable to give her the least intelligence; every body uneasy in the house was at the window; I dared not even trust myself to make certain signs to her, mortally fearing the malice of the gaol-keeper, a great partisan of Robespierre's.

Not being able to remain where I was, I went into the street into which led the iron grated door of the prison. I walked up and down for more than a quarter of an hour, when the boisterous voice of a public crier arrested my attention, and conveyed to my ears the most joyful proclamation, and I gathered, with inexpressible transport the following words, although they were pronounced at a distance: "Grand arrest of Catilinarian Robespierre and his accomplices."§ I was in hopes that the crier would pass through the street of the prison, and in fact he came into it, but one of the sentinels, in pursuance of the keeper's orders, ran up to him, and presenting his bayonet,

* The city was divided into sections at that time similar to parishes.

† Fact.

‡ Fact.

§ Fact.

said to him, "Will you have the goodness to hold your noise, and depart in peace?" "Get you gone yourself," said the crier, still more energetically pointing with his finger to the prison, "there are some poor creatures confined there, and they must know what's going on." I had made up my mind firmly to defend this poor fellow, if the guard had persisted in his orders, but they respected his humanity, and suffered him to bawl, even at the very door of the prison, these words of liberty and life, "Grand arrest," &c. I applied my ear to the iron grating, and I heard a great rumour in the house: some running; noises of people ascending and descending staircases; and echoes of names one after another with inconceivable rapidity. I presumed, nor was I mistaken, that the benevolent proclamation produced its natural effect. I returned to my window; for once Edelia was alone at her's, I hastened to present her with a sheet of paper which should confirm the happy news. My own joy redoubled on seeing the transports of Edelia; but all of a sudden she made me a sign that some one was entering her apartment, and I tore myself away from mine.

I then went to communicate the joyful circumstance to my mother, 'sister, and friends; afterwards I returned home.

I saw Durand again, who was now reassured; and having forgot his mortal fears, and his canting repentance for not having taken flight, was ridiculing the terrors of his wife, and triumphing in having had the *wisdom* to remain. I recommended Boutet to his attention, who had always been very kind to me; he had not entered into the conspiracy against Robespierre, but he had done nothing against the opposite party.

Le Dru came to see me about ten o'clock in the evening; we cordially embraced one another; He informed me that Robespierre had been transferred, in order that he might pass the night there, to that dungeon of the gaol-house where he had buried the principal part of his victims, and that he would be executed the next day. I did not go to bed, and I think that during that night, nobody in Paris allowed himself the least repose. Every one seemed to enjoy a new life, that too with so much transport, that they did not wish to lose a single instant of it. Every honest man found, in the signal chastisement of this public malefactor, not only his personal safety, but that of his dearest connexions and friends.

The next day, July 28, Robespierre, seated in a cart with twenty-two traitors,

* Facts. See "*Histoire des Prisons.*"

his accomplices, was conducted to punishment, followed by an immense crowd, in the midst of the most dreadful execrations of resentment and hatred. They ordered the cart to stop before the house which he had occupied, and there a woman with dishevelled hair, like an infuriated bacchante, made up to the cart, and shrieked out, "Monster! avant! down, down to Hell, loaded with the maledictions of wives and mothers!"† Arrived at the Place of the Revolution, Robespierre was carried upon the scaffold stained with the blood which he had ordered to be shed, and the hand of the executioner terminated his detestable life and that of his accomplices.‡ Thus perished, at 35 years of age, the most sanguinary of all traitors.

It is somewhat remarkable, that in his first writings (ten years before the Revolution), he made an emphatic panegyric upon Louis XVI.; and that at the tribunal, in his first discourse as Deputy, he declaimed against the pain of death, and proposed to abolish it. An imperturbable coolness, not only in peril but in cruelty, served him instead of courage and genius. He was the only tyrant amongst us that caused the French to experience, in the bosom of cities, terror and desolation. For his politics consult "*Dict. de M.M. Chaudon et de Landine, article Robespierre.*" The result of their judicious reflections is, that in times of trouble, the *idols of the people* are always either unprincipled men, or very dangerous fools.

LOLIUM, Junior.

† Fact.

‡ Fact.

ON THE COLOURING OF RUM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I must claim your indulgence for again intruding on your valuable time; but I wish to submit a few brief observations in reply to *Clavis*, whose exposition of the cause of colour in rum, which appeared in the MIRROR of the 19th inst. is in point of fact far from being satisfactory.

He says, the reason why the contents of some puncheons on importation are strongly coloured, others paler, &c. is, from the extent of charring which the casks receive, during the progress of fermentation. He adds, that the spirit is afterwards coloured, in order to produce an uniformity; from which any person would naturally infer, that were it not for the accidental charring of the puncheons, all the rum brought into this country would be in a pellucid state, and that the

colour it possesses when it reaches the consumer's hands (that portion of it which is derived from the state of the casks excepted,) is *wholly* occasioned by the dealers *here* introducing colouring to "render the spirit more agreeable to their customers." I trust I have understood his meaning rightly; but with all due deference, I assure him, and all who feel any interest in the subject, that such an assertion is positively incorrect. I am fully aware that the greater proportion of rum which arrives in the market is coloured, but the condition of the wood, whatever it may *partially*, does not *entirely* occasion it.—I speak of its appearance on importation.

With the "art and mystery" of coopers I do not profess myself particularly acquainted, and I was not aware of fire being used by them in any other instance than when a cask, by long disuse or other cause, becomes musty, and is thus rendered unfit for service; fire is then invariably applied to burn out the affected parts, and restore the vessel to its original purity. I do not attempt to dispute the point with him; however, be that as it may, I am convinced, by the strongest incontrovertible proof, that the colour, or as he more properly expresses it, *discolour*, is effected *previous* to its being cleansed, or put into the casks, in the colonies where it is distilled, and *not subsequent* to its arrival in this country. I remain, your well-wisher,

PASCHE.

November 21, 1825.

CUPOLA AND PIAZZA.

(For the Mirror.)

WE often find, even in the circles of genteel life, the term *cupola* applied to a *dome* (and indeed we have the sanction of Dr. Johnson for the *meprise*), whereas it properly signifies the Cathedral, or principal church, &c. in a city. In Italy (from whence we acquired both words), the latter is generally crowned with a cupola, which has led to the error. In a similar manner *piazza* is frequently applied to the range of porticos surrounding the space to which they are annexed, instead of the space itself enclosed by those porticos; whereas the word *piazza*, in Italian, signifies a square, or open space (as synonymous with the term *place* in French), consequently the Piazza of Covent-Garden is in reality the *market-place*, and not the surrounding porticos.

C. M. T.—N.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

No. V.

CLERICAL ORIGINALITY.

A SHORT time ago, the posthumous works of a popular American preacher, were published by a respectable transatlantic bibliopole. A review soon appeared of them in a widely circulating periodical, replete with praise of the warmest kind, but ending with words to this import, "Our raptures would have been still greater if we had not chanced to read them some time ago, *as the productions of one Tiltotson.*"

CLERICAL ELOQUENCE.

"THE house of God," shouted a favourite minister some time ago, "shall spread its *branches* far and wide; nations shall gather under its *wings*, armies shall fight beneath its *banners*."

AN IRISHMAN PUT TO THE BLUSH.

THE nephew of a very rich old maid had for a long time been absent in India, and was supposed to have perished. An Irish fortune-hunter who accidentally obtained a knowledge of the fact, formed a design of imposing upon the aunt by representing himself as the confidential friend of the absentee, giving a circumstantial account of his decease, and after having thus procured a favourable introduction of endeavouring to become her husband and heir. He accordingly went to her house and was introduced into a vestibule, where another young man was seemingly, like him, awaiting the approach of the mistress. Supposing him a friend of the family, he determined to *make the amiable*. "Were you acquainted," said he, "with the nephew of the lady of the house." "Yes," said the stranger, with some surprise, "intimately so." "It will grieve your heart then," said the Hibernian, "to know that the poor dear young man is now as dead as any doornail." "Indeed," said the other, still more interested, "how do you know it—are you certain." "Quite," was the reply, "these very eyes run over like butter-milk when they saw him die in my arms." "Pray, Sir," with some asperity, "who are you." "A firm and fast friend of the deceased," said the fortune-hunter, "but allow me, if you please, to ask, in return, who are you?" "The poor deceased himself, just returned from India," said the stranger, rising. Wonderful to relate, the Hibernian blushed crimson as he blundered out a dozen awkward apologies, and made a precipitate retreat.

THE UNSKILFUL ARCHER.

It is a pity that the jokes of antiquity are not collected together; they would make a most interesting little volume. Diogenes, the cynic, was the great Joe Miller of the olden times. Dr. Jorten used often to regret that he had not made a collection of all the *bon mots* of the philosopher that he had met with in the course of his studies. Many of them have been put in the mouths of later wits as will be evident by referring to the pages of any budget of wit, and then to the ancient historians who have treated of the sage of the tub. I have, in some work, met with thirty or forty witticisms ascribed to him, strung together, but the following is not, I think, in it. Once seeing an unskilful archer vainly endeavouring to hit the mark, he went and sat down before it. When his friends asked him the reason, he replied, "for fear he should hit me."

SCIPIO NASICA.

It is a trite observation, that wit is often a misfortune to the possessor. Scipio Nasica lost his election for the ædileship (so we are informed by Valerius Maximus in his tenth book) by inquiring of one of his voters whose hands were hard and dirty through rustic labour, "whether he used his hands or his feet in walking." The citizen was so enraged that he gave his vote against him, and his companions following his example, gained the office for Scipio's rival.

A SEA GREEN BALLOON.

A GENTLEMAN reading in the newspaper, a few days ago, that Mr. Charles Green's balloon had escaped from its guidance and fled to the ocean, commented on the circumstance with some surprise. "For my part," rejoined a wag, "I think it nothing extraordinary that Mr. C. Green's balloon should clope towards the green sea."

PLAIN ALL OVER.

A PERSON commenting on Mrs. Bland's style of singing in *Madge*, observed, that one of its principal merits, and in which its chief beauty consisted, was its being surprisingly plain. "In that case," said a friend, "she may lay claim to beauty also, for I'll be hanged if her face isn't the plainest in London."

P'S. AND Q'S.

AN eminent lexicographer who hated the letter O, and boasted he could do any thing with the English language, formed a design of banishing it as an interjection,

and introducing Q in its stead. "It is ridiculous," said he, "to suppose that we derive the custom from the nature of saying, O, when we experience pain or pleasure. If it were I could not have conquered it as I have done; at present on the occurrence of any unexpected evil I shriek Q." To prove this, he gave himself a few slight strokes on the arm, saying each time "Q, Q, Q," but his friend observing they were by no means either hard or unexpected, gave him a hearty good thump on the head, at which the astounded lexicographer un-awares bellowed "O," and destroyed his theory.

NO FLATTERER.

A FEW days ago an author on calling at his bookseller's was informed by the worthy bibliopole that he did not intend to publish the new work he had just submitted to his inspection. "Why," said the hurt scribbler, "what is the matter with it, does it contain, in your opinion, anything offensive to public morals?" "On the contrary, it recommends virtue in every page." "What, do you think it calculated to offend any great men?" "Not in the least." "Why then do you reject it?" "Because it is excessively stupid, and the man that wrote it can be no better than an idiot." It is said that the author left the shop, foaming at the mouth. The above is a fact.

NOTHING BUT GOOD AFTER DEATH.

TWO of a formidable gang of Irish thieves being taken and condemned to die, great apprehensions were entertained by their comrades lest they should split. The captain accordingly obtained admission to them the night before their execution, and said that the gang had united in a subscription to give them in case they should keep the secret till they were hung, a snug little cottage for the rest of their lives.

AWKWARD LAW.

CHARONDAS, legislator of Thurium, an ancient Grecian colony, made a law, that if any one proposed the abrogation of any of the old laws, he should do so with a rope round his neck, if he succeeded it was to be taken off with honour, if not, the unlucky senator was to be forthwith "hauled up to the yard-arm." How would some of our modern members of parliament look if this law was in force in England?

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

IN ancient times, when a town was besieged that had good hopes of defending itself with success, a law was generally

proposed that the first man that spoke of surrender should be hanged. A magistrate who carried one of these *leges duræ* by a casting vote, suddenly recollected on seeing the enemy advance to a certain gate, that he had left it unlocked the night before, he having been entrusted with the key. "Some traitor has betrayed us," he exclaimed, "we must unavoidably surrender." The words had scarcely proceeded from his mouth ere he was dangling from the battlements, in consequence of the law he himself had carried.

EVERARD ENDLESS.

JUVENILE WIT; OR, THE POSER POSED.

(For the Mirror.)

A PEDANT, to perplex a child,
Asked, "Where is God?"—The pupil smiled—
Embarrass'd not a jot;
For God's ubiquity he knew,—
So straight replied, "I'll tell when you
Tell me where he is not."

W. H.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE SKELLIG ROCKS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE Skellig Rocks, though once celebrated as the resort of religious pilgrims, are now seldom visited for the objects of prayer and penance. Weary, and often dangerous, were the journeys made by the Irish peasant, in atonement for transgression; the doctrine of his church recommended such pilgrimages, and they were zealously performed.

Few places, indeed, could have been selected more difficult of approach, or, when gained, with less of worldly attraction than the Skellig Rocks. Situated nearly three leagues from the extreme south-west point of Ireland, the stormy waves of the Atlantic often rendered access impossible; even when the sea was calm, their rugged and precipitous forms frowned destruction on the little bark beneath, and the sea-fowl fluttered and screamed, "as with warning voice, around them." Verdure there was none to soothe the eye of the weary pilgrim; all was nakedness and barren rock, towering above the ceaseless roar of waters. Yet here, on the most fearful points of these inhospitable crags, hither in succeeding ages crowded those whose creed induced the conviction that such toil aided "the

sighing of a contrite heart." Here still remain—

—"Religion's cells, that still outbrave
The force of tempests, and the weight of days,
Yet, in each wall Time's busy finger plays,
Marking its slow, but no less certain, doom,
On man's proud works. On man himself he
preys,
To him he gives but fitting hours to bloom,
And, sparing none, lays dust to dust within the
tomb."

1. This once celebrated pilgrimage is now seldom performed, except by the traveller, whose curiosity may urge him to the visit; but there are few who, beyond the luxurious wildness of Killarney, venture to explore the ruder scenery of Kerry.

The recollection of a recent visit to the Skelligs may be worth preserving, as, in a short time, those vestiges of antiquity will probably disappear before the hand of modern improvement, as the Ballast Board of Dublin have determined on the erection of a light-house, preparations for which are actively going forward.

The great Skellig consists of two peaks, which shoot nearly perpendicularly upwards in proud companionship; the highest, said to be seven hundred and ten feet above the sea, the other, five hundred and sixty. The lesser Skellig, distant about a mile from the greater one, presents a bold and more lengthy outline, singularly studded with fantastic brooks and points.

Such is their distant effect. On approaching the greater Skellig (at whose base our masted boat appeared an inconsiderable speck), the rushing sound of the waves dashing themselves into showers of white spray, and the shrill cry of birds, echoed from the wave-worn caves, came on the ear with a terrific and almost overpowering noise.

Upon ledges of inaccessible rock, countless rows of gulls and puffins were seen perched with extraordinary regularity, braiding the side of the rock, like strings of pearl upon dark hair; to nothing else could I compare the sight. The innumerable quantity of sea-fowl, which literally jostle each other, led to a strange belief, that the great Skellig possesses a certain attraction, which draws down all birds that would fly over it, and obliges them to alight and remain upon it; this is the tradition related by the boatmen, and confirmed by the authority of Dr. Keating—the historian of Ireland!

We were fortunate in gaining the landing-place with less than common exertion, although more than one wave broke over the boat. The sea was said to be unusually calm; yet, without the assistance of a rope, thrown to us from one of

the cliffs, it is doubtful if we could have reached it. From the landing-place, irregular flights of steps led up by the side of the rock, in the formation of which, no advantage presented by Nature had been neglected; these steps were by no means easy of ascent, and in some places frightfully overhung the water, without a protecting rail. A cross, about four feet in height, formed in the rudest manner from a common flag-stone, was reared at the most unsafe passes, to mark a fitting station for prayer. But modern pilgrims, if I may judge by my own sensations, will feel inclined rather to pass on without ceremony, than to pause and pray before them. For such, however, to complain of the ruggedness and horror of the path, is unjust to former devotees, as a boatman, who remembered it before the commencement of the present works, expressed his surprise at the "smooth and elegant stairs" which had been made.

On the summit of the lowest peak, the superintendent of the works had his temporary abode, surrounded by eight or nine little stone cells, in shape resembling beehives. These cells, respectively dedicated to different saints, were termed chapels, and were crowded together as the irregularity of the rock admitted, without order or arrangement, which in a degree might have been effected. The largest cell or chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, could not contain a dozen persons, if it had flat gable ends, in outline, like a Gothic arch, and side walls, with a corresponding curve; within was an altar of coarse stone, above which hung an unskillful representation of the crucifixion, carved in wood; and upon the altar lay the upper part of a human skull, much decomposed. Near this chapel a walled recess was pointed out, as a well of fresh spring-water—certainly remarkable from its situation—but the supply could not be abundant, as it contained, when we saw it, only some alimy moisture. The other chapels being converted into depositories for gunpowder, to be used in blasting the rock, farther than exterior examination was impossible; their construction, however, appeared similar, and consisted of stones curiously dovetailed together, without mortar or cement of any kind.

The apartment of the superintendent we found decorated with numerous festoons of egg-shells, which had a singular and really imposing effect. Here we saw a small bronze figure of our Saviour, about four inches in height, found by the workmen in excavating.

Beneath the windows of the apartment was a confined spot, covered with withered grass, which the slight coat of soil seemed

unable to support; this place was called the burial-ground, and two or three trifling mounds were to be seen, not larger than those of an infant's grave. Legendary tales record that Irr (to whose father, Milesius, the colonization of Ireland is ascribed) was shipwrecked and buried here:—

"Irr lost his life upon the western main,
Skellig's high cliffs the hero's bones contain."

The boatman, who acted as guide, would doubtless have favoured us with much of legendary lore, had he not perceived the absolute necessity of a speedy departure. The sky, since our landing, had gradually become overcast with dark masses of clouds, the sea-birds shrieked louder and more wildly than before, and everything foreboded a storm. We descended in haste, and, seizing the opportunity of the fall of the water, sprung into the boat, which we soon rejoiced to see clear of these rocks. This abrupt termination of our visit allowed no time to ascend the higher peak, which it is probable we might have wanted nerve to perform; the writer, therefore, ventures to transcribe, in an abridged form, Dr. Smith's account of this awful pilgrimage.

After visiting the cells or chapels, the pilgrim proceeds to the highest point of the rock, part of which ascent is performed by squeezing through a hollow passage, termed the needle's eye, resembling the funnel or shaft of a chimney. On surmounting this obstacle, he arrives at a small flat space, about a yard broad, which slopes down both sides of the rock to the ocean. On the farther side of this flat, which, from its narrowness on the top, is a kind of isthmus, the ascent is gained by climbing up a smooth sloping rock, leaning out only a very little, and called the Stone of Pain, from the labour of scrambling up, with no other assistance than a few shallow holes cut in it, as places to fix the hands and feet in. This kind of sloping wall is about twelve feet high, and there is much danger in mounting it; for if a person should slip, he might tumble on either side of the isthmus headlong into the sea. When this is passed, the remaining part of the way up to the summit is much less difficult. On the top are two stations to be visited, marked by stone crosses; the first is called the Eagle's Nest, probably from its extreme height—this pinnacle is easily gained by the help of some steps cut in the rock; but getting to the second station, which is called the Spindle, or Spit, is attended with the utmost peril. The Spindle, or Spit, is a long narrow fragment, projecting from this frightful height over the waves that fret and rage beneath.

It is walked to by a path only two feet in breadth, and several steps in length. Here the devotees, women as well as men, get astride on the rock, and so edge forward, until they arrive at a stone cross, which some bold adventurer formerly cut on its extreme end, and there, having repeated a paternoster, conclude the penance. The return and descent is but a repetition of these horrors.

The Amulet.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR;

A new Song of Ancient Pistol's, by Horatio Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses."

ONE day as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,
A puppy he cried out, "Pistol! you're a coward though a bragger."
Now, this was an indignity no gentleman could take, sir!
So I told him pat and plump,—"You lie!—under a mistake, sir!"
Fools may be fool-hardy, still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!
Said I, "Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your ruin;"
Then forth he popped his knuckles, and gave my nose a screwing:
"Zounds and fury!" bellows I, "there's no bearing this at all, sir!"
So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue—the wall, sir!
Fools may be fool-hardy, but men like me are wiser,
And if I get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!
I told him for his insolence I must have satisfaction,
When he gave me such a kick, that it drove me to distraction;
My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder,
That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knocked—under!
Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!

Friendship's Offering.

KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

MORELLI.

LORD COWPER, it appears, was the great patron of Morelli, who was in the early part of his life his lordship's volante, or running footman.

One night, when going to bed, his Lordship's attention was attracted by some one singing an air from an opera then in vogue; the person was seated on the steps of a church, opposite to his

Lordship's palace; the prodigious quality of the voice, the fine ear and excellent taste displayed, astonished his Lordship. He ordered his valet to inquire who the extraordinary performer could be. The valet replied, "that he knew very well; it was young Giovanni, one of his Lordship's volantes. His ear for music is so perfect," said the valet, "that whatever he hears he catches instantly: he often sings to the servants, and is the delight of us all." The following morning, Giovanni was ushered into his Lordship's breakfast-room, where he sang several songs, in a style and with execution to surprise him still more! His Lordship ordered Signor Mansoli, Signor Verolli, and Camproni, Maestro di Capella to the Grand Duke, to hear him; they all declared it the finest voice they had ever heard, and that he only wanted instruction to become the very first bass singer in the world! "Then," said Lord Cowper, "that he shall not want long—from this moment I take him under my protection, and he shall have the best instruction Italy can afford."

His Lordship kept his word; and for two years Morelli had the first masters that money could procure. At the end of that time, he was engaged as primo buffo at Leghorn. He then went the round of all the principal theatres with great *ecolat*. At the Teatro de La Valle, in Rome, he was perfectly idolized, often singing at the Carnival. He was engaged at the Pergola theatre; and his success, on his return to Florence, was triumphant indeed! I have often heard him say, that the proudest day of his life was that on which his former master, Lord Cowper, invited him to dine with him.

MOZART.

MOZART was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard-table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige; but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made he instantly left off.

Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" was first produced at Vienna, and its reception

was such as might be expected. Kelly was one of the original performers in it, and the only one now living.

It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening; he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera—you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, *Crudel perche finora farmi languire così*. A more delicious *morceau* never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember, at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked-hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, *Non piu andrai, for fallone amoroso*, Bennuci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, "Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci!" and, when Bennuci came to the fine passage, *Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar*, which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself—for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo! Bravo maestro! Viva! Viva grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

SHERIDAN.

KEMBLE came to him one evening, and they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury-Lane Theatre, and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble

still kept on saying, "Indeed we must seek for novelty, or the theatre must sink—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it."

"Then," replied Sheridan with a smile, "if you want novelty, act Hamlet, and have music played between your pauses."

Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time was this, a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit-door, and tendered half-price. The money-taker told him that the third act was only then begun.

The gentleman, looking at his watch, said, it must be impossible, for that it was then half-past nine.

"That is very true, Sir," replied the money-taker, "but recollect Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night."

NEAPOLITAN LAZZARONI.

KELLY was at Naples during the memorable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in 1779, and he relates a singular instance of priestly influence over the Lazzaroni, who demanded of the archbishop to give up their wooden patron saint, St. Januario, that they might place him near the volcano, in order to suppress it. The archbishop refused, and the Lazzaroni finding themselves disappointed, held a council, and I saw them in an immense body march to Pausilippo; whither the king and queen had retired, determined to force the king to order the saint to be given up to them. The king appeared on the balcony to address them, but in vain; the queen also (*enceinte*) came forward, but without avail. The royal guard and a Swiss regiment were ordered to disperse them; but they were not to be intimidated, for neither entreaties nor menaces could divert them from their purpose. "The saint! the saint! give us up our saint!" was the universal cry. Just as popular fury was at its height, a man appeared, whom, the moment they saw, the wolves became lambs; the mob fell on their knees bare-headed and in total silence. He addressed them in the following conciliatory manner:—

"What do you come here for, ye infamous scoundrels? Do ye want to disturb our saint, in his holy sanctuary, by moving him? Think ye, ye impious rascals, that if St. Januario had chosen to have the mountain silent, ere this, he would not have commanded it to be so? Hence! to your homes, ye vagrants! away! be off! lest the saint, enraged at your infamous conduct, should order the earth to open and swallow you up."

This soothing speech, aided by a kick

to one, and a knock on the head to another (fairly dealt to all within his reach), dispersed them without a single murmur! So that what the supplication of their sovereign, backed by the soldiery, could not effect, was accomplished by one man, armed, indeed, with superstition, but with nothing else!

This man was Father Rocco, well known to have possessed the most unbounded power over the lower orders in Naples; of no saint in the calendar (St. Januario excepted) did they stand in such awe as of Father Rocco. He was a sensible shrewd man, and used the power he possessed with great discretion. He was much in the confidence of Chevalier Acton, and the other ministers.

Previous to his time, assassinations were frequent at night in the streets, which were in utter darkness; and the government dared not interfere to have them lighted, lest they should offend the Lazzaroni; but Father Rocco undertook to do it. Before each house in Naples there is a figure of a Madonna, or some saint; and he had the address to persuade the inhabitants that it was a mortal sin to leave them in the dark.

MADAME CATALANI.

AT Bangor Madame Catalani heard the Welsh harp for the first time. The old blind harper of the house was in the kitchen: thither she went, and seemed delighted with the wild and plaintive music which he played; but when he struck up a Welsh jig, she darted up before all the servants in the kitchen, and danced as if she were wild. I thought she never would have finished, and, on quitting the kitchen, gave the harper two guineas.

SON MOT OF LORD LYTTELTON.

THE celebrated and witty Lord Lyttelton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a barge to see the ceremony of the Doge wedding the proud Adriatic. They had on board with them a *laquais de place*, a talkative fellow making a plaguy noise, explaining everything that was going on. This unfortunate Ciccone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea; the loquacious lacquey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my Lord, look, look, the Doge has married the sea!"

"Has he," replied Lord Lyttelton, "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit;" and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet; he was taken up immediately, without

having received any injury beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THE Duke of Norfolk had a happy knack of telling a story. One, I remember, he told us with great *naïveté* :—

Amongst his Grace's owls at Arundel Castle, was one which was named Lord Thurlow, from an imaginary likeness between the bird and his Lordship. One morning, when the Duke was closeted with his solicitor, with whom he was in deep consultation upon some electioneering business, the old owl-keeper knocked at the library door, and said, "My Lord, I have great news to give you grace."

"Well," said the Duke, "what is it?"

"Why, my Lord," said the man, "Lord Thurlow has laid an egg this morning."

Not recollecting at the moment that the owl had been nick-named "Lord Thurlow," the Duke was not a little astonished; and until the keeper explained, the solicitor was dreadfully scandalized by such an audacious calumny upon a noble Lord, who had been so long upon the woolsack.

ARIOSTO.

ARIOSTO (the mad poet) one day passing a potter's shop in Ferrara, heard the owner singing a stanza of the Orlando Furioso. He listened, and found that the potter mangled it miserably, rendering a most beautiful passage rank nonsense. This so enraged the poet, that having a stick in his hand, he broke everything he could reach. When the poor devil of a potter remonstrated with him for destroying the property of a poor man who had never done him any injury, he replied, "'Tis false; you have done me injury; you have murdered my verses, and I have caught you in the fact. When pressed to pay the poor man for his property, his only answer was, 'Let him learn to sing my poetry, and I will leave alone his pottery.'"

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

APHORISMS FROM MENU.

HOSPITALITY.

Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and, fourthly, affectionate speech, are at no time deficient in the mansions of the good (although they may be indigent).

No guest must be dismissed (who comes) in the evening by a house-keeper;

he is sent by a retiring sun; and, whether he come in fit season or unseasonably, he must not sojourn in the house without entertainment.

Let not himself eat any delicate food without asking his guest to partake of it; the satisfaction of a guest will assuredly bring the house-keeper wealth, reputation, long life, and a place in heaven.

Even to a merchant (*vaisya*) or a labourer (*sudra*) approaching his house in the manner of guests, let him (a bramin) give food, showing marks of benevolence at the same time with his domestics.

Let him take care, to the utmost of his power, that no guest sojourn in his house unhonoured with a seat, with food, with a bed, with water, with esculent roots, and with fruit.

DUTIES OF RULERS.

LET the king prepare a just compensation for the good, and a just punishment for the bad; the rule of strict justice let him never transgress.

Holy sages consider, as a fit dispenser of criminal justice, that king who invariably speaks truth, who duly considers all cases, who understands the sacred books, who knows the distinctions of virtue, pleasure, and riches;

Such a king, if he justly inflict legal punishments, greatly increases those three means of happiness; but punishment itself shall destroy a king who is crafty, voluptuous, and wrathful.

Just punishment cannot be inflicted by an ignorant and covetous king, who has no wise and virtuous assistant, whose understanding has not been improved, and whose heart is addicted to sensuality.

What a king has not gained (from his foe), let him strive to gain; what he has acquired, let him preserve with care; what he preserves, let him augment; and what he has augmented, let him bestow on the deserving.

That prince, of whose weighty secrets all assemblies of men are ignorant, shall attain dominion over the whole earth, though he possess no treasure.

At noon, or at midnight, when his fatigues have ceased, and his cares are dispersed, let him deliberate with his ministers or alone.

Perfectly let him consider the state of his kingdom, both present and future, with the good and bad part of all his actions.

That king shall never be overcome by his enemies who foresees the good and evil to ensue from his measures; who, on present occasions, takes his resolution with prudent speed, and who weighs the various events of his past conduct.

Let him consider the business to be expedited, the expedients collectively, and himself, who must apply them; and, taking refuge completely in those three, let him strenuously labour for his own prosperity.

Understanding what is expedient or inexpedient, but (in a court of justice) considering only what is law or not law, let him examine all disputes between parties in the order of their several classes.

Neither the king himself, nor his officers, must ever promote litigation; nor ever neglect a law-suit instituted by others.

As a hunter traces the lair of a beast by the drops of blood, thus let a king investigate the true point of justice by deliberate arguments.

A king who inflicts punishment on such as deserve it not, and inflicts no punishment on such as deserve it, brings infamy on himself while he lives, and shall sink, when he dies, to a region of torment.

Let no king, how indigent soever, take any thing which ought not to be taken; nor let him, how wealthy soever, decline taking that which he ought to take, be it ever so small.

Be it known, that a monarch, who pays no regard to the scriptures, who denies a future state, who acts with rapacity, who protects not his people, yet swallows up their possessions, will sink low indeed (after death).

Those ministers who are employed in public affairs, and, inflamed by the blaze of wealth, mar the business of any person concerned, let the king strip of all their property.

Whatever business has been concluded illegally by his ministers, or by a judge, let the king himself re-examine.

By protecting such as live virtuously, and by rooting up such as live wickedly, those kings, whose hearts are intent on the security of their people, shall rise to heaven.

Thus conducting himself, firm in discharging his royal duties, let the king employ all his ministers in acts beneficial to his people.

Asiatic Journal.

THE MILITARY CHARACTER OF PRUSSIA.

IF France is the dressing-room of Europe, Prussia is unquestionably its barrack-yard. Nothing that is other than military is held valuable. The remaining classes are merely considered as the camp followers and sutlers of an immense army; but the army itself—*parlez moi de ça!*—it would repay you for the sea-

sickness in his Majesty's packet, the odour of the Blanknesse herring-boat, and the dreary journey through Mechlenburgh, to be present at a single parade. The admirable equipment, perfect carriage, and discipline of the straight, military-looking men, the *air chevaleresque* of their officers, and the almost incredible precision of their movements, have never been attained by any other army in Europe.

The mode of recruitment is well adapted to the preservation of a great military force. Every male subject of twenty is liable to serve* in a regiment of the line for three years; after which he is transferred to the embodied Landwehr for the same period; and finally he is discharged, on condition of assembling with the Local Landwehr for thirty days' service in each year. Formerly the nobles entered the army as officers, but they have lately lost that last remaining privilege, and commencing their career as cadets, must pass the same rigid examinations for every grade, as others who are not "Herr Von," and consequently "Hochvolgeborn."

London Magazine.

* Students, merchants, clerks, &c. are only obliged to serve for one year.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXX.

BASIL, PRINCE OF NOVOGOROD.

BOGUSLAS, prince of Novogorod, was eighty years old when he died; having reigned sixty years, and latterly in great tranquillity. Basil, his only son, was about twenty. Freed on a sudden from the yoke of paternal authority, and subjected only to the guardianship of a mother who worshipped him, he soon gave a loose rein to dispositions which were naturally boisterous. He spent whole days in the street, entering into the games and sports of the men and grown boys: but woe to the one with whom he grappled in earnest; the hand which he squeezed was crushed for ever, and the head which he struck could think no more.

The inhabitants of Novogorod did not like these sports of their young prince; and the older *posadniks* (municipal officers) assembled in the town-hall to deliberate. After the session, they went to the mother of Basil, and said to her—"Thou art a worthy woman, Amelfa Timofeiewna; watch better over the conduct of thy dear boy, Basil, son of Boguslas, that he may not pass his days in

'mischievous strife; already his sports have cost lives to our city.'" This harangue vexed the good lady Amelfa; but she promised the *posadniks* that she would take better care of young Basil, made them a low courtesy, and saw them to the door. She next sent for her son, and spoke to him thus—"In the name of God, my dear boy, do not run about, and enter into the sports of the men and the youths. You have the strength of a knight, but you do not know the use of it. The hand which you squeeze is crushed for ever, and the head which you strike can think no more. The people are displeased, and the *posadniks* have come to me with complaints. If a revolt should happen, what could we do? You have no father to protect you; I am but a widow; the inhabitants of Novogorod are very numerous; my dear son, take your mother's advice, and, as you are strong be merciful."

Basil, the son of Boguslas, listened quietly to the remonstrance of his mother, and when she had finished, he bowed and said—"My dear mother, I care neither for the *posadniks* nor for the people of Novogorod; but I care much for your good advice, and I promise you not to go into the streets and play with the men and the boys. But how shall I amuse myself, and try the strength of my arm? I was not born to sit behind the stove, nor was the strength of a nobleman given to me for nothing. When my time comes I will humble the *posadniks*, and all the Russias shall bow before me. But as yet I am your ward. Let me then choose myself companions, among whom I may try the strength of my arm. Give me some mead and strong beer, that I may invite the strong and the bold, and find friends worthy of me."

The lady Amelfa Timofeiewna granted his request. On each side of the castle-gate was placed a huge barrel, one of mead, and one of strong beer, and to each was chained a golden cup; and a herald stood by with a trumpet, crying—"He that would eat and drink his fill, he that would wear a pelisse cloak, he that would get money to spend, let him enter the castle of Basil, son of Boguslas; but first let him weigh his strength; Basil will put it to the proof, and receive only the strong and the bold." Thus cried the heralds from morn to eve, but nobody gave heed.

Meanwhile, Basil sat looking through the grate of his chamber, to see whether any comrades came to him. Still nobody asked for a draught out of the golden cups. At length, towards night, Fomushka, the tall, walked up to the gate.

He struck with his knuckle the barrel of oak, and filled the golden cup with a gush of mead, which he emptied at a draught. When Basil saw this, he descended from his apartment into the court where Fomushka stood, went up to him, and gave him with his fist a sounding blow behind the right ear. Fomushka did not stir, his stiff black curls seemed not to have yielded to the stroke. At this the heart of the prince leaped for joy. He took Fomushka by the hand, and led him up stairs into the gilded chamber. Then he embraced him; and they both swore, on the honour of knights, to be for ever comrades and brothers in arms, to live and die for one another, to eat of the same dish, and to drink out of the same cup. Then Basil made him sit down at the oaken table, and gave him, after meat, sugared fruits from the south.

The next morning, as Basil was looking out of his grated window to see whether any one came to drink out of his tun, he beheld Bogdanushka, the little, who went up to the butt of beer, kicked off the golden cup, and lifting the tub with both hands to his mouth, emptied it.—Then the young prince called Fomushka. They went down together into the court as far as the gate, and both ran their spears against the head of Bogdanushka; but their lances shivered to splinters against his skull, and Bogdanushka never flinched. Then they took him by the hand, and led him through the wide court, up the grand stair-case, into the gilded chamber, where all three embraced, and swore to each other fidelity and fraternity unto death.

Presently the news spread that Basil, son of Boguslas, had chosen for his companions the bravest of the young men, and lived fraternally with them. The posadniks were troubled at this, and assembled at the town-hall to deliberate. After they had taken their places, the sage Tshoudin advanced into the middle of the hall, bowed to the four sides, and, stroking his long beard, thus began—“Hear, posadniks of Novogorod, and all you of the Slavonian people who are here together. You know that our country is without a head, while our prince is a minor; and that, until he is ripe of years and reason, we are masters of Novogorod and its territory. This young man, who is destined one day to reign over us, promises nothing good. Scarcely has he passed his childhood, when he displays an impetuous character; his very sports are cruel; already he has made widows and orphans; now he is collecting about him the boldest of the young, and living fraternally with them. Can this be with good intentions? This it behoves us to

learn. Let us then order a feast, and invite the young prince, so we shall see his temper, and that of the country. We will offer him wine. If he drinks not he is to be suspected—he has projects to conceal; if he drinks, we shall know his mind; in wine there is truth. Should we perceive that his intentions are not good, we must strike off his head. Other princes are to be found in Russia, from among whom we may choose; and were there none, we could do without them.”

Then all the posadniks arose, and bowed before the sage Tshoudin, and cried with one voice, “Thy speech is wise; be it done as thou hast said.”

The next day, at break of dawn, were begun the preparations for the feast. Tables of oak were arrayed in the town-hall, and white cloths were spread over them. Meat was roasted in the oven, and sugared wares were bought of the merchants. Along the walls, and round about the room were barrels of mead, and beer, and wine, and by each a cup of gold, or of silver, or of polished wood. When all was ready, the posadniks were deputed to the castle to invite the princess and her son.

When the good lady Amalfa Timofeiewna had heard their message, she answered in the following manner: “Sports and dances become me no longer. When I was the bride of Boguslas I came to your feast; but now that my life is closing, a lonely room suits me best, where I can offer my nightly prayer. My son is young, be contented if he adorns your feast.”

Then the posadniks went to the young prince, and begged him to come. He answered, “I should like to come, if my mother deems it right;” and having asked her leave, she granted it. But she gave her son good advice how to behave amid the treacherous posadniks, whom she knew but too well. “Drink, my son,” said she, “but do not drink too much. The posadniks are cunning, and want to put you to the proof. Be on your guard; and if they begin to vaunt their riches and their shrewdness, let them boast on, and do you boast of nothing. Above all, be affable, and hurt no one by neglect or scorn.” After these words she embraced Basil, who went to the feast.

The posadniks received him at the bottom of the staircase of the town-hall, and accompanied him into the hall, and offered him the place of honour. Basil said, “No,” and seated himself at the bottom of the table, “as young men should do,” he observed. Then the posadniks took him under the arms, and dragged him to the upper end of the table.

"Here," they said, "your father was wont to sit, learn to sit here likewise." Then they offered him a cup of sweet wine. Basil drank, and ate of their meats and comfits, but sat still and silent as a young girl.

By degrees the posadniks began to grow merry, and to talk, and to glorify themselves. One boasted of his horse, another of his wife, another of his money, another of his strength, another of his shrewdness; and at last all began to talk at once, and each heard only his own voice of praise. But Basil, son of Boguslas, did not follow the example, he let them boast on, and sat still. Then the wise Tshoudin, and the rich Satka, addressed him in these words, "Why do you sit silent, Prince, you have much cause to boast, and yet say nothing?" The Prince answered modestly: "Posadniks, you are considerable and respectable men, to you it belongs to speak boldly and freely. How can I, young and an orphan, have anything from which I can claim merit before you? The gold I possess is not of my acquiring. My turn will come some day, and then I may talk like others."

The posadniks were surprised at an answer so modest and discreet, and began to talk one with another in half whispers. When their sentiments were ascertained, Tshoudin filled a great cup of strong wine, and offered it to the young prince, saying, "Let him empty this cup, who loves the great Novogorod, and the Slavonian nation."

This time Basil could not avoid to drink, he therefore took the cup, and drained it to the bottom. But now, when the posadniks recommenced their boasting, the wine operated on the young Prince, and he said, "Hearken, you conceited fellows, know who Basil is, the son of Boguslas, and hold your tongues. Basil is the Lord of Russia, and the whole Slavonian nation owes him allegiance, and Novogorod owes him tribute, and the posadniks are to bend before him."

At these words the posadniks became angry; they sprang from their seats, and called out at once, "No, thou shalt not reign over Russia, nor will we bend before thee. Thou art impetuous and cruel. We want no such ruler, therefore go out of our town at break of day, and out of our shire by set of sun, or we will compel thee to it."

"I fear neither you nor any one," replied Basil; "collect the forces of Novogorod—I defy them; we will see whether you can compel me to quit my country. Mine it is by birthright, and mine it shall remain until death. Novogorod and the Slavonian nation belong to me,

and you are all my subjects." At these words he arose, crossed the crowd of affrighted posadniks, which opened to give him passage, and thus he left the banquet at the town-hall.

After his departure, the posadniks began to recover from their astonishment. They made merry with the threatenings of the angry boy, as they affected to call him, and resolved to collect the troops of the city, and to expel him on the next day. "His young bones," said Satka, "shall bleach on the heath. How should a child be a match for us?"

The alarm-bell rang in all the city, and the men who were of age to bear arms were mustered in the market-place. When the good lady Amalfa Timofeiewna heard this, she inquired the motive; and when she learnt that Basil son of Boguslas had angered the posadniks by his bold words, she went to his room, and blamed him for his rashness: but perceiving that he was still drunk, she led him into a cool cellar, and bade him sleep there until he was sober. Amalfa Timofeiewna then went to her treasures, and took out a golden cup, and placed in it rings, bracelets, and gorgets set with jewels. Accompanied by women, she then proceeded to the town-hall, where the posadniks were collected. She entered the hall, bowed low, placed her cup on the table, and with soothing words endeavoured to engage the posadniks to pardon in her son the ebullitions of youth and drunkenness. "If you make no allowance for his years, surely some is due to the memory of his father's virtues, who was so long and justly dear to the great Novogorod." These humble words served only to increase the pride of the posadniks, and they answered insolently—"Hence, old lady, with your jewels and your gold, we want them not; what have you to do with the quarrels of men? we will have the head of your turbulent boy."

The good lady then returned to the castle, shedding bitter tears, and ordered the gates to be shut to guard against events. On the next day, the posadniks marched with the city troops towards the castle, and summoned it to surrender. At length they broke down the gates, and the troops rushed into the court like waves of a swollen river, which had burst the bank that should confine its course. At the noise of weapons and the cry of soldiers Basil, son of Boguslas, awoke in his cellar. He sprang on his alert feet, and, finding the door fastened, broke it with a blow of his fist. In two leaps he was in the court. Being without arms, he seized on a balk that stood at hand, and began to strike with it the inha-

blights of Novogorod. His terrible weapon deals fatal blows, aright and left; the citizen-soldiers fly before their sovereign. Fomushka and Bogdanushka collect comrades, and drive before them the Novogorodians. The young blood of Basil boils; and he does not hear the cry for quarter, until the fugitives are stopped by the impetuous stream of the Volchowa.

The posadniki now abandon the field of battle, and assemble in the town-hall. They take a golden cup, filled with rings and jewels, and walk to the castle to solicit an audience of the good lady Anaisa Timofeiewna; but they stop in the street opposite to her windows, not presuming now to enter the court. They bend to the ground their proud heads, and cry in a plaintive tone—"O! our queen and our mother, take pity on us; we have angered thy son, our sovereign, do not forsake us! Basil, in his wrath, is making a desert of Novogorod: intercede for us that we may be spared." The princess heard, but turned not on them her lovely eyes; she sent word—"You have begun; you must finish. What has an old lady to do with the quarrels of men?"

The posadniki returned to the town-hall, and drew up a writing, submitting themselves and their posterity, and their city and country, to the son of Boguslas, and declared Basil to be sovereign of Novogorod and of all Russia. They gave him full power and authority to levy taxes; and with this act they returned to Fomushka and Bogdanushka, who now undertook to intercede for them. These knights were affected by the prayers of their countrymen, and cast away the clubs which they had employed in hostility. They took the writing of the posadniki, and holding it in the air they said—"Hail, Basil, son of Boguslas, hurt not thy subjects; the posadniki lay at thy feet their city and its domain; thou art absolute sovereign of Novogorod and its dependencies; here is the deed of cession." When they approached they knelt down, and the posadniki knelt down, before Basil; and the people followed their example, and all exclaimed—"God save our king Basil, son of Boguslas!"

Then the young prince curbed his anger, and suffered his strong arm to repose. He took the writing, and promised amnesty. They returned comforted from the river-side; and Basil reigned over Novogorod. His government was firm and fortunate; commerce spread, and industry thrived. Neither civil dissension nor foreign war troubled any more his sway, for all people abroad and at home feared Basil, son of Boguslas.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

UPON GIN.

My mother's gone to pop the clock,
My father's gone to take his "daffy,"
My brother's off with sister's frock,
And then he'll join my parents and
friend Taffy;
While I must sit at home the cradle to
rock:
They drink gin, and I drink *caffé*—
But never mind, dear Jack, we seldom
meet,
I've got a *tanner* left—with it we'll have
a treat.

"Oh, gin! blue ruin! daffy! or what
you will,"
My heart's delight, the chastest of all
care,
To thy eternity a bumper I will fill,
Of friends, *thee* and *my uncle* never
need despise;
How oft at Thompson's vaults, on Hol-
born-hill—
I've felt thy power, and did the Char-
ley's dare.
While I've a thing to pop I'll ne'er for-
sake thee,
If I do, I wish the — may take me.
TIMOTHY LOVE-A-DROP.

BON MOT.

"MOVE on," exclaimed a stockbroker to
a Jew that was before him in Lombard-
street, "your *two legs* take up the whole
width of the pavement." "Well," re-
plied the Jew, is that to be wondered at,
when you see it is only *two feet* wide?"
X.

ALL WEATHERS.

In England, if two are conversing to-
gether,
The subject begins with the state of the
weather;
And ever the same, both with young and
old,
'Tis either too hot, or either too cold;
'Tis either too wet, or either too dry;
The glass is too low, or else 'tis too high;
But if all had their wishes once jumbled
together,
The devil himself could not live in such
weather.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House), and sold
by all Newspaper and Bookellers.

The Mirror

OF

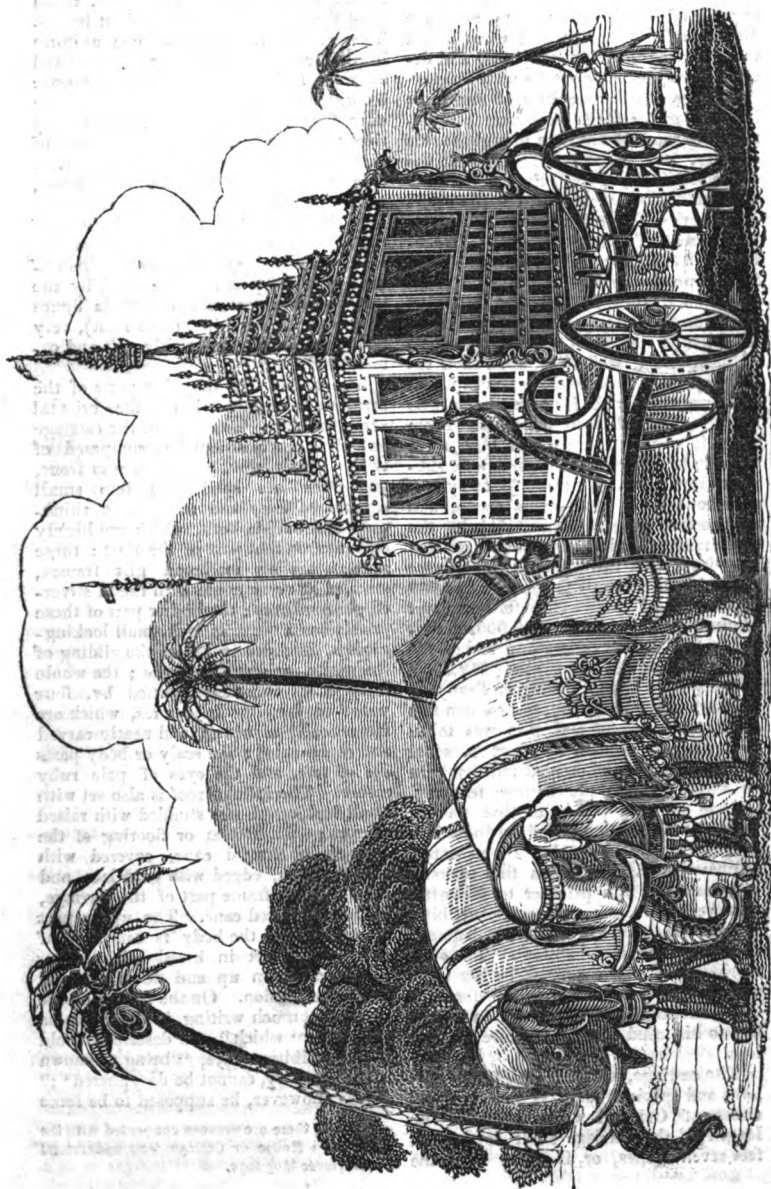
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Rath, or Burmese State Carriage.



THE wars of India have almost invariably been productive of great spoils, and there is many a family in England whose sole wealth has been derived from this source alone. The present contest, however, against the Burmese, is not we believe likely to yield so much to the victors, and what is gained will be at great expense of blood and treasure, since the Burmese fight bravely, and when forced to retreat carry off all they can, and destroy what they cannot take with them.

Among the few trophies of our arms in this war, the *Rath*, or Burmese Imperial state carriage has been brought to this country, and is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where the carriage of Bonaparte, taken at the battle of Waterloo, formerly attracted thousands of visitors. The Burmese carriage, together with the throne, which is studded with 20,000 precious stones, fell into the hands of Colonel Miles, in August, 1824, when he commanded an expedition which had for its object to run down the enemy's coast of Tenasserim, and seize upon their valuable ports. The carriage was captured at Tavoy, and with it the workmen who built it, and all their accounts. From these it appeared that it had been three years in building, that the gems were supplied from the king's treasury, or by contributions from the various states, and the workmen were remunerated by the government; independent of these two very important items, the expenses were stated in the accounts to have been 25,000 rupees (£3,125), and as the stones amount in number to no less than 20,000, it cannot be too high an estimate to reckon the whole cost at a lac of rupees (£12,500), which was its reputed value at Tavoy.

The Viceroy of Tavoy, from whom this carriage was taken, and who was taken prisoner, was a man of great personal strength, and of unbounded ferocity. In an incursion into the Siamese territory, he had taken a prince of that nation, whom he caused to be confined in an iron cage and starved to death. By an extraordinary coincidence, when this monster was conveyed as a prisoner to Calcutta, this very iron cage accompanied him. Retributive justice would have demanded him to be its inhabitant. The state carriage was also conveyed by the same vessel, and being constantly before his eyes, excited his savage rage by bringing to his mind the rich treasure he had lost.

The carriage, which is exhibited in a lofty and spacious room, is a curious specimen of Oriental workmanship. The length of the carriage itself is thirteen feet seven inches, or, if taken from the

extremity of the pole, twenty-eight feet five inches. Its width is six feet nine inches, and its height, to the summit of the *Tee*, or emblem of sovereignty, with which it is surmounted, nineteen feet two inches. The carriage body is five feet seven inches in length, by four feet six inches in width; and its height, taken from the interior, is five feet eight inches. The wheels, which are of one uniform height, remarkable for their lightness and elegance, and very peculiar from the mode by which the spokes are secured, measure only four feet two inches; the spokes richly silvered, are formed of a wood of extraordinary hardness, called in the East *iron wood*; the felloes are cased in brass, and the caps to the naves are of bell-metal, very elegantly designed. The pole is of the same hard material as the wheels, but remarkably heavy and massive. The extremity of the pole is surmounted by the head and fore part of a dragon (a figure of idolatrous worship in the East), very boldly executed, and richly gilt and ornamented.

The material of the other parts of the carriage is the wood of the oriental *sassafras* tree. The body of the carriage (which is nearly square) is composed of twelve panels, three on each face or front, and these are subdivided into small squares of clear and transparent rhinoceros and buffalo horn, which are highly estimated in that part of the East; these squares are set in broad gilt frames, studded at every angle with raised silvered glass mirrors; the higher part of these panels has a range of rich small looking-glasses, intended to reflect the gilding of the upper, or pagoda, stages; the whole body is set in, or supported by, four wreathed dragon-like figures, which are fantastically entwined, and neatly carved and ornamented; the scaly or body parts are of *talc*, and the eyes of pale ruby stones. The interior roof is also set with small looking-glasses studded with raised mirrors;—the bottom or flooring of the body is of matted cane, covered with crimson cloth, edged with gold lace, and the under, or frame part of the carriage, is also of matted cane. The upper part of each face of the body is composed of sash glasses, set in broad gilt frames, which are drawn up and down after the European fashion. On the frames of the glasses is much writing in the Burmese character, "which" the description sold at the exhibition says, "being unknown in this country, cannot be decyphered*;" it may, however, be supposed to be some

* Surely there are persons connected with the East India House or College who understand the Burmese language.

adulatory sentences to the "Golden Monarch" seated within. The body is staid by braces of leather, and the springs, which are of iron, richly gilt, differ not from the present fashionable C spring, now in general use in this country—though massive, they give to the carriage a motion peculiarly easy and agreeable. The steps merely hook on to the outside, and therefore must be carried by an attendant; they are light and elegant, formed of a gilt metal, with cane treads.*

On a gilt bar, before the front of the body with their heads towards the carriage, stand two Japanese peacocks, a bird which is held sacred by this superstitious people; the like number, similarly placed, are perched on a bar behind. On the fore part of the frame of the carriage, mounted on a silvered pedestal, in a kneeling position, is the *Tee*-bearer, with a lofty golden wand in his hands, surmounted with a small *Tee*, the emblem of sovereignty; he is richly dressed in green velvet, the front laced with jargoon diamonds, with a triple belt of precious stones round the body, consisting of blue sapphires very fine, emeralds, and jargoon diamonds; his leggings are also embroidered with sapphires. In the front of his cap is a rich cluster of gems the centre composed of white sapphires encircled with a double star of rubies and emeralds; the cap is likewise thickly studded with the carbuncle, a stone between the ruby and the garnet, little known to us, but in high estimation with the ancients. Behind are two figures, their lower limbs curiously tattooed, as is the custom with the Burmese.

But the most beautiful and imposing part of this magnificent object is the pagoda roof, with which it is surmounted. This is formed of seven stages, progressively diminishing in the most skillful proportions, until they terminate in the *tee*, the emblem of royalty, which is supported by a pedestal. Here the gilding is resplendent. The design and carving of the rich borders which ornament each stage are admirable, and these are studded with gems of every description and variety, many of them of extreme beauty and rarity. The greenish and purple amethysts which are set in the movable belts of the *tee*, are very large, and the

very summit of this emblem of royalty bears a small crystal banner which floats in the wind. Gilt metal bells surround the chief stage of the pagoda, as well as the *tee*, which, when the carriage is in motion, emit a soft and pleasing sound. To these bells are appended heart-shaped crystal drops, and at every angle will be seen a slight spiral gilt ornament, enriched with crystals and emeralds.

It is remarkable that the design of this pagoda roofing, as well as that of the great imperial palace, and of the state war-boat or barge, bears an exact similitude to the chief sacred temple at Shoenmadro. Every Eastern Bhuddish sovereign considers himself sacred, and alike to be worshipped with the deity itself—so that, seated on the throne in his palace, or journeying on warlike or pleasurable excursions in his carriage, he becomes an object of idolatry. This identification of religion and kingly power existed in the East, and in Assyria and Egypt, in the earliest ages, and is equally found in the states now existing.

The seat or throne, for the inside, is movable, so that when audience is given at any place the carriage may be destined to stop at, this throne can be taken out and used for the purpose. It is made of cane work, very richly gilt, folds in the centre, is covered by a velvet cushion, and the front is studded with almost every variety of precious stones including the onyx, cat's-eye, pearl, ruby, emerald, sapphire, both white and blue, coral, carbuncle, jargoon diamond, garnet, cornelian, &c., the whole being disposed and contrasted with taste, though very rudely set. The centre belt is particularly rich in stones, and the rose-like clusters or circles are uniformly composed of what is termed the stones of the orient; viz. pearl, coral, sapphire, cornelian, cat's-eye, emerald, and ruby. The same description of buffalo-horn panels, which adorn the body of the carriage, will be found very ornamental on this throne, at each end of which are niches for the reception of extraordinary jao-god figures, called Sing, a mythological lion, very richly carved and gilt; the feet and teeth of these creatures are of pearl, the bodices covered with sapphires, hyacinths, emeralds, tourmalines, carbuncles, jargoon diamonds, and rubies; the eyes being of a curious iri-coloured sapphire. There are also six carved and gilt figures in a praying or supplicatory attitude, which are placed on the throne; their eyes are rubies, their drop ear-rings cornelian, and their hair the light feather of the peacock.

The *chattah*, or umbrella, which overshadows the throne, is not so much seen

* Hearing that his Burmese Majesty was rather curious in his carriages, one was sent to him some few years since by our Governor-General, which failed in exciting his admiration—he said it was not so handsome as his own. Its having lamps rather pleased him, but he ridiculed other parts of it, particularly, that a portion so exposed to being soiled as the steps, should be folded and put up within side.

service, as for an emblem or representation of regal authority and power.

In order to convey some faint idea of the effect of the whole, two artificial elephants are yoked to the pole of the carriage, though the manner in which they are harnessed when they draw the state carriage is not known.

Our engraving, which is from an original drawing, gives a good view of this curious state carriage.

RIDDLES AND THEIR SOLUTIONS.

SINCE the commencement of the *MIRROR* to the present time, scarcely a week has passed without our receiving from correspondents one or more puzzles, in the shape of enigmas, rebuses, charades, conundrums, &c. These we have generally refused, on account of the numerous answers they would entail upon us in prose and verse. In No. CLXVI. of the *MIRROR* (not CLXIV. as we erroneously stated), we were, however, induced to give a string of riddles and conundrums, from an annual publication for 1825, in the hope that the *Œdipus*, who had put the ingenuity of his readers to the rack for twelve months, would at least gratify them with a solution in his volume for 1826; but there were "other rulers in Israel," and in this we were disappointed, we therefore, in No. CLXX. of the *MIRROR*, inserted the answers of a Correspondent; and we have since received so many letters on the subject, as will make us pause before we again meddle with riddles, except on particular occasions.

A lady, who signs her letter with the initials *E. H. B.* suggests that the answer to the third riddle—

"You eat me, you drink me, explain if you can,

"I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man."

is not a *medlar*, but a *toast*, which is certainly a better solution. The same answer is also given by *Œdipus*. The latter correspondent solves the fourth riddle, "Why is an underdone egg like one overdone?" by the answer "It is *hardly* done."

The 9th riddle, "What is the distinction between a lady and a looking-glass?" is answered by *E. H. B.* that "the one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking." Recollect, it is a lady writes this, for we should not say anything so derogatory to the sex. The following letter has also reached us on the subject:

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The solutions by *H. I. G.* of the riddles, &c. contained in your No. CLXVI. appearing to stand in great need of correction, I beg to hand you a few new solutions, and at the same time to request of your readers better answers or explanations to Nos. 6, and 20,* which, I must confess, baffle my attempts to expound them, although I cannot comprehend the solutions of your Correspondent. The solutions I speak of are,

No. 1. Every core has its kernel—(sc.) Every corps has its colonel.

No. 7. Adriatic—(sc.) A dry attic.†

No. 9. The one reflects, the other does not. N. B. This is explained in the well known epigram on a mirror:

"Just like the fickle sex I change, 'tis true,
But I reflect, that's more than women do."

In No. 5. Malta, being now governed by the Marquis of Hastings, the Ionian Islands may be substituted, as they are still governed by a knight. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
St. John's Wood, G. L.
December 6, 1825.

* With all due deference to our correspondent, the answer to No. 20. is strictly correct; and we are sure, unless he is weary of life, and he is eccentric in his wish for dying, he would rather that a lion should eat a tiger than eat him.—*Ed.*

† *Œdipus* gives the same solution.

CONWAY CASTLE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Conway Castle, of which you gave a bold and accurate engraving in No. CLXX. of your *MIRROR*, was a secret repository of many antiquities during the civil war in which the unfortunate Charles the First was engaged. Here he brought a quantity of plate and other valuables, and especially many fine paintings of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, to secure them, in his love for the fine arts, from his unreasonable enemies. They were not discovered until after the regicide; when Oliver Cromwell, to his eternal shame be it said, sold them to foreigners for sums by no means equal to their value.

G. W. N.

CONWAY CASTLE.

Suggested by a beautiful Sketch of it by Moonlight.

(COMMUNICATED BY E. W. D.)

High in the starry vault, midst fleecy clouds,
The full orb'd moon her brightest splendour gave,
Lay'd on the bosom of the whiten'd shrouds,
Kiss'd the bright oar, and trembled on the wave.

Soft blew the freshen'd breeze along the shore,
And not a sound disturb'd the pensive ear,
Save the low dash of yonder distant oar,
Or the faint billow gently breaking near.

In awful beauty, o'er the tranquil flood,
Her ancient tow'rs old Conway rais'd on high,
Majestic still in ruin'd pomp she stood,
The proud memorial of years gone by.

On her high battlements and turrets grey,
With fond delight the pensive moon-beam
smil'd,
And o'er the wreck of many a former day
Around their base in massy fragments pil'd.

A mild and partial light she gently threw,
And shew'd the blasted oak which stood beside,
Still unrefresh'd, though wet with eve's soft dew,
'Reft of its leaves, and bending o'er the tide.

So shall the works of Genius live sublime,
When meaner things shall moulder and decay,
And bid defiance to the hand of time,
While tyrants fall, or nations pass away.

ORIGINAL ANAGRAMS.

BY MISS K. THOMPSON.

(For the Mirror.)

Merry parson.	No prayers, Mr. —
Signor Velluti, of th'	To lute or viol, ah!
T. R. I. Opera-House.	prithce sing for us.
Hasten here, surgeon.	Go, nurse, then hearse.
To learn Italian.	Latin in <i>alterato</i> .
Ah! would ye lose strife?	Do haste, sell your wife.
One Newton, astronomer.	No! not one more new star.
<i>Si E. sinceramente vero.</i>	O, I am sincere, <i>en va- ridd.</i>

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

BELLS.

BELLS, though not large ones, became common throughout Europe towards the tenth century, and were hung in the wooden towers of churches; the altars alone were ordered by the canons to be built of stone.

In the reign of Athelstan, Tudketut, abbot of Croyland, gave that monastery the first set of bells, Ingulphus asserts, ever known in England; nevertheless, there had been single bells in England in the seventh century; the venerable Bede makes mention of them.

The application of bells, as well as the degree of favour shewn to their music, seems to have varied much at different periods. We are told by M. Paris that the bells were not allowed to ring at funerals, apparently from their aspiring to gay ideas. On the other hand, at a time somewhat later, the citizens of Bourdeaux, who had for rebellious behaviour been deprived of their bells, refused to receive them again, having never been so

happy as since they had been rid of their odious jangling.

FISH.

THE means of supplying life with necessaries was but imperfectly known and cultivated. The poor Pagans, of Sussex, though starving for want of food, knew not how to catch any fish except eels, until Bishop Wilfred (who in 678 took shelter in that district,) instructed them in the use of nets. He took three hundred at a draught, and thus supplying the bodily wants of his catechumens rendered their minds tractable to his doctrines, and easily accomplished their conversion.

STONE AND GLASS.

STONE towards the end of the eleventh century, came into use in large buildings; and glass was not uncommon in private houses, although looked on as a luxury.

BOW CHURCH AND BOW BRIDGE.

IN 1087, St. Mary's Church in Cheap-side was built on stone arches, whence its epithet Le Bow, or de Arcubus. The stone bridge which Queen Matilda built at Stratford, in Essex, near the same period, gave also the name of Le Bow to the place; these are testimonies of the scarcity of stone arches in the eleventh age.

LONDON BRIDGE.

IN 1176, one Coleman, a priest, began to build London bridge of stone, in consequence of an order made by the king and council; it was about thirty-three years before finished, and the course of the Thames was changed during that time, by a trench, probably that made by Canute from Battersea to Rotherhithe.

ST. PAUL'S.

ST. PAUL'S, in London, having been consumed by fire, was rebuilt in 1187, and the following year, on arches of stone; a wonderful work, say the authors of the day; but although the workmen employed in the business were from France, and the materials from Normandy, yet even the city of Paris could not at this period boast of any pavement in their streets.

FLORIO.

ON BELLS AND BELL-RINGING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE origin of bells is very ancient, small ones were first introduced, but those of a large size hung in towers by ropes are of a much later date. Among the Jews it was ordained by Moses, that the

lower part of the robe which was worn by the high priest in religious ceremonies, should be adorned with pomegranates, and gold bells introduced at equal distances. The robes of the kings of Persia are said to have been adorned in the like manner. The Arabian princesses wear on their legs large hollow gold rings, filled with small flints, which sound like bells when they walk; and these with similar appurtenances, give notice the mistress of the house is passing, so that the servants of the family may behave with respect, and strangers may retire to avoid seeing the person who advances. Calmet supposes that it was with some such design of giving notice that the high priest was passing, that he wore little bells at the hem of his garment, and it was also a kind of public notice that he was about to enter into the sanctuary. In the court of the king of Persia, no one entered the apartments without some warning; and thus the high priest, when he entered the sanctuary, desired permission to enter by the sound of his bells, and in so doing he escaped the punishment of death annexed to an indecent intrusion. The prophet, Zachary, speaks of bells of the horses, which were probably hung to the bridles or foreheads of war horses, that they might thus be accustomed to noise.* (See *Calmet's Dictionary*.)

Among the Greeks those who went the nightly watch-grounds in camps or garrisons, carried with them a little bell, which they rang at each sentry-box to keep the soldiers appointed to watch awake. A bellman also walked in funeral processions, at a distance before the corpse, not only to keep off the crowd, but to advertise the *flamen dialis* † to keep out of the way, lest he should be polluted by the sight, or by the funeral music. The priest of Proserpine, at Athens, called "hesophantus," rung a bell to call the people to sacrifice. The hour of bathing, at Rome, was announced by the sound of a bell. Servants in the houses of the great were called up in the morning by the sound of bells. Bells were hung upon triumphal chariots, and affixed to the necks of criminals going to execution—to warn persons to avoid so ill an omen as the sight of a condemned criminal. To this superstition some persons have attributed the custom in England of ringing parish bells while a malefactor is on his way to the gallows; though others have generally supposed it was intended as a signal to all who heard it, admonish-

* This is practised in modern days to waggon horses, to call or soothe their labour, for music bath charms to soften labour.

† The daily priest. See Livy.

ing them to pray for the passing soul. Phædrus mentions bells annexed to the necks of brutes; taking their bells away was construed to be theft, and if the beast was thus lost, the person who took away the bell was to make satisfaction. Sheep had them fastened round their necks to frighten away wolves, or rather by way of amulet, or to direct shepherds where to find their flocks. The first bells are said to have been made about the year 400, at Nola, in Campania, whereof St. Paulinus was made bishop in 409, at least, it is asserted, he was the first who brought them into use in the church. Before his time rattles were used. Ovid, Martial, Statius, and others, mention bells, under the appellations of *tinnabula*, or *sounding brass*. The first tunable set of bells in England were hung up in Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, 960. We do not hear of any bells before the sixth century, when they were applied to ecclesiastical purposes. In 1010, it is said, Lupus, bishop of Orleans, being at Sens, then besieged by the army of Clotharius, frightened away the besiegers by ringing the bells of St. Stephens. The city of Bourdeaux was deprived of its bells for rebellion, and when it was offered to have them restored, the people refused it, after having tasted the ease and comfort of being freed "from the constant din and jangling of bells. Formerly the use of bells was prohibited in the time of mourning. The custom of blessing bells is very ancient; ‡ some say this custom was introduced by Pope John XIII. but it is evidently of an older standing. Nankin was anciently famous for its large bells, but accidents happening from their enormous weight, have caused their disuse. The Egyptians have none but wooden ones, except one brought by the franks into the monastery of St. Anthony. In Russia, bells are of an enormous size. One bell at Moscow weighs 127,336 English pounds. It has always been esteemed a meritorious act of religion to present a church with bells, and the piety of the donor has been estimated by their magnitude. According to this mode of estimation, Boris Godunov who gave a bell of 238,000 pounds to the cathedral of Moscow, was the most pious sovereign of Russia until he was surpassed by the empress Ann, at whose

‡ Schiller, the German poet, wrote a poem called *The Song of the Bell*. The casting of bells is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. The sounding of a bell tends to remind extraordinary events, such as birth, marriage, death, fire, rebellion, &c. &c.

See Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*, published at Amsterdam, 1720.

expense a bell was cast, weighing 432,000 pounds, which exceeds in size every bell in the known world. This famous bell fell down (the beam to which it was fastened being burnt) in 1731, and a fragment was broken off towards the bottom, which left an aperture large enough to admit two persons abreast, without stooping. The Russians are very fond of ringing of bells; but they produce nothing like harmony from them. The sole excellency consists in striking the clapper the oftenest. The *changes* that may be rung on bells are truly astonishing. If it were required to find how many changes may be rung on seven bells, the answer would be 5,040. On twelve bells it would be 479,001,600. Supposing ten changes to be rung in one minute, that is 10 + 12 or 120 strokes in a minute, or two strokes in each second of time, then according to this mode of computation, it would take upwards of 91 years to ring over all those changes on the twelve bells. If two more bells were added, so as to make the whole number fourteen bells, it would require, at the same rate of ringing, about 16,575 years to ring all the changes on fourteen bells but once over. And if the number of bells were twenty-four, it would require more than 117,000,000,000,000 years to ring all the different changes upon them which no bell-ringer could weather out, and would kill a thousand generations of them: this is ringing the changes with a vengeance,* and "out Herod's" those of the Stock Exchange and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, backed by the honourable member for Aberdeen. The practice of ringing bells in changes is said to be peculiar to this country, which for this reason is called the ringing island. It has been reduced to a science, and peals have been composed, which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated now known were composed about 50 years ago, by Mr. Patrick, so well known as "the maker of barometers." In modern days, "the great unknown" has bells which speak a powerful peal, for one cries breakfast, another lunch, another boots, another punch, then off they go in a swelling peal, with dinner, coffee, supper, then close in piano, with boot-jack, slippers, and chamber-candle—after which it's all "nid, nid, nodding at his house at home."

P. T. W.*

* See *Bachmann's inventions*, and *Rees's Cyclopædia*, likewise Schiller's beautiful poem, *The Song of the Bell*, translated by Sotheby.

COUNTRY LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

MILTON has justly observed that to him who has been long pent up in cities, no rural object can be presented which will not delight and refresh some of his senses, and surely the charms of nature may be enjoyed, the healthy breezes of the morning may be inhaled, the calm serenity of an autumnal evening may cause to glow with feelings of delight and rapture, the heart of him who is neither naturalist, botanist, or philosopher, the mind as well as the body may be benefitted by change of occupation only, and more so by occasional relaxation. The body, we find, is generally invigorated and refreshed by a country visit, whether we intend it or not, but whether we shall return to our homes with our minds improved, our spirits revived, and our hearts gladdened, must mainly depend on ourselves; let us not then scorn the pleasures and attractions of rural life if we return from them peevish and disappointed, but let us rather examine if there be not something wrong in ourselves that we have been thus blind to the numerous enjoyments which nature presents.

The man who passes a life of idleness in town, and merely exchanges it for a life of idleness in the country, will find little more than tediousness and vacancy, the "drowning kittens, and placing duck's eggs under a hen," may indeed be the *only* novelty of a day, and a very welcome relief to his mind, and he also who has all the best feelings of his nature seared by avarice, or whose taste is vitiated by the falsely styled pleasures of the gaming table and other midnight revelries of the town, will find enough of *ennui* during his ten days' residence in the country; to him whose mind and affections are absorbed in schemes of future gain, or wearied with the concerns of his counting-house or his shop, to him rural scenery will present few charms, the landscape will smile in vain to him, flowers may blossom, birds may warble, and gales may waft their fragrance in vain, he heeds them not, or if he heeds them at all it is only with an involuntary exclamation, a transient admiration which dies with the breath that utters it; but shall the humble, untaught peasant live a life of happiness and content amid nature's loveliest scenes, and shall the citizen who would fain boast of superior understanding, not taste of her beauties? Can he not look through nature up to nature's God? Oh, surely that mind which is rightly directed, will ever find a glow of devotion in his breast in contemplating the beauties of

nature, as our great moralist observes, "that mind will never be vacant which is frequently and steadily called to meditations on eternal interests, nor can any hour be long which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness"—he who visits the country in expectation of happiness and tranquillity should yield himself to the objects which there surround him, and forget as much as possible those duties and avocations which occupied him when at home.

N. B.

Origins and Inventions.

No. X.

CAPS AND HATS.

THE introduction of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449, the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen, and from that time they began to take place of the hoods, or "chaperons," that had been used till then. When the cap was of velvet, they called it mortier; when of wool, simply bonnet. None but kings, princes, and knights, were allowed the use of the mortier. The cap was the head-dress of the clergy and graduates, churchmen and members of universities, students in law, physic, &c. and as well as graduates, wear square caps in most universities. Doctors are distinguished by peculiar caps, given them in assuming the doctorate. Pasquier says, that the giving the cap to students in the universities, was to denote that they had acquired full liberty, and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors, in imitation of the ancient Romans, who gave a pileus or cap to their slaves, in the ceremony of making them free. The cap is also used as a mark of infamy in Italy. The Jews are distinguished by a yellow cap at Lucca, and by an orange one in France. Formerly those who had been bankrupts were obliged, ever after, to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce. For a singular enactment in the regulation of wearing caps, &c. in the reign of Elizabeth, vide MIRROR, No. CXXXIII.

AMBER AND AMBERGRIS.

NATURALISTS have been extremely in the dark about the origin of amber: some have maintained it an animal substance, others take it for a resinous juice oozing from poplars and firs, frequent on the coasts of Prussia, where it is found in great abundance. But the generality of authors contend for its being a bitu-

men, which trickling into the sea from some subterraneous sources, and then mixing with the vitriolic salts which abound in those parts, becomes congealed and fixed; the result of which congelation is amber. However, as good amber is found in digging at a great distance from the sea, it is presumed to be wholly of mineral origin, and is a bitumen, once liquid, of the *naphtha* or *petroleum* kind, hardened into its present state by a mineral acid of the nature of spirit of sulphur, or oil of vitriol; more especially as these substances abound in the earth, and an artificial mixture of them produce a body very much like native amber, and affording all its principles on a chemical analysis. The natural colour of amber is a fine pale yellow, but it is often made white, sometimes black, and in both cases is rendered opaque by the admixture of extraneous bodies. Sometimes it is tinged with metalline particles, and remains pellucid; but the most frequent variation from the yellow, is into a dusky brown. The opinions concerning the nature and origin of ambergris are as various as those relating to amber. Some take it for the excrement of a bird, which being dissolved by the heat of the sun, and washed off the shore by the waves, is swallowed by whales, who return it in the condition we find it. Others imagine it a sort of gum, which exuding from trees, drops into the sea and congeals into ambergris. Others again contend for its being formed from honeycombs, which fall into the sea from rocks where the bees had formed their nests. And lastly, others will have it a sort of bituminous juice which springs out of the bottom of the sea, as *naphtha* does out of some springs, and there thickens and hardens. But the later writers have referred it to the mineral kingdom, to which in all probability it belongs, being a frothy and light bitumen exuding out of the earth in a fluid form, and distilling into the sea, where it hardens and floats on the surface, or is thrown upon the shore. Ambergris is found on the sea coasts, particularly those of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Red Sea, in lumps, sometimes very large, in the middle of which are frequently met with stones, shells, and bones.

F. R.—Y.

Select Biography.

No. XXXVI.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

THE worthy subject of this memoir was born in London, on the 30th of March,

A. D. 1719, and derived his descent from that renowned Admiral Sir John Hawkins, the illustrious navigator in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The object of his choice for a profession being that of a solicitor, he was articled to Mr. John Scott, an attorney of eminence, where, before the expiration of his clerkship, he had rendered himself a very able lawyer, and had acquired a love for literature in general. He was particularly partial to poetry and the polite arts; and the better to facilitate his improvement, occasionally furnished to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other periodical publications of the time, essays and disquisitions on several subjects. About the year 1741, a club having been instituted by several amateurs of music, under the name of the Madrigal Society, to meet every Wednesday evening; and his clerkship being now out, Mr. Hawkins became a member of it, and continued so many years. Pursuing his inclination for music still farther, he became also a member of the Academy of Ancient Music, and of this he remained a member till a few years previous to its removal. Impelled by his own taste for poetry, and excited to it by his friend Foster Webb's example, who had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* several elegant poetical compositions, he had, before this time (observes the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), himself become an occasional contributor in the same kind, as well to that as to some other publications. The earliest of his productions of this species now known, is supposed to be a copy of verses "To Mr. George Stanley, occasioned by looking over some compositions of his lately published," which bears date 19th February, 1740, and was inserted in the *Daily Advertiser* for February 21, 1741; but, about the year 1742, he proposed to Mr. Stanley the project of publishing, in conjunction with him, six cantatas for a voice and instruments, the words to be furnished by himself, and the music by Mr. Stanley. The proposal was accepted; the publication was to be at their joint expense, and for their mutual benefit; and accordingly, in 1742, six cantatas were thus published, the first five written by Mr. Hawkins, the sixth and last by Foster Webb; and these having succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of their authors, a second set of six more, written wholly by himself, was in like manner published a few months after, and succeeded equally well. In the year 1749, Doctor, then Mr. Johnson, was induced to institute a club, to meet every Tuesday evening at the King's Head, in Ivy-lane, near St. Paul's. It consisted only of nine

persons, and Mr. Hawkins was one of the first members. From a very early period of his life Mr. Hawkins had entertained a strong love for the amusement of angling, and his affection for it, together with the vicinity of the river Thames, was undoubtedly his motive to a residence at Twickenham. In 1760, he republished "Walton's Angler," with notes, &c. which altogether reflects much credit on Mr. Hawkins. His propensity to music, manifested by his becoming a member and frequenter of the several musical societies before mentioned, and also by a regular concert at his house in Austin-Friars, had led him, at the time that he was endeavouring to get together a good library of books, to be particularly solicitous for collecting the works of the best musical composers; and, among other acquisitions, it was his singular good fortune to become possessed by purchase of several of the most scarce and valuable theoretical treatises on the science anywhere extant, which had formerly been collected by Dr. Pepusch. With this stock of erudition, therefore, he, about this time, at the instance of some friends, set about procuring materials for a work then very much wanted—a History of the Science and Practice of Music, which he afterwards published. On the recommendation by the well-known Paul Whitehead to the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Lieutenant for Middlesex, his name was, in 1761, inserted in the commission of the peace for that county; and having, by the proper studies, and a sedulous attendance at the Sessions qualified himself for the office, he became an active and useful magistrate in the county. Observing, as he had frequent occasion to do in the course of his duty, the bad state of highways, and the great defect in the laws for amending and keeping them in repair, he set himself to revise the former statutes, and drew an Act of Parliament, consolidating all the former ones, and adding such other regulations as were necessary. His sentiments on this subject he published in octavo, in 1763, under the title of "Observations on the State of Highways, and on the Laws for amending and keeping them in repair;" subjoining to them the draught of the Act before mentioned, which bill being afterwards introduced into Parliament, passed into a law, and is that under which all the highways in England are at this time kept repaired. Of this bill, it is but justice to add, that in the experience of more than sixty years, it has never required a single amendment.

An event of considerable importance engaged him, in 1764, to stand forth as the

champion of the county of Middlesex, against a claim then for the first time set up, and so enormous in its amount, as justly to excite resistance. The city of London, finding it necessary to rebuild the gaol of Newgate, the expense of which according to their own estimates would amount to £40,000, had this year applied to Parliament, by a bill brought into the House of Commons, in which, on a suggestion that the county prisoners removed to Newgate previous to their trials at the Old Bailey, were as two to one to the London prisoners constantly confined there; they endeavoured to throw the burthen of two-thirds of the expense on the county, while they themselves proposed to contribute one-third only. This attempt the magistrates for Middlesex thought it their duty to oppose; and accordingly a vigorous opposition to it was commenced and supported under the conduct of Mr. Hawkins, who drew a petition against the bill, and a case for the county, which was printed and distributed amongst the members of both Houses of Parliament. It was the subject of a day's conversation in the House of Lords; and produced such an effect in the House of Commons, that the city, by its own members, moved for leave to withdraw the bill.

The success of this opposition, and the abilities and spirit with which it was conducted, naturally attracted towards Mr. Hawkins the attention of his fellow magistrates; and the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions dying not long after, he was on the 19th of September 1765, elected his successor.

On occasion of actual tumults or expected disturbances, he had more than once been called into service of great personal danger. When the riots at Brentford had arisen, during the time of the Middlesex election in 1768, he and some of his brethren attended to suppress them; and, in consequence of an expected riotous assembly of the journeymen Spitalfields weavers in Moorfields, in 1769, the magistrates of Middlesex, and he at their head, with a party of guards, attended to oppose them; but the mob, on seeing them prepared, thought it prudent to disperse. In these and other instances, and particularly in his conduct as chairman, having given sufficient proof of his activity, resolution, abilities, integrity, and loyalty, he on the 23rd of October 1772, received from his Majesty the honour of knighthood.

In 1773, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Stevens published, in 10 vols. royal 8vo. their first joint edition of Shakespeare, to which Sir John Hawkins contributed such notes as are distinguished by his name, as he af-

terwards did a few more on the republication of it in 1778.

After sixteen years' labour, he in 1776, published in 5 vols. quarto, his "General History of Music," ("replete," as Butler observes, "with curious information and valuable anecdote,") which, in consequence of permission obtained in 1773, he dedicated to the king, and presented it to him at Buckingham House on the 14th of November 1776, when he was honoured with an audience of considerable length both from the king and queen.

In 1787, Sir John published his "Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson," "which," says Butler, "whatever some snarling critics may say, abounds with literary entertainment." With this production he terminated his literary labours; and having for many years been more particularly sedulous in his attention to the duties of religion, and accustomed to spend all his leisure from other necessary concerns in theological and devotional studies he now more closely addicted himself to them, and set himself to prepare for that event which he saw could be at no great distance. In this manner he spent his time till about the beginning of May 1789, when finding his appetite failing, he had recourse to the waters of the Islington Spa. These he drank for a few mornings, but on the 14th of that month while he was there, he was, it is supposed, seized with a paralytic affection, as, on his returning to his carriage which waited for him, his servants perceived a visible alteration in his face. On his arrival at home he went to bed, but got up a few hours after, intending to receive an old friend, from whom he expected a visit in the evening. At dinner, however, his disorder returning, he was led up to bed, from which he never rose, on the 21st of the same month, about two in the morning, dying of an apoplexy.

Such was the end of this exemplary man, in whose character we find every thing to praise, nothing to condemn.

The following fact, which is related in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is so highly creditable to the memory of Sir John as a magistrate, that I cannot forbear to insert it:—When first he began to act, he formed a resolution of taking no fees, not even the legal and authorized ones; and pursued this method for some time, till he found that it was a temptation to litigation, and that every trifling ale-house quarrel produced an application for a warrant. To check this, therefore, he altered his mode, and received his due fees, but kept them separately in a purse, and at the end of every summer, before he left the country for the winter, he de-

Hevered the whole amount to the clergyman of the parish, to be by him distributed among such of the poor as he judged fit.

Lamented shade! can words thy loss proclaim,
Or paint the greatness of thy never-dying fame;
Oh! thou, whose worth no tongue can tell,
Saint, Christian, best of men, farewell!

His body was interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. He married Sidney, youngest daughter of Peter Storey, of Highgate, Esq. (with whom he had in marriage £10,000,) and by this lady left issue two sons and one daughter.

W. C. — Y.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SUTTEES IN INDIA.

A PROOF of increasing disgust to the practice of the self-immolation of widows on the part of the natives, appears from the fact, that of ten suttees prevented in the Southern Concan, in the year 1819; four were dissuaded from their purpose by inhabitants of villages, or relations of the intended victims. In another case, a widow of a brahmin in the thanah of Poree, Calcutta division, in August 1823, prepared for the ceremony, and threw herself into the burning pit where the body of her husband was consuming, but almost immediately leaped out and made her escape. She recovered from the burns, and her family did not abjure her, but received her as usual.

Some of the cases of cremation were attended with singular circumstances. In the sillah of Moorshedabad, a woman of the Kaet caste, aged 26, performed the rite of anoomarana, her husband having died at Rajmahal. Endeavours were made to dissuade her, but she was determined. On the pile, her composure lasted as long as the flames were confined to her lower extremities; when they reached her breast and face her fortitude gave way, and, by a violent exertion, she disengaged herself from the faggots, and sprung from the pile at the feet of the magistrate, who renewed his efforts to deter her from suicide. She, however, insisted on returning to the pile, complained loudly of his interposition, broke from his hold, endeavoured to climb up the burning logs, invoking the aid of her relations, who lifted her into the flames, which speedily consumed her to ashes. The victim of superstition was firmly impressed with belief that this was the third time of her soul's incarnation. She assured the magistrate that the sacrifice was not terrible

or new to her, as she had performed the rite at Benares and Canonga, adding, that she knew what her sufferings would be, and how they would be recompensed.

A case in the sillah of Balasore (April, 1823) shewed the unalterable resolution, as well as the motives of the victim: The suttee was a brahmince, aged 27; she replied to the darogah, who attempted to dissuade her from burning, in the following words: "I burn with the hope of obtaining pardon of my sins along with the body of my husband, who, to my fancy, it still alive; as, by the death of my husband, I consider myself as dead, and consequently I feel no regret in committing myself to the flames; after due observance of the rules prescribed by the shastras, I shall obtain forgiveness of suicide, and free myself of any *like* (?) attached thereto."

Amongst the Bombay papers, mention is made of a ceremony called *palushvadee*, which consists in consecrating an image of rice, supposed to be identified with the deceased husband, along with which the widow burns. This species of sacrifice is not clogged with the requisites essential to the saharan or the anoomaran, and sanctions an almost unlimited performance of suttee.

— If the paramount law of India be Mahommedan, as affirmed by the author of "Observations on the Law and Constitution of India," it seems to be no invasion of the rights of the Hindoos to apply the Mussulman code to these cases. The magistrate of Ghazepore (Mr. Melville) seems of this opinion: he observes, in a letter (8th July 1823) to the judges of the Court of Circuit at Benares, "I do not think any new rules or regulations upon the subject are requisite. Under the Mahommedan law, I conceive, any person aiding and abetting another in committing suicide would be punishable; all I wish for is, permission to carry into execution laws which have been hitherto dormant."

Asiatic Journal.

Miscellaneous.

JOE TREFUSTS.

JOE TREFUSTS was said to be a natural son of Oliver Cromwell, but did not seem to have any resemblance of features with the father, if we may judge by the pictures and engravings of the protector. Joe had a long chin, and naturally a most consummate foolish face, by nature formed for suitable characters; yet a person of infinite humour and shrewd conceit, with a particular tone of voice and

manner that gave a double satisfaction to what he said. Adhering strictly to honesty, without guile or falsehood, he acquired the appellation of Honest Joe!—a character he bore with justice. Joe, by the following account of himself, must have been very young on the stage:—He entered a volunteer on board the ship where the Duke of York commanded in the channel, in that memorable sea engagement with the Dutch Fleet, commanded (he used to say) by Van Tromp, in the year 1673. When the preparations were making for the battle, Joe, though a volunteer, confessed that fear began to invade him; but when the man at the top-mast-head cried, "A sail!" then, "Two sail!" and after, "Zounds! a whole wood!" Joe's terrors augmented, but his fears came to the full height—when a sailor asked him, "If he had not performed on the stage?" Joe replied in the affirmative. "Why then," replied the blunt tar, "to-morrow, if you are not killed by the first broadside, you will see the most bloody tragedy you ever saw in your life."

Joe was so inimitable in dancing the clown, that General Ingoldsby, on seeing him perform one evening, sent him five guineas from the box where he sat. Joe dressed himself next day, and went to the castle to return thanks. The General was hard to be persuaded it was the same person; but Joe soon convinced him by saying, "Ise the very mon, your honour, an't please your ex-cell-en-cy;" and at the same time twirling his hat as he did in the dance, with his consummate foolish face. "Now, now I am convinced," replied the General, laughing, "and thou shalt not shew such a face for nothing here"—so gave Joe five guineas more; which so well pleased him, that he paid his compliments in his awkward, clownish manner, and, as Shakspeare says, "set the table in a roar."

SOPHOS.

GAMING.

THE following is a copy of Mr. Justice Ashhurst's charge to the Grand Jury for the county of Middlesex, delivered Feb. 1, 1792. The vice which it so forcibly condemns having much increased lately, induces us to reprint it:—

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,—I have had repeated experience of your abilities and readiness to discharge every part of your duty; and I should not have solicited your attention touching the importance of the service in which you are about to engage, were it not for one evil that is daily increasing; and if anything

can be done to restrain the progress of it, it would be doing a most essential service to the public. The evil that I mean is that of excessive gambling, and the great number of houses that are kept on foot for that destructive vice.

"This evil is not confined to those who are guilty; but what is to be lamented, it also extends to their innocent families, as we see by daily experience. It is a practice which extinguishes every generous principle in the minds of those who are addicted to it; for certainly nothing can be more ungenerous, more unfeeling, and more immoral, than for a number of persons to meet under the semblance of friendly intercourse, and to use their utmost endeavours to reduce each other, as well as their families, to beggary and ruin. This practice estranges those who are guilty of it from the society of their own families, which ought to be the seat of domestic happiness, in order to enjoy the precious pleasure which arises from the chance of cards. It seems strange that men can barter their real happiness for so unsubstantial a gratification.

"Gentlemen, the habit of excess and inebriety, though a practice very disgraceful to a rational being, is still in its consequences a less destructive crime; for, though the individual is likely to put an end to his own existence, that is, perhaps, but a small loss, and he may make room for a worthy successor; but a man who has fallen into the habits of gaming, probably will leave behind him no other legacy to his children but poverty and want, and the painful remembrance of their father's vices and folly; and whatever virtues his descendants may possess, they are left without the opportunity of bringing themselves into the world, and without that improvement of knowledge and education, which might enable them to be useful and ornamental to their country.

"Gentlemen, his Majesty, from that parental regard and affection which he has for all his subjects, in his royal proclamation, discovered great anxiety to discountenance and punish all kinds of immorality, and particularly recommended to all those who were connected with the magistracy of the kingdom, to be vigilant and active to discover, and effectually prosecute, all kinds of vice and immorality, and particularly the suppression of all kinds of gaming-houses. I wish his Majesty's proclamation had been attended to with that regard which it deserves; but I am sorry to say, that even in that part of the metropolis which is nearest to the royal residence, there are more gaming-houses than in any other quarter, as if

the design was to set at nought his Majesty's paternal and gracious intentions.

"Gentlemen, the legislature has long been sensible of the evil tendency of this pernicious vice; accordingly, we find that even so long ago as Henry VIII. laws have been enacted to discountenance and punish this vice (see 33 Henry VIII. 9 Ann. and 8 George II.) These are the principal acts of parliament that have been made on this subject. Now, Gentlemen, to be sure the law in this case, if it were put in strict execution, might be sufficient to check this growing evil; but I am aware that it can only be expected from a grand jury to present such things as shall be brought forward to their knowledge. But I hope the persons who are possessed of that knowledge will have public virtue enough to bring it before you, and stand forth to prosecute; such will merit the warmest thanks of their country. At all events, such as are entrusted with the office of magistrates ought to attend to his Majesty's proclamation, to be strict and vigilant, and to refuse to grant licenses to any of those houses, when they have reason to suspect any such practices are carried on; and although we should not be able to do so much as we could wish, we should do all we can to awaken in the public a just sense of the mischievous consequences of this vice. I have great reason to hope your interposition will produce a good effect."

THE GOODWIN SANDS.

THE Goodwin Sands, which have excited such fatal interest by the loss of the Ogle Castle on them, and which have so often caused the destruction of our ships and their ill-fated crews, are very remarkable banks, situated between the North and South Forelands, opposite Deal and Ramsgate, and about seven or eight miles from the coast. The length of the sand is about ten miles, and the breadth nearly two, and consists of a more soft, fluid, porous, spongy, but withall tenacious matter, than the neighbouring sands, and consequently of such a quality, that when a ship strikes upon it there is little chance of her getting off, the nature of the sand being such as to swallow the vessel up, sometimes in a few hours; while the surf which breaks upon them renders all attempts to approach the ill-fated vessel impossible. The waves break over the sands with fearful violence, and are plainly discernible, although at a distance of ten or twelve miles. This will enable the reader to form some idea of

the tremendous waves which, with a west wind, the worst that can blow at that spot, hurried the Ogle Castle to destruction, and her despairing crew to a melancholy death, when almost within sight of their destined port. When the water is off these sands, they become exceedingly hard and firm, so that people may land, and stay for hours upon them in summer; indeed cricket-matches have been played upon them, but woe to those who do not quit at the proper moment, for in a very short time they become a quick-sand, and float to and fro with the waves, and then they retire again, settle as before. When the Trinity House, some years since, formed a design to erect a light-house upon them, the engineers employed, penetrated to a great depth with their boring augurs, but they could reach no solid bottom, as the spongy materials reach to such a depth as to render the design utterly impracticable, and a floating light was in consequence established. On the 26th of November, 1702, a most dreadful storm arose from the W. S. W. and blew for many hours with great violence, during which thirteen men of war drove from their anchorage in the Downs, ran upon the fatal Goodwins, and were totally lost, with nearly all their crews, only seventy-one being saved. Concerning the origin of these sands there are various opinions, but the common received story of their having once been the estate of Godwyne, earl of Kent, the father of Harold, who fell at Hastings, is now exploded, as well as their having been an island called Lomea, and to have been destroyed by the sea in 1097; the most probable opinion of our best antiquaries being, that instead of these sands being occasioned by an inundation of the sea, they were caused by the sea's leaving them at the time of that terrible inundation in the reign of king William Rufus, or Henry the First's reign, which drowned so large a part of Flanders and the Low Countries. This desertion of the sea in these parts might have been further increased by following inundations in other places, especially upon the parts of Zealand, which anciently consisted of fifteen islands, eight of which were swallowed up in Henry the Second's time. Such are the Goodwin's, which no vessel ought to pass without a pilot.

STEAM ENGINES IN LANCA- SHIRE.

THE following list of steam engines with their aggregate horse power in the principal manufacturing districts of Lan-

Lancashire, in September, 1825, is copied from *Baines's History of Lancashire*:—

	No. of Engines.	Horse- Power.
Ashton-under-Line.....	34	840
Blackburn.....	31	408
Bolton (and vicinity).....	83	1,604
Burnley (and vicinity).....	37	571
Bury (township).....	15	205
Chorley (parish).....	11	187
Clitheroe.....	5	110
Cofne (chapelry).....	8	87
Haslingden (township).....	3	64
Kirkham.....	1	45
Lancaster (township).....	6	147
Leigh (parish).....	16	286
Liverpool (on shore).....	73	1,030
(afloat, in steam packets).....	79	3,931
Manchester.....	212	4,875
Middleton (township).....	3	82
Oldham (and vicinity).....	96	2,061
Prescot.....	5	57
Preston.....	44	981
Rochdale (and vicinity).....	57	1,048
St. Helen's (and vicinity).....	69	1,369
Stayley Bridge.....	29	773
Todmorden.....	13	210
Ulverstone.....	2	27
Warrington.....	17	334
Wigan.....	32	557
Stockport.....	67	1,965
Total.....	1048	23894

In addition to the above, there are in this county 305 cotton-spinning concerns, 41 bleach-works, 60 calico-printing works, 44 woollen manufactories (various), and about 100 collieries; making upwards of 500 establishments; the principal part of which are worked by steam, and to supply the deficiency there are many steam engines in other concerns not enumerated above. Assuming, then, that there are 500 additional steam engines, at an average of 15 horse power each, the numbers will be in the manufacturing towns, as quoted above, 1,048 engines of 23,894 horse power; and in other parts of the county, 500 engines of 7,500 horse power. Total 1,548 engines, 31,394 horse power.

Of the above mechanical force the power of 20,000 horses is probably employed in the spinning of cotton, each power yielding, with the aid of machinery, as much yarn as 1,066 persons produced 50 years ago without it; so that the quantity of yarn now spun daily in Lancashire, by steam, is as much as could have been spun with the distaff and the spindle by 21,320,000 persons—an amount equal to the total population of

the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Estimating the consumption of each horse power at 180lbs. of fuel daily, and the working days at 300 in the year, the result will be, that the steam engines at work in this county consume 756,820 tons of coal yearly.

CURIOUS LEGAL OPINION.

THE following novel case was submitted to Mr. Gurney, the Counsel, for his opinion:—

“Case for the opinion of Mr. G.—Emma, the daughter of W. and A. G., was born after the house clock had struck and while the parish clock was striking, and before St. Paul's had begun to strike twelve, on the night of the 4th of January, 1815. As there are great estates in the family it may be of some importance to ascertain whether the said Emma was born on the 4th or 5th of January. Your opinion is therefore requested whether the proper evidence is that given by the house clock, the parish clock, or the metropolitan clock.”

“Answer.—This is a case of great importance and some novelty, but I do not think I should be much assisted in deciding it by reference to the ponderous folios under which my shelves groan. The nature of testimony is to be considered with reference to the subject to which it is applicable. The testimony of the house clock is, I think, applicable only to domestic—mostly culinary purposes. It is the guide of the cook with reference to the hour of dinner, but it cannot be received as evidence of the birth of a child. The clock at the next house goes slower or faster, and a child born at the next house at the same moment may, according to the clock at that next house, be born on a different day. The reception of such evidence would lead to thousands of inconsistencies and inconveniences. The parochial clock is much better evidence, and I should think that it ought to be received if there were no better; but it is not to be put in competition with the metropolitan clock; where that is present it is to be received with implicit acquiescence. It speaks in a tone of authority, and it is unquestionably testimony of great weight. I am therefore of opinion that Miss Emma G. was born on the 4th of January, 1815, and that she will attain her majority the instant St. Paul's clock strikes twelve on the night of the 3rd of January, 1836.”

SWIFT OUTWITTED.

SWIFT, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, taking the advantage of a fine frosty morning, set out together upon a walk to a little place Lord Bathurst had, about eleven miles from London; Swift, remarkable for being an old traveller, and for getting possession of the best rooms and warmest beds, pretended, when they were about half way, that he did not like the slowness of their pace; adding, that he would walk on before them, and acquaint his Lordship with the journey. To this proposal they readily agreed; but as soon as he was out of sight, sent off a horseman by a private way, (suspecting their friend's errand,) to inform his Lordship of their apprehensions. The man arrived time enough to deliver his message before Swift made his appearance. His Lordship then recollecting that he had never had the small-pox, thought of the following stratagem:—Seeing him coming up the Avenue he ran out to meet him, and expressed his happiness at the sight of him; “but I am mortified at one circumstance,” continued his Lordship, “as it must deprive me of the pleasure of your company; there is a raging small-pox in the house. I beg, however, that you will accept of such accommodation as a small house at the bottom of the Avenue can afford you.” Swift was forced to comply with this request; and in this solitary situation, fearful of speaking to any person around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening the wits thought proper to release him, by going down to him in a body, to inform him of the deception, and to tell him that the *first best room and bed* in the house were at his service. Swift, though he might be inwardly chagrined, deemed it prudent to join in the laugh against him; they adjourned to the mansion house, and spent the evening in a manner easily to be conceived by those who are in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

THE CAMELEON.

THE following is an extract of a letter from Madagascar, a large island in the Indian Ocean, published in the *Salem Register*.—

Among the curiosities which I saw at Fort Dauphin, was the Cameleon. I had a number of them which I kept for some time. They are shaped like a lizard, except that the back is not so flat. I have seen them from two to thirteen or fourteen inches long. The prevailing colour of the chameleon is green, or a yellowish green.—When excluded from the light

for a short time, they appear of a dark chocolate colour. They certainly have the property of assuming, in some degree, the colour of what they are placed on; but for instance, though I placed them on white paper, I never saw them turn white. The most remarkable thing in this animal is, the construction of its eyes, which are placed in little movable globes in the head, which globes turn every way, and project a little, so that the creature, with one eye turned forward, and the other backward, can see every thing around it, without turning the head, which it is incapable of doing, except in a very small degree.

The Gatherer.

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

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF
HATFIELD, HERTS.

THE world's a city full of crooked streets;
And death the *market-place* where all
men meet.

If death were merchandizè, that men could
buy,
The rich would always live, the poor must
die.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF
DARTFORD, KENT.

WE all must die we know full well,
But when or where no one can tell;
Strive, therefore, to live godly still,
Then welcome death, come when it will.
A PEDESTRIAN.

LORD BRIDPORT, when he commanded the Channel fleet, was called the “whiting-catcher,” from his being so often in Port. At a dinner given by the mayor of Plymouth, he said “Captain Trowbridge, I suppose you have no objection to fill a bumper to the health of the commander-in-chief.” “Not any,” replied the captain, “but hand me the claret, for I am quite tired of drinking him in *port*.”

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH a starved poet to a thievish spark,
Who search'd his house for money in the
dark;
Forbear your pains, my friend, and go
away;
You'll not find now, what I can't in the
day.

LINES ON A WINDOW.

BY A LADY.

THE power of love shall never wound
my heart,
Tho' he assails me with his fiercest dart.

THE ANSWER.

The lady has her resolution spoken,
Yet writes on glass in hopes it may be
broken.

REV. ROWLAND HILL'S PUN.

THE Reverend gentleman when at college, had a conversation with some of his companions on the power of the letter H, when it was contended that it was no letter, but a mere aspiration of breathing. Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being to all intents and purposes a *letter*, and concluded by observing if it was not it was a very serious thing for him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

NAUTICAL EPITAPHS

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. JOHN,
HORSLYDOWN.

(For the Mirror.)

1. On Captain —, who was drowned at
Gravesend.

FRIENDS, cease to grieve, that at Graves-
end

My life was clos'd with speed,
For when the Saviour shall descend,
'Twill be graves' end indeed.

2.

THOUGH boist'rous winds and Neptune's
waves

Have toss'd me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.

Where at an anchor I do lie,
With many of the fleet,
Expecting when I do set sail
My Saviour Christ to meet.

In the same church-yard is the following
Welsh epitaph, with a translation of which
perhaps your correspondent *Gwynim Sais*
may furnish your readers:—

DAU GUDD mac fym Grudd mewn Gro
Arwailod o'r Wely rwy heno
Holl Ieuenghyd Ca'n Druain Dro
Nench hedyw chw! DDwech iddo.

CLAVIS.

EPITAPHS.

MR. EDITOR.—Having passed through a small and solitary church-yard, near Folkstone, in Kent, I was much amused with the following epitaphs. If you consider the *style, poetry, and language* worth recording, they are at your service.

A MAN OF KENT.

1.

HEAR lyeth the bones of Mary Rogers,
who left this world A.D. 1692; she was
a goode mother, wifce, and daughter.

All goud people, as you pass,
Pray read my hour glass;
After sweets and bitters it's down,
And I have left your pretty town.*
Remember soon you must prepare to fly
From all your friends, and come to high.

* Folkstone.

2.

THIS ston his sacred to the memory of
poor old Muater Thomas Boxer, who was
loste in the goud boate Rouver, just
coming home with much fishes, got near
Torbay, in the yeare of hour Lord 1722.

Prey, goud fishermen, stop and drop a tear,
For we hav lost his company here;
And where he's gone we cannot tell,
But we hope far from the wicked Bell.*
The Lord be with him.

* A public-house that he frequented to the an-
noyance of his family.—Written in pencil on the
stone.—M. K.

3.

To the memory of my four wives, who
all died within the space of ten years, but
more *pertickler* to the last, Mrs. Sally
Horne, who has left me and four dear
children; she was a good, *sober*, and
clean soul, and may i soon go to her.
A.D. 1732.

Dear wives, if you and i shall all go to
heaven,
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be
even."

William Joy Horne, carpenter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Escurial*.—A beautiful view and descrip-
tion of the Palace of the Escurial, which has
just been destroyed or much injured by fire, is
given in No. CLXVII. of the MIRROR.

A view of the New Buildings for the *High
School of Edinburgh*, with an historical descrip-
tion, in our next.

Mr. Hayter's original plan for a *Maze* in an
early Number.

Many of our correspondents will find their in-
quiries answered by the insertion of their com-
munications in our present Number. Others
shall receive answers in our next; in the mean
time we thank them all sincerely.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143,
Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all
Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

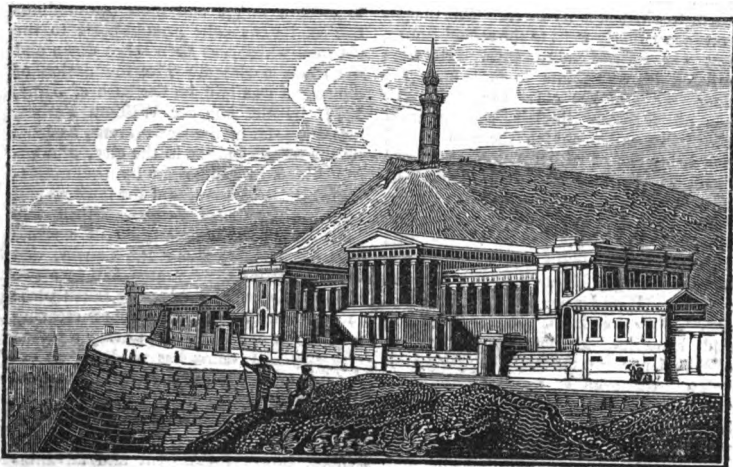
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXIII.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

New Buildings for the High School, Edinburgh.



THE city of Edinburgh has long been celebrated for its scholastic institutions, and it holds a very honourable station among the seats of learning in Europe, which is the more remarkable, as it was a long time, compared with the antiquity of other seminaries in the kingdom, before Edinburgh could boast of an university.

The earliest notice of a school in the Scottish metropolis occurs in an act of the town council, in 1519, in which it is declared, that no inhabitant of the city should put their "bairns" to any other school within the town "bot to the principall grammer scule of the samyn," under a penalty of ten shillings Scots, (ten pence sterling,) and they also ordered that the books taught in this seminary should not be used in any of the other schools of the city.

This grammar-school, which appears to have been of royal foundation, being found inadequate for the purpose, the town council, in 1578, began the founding of a college, but they were obliged to drop the design in consequence of the opposition made by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and others against it. In order, however, that the children might

not be altogether destitute of education, they agreed to pay one William Bickerton, the sum of £260 Scots for building a house for a school, and this was the commencement of the High School of Edinburgh. The insufficiency of the salaries, however, having led the master and usher to propose quitting their situations, the council found it necessary to ordain, "that every scholar, whose father was a freeman, should pay quarterly to the master three shillings Scots, and to the usher two shillings, exclusively of the quarterages received by them of scholars, sons of unfreemen;" and that no person should keep a grammar school within the city or liberties, without leave from the magistrates; encouragements which seem to have retained the services of the teachers.

An occurrence happened in this school in 1595, which strongly marks the ferocious manners of the age. On the 15th of September, a little beyond the time of the usual recess from school, the scholars, impatient that this relaxation was withheld, assembled tumultuously, and went in a body to the town-house, to demand of the magistrates their wonted privilege. This request being refused, the insurrec-

tion became more systematic and formidable. Having provided themselves with provisions and arms, the scholars took possession of the school-house, with a determination to hold it out both against their teachers and the magistrates, until their demand was complied with. The town-council, on hearing of this, immediately deputed John Macmoran, one of their number, with some of the city officers, to endeavour to appease the young gentlemen by accommodation, or reduce them to obedience by force. The magistrate accordingly went to the school-house, but was refused admittance. He then ordered his attendants to force open the door. One of the chief mutineers, the son of William Sinclair, chancellor of Caithness, called out to them to desist, and being armed with a pistol, threatened death to the first who should advance. The magistrate, regardless of the threat, persisted in his duty, and young Sinclair too fatally kept his promise. He fired his pistol; Macmoran fell, and immediately expired. Upon this the scholars surrendered, and were committed to prison. They were soon, however, released; and the delinquent, through the interest of his friends, got the affair compromised.

The institution at its first commencement consisted only of a master and usher, but in the year 1598, the system was improved by a regulation, which appointed four regents or masters to preside over that number of classes, and assigned to each class the authors to be read in it. At this time, too, it was provided, that the two under-masters should have an annual salary each of £20 Scots, together with 13s. 4d. per quarter from their scholars; that the third master should have a quarterly allowance of 40 merks Scots, and from each scholar 15s., and that the principal master should have 200 merks of yearly salary, and 20s. per quarter, with other regulations. The masters were then "discharged from receiving any blaise-silver from their scholars, and likewise bent-silver, other than four pennies at one time," and were required to furnish security to the amount of 500 merks that they would not resign their offices without half a year's warning.

In 1709, the common-council decreed, that for all times coming, the following should be the rule of payment; the rector to have a salary of 300 merks Scots yearly, 4s. sterling per quarter for each boy in his own class, and 1s. quarterly from every scholar in the other classes; and the four inferior masters to receive an annual salary each of 250 merks, and 4s. sterling "from the several scholars in the respective classes."

The original building of the High School was erected, as was also that of the College, on the ground of Kirk of Field, then first appropriated to public purposes, a situation which, at that time, had the advantages of being quite detached from the town, of free air, and open space around it. This building continued to serve its purpose without addition or enlargement for two centuries, as it was not until 1777 that the increasing population of Edinburgh induced the citizens to erect a larger and more commodious edifice, on the same ground close to the old one, which was then taken down and the space enclosed. The foundation of the school was laid on the 24th of June, 1777, by the late Sir William Forbes, grand master of the free-masons, assisted by the mason lodges in the city, and accompanied in procession by the magistrates, the professors, and the masters and boys of the High School. Since this erection, with the exception of a small addition made to the rector's room, and the division of the common-hall into two class rooms, no alteration has taken place in the building, although the increasing population of Edinburgh, during a period of nearly fifty years, has rendered an extension of accommodation in the school necessary.

Not only is increased accommodation wanted, but the present situation of the school, however excellent and advantageous at the first and for a long period of time, has, ever since the commencement of the New Town, but chiefly since its more recent and rapid extension, become extremely inconvenient for the body of the inhabitants whose sons form by far the largest proportion of the pupils, both in respect of distance, and of access by the crowded thoroughfare of two bridges. The removal of the school, therefore, from its present obscure, confined, and incommensurate situation, has long been in the contemplation of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the patrons.

In pursuance of this design, they turned their attention to different situations in the New Town, and the site they have fixed upon, on the southern slope of the Calton Hill, adjoining to, and north of, the Regent's road, is one which combines many advantages essential to a public school. It is of easy access to those districts which are found to supply the largest number of pupils; it has ample space for play-ground, which cannot be hemmed in by other buildings, and it is uncommonly well aired. The situation is one, which, while it affords room for a building constructed with a view to full accommodation for conducting every

branch taught at the school, requires also that such an erection should be of an ornamental character, as it will be a conspicuous object from many points, and particularly prominent on entering the town by the splendid approach of the Regent's road. The Town Council have called in the aid of Mr. Hamilton, an architect of celebrity, of whose plan we give a correct and spirited engraving. It has been highly approved by the first judges, as not only elegant in itself, but harmonising with the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. The foundation of the building was laid with the usual ceremonies on the 28th of July last, by Lord Glenherchy, Grand Master of the Masons in Scotland.

The expense of the building, to contain five class-rooms, of proper size and ventilation, with the appropriate additional requisite apartments to each, a common-hall, library, writing-school, and other rooms, which the improved system of education renders necessary, is estimated at 17,000*l*. The Town Council are limited, by motives of prudence, as to the sum they can allot from the funds of the city; and although, in addition to this, they expect a considerable sum from the sale of the present school-house and ground, yet it is to the public that they look for the greatest proportion of the required amount; and we trust they will not appeal in vain, since few objects are better worthy the support of not only Scotland, but of England, than the High School of Edinburgh, where so many eminent men have been educated.

Of the dimensions of the new building we know nothing; but as to the merits of the plan, we agree with the writer of an article in the *Literary Chronicle*, "that if the design of the architect be realized,—which does not uniformly happen in public structures, where either want of sufficient funds, or other unforeseen circumstances, occasion deviations from the original plans,—his building will be very classical and picturesque, and will prove a great ornament to the northern Athens. Mr. Hamilton, the architect, appears to have formed his design more particularly with a view to the grouping of the various parts; and in this respect he has produced much originality and novelty, although the various features, considered separately, have no particular pretensions to this quality."

THE TENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

HAPPY the man who void of fears,
His bark of life securely steers;

2 D 2

Who neither spreads his swelling sails,
Nor trusts too much to prosperous gales;
Nor, when the winds and ocean roar,
Presses too much upon the shore.

Who loves in peace through life to stray,
Will always choose the middle way,
Free from the cares which wealth attend,
Nor helpless, yet without a friend;
He will not see, with envious eyes,
The rich and the ambitious rise.

The storm high palaces has shook,
Whilst the poor cot does calmly look
On the rough blast: the pine is torn
From its deep roots, and far is borne;
But, with their humble station blest,
The shrubs secure in valleys rest.

That soul is truly reckon'd great,
Prepared for ev'ry kind of fate,
Not wishing riches to command,
Not fearing poverty's cold hand:
The stormy winter comes from Jove,
That god the winter does remove.

Though mis'ry now attends your ways,
Soon you may number happy days:
The god who rises in the east,
And ends his journey in the west,
His lyre he does not always sound,
Nor always do his shafts rebound.

Whether adversity's your guest,
Or you prosperity has blest,
Conceal whatever be your fate,
And keep your mind in equal state;
And when arise inviting gales,
Quickly contract your swelling sails.

J. J.

THE FATAL ROSE,

(AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE,)

Translated from the Italian of Rossinelli,

BY MISS C. M. T.—N.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE following interesting and authentic narrative has been hitherto withheld from the public through motives of delicacy towards two unfortunate individuals connected with it, who would necessarily have recognised events (notwithstanding the suppression of names) in which they bear so conspicuous a part. That heart however which would have been more immediately wounded by the recital, has long ceased to beat, and one of the public journals has recently conveyed to me that in the cold precincts of the tomb, now sleeps the other. I send forth, therefore, the little detail, which may serve not only as a source of passing amusement, but furnish a mournful illustration of the force of superstitious prejudice, and the ascendancy which, unchecked, it sometimes acquires over both judgment and reason.

In the year 17— I had occasion to visit England for a few months, and on the

eve of my return was commissioned with several letters to Italy by several families to whom I had, during my residence on the British coasts, been introduced. Amongst these was one presented to me by Mr. St. V——, a young man with whom I had frequently been in company, and who had excited within me a considerable degree of interest, not only from his prepossessing appearance, but more particularly by a deep cast of melancholy which pervaded his fine countenance. It was that sort of calm, unobtrusive sadness which irresistibly and intuitively wins upon our sympathy, and united as it was to a noble deportment and graceful symmetry of form, it was impossible but to imbibe a warm predilection in his behalf. He was young—a foreigner—and the dignity of his air announced him of good birth and family, as much as his easy *politesse* characterised the gentleman, and his refined conversation the scholar. I had received my introduction to him by a family of distinction in the metropolis, and was prompted to make many inquiries respecting him; but further than that he was a Portuguese, unhappy, and incorrigibly insensible to all the bright glances of ladies' eyes, I could learn nothing. The letter he had confided to my care was addressed to the Marchese ——— in the vicinity of Florence, and I determined to deliver it in *propria persona*, indulging a hope that I might perchance gain some information relative to the mysterious stranger. I returned to Italy—I fulfilled my self introduction at the Villa dell' ——— and found in the appearance and manners of the Marchese as much to conciliate admiration and esteem as in those of the interesting unknown. I was however struck by observing the same melancholy cast of countenance as that which in him had excited my attention. On mentioning the name of Mr. St. V——, while tendering the letter, a sudden start involuntarily agitated his frame, and there was a tremor of the hand, a quivering of the lips as he received it, indicating too plainly that some tender chord of the heart had vibrated to a painful recollection. This introduction was only a prelude to a series of subsequent visits; a mutual exchange of friendship commenced between us, which ripened into reciprocal confidence, and ultimately obtained for me an entire elucidation of the melancholy exhibited both by him and the Portuguese. Frequently during my visits I remarked the Marchese cast a glance of mournful earnestness towards a small vase stationed on a marble pedestal at the extremity of one of the rooms. I was once left alone in this

apartment, and approached to examine the vase, thinking that it might perhaps be decorated with some painting of interest; but no, it was of simple construction, bearing neither device nor motto. A proper sense of *honour* deterred me from removing the capola that surmounted it, added to which, I am not of the class of the fairer sex, and consequently exempt (*your gentle pardon ladies*) from that all powerful stimulant, *curiosité*. A short lapse of time however furnished me with an ample explanation. The only child of the Marchese was a young and beautiful girl, who combined every mental accomplishment and elegant qualification, with a warm and gentle heart. I once had a view of a miniature resemblance of her, and it presented a perfect picture of faultless, feminine loveliness. From her earliest years, however, she evinced a strong propensity to superstition, and though this might in its first stages have been constitutional, yet, it had certainly been greatly matured and augmented by the solitude in which (from a very delicate state of health) she was compelled to pass much of her time, and by a course of reading in which she was inconsiderately indulged by a sort of *gouvernante* who had resided in the family ever since the demise of the Marchese. To this propensity the fair Eloda owed her death. At about the time she entered her eighteenth year she was accosted by one of those wanderers who infest society, earning subsistence under pretence of divulging future fate; and from her repeated importunities was at length induced to submit her white palm to the sibyl's inspection. Whether the amiable girl had in any way incurred the resentment of the reputed prophetess is not known; but apparently actuated by some vindictive motive, she informed her innocent hearer, that ere long she would visit a spot as yet unknown to her, where she would meet on a flight of marble steps, a dark looking stranger, a foreigner, that he would present her with a rose, and that if she suffered herself to accept it, she would shortly afterwards die. Trivial as may be deemed the nature of such a prediction, yet, on a mind naturally timid and susceptible, it fell with irresistible force. In vain was every tender argument, every persuasion of parental and affectionate eloquence adopted; the sweet girl could not overcome the terror and depression which the prophecy had cast on her heart. At every new introduction to a stranger she started and turned pale; her health at all times delicate, became so mournfully impaired that it was deemed requisite to try the

benefit of change of scene. The Marchese determined therefore to make the tour of Italy. Arrangements were speedily made, and early in the summer of 17— the tender object of solicitude commenced, attended by the anxious parent, and the *gouvernante*—her last journey.

The novelty of objects, the sublimity of scenery in the vicinity of Naples—the awful, speaking grandeur of the burning mount, and the refined and festive circles in which from their rank they found an easy access, and frequently mingled—all combined in some measure to recall the spirits of the fair sufferer. The tint of returning health again smiled on her cheek, and the Marchese was beginning to congratulate himself on having all his anxieties removed, when one day he ordered the carriage to be driven to the Piazza della —. He had heard of the arrival of a family with whom he had been long on terms of intimacy, and pleased himself with the idea of the gratification he should derive in introducing his Eloda to their domestic circle. They entered the piazza, they alighted from the carriage, and were beginning to ascend the steps leading from the entrance, when the attention of the Marchese was arrested by feeling the arm of his daughter suddenly tremble. He hastily turned a glance of inquiry on her ashy countenance, when with a hurried agitated motion of earnestness she pointed to a stranger then issuing from the portico, and in a broken and scarcely articulate voice, she exclaimed, "*The rose—the rose!*" The cavalier caught the exclamation without having time or opportunity to remark the perturbation of the speaker, and naturally concluded that it was merely an admiration of the flower he wore which she was expressing, and as the *shadow* of a lady's wish is tantamount to a command, with that air of gentle gallantry so peculiar to finished politesse, he advanced and presented the rose. It was the action of a moment; before another had elapsed the proffered gift was hastily thrown aside, and both hands extended to raise the fairer faded flower—the unfortunate Eloda. She had beheld the action of the stranger—she saw the faded rose tendered for her acceptance—she saw the large, speaking eye, the dark tinted cheek, proclaiming him the son of other climes; in the lapse of an instant she saw all this; the dreadful prophecy rushed cold on her heart, like a bolt of ice, and with a loud, last, heart-rending shriek of despair, she sunk dead at his feet.

That the circumstances connected with this melancholy, catastrophe, should so

nearly associate with the sibyl's prediction; and further, that its prediction was true is certainly remarkable; yet we may in a great measure attribute its accomplishment to the tender susceptibility of the victim. The *rencontre* with a stranger in a spot remote from her native scenes, could be nothing singular, any more than that he should have in his possession a flower, which at that period of the year blooms in such luxuriance; but the combination of circumstances acting on a mind naturally disposed to superstition, and enfeebled too as it was by anxiety and ill health, were too powerful a shock to be overcome. The sorrowing father, who followed to an untimely grave the wreck of all his withered hopes, was not the only mourner; the ill-fated stranger, who had thus innocently sent her to the grasp of death, could never again be revived to happiness. Wherever he wandered, still on his dejected fancy remembrance recalled the glance—the agonized glance, which he had been instrumental in closing for ever. Still on his ear rung that fearful shriek—that heart-breathed cry—the last tone that was ever to escape the lips which he had silenced to speak no more. Still on remembrance lingered the faultless form, the beauteous image which he had sent like a blighted blossom to the grave. The suffering he evinced endeared him to the Marchese, a mutual friendship was interchanged between them; and when the Portuguese bade adieu to Italy, in the hope of divesting memory of its bitterness, still a correspondence subsisted on both sides, till it was annulled by death. The *gouvernante* had preserved the rose with scrupulous care, and hence there arose the frequent glance of mournfulness which I witnessed, directed by the Marchese to the vase in which its withered remains were deposited; hence, too, the air of sorrow and mental suffering so apparent on the countenance of the Portuguese. The morning on which the foregoing melancholy detail was related to me, was the anniversary of Eloda's birth-day—the succeeding one found the Marchese sleeping at her side.

ON BEAUTY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As a truly beautiful woman is an object that can never fail to call forth admiration from every man, whether in the vigour of youth, or in the autumn of his years, it may not be uninteresting to learn what really constitutes the beauty of the human body, and to observe what rules have been with judgment given to

distinguish the same. "What! rules given whereby a beautiful woman may be known; that which is so evident to every eye, to be defined by rules? ridiculous!" I fancy I hear the reader exclaim. But, if the reader will have a little patience, perhaps he may find that beauty may very well be defined; and that to describe the true characteristics of a beautiful woman requires more judgment than perhaps he supposed. I have therefore taken the liberty to extract and send you what Eelibiens has laid down upon the subject, and which may be looked upon as an excellent criterion for beauty; and as he does not appear to be generally known, if you think it worth your while, perhaps you will give it a place in your work, the end of which is, and which has so far answered the expectations of its readers, as its name imports, "*Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*"

In the *Entretiens*, vol. 2, the beauty of the different parts of the female form is chiefly as follows:—"That the head should be well rounded, and look rather inclining to small than large; the forehead white, smooth, and open (not with the hair growing down too deep upon it); neither flat nor prominent, but, like the head, well rounded, and rather small in proportion than large. The hair, either bright black, or brown, not thin, but full and waving; and if it falls in moderate curls the better; the black is particularly useful for setting off the whiteness of the neck and skin. The eyes black, chestnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively, and rather large in proportion than small; the eyebrows well divided, rather full than thin, semicircular, and broader in the middle than at the ends, of a neat turn, but not formal. The cheeks should not be wide, should have a degree of plumpness, with the red and white finely blended together, and should look firm and soft. The ear should be rather small than large, well folded, and with an agreeable tinge of red. The nose should be placed so as to divide the face into two equal parts; should be of a moderate size, straight, and well squared, though sometimes a little rising in the nose, which is but just perceivable, may give a very graceful look to it. The mouth should be small, and the lips not of equal thickness; they should be well turned, small rather than gross, soft, even to the eye, and with a living red in them; a truly pretty mouth is like a rose-bud that is beginning to blow. The teeth should be middle-sized, white, well ranged, and even. The chin of a moderate size, white, soft, and agreeably rounded. The neck should be white, straight, and of a soft,

easy, flexible make; rather long than short, less above, and increasing gently towards the shoulders: the whiteness and delicacy of its skin should be continued, or rather go on improving to the bosom; the skin in general should be white, properly tinged with red, with an apparent softness, and a look of thriving health in it. The shoulders should be white, gently spread, and with a much softer appearance of strength than in those of men. The arm should be white, round, firm, and soft, and more particularly so from the elbow to the hands. The hand should unite insensibly with the arm, it should be long and delicate, and even the joints and nervous parts of it should be without either any hardness or dryness. The fingers should be fine, long, round, and soft; small, and lessening to the tips of them; and the nails long, round at the ends, and pellucid. The bosom should be white and charming, and the breasts equal in roundness, whiteness, and firmness, neither too much elevated nor too much depressed, rising gently, and very distinctly separated. The sides should be long, and the hips wider than the shoulders, and go down rounding and lessening gradually to the knee. The knee should be even and well rounded. The legs straight, but varied by a proper rounding of the more fleshy parts of them, and finely turned, white and little.

"It is very fortunate, however, for the human race, that all men do not judge exactly right of beauty; for if that was the case, what misery would ensue, what blood would be shed, and how often should we see the Sabine rape again realised in the country in which beauty predominated; but happily fancy has more to do with beauty than judgment. There is an infinity of tastes, and consequently an infinity of beauty; for to the mind of the lover, supposed beauty is full as good as real. This increases the extent of beauty vastly, and makes it in a manner universal; every body may be beautiful in the imagination of some one or other; some delight in a gentle natural rostriness of complexion, others in a high exalted artificial red; some nations in waists disproportionately large, and others in waists as disproportionately small. In short, the most opposite things imaginable may each be looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country.

"Personal beauty may be considered under these four heads:—Colour, Form, Expression, and Grace; the two former being, as it were the body, the two latter the soul of beauty.

"1. Colour.—Although this is the

lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking and the most observed; the beauties of colour requiring much less of judgment than any of the other three. The most beautiful colour of the body is a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white, and diffused in due proportions through each part of the body; for all this sort of beauty is resolvable into a proper variation of flesh-colour and red, with the clear blueness of the veins pleasingly intermixed about the temples and the going off of the cheeks, and set off by the shades of full eyebrows, and of the hair when it falls in a proper manner round the face. However, the general persuasion seems to be well founded, that a complete brown beauty is preferable to a perfect fair one, the bright brown giving a lustre to all the other colours, a vivacity to the eye, and a richness to the whole look. Raphael's most charming *Madonna* is a brunette beauty.

"2. Form.—This takes in the turn of each part, as well as the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of the eyebrow, or the falling of the hair. Perhaps, too, the attitude, while fixed, ought to be reckoned under this article; by which is not only meant the posture of the person, but the position of each part, as the turning of the neck, the extending of the hand, the placing of a foot, and so on to the most minute particulars.

"The general cause of beauty in the form or shape in both sexes, is a proportion, or an unison and harmony in all parts of the body."

C. S.

THE DYING POET.

BENEATH a rug, whose verdant hue,
Show'd it could other service do,
On desk or dinner table.
A meagre, song-worn poet lay,
Near, as I think, to that sad day,
When swans to sing are able.

Life's toilsome epic nearly past,
He felt that day might be his last,
So thus he closed his lays:—
"May ev'ry bard descend like me,
Resign'd into eternity,
And cover'd with green baize!" (bays)"

FRANK.

ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.

(For the Mirror.)

A GENTLEMAN farmer from a distant part of the country, either fancying there was some derangement in his system, or wishing, after having seen the other sights of the metropolis to visit one of its

principal lions, viz. Mr. Abernethy, accordingly went to him. "Do you make a good breakfast?" inquired Mr. Abernethy. "Pretty good," answered the patient.—"You lunch?"—"Yes, I take luncheon."—"Do you eat a hearty dinner?"—"Pretty hearty."—"You take tea, I suppose?"—"Yes, I do."—"And, to wind up all, you sup, I suppose?"—"Yes, I always sup."—"Why, then, you beast," said Mr. Abernethy, "go home and eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you."

A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy, began describing her complaint, which is what he very much dislikes. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift my arm, it pains me exceedingly."—"Why, then, Ma'am," answered Mr. A. "you are a great fool for doing so."

W. P. P.

DEATH OF JOHN, THE GREEK EMPEROR.

(For the Mirror.)

JOHN, the Greek emperor, one day hunting a wild boar, having wounded him with his spear, the boar, enraged, turned round, and bore hard forward against the weapon, which forced the emperor's hand backward against the point of a poisoned arrow that was hanging in a quiver on his back. The wound was but slight; but the strength of the poison so great as to cause a raging pain, which still increasing, and his hand and arm swelling to an alarming degree, there was no remedy but for his arm to be cut off, which desperate and uncertain cure he was utterly against, often pleasantly saying, while in the greatest pain, that the Greek empire was not to be governed with one hand. But his agony still increased with the effect of the poison, till grim death put an end to his sufferings.

J. N.

THE BURMESE.

IN our last MIRROR we gave an engraving and description of the Burmese carriage, captured during the present war in India, and we now add from the well written catalogue sold at the exhibition, an interesting account of the Burmah empire and the Burmese.

It is a fact, no less extraordinary than true, that there are no countries on the habitable globe, where the arts of civilized life are at all understood, of which our knowledge is so limited and imperfect as of those lying immediately between the

British possessions in India and the Empire of China.

Burmah itself is not so much a country, as the designation of an active and vigorous race of Mountaineers originally inhabiting the line of mountains, separating the great peninsula, stretching from the confines of Tartary to the Indian Ocean, and considered by many the *Golden Chersonesus* of the Ancients. Pouring down from these heights and native fastnesses, this enterprising and arrogant people have successively fixed their yoke upon the entire peninsula of Aracan, and after seizing successively the separate states and kingdoms of Ava, Pegue, &c., have condensed their conquests into one powerful state, called the Burmah Empire, from their own original name. This great Hindoo-Chinese country, has gone on extending itself on every possible occasion, subduing Assam,* Aracan, and even part of Siam, so that on all sides it would appear to rest upon natural barriers, which might well seem to prescribe limits to its progress, and repose and security to its grandeur. Eastward, immense deserts divide its boundaries from China; on the south it had carried its arms to the ocean, subduing every opponent—on the north, it rested upon the high mountains of Tartary, dividing it from Tibet, an effectual barrier—on the west, a great and almost impassible tract of jungle wood, marshes, and alluvial swamps of the great river Houghly, or the Ganges, interposed its boundaries between itself and the British possessions;—but beyond this boundary, and skirting the conquered country of Assam, lay the district of Chittagong, the point whence has originated the present obstinate contention.

The events of the Burmese war show these tribes to us under such very different qualities from any other enemy we

* Assam is an extensive and fertile province, which the Burmese have recently added to their territory. It contains an area of about 60,000 square miles. The people are of a warlike cast, and have stood many powerful contests with neighbouring states. On one occasion, Mohammed Shar, Emperor of Hindostan, attempted the conquest with 100,000 cavalry, but the whole were speedily annihilated. That the Burmese should have succeeded in subjugating a nation that was heretofore enabled to withstand such a mighty force, is a proof, if any were wanting, of the warlike prowess of these resolute people. Their constant aggressions have perfected them in every species of attack and defence, among the latter of which, their stockade system has attained the highest degree of perfection. A mountainous country, closely intersected with nullahs, or thick reedy jungles, sometimes thirty feet in height, is the situation chosen for the stockade.

have had to cope with in the East, that their history demands a more able investigation than this hasty and imperfect sketch can be expected to afford.

The population is estimated by Symes, at seventeen millions—by Judson, a recent missionary traveller, at nineteen—and by Cox at a much lower number; this is a subject of investigation upon which the data is so uncertain that it is difficult to decide which is the most correct statement; recent conquests may probably have brought up their numbers pretty nearly to Major Symes's estimate. The people are represented to be lively, industrious, and energetic, and further advanced in civilization than most of the Eastern nations; they are frank and candid and destitute of that pusillanimity which characterizes the Hindoos, and of that revengeful malignity which is a leading trait in the Malay character; some of their men are even powerful logicians, and take delight in investigating new subjects, be they ever so abstruse, but learning is confined to the male sex, all the boys being taught by the priests, females not being allowed the advantages of education, except in the higher classes.—Their books are numerous, many of them written in a flowing and beautiful style, and much ingenuity is manifested in the construction of their stories.

The monarchy is arbitrary, the sovereign being sole lord and proprietor of life and property in his dominions, his word is therefore irresistible law. Every male above a certain age, is considered as a soldier—the absolute property of the sovereign, and liable to be called into service at any moment. In speaking of the want of faith he experienced from the Burmese authorities, Capt. Cox says—"It is a farce to talk of treaties with the present rulers of this people, in their present state of information—their ignorance of their true interests is only equalled by their pride and presumption."

The climate and soil of the country are alike excellent, and Burmah may be called the Garden of the East, although agriculture is but little attended to.

The general salubrity of the air is best evinced by its effects; the inhabitants, male and female, are a hale robust race; and strangers in general preserve their health, or recover soon if they arrive sick. There are only two months in the year that are extremely hot. The country presents a rich and beautiful appearance, and if cultivated, would be one of the finest in the world, but the poor have little inducement to labour under their present hard task-masters.

Capt. Cox remarks, "Wherever I

have landed, I have met with security and abundance, the houses and farm yards put me in mind of the habitations of our little farmers in England."

The whole empire enjoys the great and inestimable advantage of being traversed from north to south by a vast navigable river, the Irrawaddy, which takes its rise from the mountains of Tibet, and flows into the sea at Rangoon, that is, the gulf of Bengal. It abounds in the finest and most valuable timber in the world, and the nullahs or chancels connected with the great rivers, are so innumerable that by their means the transport of it becomes easy to every quarter of the globe. The teak tree, so valuable in ship-building, equalling our oak in bulk, the white sandal, the ebony, the sycamore, the Indian fig, and the banyan, which is in itself a grove, add the freshness and beauty of shady bowers, impervious even to an Indian sun. The various minerals and metals, particularly gold, abound, and the art of gilding, which seems always to have followed the abundance of the precious metals, seems here to have arrived at a high perfection, as the splendid specimen before us fully testifies. Tradition affixes the early period of 500 years before Christ, as the time when the superb Temple of Pegu, another extraordinary example of the perfection of the art, was gilded. They have quarries of a diaphanous marble, of most resplendent beauty and of great utility in architecture, the slabs of which are prohibited for sale, and their pure white statuary marble equals, if not surpasses, the finest specimens Italy can produce.

The Burmahs' mode of calculating time, is of the earliest antiquity, like the Mexicans and ancient Egyptians, it is done by lunar computations of months, adding every three years a month of thirty days, as an intercalary period. They celebrate the first day of their new year answering to our 12th of August, with great rejoicings, and they have also very imposing purificatory ceremonies at the close of their year. It is likewise worthy of notice, that the month of the vernal equinox, from the earliest ages of antiquity, from the usages of Babylon and Assyria, has been preserved to this day throughout the East. The Burman Sunday falls on the day of the new and full moon, and the days of the moon's quartering, making four in each lunar month. Their language is the Pali, a derivation of the Sanskrit, and allied to the sacred dialects of India, their poetry is extremely melodious, which as well as music, is ardently encouraged.

The Chinese are the purchasers of all the

precious minerals that are suffered to leave the country, they also take off large quantities of a peculiar species of a brown cotton, used in making their nankens, and in return give their silk, velvets, gold and silver leaf, and thread, of which immense quantities are consumed in gilding their pagodas, and a variety of miscellaneous articles.—*Vide Col. Franklin's Narrative.* At Raynangoong are the celebrated wells of Naptha, or earth oil, in which article the traffic is immense. At this place and its vicinity there are no less than 520 of these oil springs, each it is said producing 1,825 lbs. per diem—the net profit of each will bring, at least, 1,000 teicals per annum.

The Burmans are Boodhists, or plainly speaking, a nation of atheists; they believe that existence involves in itself the principles of misery and destruction, consequently that there is no eternal God. The whole universe, they say, is only destruction and reproduction—it therefore becomes a wise man to raise his desires above all things that exist, and aspire to the state in which there is no existence. Rewards and punishments follow meritorious and sinful acts, agreeably to the nature of things. Guadama, their last Boodh or deity, in consequence of meritorious acts, arrived at that state of perfection, which made him deserving of annihilation—the *supreme good*! Boodh, or Guadama, appeared in Hindostan about 2,300 years ago; it is but a new form given to the old transmigratory system, which has existed from time immemorial. Brahmanism and Boodhism long struggled for the ascendancy; at length the family of Guadama was dethroned, his religion denounced, and his disciples took refuge in Ceylon and the neighbouring countries. Their sacred writings were composed about 500 years after, and from thence conveyed in the Pali, a sacred dialect of the Sanskrit to the Indo-Chinese nations, where it has since maintained its ground. In Ceylon is still supposed to be deposited one of the *teeth* of Guadama, which sacred relic his Burmese Majesty made formal and earnest application to Captain Cox, our resident at Rangoon, to obtain for him. The great Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon, has the superlative felicity of containing six or eight hairs of the deity, to which the *teeth* would doubtless be a most important acquisition.

The Burmese are remarkably superstitious, attributing every species of calamity that befalls them to the influence of evil spirits. Thus, when the cholera began to rage in Rangoon, and all was terror and alarm, they manfully attacked these ideal enemies with swords and

slaves, making the most outrageous noises, in order to dispossess them from the several houses they were supposed to have gained a footing in. No one ventured to remain inactive, for it was asserted and believed that the spirit would enter and retain possession of every house where anything like quiet was to be found; but the disease still continued to rage, and the uproar was more fatal, it may be supposed, to the sick, than to the ideal beings against whom it was directed.

Most of the royal family are alchemists. They produce a mixture of drugs, which they state will make people invulnerable; and the extraordinary stories they tell, and would have you believe, of their power over the metals, is highly singular and amusing.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING SHORT.

OF the disadvantages of being short, I shall exhibit one, in order to demonstrate that Statius was quite right, when, describing a little hero, he says,

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore Virtus", which my late worthy tutor, Olinthus, for reasons best known to himself, used to make me translate as follows:—

"MAJOR Virtus commanded a small corps."

The name of major revives all my by-gone military propensities. I was one of the first who enrolled themselves as volunteers, when the rage for pipe-clay and red coats was some years since rife among the cockneys, and a counter revolution broke out in Tooley-street, in order to check the progress of the French revolutionists. Now, howbeit, I shewed more fiery zeal in marches and counter-marches than any of the corps, I disbursed, by one half, less in scarlet broad cloth; a remarkable economy which would have pleased Mr. Hume, and which induced our witty Colonel R——r to designate my military exertions as the "cheap defence of nations." On one occasion (it was while leading on my regiment to the glorious storm of a furze bush, during a review on Wormwood Scrubs,) I was honoured with the favourable notice of his late Majesty—God bless him! he inquired, "who had fastened that little warrior to his sword?" and the late Duke of Richmond, who stood by, observed, that "there was no fear of my *thucking* in battle, since the range of musket shot would always be considerably above my head." After the affair was over, the officers gave a dinner, at which

I presided; and which I am obliged to confess did not pass off with so much *ecolat* for me as the sham fights, owing to an envious "tall fellow" of a corporal; who, I presume, owed his litigiousness to being by profession a lawyer. His first sally was by a protest against drinking a toast unless the chairman was present; he was told that I was in the chair; but he denied, in the first place, that any person was visible, and urged with too legal sophistry, that "*De non apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" Cries of "support the chair" had no effect on him; he argued that the case was informal, and that we were proceeding *sede vacante*. Perceiving that my moonish visage was partially eclipsed as by a black cloud, by a decanter of claret, I attempted to rise in order to support the dignity of the chair; but with all my exertions I found that I could only bring my chin on a level with my soup-plate. In this position I was at least, like *Falstaff*, the cause of wit in others. One gentleman compared me to the old caricatures of persons in a barber's shop, alternately waiting with basins beneath their chins in order to be shaved. Another, less barber-ous, thought that my cry of "Chair, chair," resembled the still small voice of that obsolete personage cycled conscience, who is heard, though not seen. Another did me the favour of calling me the "invisible boy." The chair, I believe, was indeed somewhat to blame for the company's *oversight*. It was unusually wide and capacious (purposely selected, no doubt), in order to give occasion to the good things which were showered upon me, as soon as the company, by rising, and standing affectedly on their tiptoes, were enabled to discern the presiding dignity therein deposited. One compared me to a child in a go-cart; another said that I resembled a mouse under a canopy of state; and a third said that I reminded him of the lady in the lobster.

In the midst of the inextinguishable roar of laughter which these sallies occasioned, one of my bottle cronies, who, perhaps, feared that the joke at my short figure was too long, or that its protraction might contract his future enjoyments at my house, supplied me with a stool. On this, after mounting the table with an air of offended dignity, I enthroned myself, and was thus enabled to put in a rejoinder to Corporal Latitat. This adventure and some others gave me a distaste for the military profession, and deprived the country of my services. *What sad results arise from little things!*

JOHN LITTLE.
European Magazine.

TABLE TALK ABOUT SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Lum, whose "Readings" were commemorated in my fifteenth Letter, has removed into Berners-street. I cannot say that I admire the street, frowned upon as it is by the Middlesex Hospital; however, there she is, and her first dinner party was composed of Lord Robert Ranter, Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale, Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant and his lady, Augustus Thackeray, and Mr. and Mrs. Mudford. Mrs. Lum, who is a very intellectual woman, had rather not give dinners at all; but people won't be read to upon any other terms. "Now I am going to be sung at," said Madame Vestris, with a distasteful air, as she walked upon the stage to encounter "Water parted from the sea." For myself, I would rather be sung at than read at, on any day in the year, especially when Madame Vestris is the singer; but every one to his liking. Mrs. Lum's soup and fish passed off very well, being enlivened with the Cayenne of Mathews's old joke, played off by Augustus Thackeray, viz. that the talk of the table, if it turns upon the viands that then graced it, must necessarily be *soup-or-fish-tal*. The first course, too, passed away without any accident; but, between its disappearance and the advent of the second, there occurred one of those hitches in the scenery, which, when they take place at either of our Winter Theatres, are honoured by a hiss. How cooks manage as they do, is to me a miracle. To bring so many dishes to bear upon one given moment, notwithstanding the irregularity of guests in arriving at the place of appointment, appears to me a feat that may cope in merit with the skill of a Marlborough or a Wellington in bringing armies into the field. Upon the occasion in question, however, the cook, like General Mack, was at fault. Lord Robert Ranter saw Mrs. Lum's distress, and gallantly stepped forward with a story about Sheridan to relieve her. "Did I not see Moore's Life of Sheridan in the drawing-room?" inquired his Lordship. "You did," answered the lady; "I mean to read it to you this evening, provided we get through Southey's Book of the Church in tolerable time." Lord Robert bowed his gratitude, and continued: "I am surprised that so clever a man as Mr. Moore should have omitted the story of Sheridan and the plate-warmer. Your servant's recent remembrance with that machine reminds me of the anecdote." Mrs. Lum looked towards the door, and, finding it still closed against the second course, smilingly requested to hear it. "Sheri-

dan," resumed Lord Robert, "was dining at Peter Moore's with his son Tom"—"Whose son Tom?" inquired Mr. Madford.—"Sheridan's, of course," answered his Lordship.—"Oh, I did not know," said Mr. Mudford; "I thought Peter Moore might have a son Tom—he was your last antecedent."—"Well," resumed Lord Robert, "poor Tom was at that time in a very nervous debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a din of a rattle, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, 'I suppose you have broken all the plates?' 'No, Sir,' said the servant, 'not one.'—'No!' exclaimed Sheridan; 'then damn it, you have made all that noise for nothing.'"—Lord Robert, while narrating this anecdote, like a skilful general, kept his eye upon the door, which opened with a boiled turkey, as he uttered the words "nervous debilitated state." The narrator spoke in slow time, to allow of the deposit of the partridges and sweetbreads; came to "start and tremble" on the arrival of the trifle and plover's eggs; and concluded the anecdote with "noise for nothing" as the last dish was placed upon the table. "What kindness and humanity!" ejaculated Mrs. Lum to herself, "thus to draw off the attention of the company from an empty table-cloth! But his talents shall not go unrewarded. I will give him an extra evening's reading; he shall have Mr. McCulloch's 'Political Economy' all to himself."

Every guest at table secretly determined to make the most of this story; but, from lack of Lord Robert's *fact*, they none of them produced any effect from repeating it. Augustus Thackeray carried it off on the next evening into the city, to a dinner given by a Blackwell-hall factor, in King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street; and, aiming to extend Lord Robert Ranter's two-act-piece into a five-act comedy completely spoilt it. He thus prefaced it:—"You mention, Sir, of Harley's Peeping Tom reminds me of poor Tom Sheridan. My first acquaintance with him was on the coming out of Caractacus—a serious pantomime—at the late Drury-lane Theatre. I believe Tom wrote the wrestling scene between Wal-lack and Miss Bristowe—then two children. But of this I am not certain." At this period of his narrative, Thackeray had obtained "the ear of the court," as the phrase is in Westminster-hall—and had he "got over the ground," he might have "obtained his rule." "Mr. Dun-

der," said the late Lord Ellenborough to a barrister of the overlaying species, "the court is already with you, unless, by persevering to plead, you wish that it should be against you." A hint like this would have been of immense service to Thackeray, who thus went on—"On the night before its representation, Tom Sheridan was in the green-room, and so was I. Tom was engaged to sup with Sir John Carr, in the Temple, and asked me if I knew whereabouts his chambers were? Yes, said I, in Garden-court. I am going that way, and will show you. 'Thank you,' said he. Poor fellow! I never saw him afterwards. Let me see, where was I?"—"In Garden-court, Sir," said a complaisant Bill-broker who sat on Thackeray's left hand. But by this time, from the length of his prologue, his audience had dwindled away, one by one, until, to adopt the Rev. Sydney Smith's phrase, "he had preached himself bare to the very sexton." Still, however, he proceeded, and was in the act of enlightening his solitary listening Bill-broker upon the subject of Sheridan and the plate-warmer, when a rival annalist set the table in a roar, and effectually drowned poor Tom Sheridan by the following story:—"You all knew Charles Tessier—(omnes, "All, all!)"—Well! after living some years in Austin-friars, he took to high life, and went up to Grosvenor-street. He was invited one day to dine with a dandy colonel (whose promissory note he had indorsed) in Upper Brook-street. In stalked little Charles, at seven; and meaning to do a bit of grandeur, exclaimed, 'I can't think what could be the matter with my horses just now. The coachman could hardly manage them. He was obliged to drive them three times round Grosvenor-square to make them quiet.'—'Why the fact is, Tessier,' said Dawes, the banker, 'they were frightened—they did not know where they were. If they had been in Finsbury-square they would have been quiet enough.'—This sally fell so harmoniously upon the ears of a set of dwellers in Old Bethlem, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, and Savage Gardens, that poor Thackeray was regularly floored. The counter-laugh came upon him "like a roaring lion from Tophet," if I may be so bold as to steal a simile from the gay deceiver of Moorgate.

Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant went away from Mrs. Lum's with the anecdote in his sensorium, and thought himself perfectly sure of an audience in Lady Bromley (a very quiet deaf old woman, who will listen to anything), in a private box at Covent-garden theatre. Unluckily,

Miss Paton performed *Mandane*; and Sir Hans, who has no taste for anything but Shakespeare, was telling the story, while that lady was singing "Fly, soft ideas, fly!" The state of Lady Bromley's auriculars rendered it necessary that Sir Hans should tell his tale rather in alt: this the audience, who have got a knack of being attentive when Miss Paton sings, took in dudgeon; and accordingly cries of "Silence, turn him out, throw him over," put Sir Hans's soft ideas to the rout; and Sheridan's plate-warmer was once more thrown prostrate.

Mr. Mudford took the anecdote to the table of a "serious" family at Gravesend; but being in the act of moulting his profane feathers (he has been since regularly evangelized by his wife), he told Sheridan's retort without the oath, and consequently "missed staya." Col. Nightingale conveyed it to a house dinner at the United Service Club; but unfortunately the company, jointly and severally, had gotten into that vile trick of telling a parcel of stories, one after the other, about Sheridan, consisting of the old hash of, composer of wine and importer of music—making a creditor trot his horse up and down Clarges-street, while he bolted into May Fair—Cumberland and his new tragedy,—the Forty Thieves, which was nick-named at the time Sheridan and his Thirty-nine Thieves—*et hoc genus homine*. In the midst of all this the poor plate-warmer could only "take its turn, and be forgotten." Mind I am not blaming the story-tellers: every man, especially at a club, has a right to tell his own story; but for myself, where conversation, or rather narration, takes that turn at table, I make it a rule to call for my hat. There is no enduring it. I really believe I know every story that ever was told. What would I not give to be possessed of less wisdom! Whenever a man asks me at table, "Did you ever hear the anecdote of—" I constantly interrupt him with "Yes," without waiting for his noun substantive.

Shakespeare talks of evil deeds, which "return to plague the inventor." It is the same with stories. Lord Robert Ranter, on the day se'nnight which succeeded his narrative, actually had his own story told to him at table by a dull man from Dundee, who would not be stopped, do what his lordship would. "Did your lordship ever hear a remarkably good story about Sheridan?"—"Yes, sir, I have heard them all."—"It happened at Peter Moore's: you must know poor Tom Sheridan was far from well, and—" "I'd thank you for some bread;"—"So, sir, the servant in going too near the—"—"A

glass of water, if you please ;"—" Fire-
place, knocked down."—" Lady Somers,
shall I have the pleasure of—" " The
plate-warmer—" Here Lord Robert
called out the whole *posse comitatus*, and
the narrative danced on to the follow-
ing miscellaneous tune : " Upon which
Peter Moore said—" " No potatoes—" "
Feeling for Tom Sheridan—" " Sherry
for me, but take which you like—" " I
suppose you have broken all the—" "
Champagne by all means."—" " No
gravy, but I'll trouble Captain Watts—" "
No, sir," said the servant—" " But"—
" Peter Moore—" " More brocoli and no
butter." To such casualties will the
most undaunted narrator be subject, who
tells his stories when people are hungry !

After all, the pleasantest people at
table are those who never tell stories at
all. The merest trifle that springs from
occasion is worth a hundred of the best
jokes or narratives that ever were trans-
planted. It is the same upon the stage.
The moment Mr. A. says to Mr. B.
" Pray be seated," and sprawling out his
legs, commences with " It is now fifteen
years since I first became acquainted
with your father, then on foreign service.
At the commencement of our friendship
an incident occurred—" From that epoch
I date a buzz of inattention from pit, box,
and galleries. Not that I mean to banish
story-telling from all places. There are
several dull streets where they may be
resorted to with propriety. Old Burling-
ton Street and Stratford Place are very
good story-telling streets, especially when
the Opera House is not open. When that
seat of song is accessible, people are
plaguily apt to ring for their carriages,
and leave you in the middle of your ca-
stastrophe. A friend of mine, in fact,
out of the Opera season, was cut short in
the midst of a lamentable fire of his, that
happened at Birmingham, by seven men
jumping up from table to go and hear
" Cherry ripe," at the little theatre in the
Haymarket. Ever since he has looked at
the play-bill before hand. The dinner-
hour in London is now so late, and there
are so many music lions and lionesses
prowling about upstairs in the two draw-
ing rooms, seeking what of Mozart and
Rossini they may devour, that it requires
the agility of Mazurier himself to whip in
an anecdote at table. I have two very
good stories of my own that I have been
trying to tell these seven years without
success. It is as difficult as getting a
writership to India. One of them, how-
ever, I contrived to fire off in Drury-Lane
green-room, under the bust of Mrs. Sid-
dons. I knew my cue as well as the
actors who heard me. The play was the

" School for Scandal," and I knew myself
sure of Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell,
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, and
Maria. The call-boy, I was aware, would
leave them alone for three long acts.
They had nowhere but the green-room to
go to. The story was as follows :—Old
Wewitzer was joking and laughing at
rehearsal, instead of minding the business
of the scene. Raymond, who was then
stage-manager, took him to task for this,
and said, " Come, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish
you would pay a little attention."—" "
Well, sir," answered Wewitzer, " so I
am—I'm paying as little as I can."—" "
My other story is about Sheridan and
Delpini the clown—the man who, on the
Prince of Wales's refusal to ask Harris
to give him a benefit, said, " Very well,
sir, den I must go to your Papa's Bench." This, however, is not the story in ques-
tion. What I have been dining out so
long to tell, relates to a quarrel between
Sheridan and Delpini. There is no time
like the present: I will tell it now.
Sheridan and Delpini fell into high words
relative to an arrear of salary due to the
latter, as Man Friday in the " Robinson
Crusoe" of the former. Sheridan, provoked
at what he deemed the insolence of
the pantomimist, told him that he had
forgotten his station. " No, indeed,
Monsieur, Sheridan, I have not," re-
torted Delpini: " I know the difference
between us perfectly well. In birth, pa-
rentage, and education you are superior
to me; but in life, character, and be-
haviour, I am superior to you !"

New Monthly Magazine.

THE BROWNIES.—A DANISH TRADITION.

THERE is scarcely a house in Denmark
where things thrive, and go on in a proper
manner, that has not a brownie to take
care of it. Lucky is the servant-girl and
the stable-boy to whom the brownie is
favourable, for then they can go early to
bed, and yet be assured that every thing
will be ready for them the next morning.
It draws water and sweeps the kitchen-
floor for the girl, and cleans the horses in
the stable for the boy; but he is, never-
theless, an utter accredited enemy to all
noise and disorder. He generally goes
dressed in gray clothes, and wears a red
painted hat; but just before Michaelmas
day he puts on a round hairy cap, like
the peasants.

In the church there is likewise a brownie,
which keeps things in order, and punishes
any one that may be inattentive during
service: this brownie is called the kirk-
grim.

We are told of a brownie, who resided

in a house in Jutland, that he, every night, when the maid-servant was gone to bed, went into the kitchen in order to take his broth, which was accustomed to be left for him on the dresser in a wooden bowl. But one night when he tasted his broth, he was exceedingly angry, for he thought that the maid had forgotten to put salt into it. He got up in a fury, went into the cow-house, and strangled with his bony hands the best cow; but as he was very thirsty, he thought he would go back and drink up the remainder; but when he had tasted a little more of it, he discovered that there was salt in it, but that it had sunk to the bottom of the bowl. He was now very much grieved that he had wronged the girl, and, in order to repair his fault, he went again into the stalls, and placed a box full of money by the side of the dead cow: and when the people found it they were enriched at once.

But it is no easy manner to get rid of a brownie at your pleasure. A man who dwelt in a house where the brownie ruled things with a very high hand, determined to oust the place, and to leave him there alone. When the best part of his furniture was removed, the man returned to fetch away the last load, which mostly consisted of old boxes, empty barrels, and such rubbish; he bade the house farewell, and drove off without seeing anything of the brownie; but happening to turn round, he saw the creature rearing its head from one of the boxes in the waggon. The man was exceedingly mortified to find all his trouble to no purpose; but the brownie began to laugh heartily, and, with a broad grin upon his features, said to the man—"So we are going to flit to-day!"—*Monthly Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

LOUIS BRABANT, THE VEN- TRILOQUIST.

LOUIS BRABANT, the valet of Francis I., could not only emit a voice from any distance, or in any direction, but had, also, the art of counterfeiting any voice which he had ever once heard. By this extraordinary faculty the following imposition was committed. Brabant had fallen most desperately in love with a young, beautiful, and rich heiress, but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter. The father happening to die, Louis waited on the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent, pretending to condole with her on her loss; when suddenly, in the open day, in her own house, and in the pre-

sence of several friends, she hears herself addressed in a voice perfectly resembling that of her deceased husband, and seeming to proceed from above, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant! he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now suffer the inexpressible torments of purgatory for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will, at the same time, provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your poor husband." The widow could not, for a moment, resist this dreadful summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant, whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. She consents immediately to receive him for her son-in-law. Louis's finances, however, were in a very low situation; and the formalities attending the marriage-contract rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some shew of riches; nor must his real circumstances give the supposed ghost the lie direct. Accordingly, he goes to work on a fresh subject; one Cornu, an old and rich banker, at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience, on account of the manner in which he had acquired it. Passing over preliminary steps and preparations, behold Louis Brabant *étale-détable* with the old usurer, in his back parlour at Lyons, preparing him for the ensuing operations, by artfully turning the conversation on religious subjects, the reality of demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the never-ceasing torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice is heard, which to the astonished banker seems that of his deceased father, complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling on him instantly to deliver him from thence, by putting into the hands of the worthy Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum of money for the redemption of Christians in slavery with the Turks; threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation, if he did not likewise take this method to expiate his own sins! It may readily be supposed that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion, and that he farther promoted the deception by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. An old usurer, however, is naturally suspicious; accordingly, the wary banker made an appoint-

ment with the ghost's delegate for the next day, when, to render any design of imposing on him utterly abortive, he took him into the open fields, where not a house, a tree, a bush, or even a pit was in sight, capable of screening any possible confederate. This extraordinary caution called forth all the powers of our ventriloquist. Wherever the banker conducts him, at every step his ears are saluted on all sides with the complaints and groans, not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations, imploring him for the love of God, and in the name of every saint in the calendar, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the holy intention of his righteous companion. Cornu could no longer resist the voice of Heaven; and accordingly carries his guest home with him, and pays him down ten thousand crowns! With which sum the honest ventriloquist returns to Paris, and marries his mistress. The catastrophe proved fatal to the old usurer; for, the secret being revealed, and reaching his ear, he was so greatly affected at the loss of his money and the mortifying raileries of his neighbours, that he took to his bed, and soon died.

SINGLE-STICK AND WRESTLING.

Of all the ancient martial games, once the pride and delight of knights and damsels, but two have remained to our time—single-stick and wrestling; and these, if the mistaken policy of many of our magistrates is persevered in, will probably not long survive. Whenever these pastimes, as they are called by the Berkshire peasantry, are announced, a breach of the peace is apprehended; the sub-officers of justice are put in motion (at least in the neighbourhood of the metropolis), and by menace, or by force, the play is prevented. I presume to question the propriety of this conduct from the following considerations.

In spite of the predilection for the arts of peace which obtains in this country, the fall of empires and proscription of commerce on the continent have forced us to acknowledge, that to enjoy our commerce and its fruits, we must possess brave soldiers, as well as industrious manufacturers; and no one who has considered the subject will deny, that the exhibitions of single-stick, the art of self-defence, has a great tendency to this desideratum, as it generates a martial ardour both in the players and spectators.

In the proportion that this ardour is fanned and felt amongst the populace, a greater or less proportion of true military

spirit will be received with it into our army and navy, and our dragons and boarders feel more confidence in themselves; of whom the latter particularly are nearly as little acquainted with the use of the broadsword, their most effective weapon in boarding, as with the bow and arrow; which is the true reason of the capture of so many of our armed vessels the last war in the West Indies, where calms so frequently permitted the enemy to lay them aboard.

With the utility of wrestling I was forcibly struck, when reading in the *Guardian*, No. 133, the remarkable duel in 1613, between Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville.

On these accounts, and believing that the greater the quantum of martial spirit possessed by, and the more contented our population, the more secure our property and stable our empire, I contend that these lawful exercises should receive every encouragement, and cannot but think the magistracy would be as much revered, and more beloved, did they meddle less with the sports and recreations of the lower classes, or interfere only to make their holidays more happy.

THE JEWS.

THE ancient clothing of the Jews consisted of a robe or mantle, which was the upper garment; the tunic, which was under it, and reached from the neck to the heels; under that, linen in the nature of a shirt; the girdle; a sort of drawers; the tiara, and the sandals.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

EPIGRAM.

CAN you a reason for quizzing glasses find?

Yes! Puppies, you know, are always born blind.

USE OF LIQUOR.

COLONEL SNELLING states, that when a Dakota Indian in America, in the vicinity of his garrison, loses any of his relations, he repairs to him with a note from the Indian agent, desiring that he may receive a bottle of whiskey. When asked by the Colonel what is the use of the liquor on so melancholy an occasion, the Indians uniformly answer, that it is to produce a flow of tears, for, indeed, without it they are unable to cry!

TAME RAVEN.

It is related in Goldsmith's "Natural History," that at the seat of the Earl of Aylesbury, in Wiltshire, a tame raven that had been taught to speak, used to ramble about in the park; there he was commonly attended and beset with crows, rooks, and others of his inquisitive tribe. When a considerable number of these were collected round him, he would lift up his head, and with a hoarse and hollow voice about out the word, "Holla!" This would instantly put to flight and disperse his sable brethren; while the raven seemed to enjoy the fright he had occasioned.

EPITAPH

In the church of St. Martin, Leicester.

HERE lieth the body of John Heyrick, of this parish, who departed this life the second of April, 1589, being about the age of seventy-six years. He did marry Mary, the daughter of John Bond, of Warden, in the county of Warwick, Esq. He lived with the said Mary in one house full fifty-two years, and in all that time never buried man, woman, nor child, though they were sometimes twenty in household. He had issue by the said Mary five sons and seven daughters. The said John was Mayor of the town in 1559, and again anno 1572. The said Mary lived to ninety-seven years, and departed the 8th of December, 1611. She did see, before her departure, of her children, and children's children, and their children, to the number of 142.

EPITAPH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Reading in the MIRROR an incomplete epitaph on a Mr. Miles, has induced me to forward you the original, the author of which I knew well. He had a friend of the name of Henry Miles, with whom he passed many a social hour; and he one day said, "Harry, I will write an epitaph for your tomb-stone;" and accordingly presented him with the following:—

"This tomb-stone is a mile-stone; and why so?"

Because beneath lies Miles, he's Miles below.

A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
Yet now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies.

This grave, though small, contains a space so wide,

There's Miles in length, and breadth and room beside." A. O. Z.

HORRID WAR.

IN a German publication, the loss of men during the war, from 1802 to 1813, in St. Domingo, Calabria, Russia, Poland, France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany, including the maritime war, contagious diseases, famine, &c. is stated to amount to the dreadful sum of *five millions eight hundred thousand*.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD.

Fixed to a Post in the Dover-road.

THOMAS PHILLIPS does live here,
He'll sweep your chimneys, and not dear;
If your chimneys should be on fire,
He will put it out at your desire.
Small boys for register stoves;
Clean cloths for upper apartments.

IMPROMPTU.

IN a party where it was proposed, on discussing the question of Phrenology, to have casts taken of all the heads present, one gentleman, a rather antique dandy, whose hair was strongly suspected to be tinged with another colour than nature's, peremptorily resisted the plan, till overcome by the persuasions of a lady to whom he was doing the amiable: upon which the lady produced the following impromptu:—

Love triumphs, and the struggle's past;
To seem less queer in beauty's eye,
He'll "set his fate upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the dye."

Literary Gazette.

SHERIDAN AND BURKE.

AFTER a very violent speech from an opposition Member, Mr. Burke started suddenly from his seat, and rushed to the Ministerial side of the House, exclaiming with much vehemence, "I quit the camp, I quit the camp!"—"I hope," said Mr. Sheridan, "as the Honourable Gentleman has quitted the camp as a deserter, he will not return as a spy."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALTHOUGH we have received many communications from our Correspondents since last week, and many previous ones have not been more than generally acknowledged, yet we are unavoidably compelled to defer our answers for another week.

Errata.—No. CLXX. p. 360. col. 1. line 27, for CLXIV. read CLXVI.

C. M. T., on looking a second time, will find the word correctly accented.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

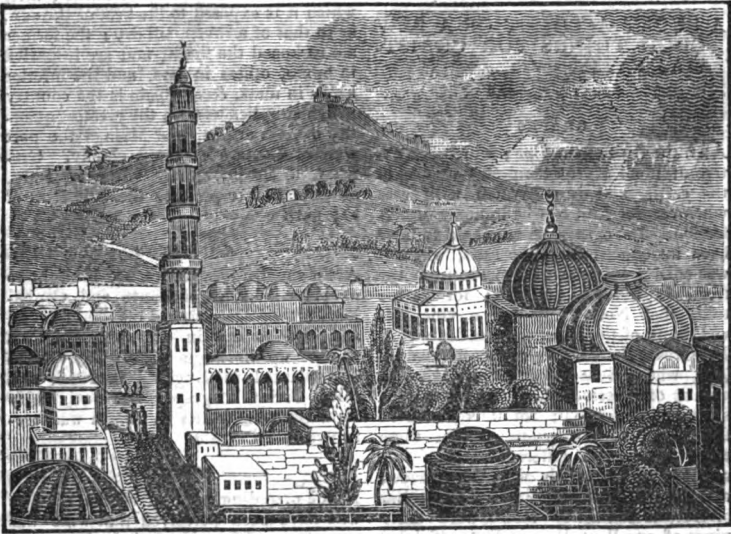
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXIV.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1825.

[PRICE 2d]

The Mount of Olives, from Jerusalem.



THE first sight of an Eastern city is generally imposing; and the effect is the more striking when the traveller comes upon it after having for hours, or perhaps days, traversed a desolate and cheerless region. The general aspect of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem is blighted and barren; the bare rock looks through the scanty sward, and the grain seems in doubt whether to come to maturity, or die in the ear.

A few gardens still remain on the sloping base of Mount Zion, watered from the pool of Siloam; the gardens of Gethsemane, the Vale of Fatness, are in a sort of ruined cultivation; the olive is still found growing spontaneously in patches at the foot of the mount to which it has given its name; there, too, the road to Bethany still winds round the declivity; and Mount Olivet itself retains a languishing verdure.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a ridge of lime-stone hills, running N.E. and S.W. It is the second of its summits which overlooks the city. The above engraving represents the appearance which it presents as seen from the

terrace of the Latin Convent of St. Salvador. "On rising," says the Rev. Mr. Jowett, "it was pleasant to view from my chamber window the wild scenery of the Mount of Olives. This mountain gradually increases in beauty till about the second hour after sunrise, when it swells and slopes upon its side, and presents at this season of the year (November) a very soft variation of light and shade. If the heart desire some holy reminiscences, these may still be enjoyed, pure and native, as the eye turns towards Mount Olivet. There no violence, or none that merits notice, has been done to the simplicity of the scene." From this summit is obtained a bird's eye view of the city of Jerusalem, which many travellers have pronounced to be the best. It commands the whole circumference of the town, and nearly all the more striking details—the Church of the Sepulchre; the Castle of the Pisans; the Armenian Convent; the Mosque of Omar, in the midst of its beautiful garden; the Mosque El Aksa; St. Stephen's Gate, near which is the Turkish burying-ground; the barren vacancies and ruined heaps which occur

within the walls; and the Christian burial-ground and tomb of David on the unenclosed part of Mount Zion.

For the view of the Mount of Olives, and this description, we are indebted to an interesting little annual, the *Amulet*. The view is from a sketch made by Sir William Chatterton, Bart.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A FEW GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS FARE.

(For the Mirror.)

GRAPES

ARE the fruit of the vine; which is a native of most of the temperate regions of the earth, and is cultivated with care wherever its fruit can be brought to perfection. Its culture is supposed to have been introduced from the East, where it was cultivated, and wine made from the fruit, in the earliest ages; for we are told, that Noah "planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine, and was drunken." In Great Britain, it was cultivated in 731, when Bede finished his History, and at one period was brought to considerable perfection; for it is stated in the *Museum Rusticum*, "that there were vineyards in different parts of this country, from which wine was made; and we are informed, that in the cellar of Arundel Castle, there were sixty pipes of excellent Burgundy (artificial?) the produce of a vineyard attached to the castle." But from the greater value of the ground for the cultivation of corn, vineyards are now scarcely known in England, and the vine only cultivated for the dessert. There are many varieties of the Vine; that which is called the Alexandrian Frontinac, yields the most delicious grapes for eating, and the Syrian the largest bunches: the last is supposed to be the sort which the spies, sent by Moses to examine Canaan, cut down at the brook Eshcol; "a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two on a staff." Strabo relates, that in Margiana, bunches of grapes were produced, two cubits, or a yard long: and in some of the Archipelago islands, they weigh from 30 to 40 pounds. The Syrian grape in this country has produced bunches weighing 19½ pounds. The celebrated Vine in the gardens at Hampton Court, which was planted in the year 1769, and allowed by all foreigners to surpass any in Europe, produced in one season 2,272 bunches, weighing 18 cwt.; it measures 72 feet by 20, and is about 13 inches in girth.

RAISINS

Are made from grapes, either by cutting the stalk of the bunch half through when the grapes are nearly ripe, and leaving them suspended on the vine till their watery part is evaporated by the heat of the sun, whence they are called *Raisins of the Sun*; or, by gathering the fruit when fully ripe, and dipping it in a ley made of the ashes of the burnt tendrils; after which it is exposed to the heat of the sun, or to that of an oven, till dry: the former are reckoned the finest, and are imported in boxes, others in jars, and the inferior kinds in mats, &c. Spain is the country which supplies us with the greatest quantity of this article, and Malaga the port whence they are exported chiefly. Grenada, in Spain, and Calabria, in Italy, are supposed to produce the best fruit of any part.

CURRENTS

Are a smaller kind of grape, brought to us principally from Zante and Cephalonia: they are gathered off the bunches, and laid to dry in the sun, and then packed up in large butts. They were first planted in England in 1555, and called Corinthian grapes, being originally from Corinth, which at length was corrupted into Currant.

WINE.

In the preceding account of the Vine, it will have been perceived that wine was manufactured from the fruit in the earliest ages. Ancient historians mention, that the Asiatics first learned the art of cultivating the vine from the Egyptians; the Grecians from the Asiatics; and the Romans from the Greeks. We learn from Pliny, that the Romans were very curious in searching after the most excellent wines; the distinction between many of them consisted in the place of their manufacture; as the Setiranum, Cacubum, Falernum, &c. &c., which were the most delicate wines of Italy in the time of that author. Among the wines of Greece, they esteemed the Maronean, Thracian, Chian, &c. Their luxurious taste carried them in search of the wines of Asia, as those of Mount Lebanon, as may be seen in the same author. In the wine countries, when the grapes are fully ripe, they are gathered, and immediately subjected to the press, by which the juice is separated from the skins and seed; at Madeira, (and at Epernay, where the best Champagne is made) the grapes are previously picked from the stalks, and freed from all the unsound ones with great care. In some places the juice is concentrated, by suffering the grape to

remain on the vine, the stem of each cluster being cut half through, the afflux of any fresh juice from the plant is prevented, and the moisture exhaling the grape is nearly dried to a raisin. The sweet Hungarian and Spanish wines are made from grapes that have been thus half dried. The wine of Chio was made from fruit treated in the same manner, and which was esteemed by the ancients for its strength, sweetness, and exquisite aromatic flavour. On the juice being pressed, it is collected into vats, and in this state is called must; it is kept in a temperature of 70 degrees. The component parts soon begin to act on each other; the liquor becomes turbid, an intestine motion is evident in it, its temperature increases, a scum collects on its surface, and carbonic acid gas is disengaged. This is the process of vinous fermentation. Its activity gradually decreases, the scum and impurities subside to the bottom, and the liquor clears, having lost its saccharine taste, and becomes *wine*. It is then put into barrels, and in due time into bottles; in both of which kind of vessels the fermentation is continued, although in an imperceptible degree.

On the proper quantities of sugar contained in the grape, and the manner in which the fermentation is conducted, depend the strength and goodness of the wine. When the fruit abounds in saccharine matter, and is not completely decomposed, or the fermentation checked, the wine retains a sweet taste; a more perfect decomposition, with a brisker fermentation, render it strong and spirituous: but if the quantity of sugar be small, a thin and weak wine is produced. In England, the fruit containing little saccharine matter, large quantities of sugar are added in the manufacture of wine; but in foreign wines none whatever. When wine is bottled early, the fermentation still proceeds, and a large quantity of carbonic acid gas collects; this, on the drawing of the cork, causes the frothing and sparkling appearance of *Champagne*.

When the husks of the coloured grapes are allowed to remain in the must during the fermentation, the nascent spirit acts on them, and extracts the colouring matter and astringent property, and thus gives colour and flavour to *Port*; for it is only in the skin of the grape that the colour exists: when the juice alone is fermented, coloured grapes will produce *White Wine*. The colour of wine is, however, frequently artificial; a deep red is almost always the effect of foreign additions, as red-wood, logwood, elder-berries, &c. &c.

Wine was first made in England in 1140.

Various circumstances, such as climate, soil, and the modes of conducting the fermentation, modify the taste and flavour of wines; the essential component parts of all are, however, the same.

Wine, when good, and of a proper age, is cordial and tonic; but when new it is flatulent, debilitating, and purgative, and intoxicates sooner than old wine. In a dietetical point of view, the temperate use of it promotes digestion, and gives additional energy to the action of the heart and arteries, strengthens the animal functions, exhilarates the spirits, sharpens the wit, and calls into action all the intellectual powers; but when taken in excess, intoxicates, producing sickness, headach, and nervous tremors; and, like ardent spirit, its habitual excessive use extinguishes the faculties both of body and mind, producing indigestion, emaciation, dropsy, and a long train of diseases and wretchedness.

BRANDY

Is a spirituous and inflammable liquor, extracted from wine and other liquors, and likewise from the husks of grapes, by distillation. It is prepared in many of the wine countries of Europe; and with particular excellence at Languedoc, in Anjou, and other parts of the South of France: indeed in every part of the kingdom where vines are grown. The brandies of Nantes and Poitou, whose qualities are pretty nearly alike, are the best made in France, and the most esteemed throughout, being uncommonly well flavoured, fine, and strong. In distilling brandy, the strong heavy wines are preferred: though in France, where a great deal of wine is made, particularly at the commencement of the vintage, that is too weak to be a saleable commodity, it is a common practice to subject this wine to distillation, in order to draw off the spirit. When good wines are used for this purpose, it is expected that they should yield at least one-sixth of their quantity of spirit. The apparatus for distillation is composed of three parts: the boiler, into which the wine is put, and fire applied beneath; the capital, fitted on the top of the boiler to receive the spirituous vapour; and a pipe twisted spirally, like a corkscrew, which is immersed in cold water, and through which the vapour passing, is condensed, and flows out in the form of a pellucid fluid; that part of the spirit which comes over first, has the strongest, richest, and highest flavour. Brandy is naturally clear and colourless as water. The dif.

ferent shades of colour which it has in commerce, arise partly from the casks in which it is kept, but chiefly from the addition of burnt sugar, saunders wood, and other colouring matters, that are added intentionally, and which are neither of advantage or disadvantage to the quality of the spirit.

RUM

Is distilled from the juice of the sugar cane, molasses, the skimmings of the pans in the making of sugar, &c. in the West Indies; principally at Jamaica, Antigua, and Barbadoes: the former being accounted the finest. When a sufficient stock of materials is got together, water is added, and they are fermented in the common manner. When the wash is duly fermented, or to a due degree of acidity, it is distilled in the manner stated for brandy, and the spirit made proof; though sometimes it is made up to a much greater strength, nearly approaching alcohol, and is then called *Double Distilled Rum*. When first drawn, it is as clear and pellucid as water, and if prevented from collecting adventitious colouring, *all rum would arrive in England perfectly colourless*. Sliced pine apples are frequently put into the puncheons of rum, especially when designed as presents for European friends: this gives the spirit a most delicious flavour, and hence the designation, *Pine Apple Rum*.

HOLLANDS.

A superior kind of gin, so named from the country where it is distilled: it is made from a spirit obtained by fermenting wheat, malt, rye, meal, &c. and twice rectified over juniper berries. They pay so much regard to the water employed, that many send vessels to fetch it on purpose from the Meuse; but all use the softest and clearest river water they can get. Scheidam is noted for producing the finest Hollands, vast quantities of which are annually imported into Great Britain.

Our Geneva, or, as it is usually designated,

GIN,

is an imitation of the Dutch spirit, and is made after the same manner; to which, however, it is inferior in flavour, although it is considered, when unadulterated with noxious mixtures, to be equally as wholesome as the Hollands.

WHISKEY

is distilled from barley, &c. fermented: it is simply the *first* distillation, without any subsequent rectification or flavouring.

CLAVIS.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

LAST year at this period we devoted a considerable portion of a number of the MIRROR to an account of Christmas Customs and Recreations, and having had the pleasure to find that it was acceptable to our readers, we pursue the same plan this season. For a general account of the more usual customs observed at the anniversary of this festival we must refer to our former volumes, in which the subject will be found treated at great length, and embodying much interesting information.* A few particulars yet remain to be added, some of which, though rather antiquarian, are sufficiently curious to deserve a record in the pages of the MIRROR.

It was anciently the custom in Yorkshire, in the Christmas holidays, to *dance in the church*, after prayers, crying or singing *Yule, Yule, Yule*, &c. In the west riding of Yorkshire, at Christmas Eve, at night, they bring in a large yule log or Christmas clog, and set it on fire, and *lap* their Christmas ale, and sing "*Yule, Yule*, a pack of new cards and a Christmas stool." In several parts of Oxfordshire it is the custom for the maids to ask the men for *ivy* to dress the house; and if the man denies or neglects to fetch in ivy, the maid steals away a pair of his breeches, and nails them up to the gate in the yard or highway. In the north riding of Yorkshire, it is the custom for the parishioners after receiving the sacrament on Christmas day, to go from church directly to the alehouse, and there drink together, as a testimony of charity and friendship. It was formerly a custom for the butcher of Merton College, Oxford, about Christmas time, to invite the scholars to a treat at his house, when he used to provide a *bull* for the steward to knock down with his own hand; whence this treat was called *The Kill-bull*. It is still, we believe, a custom at Queen's College, Oxford, to have a boar's head (or the figure of one in wood) brought into the hall, every year on Christmas day, ushered in with an old song, in memory of a noble exploit said to be performed by a scholar of this college, in killing a wild boar in Shotover Wood.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

OXEN were then presumed to kneel in their stalls and moan. The sexes used, on or about this time to change dresses, and go about among neighbours in this disguise feasting; a custom supposed to have been derived from the *Sigillaria*, festival days added to the Saturnalia, or

* See MIRROR, Nos. 8, 63, 64, 65, 118, and 119.

Quinquatria. On the night of this eve candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas-candles, were lit up, and a log of wood, called a Yule-clog, or Christmas block, was laid upon the fire to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. One author finds it in the Cyclops of Euripides; but it was probably Druidical, being only a counterpart of the Midsummer fires made within doors on account of the cold weather. Furnety, common on this eve for breakfast and supper, is absurdly derived by Bryant from Noah's ark. At Hamburg the servants had carp for supper. In the Isle of Man they had a holiday towards evening, sat up all night, went to church at twelve, heard prayers, then hunted the wren, killed her, and next carrying her on a bier to the church, buried her with dirges and whimsical solemnity. There were also other local singularities.

"In Germany, on Christmas Eve," (Mr. Aubrey gravely observes), "many *sinfull* things in some places are dun by young maids or men, *e. g.* a mayd washeth her feet in a brazen bason, and afterwards throwes out the water, and placeth it in any place, and hearknes to it, by this she will know what manner of man the future husband will bee; when she heareth scribbling, she taketh it, that he will be a scholar or scrivener; if she heares sewing, a taylor or shoemaker, &c. Yea, as some say, maids will keep a piece of meat at the first and three following *Advent Sundays*, and at twelve o'clock at night before Christmas, doe lay the table cloth, and sett up the said meat, without laying on it any knyf,—then say, '*Here I sit and would fain eat, if my sweetheart would come and bring me a knyfe*;' whereupon a ghost in shape of a man presenteth her with a knife, and such a one her future husband will bee.—*Aubrey MS. A. D. 1686.*"

Another Christmas custom in Germany, recorded by Mr. Aubrey, is as follows:—

"The night before Christmas, they take a trencher, and put upon it a little heap of salt, as big as a walnut more or lesse, for such and such a one; and for themselves two, and set it in a safe place: in the morning when they find the heap or heaps entire, all will live the following yeare; but if any or more are melted down a little, they take it that the same man or woman will dye for which it was designed."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE *Yule*, or Christmas feast, is in fact the Mother-night, or feast of the winter solstice (from which the commencement of the year was dated), common to all the

Northern nations, and observed long before the introduction of Christianity. In the North, after service on Christmas day, they ran about crying *Ule, Ule, Ule*. Evergreens were stuck up, the laurel being among the Romans the emblem of joy, peace, and victory; according to Chandler a relic of Druidism, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them. The misletoe is unquestionably of Druidical origin. According to ancient Chroniclers, Arthur kept the feast of Christmas. These holidays were observed during war with high festivity, and even homicides and traitors indulged in peace and joy. The lords kept it chiefly with the king; and it was the season when the great gave new clothes to their domestics. Barons feasted the whole country, and a whole boar was sometimes (not merely the boar's head, stuck with rosemary, and an apple or orange in the mouth,) put on the table, richly gilded, by way of brawn. Ships sailed only with the foremast, in honour of the season.

In Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus, is the following account of the incipient customs at this season:—

"Then comes the day wherein the Lorde did bring his birth to passe;
Whereas at midnight up they rise, and every man to masse
This time so holy counted is, that divers earnestly
Do think the waters all to wine are chaunged sodainly;
In that same houre, that Christ himself was borne, and came to light,
And into water straight againe transformde and altered quight.
There are beside that mindfully the money still do watch,
That first to aultar comes, which then they privily do snatch.
The priestes, least other should it have, take off the same away,
Whereby they thinke throughout the yeare to have good lucke in play,
And not to lose: then straight at game till day-light do they strive,
To make some present prooffe how well their hallowde peace will thrive.
Three masses every priest doth sing upon that solemne day,
With offerings unto every one, that so the mere may play.
This done, a wooden childe in clowtes is on the aultar set,
About the which both boyes and girls do daunce and trymly jet;
And carols sing in prayse of Christ, and, for to helpe them heare,
The organs sunswere every verse with sweetes and solemne cheare.
The priestes do rore aloud; and rounde about the parentes stande
To see the sports and with their voyce do helpe them and their hande."

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

THESE were, formerly, playing at cards for counters, chess, draughts, jack-puddings in the hall, fiddlers and musicians, who were entertained with a black-jack of beer and a Christmas pie, singing the wassail, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing round standards decorated with evergreens in the streets, the *hobby-horse dance*, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool-plough, hot cockles, a pendulous stick, at one end an apple at the other a candle, so that he who bit at the one burned his nose, blindman's buff, forfeits, and sports of all kinds. For the purpose of conducting these amusements there was appointed a Lord of Misrule, or Master of the Revels, who was sometimes crowned, and attended with all the paraphernalia of royalty during the twelve days. He was also called Christmas Prince, or King, the Abbot of Unreason, in Scotland, &c. the title being taken from the Abbot of Foels, in the feast so called; both customs being derived from the Saturnalia. A mock-play, as of Alexander and the King of Egypt, was usually acted by mummers about this time. In the mummeries usual, the chief aim was the oddity of the masks and dresses, attended with exhibitions of gorgeous machinery. They who could not procure masks, blackened or painted their faces. The chief performers in the interludes and plays were according to Burney, the gentlemen and children of choirs; and these interludes were also usual in the Inns of Courts, as were revels and dances, during the twelve days, before and after supper. The master of the revels was to sing a carol, or song, after dinner and supper, and order others to sing who were able. So early as 1609, Puritanism began to object to these sports of our ancestors.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

THE following is a copy of the bill of fare, from the original in our possession, at the Bush Inn, Bristol, for the year 1789. Though the list of articles is not so numerous as in the bill of a French *Restaurateur*, who dresses eggs six hundred ways, yet it is infinitely more substantial, and presents such a collection of viands as are not to be found in a Parisian larder. The Bush Inn at the time was kept by a Mr. John Weeks:—

"CHRISTMAS, 1789.

Turtle
British Turtle
Giblet Soup
Peas Soup
Gravy Soup
9 Cod.

5 Turbots
7 Brills
8 Carp
2 Perch
1 New Salmon
5 Plaice
200 Herrings
Sprats
29 Soles
32 Eels
Salt Fish
5 Does
36 Hares
18 Pheasants
2 Grouse
29 Partridges
90 Wild Ducks
4 Wild Geese
28 Teal
24 Wigeon
5 Bald Coots
1 Sea Pheasant
2 Mews
12 Moor Hens
1 Water Dab
5 Curlews
1 Bittern
121 Woodcocks
67 Snipes
8 Wild Turkeys
12 Golden Plovers
17 Quists
Land Rails
6 Galenas
4 Pea Hens
16 Pigeons
110 Larks
24 Stares.
98 Small Birds
44 Turkeys
24 Capons
13 Ducks
7 Geese
62 Chickens
14 Ducklings
8 Rabbits
5 Pork Griakins
14 Veal Burs
2 Roasting Pigs
Oysters, stewed and Scolloped
Eggs
15 Hogs' Puddings
Scotch Collops
Veal Cutlets
Harricoed Mutton
Maintenon Chops
Pork Chops
Mutton Chops
Rump Steaks
Sausages
Tripe
Cow Heel
4 House Lambs
V.E.A.L.
5 Legs 1 Loie

BEEF,		
7 Rumps	1 Sirloin	5 Ribs
MUTTON,		
14 Haunches	8 Necks	4 Legs
PORK,		
4 Loins	1 Leg	2 Chines
	2 Spare-Ribs	
COLD,		
Baron of Beef, 2 cwt. 3 qrs. 7 lb.		
	3 Hams	4 Tongues
6 Chickens	11 Collars Brawn	
	2 Rounds Beef	
Collard Veal and Mutton		
Collard Eels Harts' Tongues		
French Pies		
460 Minced Pies	10 Tarts	
211 Jellies	200 Cray Fish	
Pickled Salmon	7 Crabs	
Sturgeon	Pickled Oysters	
	Potted Partridge	
	Potted Pigeons	
	24 Lobsters	
44 Barrels	Pyfleet and Colchester	
	Oysters."	

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

TO MAKE TWO OVALS OUT OF A CIRCLE.

TAKE a circular piece of paper or paste-board, and draw on it another circle from the same centre, but only half the diameter; divide both circles into four equal parts, place two of the larger segments together; and two of the quadrants of the inner circle placed one at each end will complete the oval. The other two segments and quadrants will of course make a similar oval, and if they are neatly cut they will be very correct.

TO TELL ODDS AND EVENS.

A PERSON having an even number of counters in one hand, and an odd number in the other, to tell in which hand the counter is. Let the person multiply the number in his right-hand by an odd number, and the number in his left-hand by an even number, and tell you if the sum of the products added together be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right-hand; but if it be odd, the even number is in the left-hand.

TO TELL AT WHAT HOUR, A PERSON INTENDS TO RISE.

LET the person set the hand of the dial of a watch to any hour he pleases, and tell you what hour that is; and to the number of that hour you add in your mind 12; then tell him to count privately the number of that amount upon the dial, beginning with the next hour to that on which he proposes to rise, and counting

backwards, first reckoning the number of the hour at which he has placed the hand; for example:—

Suppose the hour at which he intends to rise be 8, and that he has placed the hand at 5; you will add 12 to 5, and tell him to count 17 on the dial, first reckoning 5, the hour at which the index stands, and counting backwards from the hour at which he intends to rise; and the number 17 will necessarily end at 8, which shows that to be the hour he chose.

RIDDLES, CHARADES, CONUNDRUMS.

Riddles.

1.

Destin'd by fate to guard the crown,
Aloft in air I reign,
Above the monarch's haughty frown,
Or statesman's plotting brain.
In hostile fields, when danger's near,
I'm found amidst alarms;
In crowds where peaceful beaux appear,
I instant fly to arms.

2.

Sixteen adjectives, twenty-four pronouns, a disappointed lobster, an oyster in love, and nineteen radicals, may all be expressed in one common liquid.

3.

Since Diogenes' time I'm the least habitation,
That e'er was contriv'd in a civilized nation;
So far and so wide sure no mortal e'er strolls,
For I visit all places between the two poles.

4.

I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies have shadows, shadows give me one;
Lov'd for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy, whene'er we meet,
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth;
And, like a monarch, hates me speaking truth.

5.

Something—nothing—as you use me;
Small or bulky, as you choose me;
Short-liv'd child of grief and pain,
Live for a moment—die again.
Eternity I bring to view,
The sun, and all the planets too:
The moon and I may disagree,
But all the world resembles me.

Charades.

1.

My first is either good or bad,
May please or may offend you;
My second in a thirsty mood,
Can very much befriend you.

My whole, though called a cruel word,
Is often deem'd a kind one;
With smiles it sometimes may be heard,
With tears, at others, blind one.

2.

My first a blessing sent to earth,
Of plants and flowers to aid the birth;
My second surely was design'd
To hurl destruction on mankind:
My wholea pledge from pardoning heaven,
Of wrath appeas'd and crimes forgiven.

3.

My first brave Nelson yielded, 'midst the
jar
Of angry battle, and the din of war;
My second, when from labour we retreat,
Far from polite, yet offers us a seat:
My whole is but my second more complete.

4.

Where you place your child is my first
—what you make your child is my second—
and a court ornament is my whole.

Conundrums.

1. Why are hay and straw like spectacles?
2. Why is a poker in the grate like a king's counsel?
3. Why is a handsome woman like bread?
4. What is the difference between twice eight-and-twenty, and twice twenty-eight?
5. What is that which when brought to table is cut, but never eaten?
6. Why is the letter F like Paris?

THE TWELFTH CAKE.

(For the Mirror.)

TWELFTH day! ever gladly thy night shall be greeted!

And each noble heart of its pleasures partake:
Like friends truly prized, shall thy presence be treated,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

When the world-beams of light, like the sun,
sets in glory,

And the offspring of mirth meet for harmony's sake,

Then the call shall prevail for the song and the story,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

When the sons of content round the fire-side
mingle,
And the votaries of glee, to their rites, are awake;

Then the toast shall go round to the married and single,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

When the lot shall be drawn, for the laugh to be hearty,

Not a frown nor a murmur; good humour must shake;

Whether dish-clout or queen, must be hail'd by the party,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

Then push round the glass to the *Twelfth-Night's* employment,

And push round the jest for festivity's sake;
Social mirth shall prevail for the bosom's enjoyment,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

Hail, England! fair isle, where beauty's stars blazes!

And *Twelfth-Night* is welcom'd for liberty's sake,

May thy King, like his glory, be laurell'd with praises,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the cake.

UTOPIA.

LOVE'S DELUSIVE DREAM.

MOURN not that love's delusive beam
Ne'er glanced on thee its halo brightness;
For ah! 'tis but a fairy dream,
A fleeting spell of rainbow, lightness.

'Tis better few to stand alone,
By no fond link of life united,
Than live to view those ties thine own,
And then by death or falsehood blighted.

Of all the sunny hopes sent hither,
Our path of destiny to cheer,
How many in their spring time wither,
And oh! how few that are sincere.

F. R. O.

THE VESPER'S BELL.

WHEN shall we meet, my Rosa, say,
I have a lover's tale to tell,

"Oh! we will meet when falling slow
"The sound of evening vesper's bell.

Why wait till eve, my Rosa, say,
Oh! I'll not say you know too well,

I love to wander with thee love!
When sounds the evening vesper's bell.

NED * * *

THE JOURNAL OF A TEMPLAR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—According to desire, I beg to transmit to your inspection *The Journal of a Templar*.

"Ready to go anywhere, with any one, to do anything."

Lord—I forget who.

Sunday, June 25th. Rose at eleven—
out of tooth-powder, and must send for Deleroix—ate a light breakfast—dried salmon broiled too hard, first time the

cook displeased me, shall therefore look out for another.

Twelve o'clock.—Read John Bull till one—very opinative and supercilious—don't approve, and must let him know of it against next Sunday.

Two o'clock.—Took a slight luncheon—appetite very bad—could only eat the leg and wing of a black cock—took a glass of Madeira, ditto of Noyeau—no good—pulse full and hard, must send for Doctor Jalap.

Three o'clock.—Ordered my horse.

Four o'clock.—Rode out—weather hazy, and horse skittish; by the bye, very inconvenient in the Park—must get a martingale—turning round to take a full view of "Achilles," horse backed against the Marquis of —; obliged to apologize, Miss Prettyman looking on; pretended not to see her, and overheard some ladies disputing what would do best to improve the appearance of the statue; one remarked, "we should not be ashamed of nature's operations"—put that down in my note book, also that the author had black eyes.

Six o'clock.—Looked at my watch.

Seven o'clock.—Entered home.

Eight o'clock.—Dressed to dine at Lady W.'s, met the divine Miss L. B., said a few soft things, and observed she looked hard at the decanter—hoped to have the pleasure of a little wine with her—got in for a tit bit of the Alderman's walk—cut a very good joke, but they didn't take—explained—company looked queer, and Miss turned to address the Colonel—couldn't guess the meaning of it; was afterwards told it bore a strong resemblance to a *faux pas* of a present party—blank news.

Eleven o'clock.—Dinner being over, made an awkward apology for retiring, which was as *courteously* accepted, and took a coach home to my chambers—Doctor Jalap been waiting two hours, sorry to hear I was ill, felt my pulse, like a horse's hoof, looked at my tongue, recommended care, shook his spindles, and prescribed an antidote—paid him his fee, the knave smiled; strong idea he was grinning in his sleeve, and shall employ Surgeon Positive in future.

Twelve o'clock.—Went to bed—another complaint against my laundress—bolster not shook enough—didn't fall asleep for half an hour—N. B. tied a knot in my pocket handkerchief that I might not forget it.

Monday, June 26th.—Woke at nine—very feverish—sent for Surgeon P.—bleeding recommended with antifebrile administrations—arm tied up, and all in readiness—at this crisis, received a letter

from Jack Randall, announcing his benefit at twelve—wouldn't lose it for all the world—jumped up, damn'd the lancet, call'd poor quack *Positive* a *superlative* ass, and bade him come another day—N. B. gave orders not to be at home to him.

Eleven o'clock.—Chocolate not quite milled enough, milk rather turned—highly incensed; shall not deal with the same man again, second time he has offended me—N. B. to try the new milk company.

Twelve o'clock.—Cut the leaves of "Coke upon Littleton," sent last year as a present from my grandfather.

One o'clock.—Started for the Fives Court, arrived too late for the turn-up 'tween Spring and Langan—got into dispute with a tall pugilist; the rascal threatened to mill me—told him I was above noticing him; happy thought!—coming out found my pocket handkerchief gone.

Two o'clock.—Stepped into a pastry-cook's; ice gave me the tooth-ache—took a little mulligatawny, and recommend it as a remedy.

Four o'clock.—Walking in the Arcade, met Lady W. with Miss B., convinced they saw me, though they looked another way—shall not call there again—left my card at the Countess of A.'s.

Six o'clock.—Returned home, found a *billet doux* from Sir L. O. F., recommending an early walk next morning to the Ring, leaving me the choice of "requisites"—very polite and agreeable truly—must go—honour's everything—Morning Post delightful—d—n the fellow.

Seven o'clock.—Dined alone—excellent turtle, but very inferior turbot—spirits rather depressed—drank a bottle of Champagne, and feel myself rather better. Doctor Jalap stepped in, glad to see me look so well, ascribing it to the draught he had the honour to send me, (which, by the bye, was on the mantle-piece)—found some excuse for dismissing him—hate such visitors; put one in mind of Death and the Alderman.

Eight o'clock.—Surgeon Positive rapped at the outer door, kept my footman in conversation a quarter of an hour, and I since learnt tipped him a crown-piece—laughed heartily—fleeing rascal bit—N. B. footman wants new buskins.

Nine o'clock.—Will Careless called in, and we adjourned to "Silver Hell"—came off flush fifteen guineas at five—won't play at three again—sure to lose—stept into the little Haymarket. Act. II. scene 2. Madame Vestris's fetters fell off in Macheath, and Liston slipped down in the Farce, to the great disparagement of his inexpressibles—never laughed more

heartily in all my life—met a friend, with whom I took supper—lost four rubbers running, with my previous winnings, and a few guineas to boot.

Tuesday.—Arrived home at three in the morning—finding myself low, took a glass of brandy—wonder what weighs so heavy on me, ascribe it to the unusual custom of black bohea—recollect my appointment at five—give orders to prepare my Mantons, snuff my candle set down to write the above, and determined, by some means, to make myself immortal, send it to Will Careless, for insertion in that highly fashionable periodical.

“THE MIRROR.”

P. S. As you will be desirous of hearing the event of that morning, I may add, that having received a bullet (in the *fascia superficialis*, against which, as a first-rate but eccentric Leech observed, a bullet having struck, might by its strong tendinous sheath, be warded off, and by the action of the muscles pass round the body and come out at the point it entered. N. B. within the bounds of possibility, but not of probability—mercy on us!) he has resolved to disavow his former course of living, and I have no doubt, should it be desirable, but he will hereafter favour the public with the details of his “reformation.”

Your obedient servant,
WILL CARELESS alias C. I. S.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

DECEMBER IN LONDON.

If there is no denying that the country is at its worst during this much abused month, it must be conceded, in return, that London is at its best; for at what other time is it so difficult and disagreeable to get along the streets? and when are they so perfumed with the peculiar odour of their own mud, and their atmosphere so rich in the various “choice compounds” with which it always abounds?

But even these are far from being the prime merits of the metropolis, at this season of its best saturnalia. The little boys from school have again taken undisputed possession of all its pleasant places; and the loud laughter of unchecked joy once more explodes on spots from whence, with these exceptions, it has long since been exploded. In short, Christmas, which has been “coming” all the year (like a waiter at an inn), is at last actu-

ally come; and “merry England” is, for a little while, no longer, a phrase of mockery and scorn.

The truth is, we English have fewer faults than any other people on earth; and even among those which we have, our worst enemies will not impute to us an idle and insane levity of deportment. We still for the most part, as we did five hundred years ago, *nous amusons tristement, selon l'usage de notre pays*. We do our pleasures, as we do our duties, with grave faces and solemn airs, and disport ourselves in a manner becoming our notions of the dignity of human nature. We feel at the theatre as if it were a church, and consequently at church as if it were a theatre. Our processions to a rout move at the same rate as those to a funeral, and there are, in proportion, as many sincere mourners at the former as the latter. We dance on the same principle as that on which our soldiers do the manual exercise; and there is as much (and as little) of impulse in the one as the other. And we fight on the same principle as we dance; namely, because circumstances require it of us.

All this is true of us under ordinary circumstances. But the arrival of Christmas-time is *not* an ordinary circumstance; and therefore *now* it is none of it true. We are merry-makers once more, and feel that we can now afford to play the fool for a week, since we have so religiously persisted in playing the philosopher during all the rest of the year. Be it expressly understood, however, by all those “surrounding nations” who may happen to meet with this candid confession of our weakness in the above particular, that we permit ourselves to fall into it in favour of our children alone. They (poor things!) being as yet at so pitiable a distance from “years of discretion,” cannot be supposed to have achieved the enviable discovery, that happiness is a thing utterly beneath the attention of a reasoning and reasonable being. Accordingly, they know no medium between happiness and misery; and when they are not enjoying the one, they are suffering the other.

But that English parents, generally speaking, love their children better than themselves, is another national merit which I must claim for them. The consequence of this is natural and necessary, and brings us safely round to the point from which we started; an English father and mother, rather than their offspring should not be happy at Christmas-time, will consent to be happy at that time themselves! It does not last long; and surely a week or so spent in a state of foolish felicity may hope to be expiated

by a whole year of unimpeachable indifference! This, then, is the secret of the Christmas holiday-making, among the "better sort" of English families,—as they're pleased somewhat invidiously to call themselves.

Now, then (to resume our details), "the raven down" of metropolitan darkness is "smoothed" every midnight "till it smiles," by that pleasant relic of past times, "the waits;" which wake us with their low wild music mingling with the ceaseless sealike sound of the streets; or (still better) lull us to sleep with the same; or (best of all) make us dream of music all night, without waking us at all.

Now, too, the bellman plies his more profitable but less pleasant parallel with the above; nightly urging his "masters and mistresses" to the practice of every virtue under heaven, and in his own mind prospectively including them all in the pious act of adding an extra sixpence to his accustomed stipend.

Now, during the first week, the theatres having begun to prepare "the grand Christmas pantomime, which has been in active preparation all the summer," the carpenter for the time being, among other ingenious changes which he contemplates, looks forward with the most lively satisfaction to that which is to metamorphose *him* (in the play-bills at least) into a machinist; while, pending the said preparations, even the "Stars" of the company are "shorn of their beams" (at least in making their transit through that part of their hemisphere which is included behind the scenes), and all things give way before the march of that monstrous medley of "inexplicable dumb show and noise," which is to delight the galleries and dress-circle, and horrify the more *genteel* portion of the audience, for the next nine weeks.

Finally, now occur, just before Christmas, those exhibitions which are peculiar to England in the nineteenth century; I mean the prize-cattle shows. "Extremes meet;" and accordingly, one of the most unequivocal evidences we have to offer, of the surpassing refinement of the age in which we live, consists in these displays of the most surpassing grossness. The alleged *beauty* of these unhappy victims of their own appetites acting with a view to ours, consists in their being unable to perform a single function of their nature, or enjoy a single moment of their lives; and the value of the meat that they make is in exact proportion to the degree in which it is *unfit* to be eaten.

To describe the joys and jollifications attendant on Christmas, is what my confined limits would counsel me not to at-

tempt, even if they were describable matters. But, in fact, there is nothing which affords such truly "lenten entertainment" as a feast at second-hand; the *Barneside's* dishes were fattening by comparison with it.

Mirror of the Months.

LACONICS.

THE following *maxims* are extracted from the first part of an elegant and interesting little work, just published, entitled "Laconics; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors:—"

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—*Pope.*

The age of chivalry is gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded.—*Burke.*

There is none made so great, but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.—*Seneca.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—*Selden.*

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas, by giving it, you keep them idle.—*Johnson.*

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—*Addison.*

In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.—*Johnson.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.—*Dryden.*

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

All smutt'ers are more brisk and pert Than those that understand an art; As little sparkles shine more bright Than glowing coals that give them light.

Butler.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed,

though the appetite of the brute may survive.—*Chesterfield.*

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.—*Goldsmith.*

THE ITALIAN BOAT-SONG.

THE moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds over the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in its chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril's the sailor's joy;
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

Bulwer's Autumn in Greece.

THE PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

I wish to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,
For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily;
Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea;
Little well said, makes wise, as sap most fructifies the tree.

His head who laughs and chatters much, the moon I'm sure must sway;
There's in a little woman love—not little let me say;
Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little—nay,
Change them, they'd both repent, the change, and quarrel night and day.

Love prayed me to speak well of all the little ones—the zest
They give, their noble qualities, and charms—I'll do my best;
I will speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm in jest;
That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is manifest.

They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy creatures in the street;
Good-natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the house discreet—

Well-doing, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things more sweet,
You'll find where you direct your thoughts,—yes, many I repeat.

Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes the eyes,
In a small piece of sugar-cane a deal of sweetness lies;
So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,
And large and sweet's her love; a word's sufficient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the grain you grind,
The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to speak my mind,
A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,
There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell
Of the small lily yields great and most delightful smell,
As in a very little gold exists a precious spell,
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does outshine
For lustre, colour, virtues, price, most children of the mine,
In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiance divine,
Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently combine.

Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they sing
Sweeter than birds of greater size and more resplendent wing;
So little women better are, by the same rule,—they bring
A love more sweet than sugar-plums or prim-roses of spring.
The goldfinch and Canary-bird, all fancies and all pies,
Sing, scream, or chatter passing well,—there's quaintness in their cries;
The brilliant little paroquet says things extremely wise;
Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love outgives,

There's nothing that with her should be compared—'tis profanation;—
She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation;
A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constellation;
In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salutation!

Small women do no harm, kind things, though they may sometimes call
Us angry names, hard to digest: men wise as was Saint Paul,
Say of two evils choose the least,—by this rule it must fall,
The least dear woman you can find will be the best of all!

Times Telescope.

THE MANNER OF WATCHMEN INTIMATING THE HOUR, AT HERENHUTH, IN GERMANY.

- VIII. Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.
- IX. 'Tis nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
- X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.
- XI. Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.
- XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight our great bridegroom will be coming.
- I. Past one o'clock; the day breaks out of darkness:
Great morning-star appear, and break our hardness.
- II. 'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two no near related, will and reason.
- III. The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.
- IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.
- V. Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.
- VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation.
- Brady's Varieties of Literature.*

JACK KETCH.

IN 1663, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Mr. Butler, in his *Proposals for farming Liberty of Conscience*, published in 1663, amongst other resolutions, gives the following one:—"Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be; and, among many other particulars, lastly to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that uncircumcised Philistine." His predecessor's name was Gregory, as appears from the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, in 1641:

"This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree."

and in a paper called *The Parliament Kite*, 1648, mention is made of him:

"What would you say to see them fall
With both their houses vile,
Because they have deceived us all,
Now Gregory they'll beguile!"

Sir William Segar, gutter king-at-arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a herald, who procured him, by artifice, to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common hangman of London. And from him, probably, the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun, which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, published in 1670, b. 4. p. 124;

"Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
And presently ah halter got,
Made of the best string hempen teer,
And, 'ere a cat could tick her ear,
Had tied it up, with as much art
As Dun himself could do for his heart."

The name of Dun was continued to these finishers of the law twelve years longer, when one "Jack Ketch," about one hundred and forty years ago, was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since. This appears from *Butler's Ghost*, published in 1682. When the author wrote the first part of it, it is plain that Dun was the executioner's name or nick-name:

"For you yourself to act 'Squire Dun—
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun;"

but before he had printed off his poem, Jack Ketch was in office:

"Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribune dum'd,
To do his office, or refund."

None of these, however, in their office, could come up to the Dutch headsmen, mentioned by Mr. Cleveland, and of whom it was reported, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head, after the execution, should stand still upon the shoulders."

Ibid.

JOHN CROSLAND THE HANGMAN.

ABOUT the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or the beginning of Charles the Second's, a whole family, consisting of a father and two sons, of the name of Crosland, were tried at Derby assizes, and condemned for horse-stealing. As the offence was capital, the bench, after sentence, entertained the cruel whim of extending mercy to one of the criminals, but upon this barbarous condition, that the pardoned man should hang the other two. Where favour wantons in cruelty, it becomes detestable, and gives greater offence than even the culprits. The offer was made to the father, being the senior. As distress is the season for reflection, he replied with meekness, "Was it ever known that a father hanged his children? How can I take away those lives which I

have given, have cherished, and which of all things are most dear?" He bowed, declined the offer, and gave up his life; but this noble reply ought to have pleaded his pardon. It was then made to the eldest son, who trembling answered, "Though life is the most valuable of all possessions, yet even that may be purchased too dear—I cannot consent to preserve my existence by taking away his who gave it; nor could I face the world, or even myself, should I be left the only branch of that family I had destroyed." Love, tenderness, compassion, and all the appendages of honour, must have associated in returning this answer. The proposition was then made to the youngest son, John, who accepted it with an avidity that seemed to tell the court, he would hang half the creation, and even his own judges, sooner than be a sufferer himself. He performed the fatal work without remorse, upon his father and brother; in which he acquitted himself with such dexterity, that he was appointed to the office of hangman in Derby, and two or three neighbouring counties, and continued in it to extreme age. So void was he of feeling for distress, that he rejoiced at a murder, because it brought him the prospect of a guinea. Perhaps he was the only man in court who could hear with pleasure a sentence of death. The bodies of the executed were his perquisite: signs of life have been known to return after the execution, in which case he prevented the growing existence by violence.—Loving none, and beloved by none, he spent a life of enmity with man. The very children pelted him in the streets: the mothers endeavoured to stop the infant cry with the name of "John Croeland." He died about the year 1705.—*Ibid.*

OPHELIA ON THE STAGE AND AT HOME.

OUR hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a true-lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons: "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed, for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia?" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, Sir, I suppose you mean, howsomdever," "Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "good God! what a name! however, show me the way up, girl," and, as he ascended, those consoling lines of Shakespeare came promptly to his recollection—

"A name, what's in a name,

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gentleman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying-pan; by their side was a pug-dog, fat, frisky, and belligerent, and to the right in the distance, flanked by a coal-skuttle, towered the black Tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. To make matters worse, this tenderest daughter of Polonius, she who drowned herself for the love of the lord Hamlet, was actually frying sausages for supper. "Eternal powers! do I live to write this historic fact! Ophelia frying sausages!" &c.—*November Nights.*

Miscellanies.

BURMESE CRUELTY.

THE viceroy of Rangoon, a place taken during the present war against the Burmese, was a monster of cruelty, of which one instance will be a sufficient proof. Two men having been heard to speak disrespectfully of government, were condemned by him to be shot in the following manner:—A bull's eye was painted on the breast of each, and being bound to a stake, they were fired at by twenty men, who, whether from design or accident, missed them; after this agonising ordeal, they were remanded to the place of their confinement, and brought out the following day to undergo the same treatment, the result of which was however different, for their bodies were pierced by many balls. The cruelty of this people, in their punishments, has long disgraced their annals. Crucifixion is in common use; the barbarity of which is increased by the crosses being of such moderate height, and placed in such situations on the banks of the river; that the alligator, with which it abounds, may be tempted to spring at the prey; in other cases the cross is taken down, with the suffering wretch still writhing upon it, and set afloat on the river, where it is soon devoured by the alligator. Melted lead is often poured down the throats of

criminals, and this is as a punishment for even trifling offences.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

It is the general received opinion that there is a certain intimacy always carried on between the inhabitants of *Inns of Court*, and his *Satanic majesty*. When the various *volunteer corps* were formed, each was distinguished by some appropriate appellation—the residents in one parish were called the *St. James's*—of another parish, the *St. Pancras*—and in various places were raised the queen's own regiment—the duke of Cumberland's own regiment, and so on *ad infinitum*. Shortly after sprang up the "*Temple corps*," when the modest title they had assumed, not pleasing the public, they immediately received from them an addition by which they are universally known, viz. "*The devil's own regiment*." How this is, the following anecdote will explain.

THE LAWYER'S PATRON.

Saint *Evona*, a lawyer of Britain, went to Rome, to entreat the pope to give the lawyers a patron; the pope replied, that he knew of no saint not disposed of to some other profession.—His holiness proposed, however, to saint *Evona*, that he should go round the church of *San Giovanni di Laterano* blindfold, and after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint he laid hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at the altar of saint *Michael*, where he laid hold, not of the saint, but unfortunately of the devil, under the saint's feet, crying out, "*This is our saint, let him be our patron!*"

THE BOAR'S HEAD, CHEAPSIDE.

"*Prince Henry*.—Meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup."

Hen. IV. First Part.

"*P. Henry*.—Is your master now in London?"

Bardolph.—Yes, my lord.

P. Henry.—Where sups he; doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bardolph.—At the old place, my lord, — in Eastcheap."

Hen. IV. Second Part.

Alas! for the poor Boar's Head, which once could boast such visitors, and which Shakspeare has immortalized, as the rendezvous of the facetious Falstaff, his

Royal Hal, and their ragamuffin associates.

Was Hal to rise from his grave, he would blush for his favourite Boar's Head; the blood would perhaps be summoned up to Sir John's purple visage; nay, even the brassy cheeks of Bardolph might be invested with a crimson, as deep as that with which his nose was generally illumed, on seeing the tavern they once loved so well, in its now comparatively obscure situation. A Boar's Head, carved in stone, still ornaments the front of a building in Eastcheap; but the sculpture and structure are both modern, and to make matters still worse, for antiquarian prejudices, the bricks, when I saw them, had been newly brightened with ochre, and the grim Boar, partaking of the general improvement, had been painted Waterloo blue, with rosy lips of red, and teeth that would have done honour to any dentrifice employed to scour them.

Mr. Rowe observes, "that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend." Johnson seems to think he had his deserts:—for shame Doctor, I could approve of Hal's reformation, and the kingly courses he afterwards pursued, without admitting the propriety, or justifying the harshness with which he rejected the jolly knight on his elevation to the throne. Thousands had his vices, who had not one atom of his humour; indemnity and patronage might have been offered to every one who could lay claim to his wit, without adding to the rewards or enlarging the adherents of folly.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

INSCRIPTION

To the memory of General Wolfe, slain in the service of his country at Quebec, in North America.

If nobly fighting in a nation's cause,
And bravely dying to maintain its laws;
If great exertion, honesty of heart,
And all the zeal true courage can impart;
If these can make the laureate hero shine,
These, Wolfe, were thine, pre-eminently thine.

Too early lost—yet glory crown'd thy days,
And fame grows hoarse, unequal to thy praise.

But, oh! thy death, illustrious chief, destroys

The sudden burst of universal joys.

Our patriot king in pity drops a tear,
And mourns a conquest that was bought
so dear.

Oh! let the muse thy fortitude proclaim,
And on thy tomb thus register thy name:
"Here lies brave Wolfe, who fought on
freedom's side,

Bled for his king, and vanquish'd
tho' he died."

POSTURE MASTERS.

MONSIEUR MAZURIER, whose flexibility of limb calls forth so much astonishment, at one of our winter theatres, probably exceeds all his predecessors in the science of contortion; but that similar exhibitors were known in London formerly, and probably as perfect as our present *attitudinarian*, will appear from the following advertisement in Dawkes's *News-Letter*, February, 1711:—"At the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet-street, in the great-room, is to be seen the famous *Posture-master of Europe*, who far exceeds the deceased posture-masters, Clarke and Higgins. He extends his body into all deformed shapes, makes hip and shoulder bones meet together, lays his head upon the ground and turns his body round twice or thrice without stirring his face from the place; stands upon one leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular line half a yard above his head, and extends his body from a table with his head a foot below his heels, having nothing to balance his body but his feet; with several other postures too tedious to mention."

ADVANTAGES OF A THICK SKULL.

IN Woodville (Mississippi) a duel was lately fought between Judge Childs and General Jour. The former was shot in the head, and of course *not materially injured*. He was armed with a double-barrel gun, the general with a rifle.—*American Paper*.

BEARING CONFINEMENT.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Reading Mercury*:

"To grocers:—Wanted a situation, by Charles Hewett, who can bear confinement, having been apprenticed to Mr. C. C. of Reading, who would not allow him to go and see his parents for the last six months, though living within six miles of Reading.

"Goring Heath, Oxon,
"June 30, 1821."

P. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On Saturday next, Two Numbers of the *Mirror* will be published; one will contain the Title and Index to the Volume, and will be embellished with a portrait of Captain Perry, the celebrated navigator, engraved on steel, with an account of his last voyage. The other Number will contain the *Spirit of the New Year's and Christmas Gifts* for 1826, with an appropriate engraving.

The First Number of a New Volume of the *Mirror* will be published on the 6th of January, when we hope to receive a considerable addition to the very liberal support with which the *Mirror* has been honoured by the public.

Notes of an Itinerant, Chapter I. shall appear in the first number of our new volume, to be published on the 6th of January.

The Visit to a Coal Pit, and *B. on Matrimony and Celibacy*, in an early number.

The Essays of J. M. though possessing considerable merit are of too grave a character for us.

The Lines on a worthy City Baronet are not worth mending by the addition of *Johannes*.

J. S. W.'s article on Vines, is partly anticipated in our present number.

The following communications are intended for insertion though their number will prevent us giving them a place very early:—

Alpheus. Mr. Trefusis's *Journal of a Templar*. *A Glance at Windermere*. W. X. on *Napoleon Bonaparte*. *Epitaph for a Country School Mistress*. J. S. W. A. W. Ned ***. C. P. X. Y. *Timotheus*. S. G. R. M. *Gulielmus of Kensington*.

We cannot decide on the Tale of E. P. K. by the small portion of it sent.

Juvenal's Epigram is too political.

We agree with *A Lover of Rum and Rum Punch* on the subject of his letter.

The *Epitaph on Peg* is indelicate.

W. V. H. may expect to see himself in the *Mirror*.

A. J. G. D.

We refer *Stephen* to "*Hulbert's Biographical Sketches*."

C. P.'s *Lines* are not sufficiently correct.

The *Ruins of Paulin Zell* shall be looked out, and either inserted or returned.

The *Lines of Lord Byron on a Scull* are too well known.

The hint of J. R. J. shall be attended to, and his communication have a place.

Maudslayi shall be gratified.

To *Julian*. Is not the Bolton he names the burial place of Henry Jenkins?

The article *On the Economy of Spiders* though highly curious, would be much too long for us.

If J. B.—s will allow his communication to stand over a few months it will be more seasonable, and shall not be forgotten.

Georgius Novice is so patient and so kind that we will try to make room for his Verses on Smoking.

A. B.'s *Ode to Contentment* is too prosaic.

Zaniel's Poem is not a Sonnet.

Errata, p. 399, col. 2, l. 26, for *death*, read *Rfe*.
p. 391, col. 1, l. 20, for 10 + 12, read 10 x 12.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBARD, 173, Strand, (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Bookellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXV.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Bridge of Sighs.



NAPLES is remarkable for its picturesque situation, Rome and Florence for their exquisite treasures of art; while Venice alone, which has no delicious scenery, and but few collections to boast, possesses on the other hand, a peculiar charm which the abovementioned cities have not—that of the *romantic*. What indeed has a better claim to the epithet of romantic than the celebrated place of St. Mark with the adjoining *piazzetti*? Enclosed on three sides by magnificent edifices, this place runs down close to the sea; the spray of which, when it is agitated, reaches the pillars supporting, the one, the celebrated lion, and the other the image of St. Theodore. On the left

appears the lofty pointed steeple, and near it the church of St. Mark with its numerous singularly shaped cupolas, which have more of an Oriental than Christian air. In front of it, on metal pedestals magnificently decorated, are planted three tall masts bearing at their tops the arms of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea; from which on particular occasions prodigiously large red and white streamers float down to the ground. On the right, upon the roof of the palace that forms an archway is the remarkable clock, with its large detached bell, upon which, at noon and midnight, two metal giants called *i Mori*, strike twelve prodigious blows with their pon-

derous hammers. Proceeding down the *Riva de' Schiavoni*, the street of the Slavonians towards the Doge's palace, supported by innumerable arches curiously wrought and resting upon as many pillars, what an extraordinary scene presents itself! It is not merely that jugglers and conjurers of all sorts here display their tricks, while the more elegant population of Venice, intermixed with Turks, Greeks, and Dalmatians, in splendid national costumes pour along towards the *Giardini publici*; no, the eye of the intelligent observer is here met by a very grave, but not less romantic, point of view, namely, the palace of the State Inquisitors, the prisons of three different kinds, (of which the *Piombi*, or lead roofs, and the *Pozzi*, or wells, were the most famous) and a structure, the name of which strikes painfully on the ear—the *Ponte de' Sospiri*, the Bridge of Sighs bestriding the dark canal *del Orfano*. Through its silent walls, with their small, closely-grated windows, the condemned were conducted from sentence to execution. The entrances are secured on both sides with immense iron bars and padlocks. We need, in fact, neither the mysterious descriptions of the more ancient writers on Venice, nor the exposure of the most atrocious cruelty, and the most arbitrary despotism furnished by Count Daru, in his recent masterly history of that republic, to form some conception of the horrors of the secret tribunal. The mere sight of the gloomy arches, and of the strong iron gratings is quite sufficient.

For the beautiful view we have given of an object so interesting as the Bridge of Sighs, we are indebted to a charming print in Mr. Ackermann's *Forget me Not*, drawn by S. Prout, and engraved by H. Le Keux. The original does honour to the talents of the artists, and the work of which it is one of the many embellishments.

Annual Periodicals.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

LAST year we devoted an entire Number of the MIRROR to an account of those periodical works which appear only once a year. We described the several New Year and Christmas' Gifts, the various Pocket Books, and even the Almanacks; of the two latter classes we shall at present say nothing; they have appeared as usual, calculated for the various classes of society, in shapes so various, that his taste must be fastidious indeed that is not

satisfied with some of the pocket books or almanacks that are published. We shall therefore confine ourselves to extracts from those more expensive publications, the Christmas and New Year's Gifts; and we begin with

THE FORGET ME NOT FOR 1826.

THIS elegant little work, which was the first of the class published in England, by that enterprising bookseller, Mr. Ackermann, has reached its fourth volume. It is rich in embellishments and in literary variety. As a present, the *Forget Me Not* is admirably calculated: it is protected by a case, and there is a page highly ornamented, on which to inscribe the name of the donor, and the favoured person to whom it is presented. From the same work we copy the following

SONG.

By H. Brandreth, Esq.

I looked on the waters—all calmly they lay,
And a light bark full proudly was bounding away;
Love sat at the helm, the sails courted the wind,
While heedlessly Pleasure and Beauty reclined.
I looked on the waters—the billows rose high,
Love quitted the helm, Pleasure fled with a sigh;
The gale came on stronger, the vessel went down,
And Beauty was left there to struggle and drown.
And thus 'tis, I said, in the voyage of Life:
Love sits at the helm, all with Pleasure is rife;
But let only Misfortune's dark billows rise high,
And Beauty's deserted, to live or to die.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1826.

By Alario A. Watts.

THIS is a beautiful volume, whether we consider its literary merits, or its embellishments, which consist of several exquisite engravings by the first artists. As a specimen of its literary contents, which are furnished by some eminent living writers, we quote (though somewhat abridged) the tale of

THE DIAMOND WATCH.

IT was a glorious evening in the summer of 1793—sky and cloud blending in one uniform flood of splendour. The brightness of the heavens was reflected on the broad bosom of the Saale, a river which, passing Jena, falls lower down into the Elbe, whence the commingled waters roll onwards till lost in the Noordt Zee.

On the banks of this stream, not more than a mile from Jena, rose a mound of some extent, its sloping banks clothed in the beautiful uniformity of a vine plantation. Its summit was open and spacious; intersected, at intervals, by narrow dells redolent of flowery perfume, and eloquent with the voice of babbling

trivets. In one of these dells sat two persons, enjoying the delicious coolness of the hour, after one of the most oppressive days of an unusually sultry summer. Their dress was remarkable, and sufficiently indicative of their pursuits. Their sable garments and caps of black velvet, their long streaming hair, combed down the shoulders and back, and the straight swords suspended from their right breasts, denoted them to be two of the burschen, or students of the University of Jena. They were approached by a little old man, whose garments of brown serge appeared to have seen considerable service.

"A good evening to you, Meine Herren," said the little old man, with a most polite bow, as he approached the students. "What think you of this?" taking from his pocket a golden watch richly chased, and studded all over with diamonds.

The students were delighted with the splendid jewel, and admired by turns the beauty of the manufacture and the costliness of the materials. The elder youth, however, found it impossible to refrain from bestowing one or two suspicious glances on the individual whose outward man but little accorded with the possession of so valuable a treasure.

"You seem pleased with my watch," said the old man to Theophan Guscht, the younger student, who continued his fixed and longing gaze on the beautiful bauble; "perhaps you would like to become its owner?"

"Its owner!" said Theophan, "ah, you jest;"—and he thought, "what a pretty present it would be for Thyrsa on our wedding-day."

"Yes," replied the old man, its owner, "I am myself willing to part with it. What offer do you make me for it?"

"What offer, indeed; as if I could afford to purchase it. There is not a bursche in our university who would venture to bid a price for so precious a jewel."

"But," said the old man, again addressing Theophan, "were I to offer you this watch, a free present, you would not refuse it perhaps?"

"Perhaps I should not; *perhaps*, which is yet more likely, you will not put it in my power. But we love not jesting with strangers."

"It is rarely that I jest," returned the old man; "those with whom I do, seldom retort. But say the word, and the watch is yours. There is, however, one condition annexed to the gift."

"A condition—what is it?"

"The condition on which you accept this bauble,—the condition on which others have possessed it,—is that you wind it up every night for a year, before

sunset. If you fail in fulfilling the condition, you die within six hours after the stopping of the watch. It will stop at sunset if not wound up before."

"I like not that condition," said Theophan. "Be patient—I must consider your offer."

He did so; he thought of the easiness of avoiding the possible calamity; he thought of the beauty of the watch; above all, he thought of Thyrsa and his wedding-day. Then turning to the old man, "Give me the watch—I agree to your condition."

"You are to wind it up before sunset for a year, or die within six hours."

"So thou hast said, and I am content; and thanks for thy gift."

"Thank me at the year's end if thou wilt," replied the old man; "meanwhile, farewell."

"Farewell—I doubt not to be able to render my thanks at the end of the term."

Theophan was surprised, as he pronounced these words, to perceive that the old man was gone. He quitted the spot on which he stood, and moved homewards. He entered Jena, sought his lodging, put by his watch, and, lighting his lamp, opened his friend's folio Plato (with Blunderdrunk's marginal comments), and endeavoured to apply to the Symposium; but in ten minutes he closed the book with impatience, for his excited mind rejected the philosophic feast, and he strolled into the little garden which his chamber-window commanded, to think of the events of the evening, and, with a lover's passion, to repeat and bless the name of his Thyrsa.

Time waned, and the watch was regularly wound up. Love smiled, for Thyrsa was not cruel. Our bursche had resumed his studies, and was in due time considered as one of the most promising students of the whole university of Jena.

The day but one before the happy day that was to give to Theophan his blooming bride had arrived. It was a fine morning, and, being at leisure, he thought him in what manner he should pass the day. Any novice can guess how the problem was solved. He would go and visit Thyrsa. He set out accordingly, and was presently before the gate of David Angerstell's garden. The casement of a projecting window was open to receive the light breezes that blew across the flower beds, at which a young female was seated,—a beautiful, taper-waisted girl, with a demure, intelligent countenance, light twining hair, and a blue, furtively laughing eye. True as fate, that blue eye had caught a glimpse of her approaching lover. In a moment he was by her side, and had kissed with eager

lips the soft little white hand that seemed almost to melt in his pressure. The lovers met in all the confiding tenderness of mutual affection. They strolled out into the garden, for the considerate parents of Thyrsa had shown no disposition to interrupt their discourse further than by a mere welcome to their intended son-in-law.

Theophan and Thyrsa rambled, and looked, and whispered—and rambled, looked, and whispered again and again—and time ambled too gently for his motion to be perceived. The maiden looked on the sky; “How beautifully the sun has set,” said she.

“The sun set!” echoed Theophan, with a violence that terrified his companion—“the sun set! then I am lost. We have met for the last time, Thyrsa.”

“Dearest Theophan,” replied the trembling girl, “why do you terrify me thus? Met for the last time! Oh! no, it cannot be. What! what calls thee hence?”

“He calls who must be obeyed; but six short hours—and then, Thyrsa, wilt thou bestow one thought on my memory?”

She spoke not, moved not: senseless and inanimate she lay in his arms, pale and cold as a marble statue, and beautiful as a sculptor’s brightest dream. Theophan bore her swiftly to the house, placed her on a couch, and called for assistance. He listened, and heard approaching footsteps obeying the summons, pressed his lips to her cold forehead, and, springing from the casement, crossed the garden, and in ten minutes was buried in the obscurity of a gloomy wood, or rather thicket, some mile or thereabouts from Jena.

Overcome by the passionate affliction that fevered his blood and throbbled in every pulse, Theophan threw himself down on a grassy eminence, and lay for some time in that torpid state of feeling in which the mind, blunted by sudden and overwhelming calamity, ceases to be aware of the horrors of its situation, and, stunned into a mockery of repose, awaits almost unconsciously the consummation of evil that impends it.

He was attracted from this lethargy by the plashing rain, which fell upon him in large thunder-drops. He looked around, and found himself in almost total darkness. The clouded sky, the low, deep voice of the wind, booming through the trees and swaying their high tops, bespoke the approaching storm. It burst upon him at length in all its fury. Theophan halted the distraction, for the heart loves what assimilates to itself, and his was wrung almost to breaking with agony. He stood up and shouted to the raging elements. He paused, and listened, for

he thought some one replied. He shouted again, but it was not this time, in mere recklessness. Amid the howling of the tempest he once more heard an answering shout: there was something strange in the voice that could thus render itself audible above the din of the storm. Again and again it was the same; once it seemed to die away into a fiend-like laugh. Theophan’s blood curdled as it ran; and his mood of desperation was exchanged for one of deep, fearful, and overstrained attention.

The tempest suddenly ceased: the thunder died away in faint and distant moanings, and the lightning flashes became less frequent and vivid. The last of these showed Theophan that he was not alone. Within his arm’s reach stood a little old man, whom Theophan had no difficulty in instantly recognizing.

When the momentary flash had subsided, the student and his companion were left in darkness, and Theophan could with difficulty discern the form of his companion.

“Do you remember me?” interrogated the mysterious stranger.

“Perfectly,” replied the student.

“That is well,—I thought you might have forgotten me; wits have short memories. But perhaps you do not aspire to the character.”

“You, at least, must be aware I have little claim to it, otherwise I had not been the dupe I am.”

“That is to say, you have made a compact, broken your part of it, and are now angry that you are likely to be called upon for the penalty.—What is the hour?”

“I know not;—I shall shortly.”

“Does *she* know of this,—you know whom I mean?”

“Old man!” exclaimed Theophan fiercely, “begone. I have broken the agreement,—that I know. I must pay the penalty,—of that too I am aware, and am ready so to do; but my hour is not yet come: torment me not, but leave me. I would await my doom alone.”

“Ah, well, I can make allowances. You are somewhat testy with your friends; but that we will overlook. Suppose now, the penalty you have incurred could be permitted.”

The student replied with a look of incredulous scorn.

“Well, I see you are sceptical,” continued the old man, “but consider; you are young, active, well gifted in body and in mind.”

“What is that to thee;—still more, what is it to me, now?”

“Much; but do not interrupt me. You love, and are beloved.”

"I tell thee again, cease, and begone to—hell!"

"Presently.—You are all these now,—what will you be, what will Thyrsa Angerstall be, to-morrow?"

The student's patience was exhausted: he sprang on the old man, intending to dash him to the ground. He might as well have tried his strength on one of the stunted oaks that grew beside him. The old man moved not,—not the fraction of an-inch.

"Thou hast wearied thyself to little purpose, friend;" said he: "we will now, if it pleases you, proceed to business. You would doubtless be willing to be released from the penalty of your neglect?"

"Probably I might."

"You would even be willing that the lot should fall upon another in preference to yourself?"

The student paused. "No; I am content to bear the punishment of my own folly. And still—oh, Thyrsa!" he groaned in the agony of his spirit.

"What! with the advantages you possess!—the prospect before you,—the life of happiness you might propose to yourself,—and more, the happiness you might confer on Thyrsa; with all these in your reach, you prefer death to life?"—

"Stay: were I to embrace your offer, how must the lot be decided;—to whom must I transfer my punishment?"

"Do this; your term shall be prolonged twenty-four hours. Send the watch to Adrian Wenzel, the goldsmith, to sell; if within that time he disposes of it, the purchaser takes your place, and you will be free. But decide quickly,—my time is brief, yours also must be so, unless you accede to my terms."

"But who are you to whom is given this power of life and death, of sentencing and reprieving?"

"Seek not to know of what concerns you not. Once more, do you agree?"

"First tell me what is your motive in offering me this chance?"

"Motive?—none. I am naturally compassionate. But decide; there is a leaf trembling on yonder bough, it will fall in a moment. If it reach the ground before you determine—Farewell!"

The leaf dropped from the tree. "I consent!" exclaimed the student. He looked for the old man, but found that he was alone. At the same time the toll of the midnight clock sounded on his ear: it ceased,—the hour was passed, and he lived!

It was about the noon of the following day that the goldsmith, Adrian Wenzel, sold to a customer the most beautiful watch in Jena. Having completed the

bargain, he repaired immediately to Theophan Guscht's lodgings.

"Well, have you sold my watch?"

"I have; here is the money, Mein Herr."

"Very well; there is your share of the proceeds."

The goldsmith departed, and Theophan shortly afterwards directed his steps towards Angerstall's house. At the same window, in the same posture in which he had seen her the day before, sat Thyrsa Angerstall. But the Thyrsa of yesterday was blooming, smiling, and cheerful,—to-day she was pale and wan, the image of hopeless sorrow; even as a rose which some rude hand has severed from its stem. Theophan's blood grew chill; he proceeded, and had almost reached the porch of the house when Thyrsa perceived him. With a loud cry, she fell from her seat. He rushed into the room, and raised her in his arms.

She recovered, she spoke to him. She reproached him for the agony he had needlessly caused her by his cruel conduct the evening before. He obtained a hearing, and explained just so much of the history of the watch as related to its purchase, and the condition annexed to it. This he asserted was a mere trick of the donor, he having broken the condition, and being yet alive.

"It is strange," said she, "that I too am connected with a watch similar to yours. Last night I lay sleepless—'twas your unkindness, Theophan; and as I lay, the thought of a watch, such as you describe, presented itself to my mind; how, or why, I cannot guess. It haunted me the whole night, and when I rose this morning it was before me still."

"What followed, dear Thyrsa?" inquired the anxious student.

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thinking to drive away this troublesome guest, I walked out. I had scarcely left my home two minutes, when I saw a watch, the exact counterpart of my ideal one."

"Where,—where did you see it?"

"At our neighbour's, Adrian Wenzel's."

"And,—you,—you!"—His words almost choked him.

"I was impelled by some inexplicable motive,—not that I wanted or wished for so expensive a jewel,—to purchase this watch."

"No,—no!" exclaimed the agonized student, "you could not do so!"

"Theophan," said his mistress, what ails you? and why should what I have said produce so fearful an effect upon you? I shall——"

"It is nothing,—nothing, dearest

Thyrza !—I will return instantly, and tell you why I have appeared so discomposed."

He left her, and passed out of the garden. "I could not," said he, inwardly, "tell her that she was murdered,—and by me too !"

He hastened on without an object, and scarcely knowing whither he was directing his steps, passed down the path which led by Angerstell's house, in that depth of despair which is sometimes wont to deceive us with the appearance of calmness. So deep was the stupefaction in which he was involved, that it was not until some one on the road had twice spoken to him, that he heard the question.

"What is the time of day?"

Theophan looked round, and encountered the large, horribly-laughing eyes of the giver of the fatal watch. He was about to speak, but the old man interrupted him.

"I have no time to listen to reproaches: you know what you have incurred. If you would avoid the evil, and save Thyrza, I will tell you how."

He whispered in the student's ear. The latter grew pale for a moment, but recovered himself.

"She shall be safe," said he, "if I accept your terms."

"Agree to what I have said, and fetch hither the watch within half an hour, and she is delivered from her doom. She shall be yours, and —"

"Promise no more, or give thy promises to those who value them. Swear that she shall be safe! I request no more,—wish for no more on earth."

"Swear!" repeated the old man; "by what shall I swear, I prithee? But I promise,—begone and fetch the watch,—remember, half an hour; and, hark! thou accedest to my terms?"

"I do."

So saying, Theophan sped back to the house, unchecked even by the loud laugh that seemed to echo after him, and reached the room in which he had left his beloved.

It was empty!

"Thyrza! Thyrza!" shouted the student,—*"the watch! the watch!—for Heaven's sake, the watch!"*

The reverberation of his voice from the walls alone replied.

He rushed from chamber to chamber in a state of mind little short of desperation—descended into the garden, and at the extremity of the principal walk he beheld Thyrza.

"The watch! the watch! as you value your life and my—but haste, haste,

—not a word,—a moment's delay is death!"

Without speaking, Thyrza flew to the house, accompanied by Theophan.

"It is gone," said she; "I left it here, and——"

"Then we are lost! forgive thy——"

"Oh! no, no, it is here," exclaimed she, "dearest Theophan; but why——"

He listened not even to the voice of Thyrza;—one kiss on her forehead, one look of anguish, and he was gone!

He sped! he flew!—he arrived at the spot where he had left the old man. The place was solitary, but on the sand was traced the words—*The time is past!*

The student fell senseless on the earth. When he recovered, he found himself on a couch,—affectionate but mournful glances were lost upon him.

"Thyrza, Thyrza!" exclaimed the wretched youth, "away to thy prayers! but a soul like thine hath nought to repent. Oh! leave me,—that look! go, go!"

She turned away, and wept bitterly. Her mother entered the room.

"Thyrza, my love, come with me. The physician is here."

"What physician, mother, is it——?"

"No, he was from home, this is a stranger; but there is no time to lose." She led her daughter from the apartment. Your patient is in that room," she added, to the physician, who entered and closed the door.

The mother and daughter had scarcely reached the stair-head, when a cry, which was almost a yell of agony, proceeding from the chamber they had left, interrupted their progress. It was followed by a loud and strange laugh, that seemed to shake the building to its foundation.

The mother called, or rather screamed for her husband! the daughter sprang to the door of the patient's chamber! It was fastened, and defied her feeble efforts to open it. From within, arose the noise of a fearful struggle,—the brief exclamations of triumphs or of rage,—the groan of pain,—the strong stamp of heavy feet,—all betokening a death grapple between the inmates. Suddenly, something was dashed upon the ground with violence, which, from the sound, appeared to have been broken into a thousand pieces.

There was a dead silence, more appalling than the brunt of the contest. The door resisted no longer.

Thyrza, with her father and mother, entered the room; it was perfectly desolate. On the floor were scattered innumerable fragments of the fatal watch. Theophan was heard of no more.

On the fifth day from this terrible

catastrophe, a plain flag of white marble in the church at ———, recorded the name, age, and death of Thyrsa Angerstell. The inscription is now partly obliterated; so much so as, in all probability, to baffle the curiosity of any gentle stranger who may wish to seek it out, and drop a tear on the grave of her who sleeps beneath.

To this we shall add a poem by a veteran poet.

YOUTH RENEWED.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes,
Are felt, and heard, and seen;

Light trembling transport seizes

My heart,—with sighs between;

These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons left behind:

Childhood, its smiles and tears,—
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely tinged by time!

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes long lost are singing,
From thorns like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
Returning spring,—renewing youth!

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past,
In sprightly mood yet tender,
Life's burthen down to cast,—
This is to taste from stage to stage,
Youth, or the lees refined of age:
Like wine well kept, and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong;—
A richer, purer, mellow draught
With every annual cup is fraught.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1826.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

THIS is the third of the annuals, and it presents very strong claims to popular favour, on account of its literary and graphic merits. The following very spirited Ode on the death of Lord Byron, is one of the gems with which "Friendship's Offering" is studded.

IRREGULAR ODE ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

BY THE REV. G. G. COLTON.

We mourn thy wreck;—that mighty mind
Did whirlwind passions whirl,
While Wisdom wavered, half inclined
To quit the dangerous helm:
Thou wast an argosy of cost,
Equipped, enriched in vain,
Of gods the work, of men the boast,
Glory thy port, and doomed to gain
That splendid haven, only to be lost:

Lost, e'en when Greece with conquest blest
Thy gallant bearing hailed,
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,
And tears of beauty failed!
Oh! hadst thou in the battle died,
Triumphant e'en in death,
The patriot's as the poet's pride,
While both Minervas twined thy wreath
Then had thy full career Malice and Fate defied.

What architect, with choice design,
Of Rome, or Athens styled,
E'er left a monument like thine?
And all from ruins piled;
A prouder motto marks thy stone,
Than Archimedes's tomb—

He asked a fulcrum, thou demandest none;
But reckless of past, present, and to come,
Didst on *thyself* depend, to shake the world—
alone

Thine eye, to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn,
And like the congelated lens,
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn;
But in thy mind's abyss profound,
As in some limbo vast,
More shapes and monsters did abound
To set the wandering world aghast.
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuseau
found.

Was love thy lay, Cythæra reined
Her car, and owned the spell—
Was Hate thy theme, that murky fiend
For hotter earth, left hell;
The palaced crown, the cloistered cowl,
Moved but thy spleen or mirth,
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,
In guise unearthly did'st thou roam the earth,
Screened in Thalia's mask, to drug the tragic
bowl.

Lord of thine own imperial sky,
In virgin 'pride of place,'
Thou soared'st, where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze;
The Condor thus his pennoned vane
O'er Cotopaxa spreads;
But should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,
Nor chiling height, nor burning depth he dreads,
From Aude's crystal Crag, to Lima's sultry
plain.

Like Lucan's, *early* was thy tomb,
And *more* than Bion's mourned;
For *still* such lights themselves consume;
The *brightest* briefest burned;—
But from thy blazing shield recoiled
Pale Envy's bolt of lead:
She, but to work thy triumphs toiled,
And muttering coward curses, fled—
Thee, thine own strength alone, like matchless
Milo, led.

We prize thee that thou did'st not fear
What stoutest hearts might rack,
And did'st the diamond genius wear,
That tempts yet fills the attack;
We mourn thee that thou *wouldst* not find,
While prisoned in thy clay,
Since such there were, some kindred mind,
For friendship lasts through life's long day,
And doth with surer chain than love or beauty
bind;

We blame thee, that with baleful light
Thou did'st astound the world,
A comet, plunging from his height,
And into chaos hurried;
Accorded king of anarchy power,
And talent misapplied,
That hid thy God in evil hour,
Or shewed him only to deride,
And o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness
lour.

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast
With Hecla's frosty cloak,
All earth with fire impure could blast,
And darken heaven with smoke;
O'er ocean, continent, and isle,
The conflagration ran,
Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,
Did'st the red ruin calmly scan,
And tuned Apollo's harp, with Nero's ghastly
smile.

What now avails that muse of fire,
Her nothing of a name,
Thy master hand, and matchless lyre,
What have they gained?—but fame;
Fame, Fancy's child, by Folly fed
On breath of meanest things,
A phantom woo'd in virtue's stead,
That envy to the living bring,
And silent solemn mockery to the dead.

Ne'er since the deep-toned Theban sung
Unto the listening Nine,
Hath classic hill or valley rung
With harmony like thine.
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre?
There breathes but one, that dares
To that Herculean task aspire;
But, less than thou, for fame he cares,
And scorns both hope and fear, ambition and
desire.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

WAKE soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates,—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red faulchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain:
A trumpet-note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host;
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild widowed look she wore;
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last!
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion on the gale,
When last, and far away, she heard its lingering
echoes fall.

THE AMULET FOR 1826.

SUCH is the title of a new annual, which is very respectable in every sense of the word. It is on the same plan as the others, but it is more immediately directed to the religious world, though there is nothing either puritanical or polemical in it. The *Amulet* supplies us with the following interesting narrative:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHALDEAN CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.
Chaplain of the British Embassy at Constantinople.

THERE is at present resident in the Capuchin convent of St. Louis, at Pera, Constantinople, Simon Pietri Schevris, a bishop of this sect. About twenty years ago he left his see, and came to Constantinople, on his way to Rome. He resided at Pera, with an Armenian family of the name of Dusoglu, of whom two brothers held a situation of high trust in the Turkish mint: they were suspected, however, of improper practices in adulterating the current coin, and on this suspicion they were executed by the Turkish government, and their immense property seized on. In this affair the bishop was implicated, and cast into prison, where he daily expected to share the fate of his friends; but as he was poor, and had no property to seize on, he was at length liberated as an innocent man; and, indeed, it was supposed that the whole proceeding was a mere pretext, to confiscate the wealth of a very rich family. On his liberation, the bishop resumed his journey to Rome. After a residence of some time in that city, he has returned to Pera, accompanied by a Persian, converted to Christianity, who studied at Rome, and speaks Latin fluently. They carried with them a Roman missal, and several traditional legends, translated and printed in the Chaldean language and character, to be distributed among the people of the country.

The bishop is a man of a very amiable character; his disposition kind and good-natured, his manners gentle and cheerful, and as artless and simple as those of a child. He is about sixty-five years old; wears a long venerable beard, turning

from black to grey. His dress is very humble, consisting of a blue cotton cassock, and over it a brown cloth *ferridge*, or cloak, with hanging sleeves, whenever he goes abroad: his head is covered with a turban, formed of a black cotton shawl, and round his waist he wears a girdle of a similar quality and colour. Besides the bishop, with whom I was very intimate, I met several other natives. Among the rest, his brother, who just came from his native country, and was seized in Pera with a dangerous complaint, of which he died. At the request of the bishop, I visited him, and was struck with the affectionate attachment they bore to each other. All the Chaldeans I met with had the same characteristics, mild manners, simple habits, and cheerful dispositions, dark complexions, black hair and eyes, rather prominent cheek-bones, and the whole countenance indicating a Tartar origin. I inquired from them all an account of their country. It was given to me in imperfect French and Italian, spoken by some of the Chaldeans, and in good Latin, spoken by the Persian priest. They all agreed in the following particulars:—

A sect of Christians, called by themselves Chaldeans, has, from the earliest ages of the gospel, inhabited the country on each side of the Tigris, at the foot and on the sides and summits of the great chain of mountains which lie to the east of that river. Shut out from intercourse with the rest of the world by the nature of the place, they are never visited by travellers. The face of the country is partly plain and partly mountainous; but the mountain tract is by far the most extensive, and so very healthy, that the plague, which sometimes rages in the countries all round, has never been known to infect this district. The population consists of about 500,000 persons, who are all Christians. They are free and independent of the Arabs, Turks, Persians, or Tartars, in the midst of whom they are situated; and though several attempts have been made in different ages to subdue them, they successfully repulsed them all. The last great effort was made by the Turks in the beginning of the 17th century, in which they lost 100,000 men and five pachas, and have never since attempted to invade them. The Chaldeans constantly live with arms in their hands, to preserve their independence, and they do not lay them aside even when they assemble in their churches for divine service on Sundays. Their government is of a republican form, at the head of which is a patriarch, who exercises both a spiritual and civil jurisdiction.

Their capital is *Jolemark*. It is situated in the mountainous region on the banks of the river Zabab, which rises in the mountains, and runs from thence into the Tigris, where it is about four hundred feet broad. The city consists of one great street, passing through the centre, with several others branching from it, and rising up the mountains at each side. It is surrounded by a strong wall, protected by European cannon, which were some time ago furnished to the patriarch by French engineers. It contains, in winter, about 12,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom, in summer, emigrate to numerous villages which are scattered on the neighbouring hills. The distance of the city from the junction of the Zabab with the Tigris, is about four days' journey, or something more than one hundred miles. The patriarch does not reside at the capital, but at *Kosharis*, a smaller town, situated higher up on the banks of the Zabab. Besides these, they possess *Amelia*, and several other towns in the mountains, rendered impregnable as well by art as by the difficult nature of the situations. In the low country, their principal city is *Djexiras*, situated in an island on the Tigris, on the confines of Diarbekir. It is distant about thirty days' journey, or nearly nine hundred miles, from the great city of Bagdat, by land, but not more than half that distance by water. There are no other than occasional wooden bridges in this district, which are often swept away; and when the inhabitants have occasion to pass from one side of the river to the other, they sometimes use rafts, formed of inflated or stuffed skins, for the purpose. The mountains in some places approach so close to the Tigris, as to hang abruptly over it, and leave no passage between them and the river. This town was formerly as independent as the rest, and exclusively within the jurisdiction of the patriarch: lying, however, in a low exposed situation on the confines of Turkey, it has latterly been obliged to receive a Turkish pacha as a governor. In the other towns a few Turks only occasionally reside. The exercise of their religion is tolerated, but not openly; they have therefore no Minarets, and the Muezzan is never heard calling the people to prayer; and if any Turk is seen in the street on Sunday during divine service, he is immediately put to death.

They have no schools for the general education of their children, and no printed books among them: their knowledge, therefore, is very limited; and very few, even among the better classes, learn to

read. Instruction is confined to the clergy, as the only persons in the community who require it; and when a man is disposed to study, he must become a priest. He is then supplied with such manuscript works as they possess in the different churches and convents. Among these are the Holy Scriptures, translated into their language, which, though not printed, are sufficiently common in written copies.

They do not themselves know at what time Christianity was first preached among them, or by whom. They pay no particular respect to St. Gregory, the great apostle of the east, whom the Armenians revere under the name of *Serp Savorich*. And it is remarkable that the Armenians and Chaldeans, though living in countries in the east nearly contiguous, insulated among Asiatic nations, and separated from the rest of Christendom, should yet be so separated from each other as entirely to differ, not only in language, but in the doctrines and discipline of their churches. Their patriarchs and bishops have not the smallest connexion. The Chaldeans, at an early period, adopted the opinions of Nestorius, who denied that the Virgin Mary was the mother of God, in his divine nature: removed, by their situation, from the control of the Greek church, they retained the heresy in its primitive form, and are, perhaps, the only sect of Christians at the present day among whom it prevails. But though they were not influenced by the synods of the Greek church, they have not all rejected the authority of the Latin. Very early, missionaries from the college 'de Propagande Fide,' at Rome, found their way among them; and at present they are divided into two hostile parties—primitive Nestorians, who hold themselves independent of any other church, and converted Catholics, who acknowledge a dependence on the see of Rome. Their church is governed by three patriarchs:

Simon of Jolemark, a Nestorian.

Joseph of Diarbekir, } Catholics.
Mar Elias of Mousoul, }

The two latter, though acknowledged by the Chaldeans, are not property of that nation, but reside in Turkish provinces; but the former is strictly so; and in fact the Chaldeans of the mountains, who are the vast majority, have hitherto rejected all submission to the church of Rome, which denominates them heretics, as they still retain the discipline and doctrines of their church in their primitive independence. Among the remarkable events of their history, is one which they speak of at this day with considerable interest. At a very early period, a part of their tribe

emigrated from their mountains, and proceeded to India, where they settled upon the sea-coast of the hither peninsula. They brought with them the original purity of Christian doctrine and discipline, before it had been corrupted by heresy; and this purity, they assert, they still retain in their remote situation.

The account which the Chaldeans give of themselves is curiously confirmed in some particulars by other testimonies.

The ten thousand Greeks, in their retreat from Persia, passed through the greater part of their country, and Xenophon particularly describes it.

The Grecians crossed the Tigris at Sittace, and then proceeded north, having the river on the left hand. They then arrived opposite a town called Kaimai, now Zin, from whence the people brought over bread, cheese, and wine, on rafts, made of skins stuffed with dry hay, a practice followed in the same place at this day. They next came to the river Zabatoa, now called by the same name Zabai, whose breadth was about four hundred feet, and having crossed it near its junction with the Tigris, they pursued their way along the banks of the latter river, till they arrived at the mountains of the Kardouchi, called, with little alteration, the mountains of Kurdichan at this day. These mountains hung abruptly over the river, so that there was no passage between them, and the Greeks could not pursue their way along the river side, but were obliged to ascend the mountains. The character of the people they met there was that of a warlike, independent race, who would not submit to the king of Persia; and when he sent an army of 120,000 men against them, not one of them returned. All this exactly accords with the state of the country at the present day. The face of nature, the names of places, the habits and manners of the people, are described in the same manner by Xenophon and the bishop, after an interval of more than two thousand years. It may be remarked, that the worthy bishop is a man as illiterate as he is simple, and had never read or heard of Xenophon.

A WREATH FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

A New Year's Gift for 1826.

THIS is the first attempt to naturalise this class of works in Ireland, and we wish it success. It cannot of course be expected to compete with those we have noticed, but it is creditable to the author, and we doubt not, if suitably encouraged, will improve. The following extract is part of one of the articles it contains:—

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. EGLON, AT ARDMORE.

WE had not proceeded far until we overtook a number of persons—some halt, some lame, and some blind—all moving forward as fast as the circumstances of their various cases would permit them, to celebrate the festival of the Saint. Joining company with an old man and his wife, who were trotting along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, on a high-backed sheltie, apparently nearly as old as themselves—we commenced our inquiries as to the inhabitants, &c. The old man was not only very communicative, but very intelligent, and being occasionally helped out in a sentence by his better half, was to us a source of great entertainment. He was well acquainted with every individual resident within the compass of twenty miles; knew to whom the land of the neighbourhood belonged of right; if the real owner had it; and withal, old as he was, hoped he would never die till he should see the right owner in possession. His own great-grandfather, he informed us, had been a prince of the country, and his wife was descended from a line of kings. He dwelt with seeming pleasure and delight on the days which were; and contrasted them with the wretchedness that now everywhere prevailed; and summed up the whole by laying the entire blame on the introduction of the Protestant religion into the country. As it was not our object to dispute, either the old man's claims to ancient greatness, or his opinions on religious matters, we were very good friends; and with all his notions we could discover that he was of a humane and benevolent disposition. In the course of our discourse we learned from him that the generality of the cabins in the country were exactly the same as the one in which we had been, with the exception that some of them had a kind of chimney, formed of wattles and oxier slips, plastered with clay, which sloped up gradually till they met in a hole in the roof, and thus suffered the smoke to escape; that in general, in each of those wretched hovels, furnished as before described, from five to ten persons kennelled together, whose only food was potatoes and salt, one scanty meal of which in a day had often to suffice, when the head of the family could not obtain employment, which was very frequently the case; two meals in the day, he said, were the most the poor people ever got—of flesh-meat many of them knew not the taste, and even the luxury of a little buttermilk they were seldom indulged with, the price of it being far beyond their means. "Och, Sir,"

said the old man, wiping the big tear from his aged eye, "if ye had been in this part of the country at the time the typhus raged in it, yere hearts must have been hard indeed if ye could ha' borne the sights which were seen every day amongst us. Whenever the disorder entered a cabin, its effects were dreadful—as, from being obliged to sleep together, and to breathe the same unwholesome air, scarcely one of a family escaped; and when the disorder left the house, than those it left behind ye could not find greater objects of compassion in any corner of his Majesty's empire."

Having now reached Ardmore, which we found thronged with devotees, our fellow-travellers immediately began to prepare themselves for the ceremonies of the day, by throwing off their shoes and stockings, and tucking up their clothes considerably above their knees.

They commenced their devotions by walking three times round a tower, which they told us was built by St. Eglon in a night; saying their prayers on their beads, and kneeling four times each circuit. From this they resorted to a vault or cave, where a woman sold to each pilgrim or votee a handful of earth, assuring the purchaser that it was the real ashes of the Saint, and that no evil could befall the individual who was possessed of it. After approaching on their knees an image set up in the vault, and embracing it with great reverence, they next proceeded to the ruins of an old chapel, and after encompassing it three times, all the while repeating a certain number of prayers, they entered and went from one end to the other on their bare knees, praying as they proceeded, and embracing the chancel of the chapel when they had done. They next washed their feet in a pond of holy water in the vicinity of the chapel, and after purchasing a draught of water from a holy well close by the entrance, they proceeded to the last act of their devotion, which consisted in passing three times under a great stone by the sea-shore. This stone, we were informed, came from Rome, on the surface of the water, and landed on the spot where it now rests. In passing round and under this stone, one followed another in the way that children play "hide and go seek;" the devotees were on their bare knees, and as the ground is filled with sharp stones, many of them were cut. They pleased themselves, however, with the idea, that the merit of their devotion was enhanced by the severity of the pains they endured.

After having gone through their various evolutions, they then sat down together in parties, and "laughed a little, and

sang a little, and joked a little, and sported a little, and courted a little—and (those who had it) swigged the flowing can.” Wonderful are the cures which the virtues of the holy well are said to perform—the blind are enabled to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to dance and caper; while those who are not cured, eagerly inquire, “Who has got the blessing?”

CHRISTMAS TALES FOR 1825.

THIS is a pleasing collection of tales, originally destined for insertion in the *Forget Me Not*, but omitted on account of the superabundance of materials. It is intended to be continued annually, and if the materials in future are as good as those in the present volume, it will form a very agreeable addition to our annual periodicals. The following is one of the tales:—

A DAY AT CINTRA.

By W. C. Stafford, Esq.

THE road from Lisbon to Cintra is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be conceived. The hedges are lined with the towering American aloe; and the luxuriant fruits, the blooming flowers, and sweetly perfumed plants of the south, abound in rich profusion. It is not more than three or four hours' ride from the capital to Cintra—and thither a young and handsome English officer “wended his solitary way,” with the view of passing a day or two among the romantic scenery which abounds in its neighbourhood.

The town stands beneath a mountain, whose side is clothed with a variegated wood, on which the cork-tree, the olive, the orange, and the vine, sweetly and gaily bloom; and at its summit a convent rears its massy front, the approaches to which are of a most rugged and dangerous nature. Having procured refreshments and a guide in the town, our adventurer, whose name was Captain Dillon, began about mid-day to ascend the steep and dangerous path, though forewarned that he would find the fatigue, at that hour, almost insupportable. He proceeded, however, and with difficulty reached the convent, where he was received with a frank and hearty welcome—the British uniform being a sure passport to hospitality, at that period, throughout the whole extent of Portugal. Here he cooled his heated frame by eating the most delicious fruits; whilst the fine and invigorating breezes of the mountain air soon restored to him the capacity for active exertion. Pleased with the monks, who had little of the ascetic, unsocial dispo-

sition of their order—delighted at escaping from the contaminated atmosphere of Lisbon, its bustle, and its noise, to this pure and fragrant seat of health, and quiet, and repose, Dillon resolved to pass the night at the convent; and the guide was dismissed, with a handsome present from the liberal Englishman, which was received with blessings, “not loud but deep,” uttered by the grateful Portuguese.

“And what ruins are those?” inquired Dillon of one of the monks, who was accompanying him in a ramble round the grounds of the convent, after he had dismissed his guide. As he spoke he pointed to the remains of a castellated fortress; that crowned the summit of a rude eminence, at no great distance from the convent.

“Those mouldering relics,” replied Father Joachim, “are all that exist of a once proud edifice, which, when the Crescent lorded it over the Cross in the Peninsula, reared its lofty towers on high, and was inhabited by a race of infidels of the Abencerrages tribe. Now its massy walls are mostly crumbled into dust, its gorgeous magnificence has vanished, and the orgies of robbers and smugglers are celebrated in those halls, which were once the resort of the brave and the fair of the followers of Mahomet.”

As he spoke, two men were seen stealing along the path that wound round the mountain, in some places overhung by a projecting precipice, in others covered with umbrageous shrubs, to the ruins of which they were conversing. They bore something between them, that had the appearance of a body enveloped in a mantle; but whether it was male or female, it was impossible to discover. Dillon looked on it with interest, as the monk silently pointed out those invaders of the solemn stillness which at that hour reigned around:—now he lost sight of them, as they turned round a projection of the rock; now they were enveloped in the foliage of the overhanging shrubs; but again they emerged to view, and were finally lost to the gaze of the anxious observer, as they retired behind a part of the ruined wall, which had formerly flanked the grand entrance to the castle.

“What can those men be after?” inquired Dillon. “Why are they, with this evident desire to elude observation, conveying what seems to be a human form to yonder ruins? Has some deed of violence been committed, and are its perpetrators about to consign a dead victim to an unhallowed grave, or immerse a living one in the dismal precincts of yonder gloomy walls?”

“Alas! my son,” replied the Father,

"such sights are too frequent to our eyes to excite much wonder, however they may demand commiseration; and not unfrequently the groans of the sufferers from lawless violence are wafted on the wings of the wind to these peaceful shades. We have no power to interfere; we can only regard with pity the violations of moral rectitude and religious duty; and offer up our prayers for the safety of the innocent and the reformation of the guilty."

"There are but two!" said Dillon: and as he stood for a few minutes wrapped in thought, the working of his countenance, and the expression of his fine dark eyes, as he looked towards the ruins, evinced that he was revolving some scheme to aid the unfortunate being just conveyed within their walls, if indeed he or she yet lived. His plan, whatever it was, was soon formed. He obtained from the monk a direction as to the easiest way of reaching the ruins, and departed, notwithstanding the remonstrances with which he was assailed; having first taken the precaution to supply himself with a brace of loaded pistols, in addition to his sword—"and a better never decked a soldier's thigh"—which he always wore.

Proceeding with cautious celerity, he succeeded in gaining the ruins without molestation. The path he had followed ended directly under a wall of considerable height, skirting the ledge of the precipice, on which the castle had been built. A little to the right a low-arched entrance admitted him into a wide area, which had probably been the once-spacious and well-fitted hall of the Moslems, but which was now lonely and deserted. All was silent; but advancing a little further, the sound of voices burst upon his ear, and he looked round to see whence they proceeded. The place he was in was surrounded on three sides by a ruined wall of unequal height; at the fourth, the remains of a spacious gateway announced that this had been the grand entrance to the castle in the days of its pristine splendour. He advanced within the shadow of its deep recess, and found that it opened upon a court, the prospect from which was delightful beyond aught that imagination could conceive. Nature had here blended the wild and the beautiful in intimate union; and whilst the pinnacles and projections of the mountain were seen dispersed here and there in rude grandeur, the beautiful geraniums, the rosemary and myrtle, the jasmine, the dark cork-tree, and the aloe, at once delighted the eye, and emitted a refreshing perfume. A flight of steps from the gateway led into a court-yard, which at this moment was beautifully illumined by the rays

of the setting sun. Under a bower formed of the vine, the jasmine, and the geranium, the two men whom he had seen from the convent were now discovered playing at dice; whilst a few paces from them on the grass lay a female form, which, even at that distance, Dillon could discover to be young and beautiful. He anxiously watched for some indication, which might point to a decisive line of conduct for him to adopt: that the lady, whoever she might be, was not a willing associate of the two ruffians, for such their address, manners and appearance denoted them, with whom he found her, he felt convinced; and it was a moment of relief from a painful state of suspense, when he saw the two men emerge from the bower, and, as they advanced towards the spot where he was concealed, overheard them, in the Portuguese language, detail their plans and intentions. He found that they had been deciding their pretensions to their lovely and helpless victim by the cast of the dice; and the one who had been successful was a stern and sturdy-looking villain, on whose face nature had fixed marks of cruelty in lineaments which time could never efface. A ferocious exultation gleamed on his countenance; his dark scowling eyes were lighted up with a deadly expression of passion, and shot gleams of vengeance from under his high and overarching brows:—he advanced to the extended female, and raising her from the ground with no gentle touch, he said something which Dillon could not distinguish. The lady appeared to look up, and, as if recognizing the ruthless being by whom she was supported, uttered a piercing shriek, which reverberated in echoes from rock to rock, and at length died away in the distance. Dillon knew not what to do; but his conduct was soon decided. The ruffian commenced a struggle with the unfortunate being that he held in his grasp, who was near sinking under his lawless violence; when, not able to contain himself any longer, Dillon rushed down the steps, calling upon them in Portuguese, to hold. The ruffians seemed paralyzed for an instant—but it was only for an instant. Both rushed upon Dillon, who discharged his pistol, and brought one to the ground. A short but desperate conflict ensued with the other; but the nervous arm of the young Englishman at length humbled this opponent also in the dust.

Leaving the helpless and disabled ruffians, Dillon supported the lady he had rescued, along the path by which he had gained the ruins, to the convent, which they reached with difficulty, owing to the exhausted state of his charge. They were

received with joy by the monks, who supplied every necessary restorative; and soon the bloom of health again mantled on her cheek.

I might here detail the tender conversation which ensued between the lady and Dillon, the love of the latter, and the gratitude, which soon ripened into love, of the former,—the daughter of a rich citizen of Cintra, who had been decoyed from her home by the ruffians from whom Dillon had delivered her: but though these occurrences are pleasant enough to the parties concerned, they are in general rather insipid to the reader, or to a third party. Suffice it to say, that in a few months Captain Dillon and the fair Isabel de Castro were united, and they never cease to remember, with pleasure, a day at Cintra.

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS, FOR THE YEAR 1825.

FROM the title of this work, it will be evident that a portion of it must have been anticipated in the MIRROR, particularly in the extracts from the Magazines. The Editor has also quoted several articles from the MIRROR, and has altogether made a very amusing and interesting volume, which is embellished with some good wood-cuts, from designs by Mr. Robert Cruikshank. The following are extracts:—

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

It is not an extreme calculation to state that there are, upon the eight morning papers, and six evening papers, published in London, at least 120 literary gentlemen, receiving weekly salaries to the amount of 600*l.*, exclusive of those who are paid for their communications. If to the daily papers we add about forty Sunday papers, and papers published twice or thrice during the week, we shall make a weekly sum total for literary services upon the establishments, exclusive of what is paid for in another way, of about 1,000*l.*; and if we add to this amount the sums paid by the whole of them to printers, publishers, and others, in the way of regular salary, we shall have an increase of at least 1,500*l.*—making a weekly sum of 2,500*l.*, or 130,000*l.* per annum, paid by the London newspaper press in salaries only; and to this we may add at least 1,200*l.* weekly, or 62,400*l.* per annum, for the remaining expenses, exclusive of stamps and paper—making altogether nearly 200,000*l.* per annum. With respect to the number of persons employed upon the London newspapers, directly and indirectly, taking in editors,

reporters, publishers, printers, pressmen, and others, deriving from them their subsistence, we are quite able to state it, at the very lowest, at 1,500, many of whom derive emoluments which enable them to live as gentlemen, whilst none are without a handsome competence; for it is a fact, that in no employment are persons paid more liberally than upon newspapers.—The compositors have, upon morning papers, each 2*l.* 8*s.* weekly, and upon evening papers 2*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; and the pressmen are paid equally well, although their labour has been much diminished by the introduction of printing machines instead of presses. When we come to add to the list of London papers those which are printed in the country, and in Ireland and Scotland, we shall find the account still more curious. The number of these may be taken broadly at 225, most of which appear once a week, a few daily, and some twice or thrice a week. Sometimes there are 240 provincial papers, at others 230; we take the average, therefore, at 235; but from the increasing intellectual wants of the people, we may safely expect that the number will be soon 250. Each of these papers has an editor and publisher, and from three to six men and boys, as compositors and pressmen. The weekly amount of salaries paid upon these establishments must be about 1,800*l.*, or 92,000*l.* annually; and the other expenses of the establishments may be about 1,000*l.* weekly, or 52,000*l.* annually; all, of course, exclusive of stamps and paper.

We now come to the circulation of the newspapers. The daily morning and evening papers, with those published twice or three times in the week, amount to at least 40,000 daily, or 240,000 weekly; and the Sunday papers to between 50,000 and 60,000—making altogether about 300,000 weekly. If to this we add the circulation of the provincial press, we shall have a striking proof of the state of intellect in this country. Many of the country newspapers publish two or three thousand copies, but others not more than four or five hundred.—Considering however, that several appear more than once a week, we do not think we can be charged with exaggeration, if we say that they throw off weekly 200,000 copies, making altogether 500,000 copies. Let this number be compared with our population, and then say whether England is not an intellectual country. Of this number, of course, some thousand copies go abroad; but they amount to little, compared with the gross circulation. Five hundred thousand copies require one thousand reams of paper, which, on

an average of 35s. per ream, would make 1,750*l.* weekly, or 91,000*l.* per annum.— Thus we have,

London press, annually, exclusive of stamps and paper	£.	s.	d.
Provincial press, ditto ...	200,000	0	0
Paper	93,600	0	0
Five hundred thousand stamps, at 4 <i>d.</i> each with 20 <i>l.</i> per cent. discount off	91,000	0	0
	338,666	13	4
	£721,266	13	4

We have here more than 700,000*l.* sterling, exclusive of advertisements, expended by the newspaper press annually, of which about 360,000*l.* go to the government for stamps and the excise duty on paper.

It is a curious fact in the history of newspapers, that in the year 1758, when Mr. John Newberry, of St. Paul's Church-yard, London, well known as the compiler of, and dealer in, many excellent little books for "Young Masters and Misses," projected a newspaper called "The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette," he engaged to allow Dr. Johnson a share in the profits of that paper, for which the latter was to furnish a short

essay on such subjects, of a general or temporary nature, as might suit the taste of newspaper readers, and distinguish his publication from its contemporaries. The reason assigned for Mr. Newberry's wishing to have an essay in his paper, is exceedingly curious to modern readers of those "folios of four pages;" it was, that the occurrences during the intervals of its publication were not sufficient to fill its columns. What a curious fact is this in the history of political intelligence!— It is to this dearth of occurrences that we owe that collection of essays, by Johnson, called "The Idler," which first appeared in Newberry's Universal Chronicle.

Times.

PERPETUAL PERIODICAL TABLE.

By the following table, the day of the week on which the first day of any month in any year falls, and the week-day of any date whatever, may be found.

Directions.—Look in that column where the day of the week stands, on which Jan. 1 of the year required falls, and underneath in that column, opposite to each month, is shewn the day of the week of the first of that month. The column headed L shews the same if the year happens to be a leap year.

Jan. 1	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
	L	L	L	L	L	L	L
Feb. 1	W	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu
Mar. 1	W	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu
Apr. 1	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu	W	Th	Fri
May 1	Mon	Tu	W	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun
June 1	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu	W
July 1	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu	W	Th	Fri
Aug. 1	Tu	W	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon
Sept. 1	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu	W	Th
Oct. 1	Sun	Mon	Tu	W	Th	Fri	Sat
Nov. 1	W	Th	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu
Dec. 1	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tu	W	Th

Jan. 1, 1809, Sunday	1814, Saturday	1819, Friday	1824, Thursday
— 1810, Monday	1815, Sunday	1820, Saturday	1825, Saturday
— 1811, Tuesday	1816, Monday	1821, Monday	1826, Sunday
— 1812, Wednesday	1817, Wednesday	1822, Tuesday	1827, Monday
— 1813, Friday	1818, Thursday	1823, Wednesday	1828, Tuesday

And so on, regularly advancing one day after each year, except leap years, and then two days.

LEAP YEARS.—1820, 1824, 1828, 1832, 1836, 1840, 1844, 1848.

Explanation of the use of this Table.— Required to know the day of the week of the 1st of September, 1826.

The 1st of January, 1826, in the list of years above, is Sunday, and in the first column of Sunday in a line with September, Friday is inserted; consequently, the 1st of September, 1825, is shewn to be on Friday; if 1826 were a leap year, then, as inserted in the second

column of Sunday, under letter L, it would fall on Saturday.

When the day of the week of the first of any month is known, it is easy to ascertain the same of any date in that month; so that by the help of this table, the week day of any date may be readily ascertained, and in a great degree, as far as respects time, it will answer the purpose of an almanack.

IMITATION OF STYLE.

EVERY man has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking, which he spoils by a too close and servile imitation of another; as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed—"I had almost married my own natural trot, by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble.—*Literary Chronicle.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER;

OR, MR. PUNCH IN ALL HIS GLORY.

You may sing of old Thespis, who first in a cart,
To the jolly god Bacchus enacted a part;
Miss Thalia, or Mrs. Melpomene praise,
Or to light-heeled Terpsichore offer your lays;
But pray what are these, blind them all in a bunch,

Compared to the acting of Signor PUNCH?
Of Garrick, or Palmer, or Kemble, or Cooke,
Your moderns may whine, or on each write a book;

Or Matthews, or Munden, or Fawcett, suppose
They could once lead the Town as they please'd
by the nose;

A fig for such Actors! tied all in a bunch,
More mortals, compared to old deified Punch!
Not Chester can charm us, nor Foote with her smile

Like the first blush of summer, our bosoms beguile,

Half so well, or so merrily drive care away,
As old Punch with his Judy in amorous play.
Kean, Young, and Macready, though thought very good,

Have heads, it is true, but then they're not of wood.

Be ye ever so dull, full of spleen or ennui,
Mighty Punch can enliven your spirits with glee.
Not honest Jack Harley, or Liston's rum mug
Can produce half the fun of his juggity-jug!
For a right hearty laugh, tie them all in a bunch,
Not an actor among them like Signor Punch.

English Spy.

Answers to the Riddles, Charades, and Conundrums, in No. CLXXIV. of the MIRROR.

RIDDLES.

1. Hat.
2. Ink.
3. Sedan chair.
4. Looking glass.
5. The letter O.

CHARADES.

1. Farewell.
2. Rainbow.
3. Arm chair.
4. Lappet.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because they are forage.
2. Because it is within the bar.
3. Because she is often toasted.
4. Twenty.
5. Cards.
6. Because it is the capital of France.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

AN EXTENSIVE SAVING.

A SPICE merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient; and then requested to know what had been the cost of it? "Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not dear." The tailor paused for a moment, "I am a beginner in trade," said he to the spice dealer, "and money is an object to me—give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair." "I agree," returned the other; and the two sequins were produced and paid. "It is well!" said the man of the needle. "I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it then to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as that you want; and if I attempt it, it will certainly be spoiled.

COSTUME.

In Scudder's museum, at New York, there is a representation in wax of Saul, Samuel, and the Witch of Endor. Saul wears a blue silk coat and small-clothes covered with spangles; the witch sits in a parlour-chair in a printed cotton gown, with a white shawl, cap, and black riband; and Samuel sports a white cotton night-cap.

LACONIC EPISTLES.

A GENTLEMAN, meeting in a coffee-house a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing for New York, received an invitation to accompany him, which he accepted, taking care to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

"Dear Wife,—I am going to America.

"Yours truly, T. G."

The lady's answer, equally concise and tender, was as follows:—

"Dear Husband,—A good voyage.

"Yours, MARY G."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXVI.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

Captain Parry, and his last Voyage.

In presenting our readers with a portrait of one of the most enterprising and skillful navigators this country has produced, we should, as in former instances, have accompanied it with a memoir of his life, had we not given this already, in No. 64 of the MIRROR, when we commenced a new feature in our work—the Select Biography, with a memoir of this distinguished individual. We shall therefore now merely give an outline of his life.

Captain William Edward Parry is the fourth son of the late Dr. Parry, of Bath, where he was born, Dec. 19, 1790. After receiving an excellent education in that city, he entered the navy, on board the *Ville de Paris*, which was once the flagship of the French Admiral de Grasse, but then commanded by Admiral Cornwallis. Young Parry distinguished himself from the outset of his career, particularly during the blockade of Brest. He afterwards served on board the *Tribune*, and the *Vanguard*. In 1810 he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the *Alexandria*, Captain Quilliam; then stationed in the Baltic, where his hydrographical talents were displayed in some very valuable surveys. Lieutenant Parry afterwards served on board his Majesty's ship *la Hogue*, on the Halifax station, where he remained, until his father's dangerous illness, in 1817, compelled him to seek and obtain leave to return home.

To this circumstance does Captain Parry owe his first appointment to a discovery-ship, for his time of service on the Halifax station had not expired. When it was determined to send Captain Ross on a Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, Lieutenant Parry was appointed to the *Alexander*. Of this voyage, as well as the two that followed, under the immediate command of Captain Parry, ample details will be found in preceding volumes of the MIRROR; and we now add an account of the last expedition.

The subject of North Polar Expeditions has been so amply treated of in the MIRROR, that it might only be necessary to refer to our former numbers* for an account of preceding voyages, and proceed at once to the last expedition of Captain

Parry, which was unfortunately intercepted, at the moment when success seemed to dawn upon the enterprising voyagers, by one of those accidents to which all navigation, and particularly in the Polar Seas, is liable. We shall, however, first briefly notice the two former voyages of Captain Parry; we allude to those under his immediate command. In the first voyage, in 1819, 1820, Captain Parry proceeded up Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, and entering Lancaster Sound, steered nearly due west, until he reached an island, which he named in honour of Lord Melville; here he wintered in a harbour, in north latitude 74 deg. 44 min., and west longitude 111 deg. In the course of this voyage, among other important discoveries, Captain Parry found an inlet nearly in the centre of Barrow's Straits, longitude 90 degrees, opening to the south, which he explored to some distance, and found to terminate in an open sea; to this opening he gave the name of Prince Regent's inlet.

In the second voyage, which was prosecuted between May 1821 and October 1823, Captain Parry's instructions were to enter Hudson's Bay, and after exploring Repulse Bay, endeavour to gain that open sea into which Prince Regent's Inlet enters; in this attempt, he was, however, foiled, by the entanglement of the ice. The object of the third voyage was to gain the open sea, which in the second voyage, he could not reach, and which, in his first voyage, his instructions precluded him from entering.

Captain Parry sailed on his last voyage in May 1824, in the *Hecla*, accompanied by the *Fury*, which was commanded by Lieutenant Hoppner. In the summer of that year the ships proceeded through Davis's Straits to Baffin's Bay, which they found some difficulty in crossing, on account of an extraordinary accumulation of ice which obstructed the ships until the 9th of September; when freed from the ice, they proceeded to Barrow's Straits, which they reached in four days; on the 26th, the ships had got to the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet, in full hopes of a secure harbour for the winter, and a successful prosecution of the voyage in the spring. The winter was now fast setting

* See the MIRROR, Nos. 57, 77, 81.

in, and it was with some difficulty the ships reached Fort Bowen, in lat. 73 deg. long. 89 deg. This they effected by the 28th of September, and by the 6th of October the vessels became surrounded with what is termed young ice. Fort Bowen is about one hundred and twenty miles north-west of the point where Captain Parry was stopped in his last voyage. The winter was a mild one for these arctic regions, the thermometer never exceeded $44\frac{1}{2}$ deg. below Zero, whereas during his first voyage it was at 55 deg. Reading, music, and plays, formed the principal in-door amusements, and a masquerade was got up once a fortnight on board one of the ships; and although the disguises were generally penetrated, the sailors entered into the amusement with great spirit. In one of the masquerades, Captain Parry assumed the disguise of a poor enfeebled creature, scarcely able to totter above ground; and his disguise was so complete, that one of the crew, who had personated an undertaker, declared him unfit for this world, took his measure, and proceeded, with some assistants, to dig a grave, into which they hurried their well-disguised captain, who was obliged to undeceive them, to prevent premature burial.

Bear hunting was an excellent sport, and kept the men well exercised; twelve white bears were killed, and a great number of fine grouse were shot by the officers and men without a license, or any dread of infracting the game laws; the grouse was so abundant as almost to cease to be a luxury with the crews. The ptarmigans were plentiful, and some fine specimens of them have been brought home.—Grouse were also shot occasionally, and formed a delightful change in the messes of the ships' companies.

The garden was attended to as before; but the herbs reared in it did not at all compensate for the trouble bestowed upon them. Some cucumbers were grown in glasses, in the summer, but not of a very large description. During the winter, the title of a newspaper could barely be read at noon-day on deck, so dense was the gloom which pervaded the atmosphere for many months. As the spring approached, exploratory parties were sent on shore, under the direction of Capt. Hoppner, who commanded the *Fury*, to the eastward, while Lieutenant Sherer proceeded along the coast to the southward, as far as Fitzgerald's Bay, in lat. 72 deg. 20 min., which was the point reached by Captain Parry in this inlet in his first voyage. Lieutenant Ross took a northern direction on shore, and reached beyond Cape York, which is at the entrance of the inlet. In

the course of these excursions, and others made for sixty or eighty miles into the interior eastward, several specimens of animal, vegetable, and mineral productions were collected, and have been brought home in the *Hecla*.

The summer commenced on the 6th of June, and the ice thawed sufficiently to enable the vessels to leave Fort Bowen, when they stood to the southward, and exploring the coast, reached North Somerset on the 23rd; they pursued their course in the same direction, but were driven back by contrary winds to Prince Leopold's Island, in Lancaster Sound. Capt. Parry, however, determined on another attempt to get through the inlet, along the western shore of which the vessels were worked until the 1st of August. The vessel was obliged to keep in shore, that being the only current, the rest being one mass of ice. They kept heaving the lead all the time; she however struck on a hummock of ice, in six feet water.

Such was the force with which the *Fury* was struck, that the stern-post was torn off, as well as part of the cut-water, and the main keel broken. Four pumps were kept constantly going for forty-eight hours, and the men, though much fatigued, laboured cheerfully. The vessel was got into a sort of artificial harbour, made by cables fixed to the icebergs, and to anchors on shore.

On the 6th of August the water had increased considerably, although the pumps were kept going from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening. The men were excessively fatigued, and their allowance of provision was increased by a quarter of a pound of meat and a gill of rum per day.—It was now determined to land the stores, in order to lighten the *Fury*; in effecting this, Capt. Hoppner used a sort of crane, by which he hoisted the casks up, and ran them along a cable on shore, which facilitated the landing of the stores very much; on the 8th the spirits were landed; from this time to the 13th the ice continued to close in on the ship; a strong fresh breeze sprung up, blowing from the N.N.W.; and another cable was now employed, in order to keep the ice as much as possible from the ship. The next day the water increased, and was eighteen inches in the well, and the ice continued to tear the vessel very much. Capt. Parry now sent Lieutenants Austin and Sherer and the master carpenter to examine the *Fury*, when they found that there was no chance of saving her.

On the 16th, a tent was pitched on shore for the men to sleep in; the next day they were employed in tightening the cables which were fixed to the hummocks

and in pumping out the water, and they had only three hours' rest. On the 18th, there was a snow storm, and the ice increased so much, that Capt. Parry began to fear that the *Hecla* would be locked in; a consultation of the officers was held, when it was resolved to get her out, and preparations were made for that purpose. It was also agreed to make an effort to get the *Fury* out into a more open sea, and examine her. On the 20th, Capt. Parry sent twelve of his men to work on the *Fury*; the wind had now shifted to the N.N.E. On the 21st, there was a high surf running on the beach, and more hawsers were employed to keep the ice from wedging in the *Fury*; the next day she drifted further in shore, just as the tide began to fall, which banished all hopes of getting the *Fury* out; in the mean time, the *Hecla* was separated from her by a barrier of ice four miles broad, which induced Capt. Parry to recall his men, lest, if he delayed it longer, he might not be able to get them off. On the 24th, a south wind sprung up, and the ice between the vessels had increased so much, that the *Hecla* was five leagues from the *Fury*; all hope of saving her was now at an end, as she had nine feet water in the hold, and she was finally abandoned on the 26th of August, to the great regret of every person belonging to the expedition, and particularly Captain Hoppner, her commander.

During the time the crews were engaged in clearing the *Fury*, a regular current floating the ice past them at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, was to them a strong indication of an open sea not far distant. The *Fury* was completely cleared of everything, even of her coals, and the repairs nearly completed, when the *Hecla* was blown off; and when she returned and found her consort so nearly destroyed, a regular survey was made, and all hope of restoring her to service was given up.

Nothing now remained for Capt. Parry but to return to England; the *Hecla*, therefore, stood to the northward, and, on the 27th of August, anchored at Neill's Harbour, near Fort Bowen. Two or three days were spent in refitting; and, on the 1st of September, the *Hecla* left the Prince Regent's Inlet; on the 17th, she got through the ice, and passing the Arctic Circle, made the Orkneys on the 10th of October; on the 12th, Capt. Parry landed at Peterhead and proceeded to London, where he arrived on Sunday, the 16th of October.

The vessels had reached 72 deg. 46 min. N. lat. and 91 deg. 50 min. W. long. where the *Fury* was lost. This point is about 420 geographical miles N.E. from

Cape Turnagain, the boundary of Franklin's discovery, to the eastward of the mouth of the Copper-mine river; but it is not so far west, by 300 miles, as they made out on their first voyage of discovery.

This voyage was not fertile in discovery, and yet some important facts have been ascertained, not only in navigation, but in medical science, which overturn the theories of the faculty. In managing the ships, Capt. Parry found the most signal advantages from Capt. Phillips's patent capstan, by which two men can do the work of fifty by the old method; this is so striking an improvement, that Capt. Parry, on his return, lost no time in recommending it to the Lords of the Admiralty, who, with a laudable zeal for the service, gave immediate instructions that all the vessels of his Majesty's navy are in future to be fitted out with Captain Phillips's new capstans. On the subject of magnetic attraction, we understand some very valuable and interesting discoveries have been made, which completely change the old theories on this subject.

One very curious fact was discovered during the voyage, and that is, that the more the body was charged with caloric, the better did it withstand the cold. During the winter, the heat below deck was generally 68 deg., while on deck it was about 45 deg. below Zero, and although the men frequently went from their heated apartments to this extreme cold, yet there was not a single instance of cough, cold, or catarrhal affection whatever among the crews of either vessel; the warm bath was frequently used, and was found highly beneficial in preventing the cold, and it was remarked that the more the body was heated immediately previous to going out on any excursion, the longer they could remain exposed to this cold without injury; and, that the cold was severe may be inferred from the circumstance, that the steam from the baths congealed in its ascent, and fell in a shower of snow.

The scenery in Prince Regent's Inlet is of the most magnificent description; the coast, in some places, presenting a front three hundred feet high almost perpendicular: this is supposed to be occasioned by the action of the water freezing in some crevices of the granite, and expanding it, like a wedge, until a portion of it becomes separated; this was inferred from the circumstance, that large masses of granite were found on floating icebergs, which made them sometimes be mistaken for land.

Few collections in natural history were made during the voyage; some botanical and entomological specimens, however,

were obtained. A few deer were shot, and some Arctic bears, on which the dogs were fed; the old Esquimaux dog is still alive, but his mate died, not, however, until she had left a litter of puppies, which have also procreated, so that the breed is likely to be perpetuated. A good deal of grouse was obtained, which was found very seasonable. The voyagers never saw a human being, but found traces of them in various parts; should the poor Esquimaux meet with the stores that were left, they will be astonished, and at a loss to know what to do with the prize. Were another voyage to be made, it is probable that the Esquimaux would be found dressed in the uniform of Capt. Hoppner, or treasuring up articles of which they knew not the use.

Although the expedition has failed of its object, yet it is gratifying to find that it has not been attended by any great sacrifice of life; the crews have returned in better health and spirits than when they set out, and with the loss only of two men, who perished by accidents. One of them fell on a block of ice, and injured his back, which produced a diseased spine; and the loss of the other seems likely to give strength to the doctrine—orthodox among seamen, that a particular fate is attached to every man, whether on sea or on shore. Death will have his victim at the appointed hour. This seaman was one of four mates, who went on a little expedition for curiosity, over a table mountain, unarmed; he separated from his companions, intending to make a little tour and rejoin them, but had not proceeded far, when he was pursued by a bear; to assist his speed he threw off his snow shoes, or boots, and fled, till he got to the edge of the rock, where he had to decide, in a moment, whether he would hurl himself down the almost perpendicular steep, or yield to his merciless enemy—he preferred the former, and tumbled himself down the side of the mountain, from a height of about 300 feet, too steep for the bear to adventure. His comrades having discovered his boots, alarmed and astonished, now sought the poor fellow, found him senseless, and conveyed him to their berth. He recovered gradually, and at the end of several weeks was fully restored to the use of his limbs, when he was attacked by disease, and again narrowly escaped death. Shortly after this he went on a shooting party, again separated from his companions, and fell through a chasm in the ice, where there was not more than four feet depth of water. The cold soon rendered exertion impossible, and he was taken out frozen to death—his body be-

coming solid and stiff as a compact lump of ice. He was, however, immediately carried to the vessel, where every exertion possible was used to restore animation, but ineffectually. It is supposed that he was reaching after a bird that he had shot, and that his foot slipped.

The above are all the particulars that have appeared relating to the last Arctic expedition; and for these we have been principally indebted to the *Literary Chronicle*. Captain Parry is, however, preparing a narrative of the voyage, and we shall lose no time in making our readers acquainted with it when it appears. All that skill, courage, and perseverance could accomplish, has been effected by Capt. Parry; and although he has yet failed of making a north-west passage, yet we think he has fully proved its existence; and in the course of his voyages he has enlarged the boundaries of geographical and hydrographical knowledge, and has gained for himself an imperishable fame.

Select Biography.

No. XXXVII.

ALEXANDER I. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE autocrat of a great empire is no more. Alexander at whose bidding whole legions were ready to do the work of death, has been compelled to yield to that unchanged law of nature which equalizes kings and their subjects; for when the decree of providence goes forth

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid
With the humble scythe and spade.

Without meddling with politics, to which we are averse, we shall give a brief memoir of the life of the late emperor, who though not a prince of very extraordinary talents, occupies a most important niche in the history of the last twenty years.

Alexander, emperor of all the Russias and king of Poland, was born on the 24th of December, 1777. He was the eldest son of Paul I. by his second wife, Sophia Dorothea Augusta Maria Fedorowna of Wurtemburgh Stutgard, and was married October 9, 1793, to Elizabeth Alexiewna, formerly Louisa Maria Augusta, sister of the grand duke of Baden, born June 4, 1779. The care of his education was committed to M. de la Harpe, a Swiss colonel, who neglected nothing to fit his pupil for the high station he was destined to fill. He was pro-

claimed emperor, March 24, 1801, and crowned at Moscow the 27th of the following September. His first care was to put an end to the war which then raged between Russia and England; and he for some length of time preserved peace both with England and France, and vainly endeavoured to act as mediator between them, after the termination of the short peace of Amiens. In 1804, however, the murder of the duke d'Enghien, by Bonaparte, excited the indignation of the emperor, who, after presenting an energetic remonstrance by his ambassador, against "a violation of the law of nations as arbitrary as it was public," withdrew his minister from Paris, and in 1805 signed a treaty of Alliance, offensive and defensive, with England, Austria, and Sweden; acting on which, Alexander hastened to lead his troops into Austria, where he arrived only in time to see the capital fall into the hands of the French. He then retreated, together with the remnant of the Austrian army, to Berlin, where he resolved to await the French army; but on the defeat of the Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz, he returned to St. Petersburg, leaving the greater part of his army on the frontiers of Germany. In 1806, being called upon by the court of Berlin, he again took up arms, but was again only in time to witness the triumph of Bonaparte. In the spring of 1807, Alexander joined his army, which had retreated beyond the Vistula, and withstood the French with great bravery; but having been defeated in the battle of Friedland, he retreated beyond the Niemen, where he agreed to the preliminaries of the peace signed at Tilsit, July 8, 1807. In consequence as is believed of a secret article in that treaty, he declared war against England, and soon afterwards against Sweden, which latter war lasted two years, and ended in Sweden ceding Finland to Russia. During the hostilities which still subsisted between France and England, he continued to side with the former power, and dismissed from his dominions all the German ministers and agents. But the time was arrived when he was forced to defend himself in his own dominions, with no other ally than England, against Bonaparte, who led 500,000 choice troops against him, joined with those kings who had formerly been his allies, and whom he had formerly assisted. The Russians, however, on their evacuation of Moscow, by burning that city, destroyed the only means of subsistence the French could expect during the winter; and thence followed the terrible

destruction of that vast army. The emperor Alexander now seemed animated with a spirit of vengeance against the perfidious invader of the Russian dominions. He pursued with unrelenting rigour: he even published a description of his person, as if he had been a common felon. However, Bonaparte escaped in a single sledge, and reached Paris; and so infuriated were the French, that they actually suffered him to levy new armies, and lead them into Germany in 1813. By this time, however, the scene had wholly changed.

On March 13, Alexander and the King of Prussia proclaimed the dissolution of the confederacy of the Rhine, and declared their intention of assisting the Austrians. After having been worsted at the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, they agreed to an armistice; during which the Russians were joined by General Moreau, who, however, soon fell by a random shot before Dresden. After various success, the great battle of Leipzig was fought, October 16th, 17th, and 18th, which completed the deliverance of Germany. In the beginning of 1814, the Allied Monarchs crossed the Rhine. On the 30th March, the Allied Army besieged Paris, and forced it to capitulate; and on the 31st, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered it, amid cries of *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* and Bonaparte soon signed his first abdication. On the landing of Louis XVIII., Alexander hastened to meet him, and conducted him to Paris, which he entered May 4th. A treaty of peace was signed at Paris, May 30th, 1814, and Alexander left France, June 1st, for London, where he was magnificently entertained by the Prince Regent at Guildhall. He returned to St. Petersburg July 25. On September 25, he entered Vienna, where he remained until the end of October. The ratification of the Acts of the Congress had been signed February 9, 1815. When the escape of Bonaparte from Elba changed the apparent security of Europe into confusion, great preparations had been made by the Russians, when the news of the battle of Waterloo put a stop to their motions. Alexander himself set out for Paris, where he arrived three days after the entry of Louis XVIII. From thence he proceeded to Brussels to view the field of Waterloo; and, after a short stay, returned to St. Petersburg, which he entered amid universal acclamations. From that time till his death, his policy was purely pacific; he attended several Congresses, and was almost incessantly moving from one part of the continent to

another, or else traversing his own extensive empire. During the present summer he has traversed various parts of his extensive dominions, and had proceeded to Taganrog, a town in the Crimea, on the sea of Asoph; where he was taken ill, and expired on the 1st of December, after a short illness. The full particulars have not yet reached this country, but he is said to have died perfectly resigned to the decrees of providence. A few hours before his death, he ordered the blinds of his window to be opened, and looking out on the fine clear sky of the Crimea, he said "What a fine day!" He was attended in his last moments by the Empress, who had accompanied him in his journey to the Crimea.

The Emperor is succeeded by his brother Constantine, who, on the news reaching St. Petersburg, was proclaimed Emperor, by the title of Constantine the First.

To this brief memoir we add a few anecdotes, illustrative of the character of the late Emperor Alexander, whose natural disposition was certainly very amiable. The first anecdote, which is from Dr. Lyall's "History of Moscow," shows the forgiving disposition of the Emperor:

"A general who commanded a corps of artillery stationed at the Imperial headquarters, had incurred, on some trifling occasion, the serious displeasure of the Emperor Alexander, shortly before the battle of Leipsic. His Majesty very unceremoniously sent one of his aides-de-camp with an order, that this officer should give up his command, repair, within twenty-four hours, to a village the distance of twenty or thirty miles, and take charge of a regiment stationed there. Surprise, indignation, and fury were successively evinced by the General, but still he obeyed the mandate. He left head-quarters with a moment's loss of time—arrived at his new designation—examined it—reviewed the regiment—and immediately drove back to his former station. At a review of some troops the following morning, the Emperor soon perceived him at the head of his corps. Astonishment and rage were depicted in the monarch's physiognomy, and he dispatched an aide-de-camp to know what the general was doing there, and why he had left his new station, and dared to disobey his sovereign's orders? The general, who is a man of talents, of general information, and of unconquerable and sometimes ferocious spirit, with energy replied to the aide-de-camp, 'Go back, and tell his Imperial Majesty, that the present time is highly important, and

that I feel anxious for the fate of Russia; tell him that henceforth I serve not Alexander, but my country; and that I am here, where I ought to be, at the head of my troops, ready to sacrifice my life in her cause.' Such an uncomtemplated and heroic answer, instead of rousing the furious passions of the mind, as might have been expected, were despotism really absolute, had a very opposite effect. The Emperor seemed palsied, replied not a word, and was glad to hush the affair to sleep, lest the general's example should be too generally known, and become a precedent for the future for the officers of the autocrat army. Before the battle of Mont Martre, the general, who continued in his former command, had a station assigned him in the midst of danger, on purpose, it was supposed by some, that his head might be carried away by a cannon-ball, and thus rid the Emperor of a liberal-minded and refractory officer. This gentleman, who fears no danger, rejoiced on the occasion, fought, and conquered. It redounds to the credit of Alexander, that he called for the general on the field of battle, and bestowed upon him the Cordon of St. George. Since that period he has been employed on an important mission, and at this moment holds one of the highest and most responsible offices of the state."

In the above anecdote we have an instance of the patriotism of a general duly appreciated by his sovereign; in the following, which is from the "Percy Anecdotes," we have a proof of the patriotism of the Emperor himself:—

In the memorable war against Russia in 1812, the news of the entrance of the French into Smolensko, arrived during the conferences of the Prince of Sweden with the Emperor of Russia; and it was there that Alexander contracted the engagement with himself and the Prince Royal, his ally, never to sign a treaty of peace. "Should St. Petersburg be taken," said he, "I will retire into Siberia. I will there resume our ancient customs; and, like our long-bearded ancestors, we will return anew to conquer the empire." "This resolution will liberate Europe," exclaimed the Prince Royal; and his prediction was accomplished.

The next anecdote is an instance of imperial condescension:—

The Emperor Alexander, in proceeding from Sedan to Paris, travelled in a *berline de voyage*. A young peasant, who had mistaken his carriage for that of his suit, climbed up behind, at some leagues from the city. The august traveller ordered his carriage to stop, and asked his

travelling companion why he mounted behind. "Sir," said he, "I wish to go to Paris to see the Emperor Alexander." "And why do you wish to see the Emperor?" "Because," said he, "my parents have told me that he loves Frenchmen; I wish, therefore to see him for once." "Very well, my good fellow," said Alexander, "you now see him; I am the Emperor." The child, in confusion and terror, began to cry, and after stammering out an excuse, was preparing to descend to pursue his journey on foot. The Emperor desired him to remain, saying, "We shall go together." When they arrived at the city, the Emperor requested him to call at his hotel. The youth did so. The Emperor asked if he wished to go to Russia. "With pleasure," replied the boy. "Well," said he, "since Providence has given you to me, I shall take care of your fortune." The youth went away on the following day, in the suite of the Emperor. A nearly similar adventure occurred to Bonaparte, when passing through Eisnach, on his return from Moscow.

The following are of a miscellaneous character:—

A young officer of the police, who at the setting in of the winter was stationed on the quay at the Neva, to prevent any one from attempting the passage of the river until sufficiently frozen, discovered a person who had escaped the notice of the guard sink through the ice. Regardless of danger, he plunged in and saved him. The Emperor Alexander passing at the time, addressed the officer in the most flattering terms, gave him a ring from his finger, and promoted him.

A letter from the Emperor Alexander to a nobleman, on whom he had conferred a patrimonial estate, has this fine conclusion:—"The peasants of Russia are for the greater part slaves; it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the degradation and misery of such a state. I have sworn not to increase the number of those wretched beings, and have laid it down as a principle not to dispose of peasants as a property. This estate is granted to yourself and your posterity as a tenure for life; which is a tenure differing in this point alone from the generality, that *the peasants cannot be sold*, or alienated as beasts of burden. You know my motives; I am convinced you would act in the same manner were you in my place."

A Nobleman in the government of Woxonese, had bought six thousand peasants of Prince Trubeczkoï, and at the instance of Alexander offered them their freedom, on condition of their making

good the purchase money, which they did most joyfully, and built a church, to which they gave the name of their benefactor.

A young woman of German extraction, waited once for the Emperor Alexander on the stair-case by which he was accustomed to go down to the Parade. When the Emperor appeared, she said, "Please your Majesty, I have something to say to you." "What is it?" demanded the Monarch, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married, but I have no fortune; if you would graciously give me a dowry."—"Ah, my girl," replied the Emperor, "were I to give dowries to all the young women in St. Petersburg, where do you think I should find the money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty roubles.

TAGANROK.

TAGANROK, or Taganrog, a port town in the Sea of Asoph, in Russia, has just acquired an unexpected celebrity by the death there of the Emperor of Russia, which took place on the 1st of December 1825. Of this town, now become so interesting, Dr. Lyall in his late *Travels in Russia*, gives the following description:—

On the evening of the 16th of July, we left Novo-Tcherkâsk, and arrived on the morning of the 17th at Taganróg. The country was hilly, and, as we approached that town, signs of cultivation, plantations, and corn-fields, gave a cheerful aspect to its vicinity. We had no opportunity of examining Naktshiván (or, as it is often written, Nakhitchiván), which received its name from the ancient town upon the left bank of the Araxes, already noticed; and, like it, is inhabited by Armenians. This town or colony was founded in 1780, in the reign of Catherine II. by the Armenian merchants who emigrated from the Crimea, and has ever been prosperous, because its inhabitants have been industrious. Pallas and Clarke have both given interesting accounts of it, as well as of Rostof, which leave little room for addition.

Taganrog is situated upon a promontory which advances into the Sea of Azoph, under East long. 42. 6., and North lat. 47. 10. Its name is composed of two Russian words, *Tagan*, a tripod, and *Rog*, a horn. At one time a light-house or lantern was placed upon the point of the promontory by the Turks, and it is conjectured that it was supported upon a tripod; hence the fanciful derivation of the name of the town.

The advantages and disadvantages of Taganróg, as a commercial port, have been repeatedly discussed by writers. The reader desirous of examining these, as well as its history, is referred to the works of Pallas, Reuilly, Clarke, Castelnau, &c.

Taganróg is become a place of considerable importance, and is really a fine town, though small. The streets are very broad and regular, but not paved. The houses are built both of stone and wood, and are tastefully painted. The fortress, however, contains a number of low, mean dwellings. The total number of edifices in the town were reckoned, in 1820, at 2,000.

In 1802, a particular Governor was appointed for Taganróg, under whose administration were placed in 1807, the commercial towns of Naktshivan, Rostóf, and Mariople, with their jurisdictions. Then a committee was formed for public edifices, and the state of the customs, of the police, and of other public institutions, was improved. Barracks, a quarantine, an hospital, a custom-house, and an exchange, &c. were erected, and a public garden was formed.

Among the edifices most worthy of remark, are the shops or bazars, the cathedral, and two Russian churches, besides the Catholic church.

At one period the population of Taganróg is said to have amounted to 70,000 souls; but, according to a treaty between Turkey and Russia in 1711, this town was razed to the ground. By the treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, it was definitively given up to Russia, and since that period, it has continued to make more or less advancement, according to favourable or unfavourable circumstances. In 1790, according to Pallas, the population of this town amounted to 6,000 souls, of whom 2,000 were sailors, under the orders of the captain of the port, 1,500 were attached to the garrison under the commandant of the town, and 2,500 were merchants. In 1810, Dr. Clarke says, that its population did not exceed 5,000 souls; but he neither assigns the cause of this low calculation, nor gives the divisions of which it is admitted; but he informs us, that he saw in it the representatives of fifteen different nations assembled together at the same time. In 1812, Vsevoloskii, following Pallas, says, the population of the town in question was 6,000 souls; and, in 1820, Castelnau makes it amount to 7,651; and, during summer, when the ships arrive, to double this number.

We were told by an excellent authority, which I do not name for fear of com-

promising the individual, that in 1822, the population of Taganróg in summer, when there were many ships in the harbour, was often as high as 12,000, but at other times that it did not exceed 9,000 or 10,000.

The chief inhabitants of Taganróg are Russians, Tartars, Greeks, Germans, Italians, French, and English.

In the year 1775, the commerce of Taganróg, if it deserve such an appellation, amounted to seven roubles and twenty kopecks importation, and 109 roubles and thirty kopecks exportation. Pallas states the amount of the importation in 1792 at 97,653 roubles, and that of exportation at 370,551 roubles; and in 1793, that of importation at 156,058 and that of exportation at 428,087 roubles. Stehekatof informs us, that from seventy to 120 ships annually arrive at Taganróg, that the amount of importation was 2,340,115 roubles, and that of exportation 2,272,374, in 1806.

The commerce of importation by the Don, amounted in 1813 to 4,327,034 roubles. In 1822, the commerce of Taganróg was by no means active.

The quarantine lies at the distance of five versts from the town, on the side of a small bay. It is a remarkably neat and well-managed establishment, and merits the examination of the traveller.

When we were at Taganróg it was in a state of inactivity. The Greeks, who compose nearly two-thirds of the population, had, two years before quarrelled with the Governor of the town. They accused him of great impropriety of conduct, in consequence of which he was regularly tried by a court of law, and had been honourably acquitted. He had not yet returned to the town. It was expected by many of the foreigners, that with his return, activity and prosperity would again be seen at Taganróg.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON Saturday next, the 6th of January, the first Number of a new Volume of the MIRROR will be published, when we hope to be honoured with a large accession of new subscribers, and the continuance of all those who honour us with their support.

The Sixth Volume of the MIRROR contains a Portrait of Captain Parry, engraved on Steel, and beautiful wood engravings, may now be had in boards, price Five Shillings and Sixpence.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

INDEX.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

- ASERNETHY**, Mr. anecdote of, 407.
 Acquittal, Providential, 160.
 Acre, Siege of, 3.
 —, Account of, 315.
 Aerostation Company, the, 94.
 African Manufactures, 176.
 Age, Wonders of the, 143.
 Agriculture, Origin of, 117.
 Ahriman, by Sir W. Scott, 22.
 Alexander I., Emperor, Memoir of, 452.
 Alfred the Great, anecdote of, 47.
 Alphabets, the, 64.
 Amber and Ambergis, 392.
 Amulet, the, 440.
 Anagrams, 389.
 Ancients, Memorabilia of the, 272.
 ANECDOTES, 224, and in every Number.
 Animals, Cruelty to, 236.
 —, Combats of, 238, 359.
 Anne's Well, St., Account of, 309.
 Annual Periodicals, 434.
 Antimony, on, 344.
 Aphorisms, from Menu, 379.
 Arachne's Petition, 67.
 Arctic Expeditions, 355, 450.
 Ariosto, Anecdote of, 379.
 Armstrong the Jester, 128.
 Arthur's Tomb, 133.
 Autographs, 1, 153.
 Autumn, on, 162, 324.
 Ballad Singers, London, 41, 53.
 Bankers, Ancient and Modern, 239.
 Basil, Prince of Novogorod, 381.
 Bathing, Sea, on, 137.
 Battle Bridge, Account of, 366.
 Bayonne, Battle of, 199.
 Beauty, on, 405.
 Bells, Baptism of, 215.
 —, and Bell ringing, 389.
 Betrothed, the, a Tale, 4.
 Bewick, Thos. Memoir of, 42.
 BIOGRAPHY, SELECT, 42, 62, 90, 156,
 204, 298, 329, 346, 360, 393.
 Birds, Migration of, 135, 283.
 Blackberry Jam, to make, 367.
 Blenheim, Account of, 321.
 Bloor, Mr., on Swimming, 283.
 Blood, Circulation of the, 16.
 Boar's Head, the, 431.
 Boleyn, Anne, birth-place of, 273.
 Bonaparte's birth-place, 319.
 Books, Early, Origin of, 341.
 Bottle Hill, Legend of, 109.
 Botzaris, the Greek, 286.
 Boulogne, Sunday at, 130, 359.
 Bourbon, House of, 188.
 Brabant, the Ventriloquist, 414.
 Brandy, Account of, 419.
 Bridge of Sighs, 433.
 Brighton, Account of, 113:
 — Chain Pier, 114.
 Brixton Church, on, 37.
 Britton, Mrs. Epistle to, 247.
 Brown, the Wiltshire Beggar, 281.
 Brownies, the, 413.
 Buckingham House, 258.
 Burgess, Bishop, Memoir of, 329, 346.
 Burns, Lines by, 82.
 — to, 234, 430.
 Burmese, the, 40, 409.
 — Carriage, the, 386.
 — Anecdotes of the, 430.
 Butler, Samuel, Account of, 65.
 Byron, Lord, Ode on the Death of, 439.
 —, Monument to, 164, 249.
 Cambrian Vase, the, 337.
 Camelion, the, 399.
 Canaris, the Greek Chief, 287.
 Canadian Racing, 47.
 Caps and Hats, Origin of, 392.
 Cardinals, their Rise, 150.
 Catalani, Madame, Anecdote of, 379.
 Caucasus, Mount, 301, 316.
 Cavalier, the Generous, 270.
 Cemeteries, on, 55.
 — German, 175.
 Chaldaean Christians, the, 440.
 Charitable Institutions, 33.
 Charity, Anecdote of, 50.
 Charles II. Reign of, 61.
 Chiltern Hundreds, Origin of, 311.
 Chatterton, Poem on, 16.
 Chilo, Maxims of, 87.
 Christmas Customs, 420.
 — Eve, ib.
 — Day, 421.
 — Sports, 422.
 — Fare, ib.
 — Amusements, 423.
 — Tales, 444.
 Church, the Christian, 371.
 Cintra, a Day at, 444.
 Coats of Arms, first Use of, 188.
 Cochrane, Lord, Exploits of, 143.
 — Welcome to, 98.
 Coffee, Substitute for, 367.

- Colocotroni, Memoirs of, 156, 286.
 Colchester Castle, 360.
 Colton's Ode on Byron, 439.
 Common Place Book, My, 211.
 Comparison, the, 131.
 Condescensions, 147.
 Conquerors, Fate of, 166.
 Conundrums, Punning, 332.
 Conway Castle, 353, 389.
 Cormorant, the Fishing, 120.
 Coronation, Abyssinian, 52.
 ———, Modes of, 189.
 Corsican Curiosity, 315.
 Cossacs, Account of the, 221.
 Country Life, on, 391.
 Cow, Beautiful, 303.
 Cowper's Monument, 89.
 Crescent, Origin of the, 189.
 Crosland, the Hangman, 429.
 Cross Readings, 168.
 Crosses, Ancient, 73.
 ——— and Crucifixions, 204.
 Crowns, Origin of, 148.
 Cruelty, on, 196.
 Crusaders, Tales of the, 4, 19.
 ———, Blunders in the, 34.
 Culprit, the Universal, 216.
 Cupola and Piazza, 373.
 Currants, Account of, 418.
 Dale Abbey, Account of, 121.
 Damascus, City of, 348, 364.
 Dauphin of France, Title of, 188.
 Dead Trumpeter, The, 440.
 ——— Sea, Account of the, 50.
 December in London, 426.
 Devil and the Lawyers, 431.
 Diamond Watch, The, 434.
 Dimple, Origin of the, 37.
 Discretion and Valour, 377.
 Divination, On, 37.
 Doe, John, a novel, 125, 169.
 Dog, Sagacity of the, 86.
 ———, The Old, 196.
 Doncaster Gold Cup, 241.
 Donkey, Sorrows of a, 200.
 Donne, Dr., Anecdote of, 219.
 Drowning, Deaths by, 132.
 ———, to recover from, 103.
 Dublin, Old, 38.
 Duet, 166.
 Duff, Lieutenant, Anecdote of, 328.
 Edinburgh, High School, 401.
 Education, Advantages of, 290.
 Elephant, Fountain of the, 137.
 Elephants and Sea Lions, On, 220.
 Elliston, Mr., Autograph of, 153.
 Empecinado, Life of the, 204.
 English in Rome, The, 75.
 Escorial, Palace of the, 305, 322.
 Executions, Extraordinary, 159.
 ——— Awkward, 248.
 Fashion, Lines on a Woman of, 267.
 Fecundity, Instances of, 69.
 Festival of St. Eglon, 443.
 Fife, Courtship of, 234.
 Fletcher, Mr., 259.
 Flies, To Kill, 190.
 Flour, To Analyse, 367.
 Forget me Not, The, 434.
 Fortune Telling, Evils of, 184.
 Foundling Hospitals, On, 134.
 Franking Letters, Origin of, 310.
 Fragment from the Italian, 198.
 Franklin, Dr., Letters of, 105.
 Friendship's Offering, 439.
 Freemasonry, History of, 308.
 Fruits, Origin of, 131.
 Game Preservers, Lines to, 156.
 ——— Laws, Origin of, 343.
 Gaming, Evils of, 215, 396.
 Garrick, Recollections of, 254.
 George III., Autograph of, 185.
 Ghosts, On, 51.
 ——— and Second Sight, 99.
 Gin, Account of, 420.
 Ginger Wine, To make, 104.
 Gleanings, Historical, 389.
 Goldsmith, Dr., House of, 161.
 ——— Anecdote of, 303.
 Goliath, Death of, 298.
 Goodwin Sands The, 397.
 Gordon, Col., Monument to, 301.
 Government and Society, 118.
 Grapes, Account of, 418.
 Greek Chiefs, The, 286.
 Greeks, Games of the Ancient, 83.
 Gresham, Sir Thomas, 145.
 Gretna Green, 159.
 Grimaldi, Joe, 233.
 Guillotine Chit Chat, 341.
 Hair, Management of the, 202.
 Hands, On Working with both, 269.
 Handel, Commemoration of, 213.
 ——— Anecdote of, 360.
 Hastings Castle, Antiquities of, 271.
 Hawkins, Sir John, Life of, 392.
 Heavenly Bodies, On the, 35.
 Herne Bay, Account of, 167.
 Heroes, British, 37.
 Hollands, Account of, 420.
 Holt, Free School at, 145.
 Home, 276.
 Honneur Aux Braves, 254.
 Horse Racing, History of, 260, 277.
 Horace's Tenth Ode, 401.
 Houses on Fire, Approved Method of
 Setting, 123.
 Human Nature, Dignity of, 85.
 Hyatt, Sophia, Account of, 248.
 Hydrophobia, On the, 86.
 Imperial Oil, to make, 203.
 Impertinence rebuked, 151.
 Improvements, on, 291.
 Indolence rebuked, 248.
 Inquisition, origin of the, 190.
 Intrepidity, Anecdotes of, 328.
 Italian Boat Song, 428.
 Jews in Jerusalem, 108.
 Jamaica, Hurricane in, 71.
 James II. last illness of, 222.

- James, Sir Wm., Anecdote of, 17.
 Jaucour, Chevalier, and the Ghost, 190.
 Johnson, Dr., 119.
 Jones, Paul, the Pirate, 223, 237.
 Juries, Origin of, 117.
 Katharine, St., Church of, 97.
 Kelly's Reminiscences, 311, 362, 377.
 Kemble, Charles, Address of, 350.
 Kent, Topography of, 146.
 Ketch, Jack, Origin of the name, 429.
 King and the People, a song, 338.
 Kirk Michael, Account of, 367.
 Knocker, on the display of the, 327.
 Laconics, 427.
 Lady, Lines to a, 322.
 — Indolent, Journal of an, 363.
 — in Town, the, 370.
 Lancaster Castle, Account of, 49.
 Larry Cronan, or an Irish trial, 331.
 Law in Scotland, studying, 234.
 — and Lawyers, Anecdotes of, 238.
 Lawyers' Patron, the, 431.
 Lazzaroni of Naples, the, 379.
 LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL, 259, 279, 340, 373.
 Legal Opinion, Curious, 398.
 Lemon, Mr., Lines to, 132.
 Lent in Rome, 176.
 Lines from the Italian, 187.
 Literary Souvenir, 434.
 Literature of the day, 211.
 London Fashions and Fooleries, 210.
 — Bridge, blow up over, 320.
 — Streets, Names of the, 77.
 — Levels of the, 184.
 Louis XVI. Execution of, 172.
 Love and Friendship, 14.
 Love's Forgets, 83.
 — delusive Dream, 424.
 Loquacity, on, 258.
 Lyrics, London, 334.
 Lyttelton, Lord, Anecdote of, 379.
 Macassar Oil, to make, 203.
 Maelstrom Whirlpool, the, 148.
 Mamelukes, name of, 189.
 MARGATE, TRIP TO, 186, 195, 231, 274, 325.
 Marriage Advertisements, 168.
 Married state, the, 247.
 Massinger, Life of, 62.
 Mathews, Mr., Autograph of, 153.
 — Anecdote of, 314.
 Maze at Hampton Court, 105.
 Mausoleum in Persia, 150.
 Medicine Charms, 57.
 Memento Mori, 165.
 Men and Brutes, faculties of, 104.
 Metropolis, origin of Names in the, 77.
 Milliners, French, 95.
 Mitchell, Wm., Account of, 60.
 Mold Church, Account of, 369.
 Monarch, the, and the Spider, 341.
 Mont Blanc, last Ascent of, 258.
 Montgomery, Poems by, 439.
 Monument, Ancient, 185.
 Moody and the Sailor, 314.
 Morelli, Anecdote of, 377.
 Morgan, Lady, Essay by, 38.
 Morning Calls, 58.
 Motive, the preponderating, 217.
 Mozart, Anecdote of, 377.
 Munden, Mr., Autograph of, 153.
 MUSIC, HISTORY OF, 70, 162, 356.
 — Anecdotes of, 214.
 Nadir Shah, Anecdotes of, 93.
 Negro and the Serpent, 328.
 New Englanders, Customs of the, 59.
 — Dialect of, 90.
 Newspaper Press, the, 446.
 — Blunders, 87.
 Newton, Sir Isaac, hours of, 193.
 Nilgherry Hills, 76.
 NOTE BOOK, MY, 186, 195, 231, 274, 325.
 Norfolk, Duke of, Anecdote of, 379.
 NOVELIST, THE, 4, 19, 125, 169, 209, 270, 381.
 November, 318.
 — Fifth of, 339.
 O'Leary, Dr., Anecdotes of, 312.
 Ode to the MIRROR, 165.
 Oils for the hair, to make, 202.
 Olives, the Mount of, 417.
 Ophelia at home and abroad, 430.
 Opinion Office, plan for an, 370.
 Oporto, entry of the French into, 174.
 ORIGINS AND INVENTIONS, 117, 148, 187, 311, 341, 392.
 O'Neill, Miss, Autograph of, 153.
 Parsnip Wine, to make, 190.
 Parody, 133.
 Parr, Dr., Anecdotes of, 366.
 Parry, Captain, Voyages of, 449.
 Paul's, St., Cathedral of, 177.
 Penmanship, minute, 269.
 Peninsula, War in the, 173.
 Perpetual Periodical Table, 447.
 Philosophers, Disputing, 192.
 Pigeons, Carrier, 82.
 Pindarees, The, 236.
 Pitt, Mr., Anecdotes of, 366.
 Pizarro, Sheridan's, 312.
 Pleasantry, Humane, 341.
 Poet, The Dying, 407.
 Politeness, On, 68.
 Poltroon, Origin of the Epithet.
 Porter, Origin of, 259.
 Pressman, Epitaph on a, 272.
 Prospects, Extensive, 215.
 Prussia, Military Character of, 380.
 Radcliffe, Dr., Memoirs of, 90, 234.
 Reasons, The Four, 131.
 Record, The, 92.
 Reminiscences, 119.
 Revolutionary Festivals, 32.
 Revolution, French, Horrors of the, 139.
 Retrospection not always pleasing, 197.
 Richard Cœur de Lion, 2.
 Riddles and Conundrums, 300, 360, 388, 423.

- Robespierre, Fall of, 384, 371.
 Rochester Castle, Account of, 289.
 Romans, Ancient, Games of the, 83.
 Rome, Priests, &c. in, 345.
 Rose, The Fatal, 403.
 Rousseau's House, 129.
 Rulers, Duties of, 380.
 Rum, Colour of, 310, 339, 372.
 —, Account of, 420.
 Rural Life, Pleasure of, 197.
 Sailor, Noble daring of a, 147.
 Sailors, Affection of, 61.
 Saladin the Sultan, 3.
 Salique Law, The, 180.
 Salt in Sugar, To detect, 194.
 Samuel, Appearance of, to Saul, 180.
 Sand Glass, The, 61.
 Sandwich, Anecdote of the Earl of, 194.
 Savage, Richard, Life of, 361.
 Savoy Palace, Remains of the, 169.
 Scarron, Anecdote of, 152.
 Scale Force, Cumberland, 1.
 Sceptre, Antiquity of the, 149.
 Schalken's Three Wishes, 318.
 Second Sight, On the, 51.
 Sermon, Farewell, 340.
 Seven Droog Castle, 17, 53.
 Shepherds' Race, 297.
 Sheridan, R. B. Anecdotes of, 264, 283,
 312, 363, 378, 411.
 Sheridan, Dramatic Sketch by, 284.
 Short, Disadvantages of being, 410.
 Silk-worm, The, 72.
 Simile, Oriental, 41.
 Single-Stick, The Game of, 415.
 Sister, Advantages of a, 30.
 Skellig Rocks, The, 375.
 Slaves and Slavery in America, 100.
 Slave Trade, The, 88.
 Slavery in Brazil, 60.
 Smugglers, Brazilian, 60.
 Soap, Essence of, to make, 203.
 Soldier, French, Degrading a, 66.
 Songs, 434.
 Sobieski, John, 136.
 Spatolino, the Assassin, 251.
 Sportsmen, Instructions to Young, 152.
 St. Edmund's Chapel, 89.
 St. Germain's, Church of, 81.
 Steam-Engines in Britain, 134.
 — in Lancashire, 397.
 Steeple Builder, 176.
 Stockholm, Account of, 45.
 Style, Imitation of, 448.
 Sugar and the Sugar-Cane, On, 295.
 Summer, On, 52.
 Superstitions, On, 57.
 Suttees in India, 76, 155, 395.
 Swedish Artificers, 46.
 Swallow, the Republican, 59.
 Swift outwitted, 309.
 Swimming, On, 132, 282.
 Symptoms, Various, 194.
 Table Talk about Sheridan, 411.
 Talisman, the, 19.
 —, Origin of the Story, 30.
 Talleyrand, Anecdote of, 340.
 Tallyho, Anecdote of, 314.
 Templar, Journal of a, 424.
 Terry, Mr., Autograph of, 153.
 Twelfth Cake, the, 424.
 To-Day and To-Morrow, 159.
 TOPOGRAPHER, the, 45, 77, 145.
 Townshend Charles, Anecdote of, 96.
 Travelling, Pleasures of, 301.
 Tree, Miss A. M., Lines on, 100.
 Trees, Directions for Planting, 368.
 Trefusis, Joe, 395.
 Trumpets, Invention of, 187.
 Ugliness, Advantages of, 279.
 USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS, 103, 190,
 367.
 Vegetables, Introduction of, 164.
 Vendome, Place, 65.
 Versailles, Palace of, 209.
 Vest, the Bloody, 28.
 Virgil's Tomb, 281.
 Vittoria, Battle of, 174.
 Wales Described, 175.
 Walsh on the Chaldean Christians, 440.
 Waltheof, the Saxon Chief, Death of,
 191.
 Warrior, Female, 159.
 Watchman, What of the Night, 220.
 Watchmen, German, 429.
 Watchmaker, Blind, 247.
 Water, Danger of drinking cold, 218.
 Watch, Stratagem to get a, 313.
 WATERING PLACES, THE, 113, 167.
 Wedding Ring, on the, 242.
 Whiskey, Account of, 430.
 Whitehaven, Paul Jones's attack on,
 237.
 White, Henry Kirke, Life of, 299, 307.
 Wife, A Curiosity Hunting, 107.
 Wines, How to make, 104, 190.
 —, Account of, 418.
 Wisdom, 132.
 Woman, Rights of, 333, 351.
 Women, Praise of Little, 428.
 Workmanship, Extraordinary, 164.
 Wreath for the Emerald Isle, 442.
 Wren, Sir Christopher, 179.
 Wrestling, on, 415.
 Wrong, Apologies for doing, 329.
 York, Musical Festival at, 227, 243.
 — Minster, Account of, 225.
 Young, Mr., Autograph of, 153.
 Youth, Season of, 98.
 — renewed, 439.

