

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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Contents

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	4
Page 1.....	5
Page 2.....	7
Page 3.....	9
Page 4.....	11
Page 5.....	13
Page 6.....	15
Page 7.....	17
Page 8.....	19
Page 9.....	20
Page 10.....	21
Page 11.....	22
Page 12.....	24
Page 13.....	26
Page 14.....	28
Page 15.....	30
Page 16.....	32
Page 17.....	34
Page 18.....	36
Page 19.....	38
Page 20.....	40
Page 21.....	41



Page 22.....42

Page 23.....44

Page 24.....46

Page 25.....47

Page 26.....49

Page 27.....51



Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM.		1
THE NEW YEAR		2
WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON.		5
THE SKETCH-BOOK		7
THE SELECTOR		13
WOMAN		25
LAUGHTER.		25
EPITAPH		26



Page 1

BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM.

[Illustration: *Bruce castle, Tottenham.*]

The engraving represents this interesting structure, as it appeared in the year 1686; being copied from a print, after a picture by Wolridge.

The original castle was very ancient, as appears by the foundations, and an old brick tower over a deep well, the upper part of which has been used as a dairy. The castle is said to have been built by Earl Waltheof, who, in 1069 married Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, who gave him the earldom of Northampton and Huntingdon for her portion. Matilda or Maud, their only child, after the death of Simon St. Liz, her first husband, married David, first of the name, king of Scotland; and Maud, being heiress of Huntingdon, had in her own right, as an appendix to that honour, the manor of Tottenham in Middlesex.

Robert Bruce, grandson of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and grandfather to Robert I. of Scotland, memorable as the restorer of the independence of his country, became one of the competitors for the crown of Scotland in 1290, but being superseded by John Baliol, Bruce retired to England, and settled at his grandfather's estate at Tottenham, repaired the castle, and acquiring another manor, called it and the castle after his own name. Shakspeare says,

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns,

and the fortunes of the two Bruces are "confirmation strong as holy writ."

The estate being forfeited to the crown, it had different proprietors, till 1631, when it was in the possession of Hugh Hare, Lord Coleraine. Henry Hare, the last Lord Coleraine of that family, having been deserted by his wife, who obstinately refused, for twenty years, to return to him, formed a connexion with Miss Roze Duplessis, a French lady, by whom he had a daughter, born in Italy, whom he named Henrietta Roza Peregrina, and to whom he left all his estates. This lady married the late Mr. Alderman Townsend; but, being an alien, she could not take the estates; and the will being legally made, barred the heirs at law; so that the estate escheated to the crown. However, a grant of these estates, confirmed by act of parliament, was made to Mr. Townsend and his lady, whose son, Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. in 1792, voluntarily sold the property for the payment of the family debts; and "although the castle may soon be levelled with the ground, yet the destruction of this ancient fabric will acquire him more honour, than if the prudence of his ancestors had enabled him to restore the three towers, of which now only one remains." [1]

[1] Gough's Camden.



The present mansion is partly ancient, and partly modern, and was very lately the property of Sir William Curtis, Bart. Up to the period at which the castle is represented in the engraving, the building must have undergone many alterations, as the tower on the left, and the two octagonal and centre towers, will prove. The grounds there appear laid out in the trim fashion of the seventeenth century, and ornamented with fountains, vases, &c.



Page 2

* * * * *

New year's custom.

(For the Mirror.)

Bromley PAGETS, Staffordshire, is 129 miles from London, and is a pretty town on the skirts of Derbyshire. This place is remarkable, or was lately, for a sport on New Year's Day and Twelfth Day, called *The Hobby-Horse Dance*, from a person who rode upon the image of a horse, with a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he made a snapping noise, and kept time to the music, while six men danced the hay and other country dances, with as many deer's heads on their shoulders. To this hobby-horse belonged a pot, which the reeves of the town kept filled with cakes and ale, towards which the spectators contributed a penny, and with the remainder they maintained their poor and repaired the church.

Halbert H.

* * * * *

The baron's trumpet.

(For the Mirror.)

Thou blowest for Hector.
Troilus and Cressida.

Sound, sound the charge, when the wassel bowl
Is lifted with songs, let the trumpets shrill blast
Awaken like fire in the warrior's soul,
The bright recollections of chivalry past;
Let the lute or the lyre the soft stripling rejoice,
No music on earth is so sweet as thy voice.

Sound, sound the charge when the foe is before us,
When the visors are closed and the lances are down,
If we fall, let the banner of victory o'er us
Dance time to thy clarion that sings our renown:
To the souls of the valiant no requiem is given,
So fit as thine echoes, to soothe them in heaven.

Leon.

* * * * *



THE NEW YEAR

(For the Mirror.)

Twenty-nine, Father Janus! and can it be true,
That your *double-fac'd* sconce is again in our view?
Take a chair, my old boy—while our glasses we fill,
And tell us, “what news”—for you can if you will.

Shall we have any war? or will there be peace?
Will swindlers, as usual, the credulous fleece?
Will the season produce us a *deluge* of rain?
Did the comet bring coughs and catarrhs in his train?

Will gas, so delicious, *perfume* our abodes?
Will McAdam continue “Colossus of *roads*?”
Will Venus’s boy be abroad with his bow,
And make the dear girls over bachelors crow?

Will *quid-nuncs* from scandalous whispers refrain?
Will poets the pent of Parnassus attain?
Will travellers’ tomes touch the truth to a T?
Will critics from caustic coercion be free?

Shall we check crafty care in his cunning career?
In short—shall we welcome a happy new year?
What, *mum*, Father Janus?—egad I suppose,
Not one of our queries you mean to disclose.



Page 3

Let us, therefore, the blessings which Providence sends,
To our country, to us, our relations and friends,
With gratitude own—and employ the supplies,
As prudence suggests, “to be merry and wise.”

Nor ever, too curious the future to pry,
Presume on our own feeble strength to rely;
But, taught by the *past*; for the *future*, depend
Where the wise and the good all their wishes extend.

JACOBUS.

* * * * *

FALLING STONES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Of these bodies, the most general opinion now is, that they are really of *celestial* origin. But a few years ago, nothing could have appeared more absurd than the idea that we should ever be able to examine the most minute fragment of the sidereal system; and it must, no doubt, be reckoned among the wonders of the age in which we live, that considerable portions of these heavenly bodies are now known to have descended to the earth. An event so wonderful and unexpected was at first received with incredulity and ridicule; but we may now venture to consider the fact as well established as any other hypothesis of natural philosophy, which does not actually admit of mathematical demonstration. The attention of our philosophers was first called to this subject by the falling of one of these masses of matter near Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire; it weighed about 50 pounds, and for some years after its descent did not excite the interest it deserved, nor would perhaps that attention have been paid to it which was required for the investigation of the truth, if a similar and more striking phenomenon had not happened a few years afterwards at Benares, in the East Indies. Some fragments of the stones which fell in India were brought to Sir Joseph Banks by Major Williams; and Sir Joseph being desirous of knowing if there might not be some truth in these repeated accounts of falling stones, gave them to be analyzed, when it was found by a very skilful analysis, published in the Transactions, 1802, that the stones collected in various countries, and to which a similar history is attached, contained very peculiar ingredients, and all of the same kind. The earthy parts were silex and magnesia, in which were interspersed small grains of metallic iron. Since these investigations, the subject has attracted very general attention, and most of the fragments of stones said to have fallen from heaven, and which have been preserved in the cabinets of the curious, on account of this tradition, have been analyzed, and found to consist of the same ingredients, varying only in their different proportions.



Pliny relates, that a great stone fell near Egos Potamos, in the Thracian Chersonese, in the second year of the 78th Olympiad. In the year 1706, another large stone is, on the authority of Paul Lucas, then at Larissa, said to have fallen in Macedonia. It weighed 72 pounds. Cardan assures us, that a shower of at least 1,200 stones fell in Italy, the largest of which weighed 120 pounds; and their fall was accompanied by a great light in the air.

Page 4

The caaba, or great black stone, preserved by the Mahometans in the Temple of Mecca, had probably a celestial origin. It is said to have been brought from heaven by the angel Gabriel. Some astronomers imagine that these stones have been thrown from a lunar volcano. There is nothing, perhaps, philosophically inconsistent in this theory, for volcanic appearances have been seen in the moon; and a force such as our volcanoes exert would be sufficient to project fragments that might possibly arrive at the surface of the earth. But probability is certainly against it, and it seems more likely that they are fragments of comets. For those bodies, from their own nature, must be subject to chemical changes of a very violent nature; add to this, that from the smallness of their dimensions, a fragment projected from them with a very slight velocity would never return to the mass to which it originally belonged; but would traverse the celestial regions till it met with some planetary or other body sufficiently ponderous to attract it to itself.

We have numerous other instances of these phenomena, which are attested by many very credible witnesses, but I will not at present monopolize more of your valuable pages with this subject, though one of considerable interest; yet I may, perhaps, at some future period, if agreeable, send you a few rather more circumstantial and more interesting accounts than the above.

Near Sheffield.

J.M.C—D.

* * * * *

THE POET, CHATTERTON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Should the following notice of Chatterton, which I copy from a *small handkerchief* in my possession, be thought worthy of a place in the MIRROR, you will oblige me by inserting it. The handkerchief has been in my possession about twenty-five years, and was probably printed soon after the poet's death; he is represented sitting at a table, writing, in a miserable apartment; behind him the bed turned up, &c.

SUFFOLK.

The Distressed Poet, or a true representation of the unfortunate Chatterton.

The painting from which the engraving was taken of the distressed poet, was the work of a friend of the unfortunate Chatterton. This friend drew him in the situation in which he is represented in this plate. Anxieties and cares had advanced his life, and given him an older look than was suited to his age. The sorry apartment portrayed in the print, the folded bed, the broken utensil below it, the bottle, the farthing candle, and the

disorderly raiment of the bard, are not inventions of fancy. They were realities; and a satire upon an age and a nation of which generosity is doubtless a conspicuous characteristic. But poor Chatterton was born under a bad star: his passions were too impetuous, and in a distracted moment he deprived himself of an existence, which his genius, and the fostering care of the public would



Page 5

undoubtedly have rendered comfortable and happy. Unknown and miserable while alive, he now calls forth curiosity and attention. Men of wit and learning employ themselves to celebrate his talents, and to express their approbation of his writings. Hard indeed was his fate, born to adorn the times in which he lived, yet compelled to fall a victim to pride and poverty! His destiny, cruel as it was, gives a charm to his verses; and while the bright thought excites admiration, the recollection of his miseries awakens a tender sympathy and sorrow. Who would not wish that he had been so fortunate as to relieve a fellow creature so accomplished, from wretchedness, despair, and suicide?

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON.

Ah! what a contrast in that face portray'd,
Where care and study cast alternate shade;
But view it well, and ask thy heart the cause,
Then chide, with honest warmth, that cold applause
Which counteracts the fostering breath of praise,
And shades with cypress the young poet's bays:
Pale and dejected, mark, how genius strives
With poverty, and mark, how well it thrives;
The shabby cov'ring of the gentle bard,
Regard it well, 'tis worthy thy regard,
The friendly cobweb, serving for a screen,
The chair, a part of what it once had been;
The bed, whereon th' unhappy victim slept
And oft unseen, in silent anguish, wept,
Or spent in dear delusive dreams, the night,
To wake, next morning, but to curse the light,
Too deep distress the artist's hand reveals;
But like a friend's the black'ning deed conceals;
Thus justice, to mild complacency bends,
And candour, all harsh influence, suspends.
Enthron'd, supreme in judgment, mercy sits,
And, in one breath condemns, applauds, acquits:
Whoe'er thou art, that shalt this face survey,
And turn, with cold disgust, thine eyes away.
Then bless thyself, that sloth and ignorance bred
Thee up in safety, and with plenty fed,
Peace to thy mem'ry! may the sable plume
Of dulness, round thy forehead ever bloom;



May'st thou, nor can I wish a greater curse;
Live full despis'd, and die without a nurse;
Or, if some wither'd hag, for sake of hire,
Should wash thy sheets, and cleanse thee from the mire,
Let her, when hunger peevishly demands
The dainty morsel from her barb'rous hands,
Insult, with hellish mirth, thy craving maw
And snatch it to herself, and call it law,
Till pinching famine waste thee to the bone
And break, at last, that solid heart of stone.

* * * * *

LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

"Away, away, my barb and I,"
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind.

'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely though alone;
I would not change my Arab barb,
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.



Page 6

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud o'er my native sands I rove;
An Arab tent my only home,
An Arab maid my only love.

Here freedom dwells without a fear—
Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
Whoever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child.

What though the Frank may name with scorn,
Our barren clime, our realm of sand,
There were our thousand fathers born—
Oh, who would scorn his father's land?

It is not sands that form a waste,
Nor laughing fields a happy clime;
The spot, the most by Freedom graced,
Is where a man feels most sublime!

“Away, away, my barb and I.”
As free as wave as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind!

* * * * *

NOSTALGIA—MALADIE DE PAYS—CALENTURE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

This disease, according to Dr. Darwin, is an unconquerable desire of returning to one's native country, frequent in long voyages, in which the patients become so insane, as to throw themselves into the sea, mistaking it for green fields or meadows:—

“So, by a *calenture* misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.
With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanting grove,
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.”

SWIFT.



The Swiss are said to be particularly liable to this disease, and when taken into foreign service, frequently to desert from this cause, and especially after hearing or singing a particular tune, which was used in their village dances, in their native country, on which account the playing or singing this tune was forbidden by the punishment of death.

“Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms.”

GOLDSMITH.

Rousseau says, “The celebrated Swiss tune, called the *Rans des Vaches*, is an air, so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden under the pain of death to play it to the troops, as it immediately drew tears from them, and made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie de pays*, so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their native country. It is in vain to seek in this air for energetic accents capable of producing such astonishing effects, for which strangers are unable to account from the music, which is in itself uncouth and wild. But it is from habit, recollections, and a thousand circumstances retraced in this tune by those natives who hear it, and reminding them of their country, former pleasures of their youth, and all those ways of living, which occasion a bitter reflection at having lost them. Music, then, does not affect them as music, but as a reminiscence. This air, though always the same, no longer produces the same effects at present as it did upon the Swiss formerly; for having lost their taste for their first simplicity, they no longer regret its loss when reminded of it. So true it is, that we must not seek in physical causes the great effects of sound upon the human heart.”



Page 7

This disease (says Dr. Winterbottom) affects the natives of Africa as strongly as it does those of Switzerland; it is even more violent in its effects on the Africans, and often impels them to dreadful acts of suicide. Sometimes it plunges them into a deep melancholy, which induces the unhappy sufferers to end a miserable existence by a more tedious, though equally certain method, that of dirt eating.

Such is the powerful influence of the lore of one's native country.

P.T.W.

* * * * *

SINGULAR CUSTOM OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

(For the Mirror.)

After the opening of the Bairam,[2] a ceremony among the Turks, attended with more than ordinary magnificence; the Sultan, accompanied by the Grand Signior and all the principal officers of state, goes to exhibit himself to the people in a kiosk, or tent near the seraglio point, seated on a sofa of silver, brought out for the occasion. It is a very large, wooden couch covered with thick plates of massive silver, highly burnished, and there is little doubt from the form of it, and the style in which it is ornamented that it constituted part of the treasury of the Greek emperors when Constantinople was taken by the Turks.

INA.

[2] The Bairam of the Turks answers to our Easter, as their Ramadan does to our Lent.

* * * * *

THE SKETCH-BOOK

* * * * *

EL BORRACHO.[3]

[3] The Drunkard; the Spanish origin of this title is endeavoured to be recognised in its title.

Not long since, a couple resided in the suburbs of Madrid, named Perez and Juana Donilla; and a happy couple they might have been, had not Perez contracted a sad habit of drinking, which became more and more confirmed after every draught of good



wine; and such draughts were certainly more frequent than his finances were in a state to allow. Night after night was spent at the tavern; fairly might he be said to *swallow* all that he earned by his daily labour; and Juana and himself (fortunately they had no children to maintain) must have been reduced to absolute mendicity, but for the exemplary conduct of the former, who contrived to support her spouse and herself upon the scanty produce of her unwearied industry. If ever a sentiment of gratitude for undeserved favours animated the bosom of Perez Donilla, he took, it must be confessed, a strange method of declaring it; not only would he, upon his return from his lawless carousals, grumble over that humble fare, the possession of which at all he ought to have considered as scarce less than a miracle, but, in his madness, unmerciful strappings were sure to be the portion of his miserable wife. Poor Juana bore these cruelties with a patience that ought to have canonized her under the title of St.



Page 8

Grizzle: she could not, indeed, forbear crying out, under these frequent and severe castigations; nor could she refrain from soliciting the aid of three or four favourite gentlemen saints, who, little to the credit of their gallantry and good-nature, always turned a deaf ear upon her complaints and entreaties; not a word, however, of the inhuman conduct of her *worser* half did she breathe to *mortal* ear. Neighbours, however, have auricular organs like walls and little pitchers, tongues like bells, and a spice of meddling and mischief in them like asses; so that no wise person will suppose the conduct of Perez Donilla to his wife was long a secret in Madrid. Juana had two brothers and a cousin resident in the city—Gomez Arias, chief cook to his reverence the Canon Fernando; Hernan Arias, head groom to Don Miguel de Corcoba, a knight of Calatrava; and Pedro Pedrillo, a young barber-surgeon, in business for himself. Gomez and Hernan, hearing of Juana's misfortunes, said, like affectionate brothers. "God help our poor sister, and may her own relations help her also; for if *they* do not, nobody else will, and she certainly can't help herself." The like words they repeated to Pedro Pedrillo, until he, being a sharp, handsome young fellow, and particularly fond of showing forth his fine person and finer wit, agreed to visit his cousin, and contrive some plan to extricate her from the cruelty of Perez. Making himself, therefore, as fascinating as possible, he marched directly to the house, or rather cabin, of Juana Donilla, and stood before her, smiling and watching her small, thin fingers plaiting straw for hats, some minutes ere she was aware of his presence. "Pedro!" exclaimed she, with a countenance and voice of pleasure, as she recognised the intruder.—"Ay, *Pedro* it is, indeed, Juana; but, improved as *I* am. O, mercy upon me, how black *you* are looking!"—"Black, cousin? Nay, then, I'm sure 'tis not for want of washing. Come, come, Pedro, no jokes, if you please."—"By St. Jago, fair cousin, I'm as far from a joke as I am from a diploma; and my business in this house, as in most houses, is no *jest*, I assure you. In a word, the cries which you utter when suffering from the insane fury of your sottish husband have reached even me, and I'm come to offer you a little advice and assistance. No denial of the fact, Juana; those black bruises avouch it without a tongue."—Juana held down her head, colour mounted into her cheeks, tears suffused her eyes, her bosom heaved convulsively, and for some moments she was silent from confusion, shame, grief, and gratitude. At length, withdrawing her hand from the affectionate grasp of Pedro, and dashing it athwart her eyes, she looked up and said mildly, "Thanks, many thanks, dear cousin, for your kindness. I cannot dissemble with you; what would you have me do? I could not *beat* him in return; and, oh! save him from the arm of my brothers!"—"What have you always



Page 9

done?”—“Borne his stripes, and called for help upon St. Jago, St. Francis Xavier, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas!”—“And did you never invoke the three holy Maries?”—“Never.”—“Then that’s what you ought to have done,” returned Senor Pedrillo, with the utmost gravity. “Now mind me,—call upon *them* for aid next time your husband maltreats you.”—“Alas!” sighed the afflicted wife, “*that* will most surely be to-night. I’ve not much faith in your remedy, Pedro; but may be there’s no harm in trying it.”—“Farewell, then, my poor, pretty, patient, black-bruised cousin,” cried Pedrillo; “next time you see the *doctor*, let him know how his remedy has sped;” and with a comical expression of countenance, half melancholy, half mirthful, the “trusty and well-beloved cousin” departed.

Late that night, Perez Donilla entered his own habitation as intoxicated and belligerent as ever. “Where’s my supper?”—“Here,” said his wife, trembling, as she placed before him a few heads of garlic, a piece of salted trout, a little oil, and a crust of barley bread. “What’s all this, woman?” exclaimed Perez, in a voice of thunder; and with glaring eyes and demoniacal fury he dashed the fish at her head, and the rest of his supper upon the floor. “Wretch! how durst *you* fatten upon olios and ragouts, and set trash like *this* before your *husband*?”—“My dear,” replied Juana, meekly, “I am starving; nothing have I tasted since breakfast.”—“Don’t lie, you jade! Where’s the wild-fowl and the Bologna sausage sent you by that rogue, Gomez? Stolen were they from the canon’s kitchen, and you know it! And where’s the skin of excellent Calcavella, from the Caballero’s overflowing vaults? Give it to me this *instant*, you hussy, you vixen, you—“—“Indeed, *indeed*,” cried the unfortunate wife in deep anguish, “I take all the saints in heaven to witness—.”—“That, and that, and *that*,” interrupted the furious tyrant, lashing her severely, according to custom, with a thick thong of leather, and now and then adding a blow with his fist; “let’s see if *that* will bring me a supper fit for a Christian, and a draught of Don Miguel’s Calcavella!” Juana remembered Pedrillo’s advice, and after roaring out more loudly than usual for aid from St. Jago, St. Francis, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas, shrieked at the highest pitch of her voice, “May the three blessed Maries help me!” No sooner were the words uttered, than in rushed three apparitions, arrayed in white, but so enfolded in lined, that it was impossible to determine whether they represented men or women; of their visages, only their eyes were visible, peering frightfully from the white covering of their heads; each brandished a good stout cudgel, and each, without uttering a word, falling quick as thought upon Perez Donilla, repaid him the blows he had lavished on his unhappy wife with such interest, as would have sealed his fate indubitably, had not she interposed; but upon



Page 10

the entreaties of that exemplary wife, the three holy Maries remitted the remainder of their flagellation, and retired, leaving Perez senseless on the floor. Poor Juana was agonized at beholding the state to which her graceless partner was reduced, and hauling him, as well as her own exhausted strength would permit, upon his miserable pallet, washed the blood and dust from his wounds, and watched his return to consciousness with unexampled tenderness and dutiful fidelity. Perez at length opened his eyes, and said, in the mild voice which was natural to him when sober, "My poor Juana, I wish you could fetch your cousin Pedro to see me; I think I shall die." Juana was half distracted at this speech; and running to the next house, bribed a neighbour's child by the promise of a broad-brimmed straw hat, to shade his complexion from the sun, to run for Doctor Pedrillo. Pedro soon arrived, and was evidently more puzzled respecting his deportment than the case of his patient. Sundry "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," and sundry eloquent glances of his bright black eyes, were covertly bestowed upon his *fair* cousin; anon, with ludicrous solemnity, he felt the pulse of Perez, shook his head, and, in short, imitated with inimitable exactness all the technical airs and graces of a regular graduate of Salamanca.—"Cousin," cried he at length, with a sly look at Juana, "I pity your plight—from my soul I do; but your case is, I am grieved to say, desperate, unless I am informed of the *cause* of these monstrous weals, bruises, slashes, and chafings, in order that my prescription, may—"—"The *cause* of them," said Perez, almost frightened to death, "is, having to my cost a *saint* of a wife."—"How! that a *misfortune?* explain yourself, my poor fellow."—"Readily," replied Donilla, "if that will help to heal me."—He then explained minutely the circumstances of the case, concluding thus:—"Not but what I am, after all, remarkably indebted to Juana, for had she only called the eleven thousand Virgins to her assistance, their zeal would undoubtedly have divided my body amongst them; since, then, my wife has such friends in heaven; I shall henceforth be careful how I enrage them again."—Perez Donilla kept to his resolution, and the *Three Maries*, whom, without doubt, the intelligent reader has recognised through their disguise, lived for many years to rejoice in the blessed effects of a severe, but merited infliction. M.L.B.

* * * * *

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

* * * * *

THEATRICAL BILL.

At a play acted in 1511, on the Feast of St. Margaret, the following disbursements were made as the charges of the exhibition:—



Page 11

L. s. d.

To musicians, for which, however,
 they were bound to
 perform three nights 0 5 6
 For players, in bread and ale 0 3 1
 For decorations, dresses, and
 play-books 1 0 0
 To John Hobbard, priest, and
 author of the piece 0 2 8
 For the place in which the
 representation was held 0 1 0
 For furniture 0 1 4
 For fish and bread 0 0 4
 For painting three phantoms
 and devils 0 0 6
 And for four chickens for the
 hero 0 0 4

H. B. A.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The United States ship, Vincennes, visited the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili, a few months since, and remained there three days. There were two Yankees and six Otaheitans on the island. The former had formed a settlement for the purpose of supplying whale-ships with water, poultry, and vegetables. The soil is said to be astonishingly fertile.

—New York Shipping List, 1366.—

THE LETTER H.

From an old History of England.

“Not superstitiously I speak, but H his letter still
 Hath been observed ominous to England’s good or ill.”

Humber the Hun, with foreign arms, did first the brutes invade;
 Helen to Rome’s imperial throne the British crown convey’d;
 Hengist and Horsus first did plant the Saxons in this isle;
 Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes, that sway’d here a long while;



At Harold had the Saxon end at Hardy Knute the Dane;
Henries the First and Second did restore the English reign;
Fourth Henry first for Lancaster did England's crown obtain;
Seventh Henry jarring Lancaster and York unites in peace;
Henry the Eighth did happily Rome's irreligion cease.

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CHURCH OF AUSTIN FRIARS.

The church of Austin Friars is one of the most ancient Gothic remains in the City of London. It belonged to a priory dedicated to St. Augustine, and was founded for the friars Eremites of the order of Hippo, in Africa, by Humphry Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253. A part of this once spacious building was granted by Edward VI. to a congregation of Germans and other strangers, who fled hither from religious persecutions. Several successive princes have confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it has been used as a place of worship. J.M.C.

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DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.



Page 12

The heir apparent of the crown of France derives his title of Dauphin from the following very singular circumstance. In 1349, Hubert, second Count of Dauphiny, being inconsolable for the loss of his heir and only child, who had leaped from his arms through a window of his palace at Grenoble into the river Isere, entered into a convent of jacobins, and ceded Dauphiny to Philip, a younger son of Philip of Valois (for 120,000 florins of gold each of the value of twenty sols or ten pence English,) on condition that the eldest son of the king of France should be always after styled "the Dauphin," from the name of the province thus ceded. Charles V., grandson to Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title in 1530.

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THE OLD ELEPHANT, FENCHURCH-STREET.

[Illustration: THE OLD ELEPHANT, FENCHURCH-STREET.]

Everything connected with the name of HOGARTH is interesting to the English reader. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, and from cutting cyphers on silver spoons, he rose to be sergeant painter to the king—and from engraving arms and shop-bills, to painting kings and queens—the very top of the artist's ladder. The soul-breathing impulses of genius enabled him to effect all this, and his example, (in support of the maxim, that "every man is the architect of his own fortune,") will be respected and cherished, at home and abroad, as long as self-advancement continues to be the great stimulus to aspiring industry.

The old Elephant public-house therefore merits the attention of all lovers of painting and genius; for in it, previous to his celebrity, lodged WILLIAM HOGARTH. It was built before the fire of London, and although so near, escaped its ravages; but the house was pulled down a short time since, and another of more commodious construction erected on its site. On the wall of the tap-room, in the old house, were four paintings by Hogarth: one representing the Hudson's Bay Company's Porters; another, his first idea for the Modern Midnight Conversation, (differing from the print in a circumstance too broad in its humour for the graver,) and another of Harlequin and Pierot seeming to be laughing at the figure in the last picture. On the first floor was a picture of Harlow Bush Fair, covered over with paint. This information is copied from an old print picked up in our "collecting" rambles, at the foot of which it is stated to have been obtained from "Mrs. Hibbert, who has kept the house between thirty and forty years, and received her information relating to Mr. Hogarth from persons at that time well acquainted with him." The paintings were, we believe, removed previous to the destruction of the old house.

To the searchers into life and manners, Hogarth's moral paintings, to which branch of art the above belong, are treasures of great prize; and whether over his originals at the gallery in Pall Mall, or their copies at the printsellers—the Elephant in Fenchurch-street,

or the “painting moralist’s” tomb in Chiswick churchyard—Englishmen have just cause to be proud of his name.



Page 13

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THE SELECTOR

AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

* * * * *

DAYS DEPARTED; OR, BANWELL HILL:

A Lay of the Severn Sea, by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

This is a delightful volume—full of nature and truth—and in every respect worthy of “one of the most elegant, pathetic, and original living poets of England.” Moreover, it is just such a book as we expected from the worthy vicar of Bremhill; dedicated to the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and dated from Bremhill Parsonage, of which interesting abode we inserted an unique description in our last volume.

As our principal object is to give a few of the *poetical pictures*, we shall be very brief with the prose, and merely quote an outline of the poem. Mr. Bowles, it appears, is a native of the district in which he resides, and this circumstance introduces some beautiful retrospective feelings:—

But awhile,
Here let me stand, and gaze upon the scene,
Array'd in living light around, and mark
The morning sunshine,—on that very shore
Where once a child I wander'd,—Oh! return
(I sigh,) “return a moment, days of youth,
Of childhood,—oh, return!” How vain the thought,
Vain as unmanly! yet the pensive Muse,
Unblam'd, may dally with imaginings;
For this wide view is like the scene of life,
Once travers'd o'er with carelessness and glee,
And we look back upon the vale of years,
And hear remembered voices, and behold,
In blended colours, images and shades
Long pass'd, now rising, as at Memory's call,
Again in softer light.

The poem then proceeds with a description of an antediluvian cave at Banwell, and a brief sketch of events since the deposit; but, as Mr. Bowles observes, poetry and geological inquiry do not very amicably travel together; we must, therefore, soon get out of the cave:—



But issuing from the Cave—look round—behold
How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On the sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides! Along this solitary ridge,
Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campanula,
Among the thistles, and grey stones, that peep
Through the thin herbage—to the highest point
Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let us climb. First, look upon that flow'r
The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone! The Pow'r,
that bade the great sea roar—that spread the Heav'ns—
That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd that flow'r,
And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill.
Imagination, in her playful mood,
Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,
And dress'd so neatly, as if ev'ry day

Page 14

Were Sunday. And some melancholy Bard
Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it:—
“Daughter of Summer, who dost linger here.
Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
Unseen—let the majestic Dahlia
Glitter, an Empress, in her blazonry
Of beauty; let the stately Lily shine,
As snow-white as the breast of the proud Swan,
Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
That lifts her tall neck higher, as she views
The shadow in the stream! Such ladies bright
May reign unrivall’d, in their proud parterres!
Thou would’st not live with them; but if a voice,
Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to thee,
To the forsaken Primrose, thou would’st say,
‘Come, live with me, and we two will rejoice:—
Nor want I company; for when the sea
Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and fays,
Gentle and delicate as Ariel,
That do their spiritings on these wild bolts—
Circle me in their dance, and sing such songs
As human ear ne’er heard!’—But cease the strain,
Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should chide.

Next is a sketch of Steep Holms, introducing the following exquisite episode:

Dreary; but on its steep
There is one native flower—the Piony.
She sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
That may rejoice with her when spring returns.
None, that in sympathy, may bend its head,
When the bleak winds blow hollow o’er the rock,
In autumn’s gloom!—So Virtue, a fair flow’r,
Blooms on the rock of care, and though unseen,
It smiles in cold seclusion, and remote
From the world’s flaunting fellowship, it wears
Like hermit Piety, that smile of peace,
In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;



And still it feels Heav'n's breath, reviving, steal
On its lone breast—feels the warm blessedness
Of Heaven's own light about it, though its leaves
Are wet with ev'ning tears!

So smiles this flow'r:

And if, perchance, my lay has dwelt too long.
Upon one flower which blooms in privacy,
I may a pardon find from human hearts,
For such was my poor Mother![4]

[4] Daughter of Dr. Grey, author of *Memoria Technica*, &c. rector of Hinton, Northamptonshire, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

We pass over some marine sketches, which are worthy of the *Vernet* of poets, a touching description of the sinking of a packet-boat, and the first sound and sight of the sea—the author's childhood at Uphill Parsonage—his reminiscences of the clock of Wells Cathedral—and some real villatic sketches—a portrait of a *Workhouse Girl*—some caustic remarks on prosing and prig parsons, commentators, and puritanical excrescences of sects—to some unaffected lines on the village school children of Castle-Combe, and their annual festival. This is so charming a picture of rural joy, that we must copy it:—



Page 15

If we would see the fruits of charity.
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,
A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees
In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tow'r, appears, while to the right
An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,
Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said;
Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
In prayer, and to "remember, in their youth,"
God, "their Creator,"—mistress of the scene,
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.

And, children, now rejoice,—
Now—for the holidays of life are few;
Nor let the rustic minstrel tune, in vain,
The crack'd church-viol, resonant to-day,
Of mirth, though humble! Let the fiddle scrape
Its merriment, and let the joyous group
Dance, in a round, for soon the ills of life
Will come! Enough, if one day in the year,
If one brief day, of this brief life, be given
To mirth as innocent as yours!

Then we have an "aged widow" reading "GOD'S own Word" at her cottage-door, with her daughter kneeling beside her—a sketch from those halcyon days, when, in the beautiful allegory of Scripture, "every man sat under his own fig-tree." This is followed by the "Elysian Tempe of Stourhead," the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, to whose talents and benevolence Mr. Bowles pays a merited tribute. Longleat, the residence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, succeeds; and Marston, the abode of the Rev. Mr. Skurray, a friend of the author from his "youthful days," introduces the following beautiful descriptive snatch:—



And witness thou,
Marston, the seat of my kind, honour'd friend—
My kind and honour'd friend, from youthful days.
Then wand'ring on the banks of Rhine, we saw
Cities and spires, beneath the mountains blue,
Gleaming; or vineyards creep from rock to rock;
Or unknown castles hang, as if in clouds;
Or heard the roaring of the cataract.
Far off,[5] beneath the dark defile or gloom
Of ancient forests—till behold, in light,
Foaming and flashing, with enormous sweep,
Through the rent rocks—where, o'er the mist of spray,
The rainbow, like a fairy in her bow'r,
Is sleeping while it roars—that volume vast,
White, and with thunder's deaf'ning roar, comes down.



Page 16

[5] At Shaffhausen.

Part III. opens with the following metaphorical gem:—

The show'r is past—the heath-bell, at our feet,
Looks up, as with a smile, though the cold dew
Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eye-lids of a village-child!

This is succeeded by a poetic panorama of views from the Severn to Bristol, introducing a solitary ship at sea—and the “solitary sand:”—

No sound was heard,
Save of the sea-gull warping on the wind,
Or of the surge that broke along the shore,
Sad as the seas.

A picture of Bristol is succeeded by some scenes of great picturesque beauty—as Wrington, the birth-place of the immortal Locke; Blagdon, the rural rectory of

Langhorne, a pastor and a poet too;

and Barley-Wood, the seat of Mrs. Hannah More. Mr. Bowles also tells us that the music of “Auld Robin Gray” was composed by Mr. Leaver, rector of Wrington; and then adds a complimentary ballad to Miss Stephens on the above air—

Sung by a maiden of the South, whose look—
(Although her song be sweet)—whose look, whose life,
Is sweeter than her song.

The last Part (IV.) contains some exquisite Sonnets, and the poem concludes with a “Vision of the Deluge,” and the ascent of the Dove of the ark—in which are many sublime touches of the mastery of poetry. There are nearly forty pages of Notes, for whose “lightness” and garrulity Mr. Bowles apologizes.

Altogether, we have been much gratified with the present work. It contains poetry after our own heart—the poetry of nature and of truth—abounding with tasteful and fervid imagery, but never drawing too freely on the stores of fancy for embellishment. We could detach many passages that have charmed and fascinated us in our reading; but one must suffice for an epigrammatic exit:—

—Hope's still light beyond the storms of Time.—

* * * * *



SCENERY OF THE OHIO.

The heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Riviere*, (the beautiful river.) The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Every thing here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains, no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists



Page 17

in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a lovely woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, swept onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdainful of the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad, among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation.—*Hon. Judge Hall's Letters from the West.*

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SNOW-WOMAN'S STORY.

By Miss Edgeworth.

"Yes, madam, I bees an Englishwoman, though so low now and untidy like—it's a shame to think of it—a Manchester woman, ma'am—and my people was once in a bettermost sort of way—but sore pinched latterly." She sighed, and paused.

"I married an Irishman, madam," continued she, and sighed again.

"I hope he gave you no reason to sigh," said Gerald's father.

"Ah, no, sir, never!" answered the Englishwoman, with a faint sweet smile. "Brian Dermody is a good man, and was always a koind husband to me, as far and as long as ever he could, I will say that—but my friends misliked him—no help for it. He is a soldier, sir,—of the forty-fifth. So I followed my husband's fortins, as nat'ral, through the



world, till he was ordered to Ireland. Then he brought the children over, and settled us down there at Bogafin in a little shop with his mother—a widow. She was very koind too. But no need to tire you with telling all. She married again, ma’am, a man young enough to be her son—a nice man he was to look at too—a gentleman’s servant he had been. Then they set up in a public-house. Then the whiskey, ma’am, that they bees all so fond of—he took to drinking it in the morning even, ma’am—and that was bad, to my thinking.”



Page 18

“Ay, indeed!” said Molly, with a groan of sympathy; “oh the whiskey! if men could keep from it!”

“And if women could!” said Mr. Crofton in a low voice.

The Englishwoman looked up at him, and then looked down, refraining from assent to his smile.

“My mother-in-law,” continued she, “was very koind to me all along, as far as she could. But one thing she could not do; that was, to pay me back the money of husband’s and mine that I lent her. I thought this odd of her—and hard. But then I did not know the ways of the country in regard to never paying debts.”

“Sure it’s not the ways of all Ireland, my dear,” said Molly; “and it’s only them that has not that can’t pay—how can they?”

“I don’t know—it’s not for me to say,” said the Englishwoman, reservedly; “I am a stranger. But I thought if they could not pay me, they need not have kept a jaunting-car.”

“Is it a jaunting-car?” cried Molly. She pushed from her the chair on which she was leaning—“Jaunting-car bodies! and not to pay you!—I give them up intirely. Ill-used you were, my poor Mrs. Dermody—and a shame! and you a stranger! But them were Connaught people. I ask your pardon—finish your story.”

“It is finished, ma’am. They were ruined, and all sold; and I could not stay with my children to be a burthen. I wrote to husband, and he wrote me word to make my way to Dublin, if I could, to a cousin of his in Pill-lane—here’s the direction—and that if he can get leave from his colonel, who is a good gentleman, he will be over to settle me somewhere, to get my bread honest in a little shop, or some way. I am used to work and hardship; so I don’t mind. Brian was very koind in his letter, and sent me all he had—a pound, ma’am—and I set out on my journey on foot, with the three children. The people on the road were very koind and hospitable indeed; I have nothing to say against the Irish for that; they are more hospitabler a deal than in England, though not always so honest. Stranger as I was, I got on very well till I came to the little village here hard by, where my poor boy that is gone first fell sick of the measles. His sickness, and the ‘pot’ecary’ stuff and all, and the lodging and living ran me very low. But I paid all, every farthing; and let none know how poor I was, for I was ashamed, you know, ma’am, or I am sure they would have helped me, for they are a koind people, I will say that for them, and ought so to do, I am sure. Well, I pawned some of my things, my cloak even, and my silk bonnet, to pay honest; and as I could not do no otherwise, I left them in pawn, and, with the little money I raised, I set out forwards on my road to Dublin again, so soon as I thought my boy was able to travel. I reckoned too much upon his strength.

We had got but a few miles from the village when he dropped, and could not get on; and I was unwilling and ashamed to turn back, having so little to pay for lodgings.



Page 19

I saw a kind of hut, or shed, by the side of a hill. There was nobody in it. It was empty of every thing but some straw, and a few turf, the remains of a fire. I thought there would be no harm in taking shelter in it for my children and myself for the night. The people never came back to whom it belonged, and the next day my poor boy was worse; he had a fever this time. Then the snow came on. We had some little store of provisions that had been made up for us for the journey to Dublin, else we must have perished when we were snowed up. I am sure the people in the village never know'd that we were in that hut, or they would have come to help us, for they bees very koind people. There must have been a day and a night that passed, I think, of which I know nothing. It was all a dream. When I got up from my illness, I found my boy dead—and the others with famished looks. Then I had to see them faint with hunger.”

The poor woman had told her story without any attempt to make it pathetic, and thus far without apparent emotion or change of voice; but when she came to this part, and spoke of her children, her voice changed and failed—she could only add, looking at Gerald, “You know the rest, master; Heaven bless you!”

The Christmas Box

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THE COSMOPOLITE.

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ENGLISH GARDENS.

We are veritable sticklers for old customs; and accordingly at this season of the year, have our room decorated with holly and other characteristic evergreens. For the last hour we have been seated before a fine bundle of these festive trophies; and, strange as it may seem, this circumstance gave rise to the following paper. The holly reminded us of the Czar Peter spoiling the garden-hedge at Sayes Court; this led us to John Evelyn, the father of English gardening: and the laurels drove us into shrubbery nooks, and all the retrospections of our early days, and above all to our early love of gardens. Our enthusiasm was then unaffected and uninfluenced by great examples; we had neither heard nor read of Lord Bacon nor Sir William Temple, nor any other illustrious writer on gardening; but this love was the pure offspring of our own mind and heart. Planting and transplanting were our delight; the seed which our tiny hands let fall into the bosom of the earth, we almost watched peeping through little clods, after the kind and quickening showers of spring; and we regarded the germinating of an upturned bean with all the surprise and curiosity of our nature. As we grew in mind and stature, we learned the loftier lessons of philosophy, and threw aside the “Pocket Gardener,” for

the sublime chapters of Bacon and Temple; and as the stream of life carried us into its vortex, we learned to contemplate their pages as the living parterres of a garden, and their bright imageries as fascinating flowers. As we journeyed onward through the busy herds of crowded cities, we learned the holier influences of gardens in reflecting that a garden has been the scene of man's birth—his fall—and proffered redemption.

Page 20

It would be difficult to find a subject which has been more fervently treated by poets and philosophers, than the *love of gardens*. In old Rome, poets sung of their gardens. Ovid is so fond of flowers, that in his account of the Rape of Proserpine, in his *Fasti*, he devotes several lines to the enumeration of flowers gathered by her attendants. But the passion for gardening, which evidently came from the East, never prevailed much in Europe till the times of the religious orders, who greatly improved it.

Our anecdotal recollections of the taste for gardens must be but few, or they will carry us beyond our limits. Lord Bacon appears to have done more towards their encouragement than any other writer, and his essay on gardens is too well known to admit of quotation. Sir William Temple has, however, many eloquent passages in his writings, in one of which he calls *gardening* the “inclination of kings, the choice of philosophers, and the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high or too low.” Perhaps John Evelyn did more than either of these philosophers. Temple’s garden at Moor Park was one of the most beautiful of its kind; but at the time when Evelyn introduced ornamental gardening into England, there were no examples for imitation. All was devised by his own active mind; and in the political storms of his time, his garden and plantations became subjects of popular conversation; while the intervals of his secession from public life were filled up in writing several practical treatises on his favourite science. At Wotton, in Surrey, may be seen the large, enclosed flower-garden, which was to have formed one of the principal objects in his “*Elysium Britannicum*,” and this idea has been partly realized by one of his successors.

Andrew Marvell has, however, anathematized gardens with much severity, in some lines entitled “The Mower against Gardens;” and commencing thus:—

Luxurious man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
Where nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclos’d within the garden’s square
A dead and standing pool of air;
And a more luscious earth from them did knead,
Which stupify’d them while it fed, &c.,

On the other side, old Gerarde asks his courteous and well-willing readers—“Whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but where the earth has most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath entices forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells.” Lord Bacon, too, thus fondly dwells on part of its allurements:—“That flower, which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet. Next to that

Page 21

is the musk-rose, then the strawberry leaves, dying with a most excellent cordial smell. Then sweet briars, then wall flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour, or lower chamber window. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore, you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure where you walk or tread.” Sir William Temple says Epicurus studied, exercised, and taught his philosophy in his garden. Milton, we know, passed many hours together in his garden at Chalfont; Cowley poured forth the greatness of his soul in his rural retreat at Chertsey; and Lord Shaftesbury wrote his “Characteristics,” at a delightful spot near Reigate. Pope, in one of his letters, says, “I am in my garden, amused and easy; this is a scene where one finds no disappointment;”—and within the same neighbourhood, Thomson

“Sung the Seasons and their change.”

England can likewise boast of very great names who have been attached to this art, though they have not written on the subject. Lord Burleigh, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Capell, William III—for Switzer tells us, that “in the least interval of ease, gardening took up a great part of his time, in which he was not only a deligher, but likewise a great judge,”—the Earl of Essex, whom Lord William Russell said “was the worthiest, the justest, the sincerest, and the most concerned for the public, of any man he ever knew;” Lord William Russell too, who, as Switzer tells us, “made Stratton, about seven miles from Winchester, his seat, and his gardens there were some of the best that were made in those early days, such indeed as have mocked some that have been done since, and the gardens at Southampton House, in Bloomsbury Square, were also of his making.” Henry, Earl of Danby, the Earl of Gainsborough, “the *Maecenas* of his age,” the Earl of Halifax, the friend of Addison, Swift, Pope, and Steele; Lord Weymouth, of Longleate; Dr. Sherard, of Eltham; the Earl of Scarborough, an accomplished nobleman, immortalized by Pope, and by the fine pen of Chesterfield; and the Duke of Argyle, with numerous other men of rank and science, have highly assisted in elevating gardening to the station it has long since held.[6]

[6] “Portraits of English Authors on Gardening.”

Beauty and health are the attributes of gardening. In illustration of the former, we remember a passage from Gervase Markham, thus: “As in the composition of a delicate woman the grace of her cheek is the mixture of red and white, the wonder of her eye blacke and white, and the beauty of her hand blew and white, any of which is not said to be beautifull if it consist of single or simple colours; and so in walkes or alleyes, the all greene, nor the all yellow, cannot be said to be most beautifull; but the greene and yellow, (that is to say the untroade



Page 22

grasse, and the well-knit gravelle) being equally mixt, give the eye both lustre and delight beyond comparison." Abercrombie lived to the age of *eighty*, when he died by a fall down stairs in the dark. He was present at the battle of Preston Pans, which was fought close to his father's garden walls. For the last twenty years he lived chiefly on tea, using it three times a-day; his pipe was his first companion in the morning, and last at night. He never remembered to have taken a dose of physic in his life; prior to his last fatal accident, nor of having a day's illness but once.

The association of gardening with pastoral poetry, was exemplified in Shenstone's design of the Leasowes—as Mr. Whately observes—a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and which will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verses, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs. That elegant trifler, Horace Walpole, was enthusiastically fond of gardening. One day telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hung down—somewhat *poetical*."

PHILO.

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NOTES OF A READER.

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PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Appended to a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1829, is the following—by *Barry Cornwall*:—

We can scarcely imagine a thing much more pleasant indeed, to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinize his features, with that careful and intense curiosity, that seems necessary to the perfecting a likeness. It must have been to Raffaele, at once a relaxation from his ordinary study, and a circumstance interesting in itself, thus to look into faces so full of meaning as those of Julius and Leo—and to say, "That look—that glance, which seems so transient, will I fix for ever. Thus shall he be seen, with that exact expression (although it lasted but for an instant) five hundred years after he shall be dust and ashes!"

This was probably the feeling of Raffaele; and it must have been with a somewhat similar pride that our excellent artist, Mr. Leslie, accomplished his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which the reader will have already admired in this volume. It is surely a perfect



work. No one, who has once seen the great author, can forget that strange and peculiar look (so full of meaning, and shrewd and cautious observation—so entirely characteristic, in short, of the mind within) which Mr. Leslie has succeeded in catching. One may gaze on it for ever, and contemplate an exhaustless subject—all that the capacious imagination has produced and is producing,—the populous, endless world of fancy.

Page 23

Let the reader look, and be assured that *there* is the strange spirit that has discovered and wrought all the fine shapes that he has been accustomed to look upon with wonder—Claverhouse, and Burley, and Bothwell,—Meg Merrilies and Elspeth—the high and the low—the fierce and the fair—Cavaliers and Covenanters, and the rest—presenting an assemblage of character that is absolutely unequalled, except in the pages of Shakspeare alone. There is no other writer, be he Greek, or Goth, or Roman, who has ever astonished the world by creations so infinitely diversified. The mind of the author appears so free from egotism, so large and serene, so clear of all images of self, that it receives, as in a lucid mirror, all the varieties of nature.

* * * * *

ON A GIRL SLEEPING.

Thou liv'st! yet how profoundly deep
The silence of thy tranquil sleep!
Like death it almost seems:
So all unbroke the sighs which flow
From thy calm breast of spotless snow,
Like music heard in dreams.

Thy soul is filled with gentle thought,
Unto its shrine by angels brought
From Heaven's supreme abode;
Thy dreams are not of earthly things,
But, borne upon Religion's wings,
They lift thee up to God.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* * * * *

A species of *fames canina* is to be met with amongst schoolboys, which affects the *juveniles* most when most in health. We remember a gentleman offering a wager, that a boy taken promiscuously from any of the public charity-schools, should, five minutes after his dinner, eat a pound of beef-steaks.—*Brande's Jour.*

* * * * *

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

Suck, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.



Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
Choke the warm breath that else would fail in blessings;
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tender thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.
Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging:
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.—

So sang a wither'd Sibyl energetical,
And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

C. LAMB. *Blackwood's Magazine*.

* * * * *

EPICURES.



Page 24

As a mere untravelled practical Englishman, and, moreover, of the old school, Quin, no doubt, ranks high in the lists of gastronomy: but he is completely distanced by many moderns, both in love for and knowledge of the science. Among the most noted of the moderns we beg to introduce our readers to Mr. Rogerson, an enthusiast and a martyr. He, as may be presumed, was educated at that University where the rudiments of palatic science are the most thoroughly impressed on the ductile organs of youth. His father, a gentleman of Gloucestershire, sent him abroad to make the grand tour, upon which journey, says our informant, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, and he entered into the possession of a very large monied fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks procured. He had no other servants in his house than men cooks; his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. He had three Italian cooks, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the *docce piccante* of Florence. He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover, found near St. Maloes. He has eaten a single dinner at the expense of fifty-eight pounds, though himself only sat down to it, and there were but two dishes. He counted the minutes between meals, and seemed totally absorbed in the idea, or in the action of eating, yet his stomach was very small; it was the exquisite flavour alone, that he sought. In nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune; and himself hastening to poverty. This made him melancholy, and brought on disease. When totally ruined, having spent near 150,000 l., a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret soon after roasting an ortolan with his own hands. We regret to add, that a few days afterwards, this extraordinary youth shot himself. We hope that his notes are not lost to the dining world.

* * * * *

COLLEGE DREAMS.

How often in senior common-rooms may be marked the gradual dropping asleep of the learned and venerable members! First, after a few rounds of the bottle, the tongues, which are tired of eulogizing or vituperating the various dishes which had smoked upon the board, gradually begin to be still,—soon conversation comes absolutely to a stand,—the candles grow alarmingly long in the wick,—comparative darkness involves the sage assembly,—and first one, then another, drops off into a placid and harmonious repose. Then what dreams float before the eyes of their imagination! Blue silk pelisses jostling shovel hats, church spires dancing in most



Page 25

admired disorder, fat incumbents falling down in a fit, neat clerical-looking gigs standing at vicarage doors, and these all incongruously commingled with white veils, lawn sleeves, roast beef, pulpit cushions, bright eyes, and small black sarsnet shoes. Suddenly the chapel bell dissolves the fleeting fabric of the vision; and, behold! the white veil is a poet's imagination, the church spire is still at a miserable distance, the vicarage is a Utopian nonentity, and the fat incumbent, in a state of the ruddiest health, is the only reality of the dream.

__—Blackwood's Magazine.__

* * * * *

WOMAN

Nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed" as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarse bigot, no matter which.

* * * * *

ANGLING.

We have often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.

—*Quarterly Rev.*

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THE GATHERER.

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

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LAUGHTER.

“Laugh and grow fat,” is an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher, of the last century, used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter, and hear laughter.

“Laughter, Sir, laughter is good for health; it is a provocation to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham, Sir, said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine.” Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the “Tailor riding to Brentford,” without feeling better for a week afterwards.

* * * * *

LEGAL PEARL-DIVERS.

Every barrister can “shake his head,” and too often, like Sheridan’s Lord Burleigh, it is the only proof he vouchsafes of his wisdom. Curran used to call these fellows “legal pearl-divers.”—“You may observe them,” he would say, “their heads barely under water—their eyes shut, and an index floating behind them, displaying the precise degree of their purity and their depth.”

* * * * *

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. “If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think,” said Foote, “it would be better.”—“To the grammar of it, Sir! What! would you send me to school again?”—“And pray, Sir,” replied Foote, very gravely, “would that do you any harm?”



Page 26

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SWEARING BY PROXY.

Cardinal Dubois used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, "Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time."

* * * * *

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!"

* * * * *

PRODIGALITY.

A petty journalist was boasting in company, that he was a dispenser of fame to those on whom he wrote. "Yes, Sir," replied an individual present, "you dispense it so liberally, that you leave none for yourself."

* * * * *

PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a highwayman for a philosopher, and a philosopher for a highwayman.

* * * * *

EPITAPH

In the Broadway churchyard, Westminster, on three children, who all died very early, the eldest being little more than three years of age:—

Three children, not dead, but sleeping lies,
With Christ they live above the skies,
Wash'd in his blood, and for his dress,
Christ's glorious robe of righteousness,
In which they shine more bright by far



Than sun, or moon, or morning star;
In Paradise they wing their way,
Blooming in one eternal day.

G.W.N.

* * * * *

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sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and
Booksellers.*