

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

Vol. XII, no. 339.] Saturday, November 8, 1828. [Price 2d.

Great Milton.

[Illustration: Great Milton.]

Great Milton, a picturesque village, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, is entitled to notice in the annals of literature, as the family seat of the MILTONS, ancestors of Britain's illustrious epic poet. Of this original abode, our engraving is an accurate representation. One of Milton's ancestors forfeited his estate in the turbulent times of York and Lancaster. "Which side he took," says Johnson, "I know not; his descendant inherited no veneration for the White Rose." His grandfather was under ranger of the forest of Shotover, Oxon, who was a zealous Papist, and disinherited his son for becoming a Protestant. Milton's father being thus deprived of his family property, was compelled to quit his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, whence he went to London, and became a scrivener. He was eminent for his skill in music;^[1] and from his reputation in his profession, he grew rich, and retired. He was likewise a classical scholar, as his son addresses him in one of his most elaborate Latin verses. He married a lady of the name of Caston, of a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John, *the poet*,^[2] and Christopher, who studied the law, became a bencher of the Inner Temple, was knighted at a very advanced age, and raised by James II. first to be a Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. He was much persecuted by the republicans for his adherence to the royal cause, but his composition with them was effected by his brother's interest.

[1] Dr. Burney says he was "equal in science, if not in genius, to the best musicians of his age."

[2] Born in his father's house, at the Spread Eagle in Bread-street, Cheapside, December 9, 1608.

Besides these two sons, he had a daughter, Anne, who was married to a Mr. Edward Philips, of Shrewsbury; by him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived the only authentic account of his domestic manners.

Milton was thus by birth a gentleman; but had his descent been otherwise, his works would ennoble him to posterity.

The lord, by giddy fortune courted,
Stalks through a part by thousands played;
The minstrel, proud and unsupported,
Stands forth the Noble God has made[3]

[3] W. Kennedy—in the *Amulet* for 1829.

We sought our illustration of *great Milton* in the “Oxfordshire” of that voluminous and expensive work, “the Beauties of England and Wales;” but, strange to say, the family name of Milton is not even mentioned there, although the house is still

By chance or Nature’s changing course untrimm’d.

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The editor, however, tells us, on the authority of Leland, that there was at Great Milton a priory “many yeres syns;” and quotes the following quaint lines from a tablet in the church:—

Here lye mother and babe, both without sins,
Next birth will make her and her infant, twins.

* * * * *

Ancient FEASTINGS in Guildhall, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The first time that Guildhall was used on festive occasions was by Sir John Shaw Goldsmith, knighted in the field of Bosworth. After building the essentials of good kitchens, and other offices, in the year 1500, he gave here the mayor's feast, which before had usually been done in Grocers' Hall. None of these bills of fare (says Pennant) have reached me; but doubtless they were very magnificent. They at length grew to such excess, that in the time of Queen Mary a sumptuary law was made to restrain the expense both of provisions and *liveries*; but I suspect, (says Pennant,) as it lessened the honour of the city, it was not long observed, for in 1554, the city thought proper to renew the order of council, by way of reminding their fellow citizens of their relapse into luxury. Among the great feasts given here on public occasions, may be reckoned that given in 1612, on occasion of the unhappy marriage of the Prince Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I. The next was in 1641, when Charles I. returned from his imprudent and inefficacious journey into Scotland. But our ancestors far surpassed these feasts. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry *iii.* had, at his marriage feast, (as is recorded,) 30,000 dishes of meat. Nevil, archbishop of York, had, at his consecration, a feast sufficient for 10,000 people. One of the abbots of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, invited 5,000 guests to his installation dinner. And King Richard II., at a Christmas feast, had daily 26 oxen, 300 sheep, besides fowls, and all other provisions proportionably. So anciently, at a call of sergeants-at-law, each sergeant (says Fortescue) spent 1,600 crowns in feasting.

P.T.W.

* * * * *

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

(For the Mirror.)

To have too much forethought is the part of a wretch; to have too little is the part of a fool.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Remember always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

Irritability urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.

Say the strongest things you can with candour and kindness to a man's face, and make the best excuse you can for him with truth and justice, behind his back.

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Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin; but still it is silver. Some men's characters are excellent, yet not without alloy. Others base, yet tend to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone; the world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.

A person who objects to tell a friend of his faults, because he has faults of his own, acts as a surgeon would, who should refuse to dress another's wound because he had a dangerous one himself.

Some evils are irremediable, they are best neither seen nor heard; by seeing and hearing things that you cannot remove, you will create implacable adversaries; who being guilty aggressors, never forgive.

W.J.

* * * * *

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

Customs relating to the beard.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a custom among the Romans to consecrate the first growth of their beard to some god; thus Nero at the Gynick games, which he exhibited in the Septa, cut off the first growth of his beard, which he placed in a golden box, adorned with pearls, and then consecrated it in the Capitol to Jupiter.

The nations in the east used mostly to nourish their beards with great care and veneration, and it was a punishment among them, for licentiousness and adultery, to have the beard of the offending parties publicly cut off. Such a sacred regard had they for the preservation of their beards, that if a man pledged it for the payment of a debt, he would not fail to pay it. Among the Romans a bearded man was a proverbial expression for a man of virtue and simplicity. The Romans during grief and mourning used to let their hair and beard grow, (Livy) while the Greeks on the contrary used to cut off their hair and shave their beards on such occasions.[4](Seneca.) When Alexander the Great was going to fight against the Persians, one of his officers brought him word that all was ready for battle, and demanded if he required anything further. On which Alexander replied, "nothing but that the Macedonians cut off their beards—for there is not a better handle to take a man by than the beard." This shows Alexander intended

close fighting. Shaving was not introduced among the Romans till late. Pliny tells us that P. Ticinias was the first who brought a barber to Rome, which was in the 454th year from the building of the city. Scipio Africanus was the first among the Romans who shaved his beard, and Adrianus the emperor (says Dion,) was the first of all the Caesars who nourished his beard.

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[4] From this custom probably originated that in England, of widows concealing their hair for a stated period after the death of their husbands. Indeed, we know of more than one instance of a widow closely *cutting off* her hair. But these sorrowful observances are becoming less and less frequent.—*Ed.*

The Roman servants or slaves were not allowed to poll their hair, or shave their beards. The Jews thought it ignominious to lose their beards, 2 Sam. c. x. v. 4. Among the Catti, a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave or cut his hair till he had slain an enemy. (Tacitus.) The Lombards or Longobards, derived their Fame from the great length of their beards. When Otho the Great used to speak anything serious, he swore by his beard, which covered his breast. The Persians are fond of long beards. We read in Olearius' Travels of a king of Persia who had commanded his steward's head to be cut off, and on its being brought to him, he remarked, "what a pity it was, that a man possessing such fine mustachios, should have been executed," but added he, "Ah! it was your own fault." The Normans considered the beard as an indication of distress and misery. The Ancient Britons used always to wear the hair on the upper lip, and so strongly were they attached to this custom, that when William the Conqueror ordered them to shave their upper lip, it was so repugnant to their feelings, that many of them chose rather to abandon their country than resign their mustachios. In the 15th century, the beard was worn long. In the 16th, it was suffered to grow to an amazing length, (see the portraits of Bishop Gardiner, and Cardinal Pole, during Queen Mary's reign,) and very often made use of as a tooth-pick case. Brantome tells us that Admiral Coligny wore his tooth-pick in his beard.

C.B.Z.

* * * * *

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT ROUEN.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The chapter of Rouen, (which consists of the archbishop, a dean, fifty canons, and ten prebendaries,) have, ever since the year 1156, enjoyed the annual privilege of pardoning, on Ascension-day, some individual confined within the jurisdiction of the city for murder.

On the morning of Ascension-day, the chapter, having heard many examinations and confessions read, proceed to the election of the criminal who is to be pardoned; and, the choice being made, his name is transmitted in writing to the parliament, which assemble on that day at the palace. The parliament then walk in procession to the great chamber, where the prisoner is brought before them in irons, and placed on a

stool; he is informed that the choice has fallen upon him, and that he is entitled to the privilege of St. Romain. After this form, he is delivered into the hands of the chaplain, who, accompanied by fifty armed men,

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conveys him to a chamber, where the chains are taken from his legs and bound about his arms; and in this condition he is conducted to a place named the Old Tower, where he awaits the coming of the procession. After some little time has elapsed, the procession sets out from the cathedral; two of the canons bear the shrine in which the relics of St. Romain are presumed to be preserved. When they have arrived at the Old Tower, the shrine is placed in the chapel, opposite to the criminal, who appears kneeling, with the chains on his arms. Then one of the canons, having made him repeat the confession, says the prayers usual at the time of giving absolution; after which service, the prisoner kneeling still, lifts up the shrine three times, amid the acclamations of the people assembled to behold the ceremony. The procession then returns to the cathedral, followed by the criminal, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and carrying the shrine of the saint. After mass has been performed, he has a very serious exhortation addressed to him by a monk; and, lastly, he is conducted to an apartment near the cathedral, and is supplied with refreshments and a bed for that night. In the morning he is dismissed.

G.W.N.

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THE SKETCH-BOOK

* * * * *

Abbotsford,

And Sir Walter Scott's Study.

[The following extracts are from the private letter of a distinguished American gentleman, and form part of one of the most striking articles in "The Anniversary for 1829," edited by Allan Cunningham. We intended the whole article for our Supplementary "Spirit of the Annuals;" but as our engraving will necessarily occupy a few days longer, during which time this description of *Abbotsford* will be printed in fifty different forms, we are induced to take it by the forelock, and appropriate it for our present number. It is, perhaps, one of the most, if not the most, graphic paper in the whole list of "Annuals," notwithstanding there are scores of brilliant gems left for our Supplement. Certain arts must have their own pace; but, in our arduous catering for novelties for the *mirror*, we often have occasion to wish that *block-machinery* could be applied to engraving on wood.]



“Stepping westward,” as Wordsworth says, from the hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low, arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. &c. Here are the pieces, esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy’s gun, with his initials, R.M.C. *i.e.* Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphrey

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Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; Bonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis*. I should have mentioned that stag-horns and bulls' horns (the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean), and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the very thumbikins under which Cardinal Carstairs did *not* flinch, and the more terrific iron crown of Wisheart the Martyr, being a sort of barred headpiece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony.

* * * * *

Beyond the smaller, or rather I should say, the narrower armoury, lies the dining parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c. in short, all the minor details, are, I believe, fac similes after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are—the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrod, the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in Marmion, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles I., and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle.

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A narrower passage leads to a charming breakfast room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettricke, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive, at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of watercolour drawings, chiefly by Turner and Thomson of Duddingstone, the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one very grand oil painting over the chimney-piece, Fastcastle, by Thomson, alias the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the most majestic and melancholy sea-pieces I ever saw; and some large black and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart of Allanbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious looking corridor, a small greenhouse, with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing-room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff*, and some portraits; among the rest glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his gray hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old Bard, I take it, in one of those "tremulous moods," in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—I believe chiefly *a la* Roslin, and the bookcases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities, filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end: foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within

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the recess of the bow window), of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe), in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out, in one corner, a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of his present majesty. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fireplace; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn, filled with bones from the Piraeus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." It *contained* the letter which accompanied the gift till lately: it has disappeared; no one guesses who took it, but whoever he was, as my guide observed, he must have been a thief for thieving's sake truly, as he durst no more exhibit his autograph than tip himself a bare bodkin. Sad, infamous tourist, indeed! Although I saw abundance of comfortable-looking desks and arm chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for *work*, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And here you may believe, was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid, part of the suite.

The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about five-and-twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture nothing but a small writing-table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair besides, plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. You have been both at the Elisee Bourbon and Malmaison, and remember the library at one or other of those places, I forget which; this gallery is much in the same style. There are only two portraits, an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it: Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are on the mantelpiece; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forest-craft,

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to wit—axes and bills and so forth of every calibre. There is only one window pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books well. It is a very comfortable-looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in. I should not forget some Highland claymores, clustered round a target over the Canterbury people, nor a writing-box of carved wood, lined with crimson velvet, and furnished with silver plate of right venerable aspect, which looked as if it might have been the implement of old Chaucer himself, but which from the arms on the lid must have belonged to some Indian prince of the days of Leo the Magnificent at the furthest.

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers, over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettrick Forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realization of dreams: some Frenchman called it, I hear, “a romance in stone and lime.”

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

Aerial Voyages of Spiders.

The number of the aeronautic spiders occasionally suspended in the atmosphere, says Mr. Murray, I believe to be almost incredible, could we ascertain their amount. I was walking with a friend on the 9th, and noticed that there were four of these insects on his hat, at the moment there were three on my own; and from the rapidity with which they covered its surface with their threads, I cannot doubt that they are chiefly concerned in the production of that tissue which intercepts the dew, and which, illuminated by the morning sun, “glitters with gold, and with rubies and sapphires.” Indeed, I have noticed that, when the frequent descent of the aeronautic spider was determined, a newly rolled turnip field was, in a few hours, overspread by a carpet of their threads. It may be remarked that our little aeronaut is very greedy of moisture, though abstemious in other respects. Its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky. Like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subserve some highly important purpose in the economy of Providence; such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the *Furia infernalis*, whose wounds are stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disapproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to

the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aeronaut, unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.

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Mr. Bowman, F.L.S. says, "We arrested several of these little aeronauts in their flight, and placed them on the brass gnomon of the sundial, and had the gratification to see them prepare for, and recommence, their aerial voyage. Having crawled about for a short time, to reconnoitre, they turned their abdomens from the current of air, and elevated them almost perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the claws of their fore legs, at the same instant shooting out four or five, often six or eight, extremely fine webs, several yards long, which waved in the breeze, diverging from each other like a pencil of rays, and strongly reflecting the sunbeams. After the insects had remained stationary in this apparently unnatural position for about half a minute, they sprang off from the stage with considerable agility, and launched themselves into the air. In a few seconds after they were seen sailing majestically along, without any apparent effort, their legs contracted together, and lying perfectly quiet on their backs, suspended from their silken parachutes, and presenting to the lover of nature a far more interesting spectacle than the balloon of the philosopher. One of these natural aeronauts I followed, which, sailing in the sunbeams, had two distinct and widely diverging fasciculi of webs, and their position in the air was such, that a line uniting them would have been at right angles with the direction of the breeze."—*Mag. Natural History*.

The Ichneumon Fly.

There are several species of ichneumon which make thinnings among the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly. The process of one species is this:—while the caterpillar is feeding, the ichneumon fly hovers over it, and, with its piercer, perforates the fatty part of the caterpillar's back in many places, and in each deposits an egg, by means of the two parts of the sheath uniting together, and thus forming a tube down which the egg is conveyed into the perforation made by the piercer of the fly. The caterpillar unconscious of what will ensue keeps feeding on, until it changes into a chrysalis; while in that torpid state, the eggs of the ichneumon are hatched, and the interior of the body of the caterpillar serves as food for the caterpillars of the ichneumon fly. When these have fed their accustomed time, and are about to change into the pupa state, they, by an instinct given them, attack the vital part of the caterpillar (a most wonderful economy in nature, that this process should be delayed until they have no more occasion for food.) They then spin themselves minute cases within the body of the caterpillar; and instead of a butterfly coming forth (which, if a female, would have probably laid six hundred eggs, thus producing as many caterpillars, whose food would be the cabbage,) a race of these little ichneumon flies issues forth, ready to perform the task assigned them, of keeping within due limits those fell destroyers of our vegetables.—*Mr. Carpenter—in Gill's Repository*.

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Hawking.

Professional falconers have been for many years natives of the village of *Falconsward*, near Bois le Duc, in Holland. A race of them was there born and bred, whence supplies have been drawn for the service of all Europe; but as there has been no sufficient inducement for the young men to follow the employment of their forefathers, numbers are dead or worn out; and there only remains John Pells, now in the service of John Dawson Downes, Esq., of Old Gunton Hill, Suffolk.

The hawks which have been trained for the field, are the slight falcon and the goshawk, which are the species generally used in falconry. The former is called a long-winged hawk, or one of the *lure*; the latter, a short-winged hawk, or one of the *frist*.

The Icelander is the largest hawk that is known, and highly esteemed by falconers, especially for its great powers and tractable disposition. The gyr falcon is less than the Icelander, but much larger than the slight falcon. These powerful birds are flown at herons and hares, and are the only hawks that are fully a match for the fork-tailed kite. The merlin and hobby are both small hawks and fit only for small birds, as the blackbird, &c. The sparrow-hawk may be also trained to hunt; his flight is rapid for a short distance, kills partridges well in the early season, and is the best of all for landrails.

The slight falcon takes up his abode every year, from October and November until the spring, upon Westminster Abbey, and other churches in the metropolis. This is well known to the London pigeon-fanciers, from the great havoc they make in their flight.—*Sir John Sebright*

Technicalities of Science.

The inutility of science, written in a merely technical form, is well exemplified in the instance of Cicero. He was advised by his friends not to write his works on Greek Philosophy in Latin; because those who cared for it would prefer his work in Greek, and those who did not would read neither Greek nor Latin. The splendid success of his *De Officiis*, his *De Finibus*, his *De Natura Deorum*, &c., showed that his friends were wrong. He persevered in the popular style, and led the fashion.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Doubtful Discoveries.

It may serve, in some measure, to confirm M. Dutrochet's recent opinion of the non-existence of microscopic animalcula, that the celebrated Spallanzani persuaded himself that he could see Animalcula infusoria which could be seen by nobody else. He attributed his own superiority of vision, in this respect, to long practice in using the microscope. The philosopher exulted in his enviable distinction, when a peasant, to whom he showed his animalcula, could perceive nothing but muddy water.—*Ibid.*

Faculties of Brutes.

The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui*; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words.—*Medical Gazette*.

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Sea Air.

The atmosphere, in the vicinity of the sea, usually contains a portion of the muriates over which it has been wafted. It is a curious fact, but well ascertained, that the air best adapted to vegetables is pernicious to animal life, and *vice versa*. Now, upon the sea-coast, accordingly, animals thrive, and vegetables decline.—*Hurwood's Southern Coast*.

* * * * *

Chingford Church.

[Illustration: Chingford Church]

The roof with moss is green, and twines
Dark ivy round the sculptur'd lines.

DELTA.

The pleasant village of CHINGFORD, in Essex, may be called a vignette of the topographer's "*rus in urbe*," it being only nine miles distant from the heart of London, and consequently almost within its vortex. It stands on the banks of the river Lea, and derives its name from the Saxon word Cing and *ford*, (signifying the king's ford,) there having formerly been a ford here; the adjoining meadows being designated the king's meads, and the Lea, the king's stream. There appears to have been two manors in this parish, one of which was granted by Edward the Confessor to the cathedral of St. Paul's, but surrendered at the reformation to Henry VIII.; the other, according to Domesday Book, was held by Orgar, the Thane; and from the latter another manor has since been taken.

The "ivy-mantled" church, represented in the above vignette, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and consists of a chancel, nave, and south aisle, with a low square tower at the west end, containing three bells. Within the church are a few interesting monuments, among which is one to the memory of Robert Rampton, who died in 1585 and was yeoman of the chamber to Edward VI., and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. It stands in the south aisle, with an inscription on a brass plate against the wall, underneath which is an altar tomb covered with a slab of black marble, on which are the effigies, in brass, of Robert Rampton, and his wife Margaret, who died in 1590.

Altogether, Chingford is one of the prettiest villages near London, and its church is a picturesque attraction for pedestrian tourists, and such as love to steal away from the maelstrom of an overgrown metropolis, to glide into scenes of "calm contemplation and poetic ease;" although much of the journey lies through avenues of bricks and mortar, and trim roads that swarm with busy toil.

In the parish of Chingford is an estate called Scots Mayhew, or Brindwoods, which is held of the rector by the following singular tenure:—"Upon every alienation, the owner of the estate, with his wife, and a man and maid servant, (each upon a horse) come to the parsonage, where the owner does his homage, and pays his relief in manner following:—He blows three blasts with his horn, carries a hawk on his fist, and his servant has a greyhound in a slip—both for the use of the rector that day. He receives a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. They all dine, after which the master blows three blasts on his horn, and they all depart."[5]

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[5] Morant's Essex, vol. i. p. 57.

For the original of the engraving, and the substance of this description, our thanks are due to S.I.B.

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OLD SONG.

The old minstrels saw far and deep, and clear into all heart-mysteries—and, low-born, humble men as they were, their tragic or comic strains strike like electricity.—
Blackwood.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

* * * * *

THE SHAVING SHOP

'Tis not an half hour's work—
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.

FLETCHER.

"Hold back your head, if you please, sir, that I may get this napkin properly fastened—there now," said Toby Tims, as, securing the pin, he dipped his razor into hot water, and began working up with restless brush the lather of his soapbox.

"I dare say you have got a newspaper there," said I; "are you a politician, Mr. Tims?"

"Oh, just a little bit of one. I get Bell's Messenger at second hand from a neighbour, who has it from his cousin in the Borough, who, I believe, is the last reader of a club of fourteen, who take it among them; and, being last, as I observed, sir, he has the paper to himself into the bargain.—Please exalt your chin, sir, and keep your head a little to one side—there, sir," added Toby, commencing his operations with the brush, and hoarifying my barbal extremity, as the facetious Thomas Hood would probably express it. "Now, sir—a *leettle* more round, if you please—there, sir, there. It is a most entertaining paper, and beats all for news. In fact, it is full of every thing, sir—every, every thing—accidents—charity sermons—markets—boxing—Bible societies—horse



racing—child murders—the theatres—foreign wars—Bow-street reports—electioneering—and Day and Martin's blacking."

"Are you a bit of a bruiser, Mr. Tims?"

"Oh, bless your heart, sir, only a *leetle*—a very *leetle*. A turn-up with the gloves, or so, your honour. I'm but a light weight—only a light weight—seven stone and a half, sir; but a rare bit of stuff, though I say it myself, sir—Begging your pardon. I dare say I have put some of the soap into your mouth. Now, sir, now—please let me hold your nose, sir."

"Scarcely civil, Mr. Toby," said I, "scarcely civil—Phroo! let me spit out the suds."

"I will be done in a moment, sir—in half a moment. Well, sir, speaking of razors, they should be always properly tempered with hot water, a *leetle* dip more or less. You see now how it glides over, smooth and smack as your hand.—Keep still, sir; I might have given you a nick just now. You don't choose a *leetle* of the mustachy left?"

"No, no—off with it all. No matrimonial news stirring in this quarter just now, Mr. Tims?"

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“Nothing extremely particular.—Now, sir, you are fit for the king’s levee, so far as my department is concerned. But you cannot go out just now, sir—see how it rains—a perfect water-spout. Just feel yourself at home, sir, for a *leetle*, and take a peep around you. That block, sir, has been very much admired—extremely like the Venus de Medicine—capital nose—and as for the wig department, catch me for that, sir. But of all them there pictures hanging around, yon is the favourite of myself and the connessoors.”

“Ay, Mr. Tims,” said I, “that is truly a gem—an old lover kneeling at the foot of his young sweetheart, and two fellows in buckram taking a peep at them from among the trees.”

“Capital, sir—capital. I’ll tell you a rare good story, sir, connected with that picture and my own history, with your honour’s leave, sir.”

“With all my heart, Mr. Tims—you are very obliging.”

“Well then, sir, take that chair, and I will get on like a house on fire; but if you please, don’t put me off my clew, sir.—Concerning that picture and my courtship, the most serious epoch of my life, there is a *leetle* bit of a story which I would like to be a beacon to others; and if your honour is still a bachelor, and not yet stranded on the shoals of matrimony, it may be *Verbum Sapienti*, as O’Toole, the Irish schoolmaster, used to observe, when in the act of applying the birch to the booby’s back.

“Well, sir, having received a grammatical education, and been brought up as a peruke-maker from my earliest years—besides having seen a deal of high life, and the world in general, in carrying false curls, bandeaux, and other artificial head-gear paraphernalia, in bandboxes to boarding schools, and so on—a desire naturally sprung up within me, being now in my twenty-first year, and worth a guinea a week of wages, to look about for what old kind Seignor Fiddle-stringo, the minuet-master, used to recommend under the title of a *cara sposa*—open shop—and act head frizzle in an establishment of my own.

“Very good, sir—In the pursuit of this virtuous purpose, I cast a sheep’s eye over the broad face of society, and at length, from a number of eligible specimens, I selected three, who, whether considered in the light of natural beauty, or mental accomplishment, struck me forcibly as suitable coadjutors for a man—for a man like your humble servant.”

“A most royal bow that, Mr. Tims. Well, proceed, if you please.”

“Very good, sir—well, then, to proceed. The first of these was Miss Diana Tonkin, a young lady, who kept her brother’s snuff-shop, at the sign of the African astride the Tobacco Barrel—a rare beauty, who was on the most intimate talking terms with half a hundred young bloods and beaux, who looked in during lounging hours, being students



of law, physic, and divinity, half-pay ensigns, and theatrical understrappers, to replenish their boxes with Lundyfoot, whiff a Havannah cigar, or masticate pigtail. No wonder that she was spoiled by flattery, Miss Diana, for she was a bit of a beauty; and though she had but one eye—by heavens, what an eye that was!”

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"She must have been an irresistible creature, certainly, Mr. Tims," said I. "Well, how did you come on?"

"Irresistible! but you shall hear, sir. I foresaw that, in soliciting the honour of the fair damsel's hand, I should have much opposition to encounter from the rivalry of the three learned professions, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the sword and of the buskin; but, thinks I to myself, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I at once set up a snuff-box, looked as tip-topping as possible, and commenced canvassing.

"The second *elite* (for I know a *leetle* French, having for three months, during my apprenticeship, had the honour of frizzling the head-gear of Count Witruvius de Caucason, who occupied private state-lodgings at the sign of the Blue Boar in the Poultry, and who afterwards decamped without clearing scores)—the second *elite* (for I make a point, sir, of having two strings to my bow) was Mrs. Joan Sweetbread, a person of exquisite parts, but fiery temper, at that time aged thirty-three, twelve stone weight, head cook and housekeeper to Sir Anthony Macturk, a Scotch baronet, who rusticated in the vicinity of town. I made her a few evening visits, and we talked love affairs over muffins and a cup of excellent congou. Then what a variety of jams and jellies! I never returned without a disordered stomach, and wishing Highland heather-honey at the devil. Yet, after all, to prove a hoax!—for even when I was on the point of popping the question, and had fastened my silk Jem Belcher with a knowing *leetle* knot to set out for that purpose, I learned from Francie, the stable-boy, that she had the evening before eloped with the coachman, and returned to her post that forenoon metamorphosed into Madam Trot.

"I first thought, sir, of hanging myself over the first lamp-post; but, after a *leetle* consideration, I determined to confound Madam Trot, and all other fickle fair ones, by that very night marrying Miss Diana. I hastened on, rushed precipitately into the shop, and on the subject—and hear, oh heaven, and believe, oh earth! was met, not by a plump denial, but was shown the door."

"Upon my word, Mr. Tims," said I, "you have been a most unfortunate man. I wonder you recovered after such mighty reverses; but I hope——"

"Hope! that is the word, sir, the very word, I still had hope; so, after ten days' horrible melancholy, in which I cropped not a few heads in a novel and unprecedented style, I at it again, and laid immediate and close siege to the last and loveliest of the trio—one by whom I was shot dead at first sight, and of whom it might be said, as I once heard Kean justly observe in a very pretty tragedy, and to a numerous audience, 'We ne'er shall look upon her like again!'"

"Capital, Mr. Tims. Well, how did you get on?"

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"A moment's patience, with your honour's leave.—Ah! truly might it be said of her, that she was descended from the high and great—her grandfather having been not only six feet three, without the shoes, but for forty odd years principal bell-ringer in the steeple of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and her grandmother, for long and long, not only head dry-nurse to one of the noblest families in all England, but *bona fide* twenty-two stone avoirdupois—so that it was once proposed, by the undertaker, to bury her at twice! As to this nonpareil of lovely flesh and blood, her name was Lucy Mainspring, the daughter of a horologer, sir,—a watchmaker—*vulgo* so called—and though fattish, she was very fair—fair! by Jupiter, (craving your honour's pardon for swearing,) she fairly made me give all other thoughts the cut, and twisted the passions of my heart with the red-hot torturing irons of love. 'Pon honour, sir, I almost grow foolish when I think of those days; but love, sir, nothing can resist love."

"I hope, Mr. Tims, you were in better luck with Miss Mainspring?"

"A *leetle* a *leetle* patience, your honour, and all will be out as quick as directly—in the twinkling of a bed-post.—For three successive nights I sat up in a brown study, with a four-in-the-pound candle burning before me till almost cock-crow, composing a love-letter, a most elaborate affair, the pure overflowing of *la belle passion*, all about Venus, Cupids, bows and arrows, hearts, darts, and them things, which, having copied neatly over on a handsome sheet of foolscap, turned up with gilt, (for, though I say it myself, I scribble a smart fist,) I made a blotch of red wax on the back as large as a dollar, that thereon I might the more indelibly impress a seal, with a couple of pigeons cooing upon it, and '*toujours votre*' for the motto. This I popped into the post-office, and waited patiently—may I add confidently?—for the result.

"No answer having come as I expected *per* return, I began to smell that I was in the wrong box; so, on the following evening, I had a polite visit from her respectable old father, Daniel Mainspring, who asked me what my intentions were?—'To commence wig-maker on my own bottom,' answered I.—'But with respect to my daughter, sir?'—'Why, to be sure, to make her mistress, sir.'—'Mistress!' quoth he, 'did I hear you right, sir?'—'I hope you are not hard of hearing, Mr. Mainspring. I wish, sir—between us, sir—you understand, sir—to marry her, sir.'—'Then you can't have her, sir.'—'But I must, sir, for I can't do without her, sir.'—'Then you may buy a rope.'—'Ah! you would not sign my death-warrant—wouldn't you not now, Mr. Mainspring?'—'Before going,' said he, rummaging his huge coat-pockets with both hands at once, 'there is your letter, which I read over patiently, instead of my daughter, who has never seen it; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of calling you a great fool, and wishing you a good morning.'

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"Now, though a lad of mettle, you know, sir, it would not have been quite the thing to have called out my intended father-in-law; so, with amazing forbearance, bridling my passion, I allowed him to march off triumphantly, and stood, with the letter in my hand, looking down the alley after him, strutting along, staff in hand, like a recruiting sergeant, as if he had been a phoenix.

"A man of my penetration was not long in scenting out who was the formidable rival to whom Daddy Mainspring alluded. *Sacre!* to think the mercenary old hunks could dream of sacrificing my lovely Lucy to such a hobgoblin of a fellow as a superannuated dragoon quartermaster, with a beak like Bardolph's in the play. But I had some confidence in my own qualifications; and as I gave a sly glance down at my nether person, 'Dash-the-wig-of-him!' thought I to myself, 'if he can sport a leg like that of Toby Tims.' I accordingly determined not to be discomfited, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting Miss Lucy, through a sure channel, with a passionate billet doux, a patent pair of gilt bracelets, and a box of Ruspini's tooth-powder. By St. Patrick and all the powers, it was shocking to suppose that such an angel as the cherry-cheeked Lucy should be stolen from me by such an apology for a gallant, as Quartermaster Bottlenose of the Tipperary Rangers. 'Twas murder, by Jupiter."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. Tims; Did you challenge him to the duello?"

"A *leetle* patience, if you please, sir, and you shall hear all. During the violence of my love-fits, I committed a variety of professional mistakes. I sent at one time a pot of bear's grease away by the mail, in a wig-box, to a member of parliament in Yorkshire; and burned a whole batch of baked hair to ashes, while singing Moore's 'When he who adores thee,' in attitude, before a block, dressed up for the occasion with a fashionable wig upon it—to say nothing of my having, in a fit of abstraction, given a beautiful young lady, who was going that same evening to a Lord Mayor's ball, the complete charity-workhouse cut, leaving her scalp as bare as the back of my hand. But cheer up!—to my happy astonishment, sir, matters worked like a charm. What a parley-voing and billet-dooing passed between us! We would have required a porter for the sole purpose. Then we had stolen interviews of two hours' duration each, for several successive nights, at the old horologer's back-door, during which, besides a multiplicity of small-talk—thanks to his deafness—I tried my utmost to entrap her affections, by reciting sonnets, and spouting bits of plays in the manner of the tragedy performers. These were the happy times, sir! The world was changed for me. Paddington canal seemed the river Pactolus, and Rag-Fair Elysium!

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“The old boy, however, ignorant of our orgies, was still bothering his brains to bring about matrimony between his daughter and the veteran—who, though no younger than Methusalem, as stiff as the Monument, and as withered as Belzoni’s Piccadilly mummy, had yet the needful, sir—had abundance of the wherewithal—crops of yellow shiners—lots of the real—sporting a gig, and kept on board wages a young shaver of all work, with a buff jacket, turned up with sky-blue facings. Only think, sir—only ponder for a moment what a formidable rival I had!”

“I hope you beat him off, however,” said I. “The greater danger the more honour you know, Mr. Tims.”

“Of that anon, sir.—Lucy, on her part, angelic creature, professed that she could not dream of being undutiful towards kind old Pa; and that, unless desperate measures were resorted to, *quamprimum*, in the twinkling of a bed-post she would be under the disagreeable necessity to bundle and go with the disabled man of war to the temple of Hymen. Sacrilegious thought! I could not permit it to enter my bosom, and (pardon me for a moment, sir) when I looked down, and caught a glance of my own natty-looking, tight little leg, and dapper Hessians, I recommended her strongly to act on the principle of the Drury-lane play-bill, which says, ‘All for Love, or the World well lost.’

“Well, sir, hark ye, just to show how things come about. Shortly after this, on the anniversary of my honoured old master, Zachariah Pigtail’s birth, when we were allowed to strike work at noon, I determined, as a *dernier resort*, as a clincher, sir, to act the genteel, and invite Miss Lucy, in her furs and falderals, to accompany me to the Exhibition of Pictures. Heavens, sir, how I dressed on that day! The Day and Martin of my boots reflected on the shady side of the street. I took half an hour in tying and retying my neckcloth *en mode*. My handkerchief smelt of lavender, and my hair of oil of thyme—my waistcoat of bergamot, and my inexpressibles of musk. I was a perfect civet for perfumery. My coat, cut in the jummy fashion, I buttoned to suffocation; but ’pon honour, believe me, sir, no stays, and my shirt neck had been starched *per order*, to the consistence of tin. In short, to be brief, I found, or fancied myself killing—a most irresistible fellow.

“I did not dare, however, to call for Miss Lucy at old Pa’s, but waited for her at the corner of the street, patiently drumming on my boot, with a knowing little bit of bamboo; and projecting my left arm to her, off we marched in triumph.

“The Exhibition Rooms were crowded with the *ton*; and to be sure a great many fine things were there. Would you had seen them, sir. There were admirals in blue, and generals in red—portraits of my lord this, and my lady that—land scenes, and sea scenes, and hunting scenes, with thips, and woods, and old castles, all amazingly like life. In short, sir, Providence seems to have guided us

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to the spot, where we saw a picture—the picture, sir—the pattern copy of that there picture, sir—and heavens! such a piece of work—but of that anon—it did the business, sir. No sooner had I perused it through my quizzing-glass, which, I confess, that I had brought with me more for ornament than use—having eyes like a hawk—than I pathetically exclaimed to Lucy—‘Behold, my love, the history of our fates!’ Lucy said, ‘Tuts, Toby Tims,’ and gave a giggle; but I went on in solemn gravity, before a circle of seemingly electrified spectators.

“‘Spose now, Miss Lucy,’ said I, holding her by the finger of her Limerick glove; ‘spose now, that I had invited you to take an outside seat on the Hampstead Flying Phoenix with me, to go out to a rural junketing, on May day in the afternoon. Very well—there we find ourselves alive and kicking, forty couple footing it on the green, and choosing, according to our tastes, reels, jigs, minuets, or bumpkins. ‘Spose then, that I have handed you down to the bottom of five-and-twenty couple at a country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley, Morgiana in Ireland, Petronella, or the Triumph; and, notwithstanding our having sucked a couple of oranges a-piece, we are both quite in a broth of perspiration. Very good—so says I to you, making a genteel bow, ‘Do you please to walk aside, and cool yourself in them there green arbours, and I will be with you as quick as directly, with a glass of lemonade or cherry brandy?’ So says you to me, dropping a curtsy *a la mode*, ‘With ineffable pleasure, sir;’ and away you trip into the shade like a sunbeam.

“‘Now, Lucy, my love, take a good look of that picture. That is you, ‘spose, seated on the turf, a *leetle* behind the pillar dedicated to Apollar; and you, blooming like a daffodilly in April, are waiting with great thirst, and not a little impatience, for my promised appearance, from the sign of the Hen and Chickens, with the cordials, and a few biscuits on a salver—when, lo! an old bald-pated, oily-faced, red-nosed Cameronian ranter, whom by your elegant negligee capering you have fairly danced out of his dotard senses, comes pawing up to you like Polito’s polar bear, drops on his knees, and before you can avert your nose from a love-speech, embalmed in the fumes of tobacco and purl, the hoary villain has beslobbered your lily-white fingers, and is protesting unalterable affection, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages. Now, Lucy, love, did you ever,—say upon your honour,—did you ever witness such a spectacle of humanity? Tell me now?

“‘Very well. Now, love, take a peep down the avenue, and yon is me, yon tight, handsome little figure, with the Spanish cap and cloak, attended by a trusty servant in the same costume, to whom I am pointing where he is to bring the cherry-brandy; when, lo! we perceive the hideous apparition!—and straightway rushing forward, like two tigers on a jackass, we seize the wigless dotard, and, calling for a blanket, the whole respectable company of forty couples and upwards, come crowding to the spot, and

lend a willing hand in rotation, four by four, in tossing Malachi, the last of the lovers, till the breath of life is scarcely left in his vile body.

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“Now Lucy,’ says I, in conclusion, ‘don’t you see the confounded absurdity of ever wasting a thought on a broken-down, bandy-legged, beggarly dragoon? Just look at him, with an old taffeta whigmaleerie tied to his back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind! Isn’t he a pretty figure, now, to go a-courting? You would never forsake the like of me—would you now? A spruce, natty little body of a creature—to be the trollop of a spindle-shanked veteran, who, besides having one foot in the grave, and a nose fit for three, might be your great-grandfather?’

“It was a sight, sir, that would have melted the heart of a wheel-barrow. Before the whole assembled exhibition-room, Lucy first looked blue, and then blushed consent. ‘Toby,’ said she, ‘don’t mention it, Toby, dear,—I am thine for ever and a day!’ Angelic sounds, which at once sent Bottlenose to Coventry. His chance was now weak indeed, quite like Grantham gruel, three groats to a gallon of water. In an ecstasy of passion, sir, I threw my silk handkerchief on the floor, and, kneeling on it with one knee, I raised her gloveless fingers to my lips!

“The whole company clapped their hands, and laughed so heartily in sympathy with my good luck! Oh! sir, had you but seen it—what a sight for sore eyes that was!”

“Then you would indeed be the happy man at last, Mr. Tims,” said I. “Did you elope on the instant?”

“Just done, please your honour.—Next morning, according to special agreement, we eloped in a gig; and, writing a penitent letter from the Valentine and Orson at Chelsea, Daddy Mainspring found himself glad to come to terms. Thrice were the banns published; and such a marriage as we had! ‘Pon honour, sir, I would you had been present. It was a thing to be remembered till the end of one’s life. A deputation of the honourable the corporation of barbers duly attended, puffed out in full fig; and even the old quartermaster, pocketing his disappointment, was, at his own special petition, a forgiven and favoured guest. Seldom has such dancing been seen within the bounds of London; and, with two fiddles, a tambourin, and a clarionet, we made all the roofs ring, till an early hour next morning—and that we did.”

“You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Tims,” said I.

“And more than that, sir. When old Mainspring kicks, we are to have the counting of his mouldy coppers—so we have the devil’s luck and our own; and as for false curls, braids, bandeaux, Macassar oil, cold cream, bear’s-grease, tooth-powder, and Dutch toys, show me within the walls of the City a more respectable, tip-topping perfumery depot and wig-warehouse, than that wherein you now sit, and of which I, Tobias Tims, am, with due respect, the honoured master, and your humble servant!”

Blackwood’s Magazine.

In addition to the foregoing, (which is one of the happiest pieces in Goldsmith's style that we have read for a long time,) there is in *Blackwood's Magazine* an article of extraordinary graphic spirit, occupying twenty-two pages. But we will attempt to abridge it for our columns, as well as to give a sprinkling from the *Noctes* in the same number. All are in the best style of their vigorous masters.

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ELEGY

To the Memory of Miss Emily Kay, (cousin to Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew,) who lately died at Ewell, and was buried in Essex.

D.T. Fabula narratur.

Sad nymphs of UL, U have much to cry for,
Sweet MLE K U never more shall C!
O SX maids! come hither and VU,
With tearful I this M T LEG.

Without XS she did XL alway—
Ah me! it truly vexes 1 2 C
How soon so DR a creature may DK,
And only leave behind XUVE!

Whate'er I O to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:
Then Y an SA write? then why N?
Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

When her Piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MN8, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon I U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRE,
It gave no Q nor yet 2 P to view:
She was not handsome: shall I tell U Y?
U R 2 know her I was all SQ.

L8 she was, and prattling like AJ.
O, little MLE! did you 4 C
The grave should soon MUU, cold as clay.
And U should cease to B an NTT!

While taking T at Q with LN G,
The MT grate she rose to put a(:)
Her clothes caught fire—I ne'er again shall C
Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.



O, LN G! in vain you set at 0
 GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B
 Thus sacrificed: to JL U should be brought
 And burnt U 0 2 B in FEG.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,
 Taking good care her monument to Y 10,
 And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4,
 They lately brought fresh bricks the walls to I 10.

New Monthly Mag.

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Notes of a Reader.

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A NEW CYCLOPAEDIA.

A “Cabinet Cyclopaedia” is announced for publication, under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner. It is to consist of a series of “Cabinets” of the several sciences, &c. and upwards of 100 volumes, to be published monthly, are already announced in the prospectus; or nine years publishing. The design is not altogether new, it being from the *Encyclopaedie Methodique*, a series of dictionaries, now publishing in Paris; and about four years since a similar work was commenced in England, but only three volumes or dictionaries of the series were published. If this be the flimsy age, the “Cabinet Cyclopaedia” is certainly not one of the flimsiest of its projects; and for the credit of the age, we wish the undertaking all success.

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“A GENTLEMAN”

Is a term very vaguely applied, and indistinctly understood. There are Gentlemen by birth, Gentlemen by education, Gentlemen’s Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the Press, Gentlemen Pensioners, Gentlemen, whom nobody thinks it worth while to call otherwise; *Honourable* Gentlemen, Walking Gentlemen of strolling companies, Light-fingered Gentlemen, &c. &c. very respectable Gentlemen, and God Almighty’s Gentlemen.—*Blackwood’s Magazine*.

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ROMAN THEATRES.

There are five theatres at Rome to a population very nearly as considerable as that of Dublin. Each of these establishments is the property of one of the noble families in the city, who prefer doing by themselves what is usually done in England by committee.

* * * * *

CATS AND FELINE ANIMALS (once more!)

Animals of the cat kind are, in a state of nature almost continually in action both by night and by day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds; but they seldom *run*, owing, it is believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which cannot preserve the rigidity necessary to that species of movement. Their sense of sight, especially during twilight, is acute; their hearing very perfect, and their perception of smell less so than in the dog tribe. Their most obtuse sense is that of taste; the lingual nerve in the lion, according to Des Moulins, being no larger than that of a middle-sized dog. In fact, the tongue of these animals is as much an organ of mastication as of taste; its sharp and horny points, inclined backwards, being used for tearing away the softer parts of the animal substances on which they prey. The perception of touch is said to reside very delicately in the small bulbs at the base of the mustachios.—*Wilson's Zoology*.

* * * * *

TEA AND TAY.

From Blackwood's last "Noctes."

North. As you love me, my dear James, call it not tea, but *tay*. That though obsolete, is the classical pronunciation. Thus Pope sings in the *Rape of the Lock*, canto i.

"Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea."

And also in canto iii—

"Where thou great Anna, whom these realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

And finally in the Basset Table—

“Tell, tell your grief, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.”

Shepherd. A body might think frae thae rhymes, that Pop had been an Eerishman.

* * * * *

“MERRY ENGLAND.”

The people of England, we fear, have at last forfeited the proud title of “merry,” to distinguish them from other and less happy, because more serious, nations; for now they sadden at amusement, and sicken and turn pale at a jest; so entirely have they forfeited it, that an ingenious critic cannot believe they ever possessed it; and has set himself accordingly to prove, that, in the old English, *merrie* does not mean merry, but sorrowful, or heart-broken, or some such thing.—*Edin. Rev.*



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SYMPATHY.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;
By angel's eyes first wept and oft
On earth by eyes like those above:
It flows for virtue in distress.
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

Amulet.

* * * * *

MR. ABERNETHY

Was one day descanting upon the advantages of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, "And what think you of Eton? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners." "It would have been as well, my dear," responded his wife, "had you gone there too."

* * * * *

ENGLISH BENEVOLENCE.

For several years previous to 1823, the crops in Ireland had been scanty, particularly those of potatoes. In 1821 the potato crop was a *complete failure*; and in 1822 it is impossible to tell, and dreadful to think, of what might have been the consequence, had not the English people come forward, and by the most stupendous act of national generosity which the world ever saw, and which none but a country so rich as England could afford, arrested "the plague of hunger," which must otherwise have desolated the country.

* * * * *

PAINTING IN FRESCO.

The revival of this beautiful art is strongly recommended by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for the internal decoration of private residences. "As we have begun to build houses upon a handsome scale in London, the lovers of art may venture to hope, that instead of spending enormous sums solely on the upholsterer for his fading ornaments, something may now be spared to the artist, for conferring on the walls unfading decorations of a far more delightful and intellectual kind. If the work be well executed, it will not suffer injury from being washed with clean and cold water." The reviewer then goes on to suggest "small foundations, like the fellowships at our universities. The fellow, a young artist of promise, might spend two or three years in painting the interior of a church, or other public building, maintaining himself meanwhile on his fellowship, or two or three hundred pounds a year." "If, however, the objections to painting our churches be deemed insuperable, we have buildings designed for civil purposes in abundance, which are well adapted for this species of decoration." He then instances Westminster Hall, the walls of which might be covered with fresco; and the outsides of houses in many German cities and towns in the German cantons of Switzerland, the outsides of which are painted

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with scriptural and historical subjects. "Painting," observes he, "were the use of it universal, would be a powerful means of instruction to children and the lower orders; and were all the fine surfaces, which are now plain and absolutely wasted, enriched with the labours of the art, if they once began to appear, they would accumulate rapidly; and were the ornamented edifices open to all, as freely as they ought to be, a wide field of new and agreeable study would offer itself."

* * * * *

PHILANTHROPY.

Hast thou power? the weak defend,
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend.
Rich?—remember Him who gave.
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Amulet.

* * * * *

LITERARY CLUBS.

O what curses, not loud, but deep, has not old Simpkin, of the Crown and Anchor, in his day, and Willis and Kay in later times, groaned at the knot of authors who were occupying one of his best dining-rooms up-stairs, and leaving the Port, and claret, and Madeira to a death-like repose in the cellar, though the waiter had repeatedly popped his head into the apartment with an admonitory "Did you ring, gentlemen?" to awaken them to a becoming sense of the social duties of man.—*New Monthly Mag.*

* * * * *

ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.

The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert, that previously to an alligator going in search of prey, it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveller being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones, varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about 17 feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about 60 or 70 pounds.

* * * * *

CRICKET.

Miss Mitford, in one of her charming sketches, tells us of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards. This is what the people who write for Drury-lane and Covent-garden would call “pitching it pretty strong.”

* * * * *

ADVANTAGES OF CHEAP BOOKS.

When Goldsmith boasted of having seen a splendid copy of his poems in the cabinet of some great lord, saying emphatically, “This is fame, Dr. Johnson,” the doctor told him that, for his part, he would have been more disposed to self-gratulation had he discovered any of the progeny of his mind thumbbed and tattered in the cabin of a peasant.—*Q. Rev.*

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REMEMBRANCE.

I recollect my happy home,
My pleasures as a child;
The forest where I used to roam,
The rocks so bleak and wild.
That home is tenantless; the spot
It graced is rude and bare;
The lov'd ones gone, our name forgot.
And desolation there.

Forget Me Not—1829.

In how many thousand hearts will this lament find an echo!

* * * * *

The Gatherer

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

QUID PRO QUO.

A canon of the cathedral of Seville, who was very affected in his dress, and particular in his shoes, could not in the whole city find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes which did not please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, that the poor shoemaker fell dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*.

The young shoemaker, having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on

the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and after asking the young man what profession he was, "*I forbid you,*" said he, "*to make shoes for a year to come.*"

* * * * *

When Demetrius conquered the city of Magara, and every thing had been plundered by his soldiers, he ordered the philosopher Stilpon to be called before him, and asked him whether he had not lost his property in this confusion? "No," replied Stilpon, "as all I possess is in my head."

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LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

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A country gentleman, much averse to city revelry, made the following couplet:

Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast,
And therefore proper at a city feast.

A city gentleman, who had laid up a store of wealth, replied:—

The chink of gold with gold, transporting sound!
Exceeds the Timbrel, or the Syren's voice
Harmonious, when collective plates go round,
And Hock and Turtle make the heart rejoice.

* * * * *

An inveterate sportsman, hearing early his favourite cry of beagles from the wood, exclaimed:—

Hark, friend, what heavenly music meets the ear;
Haste, farmer, we shall lose it all, I fear.

The rustic, who dreads hounds over his new-sown wheat, replies:—

Music! I cannot hear it for the noise
Of those curs'd dogs, loud shouts, and bellowing boys.

* * * * *

Antigonus, being in his tent, heard two soldiers, who were standing outside, speak very disrespectfully of him. After he had listened some time, he opened the tent and said to them, "If you wish to speak thus of me, you might at least go a little aside."—*Sulzer*.

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A supplementary number of the Mirror, containing the "*Spirit of the Annuals*," with a fine engraving, will be published with our Number on Saturday, November 15."

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