

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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KINGSTON NEW BRIDGE.

Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd.
Southey.

The annexed picturesque engraving represents the new bridge[1] from Kingston-upon-Thames to Hampton-Wick, in the royal manor of Hampton Court. It is built of Portland stone, and consists of five elliptical arches, the centre arch being 60 feet span by 19 in height, and the side arches 56 and 52 feet span respectively. The abutments are terminated by towers or bastions, and the whole is surmounted by a cornice and balustrade, with galleries projecting over the pier; which give a bold relief to the general elevation. The length of the bridge is 382 feet by 27 feet in width. It is of chaste Grecian architecture, from the design of Mr. Lapidge, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the original of our engraving. The building contract was undertaken by Mr. Herbert for L26,800. and the extra work has not exceeded L100. a very rare, if not an unprecedented occurrence in either public or private undertakings of this description. The first stone was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, November 7, 1825, and the bridge was opened in due form by her royal highness the Duchess of Clarence, on July 17, 1828.

Kingston is one of the most picturesque towns on the banks of the Thames; and its antiquarian attractions are of the highest order. It was occupied by the Romans, and in aftertimes it was either a royal residence or a royal demesne, so early as the union of the Saxon Heptarchy; for there is a record extant of a council held there in 838, at which Egbert, the first king of all England, and his son Athelwolf were present; and in this record it is styled *Kyningenstum famosa ilia locus*. Some of our Saxon kings were also crowned here; and adjoining the church is a large stone, on which, according to tradition, they were placed during the ceremony. Many interesting relics have from time to time been discovered in illustration of these historical facts, and till the year 1730, the figures of some of the above kings and that of king John (who chartered the town) were preserved in a chapel adjoining the above spot. In that year, however, the chapel fell, and with it were demolished the royal *effigies*. [2] Mr. Lysons, with his usual accuracy, enumerates nine kings who were crowned here.

Kingston formerly sent members to parliament, till, by petition, the inhabitants prayed to be relieved from the burden!

At Hampton Wick, the village on the opposite bank, resided the witty but profligate Sir Richard Steele, in a house which he whimsically denominated "the hovel;" and "from the Hovel at Hampton Wick, April 7, 1711," he dedicated the fourth volume of the *Tatler* to Charles, Lord Halifax. This was probably about the time he became surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, governor of the king's comedians, a justice of the peace for Middlesex, and a knight.

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ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

The first Archbishop of Canterbury was Austin, appointed by King Ethelbert, on his conversion to Christianity, about the year 598. Before the coming of the Saxons into England, the Christian Britons had three Archbishops, viz. of London, York, and Caerleon, an ancient city of South Wales. The Britons being driven out of these parts, the Archbishoprick of London became extinct; and when Pope Gregory the Great had afterwards sent thither Augustine, and his fellow-labourer to preach the Gospel to the then heathen Saxons, the Archiepiscopal See was planted at Canterbury, as being the metropolis of the kingdom of Kent, where King Ethelbert had received the same St. Augustine, and with his kingdom was baptized, and embraced the doctrines of Christianity before the rest of the Heptarchy. The other Archbishoprick of Caerleon was translated to St. David's in Pembrokeshire, and afterwards wholly to the See of Canterbury; since which, all England and Wales reckon but two Archbishops, Canterbury and York. The following Archbishops have died at Lambeth Palace;—Wittlesey, in 1375; Kemp, 1453; Dean, 1504; all buried in Canterbury Cathedral: Cardinal Pole, 1558, after lying in state here 40 days was buried at Canterbury; Parker, 1575, buried in Lambeth Chapel; Whitgift, 1604, buried at Croydon; Bancroft, 1610, buried at Lambeth; Juxon, 1663, buried in the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford; Sheldon, 1667, buried at Croydon; Tillotson, 1694, buried in the church of St. Laurence Jewry, London; Tennison, 1715; and Potter, 1747, both buried at Croydon; Seeker, 1768; Cornwallis, 1783, and Moore, 1805, all buried at Lambeth. In 1381, the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, fell a victim to Wat Tyler and his crew, when they attacked Lambeth Palace.

P. T. W.

* * * * *

DAYS OF FLY FISHING.

That an ex-president (Sir Humphry Davy) of the Royal Society should write a book on field sports may at first sight appear rather *unphilosophical*; although it is not more fanciful than Bishop Berkeley's volume on tar water, Bishop Watson's improvement in the manufacture of gunpowder, Sir Walter Scott writing a sermon, or a Scotch minister inventing a safety gun, and, as we are told, *presenting* the same to the King in person. Be this as it may, since our first acquaintance with the "prince of piscators," the patriarch of anglers, Isaak Walton, it has seldom been our lot to meet with so pleasant a volume as *Salmonia, or Days of Fly Fishing*, to whose contents we are about to introduce our readers.

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In our last number we gave a *flying* extract, entitled, “Superstitions on the Weather,” being a fair specimen of the very agreeable manner of the digressions in the above work, which is, perhaps, less practical than it might have been; but this defect is more than atoned for in the author’s felicitous mode of intermingling with the main subject, some of the most curious facts and phenomena in natural history and philosophy so as to familiarize the angler with many causes and effects which altogether belong to a higher class of reading than that of mere amusement. All this, too, is done in a simple, graceful, and flowing style, always amusive, and sometimes humorously illustrative—advantages which our philosophical writers do not generally exhibit, but which are more or less evident in every page of Sir Humphry Davy’s writings.

Salmonia consists of a series of conversations between four characters—Halieus,[3] Poietes, Physicus, Ornither. In the “First Day” we have an ingenious vindication of fly fishing against the well-known satire of Johnson[4] and Lord Byron, and the following:
—

Halieus.—A noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you:—

Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind.
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I’m lur’d to bear
With things that seem’d most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.



Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care.
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee, I pace along.
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth.
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

And though the charming and intellectual author of this poem is not an angler herself, yet I can quote the example of her lovely daughters to vindicate fly fishing from the charge of cruelty, and to prove that the most delicate and refined minds can take pleasure in this innocent amusement.

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Gay's passionate love for angling is well known; it was his principal occupation in the summer at Amesbury; and "the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honey Moon*, was an ardent angler." Among heroes, Trajan was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher, and continued the pursuit even with his left hand; and, says the author, "I have known a person who fished with him at Merton, in the Wandle. Dr. Paley was so much attached to this amusement, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good-humour, 'My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over.'"—Then we have a poetical description of river scenery, till two of the party arrive at the following conclusions:—

I have already admitted the danger of analyzing, too closely, the moral character of any of our field sports; yet I think it cannot be doubted that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; having apparently learnt only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper for food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind.—The advocates for a favourite pursuit never want sophisms to defend it. I have even heard it asserted, that a hare enjoys being hunted. Yet I will allow that fly-fishing, after your vindication, appears amongst the least cruel of field sports.

We must, however, confine ourselves to a few colloquial extracts from the *practical* portion of the volume; as

Flies on the Wandle, &c.

Orn.—Surely the May-fly season is not the only season for day-fishing in this river? [the Wandle.]—*Hal.* Certainly not. There are as many fish to be taken, perhaps, in the spring fishing; but in this deep river they are seldom in good season till the May-fly has been on, and a fortnight hence they will be still better than even now. In September there may be good fish taken here; but the autumnal flies are less plentiful in this river than the spring flies—*Phys.* Pray tell me what are the species of fly which take in these two seasons.—*Hal.* You know that trout spawn or deposit their ova, &c. in the end of the autumn or beginning of winter, from the middle of November till the beginning of January,

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their maturity depending upon the temperature of the season, their quantity of food, &c. They are at least six weeks or two months after they have spawned before they recover their flesh; and the time when these fish are at the worst, is likewise the worst time for fly-fishing, both on account of the cold weather, and because there are fewer flies on the water than at any other season. Even in December and January there are a few small gnats or water-flies on the water in the middle of the day, in bright days, or when there is sunshine. These are generally black, and they escape the influence of the frost by the effects of light on their black bodies, and probably by the extreme rapidity of the motions of their fluids, and generally of their organs. They are found only at the surface of the water, where the temperature must be above the freezing point. In February a few double-winged water-flies, which swim down the stream, are usually found in the middle of the day, such as the willow-fly; and the cow-dung-fly is sometimes carried on the water by winds. In March there are several flies found on most rivers. The grannam, or green-tail-fly, with a wing like a moth, comes on generally morning and evening, from five till eight o'clock, A.M. in mild weather, in the end of March and through April. Then there are the blue and the brown, both ephemerae, which come on, the first in dark days, the second in bright days; these flies, when well imitated, are very destructive to fish. The first is a small fly, with a palish yellow body, and slender, beautiful wings, which rest on the back as it floats down the water. The second, called the cob in Wales, is three or four times as large, and has brown wings, which likewise protrude from the back, and its wings are shaded like those of a partridge, brown and yellow brown. These three kinds of flies lay their eggs in the water, which produce larvae that remain in the state of worms, feeding and breathing in the water till they are prepared for their metamorphosis, and quit the bottoms of the rivers, and the mud and stones, for the surface, and light and air. The brown fly usually disappears before the end of April, likewise the grannam; but of the blue dun there is a succession of different tints, or species, or varieties, which appear in the middle of the day all the summer and autumn long. These are the principal flies on the Wandle—the best and clearest stream near London. In early spring these flies have dark olive bodies; in the end of April and the beginning of May they are found yellow; and in the summer they become cinnamon coloured; and again, as the winter approaches, gain a darker hue. I do not, however, mean to say that they are the same flies, but more probably successive generations of ephemerae of the same species. The excess of heat seems equally unfavourable, as the excess of cold, to the existence of the smaller species of water-insects, which, during the intensity of sunshine, seldom appear

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in summer, but rise morning and evening only. The blue dun has, in June and July, a yellow body; and there is a water-fly which, in the evening, is generally found before the moths appear, called the red spinner. Towards the end of August, the ephemerae appear again in the middle of the day—a very pale, small ephemera, which is of the same colour as that which is seen in some rivers in the beginning of July. In September and October this kind of fly is found with an olive body, and it becomes darker in October and paler in November. There are two other flies which appear in the end of September and continue during October, if the weather be mild; a large yellow fly, with a fleshy body, and wings like a moth; and a small fly with four wings, with a dark or claret coloured body, that when it falls on the water has its wings like the great yellow fly, flat on its back. This, or a claret bodied fly, very similar in character, may be likewise found in March or April, on some waters. In this river I have often caught many large trout in April and the beginning of May, with the blue dun, having the yellow body; and in the upper part of the stream below St. Albans, and between that and Watford, I have sometimes, even as early as April, caught fish in good condition; but the *true* season for the Colne is the season of the May-fly. The same may be said of most of the large English rivers containing large trouts, and abounding in May-fly—such as the Test and the Kennett, the one running by Stockbridge, the other by Hungerford. But in the Wandle, at Carshalton and Beddington, the May-fly is not found; and the little blues are the constant, and, when well imitated, killing flies on this water; to which may be joined a dark alder-fly, and a red evening fly. In the Avon, at Ringwood and Fordingbridge, the May-fly is likewise a killing fly; but as this is a grayling river, the other flies, particularly the grannam and blue and brown, are good in spring, and the alder-fly or pale blue later, and the blue dun in September and October, and even November. In the streams in the mountainous parts of Britain, the spring and autumnal flies are by far the most killing. The Usk was formerly a very productive trout-stream, and the fish being well fed by the worms washed down by the winter floods, were often in good season, cutting red, in March and the beginning of April: and at this season the blues and browns, particularly when the water was a little stained after a small flood, afforded the angler good sport. In Herefordshire and Derbyshire, where trout and grayling are often found together, the same periods are generally best for angling; but in the Dove, Lathkill, and Wye, with the natural May-fly many fish may be taken; and in old times, in peculiarly windy days, or high and troubled water, even the artificial May-fly, according to Cotton, was very killing.

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Here we must end, at least *for the present*; but there is so much anecdotal pleasantry in *Salmonia* that we might continue our extracts through many columns, and we are persuaded, to the gratification of the majority of our readers. Even when we announced the publication of this work a few weeks since, we were led to anticipate the delight it would afford many of our esteemed correspondents, especially our friend *W.H.H.*, who has “caught about forty trout in two or three hours” in the rocky basins of Pot-beck, &c. [5]

Sir Humphry Davy mentions the Wandle in Surrey, as we have quoted; but he does not allude to the trout-fishing in the Mole, in the Vale of Leatherhead in the same county. There are in the course of the work a few expressions which make humanity shudder, and would drive a Pythagorean to madness,[6] notwithstanding the ingenuity with which the author attempts to vindicate his favourite amusement.

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SHROPSHIRE AND WELSH GIRLS.

There are few Londoners who in their suburban strolls have failed to notice the scores of *female* fruit-carriers by whose toil the markets are supplied with some of their choicest delicacies. As an interesting illustration of the meritorious character of these handmaids to luxury, I send you the following extract from Sir Richard Phillips’s *Walk from London to Kew*.

PHILO.

In the strawberry season, hundreds of women are employed to carry that delicate fruit to market on their heads; and their industry in performing this task is as wonderful, as their remuneration is unworthy of the opulent classes who derive enjoyment from their labour. They consist, for the most part, of Shropshire and Welsh girls, who walk to London at this season in droves, to perform this drudgery, just as the Irish peasantry come to assist in the hay and corn harvests. I learnt that these women carry upon their heads baskets of strawberries or raspberries, weighing from forty to fifty pounds, and make two turns in the day, from Isleworth to market, a distance of thirteen miles each way; three turns from Brentford, a distance of nine miles; and four turns from Hammersmith, a distance of six miles. For the most part, they find some conveyance back; but even then these industrious creatures carry loads from twenty-four to thirty miles a-day, besides walking back unladen some part of each turn! Their remuneration for this unparalleled slavery is from 8_s_ to 9_s_ per day; each turn from the distance of Isleworth being 4_s_ or 4_s_ 6_d_; and from that of Hammersmith 2_s_ or 2_s_ 3_d_. Their diet is coarse and simple, their drink, tea and small-beer; costing not above 1_s_ or 1_s_ 6_d_ and their back conveyance about 2_s_ or 2_s_ 6_d_; so that

their net gains are about 5_s_. per day, which, in the strawberry season, of forty days, amounts to 10_l_. After

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this period the same women find employment in gathering and marketing vegetables, at lower wages, for other sixty days, netting about 5_l_. more. With this poor pittance they return to their native county, and it adds either to their humble comforts, or creates a small dowry towards a rustic establishment for life. Can a more interesting picture be drawn of virtuous exertion? Why have our poets failed to colour and finish it? More virtue never existed in their favourite shepherdesses than in these Welsh and Shropshire girls! For beauty, symmetry, and complexion, they are not inferior to the nymphs of Arcadia, and they far outvie the pallid specimens of Circassia! Their morals too are exemplary; and they often perform this labour to support aged parents, or to keep their own children from the workhouse! In keen suffering, they endure all that the imagination of a poet could desire; they live hard, they sleep on straw in hovels and barns, and they often burst an artery, or drop down dead from the effect of heat and over-exertion! Yet, such is the state of one portion of our female population, at a time when we are calling ourselves the most polished nation on earth.

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COLEBROOK-DALE IRON-WORKS—THE REYNOLDS’.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In the interesting extract you have given in your excellent Miscellany (No. 321) from Bakewell’s Introduction to Geology, when speaking of the exhausted or impoverished state of the iron-ore and coals in Shropshire, &c., an allusion is made in a note to that truly excellent man, the late Mr. Richard Reynolds, and to the final extinction of the furnaces at Colebrook-Dale, which is not altogether correct.

I beg leave, therefore, to point out the errors to you, and to add a fact or two more relating to that distinguished philanthropist and his family, which, perhaps, will not be unacceptable to many of your readers.

Mr. Reynolds was by no means the *original*, nor, I believe, ever the *sole* proprietor, of the iron-works in Colebrook-Dale, as stated by Mr. Bakewell; he derived his right in them from his wife’s family the Darbies; and the firm of “Darby and Company” was the well known mark on the iron from these works for a very long period; more recently, that of “Colebrook-Dale Company” was adopted.

The Darbies were an old and respectable family of the Society of Friends, and a pair of the elder branches of it were the original “Darby and Joan,” whose names are so well known throughout the whole kingdom. I had this anecdote from one of the sons of Mr. Reynolds,[7] and have no doubt of its authenticity.

It may not be generally known to your readers, perhaps, that the first iron bridge in England was projected at, and cast from, the furnaces of Colebrook-Dale, and erected over the Severn, near that place, about the year 1779; and, considering it to be the *first* bridge of the kind, I feel little hesitation in stating it to be, even now, the most beautiful one. This structure, at that time thought to be a wonderful attempt, was the entire offspring of Mr. Reynolds' genius; it was planned, cast, and erected, under his immediate care and superintendence.

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I cannot suppose the reason given by your author for the discontinuance of the works at Colebrook-Dale to be correct, as there is another large furnace in the immediate neighbourhood, called "Madeley Wood Furnace" (also belonging to Mr. Reynolds's family), which was allowed to make, and, I believe, still makes, the best iron and steel in the United Kingdom. Mr. Reynolds had also other great iron-works at Ketley, since carried on by his two sons, William and Joseph, and still in high reputation, as to the quality of the iron made there; these are not more distant from Colebrook-Dale than six or seven miles, and between the two there are the extensive and highly valuable works of "Old Park," &c., belonging to Mr. Botfield (so that the whole district abounds in the materials), which not having the advantage of the immediate vicinity of the Severn for conveyance, would have been more likely to have stopped from the circumstances stated in your extract; viz. the failure in quality or quantity of iron-stone, coals, or other necessary matter. The Colebrook-Dale fires must, therefore, I conceive, have ceased to blaze, and the blast of her furnaces to roar, from some other cause, and from some private reason of her late proprietors.

Your constant reader,

Shrewsbury. SALOPIENSIS.

* * * * *

NOTES OF A READER.

TRAGEDY.

We do not see any necessary and natural connexion between death and the end of the third volume of a novel, or the conclusion of the fifth act of a play,—though that connexion in some modern novels, and in most English tragedies, seems to be assumed. Nor does it seem to follow, that, because death is the object of universal dread and aversion, and because terror is one of the objects of tragedy, death must, therefore, necessarily be represented; and not only so, but the more deaths the better. If it be true that familiarity has a tendency to create indifference, if not contempt, it must be considered prudent to have recourse to this strong exhibition as to drastic remedies in medicine, with caution and discrimination, and with a view to the continuance of its effect. We cannot help wishing that our own Shakspeare, who lays down such excellent rules for the guidance of actors, and cautions them so earnestly against "overstepping the modesty of nature," and the danger of "tearing passion to rags," had remembered, that the poet himself has certain limits imposed upon him, which he cannot transgress with impunity. We should not then have observed, in the perusal of some of his plays, the marginal notice of ["*dies*"] with about as much emotion as a note of exclamation; nor, when at the actual representation, we behold the few remaining persons of the drama scarcely able to cross the stage without stumbling over the bodies of their fallen

companions, should we have felt our thoughts unavoidably wandering from the higher business and moral effect of the scene, to the mere physical and repelling images of fleshly mortality.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

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The inquiries of the committee appointed to devise means for the suppression of mendicity, leave us no reason to doubt that in an average of cases a London beggar made by “his trade” eighteen-pence per day, or twenty-seven pounds per annum!

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One-ninth of the whole population of Paris are wholly maintained by funds which the different bureaux of charity distribute for their relief; and still a countless horde of mendicants infest her streets, her quays, and all her public places.

* * * * *

Science and literature are “the nourishment of youth, the delight of age, the ornaments of prosperous life, the refuge and consolation of adversity, the companions of our weary travels, of our rural solitudes, of our sleepless nights.”

* * * * *

The following quotation from *Jamieson’s Scottish Dictionary* points out the frugal and temperate Scot; and, in illustration, may be contrasted with the proverbial invitation of the better feeding English, “Will you come and take your mutton with me?”

“KAIL, used metonymically for the whole dinner; as constituting among our temperate ancestors the principal part, s.

“Hence, in giving a friendly invitation to dinner, it is common to say, ‘Will you come and tak your *kail wi’ me?*’ This, as a learned friend observes, resembles the French invitation, *Voulez vous venir manger la soupe chez moi!*”

* * * * *

THE RIVER NILE.

Ledyard, in his *Travels*, speaks thus contemptuously of this celebrated wonder:—“This is the mighty, the sovereign of rivers—the vast Nile that has been metamorphosed into one of the wonders of the world! Let me be careful how I read, and, above all, how I read ancient history. You have heard, and read too, much of its inundations. If the thousands of large and small canals from it, and the thousands of men and machines employed to transfer, by artificial means, the water of the Nile to the meadows on its banks—if this be the inundation that is meant, it is true; any other is false; it is not an inundating river.”

* * * * *

The Jewish children to this day celebrate the fall and death of Haman, and on that anniversary represent the blows which they would fain deal on his scull, by striking with envenomed fury on the floor with wooden hammers. This observance was but very lately forbidden in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

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TRAVELLING FOLLIES.

“Many gentlemen,” says an old English author, “coming to their lands sooner than to their wits, adventure themselves to see the fashion of other countries; whence they see the world, as Adam had knowledge of good and evil, with the loss or lessening of their estate in this English Paradise; and bring home a few smattering terms, flattering garbs, apish carriages, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of neighbour nations.”

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The Spaniards are infinitely more careful than the French, and other nations, in planting trees, and in taking care of them; for it rarely happens, when a Spaniard eats fruit in a wood or in the open country, that he does not set the stones or the pips; and thus in the whole of their country an infinite number of fruit-trees of all kinds are found; whereas, in the French quarters you meet with none—*Labat*.

* * * * *

PAINTING.

It is painful to think how soon the paintings of Raphael, and Titian, and Correggio, and other illustrious men will perish and pass away. “How long,” said Napoleon to David, “will a picture last?” “About four or five hundred years!—a fine immortality!” The poet multiplies his works by means of a cheap material—and Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Tasso, and Moliere, and Milton, and Shakspeare, may bid oblivion defiance; the sculptor impresses his conceptions on metal or on marble, and expects to survive the wreck of nations and the wrongs of time; but the painter commits to perishable cloth or wood the visions of his fancy, and dies in the certain assurance that the life of his works will be but short in the land they adorn.—*For. Rev.*

* * * * *

A Chinese novelist, in describing his hero, says, “the air of the mountains and rivers had formed his body; his mind, like a rich piece of embroidery, was worthy of his handsome face!” Pity he has not been introduced among our “fashionable novels.”

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PHRENOLOGY.

In 1805, Dr. Gall, the celebrated phrenologist, visited the prison of Berlin in the course of his experimental travels to establish his theories. On April 17, in the presence of many witnesses, he was shown upwards of two hundred culprits, of whom he had never heard till that moment, and to whose crimes and dispositions he was a total stranger. Dr. Gall immediately pointed out, as a general feature in one of the wards, an extraordinary development in the region of the head where the organ of theft is situated, and in fact every prisoner there was a thief. Some children, also detained for theft, were then shown to him; and in them, too, the same organ was very prominent. In two of them particularly it was excessively large; and the prison-registers confirmed his opinion that these two were most incorrigible. In another room, where the women were kept apart, he distinguished one drest exactly like the others, occupied like them, and differing in no one thing but in the form of her head. “For what reason is this woman here,” asked

Gall, "for her head announces no propensity to theft?" The answer was, "She is the inspectress of this room." One prisoner had the organs of benevolence and of religion as strongly developed as those of theft and cunning; and his boast was, that he never had committed an act of violence,

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and that it was repugnant to his feelings to rob a church. In a man named Fritze, detained for the murder of his wife, though his crime was not proved, the organs of cunning and firmness were fully developed; and it was by these that he had eluded conviction. In Maschke, he found the organ of the mechanical arts, together with a head very well organized in many respects; and his crime was coining. In Troppe he saw the same organ. This man was a shoemaker, who, without instruction, made clocks and watches, to gain a livelihood in his confinement. On a nearer inspection, the organ of imitation was found to be large. "If this man had ever been near a theatre," said Gall, "he would in all probability have turned actor." Troppe, astonished at the accuracy of this sentence, confessed that he had joined a company of strolling players for six months. His crime, too, was having personated a police-officer, to extort money. The organs of circumspection, prurience, foresight, were sadly deficient in Heisig, who, in a drunken fit, had stabbed his best friend. In some prisoners he found the organ of language, in others of colour, in others of mathematics; and his opinion in no single instance failed to be confirmed by the known talents and dispositions of the individual. —*For. Q. Rev.*

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SAVING HABITS OF THE ENGLISH.

According to the House of Commons' returns in 1815, there were no fewer than 925,439 individuals in England and Wales, being about *one-eleventh* of the then existing population, members of *Friendly Societies*, formed for the express purpose of affording protection to the members during sickness and old age, and enabling them to subsist without resorting to the parish funds. "No such unquestionable proof of the prevalence of a spirit of providence and independence can be exhibited in any other European country." We have to add, that these must be the happiest people in the social scale.

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In the year 1300, Giovanni Cimabue and Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art, and the story of those illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a gentleman by birth and scholarship, and brought to his art a knowledge of the poetry and sculpture of Greece and Rome. The latter was a *shepherd*; when the inspiration of art fell upon him, he was watching his flocks among the hills, and his first attempts in art were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Cimabue, who was then high in fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; entered into conversation with him; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art; and was so much charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, and without spirit

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and without sentiment; they let out their own hearts fully in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and for originality of conception. Of these great Florentines, Giotto, the shepherd, is confessedly the more eminent; in him we see the dawn, or rather the sunrise, of the fuller light of Raphael. —*For. Rev.*

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A REAL HERO.

In a *recherche* article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* we meet with the following marvellous story of Sterkodder, a sort of giant-killing hero of the North, who, having reached his 90th year, became infirm, blind, and eager to die. To leave the world in a natural way was out of the question; and to be dispatched to the Hall of Odin by an ignoble hand was scarcely less to be dreaded. Leaning on two crutches, with a sword at each side, he waited for some one to give him the mortal stroke. To tempt the avarice of such a one, he suspended from his neck a valuable gold chain. He slew a peasant passing, who, rallying him on his infirm state, had ventured to beg one of his swords, as neither could any longer be of service to him. At last his good fortune brought him a worthy executioner in Hather, the son of a prince whom he had slain. The young hero was hunting, and seeing the old man, he ordered two of his attendants to tease him. Both lost their lives for their temerity. The prince then advanced; and the old man, after relating his great actions, desired the former to kill him. To make the inducement stronger, he displayed the golden chain, which would be the reward of the deed; and to excite his rage, as well as avarice, he avowed that it was he who had slain the late prince, and that revenge was the sacred duty of the son. Influenced by both considerations, the latter consented to behead him. Sterkodder exhorted him to strike manfully. The head was accordingly severed from the body at a single blow; and as it touched the earth, the teeth fastened themselves furiously in the ground.

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WORKHOUSES

Were first erected in England in the year 1723, when they had an instant and striking effect in reducing the number of poor. Indeed the aversion of the poor to workhouses was so great, that Sir F.M. Eden mentions that some proposed, by way of weakening this aversion, “to call workhouses by some softer and more inoffensive name.” Previously to this date, it had been customary to relieve the able-bodied poor at their own houses.

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MARRIAGES IN CHINA

Are effected through the assistance of go-betweens, who enjoy, however, a very different repute from those of Europe, inasmuch as, among the former, the employ is of the most honourable character.

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There are 300 palaces at Rome, of which 65 only are worth seeing, and these are defined to be houses which have arched gateways into which carriages can drive. Some of these palaces contain pictures and statues worth 130 or 160,000_l_, but with scarce a window whose panes are all whole, or a clean staircase.

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HORRORS OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

Endless was the catalogue of most pious men and eminent scholars who underwent purification, as it is termed, in this den of superstition and tyranny. The culprit was not permitted to speak with his attorney, except in the presence of the inquisitor and a notary, who took notes, and certified what passed; and so far from the names of the informer or of the witnesses being supplied, every thing that could facilitate the explanation of them was expunged from the declarations; and the prisoners, one and all, in these dungeons might truly exclaim, with Fray Luis de Leon, "I feel the pain, but see not the hand which inflicts it." Even in the early days of the inquisition, torture was carried to such an extent, that Sextus IV., in a brief published Jan. 29, 1482, could not refrain from deploring the wellknown truth, in lamentations which were re-echoed from all parts of Christendom. The formula of the sentence of torture began thus, *Christo nomine invocato*; and it was therein expressed, that the torture should endure as long as it pleased the inquisitors; and a protest was added, that, if during the torture the culprit should die, or be maimed, or if effusion of blood or mutilation of limb should ensue, the fault should be chargeable to the culprit, and not to the inquisitors. The culprit was bound by an oath of secrecy, strengthened by fearful penalties, not to divulge any thing that he had seen, known, or heard, in the dismal precincts of that unholy tribunal—a secrecy illegal and tyrannical, but which constituted the soul of that monstrous association, and by which its judges were sheltered against all responsibility. —*For. Rev.*

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COLONIZATION.

In the colonization of the West Indies, "when a city was to be founded, the first form prescribed was, with all solemnity, to erect a gallows, as the first thing needful; and in laying out the ground, a site was marked for the prison as well as for the church."

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"An attempt to handle the English law of evidence, in its former state," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "was like taking up a hedgehog—all points!"

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Man is not quite so manageable in the hands of science as boiling water or a fixed star.

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PICTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From the French of Lebrun.)

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Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!
City of wonders, on whose sparkling breast,
Fair, slight, and tall, a thousand palaces
Fling their gay shadows over golden seas!
Where towers and domes bestud the gorgeous land,
And countless masts, a mimic forest stand;
Where cypress shades the minaret's snowy hue,
And gleams of gold dissolve in skies of blue,
Daughter of Eastern art, the most divine—
Lovely, yet faithless bride of Constantine—
Fair Istamboul, whose tranquil mirror flings
Back with delight thy thousand colourings,
And who no equal in the world dost know,
Save thy own image pictured thus below!

Dazzled, amazed, our eyes half-blinded, fail,
While sweeps the phantasm past our gliding sail—
Like as in festive scene, some sudden light
Rises in clouds of stars upon the night.
Struck by a splendour never seen before,
Drunk with the perfumes wafted from the shore,
Approaching near these peopled groves, we deem
That from enchantment rose the gorgeous dream,
Day without voice, and motion without sound,
Silently beautiful! The haunted ground
Is paved with roofs beyond the bounds of sight,
Countless, and coloured, wrapped in golden light.
'Mid groves of cypress, measureless and vast,
In thousand forms of circles—crescents—cast,
Gold glitters, spangling all the wide extent,
And flashes back to heaven the rays it sent.
Gardens and domes, bazaars begem the woods;
Seraglios, harems—peopled solitudes,
Where the veil'd idol kneels; and vistas, through
Barr'd lattices, that give the enamoured view,
Flowers, orange-trees, and waters sparkling near,
And black and lovely eyes,—Alas, that Fear,
At those heaven-gates, dark sentinel should stand,
To scare even Fancy from her promised land!

Foreign Quar. Rev.

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THE SKETCH BOOK.

THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR.

A Romance of High Holborn.

(Concluded from page 46.)

On recovering from my stupor, I found myself with a physician and two apothecaries beside me, in bed at the George Inn, Ramsgate. I had been, it seems, for two whole days delirious, during which pregnant interval I had lived over again all the horrors of the preceding hours. The wind sang in my ears, the phantom forms of the unburied flitted pale and ghastly before my eyes. I fancied that I was still on the sea; that the massive copper-coloured clouds which hovered scarcely a yard overhead, were suddenly transformed into uncouth shapes, who glared at me from between saffron chinks, made by the scudding wrack; that the waters teemed with life, cold, slimy, preternatural things of life; that their eyes after assuming a variety of awful expressions, settled down into that dull frozen character, and their voices into that low, sepulchral, indefinable tone, which marked the Mysterious Tailor. This wretch was the Abaddon of my dreamy Pandaemonium. He was ever before me; he lent an added splendour to the day, and deepened the midnight gloom. On the heights of Bologne I saw him; far away over the foaming waters he floated still and lifeless beside me, his eye never once off my face, his voice never silent in my ear.

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My tale would scarcely have an end, were I to repeat but the one half of what during two brief days (two centuries in suffering) I experienced from this derangement of the nervous system. My readers may fancy that I have exaggerated my state of mind: far from it, I have purposely softened down the more distressing particulars, apprehensive, if not of being discredited, at least of incurring ridicule. Towards the close of the third day my fever began to abate, I became more sobered in my turn of thought, could contrive to answer questions, and listen with tolerable composure to my landlord's details of my miraculous preservation. The storm was slowly rolling off my mind, but the swell was still left behind it. The fourth day found me so far recovered, that I was enabled to quit my chamber, sit beside an open window, and derive amusement from the uncouth appearance of a Dutch crew, whose brig was lying at anchor in the harbour. From this time forward, every hour brought fresh accession to my strength, until at the expiration of the tenth day—so sudden is recovery in cases of violent fever when once the crisis is passed—I was sufficiently restored to take my place by a night-coach for London. The first few stages I endured tolerably well, notwithstanding that I had somewhat rashly ventured upon an outside place; but as midnight drew on, the wind became so piercingly keen, accompanied every now and then by a squally shower of sleet, that I was glad to bargain for an inside berth. By good luck, there was just room enough left for one, which I instantly appropriated, in spite of sundry hints *hemmed* forth by a crusty old gentleman, that the coach was full already. I took my place in the coach, to the dissatisfaction of those already seated there. Not a word was spoken for miles: for the circumstance of its being dark increased the distrust of all, and, in the firm conviction that I was an adventurer, they had already, I make no doubt, buttoned up their pockets, and diligently adjusted their watch-chains. In a short time, this reserve wore away. From this moment the conversation became general. Each individual had some invalid story to relate, and I too, so far forgot my usual taciturnity as to indulge my hearers with a detail of my late indisposition—of its origin in the Mysterious Tailor—of the wretch's inconceivable persecution—of the fiendish peculiarities of his appearance—of his astonishing ubiquity, and lastly, of my conviction that he was either more or less than man. Scarcely had the very uncourteous laughter that accompanied this narrative concluded, when a low, intermittent snore, proceeding from a person close at my elbow, challenged my most serious notice. The sound was peculiar—original—unearthly—and reminded me of the same music which had so harrowed my nerves at Bologne. Yet it could not surely be he—he, the very thoughts of whom now sent a thrill through every vein. Oh, no! it must be some one else—there were other harmonious

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sternutators beside him, he could not be the only nasal nightingale in the three kingdoms. While I thus argued the matter, silently, yet suspiciously, a wandering gleam of day, streaming in at the coach windows, faintly lit up a nose the penultimate peculiarities of which gave a very ominous turn to my reflections. In due time this light became more vivid; and beneath its encouraging influence, first, a pair of eyes—then two sallow, juiceless cheeks, then an upper lip, then a projecting chin; and lastly, the entire figure of the Mysterious Tailor himself, whose head, it seems, had hitherto been folded, bird-like, upon his breast, grew into atrocious distinctness, while from the depths of the creature's throat came forth the strangely-solemn whisper, "touching that little account." For this once, indignation got the better of affright. "Go where I will," I exclaimed, passionately interrupting him, "I find I cannot avoid you, you have a supernatural gift of omnipresence, but be you fiend or mortal I will now grapple with you;" and accordingly snatching at that obnoxious feature which, like the tail of the rattle-snake, had twice warned me of its master's fatal presence, I grasped it with such zealous good will, that had it been of mortal manufacture it must assuredly have come off in my hands. Aroused by the laughter of my fellow passengers, the coachman—who was just preparing to mount, after having changed horses at Dartford—abruptly opened the door, on which I as abruptly jumped out; and after paying my fare the whole way to town, and casting on the fiend a look of "inextinguishable hatred," made an instant retreat into the inn. About the middle of the next day I reached London, and without a moment's pause hurried to the lodgings of my beforementioned friend C——. Luckily he was at home, but started at the strange forlorn figure that presented itself. And well indeed he might. My eye-balls were glazed and bloody, my cheeks white as a shroud, my mouth a-jar, my lips blue and quivering. "For God's sake, C——," I began, vouchsafing no further explanation, "lend me—(I specified the sum)—or I am ruined; that infernal, inconceivable Tailor has—." C——smilingly interrupted me by an instant compliance with my demand; on which, without a moment's delay, I bounded off, breathless and semi-frantic, towards my arch fiend's Pandaemonium at High Holborn. I cannot—cannot say what I felt as I crossed over from Drury-lane towards his den, more particularly when, on entering, I beheld the demon himself behind his counter—calm, moveless, and sepulchral, as if nothing of moment had occurred; as if he were an every-day dun, or I an every-day debtor. The instant he espied me, a sardonic smile, together with that appalling dissyllable, "touching" (which I never to this day hear, see, or write without a shudder) escaped him; but before he could close his oration, I had approached, trembling with rage and reverence, towards him, and, thrusting forth the exact sum, was rushing from his presence, when he beckoned me back for a receipt. A receipt, and from him too! It was like taking a receipt for one's soul from Satan!!

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The reader will doubtless conclude that, now at least, having satisfactorily settled his demands, I had done with my Tormentor for ever. This inference is in part correct. I followed up my vocation with an energy strangely contrasted with my recent indifference, was early and late in the schools, and for three months pursued this course with such ardour, that my adventures with the Mysterious Tailor, though not forgotten, were yet gradually losing their once powerful hold on my imagination. This was precisely the state of my feelings, when early one autumnal morning, just seven months from the date of my last visit to High Holborn, I chanced to be turning down Saint Giles's Church, on my way to—Hospital. I had nothing to render me more than usually pensive; no new vexations, no sudden pecuniary embarrassment; yet it so happened, that on this particular morning I felt a weight at my heart, and a cloud on my brain, for which I could in no way account. As I passed along Broad Street, I made one or two bold attempts to rally. I stared inquisitively at the different passers by, endeavouring, by a snatch at the expression of their faces, to speculate on the turn of their minds, and the nature of their occupations; I then began to whistle and hum some lively air, at the same time twirling my glove with affected unconcern; but nothing would do; every exertion I made to appear cheerful, not only found no answering sympathy from within, but even exaggerated by contrast my despondency. In this condition I reached Saint Giles's Church. A crowd was assembled at the gate opposite its entrance, and presently the long surly toll of the death-bell—that solemn and oracular memento—announced that a funeral was on the eve of taking place. The funeral halted at the entrance gate, where the coffin was taken from the hearse, and and thence borne into the chancel. This ceremony concluded, the procession again set forth towards the home appointed for the departed in a remote quarter of the church-yard. And now the interest began in reality to deepen. As the necessary preparations were making for lowering the coffin into earth, the mourners—even those who had hitherto looked unmoved—pressed gradually nearer, and with a momentary show of interest, to the grave. Such is the ennobling character of death.

The preparations were by this time concluded, and nothing now remained but the last summons of the sexton. At this juncture, while the coffin was being lowered into its resting place, my eyes, accidentally, it may be said, but in reality by some fatal instinct, fell full upon the lid, on which I instantly recognised a name, long and fearfully known to me—the name of the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. Oh, how many thrilling recollections did this one name recal? The rencontre in the streets of London—the scene at the masquerade—the meeting at Bologne—the storm—the shipwreck—the sinking vessel—the appearance at that moment of *the man* himself—the subsequent

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visions of mingled fever and insanity: all, all now swept across my mind, as for the last time I gazed on the remains of him who was powerless henceforth for ever. In a few minutes one little span of earth would keep down that strange form which seemed once endowed with ubiquity. That wild unearthly voice was mute; that wandering glance was fixed; a seal was set upon those lips which eternity itself could not remove. Yes, my Tormentor—my mysterious—omnipresent Tormentor was indeed gone; and in that one word, how much of vengeance was forgotten! I was roused from this reverie by the hollow sound of the clay as it fell dull and heavy on the coffin-lid. The poor sleeper beneath could not hear it, it is true; his slumber, henceforth, was sound; the full tide of human population pressing fast beside the spot where he lay buried, should never wake him more: no human sorrow should rack his breast, no dream disturb his repose; yet cold, changed, and senseless as he was, the first sound of the falling clods jarred strange and harsh upon my ear, as if it must perforce awake him. In this feverish state of mind I quitted the church-yard, and, on my road home, passed by the shop where I had first met with the deceased. It was altered—strangely altered—to my mind, revoltingly so. Its quaint antique character, its dingy spectral look were gone, and there was even a studied air of cheerfulness about it, as if the present proprietor were anxious to obliterate every association, however slight, that might possibly remind him of the past. The former owner had but just passed out, his ashes were scarcely cold, and already his name was on the wane. Yet this is human nature. So trifling, in fact, is the gap caused by our absence in society, that there needs no patriotic Curtius to leap into it; it closes without a miracle the instant it is made, and none but a disinterested Undertaker knows or cares for whom tolls our passing bell.

Monthly Magazine.

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SPIRIT OF THE

+PUBLIC JOURNALS.+

THE TOUR OF DULNESS.

From her throne of clouds, as Dulness look'd
On her foggy and favour'd nation,
She sleepily nodded her poppy-crown'd head,
And gently waved her sceptre of lead,
In token of approbation.



For the north-west wind brought clouds and gloom,
Blue devils on earth, and mists in the air;
Of parliamentary prose some died,
Some perpetrated suicide,
And her empire flourish'd there.

The Goddess look'd with a gracious eye
On her ministers great and small;
But most she regarded with tenderness
Her darling shrine, the Minerva Press,
In the street of Leadenhall.

This was her sacred haunt, and here
Her name was most adored,
Her chosen here officiated.
And hence her oracles emanated,
And breathed the Goddess in every word.

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She pass'd from the east to the west, and paused
In New Burlington-street awhile,
To inspire a few puffs for Colburn and Co.
And indite some dozen novels or so
In the fashionable style.

* * * * *

Then turning her own Magazine to inspect,
She was rather at fault, as of late
The colour and series both were new;
But the Goddess, with discernment true,
Detected it by the weight.

She cross'd the Channel next, and peep'd
At Dublin; but the zeal
Of the liberty boys soon put her to flight.
And she dropp'd her mantle in her fright,
Which fell on Orator Shiel.

Thence sped she to the Land of Cakes,
The land she loves and its possessors;
She loves its Craniologists,
Political Economists,
And all Scotch *mists* and Scotch Professors.

And chiefly she on McCulloch smiled,
As a mother smiles on her darling child,
Or a lady on her lover;
Then, bethinking her of Parliament,
She hasten'd South, but ere she went,
She promised if nothing occur'd to prevent,
To return when the Session was over.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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CANNIBALISM.

In great cities, cannibalism takes an infinite variety of shapes. In the neighbourhood of St. James's-street there are numerous slaughter-houses, where men are daily consumed by the operation of cards and dice; and where they are caught by the same bait, at which Quin said he should have infallibly bitten. A similar process is likewise



carried on in 'Change Alley, on a great scale; not to speak of that snare especially set for widows and children, called a "joint stock speculation." But your cannibal of cannibals is a parliament patron. Here, a great borough proprietor swallows a regiment at a single gulp; and there, the younger son of a lord ruminates over a colony till the very crows cannot find a dinner in it; and there again, a duke or a minister, himself and his family, having first "supped full of horrors," casts a diocese to the side-table, to be mumbled at leisure by his son's tutor. The town is occasionally very indignant and very noisy against the ghouls of Surgeons' Hall, because they live upon the dead carcasses of their fellow-creatures; while, strange to say, it takes but little account of the hordes of wretches who openly, and in the face of day, hunt down living men in their nefarious dealings as porter brewers, quack doctors, informers, attorneys, manufacturers of bean flour, alum, and Portland stone; and torture their subjects like so many barbacued pigs, in the complicated processes of their cookery.—*New Month. Mag.*

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"They say this town is full of cozenage,
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin."
SHAKSPEARE.

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+Caveat emptor+! This is the age of fraud, imposture, substitution, transmutation, adulteration, abomination, contamination, and many others of the same sinister ending, always excepting purification. Every thing is debased and sophisticated, and “nothing is but what is not.” All things are mixed, lowered, debased, deteriorated, by our cozening dealers and shopkeepers; and, bad as they are, there is every reason to fear that they are “mox daturus progeniem vitiosorem.” We wonder at the increase of bilious and dyspeptic patients, at the number of new books upon stomach complaints, at the rapid fortunes made by practitioners who undertake (the very word is ominous) to cure indigestion; but how can it be otherwise, when Accum, before he took to quoting with his scissors, assured us there was “poison in the pot;” when a recent writer has shown that there are still more deleterious ingredients in the wine-bottle; and when we ourselves have all had dismal intestine evidence that our bread is partly made of ground bones, alum, plaster of Paris; our tea, of aloe-leaves; our beer, of injurious drugs; our milk, of snails and chalk; and that even the water supplied to us by our companies is any thing rather than the real Simon Pure it professes to be. Not less earnestly than benevolently do our quack doctors implore us to beware of spurious articles; Day and Martin exhort us not to take our polish from counterfeit blacking: every advertiser beseeches the “pensive public” to be upon its guard against supposititious articles—all, in short, is knavery, juggling, cheating, and deception.—*Ibid.*

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Retrospective Gleanings

SONNET

BY HENRY TEONOE, A SEA CHAPLAIN IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Composed October the First, over against the East part of Candia.

O! Ginnee was a bony lasse,
Which maks the world to woonder
How ever it should com to passe
That wee did part a sunder.

The driven snow, the rose so rare,
The glorious sunne above thee,
Can not with my Ginnee compare,
She was so wonderous lovely.

Her merry looks, her forehead high,
Her hayre like golden-wyer,



Her hand and foote, her lipe or eye,
Would set a saint on fyre.

And for to give Giunee her due,
Thers no ill part about her;
The turtle-dove's not half so true;
Then whoe can live without her?

King Solomon, where ere he lay,
Did nere unbrace a kinder;
O! why should Ginnee gang away,
And I be left behind her?

Then will I search each place and roome
From London to Virginny,
From Dover-peere to Scanderoone,
But I will finde my Ginny.

But Ginny's turned back I feare,
When that I did not mind her;
Then back to England will I steare,
To see where I can find her.

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And haveing Ginnee once againe,
If sheed doe her indeavour,
The world shall never make us twaine—
Weel live and dye together.

* * * * *

SONG BY KING CHARLES II.

On the Duchess of Portsmouth leaving England.

(For the Mirror.)

Bright was the morning, cool the air,
Serene was all the skies;
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my joys;
Heav'n and nature smiling were.
And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy field their odours spread,
All fragrant was the shore;
Each river God rose from his bed,
And sighing own'd her pow'r;
Curling the waves they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

Glide on ye waves, bear these lines,
And tell her my distress;
Bear all these sighs, ye gentle winds,
And waft them to her breast;
Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,
I never shall have rest.

* * * * *

The Anecdote Gallery

VOLTAIRE.

(From various Authorities.)

The Chateau of Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, six miles from Geneva, is a place of very little picturesque beauty: its broad front is turned to the high road, without any regard to the prospect, and the garden is adorned with cut trees, parapet

walls with flower-pots, jets d'eaux, &c. Voltaire's bed-room is shown in its pristine state, just as he left it in 1777, when, after a residence of twenty years, he went to Paris to enjoy a short triumph and die. Time and travellers have much impaired the furniture of light-blue silk, and the Austrians, quartered in the house during the late war, have not improved it; the bed-curtains especially, which for the last forty years have supplied each traveller with a precious little bit, hastily torn off, are of course in tatters. The bedstead is of common deal, coarsely put together; a miserable portrait of Le Kain, in crayons, hangs inside of the bed, and two others, equally bad, on each side, Frederic and Voltaire himself. Round the room are bad prints of Washington, Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, and several other celebrated personages; the ante-chamber is decorated with naked figures, in bad taste; each of these rooms may be 12 feet by 15.

Such is the narrative of an intelligent traveller, who recently visited Ferney. "Very few," says he, "remain alive, of those who saw the poet: a gardener who conducted us about the grounds had that advantage; he showed us the place where the theatre stood, filling the space on the left-hand side in entering, between the chateau and the chapel, but the inscription on the last, *Voltaire a Dieu*, was removed during the reign of terror. The *old* gardener spoke favourably of his *old* master, who was, he said, *bon homme tout-a-fait, bien charitable*, and took an airing every morning in his coach and four."

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In the sitting-room, adjoining the bedroom, which he was accustomed to occupy, besides some good ancient paintings, is a very singular picture, which was painted according to Voltaire's direction. The principal personages are Voltaire, holding in his hand a roll of paper inscribed *La Henriade*; next him is a female personification of this favourite poem, whom he is presenting to Apollo crowned with rays of glory; Louis XIV. with his queen and court, are observing these chief figures. In another part, the Muses are crowning the bust of Voltaire with wreaths of flowers, and proposing to place it with those of other immortal authors in the Temple of Fame. The bottom of the picture is occupied by his enemies, who are being torn to pieces by wild beasts, or burning in flames of fire.

In the bed-room is a marble cenotaph, on which is an urn that formerly contained the heart of Voltaire, which was removed several years ago, and placed in the church of Les Invalides at Paris. In this room also is an engraving of Voltaire's monument in the church-yard of Ferney. In this, four figures, representing the four quarters of the world, are preparing to honour his bust with wreaths of laurel and palms. Ignorance, meanwhile, with the wings of a fiend, armed with rods, is driving them away in the midst of their pacific employment, and extinguishing a lamp which burns above the tomb. It is a singular circumstance that Voltaire caused the church of Ferney to be built, as well as several houses in the village, and on an iron vane on the top of the former is inscribed, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*"

After his escape from the court of Frederic, Voltaire went first to Lausanne, where he resided some years, and where he fitted up a private theatre; his acquaintances there supplied him with performers, of whom it seems he was proud, and who acted for him *Zaire*, *Alzira*, and several other plays. Some spirited drawings of Huber represent him behind the scene teaching, scolding, encouraging the actors; you might have thought you heard his loud *bravo!* The part of *Lusignan* was frequently filled by the poet himself, who was so much taken with it as to be seen in the morning at the door of his house already dressed for the stage. Voltaire had a hollow wooden voice, and his declamation had more pomp in it than nature; yet in the part of *Trissotin*, in the *Femmes Savantes*, he performed very well.

From Lausanne, where he quarrelled with several persons, he went, in 1755, to St. Jean, close to Geneva, and gave to the house he occupied the name of *Les Delices*, which it retains to this day. Ferney, which he bought soon after, became his permanent residence for twenty years.

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Strangers of distinction made a point of calling on the philosopher of Ferney, who for some years received their visits very willingly, giving them *fetes* and plays; but he became tired of this, and at last would only see those who could amuse him while he amused them. A quaker from Philadelphia, called Claude Gay, travelling in Europe, stayed some time at Geneva; he was known as the author of some Theological works, and liked for his good sense, moderation, and simplicity. Voltaire heard of him, his curiosity was excited, and he desired to see him. The quaker felt great reluctance, but suffered himself at last to be carried to Ferney, Voltaire having promised before hand to his friends that he would say nothing that could give him offence. At first he was delighted with the tall, straight, handsome quaker, his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab suit of clothes; the mild and serene expression of his countenance; and the dinner promised to go off very well; yet he soon took notice of the great sobriety of his guest, and made jokes, to which he received grave and modest answers. The patriarchs, and the first inhabitants of the earth were next alluded to; by and by he began to sneer at the historical proofs of Revelation; but Claude was not to be driven away from his ground, and while examining these proofs, and arguing upon them rationally, he overlooked the light attacks of his adversary, when not to the point, appeared insensible to his sarcasms and wit, and remained always cool and serious. Voltaire's vivacity at last turned to downright anger; his eyes flashed fire whenever they met the benign and placid countenance of the quaker, and the dispute went so far at last, that the latter, getting up, said, "Friend Voltaire! perhaps thou mayst come to understand these matters rightly; in the meantime, finding I can do thee no good, I leave thee, and so fare thee well!" So saying he went away on foot, notwithstanding all entreaties, back again to Geneva, leaving the whole company in consternation. Voltaire immediately retired to his own room. M. Huber,[8] who was present at this scene, made a drawing of the two actors.

PHILO.

* * * * *

+THE GATHERER.+

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SIR W. JONES AND MR. DAY.

One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior

being, who, perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

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BISHOP

In Cambridge, this title is not confined to the dignitaries of the church; but *port* wine, made *copiously potable* by being mulled and burnt, with the *addenda* of roasted lemons all bristling like angry hedge-hogs (studded with cloves,) is dignified with the appellation of *Bishop*:

Beneath some old oak, come and rest thee, my hearty;
Our foreheads with roses, oh! let us entwine!
And, inviting young Bacchus to be of the party,
We'll drown all our troubles in oceans of wine!

And perfumed with *Macassar* or *Otto* of roses,
We'll pass round the BISHOP, the spice-breathing cup,
And take of that medicine such wit-breeding doses,
We'll knock *down* the god, or he shall knock us *up*.

* * * * *

GAZETTED AND IN THE GAZETTE.

These terms imply very different things. The son of a nobleman is *gazetted*, as a cornet in a regiment, and all his friends rejoice. John Thomson is *in the Gazette*, and all his friends lament.

* * * * *

UNFORTUNATE CASE.

A zealous priest in the north of Ireland missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which schism had already made depredations. "What keeps our friend Farmer B——away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by the vigilant minister to his assistant, "I have not seen him among us," continued he, "these three weeks; I hope it is not Protestantism that keeps him away," "No," was the reply, "it is worse than that." "Worse than Protestantism? God forbid it should,—Deism?" "No, worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism." "No, worse than Atheism!" "Impossible, nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour—*it is Rheumatism!*"

* * * * *

LIQUIDATING CLAIMS.

During a remarkable wet summer, Joe Vernon, whose vocal taste and humour contributed for many years to the entertainment of the frequenters of Vauxhall Gardens, but who was not quite so good a *timist* in money matters as in music, meeting an acquaintance who had the misfortune to hold some of his unhonoured paper, was asked by him, not uninterestedly, how the gardens were going on? “Oh, *swimmingly!*” answered the jocose Joe. “Glad to hear it,” retorted the creditor, “their *swimming* state, I hope, will cause the singers to *liquidate their notes.*”

* * * * *

Mr. Samuel Deacon, a most respectable Baptist minister, who resided at Barton in Leicestershire, was not peculiarly happy in his cast of countenance or general appearance; conscious of the silly ridicule his unprepossessing *tout ensemble* occasionally excited, he made the following good-humoured, quaint remark:—



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"The carcass that you look at so,
Is not Sam Deacon, you must know,
But 'tis the carriage—the machine,
Which Samuel Deacon rideth in."

* * * * *

ADVANTAGES OF LOQUACITY

A very pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigne, that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. "Oh, Madame," said Madame de Sevigne to her, with a smile, "it is very easy to get rid of them: you have only to speak."

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sold by ERNEST FLEISCHEN, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsman and
Booksellers.*

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The old bridge was of wood, and 168 yards in length. It was the most ancient on the River Thames, except that of London, and is mentioned in a record of the 8th year of Henry III.

[2] At the time the chapel fell, the sexton, while digging a grave was buried under the ruins, with another person, and his daughter. The latter, notwithstanding she lay covered seven hours, survived this misfortune seventeen years, and was her father's successor. The memory of this event is preserved by a print of this singular woman, engraved by M'Ardell.

[3] The work is dedicated to Dr. Babington, "in remembrance of some delightful days passed in his society, and in gratitude for an uninterrupted friendship of a quarter of a century;" and in the preface the author, after saying that the characters are imaginary, intimates that "in the portrait of HALIEUS, given in the last dialogue, a likeness, he thinks, will not fail to be recognised to that of a most estimable physician, ardently beloved by his friends, and esteemed and venerated by the public."

[4] In our last volume, this was erroneously attributed to Swift.

[5] See page 370, vol. xi. MIRROR.

[6] As "kill him, crimp him," &c.

[[7]] The late worthy and scientific Wm. Reynolds, of the Bank, near Ketley.

[8] M. Huber was the father of the author of a work on the economy of bees, and the grandfather of the author of a work on the economy of ants. The first M. Huber had a very peculiar talent for drawing; with his scissors he could cut a piece of paper into a representation of anything, as accurately, and as fast, and with as much spirit, as he might have delineated with his pencil either figures or landscapes. Voltaire was his favourite subject; and he is known to have taught his dog to bite off a piece of crumb of bread, which he held in his hand, so as to give it as last the appearance of Voltaire.