

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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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.....	6
Page 3.....	7
Page 4.....	9
Page 5.....	11
Page 6.....	13
Page 7.....	15
Page 8.....	16
Page 9.....	17
Page 10.....	19
Page 11.....	21
Page 12.....	22
Page 13.....	24
Page 14.....	26
Page 15.....	28
Page 16.....	29
Page 17.....	30
Page 18.....	31
Page 19.....	33
Page 20.....	35
Page 21.....	37
Page 22.....	39



Page 23..... 40
Page 24..... 41
Page 25..... 43
Page 26..... 44
Page 27..... 46



Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
MILAN CATHEDRAL		1
RUSTIC AMUSEMENTS.		3
CUPID'S ARROWS.		4
MIND.		4
THE WORLD.		4
KINGS.		5
COMPANY.		5
POESIE.		5
TWELVE FOUL FAULTS.		5
RIVERS.		5
QUADRUPEDS AND BIRDS FEEDING ON SHELL-FISH.		6
Notes of a Reader		7
A WINTER'S NIGHT.		9
HACKNEY COACHES.		9
FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.		10
AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.		10
MAKING PUNCH.		11
LION-EATING AND HANGING.		12
HEAD WAGER.		13
FAIR FANARIOTE.		14
JOHN LOCKE.		16
NEW MAGAZINE.		18
EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH.		18
LOVE.		19
AN ILLUSTRIOUS SWINDLER.		21
ANCIENT TYRE.		23
SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX, STINGING MISTAKE.		24 26



Page 1

MILAN CATHEDRAL

[Illustration: *Milan cathedral.*]

“Show the motley-minded gentleman in;”—the old friend with a new face, or, in plain words, *the mirror in a new type*. Tasteful reader, examine the symmetry, the sharp cut and finish of this our new fount of type, and tell us whether it accords not with the beauty, pungency, and polish of the notings and selections of this our first sheet. For some days this type has been glittering in the printing-office boxes, like nestling fire-flies, and these pages at first resembled so many pools or tanks of molten metal, or the windows of a fine old mansion—Hatfield House for instance,—lit up by the refulgent rays of a rising sun. The sight “inspires us, and fires us;” and we count upon *new* letter bringing us *new* friends, and thus commence our Fourteenth Volume with *new* hopes and invigorating prospects. But what subject can be more appropriate for such a commencement, than so splendid a triumph of art as

Milan cathedral;

situate almost in the centre, and occupying part of the great square of the city. It is of Gothic architecture, and its materials are white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few in the universe. Inferior only to the Vatican, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses, the cathedral of Florence and St. Paul’s; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in exterior it exceeds both; in fretwork, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter’s itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. The admirer of English Gothic will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of Milan there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation.

The pillars of the cathedral of Milan are more than ninety feet in height, and about eight in diameter. The dimensions of the church at large are as follow:—In length four hundred and ninety feet, in breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, in interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight, and four hundred in exterior, that is to the summit of the tower. The pavement is formed of marble of different colours, disposed in various patterns and figures. The number of niches is great, and every niche has its statue, which, with those placed on the ballustrade of the roof, are reported to amount to more than four thousand. Many among them are said to be of great merit. Over the dome rises a tower or spire, or rather obelisk, for its singular shape renders it difficult to ascertain its appellation, which, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, adds little either to the beauty or to the magnificence of the structure which

Page 2

it surmounts. This obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century, contrary to the opinion of the best architects. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascending the traveller will observe, that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement, that has not only its hardness and durability, but its colour, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is extensive and even novel, as it includes not only the city and the rich plain of Milan, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, and takes in the neighbouring Alps, forming a magnificent semicircle and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant Apennines.

The traveller, says Eustace, will regret as he descends, that instead of heaping this useless and cumbersome quarry upon the dome, the trustees of the edifice did not employ the money expended upon it in erecting a front, (for that essential part is still wanting,) corresponding with the style and stateliness of this superb temple. A front has indeed been begun, but in a taste so dissimilar to that of the main building, and made up of such a medley of Roman orders and Gothic decorations, that the total suspension of such a work might be considered as an advantage, if a more appropriate portal were to be erected in its place. But unfortunately the funds destined for the completion and repair of this cathedral are now swallowed up in the general confiscation. Had it been finished, and the western front built in a style corresponding with the other parts, the admirers of the Gothic style would have possessed one specimen perfect in its kind, and accompanied with all the advantages of the best materials, set off by a fine climate.

In materials, the cathedral of Milan surpasses all the churches of the universe, the noblest of which are only lined and coated with marble, while this is entirely built, paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and that of the whitest and most resplendent kind. The most remarkable object in the interior of this church is the subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo reposes. It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into panels representing the different actions of the life of the saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind the altar; it is stretched at full length, drest in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly, because much disfigured by decay, a deformity increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendour of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above. The inscription over this chapel or mausoleum, was dictated by St. Charles himself, and breathes that modesty and piety which so peculiarly marked his character. It is as follows:



Page 3

Carolus CARDINALIS
TITULI S. PRAXEDIS
ARCHIEP. MEDIOLAN.
FREQUENTIORIBUS
CLERI POPULIQ. AC
Devoti FAEMINEI SEXUS
PRECIBUS *Se* COMMENDATUM
CUPIENS *hoc Loco* SIBI
MONUMENTUM VIVENS *elegit.*

Of the statues crowded in and around this edifice many are esteemed, and some admired. Of the latter, that of St. Bartholomew is the first; it stands in the church, and represents the apostle as holding his own skin, which had been drawn off like drapery over his shoulders. The play of the muscles is represented with an accuracy, that rather disgusts and terrifies than pleases the spectator.[1] The exterior of the chancel is lined with marble divided into panels, each of which has its *basso relievo*; the interior is wainscoted, and carved in a very masterly style. The whole of the chancel was erected by St. Charles Borromeo.

[1] The following lines are inscribed on its pedestal, in Latin, and in English:—

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

This statue is reckoned worth its weight in gold.

In describing this magnificent cathedral, we have availed ourselves of abridging the description in Eustace's "Classical Tour," a work of high authority and sterling value on all subjects connected with the Fine Arts.

* * * * *

RUSTIC AMUSEMENTS.

(*To the Editor of the Mirror.*)

Three years ago you gave a pleasing illustration of "*the Amusements of May*," and at the same time lamented the decrease of village festivity and rural merriment, which in days langsyne cheered the honest hearts and lightened the daily toil of our rustic ancestors. From the sentiments you express on that occasion, I am led to fancy that it will afford you pleasure to hear that the song, the dance, and innocent revelry are not quite forgotten in some part of our land, and that the sweet and smiling spring is not suffered to make his lovely appearance without one welcome shout from the sons and



daughters of our happy island; and, therefore, I will recount to you (and by your permission to the readers of the *mirror*) a village fete which I lately witnessed and enjoyed. On the 9th inst. (Whit-Tuesday), after a few miles' walk, I arrived in the village of Shillington (*Dorsetshire*), whose inhabitants annually dedicate this day to those pastimes which (as one of your correspondents has observed) seem a sort of first offering to gentle skies, and are consecrated by the smiles of the tender year. Attracted by musical sounds, and following my ears instead of my nose, I soon found my way to the vicarage-house, where the company were just arriving in procession, preceded by a pink and white silken banner, while a pipe and tabor regulated their march. Next after

Page 4

the music were four men each bearing a large garland of flowers, and after them followed the merry lads and smiling lasses in good order and arrayed in their holiday kirtles. The vicar's house stands on a fine lawn commanding a most enchanting view. On this verdant carpet, after a promenade and general salute to their worthy pastor and his numerous guests, dancing took place; for the time all distinctions were laid aside, and the greatest gentry in the neighbourhood, taking the hand of their more humble neighbours, led them through the mazy dance with a feeling of kindness, friendship, and good humour such as I have seldom witnessed. Two or three hours of as beautiful an evening as ever zephyr kissed were thus spent, after which, drawing up before the house "the King" was given, with three times three; next came "God save the King," and then "*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue*" led the party off in the order they came to witness the ceremony of "dressing" the May-Pole. About five hundred yards brought us to the elevated object on which was placed, with all due solemnity, the before-mentioned garlands, and the pole being considered fully dressed, we all adjourned to a large barn, where dancing was kept up with great spirit, until night drew her sable curtain over the scene, and the company retired with light hearts and weary feet to their peaceful homes.

Such, sir, is the Dorsetshire way of hailing the return of gentle skies and genial seasons; a custom of the olden time, which is productive of good feeling among all classes, and is at present conducted with good order and respectability.

Sturminster.

RURIS.

* * * * *

Old Poets.

* * * * *

CUPID'S ARROWS.

At Venus' entreaty for Cupid, her son,
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done:
The first is Love, as here you may behold
His feathers, head, and body, are of gold.
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to Love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove.
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,



His feathers are pull'd from Fortune's wings.
Fourth, Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,
This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from Hell.

G. Peele.

* * * * *

MIND.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That makes a wretch, or happy, rich or poor,
For some that have abundance at their will,
Have not enough but want in greatest store,
Another that hath little asks no more,
But, in that little is both rich and wise.

Spenser.

* * * * *

THE WORLD.



Page 5

The first and riper world of men and skill, Yields to our later time for three inventions,
Miraculously we write, we sail, we kill, As neither ancient scroll nor story mentions.
Print. The first hath opened learning, old concealed And obscure arts restored to the
light. *Loadstone*. The second hidden countries hath revealed, And sends Christ's
Gospel to each living wight. These we commend, but oh! what needeth more. *Guns*. To
teach Death more skill than he had before.

J. BASTARD.

* * * * *

KINGS.

Kings are the Gods' vicegerents on the earth
The Gods have power, Kings from that power have might,
Kings should excell in virtue and in birth;
Gods punish wrongs, and Kings should maintain right,
They be the suns from which we borrow light.
And they as Kings, should still in justice strive
With Gods, from whom their beings they derive.

DRAYTON.

* * * * *

COMPANY.

Remain upright yet some will quarrel pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For look, how your companions you elect
For good or ill, so shall you be suspect.

T. HUDSON.

* * * * *

POESIE.

All art is learned by art, this art alone
It is a heavenly gift, no flesh nor bone
Can praise the honey we from *Pind* distil,
Except with holy fire his breast we fill.



From that spring flows, that men of special chose
Consum'd in learning and perfect in prose;
For to make verse in vain does travel take,
When as a prentice fairer words will make.

KING OF SCOTS.

* * * * *

TWELVE FOUL FAULTS.

A wise man living like a drone, an old man not devout,
Youth disobedient, rich men that are charity without,
A shameless woman, vicious lords, a poor man proudly stout,
Contentious Christians, pastors that their functions do neglect,
A wicked king, no discipline, no laws men to direct,
Are twelve the foulest faults that most commonwealths infect.

W. WARNER.

* * * * *

RIVERS.

Fair *Danubie* is praised for being wide.
Nilus commended for the seven-fold head;
Euphrates for the swiftness of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led,
And banks of *Rhine* with vines o'erspread.
Take *Loire* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thames* for buildings rare.



Page 6

STORER.

* * * * *

The Naturalist.

* * * * *

QUADRUPEDS AND BIRDS FEEDING ON SHELL-FISH.

It is nothing surprising that the different species of walrus, inhabitants of the ocean, should feed partly on shell-fish, but perhaps you would not expect to find among their enemies animals strictly terrestrial. Yet the orang otang and the preacher monkey often descend to the sea to devour what shell-fish they may find strewn upon the shores. The former, according to Carreri Gemelli, feed in particular upon a large species of oyster, and fearful of inserting their paws between the open valves, lest the oyster should close and crush them, they first place a tolerably large stone within the shell, and then drag out their victim with safety. The latter are no less ingenious. Dampier saw several of them take up oysters from the beach, lay them on a stone, and beat them with another till they demolished the shells. Wafer observed the monkeys in the island of Gorgonia to proceed in a similar manner; and those of the Cape of Good Hope, if we are to credit La Loubere, perpetually amuse themselves by transporting shells from the shore to the tops of mountains, with the intention undoubtedly of devouring them at leisure. Even the fox, when pressed by hunger, will deign to eat muscles and other bivalves; and the racoon, whose fur is esteemed by hatters next in value to that of the beaver, when near the shore lives much on them, more particularly on oysters. We are told that it will watch the opening of the shells, dexterously put in its paw, and tear out the contents. Not, however, without danger, for sometimes, we are assured, by a sudden closure, the oyster will catch the thief, and detain him until he is drowned by the return of the tide. The story, I regret to say, appears somewhat apocryphal.

These are amusing facts; the following, to the epicure at least, may be equally interesting. In some parts of England it is a prevalent and probably a correct opinion, that the shelled-snails contribute much to the fattening of their sheep. On the hill above Whitsand Bay in Cornwall, and in the south of Devonshire, the *Bulimus acutus* and the *Helix virgata*, which are found there in vast profusion, are considered to have this good effect; and it is indeed impossible that the sheep can browse on the short grass of the places just mentioned, without devouring a prodigious quantity of them, especially in the night, or after rain, when the *Bulimi* and *Helices* ascend the stunted blades. "The sweetest mutton," says Borlase, "is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep, which feed on the commons where the sands are scarce covered with the green sod, and the grass exceedingly short; such are the towens or sand hillocks in Piran Sand, Gwythien, Philac, and Senangreen, near the Land's End, and elsewhere in like situations. From



these sands come forth snails of the turbinated kind, but of different species, and all sizes from the adult to the smallest just from the egg; these spread themselves over the plains early in the morning, and, whilst they are in quest of their own food among the dews, yield a most fattening nourishment to the sheep." (*Hist. of Cornwall.*)



Page 7

Among birds the shell-fish have many enemies. Several of the duck and gull tribes, as you might anticipate, derive at least a portion of their subsistence from them. The pied oyster-catcher receives its name from the circumstance of feeding on oysters and limpets, and its bill is so well adapted to the purpose of forcing asunder the valves of the one, and of raising the other from the rock, that "the Author of Nature," as Derham says, "seems to have framed it purely for that use." Several kinds of crows likewise prey upon shell-fish, and the manner in which they force the strong hold of their victims is very remarkable. A friend of Dr. Darwin's saw above a hundred crows on the northern coast of Ireland, at once, preying upon muscles. Each crow took a muscle up in the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall on the stones, and thus broke the shell. Many authorities might be adduced in corroboration of this statement. In Southern Africa so many of the Testacea are consumed by these and other birds, as to have given rise to an opinion that the marine shells found buried in the distant plains, or in the sides of the mountains, have been carried there by their agency, and not, as generally supposed, by eruptions of the sea. Mr. Barrow, who is of this opinion, tells us, in confirmation of it, that "there is scarcely a sheltered cavern in the sides of the mountains that arise immediately from the sea, where living shell-fish may not be found any day of the year. Crows even, and vultures, as well as aquatic birds, detach the shell-fish from the rocks, and mount with them into the air: shells thus carried are said to be frequently found on the very summit even of the Table Mountain. In one cavern at the point of Mussel Bay," he adds, "I disturbed some thousands of birds, and found as many thousands of living shell-fish scattered on the surface of a heap of shells, that for aught I know, would have filled as many thousand wagons." The story, therefore, of the ancient philosopher whose bald pate one of these unlucky birds mistook for a stone, and dropped a shell upon it, thereby killing at once both, is not so tramontane as to stumble all belief.

Land shells furnish a few birds with part of their sustenance, and the principal of these are two well known songsters, the blackbird and the thrush. They,

——"whose notes

Nice finger'd Art must emulate in vain."

depend in great measure, when winter has destroyed their summer food, on the more common species of *Helices* (snails.) These they break very dexterously by reiterated strokes against some stone; and it is not uncommon to find a great quantity of fragments of shells together, as if brought to one particular stone for this very purpose. —*Loudon's Magazine*.

Notes of a Reader

* * * * *

SUSSEX COTTAGES.



Page 8

We have been delighted with the following admirable sketch of English comfort from the pen of Mr. Cobbett:

“I never had, that I recollect, a more pleasant journey or ride, than this into Sussex. The weather was pleasant, the elder-trees in full bloom, and they make a fine show; the woods just in their greatest beauty; the grass-fields generally uncut; and the little gardens of the labourers full of flowers; the roses and honeysuckles perfuming the air at every cottage-door. Throughout all England these cottages and gardens are the most interesting objects that the country presents, and they are particularly so in Kent and Sussex. This part of these counties have the great blessing of numerous woods: these furnish fuel, nice sweet fuel, for the heating of ovens and for all other purposes: they afford materials for the making of pretty pigsties, hurdles, and dead fences of various sorts; they afford materials for making little cow-sheds; for the sticking of peas and beans in the gardens; and for giving to every thing a neat and substantial appearance. These gardens, and the look of the cottages, the little flower-gardens, which you every where see, and the beautiful hedges of thorn and of privet; these are the objects to delight the eyes, to gladden the heart, and to fill it with gratitude to God, and with love for the people; and, as far as my observation has gone, they are objects to be seen in no other country in the world. The cattle in Sussex are of a pale red colour, and very fine. I used to think that the Devonshire were the handsomest cows and oxen, but I have changed my mind; those of Sussex, of which I never took so much notice before, are handsomer as well as larger; and the oxen are almost universally used as working cattle.

“Throughout this county I did not observe, in my late ride, one single instance of want of neatness about a poor man’s house. It is the same with regard to the middle ranks: all is neat and beautiful, and particularly the hedges, of which I saw the handsomest white thorn hedge at Seddlescomb, that ever I saw in my life. It formed the inclosure of a garden in front of a pretty good house. It was about five feet high, about fifteen inches through; it came close to the ground, and it was sloped a little towards the top on each side, leaving a flat about four inches wide on the top of all. It had just been clipped; and it was as perpendicular and as smooth as a wall: I put my eye and looked along the sides of the several lines near the top, and if it had been built of stone, it could not have been truer. I lament that I did not ask the name of the owner, for it does him infinite credit. Those who see nothing but the nasty slovenly places in which labourers live, round London, know nothing of England. The fruit-trees are all kept in the nicest order; every bit of paling or wall is made use of, for the training of some sort or other. At *Lamberhurst*, which is one of the most beautiful



Page 9

villages that man ever sat his eyes on, I saw what I never saw before; namely, a *gooseberry tree trained against a house*. The house was one of those ancient buildings, consisting of a frame of oak wood, the internal filled up with brick, plastered over. The tree had been planted at the foot of one of the perpendicular pieces of wood; from the stem which, mounted up this piece of wood, were taken side limbs to run along the horizontal pieces. There were two windows, round the frame of each of which the limbs had been trained. The height of the highest shoot was about ten feet from the ground, and the horizontal shoots on each side were from eight to ten feet in length. The tree had been judiciously pruned, and all the limbs were full of very large gooseberries, considering the age of the fruit. This is only one instance out of thousands that I saw of extraordinary pains taken with the gardens.”

* * * * *

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal Zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone
So cold, so bright, so still.

P.B. SHELLEY.

* * * * *

HACKNEY COACHES.

Nothing in nature or art can be so abominable as those vehicles at this hour. We are quite satisfied that, except an Englishman, who will endure any thing, no native of any climate under the sky would endure a London hackney coach; that an Ashantee gentleman would scoff at it; and that an aboriginal of New South Wales would refuse to be inhumed within its shattered and infinite squalidness. It is true, that the vehicle has its merits, if variety of uses can establish them. The hackney coach conveys alike the living and the dead. It carries the dying man to the hospital, and when doctors and tax-gatherers can tantalize no more, it carries him to Surgeons' Hall, and qualifies him to assist the "march of mind" by the section of body. If the midnight thief find his plunder too ponderous for his hands, the hackney coach offers its services, and is one of the

Page 10

most expert conveyances. Its other employments are many, and equally meritorious, and doubtless society would find a vacuum in its loss. Yet we cordially wish that the Maberley brain were set at work upon this subject, and some substitute contrived. The French have led the way, and that too by the most obvious and simple arrangement possible. The "*Omnibus*,"—for they still have Latin enough in France for the name of this travelling collection of all sorts of human beings—the Omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside. For two-pence halfpenny it carries the individual the length of the Boulevard, or the whole diameter of Paris. Of those carriages there were about half-a-dozen some months ago, and they have been augmented since; their profits were said to have repaid the outlay within the first year: the proprietors, among whom is Lafitte, the banker, are making a large revenue out of Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive.—*Monthly Mag.*

* * * * *

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Captain Basil Hall, in his *Travels in North America*, just published, says, "On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH
FRANKLIN.
1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense showed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already wellnigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

* * * * *



AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.

It is known to very few even in France that an Indian Sultana, a descendant of Tamerlane, named Aline of Eldir, has been living in Paris, poor and forgotten, for above forty years. This heiress to a great kingdom was stolen almost out of her cradle, and deserted by the robbers on the coast of France. She was presented to the princesses of the old court, and conceived a particular attachment for the Princess de Lamballe; but when, at the age of only nine or



Page 11

ten years, her beauty had attracted too much notice, and nothing but a *lettre de cachet* could secure her from the persecutions of an exalted personage, she exchanged a convent for a prison. The revolution set Aline at liberty. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, the man who was destined to rule France, and almost all Europe, and who had probably thus early turned his attention to India, is said to have thought of the heiress of Tamerlane, and to have formed the plan of restoring the illustrious stranger to her native land. Josephine interested herself on this occasion for the Sultana; but this had no influence upon her condition. Unhappy, surrounded only by a few pious nuns, and urged by her confessor, she renounced the religion of Mahomet, and became a Christian. At length, in December, 1818, an Indian Sheik, named Goolam, arrived in Paris, with instructions to claim the Princess Aline from the Court of France. The Envoy sought out the Sultana: he informed her, that her relations were desirous of her return; that she should be reinstated in the rank which was her right, and again behold the bright sun and the beautiful face of her own Asia, upon the sole condition that she would forsake Christ for Mahomet. No persuasions, however, could prevail upon the convert to comply with this requisition; Goolam went back to India without accomplishing the object of his mission, which produced no improvement in her straitened circumstances. Two years afterwards, she learned that an Indian Prince had landed in England with a splendid retinue, including three females, but that he had been obliged by the English government to embark again immediately for India. Aline had no doubt that this event had some connexion with her history, but she heard no more of the matter.

These particulars are chiefly extracted from the preface to the books of the Princess, written by the Marquess de Fortia. This nobleman generously took upon himself the charge of supporting Aline, who has now attained the age of sixty years in a foreign land.—*Court Journal*.

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MAKING PUNCH.

(*From the Noctes—Blackwood.*)

Shepherd.—I hae mony a time thocht it took as muckle natural genius to mak a jug of punch as an epic poem, sic as Paradise Lost, or even Queen Hynde hersell.

Odoherly.—More, my friend, more. I think an ingenious comparison between these works of intellect could be easily made by a man of a metaphysical turn of mind.



Page 12

North.—A more interesting consideration would be, the effect produced upon the national character, by the mere circumstance of the modes of preparing the different beverages of different countries. Much of the acknowledged inferiority of the inhabitants of wine countries, arises from the circumstance of having their liquor prepared to their hand. There is no stretch of imagination in pouring wine ready made from carafe, or barochio, or flask, into a glass—the operation is merely mechanical; whereas, among us punch drinkers, the necessity of a nightly manufacture of a most intricate kind, calls forth habits of industry and forethought—induces a taste for chemical experiment—improves us in hygrometry, and many other sciences—to say nothing of the geographical reflections drawn forth by the pressure of the lemon, or the colonial questions, which press upon every meditative mind on the appearance of white sugar.

LION-EATING AND HANGING.

North.—When I was at Timbuctoo—

Shepherd (aside.)—A lang yarn is beginning the noo—

Moses Edrehi.—Sind sie geweson, sare, dans l’Afrique?

North.—Many years—I was Sultan of Bello for a long period, until dethroned by an act of the grossest injustice; but I intend to expose the traitorous conspirators to the indignation of an outraged world.

Tickler (aside to Shepherd.)—He’s raving.

Shepherd (to Tickler.)—Dementit.

Odoherly (to both.)—Mad as a hatter. Hand me a segar.

Moses Edrehi.—Yo suis of Madoc.

North (aside.)—Zounds! (*to Edrehi*) I never chanced to pass that way—the emperor and I were not on good terms.

Moses Edrehi.—Then, sare, you was good luck to no pass, for the emperor was a man ver disagreeable ven no gut humours. Gott keep ush! He hat lions in cage—and him gab peoples zu de lions—dey roarsh—oh, mucho, mucho!—and eats de poor peoples—Gott keep ush! a ver disagreeable man dat emperor.

Shepherd.—Nae doot—it canna be a pleasant thing to be gobbled by a lion. Oh, sirs, imagine yoursell daundering out to Canaan, to take your kail wi’ our frien’ James, and as ye’re passing the Links, out jumps a lion, and at you!



Odoherly.—The Links—oh! James, you are no Polyglott.

Tickler.—I don't wish to insinuate that I should like to be eaten, either by lion or shepherd, but I confess that I consider that the new drop would be a worse fate than either.

North.—Quite mistaken—the drop's a trifle.

Moses Edrehi.—Ja whoel, Milord.



Page 13

Shepherd.—As to being hangit, why, that's a matter that happens to mony a deacent man, and it's but a spurl or tway, and a gaspin gurble, an' ae stour heave, and a's ower; ye're dead ere a body's weel certified that the board's awa' from behind you—and the night-cap's a great blessing, baith to you and the company. The gilliteen again, I'm tauld its just perfectly ridiculous how soon that does it's turn. Up ye come, and tway chiels ram your head into a shottle in a door like, and your hands are clasped ahint ye, and swee gangs the door, and you upset headforemost, and in below the axe, and hangie just taps you on the neck to see that it's in the richt nick, and whirr, whirr, whirr, touch the spring, and down comes the thundering edge, loaded with at least a hunder weight o' lead—your head's aff like a sybo—Tuts, that's naething—onybody might mak up their mind to be justified on the gilliteen.

Odoherly.—The old Dutch way—the broadsword—is, after all, the best; by much the easiest and the genteelest. You are seated in a most comfortable arm-chair with a silk handkerchief over your eyes—they read a prayer if you are so inclined—you call for a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee—an iced cream—a dram—any thing you please, in fact, and your desires are instantly complied with—you put the cup to the lip, and just at that moment swap comes the whistling sabre.

Shepherd.—Preserve us! keep your hand to yoursell, Captain.

Odoherly.—Sweep he comes—the basket is ready, they put a clean towel over it—pack off the cold meat to the hospital—scrub the scaffold—take it to pieces—all within five minutes.

Shepherd.—That's capital. In fact a' these are civilized exits—but oh! man, man, to think of a lion on the Burntsfield Links—what would your gowfers say to that, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler.—A rum customer certainly.

Shepherd.—Oh! the een, the red, fiery, fixit, unwinkin' een, I think I see them—and the laigh, deep, dour growl, like the purring o' ten hundred cats—and the muckle white sharp teeth girnin' and grundin'—and the lang rough tongue, and the yirnest slaver running outour the chaps o' the brute—and the cauld shiver—minutes may be—and than the loup like lightning, and your back-bane broken wi' a thud, like a rotten rash—and then the creature begins to lick your face wi' his tongue, and sniffle and snort over owre you, and now a snap at your nose, and than a rive out o' your breast, and then a crunch at your knee—and you're a' the time quite sensible, particularly sensible.

Odoherly.—Give him a dig in the muzzle, and he'll tip you the *coup-de-grace*.

North.—What a vivid imagination the Shepherd has—well, cowardice is an inspiring principle.

HEAD WAGER.



Page 14

The following is a story from a MS., copied by Gaillard, in his Life of Francis I.:—

Duprat said in one of the conversations with the emperor's minister, that he would consent to lose his head if his sovereign had aided Robert de la Mark against Charles. The Spanish chancellor claimed du Prat's head as forfeited, for, he said he had in his possession letters which proved Francis's connivance with Robert de la Mark. "My head is my own yet," replied Du Prat, "for I have the originals of the letters you allude to, and they in no manner justify the scorn you would put upon them." "If I had won your head," replied the imperial chancellor, "you might keep it still. I protest I would rather have a pig's head, for that would be more eatable." *Monthly Mag.*

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The Novelist.

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FAIR FANARIOTE.

In consequence of the numerous revolutions that have accompanied the fall of the Greek empire in Byzantium, most of the inhabitants of Fanari, near Constantinople, boast of being descendants of the dethroned imperial families; a circumstance which is probable enough, and which nobody takes the trouble to dispute, any more than the alleged nobility of the Castilian peasantry, or the absurd genealogies of certain great families.

In a retired street in Pera, (one of the suburbs of Constantinople,) a descendant of the Cantacuzenes followed the humble calling of a butcher; but, in spite of industry and activity, he had great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

Fate, or, if you please so to call it, Providence, ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was Dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquess de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious Dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the haram of some Pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The



misery to which the poor people were reduced, may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1,500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquess de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.



Page 15

In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home, and he set out, accompanied by his Oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey, they proceeded by short stages, and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kamienieck in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the Marquess determined to rest for a short time, before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count de Witt, a descendant of the Grand Pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visiter with every mark of attention. The Count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia, than he became deeply enamoured of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave nor a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandize purchased for 1,500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The Count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favour of his sovereign Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favour of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The Count therefore found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his Excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the draw-bridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a *papa*. When the Marquess appeared at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and, to complete the denouement of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have fully justified, the Count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his Excellency *extra muros*. The poor Marquess soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was, for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the Court of France would think it worth while to go to war, for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says:—

Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompe, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot;”

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandize which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold.



Page 16

About two years after his marriage, the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain Oriental languishment of manner, was every where the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the Court of France, mentions her in his Memoirs, in terms of eulogy, which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Tulczin, though she was then upwards of forty, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

I now arrive at the second period of Sophia's life, which forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Patocka, at the commencement of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the Court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return, he met the Count and Countess de Witt at Hamburgh, when he fell deeply in love with Sophia. Not to weary you with the details of the romance, I will come to the *denouement* at once.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I knew a gentleman, M. Wortrel, who had no less than four wives, all living, and bearing his name. Count Patocka, therefore, availing himself of this advantage, and having previously made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count de Witt, and, without further ceremony, said—"Count, I love your wife, and cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her; and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain for ever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers: one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the Countess has already affixed hers to it;—the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's, in this city. We may, therefore, settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please." The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kamienieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate, and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became, the same day, Countess Patocka; and to the charms of beauty and talent, were now added the attractions of a fortune, the extent of which was at that time unequalled in Europe. —*Court Journal*.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

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JOHN LOCKE.



Page 17

Lord King has just done the state of literature some service, by the publication of the *Life of John Locke*: with Extracts from his Journals, &c. In this task his lordship has drawn largely on some valuable papers of Locke, preserved by their having gone into the possession of Sir Peter King, the ancestor of Lord King, his near relation and sole executor. Among these treasures are Locke's correspondence, a journal of his travels in France and Holland, his common-place book, and many miscellaneous papers; all of which have been preserved in the same scrutoire in which they had been deposited by their author, and which was probably removed to Oakham, (Lord King's seat,) in 1710. From the latter portion of Lord King's valuable work, we select a few notes, illustrative of Manners and Customs in

ENGLAND, 1679.

The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting; bowling,—at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometimes prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothil Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Cornwall.

London.—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom House; the Thames, by water, from London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing-windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish Street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Railes and heathpolts, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent; but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese. Men excellent in their arts. Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of dioptical glasses. Mr. Opheel, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines. Mr. —, for a new invention he has, and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospect of places. The King's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall. Mr. Not, in the Pall Mall, for binding of books. The Fire-eater. At an iron-monger's, near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds.

Page 18

At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff Church; and at Kingwood, the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red-muggets, elvers, sherry, sack (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk,) and some other wines, which, perhaps you will not drink so good at London. At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral. At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools and public library, and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-skin; and the cuts of all the colleges graved by Loggins. If you go into the North, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbes, in a Latin poem, called "Mirabilia Pecci." Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, wormwood-ale, lemon-ale, scurvygrass-ale, college-ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet, and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley, and, as I remember, at the English Tavern, near Charing Cross. Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffe, the, and chocolate, at coffeehouses. Mum at the mum houses and other places; and molly, a drink of Barbadoes, by chance at some Barbadoes merchants'. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbet amongst the merchants. Manufactures of cloth that will keep out rain; flanel, knives, locks and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c. At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, hatbands, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads."

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SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

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NEW MAGAZINE.

Mr. Sharpe, the proprietor of the "Anniversary," has just published the first number of "The Three Chapters," which is one of the most splendid Magazines ever produced in this or any other country. It has a charming print by H. Rolls, from Wilkie's Hymn of the Calabrian Shepherds to the Virgin, which alone is worth the price charged for the number. Southey, A. Cunningham, L.E.L. and Hook, shine in the poetry and romance, one of the "Three Chapters," from which we have just room to give the following:—

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.



Page 19

Divided far by death were they, whose names,
In honour here united, as in birth,
This monumental verse records. They drew
In Dorset's healthy vales their natal breath,
And from these shores beheld the ocean first,
Whereon, in early youth, with one accord
They chose their way of fortune; to that course
By Hood and Bridport's bright example drawn,
Their kinsmen, children of this place, and sons
Of one, who in his faithful ministry
Inculcated, within these hallowed walls,
The truths, in mercy to mankind revealed.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honours to the already honour'd name;
But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Perished amid the Caribbean sea,
When the Pomona, by a hurricane
Whirl'd, riven and overwhelmed, with all her crew
Into the deep went down. A longer date
To Alexander was assign'd, for hope
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
Alas, how short! for duty, for desert,
Sufficing; and, while Time preserves the roll
Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
A boy, with Cook he rounded the great globe;
A youth, in many a celebrated fight
With Rodney had his part; and having reach'd
Life's middle stage, engaging ship to ship,
When the French Hercules, a gallant foe,
Struck to the British Mars his three-striped flag,
He fell, in the moment of his victory.
Here his remains in sure and certain hope
Are laid, until the hour when earth and sea
Shall render up their dead. One brother yet
Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney train'd
In battles, with the Lord of Nile approved,
Ere in command he worthily upheld
Old England's high prerogative. In the east,
The west, the Baltic, and the midland seas,
Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have plough'd
The ensanguined deep, his thunders have been heard,
His flag in brave defiance hath been seen,
And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's name



Felt fatal presage in their inmost heart,
Of unavertable defeat foredoom'd.
Thus in the path of glory he rode on,
Victorious alway, adding praise to praise;
Till full of honours, not of years, beneath
The venom of the infected clime he sunk,
On Coromandel's coast, completing there
His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren, Alexander's son
(Sole scion he in whom their line survived,)
With English feeling, and the deeper sense
Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.

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LOVE.

A BALLAD, BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O, Love's a bitter thing to bide,
The lad that drees it's to be pitied;
It blinds to a' the warld beside,
And makes a body dilde and dited;
It lies sae sair at my breast bane,
My heart is melting soft an' safter;
To dee outright I wad be fain,
Wer't no for fear what may be after.



Page 20

I dinna ken what course to steer,
 I'm sae to dool an' daftness driven,
 For are so lovely, sweet, and dear,
 Sure never breath'd the breeze o' heaven;
 O there's a soul beams in her ee,
 Ae blink o't maks are's spirit gladder,
 And ay the mair she geeks at me,
 It pits me aye in love the madder.

Love winna heal, it winna thole,
 You canna shun't even when you fear it;
 An' O, this sickness o' the soul,
 'Tis past the power of man to bear it!
 And yet to mak o' her a wife,
 I couldna square it wi' my duty,
 I'd like to see her a' her life
 Remain a virgin in her beauty;

As pure as bonny as she's now,
 The walks of human life adorning;
 As blithe as bird upon the bough,
 As sweet as breeze of summer morning.
 Love paints the earth, it paints the sky,
 An' tints each lovely hue of Nature,
 And makes to the enchanted eye
 An angel of a mortal creature.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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Spirit of Discovery.

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Regent's Park.

It is much to be regretted that those who first designed the plantations of the Regent's Park seem to have had little or no taste for, or knowledge of, hardy trees and shrubs; otherwise, this park might have been the first arboretum in the world. Instead of the (about) 50 sorts of trees and shrubs which it now exhibits, there might have been all the 3,000 sorts, now so admirably displaying their buds and leaves, and some of them their flowers, in the arboretum of Messrs. Loddiges at Hackney. A walk round that arboretum, at this season, is one of the greatest treats which a botanist can enjoy, and a



drive round the Regent's Park might have been just as interesting. It is not yet too late to supply this defect, and the expense to government would be a mere bagatelle. The Zoological Society in the mean time, might receive contributions of herbaceous plants, and be at the expense of planting and naming them.—*London's Mag.*

Zoological Society.

A catalogue of the members has been published, which includes 1,291 names, besides corresponding members. The museum in Bruton Street has received, and is daily receiving, valuable additions, as is the garden in the Regent's Park. The extent of this garden has been, in consequence of the various donations and purchases, considerably increased, and several neat and appropriate structures are now erecting for the abode of different specimens. It is a gratifying circumstance that these specimens are, for the most part, clearly and distinctly named, with the native country of the animal added. We could wish to see a greater variety of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants introduced, and equally clear names and geographical indications placed at them also. Why should it not, as far as practicable, be a botanic garden as well as a zoological garden?—*Ibid.*



Page 21

Galvanism.

Mr. Becquerel has discovered that the temperature of a conducting wire communicating with the two poles of a pile, increases from each of its extremities, and constantly reaches its maximum in the middle of the wire.—*Brewster's Journal.*

Alloyed Iron Plate.

A manufacture of prepared iron has been practised, and the substance produced used to a considerable degree in Paris. This has been to prepare iron in large plates, and other forms, so that it will not rust. This has been effected by coating it with an alloy of tin and much lead, so as to form an imitation of tin plate. Trials have been made, and proved favourable; it resists the action of certain fluids that would rapidly corrode iron alone; it can be prepared of any size, and at a low price. Its use in the manufacture of sugarpans and boilers, in the construction of roofs and gutters, is expected to be very considerable. —*Bull. d'Encouragement.*

Saline Lake of Loonar in Berar.

This curious lake is contained in a sort of cauldron of rocks amidst a pleasing landscape, and is of course the object of superstition. The taste of the water is uncommonly brackish. Mr. Alexander, who describes it, found by a rough analysis that 100 parts contain

Muriate of Soda 20 parts,
 Muriate of Lime 10 parts,
 Muriate of Magnesia 6 parts,

The principal purpose to which the sediment of the water is applied is cleansing the shawls of Cachmere. It is also used as an ingredient in the alkaline cake of the Musselmans.—*Trans. Lit. Soc. Madras.*

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The Selector;
 AND
 LITERARY NOTICES OF
 NEW WORKS.

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AN ILLUSTRIOUS SWINDLER.

[Here is a whole-length of a fine, slashing French thief, from the third volume of Vidocq, the policeman's Memoirs, of which more anon:—]

Winter was only twenty-six, a handsome brown fellow, with arched eyebrows, long lashes, prominent nose, and rakish air. Winter had, moreover, that good carriage, and peculiar look, which belongs to an officer of light cavalry, and he, therefore, assumed a military costume, which best displayed the graces of his person. One day he was an hussar, the next a lancer, and then again in some fancy uniform. At will he was chief of a squadron, commandant, aide-de-camp, colonel, &c.; and to command more consideration, he did not fail to give himself a respectable parentage; he was by turns the son of the valiant Lasalle, of the gallant Winter, colonel of the grenadiers of the imperial horse-guard; nephew of the general Comte de Lagrange, and cousin-german to Rapp; in fact, there was no name which he did not borrow, no illustrious family to which he did not belong. Born of parents in a decent situation of life, Winter had received an education sufficiently brilliant to enable him to aspire to all these metamorphoses; the elegance of his manner, and a most gentlemanly appearance, completed the illusion.



Page 22

Few men had made a better debut than Winter. Thrown early into the career of arms, he obtained very rapid promotion; but when an officer he soon lost the esteem of his superiors; who, to punish his misconduct, sent him to the Isle of Re, to one of the colonial battalions. There he so conducted himself as to inspire a belief that he had entirely reformed. But no sooner was he raised a step, than committing some fresh peccadillo, he was compelled to desert in order to avoid punishment. He came thence to Paris, where his exploits as swindler and pickpocket procured him the unenviable distinction of being pointed out to the police as one of the most skilful in his twofold profession.

Winter, who was what is termed a *downy one*, plucked a multitude of *gulpins* even in the most elevated classes of society. He visited princes, dukes, the sons of ancient senators, and it was on them or the ladies of their circle that he made the experiments of his misapplied talents. The females, particularly, however squeamish they were, were never sufficiently so to prevent themselves from being plundered by him. For several months the police were on the look out for this seducing young man, who, changing his dress and abode incessantly, escaped from their clutch at the moment when they thought they had him securely, when I received orders to commence the chase after him, to attempt his capture.

Winter was one of those Lovelaces who never deceive a woman without robbing her. I thought that amongst his victims I could find at least one, who, from a spirit of revenge, would be disposed to put me on the scent of this monster. By dint of searching, I thought I had met with a willing auxiliary, but as these Ariadnes, however ill used or forsaken they may be, yet shrink from the immolation of their betrayer, I determined to accost the damsel I met with cautiously. It was necessary, before I ventured my bark, to take soundings, and I took care not to manifest any hostility towards Winter, and not to alarm that residue of tenderness, which, despite of ill usage, always remains in a sensitive heart. I made my appearance in the character of almoner of the regiment of which he was thought to command, and as such introduced to the *ci-devant* mistress of the pretended colonel. The costume, the language, the manner I assumed were in perfect unison with the character I was about to play, and I obtained to my wish the confidence of the fair forsaken one, who gave me unwittingly all the information I required. She pointed out to me her favoured rival, who, already ill-treated by Winter, had still the weakness to see him, and could not forbear making fresh sacrifices for him.



Page 23

I became acquainted with this charming lady, and to obtain favour in her eyes, announced myself as a friend of her lover's family. The relatives of the young giddy pate had empowered me to pay his debts; and if she could contrive an interview with him for me, she might rely on being satisfied with the result of the first. Madame ----- was not sorry to have an opportunity of repairing the dilapidations made on her property, and one morning sent me a note, stating that she was going to dine with her lover the next day at the Boulevard du Temple, at La Galiote. At four o'clock I went, disguised as a messenger, and stationed myself at the door of the restaurant's; and after two hours' watch, I saw a colonel of hussars approach. It was Winter, attended by two servants. I went up to him, and offered to take care of the horses, which proffer was accepted. Winter alighted, he could not escape me, but his eyes met mine, and with one jump he flung himself on his horse, spurred him, and disappeared.

I thought I had him, and my disappointment was great; but I did not despair of catching my gentleman. Some time afterwards I learnt that he was to be at the Cafe Hardi, in the Boulevard des Italiens. I went thither with some of my agents, and when he arrived all was so well arranged, that he had only to get into a hackney coach, of which I paid the fare. Led before a commissary of police, he asserted that he was not Winter; but, despite the insignia of the rank he had conferred on himself, and the long string of orders hanging on his breast, he was properly and officially identified as the individual mentioned in the warrant which I had for his apprehension.

Winter was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, and would now be at liberty but for a forgery which he committed while at Bicetre, which, bringing on him a fresh sentence of eight years at the galleys, he was conducted to the Bagne at the expiration of his original sentence, and is there at present.

This adventurer does not want wit: he is, I am told, the author of a vast many songs, much in fashion with the galley slaves, who consider him us their Anacreon.

* * * * *

ANCIENT TYRE.

The Tyrians, although not so early celebrated either in sacred or profane history, had yet attained greater renown than their Sidonian kinsmen. It is useless to conjecture at what period or under what circumstances these eastern colonists had quitted the shores of the Persian gulf, and fixed their seat on the narrow belt between the mountains of Lebanon and the sea. Probably at first they were only factories, established for connecting the trade between the eastern and western world. If so, their origin must be sought among the natives to the east of the Assyrians, as that race of industrious cultivators possessed no shipping, and was hostile to commerce. The colonists took



Page 24

root on this shore, became prosperous and wealthy, covered the Mediterranean with their fleets, and its shores with their factories. Tyre in the course of time became the dominant city, and under her supremacy were founded the Phoenician colonies in Greece, Sicily, Africa, and Spain. The wealth of her merchant princes had often tempted the cupidity of the despots of Asia. Salmanassar, the Assyrian conqueror of Israel, directed his attacks against Tyre, and continued them for five years, but was finally compelled to raise the siege. Nabuchadonosor was more persevering, and succeeded in capturing the city, after a siege that lasted thirteen years. The old town, situated on the continent was never rebuilt; but a new Tyre rose from its ruins. This occupied the area of a small island, described by Pliny as two miles and a half in circumference. On this confined space a large population existed, and remedied the want of extent by raising story upon story, on the plan followed by the ancient inhabitants of Edinburgh. It was separated from the main land by an armlet of the sea, about half a mile in breadth and about eighteen feet deep. The city was encircled by walls and fortifications of great strength and height, and scarcely pregnable even if accessible.

Family Library, No. 3.

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SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX,

A Portrait—by the Author of Pelham.

My uncle did as his ancestors had done before him; and, cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he foreswore all intention of leaving it, took to Sedley and champagne, flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester. The wife brought him a child six months after marriage, and the infant was born on the same day the comedy was acted. Luckily for the honour of the house, my uncle shared the fate of Plimneus, king of Sicyon, and all the offspring he ever had (that is to say, the child and the play,) "died as soon as they were born." My uncle was now only at a loss to know what to do with his wife, that remaining treasure, whose readiness to oblige him had been so miraculously evinced. She saved him the trouble of long cogitation,—an exercise of intellect to which he was never too ardently inclined. There was a gentleman of the court celebrated for his sedateness and solemnity; my aunt was piqued into emulating Orpheus, and six weeks after her confinement she put this rock into motion,—they eloped. Poor gentleman! it must have been a severe trial of patience to a man never known before to transgress

the very slowest of all possible walks, to have had two events of the most rapid nature happen to him in the same week.



Page 25

Scarcely had he recovered the shock of being ran away with by my aunt, before, terminating for ever his vagrancies, he was ran through by my uncle. The wits made an epigram upon the event; and my uncle, who was as bold as a lion at the point of a sword, was, to speak frankly, terribly disconcerted by the point of a jest. He retired to the country in a fit of disgust and gout. Here his own *bon naturel* rose from the layers of art which had long oppressed it, and he solaced himself by righteously governing domains worthy of a prince, for the mortifications he had experienced in the dishonourable career of a courtier. Hitherto I have spoken somewhat slightly of my uncle; and in his dissipation he deserved it, for he was both too honest and too simple to shine in that galaxy of prostitute genius of which Charles II. was the centre. But in retirement he was no longer the same person, and I do not think that the elements of human nature could have furnished forth a more amiable character than Sir William Devereux, presiding at Christmas over the merriment of his great hall. Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him; vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we revered one the most, while we most smiled at the other. One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in, and his domestic history, rendered natural enough, *viz.* an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism; and marriage at the best he was wont to say, with a kindling eye and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the *beau sexe* have a humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation. He had the old man's weakness, garrulity, and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour, but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite himself, and washed it away. He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. He was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception.

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The Gatherer.



Page 26

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

Lord Sundon was one of the commissioners of the treasury in the reign of George II. The celebrated Bob Doddington was a colleague of the noble lord, and was always complaining of his slowness of comprehension. One day that lord Sundon laughed at something which Doddington had said, Winnington, another member of the board, said to him, in a whisper, "You are very ungrateful: you see lord Sundon takes your joke." "No, no," replied Doddington, "he is laughing now at what I said last board day."—*Monthly Mag.*

* * * * *

STINGING MISTAKE.

A certain person, who shall be nameless, filled the situation of Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He was a great stickler for decorum, and all due respect to his office. One day he received a letter by the post, directed to himself, as the *Plumbian* Professor. He shook with indignation. What an insult! *Plumbian* professor! *Leaden* professor! Was it meant to insinuate that there was any thing of a leaden quality in his lectures or writings! While thus irate, a friend of the professor happened to drop in. He showed him the letter, and expatiated upon the indignity of the superscription. His friend endeavoured to convince him that it must be merely a slip of the pen. In vain. The professor would not be pacified. "Well," said his friend, "at any rate, it is evident the *b* has stung you."—*Ibid.*

* * * * *

An Irish barrister had the failing of Goldsmith, in an eminent degree: that of believing he could do every thing better than any other person. This propensity exhibited itself ludicrously enough on one occasion, when a violent influenza prevailed in Dublin. A friend who happened to meet him, mentioned a particular acquaintance, and observed that he had had the influenza very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed the other, "I don't know how bad *he* has had it, but I am sure I have had it quite as bad as he, or any one else."—"Not quite, I think," replied his friend, "for poor Mr. Gillicuddy is dead."—"Well," rejoined our tenacious optimist, "and what of that? *I* could have died too, if I had liked it."—*Ibid.*

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