

# **The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook**

## **The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction**

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## CORNWALL TERRACE

*Regent's park.*

Adjoining *York Terrace*, engraved and described in No. 358, of the *mirror*, is *Cornwall Terrace*, one of the earliest and most admired of all the buildings in the Park; although its good taste has not been so influential as might have been expected, on more recent structures. It is named after the ducal title of the present King, when Regent.

Cornwall Terrace is from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, and is characterized by its regularity and beauty, so as to reflect high credit on the taste and talent of the young architect. The ground story is rusticated, and the principal stories are of the Corinthian order, with fluted shafts, well proportioned capitals, and an entablature of equal merit. The other embellishments of Cornwall Terrace are in correspondent taste, and the whole presents a facade of great architectural beauty and elegance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE COSMOPOLITE.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

*(Concluded from page 292.)*

Passing over the leading articles, and some news from the seat of war, next is the Court Circular, describing the mechanism of royal and noble etiquette in right courtly style. The "Money Market and City Intelligence"—what a line for the capitalist: only watch the intensity with which he devours every line of the oracle, as the ancients did the *spirantia exta*—and weighs and considers its import and bearing with the Foreign News and leading articles. What rivets are these—"risen about 1/4 per cent"—and "a shade higher;" no fag or tyro ever hailed an illustration with greater interest. Talk to him whilst he is reading any other part of the paper, and he will break off, and join you; but when reading this, he can only spare you an occasional "hem," or "indeed"—his eyes still riveted to the column. This has been satirically termed "watching the turn of the market;" although every reader does the same, and first looks for those events in the paper which bear upon his interests or enjoyments; for pleasure, as well as industry, has her studies. Thus the lines "Drury Lane Theatre," and "Professional Concert" are 'Change news to a certain class—and a long criticism on Miss Phillips's first appearance in *Jane Shore* will ensure attention and sympathy, from anxiety for an actress of high promise, and the pathos of the play itself; and we need not insist upon the beneficial effect which sound criticism has on public taste. To pass from an account



of a Concert at the Argyll Rooms, with its fantasias and *concertanti*, to the fact of 940 weavers being at present unemployed in Paisley,—and the death of a young man in Paris, from hydrophobia, is a sad transition from gay to grave—yet so they stand in the column. A long correspondence on Commercial Policy, Taxation, Finance, and Currency—we leave to the capitalist, the “parliament man,” and other disciples of Adam Smith; whilst our eye descends to the right-hand corner, where is recorded the horrible fact of a mother attempting to suffocate her infant at her breast! Humanity sickens at such a pitch of savage crime in the centre of the most refined city in the world!

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The commencement of the third folio is a gratifying contrast to the last horrible incident. It describes the Anniversary of St. Patrick's Charity Schools, with one of the King's brothers presiding at the benevolent banquet, and records an after-dinner subscription of 540\_l.\_! What a delightful scene for the philanthropist—what a blessed picture of British beneficence! Yet beneath this is a piracy—a tale of blood, whose very recital “will harrow up thy soul”—the murder of the captain and crew of an American brig, as narrated by one man who was concealed. In the next column are two reports of Parish Elections, which afford more speculation than we are prone to indulge, as the turning-out of old parties and setting-up of new, and many of the petty feuds and jealousies that divide and distract parishes or large families, the little circles of the great whole. At the foot of this column a paragraph records the death of a miserly bachelor schoolmaster, who had worn the same coat twenty years, and on the tester of whose bed were found, wrapped up in old stockings L1,600. in interest notes, commencing thirty-five years since, the compound interest of which would have been L4,000.; and for what purpose was this concealment?—a dread of being required to assist his relatives! Yet contrast this wicked abuse with a few of the incidents we have recorded—the dinner of St. Patrick's, for instance, and is it possible to conceive a more despicable situation (short of crime) than this poor miser deserves in our chronicle.

The third column opens to us a scene of a very opposite character, the Newmarket Craven Meeting—the most brilliant assemblage ever known there; the town crammed with the children of chance, the innkeepers trebling their charges, and like the Doncaster people, doing “noting widout the guinea.” What an heterogeneous mixture of fine old sport, black legs and consciences, panting steeds and hearts bursting with expectation and despair, and the grand machinery of chance working with mathematical truth, and not unfrequently beneath luxury and the mere show of hospitality.

The moralist will turn away from this rural pandemonium with disgust; but what will he say to the records of wretchedness and crime that fill up nearly the remainder of the folio. A Coroner's Inquest upon a fellow creature who “died from neglect, and want of common food to support life”—and another upon a poor girl, whose young and tender wits being “turned to folly,”—died by a draught of laudanum—are still more lamentable items in the calendar.

Beneath these inquests is a brief tale of a romantic robbery in an obscure department of France. The priest of a village, aged 80, lived in an isolated cottage with his niece. About midnight, he was disturbed, and on his getting out of bed, was bound by two men, whilst a third stood at the door. The robbers then proceeded to the girl's chamber, very ungallantly took her gold ear-rings, and by threatening

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her and her uncle with death, got possession of 300 francs. Two of the ruffians then proceeded to the church, broke open the poor-box, and took about 30 francs. They then bound again the old man and his niece, and departed. One of the robbers, however, left an agricultural tool behind him, which led to the discovery of two of the thieves, who are committed for trial. This is a perfect newspaper gem.

The fifth column has terror in its first line “Law Report,” and commences with an action in the Court of King’s Bench, against the late Sheriffs of London for an illegal seizure—one of the glorious delights of office. The next portion relates to an illustrious foreigner, who stated that he professed to swallow fire and molten lead, “but he only put them into his mouth, and took them out again in a sly manner, for they were too hot to eat.” (Much laughter.) He could swallow prussic acid without experiencing any ill effects from it; that was what he called *pyrotechny*; “he had no property except a wife and child, &c.”

Next are the Police Reports, sometimes affording admirable studies of men and manners. The first is a case of a man being locked up for the night in a watch-house, “on suspicion of ringing a bell”—and brings to light a most outrageous abuse of petty power. In another case, a gang of robbers pursued by one set of watchmen, were suffered to escape by another set, who would not stir a foot beyond their own boundary line! Neither Shakspeare, Fielding, nor Sheridan have given us a better standing jest than this incident affords. It reminds us of the fellow who refused to take off Tom Ashe’s coat, because it was felony to strip an *ash*; or the tanner who would not help the exciseman out of his pit without twelve hours’ notice.

The Births, Marriages, and Deaths—and the Markets, and Price of Stocks, in small type, which well bespeaks their crowded interest, wind up the sheet. Yet what thrilling sensations does this small portion of our sheet often impart. What hopes and expectations for heirs and legacy hunters—people who want the “quotation” of Mark Lane and the Coal Market—and others whose daily tone and temper depends on the little cramped fractions in the “Stocks” and “Funds.” Another catches a fine frenzy from the “Shares,” and regulates his day’s movements “the very air o’ the time” by their import—and hence he dreams of gold and gossamer, or sits torturing his imagination with writs and executions that await adverse fortune.

Such are but a few of the pleasures and pains of a newspaper. Shenstone says the first part which an ill-natured man examines, is the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality; but, to prove that our object is any thing but ill-natured, we have glanced last at the Deaths. The paper over which we have been travelling, wants the Gazette and Parliamentary News, and a Literary feature. The Debates would have enabled us to illustrate the rapid marches of



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science and intellect in our times, as displayed in the present perfect system of parliamentary reporting. But enough has been said on other points to prove that the *physiognomy* of a newspaper is a subject of intense interest. In this slight sketch we have neither magnified the crimes, nor sported with the weaknesses; all our aim has been to search out points or pivots upon which the reflective reader may turn; the result will depend on his own frame of mind.

There is, however, one little paragraph, one pearl appended to the Police Report which we must detach, *viz.* the acknowledgment of L2. sent to the Bow Street office poor-box, the *seventh* contribution of the same amount of a benevolent individual (by the handwriting, a lady) signed “A friend to the unfortunate.”

Read this ye who gloat over ill-gotten wealth, or abuse good fortune; think of the delights of this divine benefactress—silent and unknown—but, above all, of the exceeding great reward laid up for her in heaven.

*Philo.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## CAT AND FIDDLE.

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

Your correspondent, double X has furnished us with a well written and whimsical derivation of the above ale-house sign, and partly by Roman patriotism and French “lingo,” he traces it up to “*l’hostelle du Caton fidelle.*” But I presume the article is throughout intended for pure banter—as I do not consider your facetious friend seriously meant that “no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and violin.”

How close the connexion is between fiddle and *cat-gut*, seems pretty well evident—for a proof, I therefore refer double X to any *cat-gut scraper* in his majesty’s dominions, from the theatres royal, to Mistress Morgan’s two-penny hop at Greenwich Fair.

JACOBUS.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ROUE'S INTERPRETATION OF DEATH.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Death! who would think that five simple letters, would produce a word with so much terror in it."—*The Rou.*

Death! and why should it be  
That hideous mystery  
Is with those atoms integral combin'd?  
Alas! too well—too well,  
I've prob'd unto the spell  
In each dark imag'd sound, that lurks entwin'd!  
Eternity, implied  
In Death, and long denied  
Now sacrifices my tortur'd menial gaze!  
Whilst, with its lurid light  
Heart-burnings fierce unite  
And what may quench, the guilty spirit's blaze?

Annihilation!—this,  
Was once, the startling bliss  
I forc'd my soul to fancy Death should give!  
But, whilst I shudd'ring bless  
The hopes—of—nothingness,  
A something sighs: "Beyond



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the grave I live!"

Tophet! I thrill! for scorn'd  
Was the sere thought, though warn'd  
Ofttimes that Death, enclos'd that dread abyss!  
Now, by each burning vein  
And venom'd conscience—pain  
I know the terrors of that world, in this!

Heaven! ay, 'tis in Death  
For him, whose fragile breath  
Wends from a breast of piety and peace,  
But darkness, chains, and dree  
Eternal, are for me  
Since Death's tremendous myst'ries never cease!

M.L.B.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO JUDY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

I have thought of you much since we parted,  
And wished for you every day,  
And often the sad tear has started,  
And often I've brush'd it away;  
When the thought of thy sweet smile come o'er me  
Like a sunbeam the tempest between,  
And the hope of thy love shone before me  
So brilliantly bright and serene,  
I remember thy last vow that made me  
Forget all my sorrow and care,  
And I think of the dear voice that bade me  
Awake from the dream of despair.

I regard not the gay scene around me,  
The smiles of the young and the free,  
Have not *now* the soft charm that once bound me.  
For *that* hath been broken by *thee*;  
And tho' voices, *dear* voices are teeming,



With friendship and gladness, and wit,  
And a welcome from bright eyes is beaming,  
I cannot, I cannot, forget—  
I may join in the dance and the song,  
And laugh with the witty and gay,  
Yet the heart and best feelings that throng  
Around it, are far, far away.

Dost remember the scene we last traced, love,  
When the smile from night's radiant queen  
Beamed bright o'er the valley, and chased love  
The spirit of gloom from the scene?  
And the riv'let how heedless it rushed, love,  
From its home in the mountain away,  
And the wild rose how faintly it blush'd, love,  
In the light of the moon's silver ray:  
Oh, that streamlet was like unto me,  
Parting from whence its brightness first sprung,  
And that sweet rose was the emblem of thee,  
As so pale on my bosom you hung.

Dearest, *why* did I leave thee behind me,  
Oh! *why* did I leave thee at all,  
Ev'ry day that dawns, only can find me  
In sorrow, and tho' the sweet thrall  
Of my heart serves to cheer and to check me  
When sorrow or passion have sway,  
Yet I'd rather have thee to *hen-peck*[1] me,  
Than be from thy bower away;  
And, dear Judy, I'm still what you found me,  
When we met in the grove by the rill,  
I forget not the spell that first bound me,  
And I shall not, till feeling be still.

F. BERINGTON.

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[1] *Hen-pecked*, to be governed *by a wife*, (see Johnson.)

\* \* \* \* \*

### ANCIENT PLACES OF SANCTUARY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

“No place indeed should murder sanctuarise.” SHAKSPEARE.

The principal sanctuaries were those in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, Salisbury-court, White Friars, Ram-alley, and Mitre-court; Fulwood’s-rents, in Holborn, Baldwin’s-gardens, in Gray’s-inn-lane; the Savoy, in the Strand; Montague-close, Deadman’s-place, the Clink, the Mint, and Westminster. The sanctuary in the latter place was a structure of immense strength. Dr. Stutely, who wrote about the year 1724, saw it standing, and says that it was with very great difficulty that it was demolished. The church belonging to it was in the shape of a cross, and double, one being built over the other. It is supposed to have been built by Edward the Confessor. Within this sanctuary was born Edward V., and here his unhappy mother took refuge with her son, the young Duke of York, to secure him from the villanous proceedings of his cruel uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who had possession of his elder brother. The metropolis at one time (says the Rev. Joseph Nightingale,) abounded with these haunts of villany and wretchedness. They were originally instituted for the most humane and pious purposes; and owe their origin to one of the sacred institutions of the Mosaic law, which appointed certain cities of refuge for persons who had accidentally slain any of their fellow creatures. The institution, as Marmonides justly observes, was a merciful provision both for the manslayer, that he might be preserved, and for the avenger, that his blood might be cooled by the removal of the manslayer out of his sight. In the year 1487, during the Pontificate of Innocent VIII. a bull was issued, and sent here, to lay a little restraint on the privileges of sanctuary. It stated, that if thieves, murderers, or robbers, registered as sanctuary-men, should sally out and commit fresh nuisances, which they frequently did, and enter again, in such cases they might be taken out of their sanctuaries by the king’s officers. That as for debtors, who had taken sanctuary to defraud their creditors, their persons only should be protected; but their goods out of sanctuary, should be liable to seizure. As for traitors, the king was allowed to appoint them keepers in their sanctuaries, to prevent their escape. After the Reformation had gained strength, these places of sanctuary began to sink into contempt, and in the year 1697, it became absolutely necessary to take some legislative measures for their destruction.

P.T.W.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A footman who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession: "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered?*"

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\* \* \* \* \*

### THE SELECTOR AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS

\* \* \* \* \*

#### TIMBER TREES.

In the last volume of the MIRROR, we gave several extracts from a delightful paper on *Landscape Gardening*, contained in a recent Number of the *Quarterly Review*; with an abstract of Sir Henry Steuart's new method of transplanting trees, and a variety of information on this interesting department of rural economy. We are therefore pleased to see that the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, have appropriated the second part of their new work to what are termed "Timber Trees and their applications;" and probably few of their announced volumes will exceed in usefulness and entertainment that which is now before us. Indeed, the Editor could scarcely have devised a more successful means of impressing his readers with a sincere love of nature and her sublime works, than by introducing them to the history of vegetable substances in their connexion with the useful arts.

We subjoin a few specimens, with occasional notes, arising from our own reading and personal observation.

#### *Picturesque Beauty of the Oak.*

A fine oak is one of the most picturesque of Trees. It conveys to the mind associations of strength and duration, which are very impressive. The oak stands up against the blast, and does not take, like other trees, a twisted form from the action of the winds. Except the cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the stoutness of its limbs: they do not exactly spring from the trunk, but divide from it; and thus it is sometimes difficult to know which is stem and which is branch. The twisted branches of the oak, too, add greatly to its beauty; and the horizontal direction of its boughs, spreading over a large surface, completes the idea of its sovereignty over all the trees of the forest. Even a decayed oak,—

"-----dry and dead,  
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,  
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,  
Whose foot on earth Hath got but feeble hold—"

—even such a tree as Spenser has thus described is strikingly beautiful: decay in this case looks pleasing. To such an oak Lucan compared Pompey in his declining state.

*The Cedar.*

The cedar of Lebanon, though it has been introduced into many parts of England as an ornamental tree, and has thriven well, has not yet been planted in great numbers for the sake of its timber. No doubt it is more difficult to rear, and requires a far richer soil than the pine and the larch; but the principal objection to it has been the supposed slowness of its growth, although that does not appear to be very much greater than in the oak. Some cedars, which have been planted in a soil well adapted to them, at Lord Carnarvon's, at Highclere, have grown



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with extraordinary rapidity. Of the cedars planted in the royal garden at Chelsea, in 1683, two had, in eighty-three years, acquired a circumference of more than twelve feet, at two feet from the ground, while their branches increased over a circular space forty feet in diameter. Seven-and-twenty years afterwards the trunk of the largest one had extended more than half a foot in circumference; which is probably more than most oaks of a similar age would do during an equal period. The surface soil in which the Chelsea cedars thrive so well is not by any means rich; but they seem to have been greatly nourished from a neighbouring pond, upon the filling up of which they wasted away.

Various specimens of the cedar of Lebanon are mentioned as having attained a very great size in England. One planted by Dr. Uvedale, in the garden of the manor-house at Enfield, about the middle of the seventeenth century, had a girth of fourteen feet in 1789; eight feet of the top of it had been blown down by the great hurricane in 1703, but still it was forty feet in height. At Whitton, in Middlesex, a remarkable cedar was blown down in 1779. It had attained the height of seventy feet; the branches covered an area one hundred feet in diameter; the trunk was sixteen feet in circumference at seven feet from the ground, and twenty-one feet at the insertion of the great branches twelve feet above the surface. There were about ten principal branches or limbs, and their average circumference was twelve feet. About the age and planter of this immense tree its historians are not agreed, some of them referring its origin to the days of Elizabeth, and even alleging that it was planted by her own hand. Another cedar, at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, had, at the presumed age of 116 years, arrived at the following dimensions; its height was fifty-three feet, and the spread of the branches ninety-six feet from east to west, and eighty-nine from north to south. The circumference of the trunk, close to the ground, was thirteen feet and a half; at seven feet it was twelve and a half; and at thirteen feet, just under the branches, it was fifteen feet eight inches. There were two principal branches, the one twelve feet and the other ten feet in girth. The first, after a length of eighteen inches, divided into two arms, one eight feet and a half, and the other seven feet ten. The other branch, soon after its insertion, was parted into two, of five feet and a half each.[2]

[2] We believe the finest cedars in England to be those at Juniper Hall, between Leatherhead and Dorking.

*The Yew Tree*

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(Called *Taxus*, probably from the Greek, which signifies swiftness, and may allude to the velocity of an arrow shot from a yew-tree bow,) is a tree of no little celebrity, both in the military and the superstitious history of England. The common yew is a native of Europe, of North America, and of the Japanese Isles. It used to be very plentiful in England and Ireland, and probably also Scotland. Caesar mentions it as having been abundant in Gaul; and much of it is found in Ireland, imbedded in the earth. The trunk and branches grow very straight; the bark is cast annually; and the wood is compact, hard, and very elastic. It is therefore of great use in every branch of the arts in which firm and durable timber is required; and, before the general use of fire-arms, it was in high request for bows: so much of it was required for the latter purpose, that ships trading to Venice were obliged to bring ten bow staves along with every butt of Malmsey. The yew was also consecrated—a large tree, or more being in every churchyard; and they were held sacred.[3] In funeral processions the branches were carried over the dead by mourners, and thrown under the coffin in the grave. The following extract from the ancient laws of Wales will show the value that was there set upon these trees, and also how the consecrated yew of the priests had risen in value over the reputed sacred mistletoe of the Druids:—

“A consecrated yew, its value is a pound.

“A misletoe branch, threescore pence.

“An oak, sixscore pence.

“Principal branch of an oak, thirty pence.

“A yew tree, (not consecrated) fifteen pence.

“A sweet apple, threescore pence.

“A sour apple, thirty pence.

“A thorn-tree, seven pence halfpenny. Every tree after that, fourpence.”

[3] Yew trees—those gloomy tenants of our churchyards—appear to have been planted there in ancient times. In the will of Henry VI. there is the following item:—“The space between the wall of the church and the wall of the cloyster shall conteyne 38 feyte, which is left for to sett in certayne trees and flowers, behovable and convenient for the custom of the said church.” Several reasons may be assigned for giving this tree a preference to every other evergreen. It is very hardy, long-lived, and, though in time it attains a considerable height, produces branches in abundance, so low as to be always within reach

of the hand, and at last affords a beautiful wood for furniture.—The date of the yews at Bedfont is 1704.

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By a statute made in the 5th year of Edward IV., every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, was directed to have a bow of his own height made of yew, wych-hazel, ash, or awburne—that is, laburnum, which is still styled “awburne saugh,” or awburne willow, in many parts of Scotland. His skill in the use of the long bow was the proud distinction of the English yeoman, and it was his boast that none but an Englishman could bend that powerful weapon. It seems that there was a peculiar art in the English use of this bow; for our archers did not employ all their muscular strength in drawing the string with the right hand, but thrust the whole weight of the body into the horns of the bow with the left. Chaucer describes his archer as carrying “a mighty bowe;” and the “cloth-yard shaft,” which was discharged from this engine, is often mentioned by our old poets and chroniclers. The command of Richard III. at the battle which was fatal to him, was this:

“Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head.”

The bowmen were the chief reliance of the English leaders in those bloody battles which attended our unjust contests for the succession to the crown of France. Some of these scenes are graphically described by Froissart.

### *Box*

Is a native of all the middle and southern parts of Europe; and it is found in greater abundance and of a larger size in the countries on the west of Asia, to the south of the mountains of Caucasus. In many parts of France it is also plentiful, though generally in the character of a shrub. In early times it flourished upon many of the barren hills of England. Evelyn found it upon some of the higher hills in Surrey, displaying its myrtle-shaped leaves and its bright green in the depth of winter; and, till very recently, it gave to Boxhill, in that county, the charms of a delightful and perennial verdure. The trees have now been destroyed, and the name, as at other places called after the box, has become the monument of its former beauty.[4]

[4] In the twelfth volume of the MIRROR, we gave an accurate picture of the past and present celebrity of *Box Hill*, especially with respect to the quantity of box grown there. The box trees on the hill are again flourishing, and with these and other evergreens the chief part of Box Hill is still covered.

Yet no tree so well merits cultivation—though its growth be slow. It is an unique among timber, and combines qualities which are not found existing together in any other. It is as close and as heavy as ebony; not very much softer than *lignumvitae*; it cuts better than any other wood; and when an edge is made of the ends of the fibres, it stands better than lead or tin, nay almost as well as brass. Like holly, the box is very retentive of its sap, and warps when not properly dried, though when sufficiently seasoned it stands well. Hence, for the wooden

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part of the finer tools, for every thing that requires strength, beauty, and polish in timber, there is nothing equal to it. There is one purpose for which box, and box alone, is properly adapted, and that is the forming of wood-cuts, for scientific or other illustrations in books. These reduce the price considerably in the first engraving, and also in the printing; while the wood-cut in box admits of as high and sharp a finish as any metal, and takes the ink much better. It is remarkably durable too; for, if the cut be not exposed to alternate moisture or heat, so as to warp or crush it, the number of thousands that it will print is almost incredible. England is the country where this economical mode of illustration is performed in the greatest perfection; and just when a constant demand for box was thus created, the trees available for the purpose had vanished from the island.

### *Mahogany*

Is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. The extensive manufacture of piano-fortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe; and English piano-fortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing, of course, to the intrinsic value of the instrument; but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful; but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy; and it is then eagerly sought for, to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago, Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of piano-fortes, gave the enormous sum of 3,000\_l\_ for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the fibres, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. A new species of mahogany has been lately introduced in cabinet-work, which is commonly called Gambia. As its name imports, it comes from Africa. It is of a beautiful colour, but does not retain it so long as the Spanish and Honduras woods.

### *Planting.*

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The publication of his *Sylva*, by Evelyn,[5] gave a considerable impulse to planting in the time of Charles II.; but in the next century that duty was much neglected by the landed proprietors of this country. There is a selfish feeling, that the planter of an elm or an oak does not reap such an immediate profit from it himself, as will compensate for the expense and trouble of raising it. This is an extremely narrow principle, which, fortunately, the rich are beginning to be ashamed of. It is a positive duty of a landed proprietor who cuts down a tree which his grandfather planted, to put a young one into the ground, as a legacy to his own grand-children: he will otherwise leave the world worse than he found it. Sir Walter Scott, who is himself a considerable planter, has eloquently denounced that contracted feeling which prevents proprietors thus improving their estates, because the profits of plantations make a tardy and distant return; and we cannot better conclude than with a short passage from the essay in which he enforces the duty of planting waste lands:—

“The indifference to this great rural improvement arises, we have reason to believe, not so much out of the actual lucre of gain as the fatal *vis inertiae*—that indolence which induces the lords of the soil to be satisfied with what they can obtain from it by immediate rent, rather than encounter the expense and trouble of attempting the modes of amelioration which require immediate expense—and, what is, perhaps, more grudged by the first-born of Egypt—a little future attention. To such we can only say that the improvement by plantation is at once the easiest, the cheapest, and the least precarious mode of increasing the immediate value, as well as the future income, of their estates; and that therefore it is we exhort them to take to heart the exhortation of the dying Scotch laird to his son: ‘Be aye sticking in a tree Jock—it will be growing whilst you are sleeping.’”

[5] Evelyn passed much of his time in planting; and his *Sylva*, or a *Discourse on Forest Trees*, is one of the most valuable works in the whole compass of English literature. He describes himself as “borne at *Wotton*, among the woods,” situate about four miles from Dorking, in a fine valley leading to Leith Hill. In book iii. chap. 7, of his *Sylva*, he says, “To give an instance of what store of woods and timber of prodigious size were grown in our little county of Surrey, my own grandfather had standing at *Wotton*, and about that estate, timber that now were worth £100,000. Since of what was left my father (who was a great preserver of wood) there has been £30,000. worth of limber fallen by the axe, and the fury of the hurricane in 1703, by which upwards of 1,000 trees were blown down. Now, no more *Wotton*! stript and naked, and ashamed almost to own its name.” The *Wotton* woods are still flourishing, and

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within the last  
fourteen years we have passed many delightful days beneath their  
shade. Many a time and often in our rambles have we met the  
venerated Sir Samuel Romilly in one of the most beautiful ridges  
of the park, called the *Deer-leap*, wooing Nature in her  
delightful solitudes of wood and glade. He resided at Leith  
Hill, and the distance thence to Wotton is but a short ride.

\* \* \* \* \*

### KITCHINERIANA.

*(From the Housekeeper's Oracle, by the late Dr. Kitchiner.)*

The Greek commanders at the siege of Troy, and who were likewise all royal  
sovereigns, never presumed to set before their guests any food but that cooked by their  
own hands. Achilles was famous for—broiling beefsteaks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Instead of “Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle”—“Another patty”—“Sir,  
some of this trifle,” “I must insist upon your trying this nice melon;”

The language of *hospitality* should rather run thus:—“Shall I send you a fit of the cholic,  
Sir?”

“Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in your stomach.”

“Sir, let me help you to a little gentle bilious head-ache.”

“Ma’am, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation in the bowels.”

If you feed on rich sauces, drink deep of strong wine,  
In the morn go to bed, and not till night dine;  
And the order of Nature thus turn topsy turvy!  
You’ll quickly contract Palsy, jaundice, and scurvy!!

\* \* \* \* \*

The man who makes an appointment with his stomach and does not keep it disappoints  
his *best friend*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY**

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: Swan River Settlement.]

Copied from a handsome Chart, by permission of the publisher, Mr. Cross, 18, Holborn, opposite Furnivals' Inn.

## **EMIGRATION.**

SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

*(Concluded from page 300.)*

[We resume the description of the Swan River Settlement, which will be further illustrated by the annexed outline.]

The animal productions, we may take for granted, are generally the same as those of New South Wales. The human species, in their physical qualities and endowments are the same. Most of them wore kangaroo cloaks, which were their only clothing. They carry the same kind of spears, and the womera, or throwing stick, as are used by those in New South Wales. In the summer months they frequent the sea-coast, where their skill in spearing fish is described as quite wonderful. In winter they mostly adhere to the woods on the higher grounds, where the kangaroos,



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the opossum tribe, and the land tortoises are plentiful. These, with birds and roots, constitute their sustenance. They have neither boat nor raft, nor did the party fall in with any thing resembling a hut. They made use of the word "kangaroo" and other terms in use at Port Jackson. The party saw only the three kinds of animals above-mentioned, and heard the barking of the native dog; no other reptiles but iguanas and lizards and a single snake presented themselves.

Of birds, the list is somewhat more extensive. The emu is frequent on the plains, and that once supposed "*rara avis*," the elegant black swan, was seen in the greatest abundance on the river to which it has lent its name, and particularly on Melville lake. Equally abundant were numerous species of the goose and duck family. White and black cockatoos, parrots and parroquets, were every where found. Pigeons and quails were seen in great quantities, and many melodious birds were heard in the woods.

Seals were plentiful on all the islands. Captain Stirling says that it was not the season for whales, but their debris strewed the shore of Geographer's Bay. The French, in May and June, met with a prodigious number of whales along this part of the coast, and sharks equally numerous and of an enormous size, some of them stated to be upwards of two thousand pounds in weight. Vlaming mentions the vast numbers of large sharks on this part of the coast, and he, as well as the French, found the sea near the shore swarming with sea-snakes, the largest about nine or ten feet long. Captain Stirling's party procured three or four different kinds of good esculent fish; one in particular, a species of rock-cod, is described as excellent.

"The bottom of the sea," says Captain Stirling, "is composed of calcareous sand, sometimes passing into marl or clay. On this may be seen growing an endless variety of marine plants, which appear to form the haunts and perhaps the sustenance of quantities of small fish. When it is considered that the bank extends a hundred miles from the shore, and that wherever the bottom is seen, it presents a moving picture of various animals gliding over the green surface of the vegetation, it is not too much to look forward to the time when a valuable fishery may be established on these shores. Even now, a boat with one or two men might be filled in a few hours."

The island of Buache is admirably adapted for a fishing town. The anchorage close to its eastern shore in Cockburn Island is protected against all winds; and the island itself, of six or seven thousand acres, of a light sort of sand and loam, is well suited, as Mr. Fraser thinks, for any description of light garden crops. The side next the sea is fenced by a natural dyke of limestone, covered with cypress, and in many places with an arborescent species of *Metrosideros*; and all the valleys are clothed with a gigantic species of *Solanum*, and a beautiful *Brownonia*. The soil in these thickets is a rich brown loam intermixed with blocks of limestone, and susceptible, Mr. Fraser says, of producing any description of crop. Fresh water may be had in all these valleys by

digging to the depth of two feet. On this island Captain Stirling caused a garden to be planted and railed out; on which account he named it "Garden Island."

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On this island, Buache, or Garden (as the party named it) Captain Stirling left a cow, two ewes in lamb, and three goats, where, he observes, abundance of grass, and a large pool of water awaited them. They would be, at all events, perfectly free from any disturbance from the natives.

Rottenest Island is the largest in this quarter, being about eight miles in length; it contains several saline lagoons, separated from the sea, on the north-east side, by a beach composed mostly of a single species of bivalve shell. Like Buache, it is covered with an abundant and vigorous vegetation, and a small species of kangaroo is said by Freycinet to be numerous upon it. Vlaming, who first discovered it, speaks in raptures of the beauties of this island, to which, from the multitude of rats, as he thought them to be, he gave the name of the "Rats' Nest." The French call this animal the *preamble ... long new*.

It is not to be supposed that a hasty visit could enable the party to explore the mineralogical resources of the country. It appears, however, by a list of the soils and rock formations in Captain Stirling's report, that he brought home specimens of copper ore, of lead ore with silver, and also with arsenic, two species of magnetic iron, several varieties of granite, and chalcedony, and of limestone, with stalagmite incrustations, &c. The high cliffs of Cape Naturaliste abound with large masses of what Mr. Fraser calls "an extraordinary aggregate," containing petrifications of bivalve and other marine shells, every particle of which was thickly incrustated with minute crystals. Here, too, he says, veins of iron of considerable thickness were seen to traverse the rock in various directions; and he speaks of the caverns formed in the minacious schistose between the granite and the limestone, as something very extraordinary. They contained rock-salt in large quantities, forming thick incrustations on every part of the surface, beautifully crystallized, and penetrating into the most compact parts of the rock. In many of these caverns were very brilliant stalactites and stalagmites of extraordinary size adhering to the nodules of granite which form their bases or floors, and which are from forty to fifty feet above the level of the sea.

In several parts of the limestone formation, mineral springs were found; one in particular was noticed within half a mile of the entrance into Swan River. It bubbled out at the base of the solid rock in a stream, whose transverse area was measured by Captain Stirling, and found to be from six to seven feet, running at the rate of three feet in a second of time. It was thermal, saline, pleasant to the taste, and some, who partook of it, attributed to it an aperient quality.

Such is the outline of a country on which the government have determined to establish a colony, and over which they have justly, and we think judiciously, appointed Captain Stirling to act as lieutenant-governor. The plan on which it is to be founded is, in our opinion, unobjectionable. It promises the most advantageous terms to qualified settlers, and deserves only to be known to ensure as many of the most respectable agriculturists as may in the first instance be desirable.

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In point of climate, this colony and New South Wales may perhaps be equally salubrious, though we are disposed to think that the western aspect and the sea-breezes may preponderate in favor of the new one;—this being, probably, milder, as the western sides of all continents and large islands are, than the eastern sides, in the winter,—while the refreshing breezes cool the air in the summer. “In my opinion,” says Captain Stirling, “the climate, considered with reference to health, is highly salubrious. This opinion is corroborated by that of the surgeon of the *Success*, who states in his report to me on the subject, that, notwithstanding the great exposure of the people to fatigue, to night air in the neighbourhood of marshy grounds, and to other causes usually productive of sickness, he had not a case upon his sick list, except for slight complaints unconnected with climate.”

It likewise appears, from Captain Stirling’s report, that the thermometer, in the hot months of January, February, and March, averaged, in the morning, about 60 deg.; at noon, about 78 deg.; and in the evening 65 deg. The barometer averaged about 30 deg. The weather generally fine,—some rain and showery weather, and occasionally thunder and lightning.

In geographical position it has an incalculable advantage over New South Wales. In the first place, it is not only much more conveniently situated than that colony, but is much nearer to, and has much more easy means of communication with, every part of the civilized world, the east coast of America perhaps excepted. The passages to it from England, and from the Cape of Good Hope, are shortened by nearly a month, and the return voyages still more. The voyage from it to Madras and Ceylon is little more than three weeks at all times of the year, and only a month from those places to it; while for six months in the year, namely, from November to April, inclusive, when the western monsoons prevail on the northern coast of Australia, the passage from New South Wales through Torres Strait, always dangerous, is then utterly impracticable; and that through Bass’s Strait nearly so to merchant vessels, on account of the westerly winds which blow through it at all times of the year, and which generally oblige them to go round the southern extremity of Van Nieman’s Land. The *Success* frigate left Port Jackson on the 17th of January, and did not reach Cape Leeuwin till the 2nd of February, being six weeks and two days; and Captain Stirling observes, that the only chance, by which the passage could be accomplished at all, was by carrying a constant press of sail.

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One point of consideration,(says the writer of the "Hints,") in the proposed measure (although in reality of no essential importance to pecuniary success) is of considerable magnitude, as regards moral feeling and the pride of many—that is, there being no admission of convicts into the proposed colony! Without any illiberal sentiment, this is a disadvantage under which Port Jackson and Van Nieman's Land certainly suffer. Nevertheless these thriving colonies, in the course of thirty or forty years, have made surprising progress in agriculture, population, commerce and wealth. The situation of Port Jackson was the most distant from the mother country; its position was not peculiarly adapted to production or traffic with any part of the globe; therefore, the improvement can only be attributed to a favorable soil, free from the taxation of old European governments, a low fee cost, or a nominal pepper corn rent, which circumstances have not only been capable of maintaining those who adventured, but of yielding a profit for capital sufficient to induce others to pursue the same course.

In the infancy of a colony, the certain maintenance of the settlers should be well established; and it is also right to know with what facility and at what cost, an adequate supply of necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries may be obtained. Adjacent, and favorably situated to Cockburn Sound, are the Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, Timer, Java, Sumatra, and the East Indian Presidencies.

*Rice*, from Java, can be obtained in five weeks, at or under 1\_d\_. per pound.

The bantam fowls and China pigs at equally moderate prices.

*Sugar*,[6] from the Mauritius, Java, or Calcutta, at 3\_d\_. per pound.

[6] Cunningham, in his account of New South Wales, recommends the cultivation of sugar, but he acknowledges the latitude of 28 deg. scarcely sufficiently warm for the purpose, and enters into an argument of economy, whether convicts or slaves would be the cheapest mode of supplying labour; but this system would alter the whole character of this proposed settlement in the neighbourhood of Cockburn Sound, the great feature of which is healthiness of the climate, and a fertility of the soil, capable of producing useful exportable commodities, more than sufficient to pay for tropical productions of luxury, raised at an increased expense of life and slavery; and a very little insight into foreign trade will show with what ease this may be accomplished.

*Coffee*, from Java, 4\_d\_. per pound.

*Spices*, the production of the Moluccas, Celebees, &c. &c. at the lowest possible rate:—viz. pepper, nutmegs, cloves, &c.



Algoa Bay, the Cape of Good Hope, furnishes cattle and sheep. The coast of Cockburn Sound and Swan and Canning Rivers, promises plenty of fish for the table—also, oil for use. Tea will not cost more than 2\_s\_. 6\_d\_. per pound through Java; from whence stock of cattle, poultry and pigs can be added of the best quality.

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There is no intention in these remarks to shew the extent of production of which the soil and climate are capable; time and prosperity will be requisite to bring forward all their capabilities. Nothing, therefore, has been said of the articles grown in similar latitudes in Asia, and carried to Smyrna and other Turkish ports at immense distances, for export to England, France, and Holland. There is, however, no reason for supposing that silk, (equal to that of Brussa,) opium, madder roots, goats' wool, senna, gums, currants, raisins, and the highly esteemed Turkish tobacco, and various other productions, may not be cultivated to advantage half a century hence. But in the commencement, it is sufficient to look to *early, certain, and profitable returns*; without calculating upon chances of wealth, which may not be realized in the lifetime of the present adventurers.

It remains only for us to offer a word of advice (says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*) to the multitudes who we understand are preparing to take their flight to this new land of Goshen,—which is this: that no one should *at present* think of venturing on such a step, unless he can carry out with him, either in his own person or in his family or followers, the knowledge of agriculture, and the capability of agricultural labour. It is quite certain that, for the first few years, every settler must be mainly indebted for the means of subsistence of himself and family to the produce of the soil; beyond this the country itself, for the first year, will afford him nothing, with the exception, perhaps, of a little fish—the rest must be raised by the labour of the ploughman and the horticulturist. The only settlers, therefore, who can reasonably hope to thrive in the infant state of the colony must consist of this description of persons; any others, with very few exceptions, must inevitably be disappointed, if not irretrievably ruined. A clergyman, a schoolmaster, a land-surveyor, an apothecary, a few small tradesmen and fishermen, may reasonably expect employment and make themselves useful to the new community; as will also a limited number of house-carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, black-smiths, tailors, shoemakers, and common labourers, the latter being required to assist in building habitations; but the unproductive class, or idlers, had better wait a few years before they embark for a country where, as yet, there is neither hut nor hovel, and where the “*fruges consumere nati*” have unquestionably no place in society. We cannot forget what happened, when, a few years ago, the government resolved to send out, at a very considerable expense, a number of new settlers to improve and extend the agriculture of the Cape of Good Hope; giving allowances to the heads of parties, proportioned to their respective numbers.

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The persons best calculated for effecting the improvement of the colony, and, at the same time, their own condition, must be looked for among the English and Scotch farmers; these cannot fail. To such we would recommend not to encumber themselves, and incur a great and unnecessary expense, by carrying out live-stock from home, but to take them from the Cape of Good Hope. At Algoa Bay, which is perfectly safe for six months in the year, they may be supplied with every kind of domestic animal, in good condition, and at reasonable prices, which may be carried to their destination in the short space of twenty-eight days. Seed corn and the seeds of culinary vegetables may be taken from home; but of young plants of peaches, pomegranates, oranges, figs, and vines, it may be advisable to take a supply from the Cape of Good Hope. For these, and many other species of fruit, the climate is admirably adapted; and the vine, in particular, is just calculated for the limestone ridge which extends along the coast facing the western sun.

It appears that apprehensions of interruption were once entertained from a prior settlement from France; these fears are however, removed by that nation having fixed on a point, to colonize, in latitude 25 deg. south, (which is distant north of the Swan River 400 miles) called Shark's Bay, within which there is an inlet called Freycinet's Harbour. The country in this neighbourhood much resembles the western coast.

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## SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE AIR BALLOON.

IN LAUDEM BULLAE AERO-NAUTICAE.

They may talk as they will  
Of their steam-engine skill,  
But, as sure as the sun shines at noon,  
Straps, boilers, and springs  
Are a wagon to wings,  
Compared with the air-balloon.

If you're troubled with taxes,  
You cross the Araxes,  
Or fly to the plains of Hairoun;  
In the height of the summer,  
Cool as a cucumber,  
You sit in your air-balloon.





The ladies, poor souls!  
Once sent sighs to the poles;  
We may now send the sighers as soon:  
Painted canvass and gas  
Whisk away with the lass,  
In the car of the air-balloon.

Our girls of fifteen  
Will disdain Gretna Green,  
The old coupler must soon cobble shoon;  
With a wink to the captain,  
The beauties are wrapt in  
The car of the air-balloon.

Old fathers and mothers,  
Grim uncles and brothers,  
May hunt them from Janu'ry to June;  
They are oft to the stars,  
And in Venus or Mars  
You may spy out their air-balloon

Your makers of rhyme  
May at last grow sublime,  
Inspired by a touch at the moon;  
And lawyers may rise  
For once to the skies,  
In the car of the air-balloon.



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Your ministers, soaring,  
May shun all the boring  
Of country and city baboon—  
Or, like ministers' spouses,  
Look down on both Houses—  
From the car of the air-balloon.

The sweet six months' widow  
Her weeds will abide, O,  
No longer, nor cry "'Tis too soon!"  
But range the skies over,  
In search of a lover,  
In the car of the air balloon.

If you wish for a singe-a  
In Afric or India,  
Or long for an Esquimaux' tune,  
Or wish to go snacks  
With the king of the blacks,—  
Why,—call for your air-balloon.

If, on Teneriffe's Peak,  
You'd wish for a steak,  
Or dip in Vesuvius your spoon,  
Or slip all the dog-days,  
The rain-days, and fog-days,—  
Go, call for your air-balloon.

Your doctors of physic  
May banish the phthisic.  
Your cook give you ice-creams in June—  
If a dun's in the wind,  
You may leave him behind,  
And be off in your air-balloon.

On the top of the Andes,  
Who's tortur'd with dandies?  
On Potosi, who meets a buffoon?  
But, for fear I'd get prosy,  
I'll stop at Potosi,—  
So, huzza for the air-balloon!

*Monthly Magazine.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## ALVISE SANUTO.

*A Venetian Story*[7]

[7] The nobility of Venice were subject to the most rigorous *surveillance*, and dearly paid, occasionally, for the small degree of power conceded by the ducal house. The jealousy of the government with regard to these men was carried to excess. I may mention three regulations among the many that related to them, as illustrative of the galling yoke that pressed on them, amid all their pride and splendour. The first forbade them to leave the dominions of the state without the special permission of the council of ten; and this was granted with difficulty. The second prohibited them from possessing foods and chattels out of the state. This was with a view of preventing the danger that might arise from attempts to betray the republic under an idea of finding an asylum elsewhere. The third and most severe decree forbade communication with foreign ambassadors, under pain of death! The terror inspired by this was such, that not only the ministers of the court, but their secretaries and domestics, fled from the ambassadors as if they were infected with the plague. This decree had numerous results, and among others, one that was attended with truly tragical circumstances.

Alvise Sanuto was a young man of whom his country entertained the proudest hopes. His courage had been gloriously tried in the battle of Lepanto, in which he had performed prodigies of valour. His prudence and foresight had been often the subject of admiration in the great council of the state. The old man, his father, esteemed him as the ornament and grace of his family: Venice pointed to him as one of her best citizens. Alvise was destined to fall by an infamous death.

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At that period both public and private manners were exceedingly severe. The ladies, who gave law to them, only issued from their homes to go to church, wrapped up in a veil which hid their face and figure. The balconies of the palaces still present signs of this ancient severity, the parapets being purposely made so high and large, as to render it difficult to see from them. Alvise had a heart of the most passionate and fiery nature; he felt the imperious sway of love, but as yet had met with no lady on whom he could bestow his affections. The arrival of the French ambassador at Venice, in great pomp, excited public curiosity. The manners of the strangers bore an aspect of perfect novelty to the inhabitants of the republic, as the ladies who accompanied Amalia, the ambassador's daughter, displayed a fire and vivacity, which to many seemed scandalous as well as astonishing. Amalia was in her seventeenth year, and to cultivated and sprightly powers of mind, added those French graces, which, if they do not constitute beauty, are still more effectual than beauty itself in seducing the beholder. Alvise saw her when she was presented to the Doge, and regarded her as a being more than human. He gazed on her as if beside himself; and what female could have beheld him without admiration? Amalia read in the noble countenance of Alvise what he felt at that moment; she was affected, and, for the first time, her heart palpitated within her bosom.

Alvise from that day was another being. He knew his unhappy state, and that his misfortunes could end but with his life, since the severe and unyielding laws of his country rendered all hope chimerical of ever being united with the stranger lady. His ardent fancy suggested to attempt any means of again seeing her who was dearer to him than life. His abode was divided from that of the ambassador by a narrow canal. Having procured the assistance of a French domestic, he passed over to the palace, and secretly entered the chamber of Amalia.

It was midnight; and the young lady, her own thoughts perhaps disturbed by love, had not yet laid down, but was seeking from prayer consolation and rest. She knelt before the image of the virgin, her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion; and Alvise, beholding her angelic countenance lit up by the uncertain light of the lamp, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, which roused the maiden from her pious reverie. Struck with the sight of him, she at first fancied, according to the superstitious notions of the times, that he was a spirit sent by her evil genius to tempt her, and uttered some words of holy scripture by way of exorcism; when Alvise, advancing, threw himself at her feet, and before Amalia could speak, disclosed to her, in the most passionate terms, his love, the inconsiderate step he had taken, and the certain death that awaited him should he be discovered.

Terror, rather than indignation, filled the breast of Amalia. "Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed, "what madness could prompt you thus to expose your own life and my reputation? Haste, fly from this spot, which you have profaned; and know, that if my heart recoils at your death (and here she gave a deep sigh,) yet at my cry those would

appear who would not suffer your insult to pass unpunished," so saying, she pointed imperiously to the door.

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Alvise listened to her as if he had been struck down by lightning. "Then let me die!" he exclaimed, "for without you life is odious to me. You are just taking the first steps in this vale of tears; one day, however, your heart also will know the emotions of love, and then, then think of the unhappy Alvise; how great must have been his pangs, and how ardent his desire to terminate them!"

He now made an effort to go away; but Amalia held him, while she said, "Alas! I seek not thy death: live, but forget me from this fatal moment." "To forget thee is impossible; to love thee is death: thy compassion would sweeten the last moments of my existence!" "Alvise!" exclaimed Amalia, weeping, "live, if only for my sake!" "Do you comprehend the force of these words?"

She trembled at the question; but the idea of her lover dying in despair overcame all her scruples. "Yes, live for my sake," she repeated in an under tone.

Unhappy beings! they were intoxicated with love, while the abyss was yawning beneath their feet. A spy of the state inquisition, who was going his rounds, saw Alvise enter the palace, and recognised him. Denounced before the dreadful tribunal, he was dragged thither that very morning. Convicted of entering the abode of the French ambassador, he was desired to explain his motives for so doing, but remained obstinately silent. The members of the inquisition were confounded, accustomed as they were to see every thing yield before them, and reminded him that death would be the inevitable result of his silence. "Death," he replied, "had no terrors for me when I fought at Lepanto for the glory of my country and the salvation of Italy; on which day I proved, that under no circumstances could I ever become a traitor. I call heaven to witness that I am not one. But something dearer to me than life or fame now imposes silence on me."

He was beheaded, and his body exposed between the two columns of the palace, with this inscription: "For offences against the statute." The populace were speechless at the sight, while his companions in arms, his relations and friends, abandoned themselves to despair. Venice presented one universal scene of mourning.

On the evening of the fatal day, Amalia stood upon the terrace of her palace, overlooking the grand canal. She contemplated with pleasurable melancholy the calm and even course of the moon, whose modest light shone in the cloudless sky. Her thoughts were of Alvise. To divert them, she turned to gaze on a long procession of illuminated gondolas, from which she heard a strain of plaintive music, as if of prayers for the dead. A dreadful presentiment seized her heart; she inquired the purpose of the procession, and heard, with unspeakable terror, that it was the solemnization of the funeral rites of a Venetian nobleman, who had been beheaded for high treason. "His name?" cried the breathless girl, in almost unintelligible accents: "Alvise Sanuto."

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She fell, as if shot; and striking her head in the fall upon a projecting part of the terrace, was mortally wounded, and expired.—*Lettere su Venezia—Translated in the Oxford Literary Gaz.*

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## THE ANECDOTE GALLERY.

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### INDEPENDENCE

Is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all “who love the land,” or feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, “as dacent a boy,” and Shane’s wife, as “clane-skinned a girl,” as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. “Good morrow, Shane!” “Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and won’t ye step in and rest—it’s powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!” “Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoil’d; it has been fit for the sithe these two days.” “Sure, it’s all owing to that thief o’ the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn’t he promise me the loan of his sithe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn’t buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.” “But why don’t you go to Carrick and purchase one?” “To Carrick!—Och, ’tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence,) for I *depindid* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.” “Where’s your pretty wife, Shane?” “She’s in all the woe o’ the world, Ma’am, dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I’m not in the faut this time, any how: the child’s taken the small pock, and she *depindid* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pock, and I *depindid* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor’s own man, and thought she would not forget it, becasse the boy’s her bachelor—but out o’ sight out o’ mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nataral, and the woman’s in heart trouble (to say nothing o’ myself;) and it the first, and all.” “I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.” “That’s a true word, my lady—only she’s fidgetty like sometimes, and says I don’t hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.”

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"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?" "Bad cess to the wheel;—I got it this morning about that too—I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good? says I, sure he'll bring it next time." "I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself." "Och Ma'am, dear, don't mintion it—sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like"—"Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am y'er man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and *depinding* on him, I thought all safe,—"and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by y'er lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle." "It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn." "That's a true word for ye, Ma'am, dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *DEPIND* on."—*Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S.C. Hall.*

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## THE GATHERER.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKSPEARE

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## POTATOES.

One is almost induced to imagine that certain orders of London conceive that "*takers*," as they commonly call them in their uncooked state, is a generical term; and that they only become entitled to the prefix of "*pot*," after they have been boiled.

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## **DINING LATE.**

A wag, on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "he supposed it would end at last in not dining till to-morrow!"

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## **MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.**

Moore has printed between three and four hundred pages of his Life of Lord Byron, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's Life of Gray, and Hayley's Life of Cowper. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is in town, and the work, consisting of a thick 4to. volume, will be published during the season.—*Court Journal*, No. 1.

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### PISTRUCCI.

This gifted improvisatore (who is poet to the King's Theatre,) sometimes astonishes his acquaintance—especially if a new one—by holding his hand close over the flame of a candle, or an argand lamp, for several minutes together. It is a singular fact that several of the male branches of this family—of whom the unrivalled artist who cut the die of the sovereign, with the St. George upon it, is one—have one of their hands covered with a thick coat of horn-like matter, as hard as tortoiseshell, and perfectly insensible.—*Ibid.*

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### WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A COPY OF COKE UPON LITTLETON, 1721.

O thou who labours't in this rugged mine,  
Mays't thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine;  
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow,  
Fear not to reap, if thou canst dare to plough;  
To tempt thy care may each revolving night,  
Purses and maces glide before thy sight;  
So when in times to come, advent'rous deed,  
Thou shalt essay to speak, to look like Mead,  
When ev'n the bay and rose shall cease to shade  
With martial air the honours of thy head,  
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,  
And only give to view thy learned nose,  
Safely thou may'st defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,  
And tenant in fee simple stuff thy coffer.

T.H.