

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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Title: The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction Volume 13, No. 363, Saturday, March 28, 1829

Author: Various

Release Date: February 27, 2004 [EBook #11331]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** Start of this project gutenberG EBOOK mirror of literature, no. 363 ***

Produced by Jonathan Ingram, Elaine Walker and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

Vol. XIII, No. 363.] Saturday, march 28, 1829. [Price 2d.

GUY'S CLIFF.

"A home of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses."—*Leland*.

Warwick—what olden glories and tales of other times are associated with this county. How many of its sites are connected with high-minded men and great and glorious actions. To the antiquary, the poet, and the philosopher, every foot is hallowed ground; and even the cold calculations of the commercial speculator treat with regard a county whose manufactures add to the stock of national wealth and importance. How many stories of love, war, and chivalry are told of its halls, castles, and monasteries, their lords and ladies and maidens of high birth. Kenilworth and *Stratford*—Leicester, SHAKSPEARE and Warwick—like long trails of light, all flit before us in this retrospective dream of the days of "merry England."

Guy's Cliff is situated about one mile and a half north-east of Warwick. Here the river Avon winds through fertile meadows; and on its western bank, a combination of rock and wood, singularly picturesque, invited at an early period the reveries of superstitious seclusion and poetical fancy. It is supposed that here was an oratory, and a cell for the hermit, in Saxon times; and it is certain that a hermit dwelt in this lovely recess in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry iv. This is the spot to which the renowned *Guy*, Earl of Warwick, is said to have retired after his duel with the Danish Colbrond;[1] and here his neglected countess, the fair Felicia, is reported to have interred his remains. It appears



that Henry V. visited Guy's Cliff, and was so charmed with its natural beauties, and, probably, so much interested by the wild legend connected with the place, that he determined to found a chantry for two priests here. But war and an early death prevented the performance of this, among many other pious and benevolent intentions ascribed to the heroic Henry. Such a chantry was, however, founded in the first year of Henry VI. by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; but the chapel and some contiguous buildings were not completed till after the earl's decease. In this delightful retreat lived John Rous, the antiquary, as a chantry priest.



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[1] See *mirror*, vol xiii. p. 114.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, this estate passed to a private gentleman, who built a handsome mansion here. But the chief attractions are the natural beauties of the grounds—as the rock, on which the house and chapel are built. Here is shown a cave, devoutly believed by neighbouring peasants to be that which Guy “hewed with his own hands,” and in which he lived

Like a Palmer poore.

The chapel founded by Richard Beauchamp was a plain, substantial edifice. The founder caused to be carved from the solid rock on which this chapel abuts, a rude statue of the famous Earl Guy, about eight feet in height. It would appear, from a print in Dugdale’s Warwickshire, that this figure was well preserved in the seventeenth century.

* * * * *

ANCIENT CROSSES IN ENGLAND.

(*For the Mirror.*)

“She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.”

SHAKSPEARE.

In former times, an idea of peculiar sanctity was annexed to crosses. They not only marked civil and ecclesiastical limits, but probably served for stations, when the bounds were visited in processions. It was a common practice for mendicants to place themselves near some of these crosses, and ask alms; whence the ancient proverb, “He begs like a cripple at a cross.” Cornwall abounds with stone crosses. In churchyards, by the side of roads, and on the open downs, they remain solitary and neglected. In almost every town that had an abbey, or any other religious foundation, there was one of these structures. The monks frequently harangued the populace from these crosses. Many of them still remain, exhibiting beautiful specimens of architecture and sculpture. The most memorable and interesting objects of this kind were those which King Edward I. erected at the different stages where the corpse of Queen Eleanor rested, in its progress from Nottinghamshire to London. Mr. Gough tells us, that there were originally fifteen of these elegant structures; but only three are now remaining, which, by their peculiar beauty, as specimens of architecture and productions of art, serve to excite regret at the destruction of the others. The first of the three above-mentioned, is the cross at Geddington, about three miles from Kettering, in Northamptonshire. The second is the Queen’s Cross, near Northampton. The third is



the cross at Waltham, in Hertfordshire. For a further account of these crosses, see Mr. Britton's "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain."

P.T.W.

* * * * *

TO R.H., ON HER DEPARTURE FOR LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

"Alas for me! false hearts I've found, where I had deem'd them true,
And stricken hopes lie all around where'er I turn my view;
Yet it may be, when far remov'd, the voice of memory
May yet remind thee how we lov'd, with its reproving sigh."



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Anonymous.

Farewell! farewell! a sad farewell!
'Tis fate's decree that we should part;
Forebodings strange my bosom tell,
That others now will pain thy heart:
If so, calm as the waveless deep,
Whereby the passing gust has blown,
Unmark'd, the eye will turn to weep
O'er days that have so swiftly flown,
Remember me—remember me,
My latest thought will be for thee.

The tale which to *thee* I've confest
Another ne'er shall hear again;
Nor love, that link'd me with the blest,
Be darken'd with an earthly chain.
No, as the scroll above the dead,
The dreams of parted joys will last;
There is a bliss now love has fled,
To trace this record of the past.
Then, oh! mid all remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Life hath been as a cloudy day,
Yet still it hath not *all* been gloom,
For many a wild and broken ray
Hath cheer'd awhile my spirit's doom;
As flow'rets on a river's rim,
Whose shadows deck each passing wave,
Thought lingers on, perturb'd and dim,
Or sunbeam resting on a grave.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Where'er my feet may wander now,
No more awakes the slightest care;
It matters not—for still wilt thou
Be present 'mid my heart's despair.
So springs and blooms, in lonely state,
Some flow'ret on a roofless cot,
And decks with smiles, though desolate,
The gloomy stillness of the spot.



Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

Though calm the eye, and still the tongue,
It needs not that the cheek be pale
To prove the heart by feelings wrung,
And brooding o'er a hopeless tale;
For calm is oft the ocean's breast,
Though 'neath its deep blue waters lie
A thousand wrecks—so sorrows rest
In still and silent misery.
Remember me—remember me—
My latest thought will be for thee.

H.P.

* * * * *

THE COURSE OF LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

Go, trace the forest maze,
Or Cretan lab'rinth solve,
On Nature's myst'ries gaze,
Or Gordian knot resolve.

Tell whence the magnet's force,
The central motive scan,
Lay bare Nile's hidden source,
Earth's vast circumference span.

Results from such detail
Skill superhuman prove:
Yet powers like these would fail
To tell the course of love.

Direct the impulse fierce
Of ocean's watery sway;
When wint'ry tempests pierce,
Bind Boreas to obey.

Go, mould the fleeting cloud,
The lucid dew-drop mix,
The solar radiance shroud,
The trembling moonbeam fix.



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Then bid the wand'ring star
Within the zodiac move;
'Twere task more hard by far
To guide the course of love.

Stop the meridian flight
Of Jove's proud plummy race;
Arrest the fiercest fight
When foe-men battle face.

Forbid the earth to turn.
Forbid the tides to flow,
Forbid the sun to burn,
Forbid the winds to blow.

Bid the fix'd orb of day.
Beyond his sphere to move,
Or cease th' attempt, I pray,
To stop the course of love.

T.F.

* * * * *

I'LL BE AT YOUR BALL

(For the Mirror.)

Ah! ce n'est pas moi qui romprait la premiere l'union sacree de nos coeurs; vous le savez bien que ce n'est pas moi, et je rougirais presque, d'assurer ce qui n'est que trop certain.—*Corinne, par Madame de STAEL.*

I'll be at your ball—dear Eliza,
Could you doubt of my wish to be there,
When ask'd by the maiden I prize a-
Bove all maidens, though e'er so fair?
Busy fancy brings back in my dreams
The walks, still enchanting, we took,
When the zephyrs scarce ruffled the streams,
No sound heard, save the murm'ring brook;
The stars we together have watched—
What pleasure these thoughts do recall!
Believe that your truly attached,
Dear Eliza, will be at your ball.



Can study those feelings estrange,
 Of affection so ardent and true?
 Or absence or time ever change
 A heart so devoted to you?
 My voice may have altered its tone,
 My brow may be furrow'd by care,
 But, oh, dearest girl, there are none
 Possess of my heart the least share.
 You say that my hair is neglected,
 That my dress don't become me at all;
 Can you feel surprised I'm dejected,
 Since I parted from you at your ball?

I listlessly turn o'er the pages.
 So fraught with amusement before
 Tasso, Dante, and even the sages,
 Once pleasing, are pleasing no more.
 When I walk on the banks of the Mole,
 Or recline 'neath our favourite tree,
 As the needle is true to the pole,
 So my thoughts still centre in thee.
 Old Time moves so slow, he appears,
 "With age quite decrepit," to crawl;
 And days seem now lengthen'd to years,
 Before we shall meet—at your ball.

Daft Jamie.

* * * * *

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

* * * * *

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Having occasionally (during my lucubrations) marked out sundry choice excerpts, quips, and quiddities, from a variety of authors, I shall, with your permission, submit to the reader an occasional chapter, with a few original remarks, &c., which I hope will prove agreeable.

Jacobus.



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POSTURE MASTERS.

It is now a-days extremely common to style the tumble-down-dick exploits or posture masters, balancers, conjurers, &c. an art. To ridicule such an abuse of the term by applying it to mere adroitness, skill in trifles, and labour-in-vain performances, Quintilian gives us this merry instance—"Qualis illius fuit, qui grana ciceris ex spatio distante missa, in acum continue, et sine frustratione inserebat; quem cum spectasset Alexander, donasse eum dicitur leguminis modio—quod quidem praemium fuit illo opere dignissimum." Translation—Of this kind of art, was his, who, standing at a certain distance, could continually, without missing, stick a small pea upon the point of a needle; which when Alexander had witnessed, he ordered him a bushel of that grain for his trouble, a reward quite adequate to such an exploit. We have a similar story related, I think, of Charles II.: a posture master climbed up Grantham steeple, and then stood on his head upon the weathercock. The facetious monarch, after witnessing his ascent, told him he might forthwith have a patent that none should do the like but himself.

* * * * *

TO MAKE BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

Published by request of the gentlemen of both Universities.

First—Take of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or veal, or any other meat, two pounds and a half, or any other quantity; be sure to keep it in salt till the saline particles have locked up all the animal juices, and rendered the fibres hard of digestion; then boil it over a turf or peat fire, in a brass kettle, covered with a copper lid, until it is over much done.

Second—Take a large turned cabbage, and boil it in a bell metal pot until it is done enough, or (if you think proper) too much.

Thirdly—Slice the meat, and souse that and the cabbage both in a frying pan together, and let them bubble and squeak over a charcoal fire for half an hour, three minutes, and two seconds.

Lastly—Devour the whole, which will not weigh more than *four* pounds, for a quantum sufficit; drink six pints of good, fat ale; sit, smoke, sleep, snore, and forget your book.

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT.

In defence of the two Universities.



We can assure the public that the malicious report of the Greek language being expelled from the abovenamed seats of Minerva, is entirely without foundation; there being, at this moment, many thousand volumes written in that tongue, actually extant, and quite unmolested in the several libraries.

* * * * *

HONEST PREJUDICES,

Or bona fide extracts from celebrated authors.



Page 6

Before the conquest of this country by the Normans, the land in Norfolk was so light and fine, that the farmers usually plowed with two rabbits and a case knife!—*Jones's Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.—Weep at this ye who are now racking your inventive powers for improvements in agricultural implements. See what your forefathers could accomplish by means the simplest.—*Risum teneatis?*

* * * * *

There are many stories told of the craft of the fox to compass his prey, of which Ol. Magnus hath many: such as feigning the bark of a dog to catch prey near the houses; feigning himself dead to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail upon a wasp's nest and then rubbing it hard against a tree, thus catching the wasps so killed; ridding himself of fleas by gradually going into the water with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it and then leaving it in the water; by catching crab fish with his tail, which he saith he himself was a witness of.—*Derham's Physico-Theology*, book iv. chap. 11., and *Ol. Mag. Hist.* lib. xviii. cap. 39, 40.—Peruse this ye incredulous lectors of Baron Munch-Hausen, and Colonel Nimrod. Talk no more of the fertile genius of our Yankee brethren, but candidly admit ye are blameworthy for withholding credence to matters which rather border on the marvellous.

* * * * *

Had man been a dwarf he could not have been a rational creature; for he must then have had a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits, or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough for his business.—*Grew's Cosmol. Sacr.* book i. chap. v.

Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed *before*, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed *behind*, it had been evidently better; forasmuch as the human shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken,—*Dr. Moreton's Beauty of the Human Structure*, page 62.—What a pity it is that these two learned and self-sufficient authors, were not consulted in the formation of their own persons: doubtless they could have suggested many improvements, and would have felt all the advantages with due effect—probably they might have liked their heads to screw on and off like Saint Denis, of France, who frequently carried his under his arm.

* * * * *

The City of London is the largest city in the world, and the people of London the wisest—*Wilson's Candid Traveller*, page 42.—Mark this, ye who are levelling your *leaden wit* at the worthy aldermen and cits of this “large” and “wise” metropolis.

* * * * *



At the famous battle of Crescy, gained by Edward III., notwithstanding a vast carnage of the French, and an infinite number of prisoners, the English lost only one 'squire, three knights, and a few of inferior rank.—*History of England, by Goldsmith.*



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At the battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry V. the French lost ten thousand men, and fourteen thousand prisoners; the English (although enfeebled by disease, destitute of provisions, and harassed by fatigue) lost only forty men in all—Ibid.—Hear these facts of ancient prowess, ye heroes of modern times; who among ye ever gained such signal advantages with losses so insignificant?—In good truth, I must admit, that even I was once inclined to cry out with Mr. Burchell, “fudge;” but the following morceaux have explained to me the (otherwise) mysterious relation:—

One Englishman can beat *five* Frenchmen.—*Williamson’s Serious Propositions*, page 78.—One English man-of-war, will beat a Dutch fleet—*Nebolt’s Naval Expeditions*, chap. iv. section 9.—Indeed! what a scandalous shame it is then to call Admiral Blake a naval hero; surely he could have been but a mere botch to make such a tough job of cutting up Van Tromp, the Dutch commander.

* * * * *

Though I have examined what all other authors have written on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit; nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly, besides myself.—*Smithson’s Amiableness of Candour and Diffidence*, page 8.—What modesty! what candour! amiable critic! doubtless your ingenuous style has obtained you a place on the shelves of the literati; and like Ovid and Horace you have secured as well as assigned yourself an immortality.

* * * * *

SELECT BIOGRAPHY.

* * * * *

MEMOIR OF BOLIVAR.

The conspicuous part which Bolivar has acted throughout the revolution in Colombia, and at the close of that in Peru, renders it imperative on us to give some account of a character, identified with so many great and extraordinary events.

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas on the 25th of July, 1783. He lost his parents at an early age; and, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Europe to finish his education. He made the tour of France and Italy. Having married at Madrid, he embarked for Venezuela, where his wife died a few months after her arrival. Bolivar went a second time to Europe, and was present at the coronation of Napoleon. He returned to Caracas in company with Emparan, appointed captain-general of Venezuela by the central junta at Seville. Soon after the raising of the standard of independence (19th April, 1810) in that country, he was sent to solicit the protection of Great Britain. He was well received by the Marquess Wellesley, then secretary for Foreign Affairs. The British

government offered its mediation between Spain and her colonies, but the offer was rejected by the court of Madrid. Bolivar returned to his own country, accompanied by General Miranda, who was placed in command of the Venezuelan troops. But the revolutionary government was too feebly organized to give efficiency to the military force. Divisions arose, and the cause of independence was on the retrograde, when the dreadful earthquake of 1812, and the subsequent invasion by the Spanish force under General Monteverde, for the time, precluded all possibility of success.

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Bolivar, alleging that Miranda had betrayed his country by capitulating to Monteverde, arrested him at La Guayra. Bolivar then demanded his passport, and when taken before Monteverde, the Spanish general said that Colonel Bolivar's request should be complied with, as a reward for his having served the king of Spain by delivering up Miranda. Bolivar answered that he arrested him to punish a traitor[2] to his country, and not to serve the king. This answer had nearly included him in the general proscription; but the good offices of Don Francisco Iturbe, secretary to Monteverde, procured the passport, and Bolivar was allowed to sail for Curacoa. From that island he went to Carthagena, where he obtained the command of a small force, with which he proceeded up the Magdalena, and having beaten parties of the royalist troops at various points on that river, he continued his march from Ocana to Cucuta, and solicited assistance from the government of Cundinamarca. Five hundred men were placed at his disposal, and with these, added to his own small party, Bolivar undertook to effect the liberation of his country. Four thousand Spaniards, under General Correa, were then on that part of the Venezuelan frontier. A division of these was beaten by Bolivar, who pursued his march to Truxillo, defeating on the way several royalist detachments.

[2] Bolivar seems to have been hurried into a dreadful error by the warmth of his feelings. Not only is the *expediency* of the capitulation admitted by eye witnesses of the first respectability, but also that Miranda had no other alternative. The rich and influential inhabitants withheld their support, not that their political sentiments had undergone a change but because they saw the uselessness of sacrificing property and life in a wild attempt to stem the stream of public opinion; the bulk of the people having become decidedly royalist in principle ever since that earthquake, which had been represented by the priesthood as a judgement of Heaven upon the insurgent cause.

The Spaniards from the commencement of the war, had put to death all persons whom they found with arms in their hands. The South Americans, on the contrary, gave quarter to those royalists who fell into their power. The natives consequently preferred entering the royalist ranks, feeling secure that, in case of being made prisoners, their lives would be spared. Bolivar, perceiving the great disadvantage under which he laboured, and as a retaliation for the horrid butcheries committed by the Spaniards, issued a proclamation at Truxillo, declaring, that from that time forward he should wage a war of extermination. This declaration of *guerra a muerte* on the part of the independents made the danger, in that respect, equal on both sides.



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Bolivar, having separated his small corps into two divisions, entrusted the command of the second to the active General Rivas. Bolivar himself penetrated the Llanos, after having beaten the Spaniards at Niquitao, Carache, Varinas, Tahuana, and Torcones. He then advanced to Vitoria, within twenty leagues of Caracas, where he was met by Spanish commissioners, who sued for, and obtained, a capitulation. The conqueror entered his native city in triumph. But this did not put an end to the war. The Spaniards were faithless in the observance of the capitulation, and Monteverde, from within the walls of Puerto Cabello, fomented the discord which prevailed in the interior provinces. About this time a strong reinforcement arrived from Spain. Bolivar was obliged to evacuate Caracas; but the royalists were beaten at Viguirima, Barbula, and Las Trincheras. However, the Spanish general Cevallos had time to raise four thousand recruits in the province of Coro, which had always shown itself inimical to the cause of independence. Bolivar next gained the important battle of Araure, and repossessed himself of Caracas. On the 2nd of January, 1814, he assembled the public authorities of the city, and resigned to them the supreme authority he had exercised, and with which his triumphs had invested him. They, however, refused to admit his resignation; conferred upon him the title of LIBERATOR OF VENEZUELA; and named him dictator.

About this period a Spaniard, Don Jose Tomas Boves, succeeded in bringing about a counter-revolution in the Llanos, an immense tract of level country, which traverses the centre of Venezuela, and extends to the confines of New Granada. Boves organized a force, which consisted of men mostly chosen for their desperate character, whom he led on by promises of indiscriminate plunder, and by lavishing the greatest rewards upon the perpetrators of the most revolting atrocities. The track of these ruffians, to Calabozo, was every where marked with the blood of the aged and the defenceless. Bolivar, who had detached a part of his force in pursuit of Cevallos, had not above two thousand men left to make head against Boves, who, with nearly five times that number, had possessed himself of the fertile valleys of Aragua, and destroyed some patriot divisions sent to check his progress. Bolivar took up a position at San Mateo, in order to cover Caracas. A series of attacks, in the space of forty days, reduced the number of Bolivar's force to four hundred. Cevallos had repaired the effects of his defeat at Araure, and, reinforced by General Cagigal, had penetrated to Valencia. The patriot division of the east having defeated Boves at Bocachica, and compelled him to retire to the Llanos, and having subsequently united with the remains of Bolivar's force, marched against Cagigal and Cevallos, whose well-organized troops amounted to six thousand. These were attacked and defeated by Bolivar, who then detached the greater part of his force to reduce the province of Coro to

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submission, and himself marched against Boves. Bolivar was overwhelmed by numbers at La Puerta. His division dispersed, and fled to Cundinamarca. He was then obliged to abandon Caracas. The same day witnessed the affecting spectacle of several thousand inhabitants leaving their homes and property at the mercy of the ruthless spoiler, while they themselves set out to face want, disease, and death, in distant provinces.

On the 17th of August, Bolivar lost the battle of Aragua. The subsequent affairs of Maturin, Cumana, Carupano, Guiria, Urica, and El Caris, were fought, with varying success. All being lost in the east, Bolivar next proceeded to Carthagena, and offered his services to New Granada, then agitated by discordant parties of provincialists, centralists, metropolists, federalists, royalists, and independents. A congress assembled at Tunja conferred upon Bolivar the command of the forces of New Granada. Santa Fe de Bogota submitted, the provinces acknowledged the congress, and an effort was made to establish a constitutional form of government.

Bolivar having proposed to take the town of Santa Marta, still held by the Spaniards, he was authorized by the government of Santa Fe to procure guns, &c., from the arsenals of Carthagena. The governor of that fortress refused to furnish the necessary supplies. In order to enforce compliance, Bolivar invested Carthagena, before which he remained a considerable time, when he heard of the arrival at Margarita of General Morillo, with ten thousand Spanish troops. Upon this, Bolivar placed his own investing force at the disposal of his rival, the governor of Carthagena; and, unwilling that the cause of his country should continue to suffer from the dissention which had arisen between himself and the governor, withdrew to Jamaica. Morillo, soon afterwards, laid siege to Carthagena, which, unfortunately, in consequence of the long investment it had already sustained, was nearly destitute of provisions, Bolivar sent from Jamaica some supplies for the besieged garrison; but before they could arrive, that important fortress was in possession of the Spaniards. This enabled them to reconquer New Granada, and the blood of its citizens was made to stream from the scaffold.

At Kingston, Bolivar narrowly escaped assassination. The casual circumstance of exchanging apartments with another person, caused the murderer's dagger to be planted in the heart of a faithful follower, instead of in that of Bolivar. The author of these memoirs happened to live, for a few days, in the same boarding-house. Some officers of a British line-of-battle ship, not speaking Spanish, requested him to invite Bolivar, in their name, to dine with them. This was only a few weeks previous to the intended assassination of Bolivar.

From Jamaica, Bolivar went to Hayti, and was received at Port-au-Prince by Petion with kind hospitality, and was assisted by him as far as his means would allow.



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In April, 1816, he sailed with three hundred men to Margarita, which island had lately again shaken off the Spanish yoke. He arrived at Juan Griego, where he was proclaimed supreme chief of the republic. On the 1st of June he sailed, and on the 3rd landed at Campano, where he beat nine hundred Spaniards. He then opened a communication with patriot chieftains, who had maintained themselves in isolated parties dispersed over the *llanos* of Cumana, Barcelona, and the Apure. It is a curious fact, that the isolation of several of these parties was so complete, that, for many months, they did not know of any other than themselves being in arms for the delivery of their country. It was only by their coming into accidental contact that they discovered that there was more than one patriot guerilla in existence.[3] Bolivar supplied some of them with arms, and at the same time augmented his own force to a thousand men. The Spaniards assembled in superior numbers to destroy them; but Bolivar embarked, and relanded at Ocumare, with an intention of taking Caracas: great part, however, of the Spanish army having by this time returned from New Granada to Venezuela, Bolivar was obliged to re-embark for Margarita.

[3] For the honour of the *llaneros*, this circumstance ought to be more distinctly detailed.

In 1817, he landed near Barcelona, where he collected seven hundred recruits, and marched towards Caracas; but, being worsted in an affair at Clarines, he fell back again upon Barcelona, where he shut himself up with four hundred men, and made a successful resistance against a superior force.

Bolivar received some reinforcements from the interior of the province of Cumana, upon which he decided upon making the banks of the Orinoco the theatre of his future efforts. Having further augmented his force, and taken the necessary steps to keep alive the war in the districts on the coast, he marched to the interior, beating several small royalist parties which he encountered on his route.

Of the Spanish army which had returned from New Granada, a division, under the brave General La Torre, was destined to act against the patriots in Guayana. A division of the latter, under General Piar, having obtained a decisive victory, Bolivar was enabled to invest Angostura, and the town of old Guyana, which were successively taken on the 3rd and 18th of July.

In Angostura, Piar was found guilty, by a court-martial, of an attempt to excite a war of colour. Piar (a man of colour himself) was the bravest of the brave, and adored by his followers; but his execution stifled anarchy in the bud.

The rest of the year 1817 was actively spent in organizing a force to act against Morillo, who had lately been reinforced by two thousand fresh troops from the Peninsula, under General Canterac, then on his way from Spain to Peru. An abundant supply of arms, received from England, was sent to the patriot corps on the banks of the Apure.



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(To be continued.)

* * * * *

LEDYARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

(For the Mirror.)

Dost wish to roam in foreign climes
Forget thy home and long past times?
Dost wish to be a wand'rer's bride,
And all thy thoughts in him confide?
Thou canst not traverse mountain seas,
Nor bear cold Lapland's freezing breeze;
Thou canst not bear the torrid heats,
Nor brave the toils a wand'rer meets;
Thou wouldst faint, dearest, with fatigue
Trav'ling the desert's sandy league.

Pale hunger with her sickly pains
Will silence thy heroic strains;
Thy heart—now warmly beats—will chill
And stop thy lover's wonted skill.
He could not see thee pine and weep
Nor could he ease thy troubled sleep—
'Twould quite unman his firm resolve,
And with grief thy love involve.

TERRENUS.

* * * * *

ROMAN ALTAR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Enclosed I send you a drawing of a Roman votive altar, which was found in digging a cellar about six feet deep, in St. Sepulchre's Gate, Doncaster, in the year 1781. It is the oldest relic of antiquity which Doncaster has yet produced, and is of exquisite engraving and workmanship. Upon the capital, or top of the stone, a small space above the sculpture of the altar itself, is a crater or flowing bowl,[4] sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine; on the dexter, or right side of the altar, is a flower-pot, or cornucopiae, with five branches in it, loaded with leaves and fruit, sacred to Ceres, or Terra-Mater, the



goddess of plants; and on the sinister, or left side thereof, is a large jug or pitcher with a large handle, also sacred to Bacchus. It is about 2 feet 6-1/2 inches in height, and 1 foot in breadth at the base. The corporation employed a Mr. Richard John Tetlow, of Ferrybridge, a celebrated antiquary, to interpret the inscription, and give them his opinion on its age. They also sent it to the Antiquarian Society in London for inspection.

[4] If not a flowing bowl, then it is the shield of Diana.

Interpretation of the Society.

Matribus magnis,[5] Nantonius[6] Orberthol, vota solvit lubens merito.

[5] Juno and Diana.

[6] For Antoninus, in the year of Christ 161. Antoninus Philosophus was the Roman emperor, and succeeded Antoninus Pius, according to Dr. Littleton.

Translation.

To the great mothers, (goddesses,) Anthony Orberthol willingly and meritoriously has performed his vows or promises.

Interpretation of Mr. Tetlow.

Lunae, Latonae, Lucinae, Matribus magnis Antonius Orbis Romani Imperator Bonis Oeis Altare. vota. solvit. lubens merito.



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Translation.

To Luna, Latona, Lucina, the great good mothers, goddesses, Anthony, the emperor of the Roman empire, hath erected, or dedicated, this altar. Freely and fully he has discharged his vows and promises.

It is, reasonably enough, conjectured from several corroborative circumstances, that the altar above described is no less than 1,645 years old. One of these circumstances is its being similar in some respects to two other Roman altars which were found in England some years back, one of which is related to have been made in the year of Christ 161.

Near Sheffield. J.M. C—D.

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NOTES OF A READER.

* * * * *

SUNSET.

Day sets in glory, and the glowing air
 Seems dreaming in delight; peace reigns around,
 Save where some beetle starteth here and there
 From the shut flowers that kiss the dewy ground—
 A burning ocean, stretching vast and far
 The parting banners of the king of light,
 Gleam round the temples of each living star
 That comes forth in beauty with the night:
 The west seems now like some illumined hall,
 Where beam a thousand torches in their pride,
 As if to light the joyous carnival
 Held by the bright sun and his dark-robed bride,
 Whose cloudy arms are round his bosom press'd,
 As with her thousand eyes she woos him to his rest.

The African, a Tale.

* * * * *



BEES.

Alternations of torpor and animation cause greater exhaustion and loss of physical powers, than would be occasioned by a continuance of uniform torpor. This we infer from the fact, that in Russia, where the winters are uniformly cold, bees do not perish; and in the West Indies where there is perpetual verdure, they are never exhausted.

* * * * *

Major Rennell—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—now in his 87th year, possesses in full vigour, for the happiness of himself and friends, all those intellectual faculties which have so eminently distinguished his long and useful life; who, suffering little short of martyrdom, from the frequent attacks of gout, still devotes hours and days to his favourite pursuit; uniting with his studies all the playfulness and vivacity of youth.

Quarterly Review.

* * * * *

WAR.



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War! what miseries are heaped together in the sound!—What an accumulation of curses is breathed in that one word. To us, happy in our insular position, we have, within existing memory, known chiefly of war, its pomp and circumstance alone; the gay parade, the glancing arms, the bright colours, the inspiring music—these are what we see of war in its outset;—glory, and praise, and badges of honour, these are what appear to us as its result. The favourite son, the beloved brother, he who, perhaps, is dearer still, returns to the home of his youth or of his heart, having sown danger and reaped renown. Thus do we look on war. But ask the inhabitant of a country *which has been the seat of war*, what is *his* opinion of it. He will tell you that he has seen his country ravaged, his home violated, his family — But no! the tongue recoils from speaking the horrors and atrocities of war thus brought into the bosom of a peaceful home. All the amenities and charities of domestic life are outraged, are annihilated. All that is dearest to man; all that tends to refine, to soften him—to make him a noble and a better being—all these are trampled under foot by a brutal soldiery—all these are torn from his heart for ever! He will tell you that he detests war so much that he almost despises its glories; and that he detests it because he has known its evils, and felt how poorly and miserably they are compensated by the fame which is given to the slaughterer and the destroyer, because he is such!

Tales of Passion.

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THE NEWSPAPERS.

These square pieces of paper are the Agoras of modern life. The same skilful division of labour which brings the fowl ready trussed to our doors from the market, brings also an abstract of the

Votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus,

which agitate the great metropolis, and even opinions, ready prepared, to the breakfast tables of our remotest farms, ere the controversial warmth has had time to cool. In the centre of this square, where you observe the larger character, a public orator, “*vias et verba locans*,” takes his daily stand. One makes his speech in the morning, and another reserves his for the evening; a third class, either disposed to take less trouble, or, finding it convenient to construct their speeches from fragments of the daily orations, harangue once in two or three days; while a fourth waylay the people in their road to visit the temples on our hebdomadal festivals. But cast your eyes to another part of these our artificial forums, and observe the number of small divisions which fill up the space. There are stalls of merchandize. The ancient venders must have been noisy,

and a frequent cause of annoyance to political speakers; but here the hawkers of wet and dry goods, the hawkers of medicine, the hawkers of personal services,



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the hawkers of husbands and wives, (for among us these articles are often cried up for sale,) and lastly, the hawkers of religions, moral, and political wisdom, all cry out at once, without tumult or confusion, yet so as to be heard in these days through the remotest corners of these islands.... If a peculiarly bloody murder has been tried, or if some domestic intrigue has produced a complicated love story, however offensive in its details, you will find our reading crowd stationary in that quarter, to enjoy the tragic stimulants of terror and pity. We have also a modest corner of the square appropriated to the use of our posts; but like Polydorus's ghost, they generally utter doleful soliloquies, which no one will stop to hear.

London Review.

* * * * *

BEAUTY.

It is vain to dispute about the matter; moralists may moralize, preachers may sermonize about it as much as they please; still beauty is a most delightful thing,—and a really lovely woman a most enchanting object to gaze on. I am aware of all that can be said about roses fading, and cheeks withering, and lips growing thin and pale. No one, indeed, need be ignorant of every change which can be rung upon this peal of bells, for every one must have heard them in every possible, and impossible, variety of combination. Give time, and complexion will decay, and lips and cheeks will shrink and grow wrinkled, sure enough. But it is needless to anticipate the work of years, or to give credit to old Time for his conquests before he has won them. The edge of his scythe does more execution than that of the conqueror's sword: we need not add the work of fancy to *his*,—it is more than sufficiently sure and rapid already.

Tales of Passion.

* * * * *

PRE-AUX-CLERCS.

In 1559, the most frequented promenade in Paris was the *Pre-aux-Clercs*, situated where a part of the Faubourg St. Germain is at present. The students of the university were generally in favour of the reformed religion, and not only made a profession of it, but publicly defended its principles. They had been in the habit of meeting at this place for several years, and the monks of the Abbey St. Victor having refused to let them assemble in the *Pre-aux-Clercs*, a serious affair sprung out of the refusal, and several rencounters took place, in which blood was shed; the students, being the most



numerous, carried their point, the monks resigned the field to them, and the Pre-aux-Clercs was more than ever frequented. It became the grand rendezvous of all the Protestants, who would sing Marot's psalms during the summer evenings; and such numbers giving confidence, many persons declared themselves Protestants, whose rank had hitherto deterred them from such a step. Among such, the most eminent was Anthony of Bourbon, first prince of the blood, and, in right of his wife, king of Navarre.



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Browning's History of the Hugonots.

* * * * *

LOVE.

When she learned the vocabulary, she did not find that admiration meant love; she did not find that gratitude meant love; she did not find that habit meant love; she did not find that approbation meant love; but in process of time she began to suspect that all these put together produced a feeling very much like love.

Rank and Talent.

* * * * *

HUGONOTS.

Various definitions of this epithet exist. Pasquier says it arose from their assembling at Hugon's Tower, at Tours; he also mentions, that in 1540 he heard them called *Tourangeaux*. Some have attributed the term to the commencement of their petitions, "*Huc nos venimus.*" A more probable reason is to be found in the name of a party at Geneva, called *Eignots*, a term derived from the German, and signifying a sworn confederate. Voltaire and the Jesuit Maimbourg are both of this opinion.

Browning's History of the Hugonots.

* * * * *

A ROUT.

A great, large, noisy, tumultuous, promiscuous, crowding, crushing, perfumed, feathered, flowered, painted, gabbling, sneering, idle, gossiping, rest-breaking, horse-killing, panel-breaking, supper-scrambling evening-party is much better imagined than described, for the description is not worth the time of writing or reading it.

Rank and Talent.

* * * * *



PLEASURE.

We are mad gamesters in this world below,
All hopes on one uncertain die to throw;
How vain is man's pursuit, with passion blind,
To follow that which leaves us still behind!
Go! clasp the shadow, make it all thine own,
Place on the flying breeze thine airy throne;
Weave the thin sunbeams of the morning sky;
Catch the light April clouds before they fly;
Chase the bright sun unto the fading west,
And wake him early from his golden rest;
Seeking th' impossible, let life be past,
But never dream of pleasure that shall last.

The Ruined City.

* * * * *

GERMAN LIFE.

One day (says a late adventurer,) that I was quartered in a farm-house, along with some of our German dragoons, the owner came to complain to me that the soldiers had been killing his fowls, and pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the dragoon, he excused himself by saying, "One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick, and he die." "Oh, but," said I, "the *patron* contends that you killed more than one fowl." "Oh yes; that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick, and she die." Of course I reported the culprit to his officer, by whom he was punished as a notorious offender.



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Twelve Years' Military Adventures.

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THE HEIR.

Persons who are very rich, and have no legal heirs, may entertain themselves very much at the expense of hungry expectants and lean legacy-hunters. Who has not seen a poor dog standing on his hind legs, and bobbing up and down after a bone scarcely worth picking, with which some mischief-loving varlet has tantalized the poor animal till all its limbs have ached? That poor dog shadows out the legacy-hunter or possible heir.

Rank and Talent.

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The author of "*The Journal of a Naturalist*," just published, relates the following incident that occurred a few years past at a lime-kiln, (on the old Bristol Road) because it manifests how perfectly insensible the human frame may be to pains and afflictions in peculiar circumstances; and that which would be torture if endured in general, may be experienced at other times without any sense of suffering. A travelling man one winter's evening laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably numbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg, above the ankle, entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that no fragment of it was ever discovered; the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.

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GAMING.

Gambling, the besetting sin of the indolent in many countries, is ruinously general throughout South America. In England, and other European states, it is pretty much limited to the unemployed of the upper classes, who furnish a never-ending supply of dupes to knavery. In South America the passion taints all ages, both sexes, and every rank. The dregs of society yield to the fascination as blindly as the high-born and



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wealthy of the old or of the new world. It speaks much in favour of the revolution, that this vice is sensibly diminishing in Peru, and to the unfortunate Monteagudo belongs the honour of having been the first to attempt its eradication. A noted gambler was once as much an object of admiration in South America as a six-bottle man was in England fifty years ago. The houses of the great were converted into nightly hells, where the priesthood were amongst the most regular and adventurous attendants. Those places are now more innocently enlivened by music and dancing. Buena Vista, a seat of the late Marquess of Montemira, six leagues from Lima, was the Sunday rendezvous of every fashionable of the capital who had a few doubloons to risk on the turn of a card. On one occasion, a fortunate player, the celebrated Baquijano, was under the necessity of sending for a bullock car to convey his winnings, amounting to above thirty thousand dollars: a mule thus laden with specie was a common occurrence. Chorillos, a fishing town, three leagues south of Lima, is a fashionable watering place for a limited season. Here immense sums are won and lost; but political and literary coteries, formerly unknown, daily lessen the numbers of the votaries of fortune.

So strong was this ruling passion, that when the patriot army has been closely pursued by the royalists, and pay has been issued to lighten the military chest, the officers, upon halting, would spread their ponchos on the ground, and play until it was time to resume the march; and this was frequently done even on the eve of a battle. Soldiers on piquet often gambled within sight of an enemy's advanced post.

Memoirs of Gen. Miller.

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THE NATURALIST.

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VOLCANIC ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

This island is entirely composed of volcanic matter, in some places alternating with submarine productions. The principal mountain is situated at the western end of the island; it is an exhausted volcano, called in books of navigation, charts, &c., Mount Misery. The summit of this mountain is 3,711 feet above the sea; it appears to consist of large masses of volcanic rocks, roasted stones, cinders, pumice, and iron-clay. The whole extent of land, to the sea-shore on either side, may be considered as the base of this mountain, as it rises with a pretty steep ascent towards it; but from the part which is generally considered the foot of the mountain, it takes a sudden rise of an average angle of about 50 degrees. To the east, another chain of mountains runs, of a similar



formation, though of inferior height. On the summits of these there are no remains that indicate their having ever possessed a crater: so that whether any of them have originally been volcanoes, or whether they have been formed by an accumulation of matter thrown



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out of Mount Misery, it is difficult to decide. That the low lands have been thrown from the mouth of the volcano is evident, from the regular strata of volcanic substances of which they consist; these too are interspersed with masses of volcanic rock, and other stones, some of the lesser ones entirely roasted through, and some of the larger ones to certain depths from their surfaces. Masses, also, of iron-clay, enclosing various pebbles, which have been burnt into a kind of red brick, are abundantly found in many places. There is scarcely any thing that can be called a path, or even a track, to the mouth of the crater of Mount Misery; indeed, there are but few whose curiosity is sufficiently strong to induce them to undertake this expedition. The common course for those who do, is to take a negro man as a guide, with a cutlass, or large knife, to clear away the underwood, and form a kind of path as he goes on. The ascent is very irregular, in some places being gentle, in others almost perpendicular; in which case the hands are obliged to assist the operations of the feet. In wet weather, the ascent of this mountain is extremely laborious, as a great part of it consists of clay, which then becomes so slippery as to render the getting up almost impracticable. About half-way up on the south side, and in a very pretty, romantic situation, there is a natural spring of remarkably cool water. On the north side, at about the same height, there is a waterfall, which, though small and insignificant in itself, has a pleasing appearance, as it rushes over the rocks, and through the trees and shrubs. This mountain is thickly clothed with wood, which in many places not only excludes the rays of the sun, but produces a sombre, gloomy appearance; this, with the occasional plaintive coo of the mountain dove, (the only sound heard at this height,) creates in the mind sensations of pleasing melancholy. In some parts an open space suddenly appears, from whence the whole country below bursts unexpectedly upon the view, which has, as may be supposed, an extremely fine effect. The thermometer, on the top of the mountain when the writer visited it, stood at 65, being a difference of 15 degrees from the low lands, where it stood at 80 degrees. The descent into the crater on the north and east sides is perfectly perpendicular; on the south and west sides, it slopes at an average angle of not more than 18 or 20 degrees from the perpendicular; consequently, persons descending are often obliged to let themselves down by clinging to projecting corners of rocks, or the branches and roots of shrubs, which grow all the way down; nor is this mode of travelling particularly safe, for should any of these give way, the consequence would probably be highly dangerous. The bottom of the crater, which, as nearly as could be estimated, is about 2,500 feet below the summit of the mountain, and contains about forty-five or fifty acres, may be said to be divided into three parts: the lowest



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side (to the south) consists of a large pond or lake, formed entirely by the rain-water collected from the sides of the crater—accordingly its extent is greater or less, as the season is wet or dry; the centre part is covered with small ferns, palms, and shrubs, and some curious species of moss; the upper part, to the north, is that which is called the Soufriere. The ground here consists of large beds of pipe-clay, in some places perfectly white, in others of a bluish or black colour, from the presence of iron pyrites. These are intermixed with masses and irregular beds of gray cinders and score, pumice, various kinds of lava, lithomarge, and fuller's earth. Amidst these beds of clay there are several hot springs, small, but boiling with much violence, and emitting large quantities of steam. A rumbling noise is heard under the whole of this part of the crater. The hot springs are not stationary, but suddenly disappear, and burst up in another place. The ground in many parts is too hot to be walked upon: a great quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas is likewise emitted, which is exceedingly disagreeable to the smell; and occasionally such a volume of it arises, as is almost suffocating, and resembles much the smell of rotten eggs. The watches of the writer and his companion during his visit, and every article of gold or silver about their persons, were in a few moments turned perfectly black, from the effect of this gas.

Brande's Journal.

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MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

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ROYAL LIFE IN PERSIA.

The religious duties of the king of Persia require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartments, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he is dressed with their aid, he sits for an hour or two in the hall of the haram, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedency. After hearing the reports of the persons intrusted with the internal government of the haram, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee, to pay their respects. After this is over, he calls for breakfast. The preparing his meals is superintended by the nauzir, or chief steward of the household.



The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward. This tray is covered with a rich shawl, and carried



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to the king, when the steward breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake in this repast. The chief physician is invariably in attendance at every meal. His presence is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch; but this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. When his public duties are performed, he usually retires to the haram, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions and ceremonies as at breakfast. He eats, like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth, spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine; but none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicate viands. After dinner, the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his haram. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character.

The harams are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of a community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty, are in constant collision. The usual routine of the king's life is often interrupted by urgent public affairs, and sometimes by amusement. The reigning family has hitherto disdained those enervating and luxurious habits which led the last Seffavean monarchs to confine themselves to their harams. They not only attend personally to public business, but are continually practising manly exercises, and engage in field sports with all the ardour of a race who cherish the habits of their Tartar ancestors. The present king is an expert marksman and an excellent horseman; few weeks pass without his partaking in the pleasures of the chase. The king has always a historiographer and a chief poet. The one writes the annals of his reign; the other, who has a high rank at court, composes odes in his praise, and, with grateful ardour, celebrates the munificence of his patron. A giant and a dwarf were at one period of the present reign part of the

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royal establishment; and it is never without a jester, who enjoys an extraordinary latitude of speech, and, both in his dress and manner, assumes the habit and appearance of folly. It is usual to laugh at the witticisms of these jesters, even when they are the most severe; and the sovereign himself respects their privilege. The tribe to which Kerreem Khan belonged, speak a language which, from its rudeness, is denominated "the barbarous dialect." As this prince was one day sitting in public, he commanded his jester to go and bring him word what a dog, that was barking very loud, wanted. The courtiers smiled at this sally of their monarch. The jester went, and, after appearing to listen for some time with profound attention, returned, and said, with a grave air, "Your majesty must send one of the chief officers of your own family to report what that gentleman says: he speaks no language except "the barbarous dialect," with which they are familiar, but of which I do not understand one word." The good-humoured monarch laughed heartily at this jest, and gave the wit a present. This anecdote, to which many similar might be added, shows that there is little difference between the office of jester at the modern court of Persia, and that which some centuries ago existed at every court in Europe. A resemblance even in trifling forms merits attention, as it may lead to conclusions on the progress of knowledge and the condition of society; and from the character of their amusements, we may perhaps judge as correctly as from their more serious occupations, of the degree of civilization which a people has attained. In the court there is always a person who bears the name of "story-teller to his majesty;" and the duties of his office require a man of no mean acquirements. Though passionately fond of public exhibitions, the Persians have none that deserve the name of theatrical entertainments; but though strangers to the regular drama, their stories are often dramatic; and those whose occupation is to tell them, sometimes display so extraordinary a skill, and such varied powers, that we can hardly believe, while we look on their altered countenances and listen to their changed tones, that it is the same person, who at one moment tells a plain narrative in his natural voice, then speaks in the hoarse and angry tone of offended authority, and next subdues the passions he has excited by the softest sounds of feminine tenderness. The art of relating stories is attended both with profit and reputation. Great numbers attempt it, but few succeed.

The person whose office it is to amuse his majesty with these stories is always in attendance. It is equally his duty to beguile the fatigue of a long march, and to soothe the mind when disturbed by the toils of public affairs; and his tales are artfully made to suit the disposition and momentary humour of the monarch. Sometimes he recites a story of the genii; at others he speaks of the warlike deeds



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of former sovereigns, or of the love of some wandering prince. Often the story is of coarser materials, and the king is entertained with low and obscene adventures. In no court is more rigid attention paid to ceremony. Looks, words, the motions of the body, are all regulated by the strictest forms. When the king is seated in public, his sons, ministers, and courtiers, stand erect, with their hands crossed, and in the exact place belonging to their rank. They watch his looks, and a glance is a command. If he speaks to them, you hear a voice reply, and see the lips move, but not a motion or gesture betrays that there is animation in any other part of the frame. The monarch often speaks in the third person: "The king is pleased," "The king commands." His ministers usually style him "The object of the world's regard." They are as particular in forms of speech as in other ceremonies; and superiority and inferiority of rank, in all their gradations, are implied by the terms used in the commonest conversations.

Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.

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THE COSMOPOLITE.

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We love an occasional stroll into the environs of London—*on foot*—and *alone*. On foot, because we hate the machinery of a coach—and alone, because we have only our own leisure to consult, and there is no time lost in "making up minds." On such occasions we have no set object in view, but we determine to make "good in every thing." A book, great or small, is then to us a great evil; and putting a map into one's pocket is about as absurd as Peter Fin's taking Cook's *Voyages* on his journey to Brighton. We read the other day of a reviewer who started from Charing Cross with a blue bag filled with books for his criticism: he read at Camberwell, and he read at Dulwich—he wrote in the sanded and smoke-dried parlour of the Lion, the Lamb, or the Fox—and he wrote whilst his steak was grilling at the *auberge* at Dulwich—and he went home in a hackney-coach: "Lord how he went out—Lord how he came in." Another brother talks of rambling in a secluded village field with Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," or the "Journal of a Naturalist," in his hand. All this is very pleasant and mighty pretty; but it is not true; and we stake our critical character that neither Gilbert White nor our "Naturalist" did such things, or if they did, that they were not essential to their writings. Making notes and comparing them with others, after a long walk, is another matter; but to walk out into the country to read a book on natural philosophy is not indicative of a susceptible mind. For our own part, we want no book but the broad volume of Nature—but to derive profit as well as pleasure, we must go out with some of the philosophy of Nature in our hearts—for walking is like travelling, (which is only a long walk,)—"a man



must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.” We think Mr. Hazlitt talks of lying a whole day on Salisbury Plain as one of his greatest enjoyments, and he is doubtless sincere. When we set out on such a walk as we are about to take, with the reader’s consent, we quote Thomson for our exordium:—



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To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all instructive page,

* * * * *

My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar;

—and starting from our metropolis, we love to watch the ebbing of population, the dwindling from groves of chimneys and worlds of bricks and mortar to tricky cottages marshalled with the plumb-line, or sprinkled over “farmy fields” facing Macadamized roads, and collecting more dust in one month than would have ransomed all the captive kings of history, sacred or profane. There we love to trace the ramifications of art from the steam and gas chimneys of the metropolis to the quiet dell, in whose seclusion you might imagine yourself a hundred miles from town, were it not for the hum of the great tun that is fretting and working at a distance. On the road you enjoy scenes that are to be found in no printed book. Nay, every sign-board is a study. Those near the town would do honour to the President's pencil; as you advance, they retrograde—and as Art declines, Nature smiles still sweeter and softer in never-ending successions of woods and groves, hills and dales, glassy lakes and pebbly streams, with all the variegated charms of rustic life.

But we are getting too *rural*; for our “Suburban Stroll” extended but to Dulwich and back, about four miles south of London. Twenty years since, we remember, the parish of Camberwell (which includes Peckham and Dulwich) was a pleasant village, with several mansions inhabited by citizens of property, who retired hither for air and recreation; now the whole district is crowded with lath and plaster cottages, and sugar-bakers' boxes, which appear well adapted for twelfth-cake kings and queens.[7] Twenty years ago, we enjoyed the embowered walk of Camberwell Grove, and above all, *Grove Hill*, the retreat of Dr. John Coakley Lettsom, till his benevolence overmuch obliged him to part with this delightful residence. Well do we remember the picturesque effect of Grove Hill, the unostentatious, casino-like villa, ornamented with classic figures of Liberality, Plenty, and Flora—and the sheet of water whose surface was broken by a stream from a dank and moss-cruste fountain in its centre. Then, the high, overarching grove, and its summit, traditionally said to be the spot where George Barnwell murdered his uncle, the incident that gave rise to Lillo's pathetic tragedy. But the march of improvement has extended hither—the walk can scarcely be traced: still there is abundance of timber, for the grove has disappeared, and scores of new houses have sprung up with almost magical effect—and the whole scene reminds us of one of the change-scenes of a pantomime. The builder's *share* has turned over nearly every inch of the ground, and fresh gravel and loose loam remind the philosophical pedestrian that all is change beneath as well as on



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the surface. Of the mock villas that have been “put up” in this quarter, we must speak with forbearance. Their little bits of Gothic plastered here and there; their puny machicolations, square and pointed arches, and stained glass “cut out into little stars”—are but sorry specimens of taste, and but poor indications of comfort. They seem to totter like card-houses, and all their spick-and-span finery vanishes beside a wing of the picturesque—a cottage in true rustic taste, with rudely-arched virandahs, formed of limbs and trunks of trees, intermixed with evergreens, and reminding us of the “gnarled oaks and soft myrtles” of the poet’s fancy; and with trimmed arches of thatch over little casements, with flowers

“Blinding the lower panes.”

Now is the little hatch-gate slammed with the wind, contrasting its rude sound with the rusty creak of the “invisible” iron fence just set up, but already

So loose that it but wants another push
To leap from off its hinges;

—the milk-white window-sill, or painted flower-pots ranged on bars of cast-iron, like so many toys of Nature. Such was the contrast when we last visited the “Grove;” the picturesque cottage was then as we have described it, and its new-born neighbours were rising fast on every side, and we would not insure its existence for a week longer; for the slicing, cutting, and carving of this once beautiful spot, exceeds all credibility. With all these changes, however, the fine panoramic view of two hundred miles may still be enjoyed from this spot, and overlooking the meaner glories of the GREAT CITY at your feet, the eye rests on the “sister hills,” Harrow spire, and where

Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow;

Shooter’s Hill and Greenwich, with tower, dome, and turret; Sydenham and Norwood on the south; and Chelsea and the *unbridged* winding Thames on the west. Art has not yet thrown up her screens, so as to fence in this world of beauties from our enjoyment. Here we sit down and rest our recreant limbs, leaving the reader to enjoy the innumerable reflections which our poor mention has called up. Another fine day, and we may proceed in our stroll.

PHILO.

[7] In the neighbourhood of Dulwich, we remember the mansion of a retired confectioner, which wags styled *Lollipop Hall*.

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

EPIGRAM.

The Division of Justice.

John Hobbs, partridge-snaring, was dragged to the 'Squire,
The Magistrate flamed, but the statute hung fire.
"Burns states," says the Clerk, "that tread-mill will do,
For two months, if the culprit's convicted by two."
"Two months and two magistrates: I sit alone.
Well, Clerk, we must *halve* it—commit him for *one*."



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HUDSON AND HIS PIGS.

The following is extracted from a recent American (private) letter:—

Hudson, who is a general dealer, purchased a cottage, to which pertained amongst other *furniture* a sty. As this was of course uninhabited, his first care was to supply it with inmates, and, having purchased a couple of fine pigs, he set off homewards with his bargains comfortably lodged in his cart. Upon arriving at Buenos Ayres, a part of the harness broke, down went the cart, and out shot Hudson and his bristly companions backwards; but unfortunately falling upon one of the poor animals, he crushed him to death. This was bad, Hudson looked blank, as who does not upon perceiving Dame Fortune playing him foul? and woeful was it indeed to witness death amongst his live stock; in this dilemma however, his wits did not utterly forsake him, and concluding that if he could make the animal bleed, it would probably be marketable and not prove a *dead* loss, he proceeded to act on this prudent supposition, and immediately cut its throat; which sanguinary act so alarmed the companion pig, that taking to his heels, he instantly made off (like his swinish brethren of old) towards the sea. Poor Hudson, between the dead and the living pig, was dreadfully distressed, being apprehensive of losing both; however being fortunate enough to engage a man to pursue the absconded delinquent, he proceeded home with the defunct, and by dint of ablutions, and scrapings, &c. really made of it “a very pretty pig.” This done, it was hung up in the dairy or beer-cellar, I know not which, ready for market, and if Hudson plumed himself upon cheating fortune at least in one instance, he was not to blame; but, lo! in the morning, poor pig, presented a hideous and horrible spectacle, and poor Hudson stood aghast to behold it! The cats had made during the night so plentiful a repast upon his new purchase, so that instead of a handsome corpse there remained only a mangled assemblage of bloody bones, and fragments of flesh! Poor Hudson! but after all, these misfortunes were mainly attributable to his own carelessness, and as to whether he ever recovered his truant pig, I cannot say; perhaps the man may be in pursuit of him still.

S.L.

* * * * *

ON A PERSON SAYING HE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME ON MUSIC.

On music that you spend your time,
You surely can't mean what you say,



For all who know you must allow
You keep time whilst you sing or play.

* * * * *

OLD PARR.

Thomas Parr lived to the extraordinary age of 152 years. He was of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, *viz.* Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, was buried at Westminster Abbey, November 15, 1635.



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C.K.W.

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THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Colonel Despreaux, in a late pamphlet on the Police of Paris, remarks, that there seem to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the conflux to the theatres at that time. But, that swindling transactions, and all other frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about *March*.

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LONDON LEVELS.

The most lofty site in the immediate vicinity of London is the tavern called Jack Straw's Castle, on the brow of Hampstead Heath, which is 443 feet above the Thames. The top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral is 407 feet, whilst its base, or ground-line, is 52 feet. The base of the lowest building is that of the Bricklayer's Arms, Kent Road, the sill of the south door of which is only six inches above the high-water mark. The sill of the north entrance-door of Westminster Hall is only 11 inches.

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