

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.....	21
Page 10.....	23
Page 11.....	25
Page 12.....	27
Page 13.....	28
Page 14.....	29
Page 15.....	31
Page 16.....	33
Page 17.....	35
Page 18.....	36
Page 19.....	37
Page 20.....	38
Page 21.....	40
Page 22.....	41



Page 23.....	42
Page 24.....	43
Page 25.....	45

Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
LORD GROSVENOR'S GALLERY, PARK LANE.	1
HENRY JENKINS.	2
ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.	3
CONSTANTINOPLE.	4
THE NOVELIST.	5
RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.	7
LETTER OF LORD STRAFFORD.	7
STONE PILLARS AND CROSSES.	8
NOTES OF A READER.	9
THE FOREIGN REVIEW.	10
UNPUBLISHED LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.	10
GAS LIGHTS.	11
CAPE WINES.	12
A VIEW OF LONDON.	12
NEW YORK.	13
THE TRUE FORNARINA.	14
ITALIAN SCENERY.	14
MUSICAL MARVEL.	15
POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.	15
SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.	15
THE RIVER.	20
YOUTH OF MOZART.	20
THE GATHERER.	24
WINE.	24
GEORGE III.	25
INGENIOUS DEFENCE.	25

Page 1

LORD GROSVENOR'S GALLERY, PARK LANE.

[Illustration: *The Grosvenor gallery, Park lane.*]

At the commencement of our Twelfth Volume, we took occasion to allude to the public spirit of the Earl of Grosvenor, in our description of his splendid mansion—Eaton Hall, near Chester. We likewise adverted to his lordship's munificent patronage of the Fine Arts, and to the erection of the Gallery which forms the subject of the annexed Engraving.

The Gallery forms the western wing of Lord Grosvenor's spacious town mansion in Park Lane. It is from the designs of Mr. Cundy, and consists of a colonnade of the Corinthian order, raised upon a plain joined stylobate. Over each column of the principal building is an isolated statue with an attic behind them, after the manner of the ancient building called by Palladio the Forum Trajan at Rome. On the acroteria of the building are vases on a balustrade, and between the columns is a series of blank windows with balustraded balconies and triangular pediments, which Mr. Elmes thinks are so introduced as to disfigure the other grand parts of the design. Above these are sunk panels, with swags or garlands of fruit and flowers. Mr. E. is likewise of opinion that, "but for the stopped-up windows, and the overpowering and needless balustrade over the heads of the statues, this building would rank among the very first in the metropolis; even with these trifling drawbacks, that can easily be remedied before the whole is completed, it is grand, architectural, and altogether worthy of its noble proprietor."

The reader need not be told that the above Gallery has been erected for the reception of the superb Grosvenor collection, the first effectual foundation of which was laid by the purchase of the late Mr. Agar's pictures for 30,000 guineas, and it has since been gradually enlarged until it has become one of the finest collection in England. It is not confined to works of the old masters, but embraces the best productions of some of the most celebrated modern painters. The Earl of Grosvenor has, for some years, been in the habit of admitting the public in the months of May and June, to inspect his pictures, under certain restrictions.

The Picture Gallery is but a portion of the improvements contemplated by Lord Grosvenor. The mansion, in the distance of the Engraving is, we believe, to be rebuilt in a correspondent style with the Gallery, and the whole when completed, will be one of the most splendid establishments in the metropolis.

Indeed, the recent embellishment of several mansions in Park Lane is already indicative of the improved taste of their distinguished occupants. A few years since the Lane for the most part consisted of unsightly brick fronts; but stone and plaster encasements have given it the appearance of a new neighbourhood.



* * * * *

Page 2

HENRY JENKINS.

(For the Mirror.)

A table showing the various changes in his religion, which by the statute were required of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, in the county of York, in compliance with the principle, that the English Constitution is essentially identified with the religion of the state, and making it his bounden duty (as that of every subject) to conform to it. Henry Jenkins was born in 1501, and died at the age of 169, in 1670. He consequently was required by law, to adopt the following changes in his religious creed and practice:—

Henry Jenkins
The Constitution should have been
Reigns of being essentially during

1st from Henry VII. and VIII. Catholic 33 years.

1501 to 1534

2nd from Henry VIII. {Between Catholic & } 13

1534 to 1547 {Church of England }

3rd from Edward VI Church of England 6

1547 to 1553

4th from Mary Catholic 5

1553 to 1558

5th from {Elizabeth, James I.} Church of England 91

1558 to 1649 {Charles I }

6th from Interregnum Fanatic 4

1649 to 1654

7th from Protectorate Presbyterian 7

1654 to 1660

8th from Charles II Church of England 10

1660 to 1670

169 years, the
age of Henry Jenkins.

Jenkins was buried at Bolton-upon-Swale. A handsome pyramid marks his grave, as the oldest Englishman upon record, and in the church is a monument to his memory, with the following inscription, written by Dr. Thomas Chapman:—

Blush not marble!
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of



Henry Jenkins,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable,
For
He was enriched
With the goods of nature
If not of fortune;
And happy
In the duration
If not variety
Of his enjoyments,
And tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of days
To teach mistaken man
These blessings
Were entailed on temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He lived to the amazing age of
169 years,
Was interred here the 6th December,
1670,
And had this justice done to his memory,
1743.

Arthur EBOR.

* * * * *

Veneration of cats in ancient days, and value of kittens, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

Page 3

The cat was held in high veneration by the ancient Egyptians. When a cat died in a house, the owner of the house shaved his eye-brows; they carried the cats when dead into consecrated houses to be embalmed, and interred them at Bubastis, a considerable city of Lower Egypt. If any killed a cat, though by accident, he could not escape death. Even in the present day they are treated with the utmost care in that country, on account of their destroying the rats and mice. They are trained in some of the Grecian islands to attack and destroy serpents, with which those islands abound.

In the time of Howel Dha, *Howel the Good*, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made both to preserve and fix the prices of different animals; among which the cat was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see, was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, two-pence; after which it was rated at four-pence, a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required, that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, her fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, (its head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. From these circumstances (says Pennant) we may conclude that cats were not originally natives of these islands, and from the great care taken to improve and preserve the breed of this prolific creature, we may with propriety suppose that they were but little known at that period.

When Mr. Baumgarten was at Damascus, he saw there a kind of hospital for cats; the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mahomet, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his gown, and carefully fed with his own hands. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose. Browne, in his *History of Jamaica*, tells us, "A cat is a very dainty dish among the negroes."

P.T.W.

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ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)



In your account of this church, in No. 388, I perceive you state that the clock and figures were put up in 1761, whereas I find by reference to works on this subject, that they were so placed in 1671.[1]

Page 4

[1] Occasioned by a transposition of figures. In vol. xi. referred to in the above page, the date stands 1671.

There are many curious monuments in this church, and among others, is the beautiful one to the memory of Sir Richard Hoare, Knt. who was Lord Mayor of London in the memorable year 1745, at which “alarming crisis,” in the words of the inscription, “he discharged the great trust reposed in him with honour and integrity, to the approbation of his sovereign and the universal satisfaction of his fellow citizens.” He died in 1754, and was buried in this church. The monument, which is of marble, consists of a sarcophagus, above which is a cherub in the act of crowning a beautiful bust of Sir Richard with a laurel wreath, above is a shield of arms, within an orb ar. sa. a spread eagle of the first bearing an escutcheon of pretence ar. a lion ppr. in chief in base a chev. gu. charged with three escallop shells of the first, impaling a saltire sa. between four crosses fitche of the same. Crest, a griffin’s head erased ar. An inscription on the base informs us the monument was restored in 1820, at the expense of the parish, “in testimony of their grateful sense of obligation to a family whose eminent virtue and munificence it is intended to perpetuate.”

In the vestry of this church is preserved a finely executed portrait of the “Virgin Queen,” in stained glass; and there is also another window consisting of the effigy of St. Matthias, but this is not to be compared with the other for execution.

A.P.D.

* * * * *

CONSTANTINOPLE.

(For the Mirror.)

One of the finest buildings in Constantinople is a fountain in an open square, near the seraglio gate; it is a place built and maintained by the Grand Vizier, for the people to come and draw water, who have it served out to them in great jugs by people who are constantly in attendance to fill them; the jugs are chained to the place, and stand in rows about four feet from the ground, between gilt iron bars in front of the building. There are men always ready inside to draw the water and fill the jugs, which till people come are kept full; these men receive a yearly salary.

The houses are chiefly built of wood, and reach so far over the top that in some of the streets it would be very possible to get from the windows of one house to another across the street. By this manner of building, any one who has seen the place will not wonder at the frequent and fatal conflagrations there, for if once a fire break out it must burn till it comes to some garden or large vacant place to stop at. The Bussard is the



most regular part of the city, and has a number of parallel streets crossing one another, and covered at the top with planks which keep out the rain and sun. Here all the richest and finest goods in Constantinople are put out to

Page 5

show, as a pattern or sample of the merchants' stock, for sale in their warehouses at home. Every street has its particular trade, so that there is no mixture of shops as in other capitals. One street is occupied by goldsmiths, another by silk and brocade merchants; grocers and tailors have also different streets to themselves. The city is always shut up at ten at night, so that no one can have entrance or get out after that time. Indeed there is scarcely any one in the streets after dusk, for every one then goes to rest, so that when daylight is gone no business can be transacted; but the people are obliged to pray every night one hour and a half after dark, when the priests go up into the towers of the mosques, and in a loud voice call crowds to prayers in these words:—"God is great; (three times) give testimony there is but one God, yield yourselves to his mercy, and pray to him to forgive your sins. God is great (three times more) there is no other God but God."

Ina.

* * * * *

THE NOVELIST.

* * * * *

THE BACHELOR'S REVENGE.

(For the Mirror.)

Mr. Hardingham, or as some of his very intimate friends used to call him, Jack Hardingham, lived in a dull looking house in — Square, his profession (the law) was dull, his fire and fireside were dull; and as he sat by the former one dull evening, in the dullest of all his dull humours, and of such the lonely bachelor had many, he sighed, kicked his shins, and looked into his books; but as that was like gazing upon a very ugly face, he shut them again, and rang the bell. It was answered by a portly dame, whose age might be about some four or five and forty, whose complexion was fair, whose chubby cheeks were brilliantly rosy, and whose black eyes were so vividly lustrous, that one might have fancied the delicate cap-border near them, in danger from their fire. Over her full-formed bust, she wore a clear, and stiffly-starched muslin habit-shirt of purest white, a beautiful lace-edged ruff around her throat, over her ample shoulders was thrown a fawn-coloured shawl, and she wore also, a silver gray gown of the material called Norwich crape, with an apron rivalling in whiteness cap, habit-shirt, and ruff. We are particular in describing the costume of this fair creature, because when *dress* is invariably the same, it has unity with *person*; it is identified with its wearer, and our affections even are caught and retained by it, in a manner of which few are aware.

On the exterior of the lady whom we have endeavoured to portray, “housekeeper” was as indelibly stamped as the effigy of our king on the coin of the realm; and in a most soft and insinuating tone, she said, “Would you be pleased to want any thing, sir?”

“Yes, Mrs. Honeydew—go and ask if they can’t let me have De Vere.”

Page 6

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Chronicles of the Canongate."

"Yes, sir."

"Or Anne of Geierstein."

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Loves of the Poets."

"Yes, sir."

"Or, d'ye hear, hang it, tell Mr. Mason there are seven or eight other new works, the names of which I have forgotten, and he must recollect."

"Certainly, sir."

"Stop, stop—don't be in such a hurry—tell him, he has never ordered for me the Quarterly, as I desired—that I want to see the United Service Journal, and Blackwood for the month; and that if he chooses to charge four pence a night for his new novels, I'll not read one of them."

"Of course, sir; I'll tell him, for 'tis a shame, a real shame, for any body to *repose* on, as one may say, a gentleman like yourself. Never fear, but I'll tell him."

The lady retired, the door closed, and Mr. Hardingham sighed, "A worthy creature is Martha Honeydew." "Come in," cried the gentleman in a most amiable tone, as he presently recognised his housekeeper's tap at the parlour door, and with a curtsy she entered.

"O law, law! Mr. Hardingham, sir—Mr. Mason says—but I don't like to give you all his message, indeed I don't—Mr. Mason says—but I hope you'll never send me on such an *arrant* again—he says, sir—O but I'm sorry for it, that I am—he says then, that the *Quarter* you *ax'd* for, ar'n't come yet, and there's time enough for you to read it in when it *do*; that the Blackwood and the Officers' Magazine are *hout*; that you may go without your new novels afore he'll let you have 'em *chaiper* than other folks, (and there's a shocking shame, sir!) and as for the works you mentioned, there's fifty new ones at least to choose from; but he can't remember what you don't be pleased to recollect yourself. Dear heart! to think of a gentleman like you, sir, being *trated* thus; why, my blood *biled* within me; and I wouldn't demean myself to bring back any thing for you from that place; but I took the liberty, sir, to get you 'Damon and Dorinda,' a sweet pretty thing, from another."

“Ah!” sighed the bachelor, “I see there’s nobody in this world cares for poor Jack Hardingham, but Martha Honeydew;” and he felt sorry that his housekeeper had departed ere his lips had emitted this grateful praise. Yes, Mr. Hardingham felt vexed he scarcely knew why; and uncommonly discontented he knew not wherefore; but had he troubled himself to analyze such feelings, he would have discerned their origin to be solitude and idleness. Mrs. Honeydew brought tea; she had buttered a couple of muffins superlatively well; and making her master’s fire burn exceedingly bright, placed them on the cat before it, and a kettle, which immediately commenced a delicate bravura, upon the glowing coals; then, modestly waiting at the distance of a few paces from her master until the water quite boiled, she fixed her brilliant eyes upon his countenance with an expression *intended* to be *piteous*.

Page 7

"Mrs. Honeydew—Martha," said Hardingham in a low querulous tone, "I fancy I'm going to have a fit of the gout, or a bilious fever."

"*Fancy*, indeed, sir; why, I never saw you looking haler."

"Ay, Ay, so much the worse; a fit of apoplexy then maybe."

"Lauk, lauk! sir; a fit of the blue devils more likely. How can you talk so? A fit of *perplexity*! Dear, dear! how some men do go on to be sure;" pouring the steaming water upon the tea.

"You are a kind comforter, Martha; nobody ever raises my spirits like you. Get me my little leathern trunk."

"Why, then, that I won't;" getting it down from a closet-shelf as she spoke. "I wish it was burnt with all my heart, that I do; making you so *lammancholy* as it always *do*."

And well might this trunk make Mr. Hardingham melancholy, for it was the receptacle of letters and little gifts of a lady who had jilted him in early life; and upon whom he had often vowed vengeance. She was yet unmarried; but—no—her once devoted admirer was resolved to follow the lady's advice, and place his "affections upon a worthier object than Caroline Dalton;" and, thought he to himself, she shall at last see that I have *found one*; nor shall wild Tom, my graceless nephew, who lives upon my fortune, ever more touch one penny of it. The postman rapped, and in a few minutes his housekeeper appeared with many apologies for bringing to him her own newspaper, but perhaps in it he might be able to find the names of some of the new novels that he wished to have.

"Martha Honeydew," cried Hardingham with a smile, the first he had sported that week, "I am, as you know, a man of but few words, and straight-forward in my dealings; say that you can fancy me, and I'll marry you tomorrow."

Mrs. Honeydew's reply will be surmised; Caroline Dalton saw who was preferred before her, and the bachelor's revenge ruined wild Tom; for Hardingham settled all his property upon his wife, and a pretty life the amiable creature led him.

M.L.B.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

* * * * *

LETTER OF LORD STRAFFORD.

(For the Mirror.)

The following is literally copied from an original autograph of the unfortunate Lord Strafford, and may prove interesting to your numerous readers.

C.J.T.

"*Sweete Harte.*—It is *longe* since I *writt* unto you, for I am here in such a *troubel* as gives *mee* little or *noe* *respett*. The *chardge* is now *cum in*, and I am now *abel* I *prayse* God, to *telle* you that I *conceaue* there is nothing *capitall*, and for the *reste* I *knowe* at the *worste* his *maty* will *pardonne* all without hurting my fortune, and then *wee* shall be *happie* by God's grace. Therefore *comfortt* yourself, for I trust these *cloudes* will away and *thate* *wee* shall have *faire weathere* *afterwarde*.

Page 8

"Fare well, your *lovinge husbande*,
"Tower of *Londonne*,

"STRAFFORDE.

"4th Feb. 1640.

"My Wife."

* * * * *

STONE Pillars AND CROSSES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

It appears from the accounts of the earliest historians, that single stones, or rude pillars were raised on various occasions, in the most remote ages. Of these we have frequent notices in the Old Testament, as of that raised by Jacob at Lug, afterwards named Bethel; a pillar was also raised by him at the grave of Rachel. The Gentiles set up pillars for idolatrous purposes. The Paphians worshipped their Venus under the form of a white pyramid, and the Brachmans the great God under the figure of a little column of stone. Many large stones are found at this day in Wales and Cornwall, which are supposed to have been raised by the Phoenicians and Grecians, who frequently resorted thither for tin and other metals.

In Ireland some of these large stones have crosses cut on them, supposed to have been sculptured by Christians, out of compliance with Druidical prejudices, that the converts from Paganism not easily diverted from their reverence for these stones, might pay them a kind of justifiable adoration, when thus appropriated to the use of Christian memorials, by the sign of the Cross. Some signs of adoration are at this day paid to such stones, in the Scottish Western Isles; they are called *bowing stones*. In the Isle of Barra there is one about seven feet high, and when the inhabitants come near, they take a religious turn round it, according with ancient Druidical custom.

Stones were raised also as memorials of *civil contracts*; as by Jacob, in his contract with Laban, when the attendants of the latter raised a heap, to signify their assent to the treaty. Those conical, pyramidal, and cylindric stones, perpendicularly raised, which are seen in the British Isles, were formerly introduced in general, to ascertain the boundaries of districts. On these, representations of the crucifixion were frequently cut, and the name of crosses were given to the boundary stones in general, though remaining without this symbol. Many instances might be given of these termini. At High Cross, on the intersection of the Watling Street and Foss Roman roads, there was formerly a pillar which marked the limits of Warwickshire and Leicestershire—the present column is of modern date; another distinguished the boundaries of Asfordby

and Frisby, in the latter county. One at Crowland, in the county of Lincoln, the inscription on which has caused considerable dispute amongst antiquarians, has been much noticed. A famous one near Landoris, in Fifeshire, placed, as Camden says, as a boundary between the districts of Fife and Stathern, was also a place of sanctuary.

Page 9

Stone pillars, or crosses were also raised to record remarkable events; as where a battle had been fought, or over persons of distinction slain therein. Crosses were likewise erected where any particular instance of mercy had been shown by the Almighty, or where any person had been murdered by robbers, or had met with a violent death; where the corpse of any great person had rested on its way to interment, as those splendid ones erected by Edward I. in memory of his beloved Queen Elinor; often in churchyards, and in early times at most places of public concourse; in market-places, perhaps to repress all idea of undue gain or extortion; and at the meeting of four roads.

Penances were often finished at crosses. Near Stafford stood one called *Weeping Cross*, from its being a place designated for the expiation of penances, which concluded with weeping and other signs of contrition. A great number of sepulchral crosses were erected in Great Britain and Ireland, soon after prayers for the dead came into use, by the desire of individuals, at their places of interment, to remind pious people to pray for their souls.

The ancient practice of consecrating Pagan antiquities to religious purposes, has been continued to times comparatively modern; thus, Pope Sixtus V. purified the Antonine column and that of Trajan, dedicating them to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues, of a colossal size, he placed on their summits. Succeeding Popes followed these examples, dedicating ancient columns, pillars, and obelisks to different Saints and Apostles.

A CORRESPONDENT.

* * * * *

NOTES OF A READER.

* * * * *

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

No. 1.

It is seldom that we “turn critics;” but our very bile rises at the ill-timed dedication of this work to the King, as the “first fruits of the combined exertions of a few of your majesty’s subjects, educated within the GROSSLY misrepresented UNIVERSITY of LONDON.” It is quite unnecessary for us to explain *why* this Dedication deserves the epithet we have chosen: it stands with the signature of “the Proprietors,” and we hope is not the act of the editors; but for the credit of the University, the publishers, the proprietors, and editors, we recommend their friends to cancel the leaf bearing this very offensive inscription, whether they care or not for the golden opinions of all sorts of people.

If the present Number be a fair sample of the *London University Magazine*, we can promise the reader but little amusement in our “Notes” from its pages. It may prove useful enough to the students of the University, but it woefully lacks the attractive features of a Magazine for the public; it may suit the library-table, but not the “excellent coffee room,” or the “retired cigar room” of the University Hotel. “On a general

Page 10

Judgment—A new System of communicating Scientific Information in a Tabular form—On the Study of the Law and Medicine—On Apoplexy,” and the general business of the University, are very grave matters for little more than 100 pages. “On the Metamorphosis of Plants,” by Goethe, is more attractive; but Magazine readers do not want the lumber of law and medicine—the dry material of parchment, or the blood and filth of the physiological chair. How different too, is all this from the pleasantry and attic wit of “*The Etonian*,” into whose volumes we still dip with undiminished gratification.

As we have enumerated the least attractive of the papers in the London University Magazine, we ought also to run over the lighter portions of its pages. These are “A young head, and, what is still better, a young heart,”—discursive enough—“A Tale of the Irish Rebellion—the Guerilla Bride, a Poem,” beginning

“It is a tale of Spain—Romantic Spain!”

—and a Sketch of the Irish Exchequer Court. A description of the University, with a Vignette view, and ground plan, is perhaps, the most interesting of the whole Number; but as dramatic critics sometimes say of a new performer, we had rather see him in another character before we form an estimate of his talents—so we wait for better things from the London University Magazine.

* * * * *

THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF NATURAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE, No. 1.

We expected much from the announcement of this work, and are not disappointed in its first Number. It contains original papers—scientific Reviews—geographical and natural History Collections—and an abundance of scientific intelligence—somewhat on the plan of Mr. Loudon’s excellent Magazines. We have not at present room for extract; but the Number before us will furnish several interesting Notes for a portion of our next publication. *A Tour in the Island of Jersey* is one of the most amusing articles we have read for some time, and we hope to abridge it for our columns.

* * * * *

THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

The Eighth Number of this valuable Journal is just published, and its table of contents is exceedingly attractive. Among these are Phrenology—a characteristic article on Germany—the French and Italian Drama—anecdotal papers on Napoleon and General Jackson and the United States of America, and the History of the Cid. Ours will be a pleasing task to “note” through this Number.

* * * * *

UNPUBLISHED LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.

By the late Dr. Wolcot. (Peter Pindar.)

Page 11

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

New Monthly Magazine.

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GAS LIGHTS.

We have now been so long accustomed to this new light in the streets, that, like all other terrene goods, we have almost become insensible to its blessings. Yet let him who desires to know what he owes to chemistry and "Old Murdoch," turn into any of the streets still lighted with oil, and then come back to the nocturnal day of the Strand or Pall Mall. The parish oil lamps were like light-houses on the ocean; guides, not lights; the gas has become a perpetual full moon; and it may assuredly be pronounced one of the most splendid and valuable applications of chemistry. Why has not old Murdoch his statue? He deserves it even better than his master; for the master was well paid in solid pudding. In other days, that statue would have equalled the Colossus at Rhodes, and the demi-philosopher would have breathed flame like the Chimera; in the fabulous ages before that, he would have come down to us a god, or a demi-god, the rival of Prometheus, Hercules, and Atlas. Why not cast him in Achillean brass, the rival of the great hero of gunpowder and Waterloo, and make him breathe gas like the Dragon of Wantley, to illuminate the triumphal arch. Ingrata Patria!

The new light! yes, much has been heard of its power and influence; but what has the new light of all the preachers done for the morality and order of London, compared to what has been effected by this new light. Old Murdoch alone, has suppressed more vice than the Suppression Society; and has been a greater police officer into the bargain than old Colquhoun and Sir Richard Birnie united. It is not only that men are afraid to be wicked when light is looking at them, but they are ashamed also; the reformation is applied to the right place. Where does vice resort? Where it can hide; in

darkness, says the preacher, because its deeds are deeds of darkness. Seek it in Pudding-lane, and Dyot-street, and the abysses of Westminster. Why was not this new light preached to them long ago: twenty bushels of it would have been of more value than as many chaldrons of sermons, and taking even the explosions of the inspector into the bargain. But it is well, that this is at length to be compulsory; since it is never too

Page 12

late. Thieves and rogues are like moths in blankets: bring the sun to shine on them, and they can neither live nor breed. Let the Duke of Wellington place a gas-lamp at every door of these infernal abodes; and since they cannot be smoked out, make their houses as much like glass, on the principle of the old Roman, as we can compass. This is the remedy; at least till common sense will condescend to the better expedient of pulling down and laying open all these retreats of misery and vice; the disgrace and the nuisance of London, and not less a standing inhumanity to the poor themselves.—*Westminster Review*.

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CAPE WINES.

The commerce at the Cape is wine; and the vine has already increased tenfold, since the colony became British. But unfortunately more attention has been hitherto paid to quantity than to quality, except on the farms which yield Constantia. The latter have an eastern exposure, and are sheltered from the south-west, the only injurious blast. The soil being a deposit from the neighbouring mountains, is light, but enriched by manure. The subsoil, which is even more important, is still lighter, being mixed with sand and broken stone; on the contrary, in Drachenstein, where the chief vineyards are at present, the subsoil being clay, the wine receives an unpleasant flavour, the idea of which is inseparably associated with the very name of Cape wine. It is unnecessary to enter into the subject of its manufacture. If the subsoil be bad, so will the wine be. The vine does not require a rich subsoil. In Italy, flags are laid to prevent the roots from penetrating into clay; and in England, rubbish is thrown in to make a subsoil that shall not be so rich as to produce leaves, instead of fruit. It would be advantageous were premiums offered for wine that had not been produced from clay or subsoil, but had been reared in trellis, as requiring less labour than the standard, and made on a pure and good system, instead of being mixed with Cape brandy, or sulphuric acid, &c. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Cape wine is generally sold in England under the names, and at the prices, of Madeira, Sherry, Teneriffe, Stem, Pontac, and above all, Hock.—*Gill's Repository*.

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A VIEW OF LONDON.

The finest view in London is from the top of Whitehall Place, looking towards the river; but then you must see it as I did, at the same hour, and under similar circumstances.

Page 13

It was about a fortnight since I beheld that memorable spectacle. I was on my way home, having dined with a friend, who, though not an habitual votary of Bacchus, occasionally sacrifices to the god with intense and absorbing zeal. After dinner we adjourned to the Opera, having only determined to renew at supper our intimacy with certain flasks of Champagne, which lay in their icy baths coolly expecting our return. We carried our determination into effect to the fullest extent; and at half-past three o'clock we parted, deeply impressed with a sense of each other's good qualities, and with as keen and lively an appetite for the sublime and beautiful as an X of Champagne[2] usually imparts to its warm-hearted admirers. My way led me through Whitehall, at least I found myself there, as "Charles," the guardian of the night, was announcing the fourth hour. As my good fortune would have it, I happened to look towards the river, and never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget the sight which presented itself. Six distinct St. Pauls lifted themselves through the cloudless morning air (so pure, that the smoke of a single cigar would defile it: I extinguished mine in awe) towards the blue transparent sky; nearer, and beneath this stately city of temples, were four Waterloo Bridges, piling their long arcades in graceful and harmonious regularity one above the other, with the chaste and lofty symmetry of a mighty aqueduct; while far away, in the dim distance, a dome of gigantic dimensions was faintly visible, as if presiding over the scene, linking shadow and substance, uniting the material with the intellectual world, like the realization of a grand architectural dream. Talk not to me of the Eternal City—in her proudest days of imperial magnificence she could not furnish such a view—thrice be that Champagne lauded!—*Monthly Magazine*.

[2] *Reader*—What does he mean by an X of Champagne?

Editor—An unknown quantity, you fool.

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NEW YORK.

The distant view of New York, almost free from smoke, is singularly bright and lively; in some respects it refreshes a recollection of the sea-bound cities of the Mediterranean. The lower parts of the interior, next to the warehouses, resemble Liverpool; but the boast of the city is Broadway, a street that, for extent and beauty, the Trongate of Glasgow, which it somewhat resembles in general effect, alone excels. The style of the Trongate is, if the expression may be used, of a more massy and magnificent character, but there is a lightness in that of Broadway which most people will prefer. Those who compare the latter with Oxford-street, in London, do it injustice; for, although the shops in Oxford-street display a richer show of merchandize, the buildings are neither of equal consequence nor magnitude. Regent-street in London, is of course always excepted from comparisons of this kind.

Page 14

The portico of the Bowery Theatre is immeasurably the finest *morceau* of architecture in the city. It resembles that of Covent-Garden, but seems to be nobler and greater; and yet I am not sure if, in point of dimensions, it is larger, or so large as that of Covent-Garden. The only objection to it—and my objection is stronger against the London theatre—is the unfitness. In both cases, the style and order are of the gravest Templar character, more appropriate to the tribunals of criminal justice, than to the haunts of Cytherea and the Muses.—*New Monthly Mag.*

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THE TRUE FORNARINA.

The account of a journey which was taken in the year 1664, by Cosmo, the son of Ferdinand II. de Medici, was written at the time, by Philip Pizzichi, his travelling chaplain. This work was published for the first time at Florence, about seven months ago. It contains some curious notices of persons and things, and among them, what will interest every lover of the fine arts. It is this—speaking of Verona, he mentions the Curtoni gallery of paintings, and says, “The picture most worthy of attention is the lady of Raffaello, so carefully finished by himself, and so well preserved that it surpasses every other.” The editor of these travels has satisfactorily shown that Raffaello’s lady here described is the true Fornarina; so that of the three likenesses of her said to be executed by this eminent artist, the genuine one is the Veronese, belonging to the Curtoni gallery, now in the possession of a lady Cavellini Brenzoni, who obtained it by inheritance.—*Monthly Magazine.*

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ITALIAN SCENERY.

Happy is the man, who, leaving the Alps behind him, has the plains of Lombardy on his right hand and on his left, the Apennines in view, and Florence as the city towards which he directs his steps. His way is through a country where corn grows under groves of fruit trees, whose tops are woven into green arcades by thickly-clustering garlands of vines; the dark masses of foliage and verdure which every where appear, melt insensibly, as he advances, into a succession of shady bowers that invite him to their depths; the scenery is monotonous, and yet ever various from the richness of its sylvan beauty, possessing all the softness of forest glades without their gloom. Towards Bologna, the landscape roughens into hills, which grow into Apennines, but Arcadia still breathes from slopes and lawns of tender green, which take their rise in the low stream-watered valleys, and extend up the steep ascent till met midway by the lofty chestnut groves which pale them in. To these gentler features succeeds the passage of the

Apennines, which here, at least, are not as the author of “Italy as it Is,” describes them, “the children of the Alps—smiling and gentle and happy

Page 15

as children should be," but, as we remember them, their summits form themselves into a wild, dreary region, sown with sterile mountain-tops, and torn to pieces by wind and storm; the only glimpse of peace is derived from the view on either side of the sea, which sometimes shows itself on the horizon, a misty line, half silver, half ether. This barren wilderness again softens into gracefully-swelling hills turned towards Florence. The fair olive tree and the dark cypress mingle their foliage with the luxuriant chestnut boughs, and the frequent marble villa flashes a white gleam from amid its surrounding laurel bowers. The sky is more beautiful than earth, and each symbolize peace and serene enjoyment.—*Westminster Review*.

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MUSICAL MARVEL.

One of the most amusing stories in ancient history, of the successful and happy use of fine music, is told of Arion, who, when about to be thrown overboard by some mutinous sailors, begged leave to sing to his lute one funeral strain before his death. Having obtained leave, he stood upon the prow with his instrument, chanted with a loud voice his sweetest elegy, and then threw himself into the sea. A dolphin, as the story goes, charmed with his music, swam to him while floating on the waves, bore him on his back, and carried him safely to Cape Taenarus, in Sparta, from whence he went to Corinth. It would have been well for the mutineers if their taste for music had been as great as the dolphin's, for the history not only affords a grand instance of the power of music, but of retributive justice, as the sailors accidentally going to Corinth, paid the penalty of their evil intentions with their lives.

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POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Martin mentions a very curious fact. The increase of population, he says, has been most rapid, and is to be accounted for by the number of females born, the proportion being, with regard to males, as three to one! The great preponderating number of females brought forth among domesticated animals, will account for the countless herds of cattle which overspread the colony.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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THE BLACK LADY OF ALTENOETTING.

With the exception of the shrine of the Three Kings at Cologne, there exists throughout Germany no spot of greater sanctity, no altar of richer endowments, than the Chapel of the Black Lady, on the frontier of Bavaria. The hearts of its sovereign electors have been deposited, from century to century, within the consecrated cells; nor is there an historic event, involving the interests of their own, or the adjacent kingdoms, which is not supposed to have been influenced by her potent interposition. A sufficient history, in fact, of the destinies of the whole empire, might be recorded in a mere catalogue of the national offerings to the shrine of Altenoetting.

Page 16

In rambling through the eastern provinces of Bavaria, some few springs ago, I chanced to arrive one glowing afternoon at the post-house of an inconsiderable town; which, from the grass-grown tranquillity of its streets, and from a peculiar air of self-oblivion, appeared to be basking fast asleep in the sunshine. There was little to admire in the common-place character of its site, or the narrow meanness of its distribution; yet there was something peculiar in its look of dreamy non-identity; and had it not been for the smiling faces of the fair-haired Bavarian girls, who were to be seen glancing here and there, with their embroidered purple bodices and coifs, and silver-chained stomachers, I could believe myself to have reached some enchanted realm of forgetfulness.

As I entered the Platz, or market-square, of the little town, chiefly with a view to the nearer inspection of the cunning workmanship of the aforesaid carcanets of silver, a light sprinkling of April rain began to moisten the pavement—one of those unheard, unseen, revivifying showers, which weep the earth into freshness, and the buds into maturity. I was anxious, however, to withdraw my mere human nature from participation in these herbaceous advantages; and looking about for some shelter which might preserve me from the mischiefs of the shower, without depriving me of its refreshing fragrance, I espied in the centre of the Platz—a square of no mighty area—a low, rotunda-like building, with slated roof, overhanging and resting upon wooden pillars, so as to form a sort of covered walk.

I settled with myself that this was the market-house of the town, and hastened to besiege so desirable a city of refuge. But during my rapid approach, I observed that the external walls of the nameless edifice beneath the arcade were covered, and without a single interstitial interval, by small pictures in oil-colours, equal in size, and equal in demerit, and each and all representing some calamitous crisis of human existence—a fire, a ship-wreck, a boat-wreck, a battle, a leprosy! It occurred to me at the same moment, that this gallery of mortal casualties and afflictions must be a collection of votive offerings, and that the seeming market-house was, probably, a shrine of especial sanctity. And so it was!—the shrine of “The Black Lady of Altenoetting.”

Instigated by somewhat more than a traveller's vague curiosity, I entered the chapel; the brilliancy of which, eternally illuminated by the reflection of a profusion of silver lamps upon the thousand precious objects which decorate the walls, forms a startling contrast with the dim shadows of the external arcade. In most cases, the entrance to a religious edifice impresses the mind with a consciousness of vastness, and a sensation of awe:

“-----the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And strike an aching dullness to the breast.”

But the chapel of the Black Virgin is diminutive as a boudoir, and yet retains the usual character of listening and awful stillness, the ordinary impression of local sanctity. A few peasants were seen kneeling in utter immobility and self-abstraction beneath a lamp, which seemed to issue in a crimson flame from a colossal two-fold silver heart, suspended from the ceiling—their untutored minds were elevated into the belief of a heavenly commune.

Page 17

In a glass case above the altar, is deposited this far-famed effigy of the Holy Galilean virgin—a hideous female negro, carved in wood, and holding an infant Jesus in her arms of the same hue and material; and exhibited in its extremity of ugliness by the reflected glare of the silver and diamonds, and gems of every description, by which she is surrounded. Chests, mimic altars, models of ships, crowns and sceptres, chalices and crosses of gold and silver and enamel, and enriched with

Turkish blue and emerald green,

and every jewel of every land, lie amassed in gorgeous profusion in the adjoining cases, and seemed to realize the fabled treasures of the preadamite Sultans. Boasting themselves as gifts of gratitude or invocation from emperors and popes, kings, princes, palsgraves, and all the other minor thrones and dominions of the earth, these splendid offerings form the most plausible illustration of the miraculous power attributed to the image of the Black Lady, which has been deposited in its actual abode since the year of Grace 696. In the course of the Thirty Years' War, this important relic and its treasury were twice removed into the city of Salzburg, for security from the Swedish invaders; and twice brought back in solemn triumph to their ancient sanctuary.

But a mightier charm than that of gems or metals, the most precious or the most beautiful, connects itself with the chapel of Altenoetting—its association with historical names of all ages, from Charlemagne and Otto of Wittelsbach, whose monuments we find inscribed in Runic characters, to Pius the Sixth, whose dedication, “O clemens, O pia Virgo Oettingana!” is graven in a “fine Roman hand.” It contains sepulchral vaults of the families of Wallenstein, Tilly, Montecuculi, besides those of divers electors, archbishops, and archdukes, whose titles speak far less stirringly to the heart; altogether forming an illustration of the past, which brings the dark ages in living majesty before our eyes.

Alternately dazzled and disgusted by this fruitless waste of splendour, this still more fruitless waste of national credulity, I was pondering over the domestic virtues of a certain “Franziska Barbara, Countess of Tilly,” as recorded over her grave, when the chants of the priests, who had been engaged in the celebration of mass before the altar, suddenly ceased; and, as the last fumes of the incense circled upwards to the blackened roof, there arose another and a solitary voice, evidently of lay intonation, and deepened by that persuasive earnestness of devotion which, like an electric chain, connects in holy feeling all sects of the Christian church. It spoke in the fulness of gratitude, and in the humbleness of prayer; and although the dialect was tinged with village barbarism, and its thankfulness addressed to the Black Virgin, I heard in its simple solemnity only the beauty of holiness; and, overlooking the visible shrine, beheld in its ultimate object the tribunal of divine mercy!

Page 18

The devout speaker was one of a peasant family who had entered the chapel unobserved, during my contemplation of its glittering decorations. He was apparently a Bavarian farmer, somewhat advanced in years, and wearing, in addition to his richly-substantial holiday attire, a deep green shade over his eyes, which accounted for the character of his thanksgivings to the miraculous image. "I thank thee, O most benign and saintly Maria!" had been the tenour of his prayer, "for the scattered and glorious gifts of Heaven, which had become as vain things to my soul, till thy grace renewed them in its knowledge. I thank thee for the summer skies and the green pastures—for the footsteps which no longer crave a helping hand—for the restored faces of my beloved ones—and, above all, O holiest Virgin! I glorify thy name in gratitude for the precious means by which the blessing of sight hath been again vouchsafed me!"

This last mode of expression excited my curiosity, and when the little group of votaries had concluded their ceremonies, had affixed their consecrated tapers at the shrine, and deposited their oblations with its officiating priests, I followed their joyful footsteps out of the chapel, and was again struck by the delicious transition from the heated and incense-laden atmosphere of its interior, to the pure, balmy April air without, gushing with the sweetness of the passing shower.

The ceremonies of the day were still far from their conclusion. The historical painter of Altenoetting was in attendance in the arcade, bearing the votive picture which was to perpetuate the latest miracle of the Black Lady; and as far as I could observe or ascertain of the sacerdotal hangman of the consecrated gallery, the oldest and most weather-stained of the pictures was made to yield precedence to the new comer. Having profited by a stranger's privilege, and the English garb, which is held as sacred as a herald's tabard in many a foreign land, to unite myself to the little group, and address some casual inquiries to its frank and overjoyous members—old Philipp Stroer himself, the hero of the day, deigned to take the picture from the hands of the sacristan, and to ciceronize for my especial edification. I trust his restored vision was not yet sufficiently acute to admit of his noting the smile which, in spite of my better will, stole over my face, as I contemplated the phenomenon of bad taste, and worse execution, which he thrust upon my observation. It represented his worthy but very unpicturesque self in the hands of an oculist, and the endurance of a cataract. The eyes of his surrounding family were fixed with eager interest upon the event of the operation. "And what," said I, anxious to make some sympathy in this domestic crisis—"and what is the name of the surgeon whose efforts have been blessed by the protection of the Black Lady?"

"The surgeon!"

"Yes; the oculist who is represented in the picture."

Page 19

"That, sir, is no oculist, no surgeon; it is my Karl, sir, my beloved son!" I shall never forget the voice, struggling with emotion, in which the old man pronounced the words "*mein sohn!*"

The story of that son was one of deep, though humble interest. Trained in the agricultural habits of his forefathers, and destined to succeed to the laborious honours of the Stroerische farm, young Karl, to whom his gray-haired father was an object of the fondest and most reverential affection, beheld with horror the gradual advances of the disease which was about to render the remaining years of life a burden to the sightless man. With the fractiousness of advancing age and growing infirmity, old Philipp obstinately refused to seek the assistance of any learned leech of the country round. Brannau and Burchhausen boasted each of a chirurgic wonder, but Stroer misdoubted or defied their skill. "His frail body," he said, "was in the hands of a heavenly Providence, to which, as might best beseem, he bequeathed its guidance." Meanwhile, the perilous uncertainty of his footing, and the growing isolation of his existence, became more and more perceptible, when one day, just as an acknowledgement of "total eclipse" had fallen from his quivering lips, the prop and stay of his household, his beloved son Karl was missing from the farm! The first moment of uncertainty touching his destinies was a trying one, but it was also brief. A few days brought a letter from Munich, in which the absconded son implored his father's forgiveness, forbearance, and patience, during some ensuing months. Time, he wrote, might alone explain the motives of duty which had caused his apparent error.

Patience is a difficult virtue to the sick and the unhappy. The blind man, pining for his absent Karl, had need of all his trust in the excellence of his favourite child: at times, misdoubtings naturally arose; for the few months lengthened into seven, eight—eleven—a whole year, and the wanderer came not again.

At length, one autumn evening, a general shriek from the little household apprized Philipp Stroer of some unwonted occurrence, and straightway a voice demanded his blessing, and warm tears were wept upon his hand, and he knew that his son was at his feet! The story of Karl's absence was briefly and feelingly explained. Moved by his father's obstinate aversion to place himself in the hands of a strange practitioner, he had resolved to qualify himself for so precious a charge; and having interested an eminent surgeon of Munich by the detail of his affecting anxieties sufficiently to insure his instructions in the single branch of surgery requisite for his purpose, Karl had passed his days in infirmaries and hospitals, denying himself the common sustenance of nature, in order to maintain the respectability of garb necessary for his admittance to the lectures of his scientific preceptor. At length, his ardent endeavours were rewarded by a

Page 20

certificate of expertness; and a patent of nobility would have afforded him a far less gratifying excitement. Nor did Heaven withhold its blessing from a cause thus hallowed by filial devotion; the operation, which quickly followed his arrival at the farm, was attended with perfect success. For some days, indeed, the old man still maintained his resistance; but when he was assured that Karl had preceded his departure for Munich by a pilgrimage to Altenoetting, and that the especial favour of the Black Lady had sanctified his undertaking, he became more passive—the result was a perfect restoration to sight.

“And where,” I exclaimed, “is this excellent, this worthy Karl of yours at present?”

“By your side,” replied a chorus of voices; and following their indication, I turned towards a young man of sturdy appearance, who acknowledged my salute with prompt and open frankness. He wore the common peasant costume of the country, and laughed away my honest praises as a mere exaggeration. “I had nothing to fear from my absence,” said he, looking towards a very beautiful girl who stood beside him, “for I was secure of the good faith of my Hannchen, and I knew that the Black Lady would bless my enterprise!”

I could not presume to despise this strange union of intelligence and bigotry; nay, so intimately is the remembrance of the family of Stroer connected in my mind with that of the miraculous idol, that I must acknowledge some sort of lingering superstitious reverence towards the shrine of the Black Virgin of Altenoetting.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

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THE RIVER.

River, River, little River,
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River, River, swelling River,
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.



River, River, brimming River,
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River, River, rapid River,
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River, River, headlong River,
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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The Anecdote Gallery.

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YOUTH OF MOZART.

Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Page 21

When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of thirty-six, is at the head of dramatic, sinfonia, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby song: he puts forth about 800 compositions, including masses, motetts, operas, and fragments of various kinds; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct basses to melodies; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments, without the usual labour of practice, we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution.

The father of Mozart held the situation of Vice Kapell-meister and violinist in the chapel of the archbishop of Salzburg. In the service of this haughty and ignorant nobleman, (who appears to have been a complete feudal tyrant, and to have represented all the pride and insolence for which the then beggarly-princes of Germany were remarkable), he was so ill paid, that notwithstanding his utmost exertions as an instructor, it was with difficulty he supported a wife and family. Anna Maria,[3] born August 29, 1751, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born January 27, 1756, were the only two of seven children who survived. The sister made such progress on the harpsichord, that in the first journeys which the father took in order to display the talents of his children, she divided the public attention with her brother. Wolfgang, however, not only profited as a player, from the careful instruction which both the children received from their parent, but began then to exhibit the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind; the minuets and other little movements which he composed from the age of four to seven show a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which promised a maturity of the highest genius. Of the first expedition of Leopold Mozart with his son and daughter, in January, 1762, little account is preserved, further than that they visited Munich, and played concertos on the harpsichord before the royal family. In the following autumn, (Wolfgang being then in his seventh year), the father proceeded in the same company to Vienna; the journey was made by water, and the family gave concerts at the principal towns they passed, as occasion served. Leopold Mozart writes, "On Tuesday we arrived at Ips, where two Minorites and a Benedictine who accompanied us said mass,[4] during which our little Wolfgang *tumbled about* upon the organ and played so well,

Page 22

that the Franciscan fathers, who were just sitting down to dinner with some guests, left the table, and ran with all their company into the choir, where they were filled with wonder." A little before, he says, "the children are as merry as when they were at home. The boy is friendly with every body, but particularly with military officers, as though he had known them all his life. He is the admiration of all." At the Court of Vienna the family was received with great favour, the Emperor Francis I. being mightily pleased with "the little magician," as he used playfully to call young Mozart. "There is nothing wonderful," said the emperor one day, joking with him, "in playing with all the fingers, but to play with *one* finger and with the keys covered, would really be surprising." Upon which the child instantly performed in this manner with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. The father writes, "you will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." [5] It was at this time that Mozart began to display the feeling of a great artist; just before he commenced a concerto, seeing himself surrounded by people of the Court, he asked the emperor—"is not M. Wagenseil here? *he* understands these things." Wagenseil was called forward to the harpsichord; "I am going to play one of your concertos," said the boy, "will you turn over for me?"

[3] This lady is at present living in Salzburg, and in 1826 had not entirely given up her occupation as an instructress in piano-forte playing. Many pupils have been brought up under her, who by a peculiar neatness and precision of performance, evince the excellent tuition of Nanette Mozart.

[4] Probably at a convent.

[5] The following anecdote is recorded in the history of this journey:—Little Mozart one day, on a visit to the empress, was led into her presence by the two princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other Marie Antoinette, lifted him up and consoled him. Upon which he said to her, "you are very good, I will marry you." She related this to her mother, who asked Wolfgang how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude—she was so kind to me—whereas her sister gave herself no trouble."

As yet Mozart had only played on keyed instruments, but on his return to Salzburg he practised privately on a little violin which he had purchased in Vienna, and, to the surprise of his father and some friends who had met to play over some new trios, he performed the second violin part, and then the first, with correctness, though without method. His horror of the sound of the trumpet in childhood, and the early passion

Page 23

he displayed for arithmetic, are well known; to the last he was fond of figures, and was extremely clever in making calculations; though very improvident in his pecuniary affairs. The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. Schachtner, a trumpeter, who used to visit his father, had a violin that Wolfgang was fond of playing upon, which he used to praise extremely for its soft tone, calling it the "*butter fiddle*." On one occasion, as the boy was amusing himself on his own little violin, he said to Schachtner, "if you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half-a-quarter of a note flatter than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction, upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father, who had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument, and it was found to be as the boy had said. Although he daily gave fresh instances of his extraordinary endowments, he did not become proud or conceited, but was always an amiable and tractable child. The affection and sweetness which characterize his airs were inherent in his disposition, and the following anecdote accounts for the prevalence of those delightful qualities in his vein of melody:—"Mozart loved his parents, particularly his father, so tenderly, that every night before going to bed he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him. During the singing he often kissed his father *on the top of the nose*, (the epicurism of childish fondness), and as soon as this solemnity was over, he was laid in bed, perfectly contented and happy."

The young artist, in his eighth year, began to show a manly intellect. It was in the third tour through Germany to Paris, London. &c. that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe; but as many particulars of this period of his life are already known, from the account published by Daines Barrington in the Philosophical Transactions, the Letters of Baron Grimm, and other sources, we shall only notice the newest and most interesting incidents of this part of the Biography. From Wasserburg, Leopold Mozart writes, "We went up to the organ to amuse ourselves, where I explained the pedals to Wolfgang. He began instantly to make an attempt with them, pushed back the stool and preluded standing, treading the bass to his harmonies as if he had practised for months." The violin-playing of Nardini, whom the party heard at Ludwigsberg, is much praised by Leopold Mozart for the neatness of the execution, and the beauty and equality of the tone. At Frankfort, Wolfgang one morning on waking began to cry. His father asked him the reason. He said he was so sorry at not being able to see his friends Hagenaur, Wenzl, Spitzeder, and Reibl. Though the children performed

Page 24

before all the persons of distinction they met on their route, yet as they were often rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on this account. He says, in a letter from Brussels, "At Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced." In Paris, little Mozart performed feats which would have done honour to an experienced Kapellmeister, transposing at sight, into any key whatever, any airs which were placed before him, writing the melody to a bass, or the bass to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprised every one, and his organ-playing was particularly admired. A very pleasant picture of the musical family was painted in Paris, of which an engraving is given in the Biography. Mozart's sister relates, that when they were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had her brother placed upon a table, and that as he approached to salute her, she turned away from him; upon which he said indignantly, "I wonder who she is, that she will not kiss me—the empress has kissed me!" At Versailles the whole court was present to hear the little boy of eight years play upon the organ, and he was moreover treated by the royal family with great distinction, particularly by the queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honour to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand. The father writes, "the queen speaks as good German as we do. As, however, the king understands nothing of it, the queen interprets all that our *heroic* Wolfgang says."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

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AN ATTACHMENT.

Mr. Best, in his *Memorials*, says, I told my friend, Sir J., that Mr. —— said, that among other fishes good for food, he was particularly *attached* to a smelt. "—— him;" said Sir J., "I wish a smelt was attached to *him*—to his nose for a week, till it stank, and cured him of his attachment."

* * * * *

WINE.

Some people are very proud of their wine, and court your approbation by incessant questions. One of a party being invited by Sir Thomas Grouts to a second glass of his “old East India,” he said that one was a dose—had rather not double the *Cape*; and at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year.

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Page 25

GEORGE III.

Was known to make no secret of his own plans or notions. "Have you ever been in Parliament, Mr. Law?" asked the King, when Law was attending at the levee on his appointment as Attorney-General. The answer was in the negative. "That is right; my Attorney-General ought not to have been in Parliament; for then, you know, he is not obliged to eat his own words." On the esplanade at Weymouth, he used to stop and speak to some children. "Well, little boy, what will you be? Will you be a soldier?" Then turning to one of his attendants, "I know the children by the nursemaids."

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C.C.

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