

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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Page 1

CLARENDON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

[Illustration: *Clarendon house, Piccadilly.*]

The virtuous and uncompromising chancellor, the Earl of Clarendon, had a splendid mansion facing the upper end of St. James's-street, on the site of the present Grafton-street. Of this princely pile, the above is an accurate engraving. It was built by Clarendon with the stone intended for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. "He purchased the materials," says Pennant, "but a nation soured with an unsuccessful war, with fire, and with pestilence, imputed everything as a crime to this great and envied character; his enemies called it Dunkirk House, calumniating him with having built it with the money arising from the sale of that town, which had just before been given up to the French, for a large sum, by his Master."

It is true that Clarendon built this mansion in a season of discontent; but so sensible was he of his vanity and imprudence in building so large a house, and of the envy it drew upon him, that he afterwards apologized for the act; which he declares, so far exceeded the proposed expense, as to add greatly to the embarrassment of his affairs.

This mansion cost £50,000. and 300 men were employed in the building. It was purchased from his lordship by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards by another nobleman, inferior indeed in abilities, but not inferior in virtues. In 1670, James, Duke of Ormond, resided at Clarendon House; and on his way thither, he was one day dragged out of his coach by the infamous Blood and his associates, who intended to hang his Grace at Tyburn, in revenge for justice done, under his administration in Ireland, on some of their companions. "This refinement in revenge," says Pennant, "saved the duke's life; he had leisure to disengage himself from the villain on horseback, to whom he was tied; by which time he was discovered by his servants, and rescued from death."

The original of our Engraving was copied from a rare print, which, in the year 1790, was in the collection of Thomas Allen, Esq. Appended to the former is a section, showing the relative situation of Clarendon House, which was taken from a map of London (supposed to be unique) in an illustrated *Clarendon's History*, in the possession of John Charles Crowle, Esq. By the section, the entrance-gate to the court-yard of the house appears to have been in Piccadilly, in a direct line with St. James's Street, and the grounds to have extended to Bruton Street at the back, where there was likewise a communication. The site of the front gate is now, therefore, the commencement of *Albemarle Street*, named after one of the distinguished occupants of Clarendon House.



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Notwithstanding the revolutions of time and fashion in this quarter, the illustrious name of the founder of Clarendon House is still preserved in the "*Clarendon Hotel*," which occupies a portion of the original ground already described. One of the changes is, that instead of the Chancellor meditating upon his dismissal from office, which his very virtues and stately dignity, and a weak king, and a more wicked and envious faction had brought about,—we have well-living twos and fours hob-nobbing over Chateau-Margaux, or yielding to the delightful inspirations of Ay Champagne. Not a few more of the good things of this great town are assembled near the same spot. Albemarle Street has many first-rate hotels, and two handsome club-houses; while on the Bond Street side of the quadrangle are two or three extensive libraries, an immense porcelain repository, and a score of fashionable *artistes*. What idle delights are all these compared with the wisdom and virtue which once dwelt on the same spot. But had Clarendon lived to see Crockford's splendid subscription-house rise after a golden shower, in St. James's Street, (and this he might have done from the front-windows of Clarendon House) he would, perhaps, have given us an extra volume of *Essays*. We would that he *had* so lived, if only that his sublime truths might thus have been multiplied for the good of mankind, if not for the weak heads of St. James's Street.

* * * * *

THE GLANCIN' E'E.

Oh lassie tell me can'st thou lo'e,
I hae gaz'd upon thy glancin' e'e;
It soars aboon, it rolls below,
But, ah, it never rests on me.

Oh lassie I hae socht the hour
When pity wak'nin' lo'e might be,
Tell my sair heart a gauldin' flower
Has droopit in thy glancin' e'e.

Oh lassie, turn not sae awa'
Disdainfu', gie na death to me;
Does pity mark the tears that fa'?
Exhale them wi' thy glancin' e'e.

C.C.

* * * * *

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

“There is a voice from the grave sweeter than song.”—*Washington Irving.*

Illustrious dead! one tributary sigh,
In that great temple where the mighty lie,
I breath'd for you—a magic charm was there
Where rest the great and good, the wise and fair;
Their glittering day of fame has had its close
And beauty, genius, grandeur, there repose.
Immortal names! kings, queens, and statesmen rise
In marble forms before the gazer's eyes.
Cold, pale, and silent, down each lessening aisle
They clustering stand, and mimic life awhile.
The warrior chief, in sculptur'd beauty dies,
And in Fame's clasping arms for ever lies.
“Each in his place of state,”

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the rivals stand,

The senators, who saved a sinking land;
Majestic, graceful,—each with “lips apart”
Whose eloquence subdued and won the heart.
Pitt! round thy name how bright a halo burns,
When memory to thy day of glory turns;
And views thee in life’s bright meridian lie,
And victim to thy patriot spirit die!
Round Fox’s tomb, what forms angelic weep,
And ever watch that chill and marble sleep!
Silence, how eloquent! how deep—profound—
She holds her reign above the hallow’d ground.
Here sceptred monarchs in death’s slumbers lie,
Tudors, Plantagenets—they too could die!
Beneath a ’scutcheon’d arch, with banners spread,
Unhappy, murdered, Richard rests his head.
While Pomfret’s walls in “ruin greenly tell,”
How fought the brave and how the noble fell!
Pale rose of York! thy sanguine rival rears
Full many a tomb, and many a trophy bears.
But who lies here? in marble lovely still,
Here let me pause, and fancy take her fill.
Poor ill-starr’d Mary; Melancholy gloom
And fond regrets are waking o’er thy tomb.
Bright was thy morn of promise, dark the day,
That clos’d thy fate in murderous Fotheringay!
How near thee lies that “bright star of the west,”
Elizabeth, of queens the wisest, best;
Her “lion port,” and her imperial brow,
The dark grey stone essays in vain to show.
Ye royal rivals of a former day,
How has your love and hatred pass’d away!
To future times how faint the voice of fame,
For greatness here but “stalks an empty name.”
Around, above, how sorrow builds her throne,
To snatch from death’s embrace each treasure gone.
See, how the horrid phantom bends his bow,
And points his dart to lay that victim low![1]
She sinks, she falls, and her fond husband’s breast
Is the cold pillow to that marble rest!
But softly tread upon the sacred ground,
Where Britain’s bards lie sepulchred round.



Sons of the muse, who woke the magic spell,
From the deep windings of "Apollo's shell!"
Mute is each lyre, their silent strings are bound
With willow, yew, and cypress wreath'd around.
Their hopes, joys, sorrows, rest within the grave
Admiring nations to their relics gave.
Hail, mighty shades! bright spirits of the past;
Here may your ashes sleep while time shall last.
Let kindred genius shed the pensive tear,
And grace with votive elegy each bier.
While far beyond this melancholy vale,
When faded sorrow tells her mournful tale,
"O'er this dim spot of earth," in regions fair
Your spirits dwell, and joys eternal share.

[1] The tomb of Mrs. Nightingale.

Kirton Lindsey.

Annie R.

* * * * *

THE COSMOPOLITE.

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* * * * *

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER.

We are not about to write an advertisement for this advertised of all advertisers—nor to talk of its square feet—its crowded broadside—or the myriads of letters that make it resemble a sea of animalculae. We are content to leave all the pride of its machinery to Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, and the clang of its engine to the peaceful purlieus of Printing-house Square. Yet these are interesting items in the advancement of science, and in the history of mankind; for whether taken mechanically or morally, the *Times* is, without exception, the newspaper of all newspapers, “the observed of all *observers*” and altogether, the most extraordinary production of this or any other age.

But we are more anxious to reach what may be called the philosophy of a newspaper—that broad volume of human life, in which “the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes are displayed.” To prove this, only let the reader glance over the twenty-four columns of a *Times* newspaper, and attempt a calculation of the many thousand events that spring from and are connected with their contents. Yet this sheet is but as it were a day in the life of man—a mere thread of the mingled yarn of his existence—and 313 such sheets, or 1,252 such folios make but a year of his history. The subject is too vast and comprehensive for continued contemplation, for it is like all other wheels of vicissitude; we become giddy by looking too steadfastly on its twinings.

Let us take one side of any recent *Times* newspaper—say that of *Thursday last*—and attempt something like an abstract of its *memorabilia*. This may appear for us a toilsome task, but if the reader be not fatigued also, our time will not be misspent. Begin “at the beginning” with the old English title, broken by the royal arms—like a blocking-course; and the No. and date in a sort of typographical entablature. The first side is filled by 188 advertisements, for the most part, classed according to their objects.

Thus, we start, and not unappropriately, with notices of vessels *to sail* for India and the new settlement on *Swan River*. What temptations for adventure and avarice—what associations of industry and indolence—luxury and squalid misery—do these announcements create in the reflective mind. The nabob in his chintz—the speculator with his last hundred—and the half-starved agriculturist—are but sorry portraits beside the class to whom the next notice is addressed.—Packets to Calais, Dieppe, and Margate—necessity on her last leg, and luxury on the fantastic toe—the wasted mind and famished visage beside hoyden mirth and bloated luxury. Then the South American Mining Association Deed “lies for signature:”—what a relief in this sheet of *chiaro-scuro*—a kind of tinsel to set off its grave parts, with gold dust enough to blind half its readers. To this

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little flash of golden light succeeds shade—Chancery and creditors' notices—proving debts and consciences—followed by civil contracts for Bridewell and building a Lunatic Asylum in Kent. The association is too obvious, and verily, the maker-up of the Times newspaper is a Hogarth in his way; for what Hogarth did with pencil and brush, he does with metallic types. Next is a Saw Mill to be sold cheap, constructed for the express purpose of being sent to the Swan River settlement—how fortunate—for surely any idle wight would make his way with such assistance, especially as the machine is “on improved principles.” *Luxury* again—paper-hangings, French lamps, and French roses—*necessity* again—Money on mortgage, and bills discounted: how obvious the connexion—the very cause and effect—the lamps will not burn without oil, and the roses will not bloom without money—at least they will only waste their fragrance in the desert air of the nursery-ground.

The *second column* begins with a solicitor's inquiry for a person long unheard of, who, if alive, “may hear of somewhat very considerably to his advantage”—any person proving his death, shall be rewarded. Next is a notice from the City Chamber Court of Stralsund, of a man who has been missing twenty years, and unless he informs the court of his existence on or before Lady-day, 1830, he will be declared dead—poor fellow—yet how many would rejoice at such an opportunity of escaping from their worldly cares. Next comes a little string of Anniversaries of Charities—followed by Exhibitions of the Fine Arts—had their position been reversed, the effect would have been better; for fine painting prepares the heart for acts of benevolence, and kindleth all its best feelings. Portraits of the Rev. Matthew Wilks and Pope Pius VII. (the latter a splendid mezzotinto from Sir T. Lawrence's picture) are followed by a “*Speaking French Grammar*,” a very good companion for any Englishman about to visit the continent; for with many, their stock of French does not last out their cash. Next is fourteen years of the Morning Post to be sold—a bargain for a fashionable novelist, and in fact, a complete stock-in-trade for any court or town Adonis; a perfect vocabulary of fashion, detailing the rise and progress of all the fashionable arts since the peace—the gazette appointments and disappointments—and elopements and *faux pas*, sufficient for all the comedy-writers of the present century—the respective claims of Spanish Refugees and Spitalfields Weavers—charitable concerts and opera benefits—and all the lumber and light artillery of the *grand monde*.

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The *third column* is almost entirely occupied by “Wanted” advertisements and we had resolved to pass over all their “Wants;” had not some of them occurred to us as rather singular, even in these times of general distress. The first of these is for a respectable middle-aged woman, as lady’s maid—“to understand dress-making, millinery, hair-dressing, getting-up fine linen, and to be useful and obliging.” All this is reasonable enough; but mark the inducement: “a clever person fond of the country, and who can bear confinement, will find this a comfortable situation!” “This is too much.” Another is for a butler and a valet, to “undertake the care and responsibility of a numerous family:” another is a young man for “a situation in any shop or warehouse, not particular what:” another of “a nurse, who can cut and make children’s dresses, and instruct them in reading and spelling;” a school-assistant “to fill the second desk,” &c. Next come a few characteristics of a scientific age—as patent trouser-straps, to “prevent the dirt getting between the strap and the boot, &c.,” and patent springs for waistcoat backs—to cause the clothes to fit well to the shape, &c.—and, above all, a legitimate, scientific *Diaphane parasol*.

The “Wants” are resumed in the *fourth column*. One is a young man to be able to walk well; “it is immaterial what he has been accustomed to.”

In the fourth column we find “a family grave to be sold, unused for nearly 50 years at that period, but partly occupied. *To save trouble*, price 25_l_.” Another advertisement—to small capitalists—is a perfect puzzle; for the advertiser will not describe the “ready-money concern” to be disposed of, but says, “the principal article of sale is what is consumed, either in a greater or less degree, by almost every individual.” Next is a tallowchandler’s business in a situation which “will command an extensive trade immediately the new Fleet Market is erected”—rather anticipatory, to be sure. Another, “worthy of notice,” offers for 260 guineas, seven houses, which cost 800 in building—a tolerable speculation.

The *last column* commences with a fine brown gelding, (like most friends) parted with for no fault, free from vice, although, “a *trial* will be granted.” Another announces for sale, several “*bays*, greys, roans, *creams*, and *duns*:” a chaise “parted with for no other fault than the present owner having purchased a four-wheeled one;” and “a house near the church, commanding extensive and pleasing prospects.”

The fourth folio, or side of the paper, is nearly filled with advertisements of *sales by auction*, a single glance at which would convince us of the instability of human affairs, even if we did not read in one corner, of a theatrical wardrobe, containing five splendid new court dresses, trimmed with gold and silver (except the pockets,) and 52 very fine wigs.

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The inner, or second and third folios of the paper, present still finer studies for our reflection. The eye almost instinctively lights on the “Foreign Papers,” detailing the progress of war and the balance of power—Francfort Fair, and English manufactures. Below is the well-known graphic relief—a clock, and two opened and one closed book, with “The Times”—past and future, decorated with oak and laurel. Then come the theatrical announcements teeming with novelty and attraction, which stand like the sauces, savoury dishes, and sweetmeats of the day’s repast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* * * * *

OLD POETS.

* * * * *

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The following song is said to be the most ancient in the English language, and to have been written so early as the year 1250, almost a century before Geoffrey Chaucer, (who is styled the father of English poetry,) produced his *Court of Love*, which was written at the early age of eighteen.

CHAS. COLE.

THE CUCCU.

Summer is icumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu:
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb;
Lhouth after calve cu:
Bulluc sterteth,
Buck verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu,
Wel singes this cuccu;
Ne swik thu naver.



Glossary—Sumer, summer—icumen, a coming—lhude, loud—sed, seed—med, mead—wde, wood—nu, new—awe, ewe—lomb, lamb—lhouth, loweth—cu, cow—murie, merry—singes, sing'st—thu, thou—Ne swik thu naver, May'st thou never cease.

* * * * *

MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

* * * * *

MAY DAY.

It would seem that among our Pagan ancestors, before the introduction of Christianity, the *first day of May* was the great festival in honour of the sun, and that fires were then kindled and rejoicings made, in honour of that great luminary. The first day of May is still called *Beltan*, or *Baal-tein*, "the fire of Baal." In some parts of the country the shepherds still make festivals of milk and eggs on that day, but the custom is rapidly declining. In the Highlands the festival is still continued with singular ceremonies. On Beltan day all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors; they cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company; they kindle a fire, and dress a meal of eggs and milk of the consistence of a custard; and then knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After

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the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into as many portions, similar in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They then daub over one of these portions with charcoal until it is perfectly black; they put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet; when each of the company, blindfolded, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black piece is the devoted person to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the season productive. There is little doubt but that such inhuman sacrifices were once offered in this country as well as in the east; although the act of sacrifice is now dispensed with, the devoted person being only compelled to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremony of the festival is closed.

That the Caledonians paid a superstitious respect to the sun, as was the practice among many other nations, is evident, not only from the sacrifice of Beltan, but from many other circumstances. When a Highlander goes to bathe, or to drink water out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going round the place from east to west on the south side, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. When the dead are laid in the earth, the grave is approached by going round in the same manner. The bride is conducted to her future spouse in the presence of the minister; and the glass goes round in company in the course of the sun. This is called in Gaelic, going round in the right or lucky way; the opposite course is the wrong or unlucky way.

FHAOLAIN.

* * * * *

ABORIGINES OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

So little is known of these children of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives of Van Dieman's Land are unlike any other Indians, either in features, their mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native. ... The features of these people are any thing but pleasing: a large flat nose, with immense nostrils; lips particularly thick; a wide mouth, with a tolerably good set of teeth; the hair long and woolly, which, as if to confer additional beauty, is besmeared with red clay (similar to our red ochre) and grease. Their limbs are badly proportioned; the women appear to be generally better formed than the men. Their only covering is a few kangaroo skins, rudely stitched, and thrown over the shoulders; but more frequently they appear in a state of nudity; indeed, so little knowledge have they of decency or comfort, that they never avail themselves of the purposes for which apparel

is given to them. Lieut. Collins, in his account of the natives of New South Wales, describes their marriage ceremonies

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as being most barbarous and brutal; and I have also heard from individuals who have visited New South Wales, that it is not uncommon to see a poor woman almost beaten to death by her lover, previous to his marrying her. From the shyness of the natives of Van Dieman's Land, and the constant warfare that has been carried on between them and the remote stock-keepers, (which is not likely to render them more familiar,) I have never been able to ascertain whether there is any trace of religion among them, or if they have the slightest idea of a Supreme Being. I believe, and it is generally supposed, they have not. It is but fair to remark, however, that nothing has been done for them; the few that can speak a little English, only curse and swear, and this they catch up very readily from the different convicts they meet with.

* * * * *

There are but few instances of any native having entirely forsaken his tribe, however young he may have been taken away; they appear to dislike any thing in the shape of labour, although, if they take to cattle, they are, beyond any thing, quick in tracing and finding those lost. So acute is their power of discrimination, that they have been known to trace the footsteps of bush-rangers over mountains and rocks; and, although the individual they have been in pursuit of has walked into the sides of the river as if to cross it, to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and has swam some distance down and crossed when convenient, yet nothing can deceive them. Indeed, so remarkable is their discernment, that if but the slightest piece of moss on a rock has been disturbed by footsteps, they will instantly detect it. The aborigines of this island have no appointed place or situation to live in; they roam about at will, followed by a pack of dogs, of different sorts and sizes, but which are used principally for hunting the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, &c. They are passionately fond of their dogs; so much so, that the females are frequently known to suckle a favourite puppy instead of the child. They rarely ever move at night, but encircle themselves round a large fire, and sleep in a sitting posture, with their heads between their knees. So careless are they of their children, that it is not uncommon to see boys grown up with feet exhibiting the loss of a toe or two, having, when infants, been dropped into the fire by the mother. The children are generally carried (by the women) astride across the shoulders, in a careless manner. They live entirely by hunting, and do not fish so much, or use the canoe, as in New South Wales, although the women are tolerably expert divers; the craw-fish and oyster, if immediately on the coast, are their principal food. Opossums and kangaroos may be said to be their chief support; the latter is as delicious a treat to an epicure, as the former is the reverse. The manner of cooking their victuals is by throwing it on the fire, merely to singe off the hair; they eat voraciously, and are

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very little removed from the brute creation as to choice of food; entrails, &c. sharing the same chance as the choicest parts. They are extremely expert in climbing, and can reach the top of the largest forest-trees without the aid of branches; they effect this by means of a small sharp flint, which they clasp tightly in the ball of their four fingers, and having cut a notch out of the bark, they easily ascend, with the large toe of each foot in one notch, and their curiously manufactured hatchet in the other. Their weapons of defence are the spear and waddie; the former is about twelve feet long, and as thick as the little finger of a man; the tea-tree supplies them with this matchless weapon; they harden one end, which is very sharply pointed, by burning and filing it with a flint prepared for the purpose. In throwing the spear they are very expert; indeed, of late, their audacious atrocities have been lamentably great, although, at the same time, I have little hesitation in saying, they have arisen from the cruel treatment experienced by some of their women from the hands of the distant stock-keepers. Indeed, these poor mortals, I know, have been shot at merely to gratify a most barbarous cruelty....

After killing a white man, the natives have a sort of dance and rejoicing, jumping, and singing, and sending forth the strangest noises ever heard. They do not molest the body when dead, nor have I ever heard of their stripping or robbing the deceased. Among themselves they have no funeral rites; and those who are aged or diseased are left in hollow trees, or under the ledges of rocks, to pine and die. These people are subject to a disease, which causes the most loathsome ulcerated sores; two or three whom I saw were wretched-looking objects. I remember a very old man, who was thus affected, being tried and hung, for spearing one of Mr. Hart's men; the culprit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution. I think the colonial surgeons call the disease the "bush scab;" and that it is occasioned by a filthy mode of life. The population of natives is very small in proportion to the extent of the island: several causes may be alleged for their smallness of numbers; the principal one is their having been driven about from place to place, by settlers taking new locations; another cause is the great destruction of the kangaroo, which obliges the natives to labour hard to procure food sufficient for their sustenance: this, and their having no means of procuring vegetables, besides being constantly exposed to the weather, together with their offensive habits of living, produce the disease above mentioned, with its fatal consequences. *Widdowson's Van Dieman's Land.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

OLD ROSE.

Walton, in his "Angler," makes the hunter, in the second chapter, propose that they shall sing "Old Rose," which is presumed to refer to the ballad, "Sing, old Rose, and burn the

bellows," of which every one has heard, but much trouble has been taken, in vain, to find a copy of it.

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AUCTIONS.

Elihu Yale was remarkable for his auctions. The first of these was about the year 1700. He had brought such quantities of goods from India, that, finding no one house large enough to stow them in, he had a public sale of the over-plus; and that was the first auction of the kind in England.

* * * * *

LILLY, THE ASTROLOGER.

While this impudent cheat is ridiculed for his absurdities, let him have credit for as lucky a guess as ever blessed the pages even of "Francis Moore, physician." In his "Astrologically Predictions for 1648," there occurs the following passage, in which we must needs allow that he attained to "something like prophetic strain," when we call to mind that the great Plague of London occurred in 1665, and the great Fire in the year following:

"In the year 1656 the aphelium of Mars, who is the generall significator of England, will be in Virgo, which is assuredly the ascendant of the English Monarchy, but Aries of the kingdom. When this absis, therefore, of Mars shall appear in Virgo, who shall expect less than a strange *catastrophe* of human affairs in the commonwealth, monarchy, and kingdom of England? There will then, either in or about these times, or neer that year, *or within ten years, more or less, of that time*, appear in this kingdom so strange a revolution of fate, *so grand a catastrophe*, and great mutation unto this monarchy and government, as never yet appeared; of which, as the times now stand, I have no liberty or encouragement to deliver any opinion. *Only, it will be ominous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffique at land, to her poor, to her rich, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties, BY REASON OF SUNDRY FIRES AND A CONSUMING PLAGUE.*"

This is the prediction which, in 1666, led to his being examined by a Committee of the House of Commons; not, as has been supposed, that he might "discover by the stars who were the authors of the Fire of London," but because the precision with which he was thought to have foretold the event, gave birth to a suspicion that he was already acquainted with them, and privy to the (supposed) machinations which had brought about the catastrophe. Curran says, there are two kind of prophets, those who are really inspired, and those who prophesy events which they intend themselves to bring about. Upon this occasion, poor Lilly had the ill-luck to be deemed one of the latter class.

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WHIGS AND TORIES.

Whenever these terms were first introduced, and whatever might be their original meaning, it is certain that in the reign of Charles the Second they carried the political signification which they still retain. Take, as a proof, the following nervous passage from Dryden's Epilogue to "The Duke of Guise," 1683:

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"Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring:
Nor whigs, nor Tories they; nor this nor that;
Not birds, not beasts, but just a kind of bat:
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With *Tory* wings, but *Whiggish* teeth and claws."

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OTWAY'S "CAIUS MARIUS."

When poor Otway's "unpardonable piracy," in taking part of this play from "Romeo and Juliet," was reprobated so severely, the critic might have done him the justice to mention, that, instead of attempting to pass off the borrowed beauties as his own, he, in the prologue, fully avowed his obligations. It contains an animated eulogy on Shakspeare, which thus concludes:—

"Though much the most unworthy of the throng, Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong. Like greedy beggars, that steal sheaves away, *You'll find he's rifled him of half a play*; Among his baser dross you'll see it shine, Most beautiful, amazing, and divine."

* * * * *

NANCY DAWSON

Was a dancer at Covent Garden Theatre, previous to the accession of his late majesty; and in 1760 transferred her services to the other house. On the 23rd of September, in that year, the "Beggars' Opera" was performed at Drury Lane, when the play-bill thus announced her: "In Act III, a hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first appearance here."—It seems she was engaged to oppose Mrs. Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house. That her performance of it was somewhat celebrated, may be inferred from the circumstance of there being a full-length print of her in it.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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RELIC OF JOHN BUNYAN.

[Illustration: Relic of John Bunyan.]

The cut represents the vessel from which John Bunyan, the author of that popular allegory, "the Pilgrim's Progress," was accustomed to drink syllabub, during his incarceration in Bedford County Gaol. The original is in the possession of the correspondent who has furnished us with the sketch for the engraver. It is of common

earthen-ware, 7-1/2 inches in height, and will contain 3-1/2 pints; one of the handles is partly broken off; the glaze is of a light flesh tint; and the vessel is a fair specimen of pottery in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Bunyan, it will be recollected, was born in 1628, at Elstow, near Bedford, where the cottage stood in its original state till within these few years. It has latterly been new fronted, but the interior remains nearly as in Bunyan's time. He was the son of a tinker, and followed his father's trade; and at Elstow are the remains of a closet in which, in early life, he carried on business. During the civil war he served as a soldier in the

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parliament army; and subsequently joined a society of Anabaptists at Bedford, and became their public teacher. Soon after the Restoration, he was indicted for “abstaining from coming to church,” and holding “unlawful meetings and conventicles,” for which he was sentenced to transportation, which was not executed, as he was detained in prison upwards of twelve years, and at last liberated through the charitable interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln.

Sir Richard Phillips, in his recent “Personal Tour,” says, “on inquiring for relics of honest Bunyan, I was introduced to Mr. Hilyard, the present amiable and exemplary pastor of the large Independent Congregation, which 150 years since was under the spiritual care of Bunyan. Mr. H. at his meeting-house, showed me the vestry-chair of Bunyan; and the present pulpit is that in which Bunyan used to preach. At his own house he preserves the records of the establishment, many pages of which are in a neat and very scholastic hand by Bunyan, and contain many of his signatures.”

Bunyan’s imprisonment gave rise to “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” a work, which like “Robinson Crusoe,” has remained unrivalled amidst a host of imitators. He was too, a wit as well as a preacher. Towards the close of his imprisonment a Quaker called on him, probably to make a convert of the author of the Pilgrim. He thus addressed him:—“Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last.” “If the Lord had sent you,” sarcastically replied Bunyan, “you need not have taken so much pains, for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford Gaol for these twelve years past.”

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SKELETON OF AN ELEPHANT.

The bones of poor Chune, the stupendous elephant shot at Exeter 'Change, in 1826, have, at a considerable expense, been accurately articulated, and the entire skeleton is now exhibiting in one of the chambers at “the Egyptian Hall,” in Piccadilly. We remember the interest, the “sensation,” which the death of Chune occasioned: it was a fertile incident—for we gave an engraving of the enormous deceased in his den at Exeter 'Change. It is little more than three years since, and probably in three years more, Chune will figure in books of Natural History, and Exeter 'Change in the antiquarian's portfolio.

We recommend the Naturalist and all such as delight in contemplating sublime objects of nature, to see this skeleton; and there can scarcely be an exhibition better calculated

to impress the youthful mind with the vastness of creation. It stands nearly 13 feet high, and the clear space beneath the ribs is 6 feet.

It would, we think, suit the Zoological Society, and make a fine *nucleus* for their Museum.

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ROYAL VISITS TO THE THEATRES.

When the King visited the Opera in 1821, the preparations cost upwards of L300. The ante-room and the box were hung with satin, and festoons of gold lace.

When his Majesty visited Covent Garden Theatre in 1823, there were 4,255 persons present, and the receipts were L971. 18_s_. 6_d_.—*Companion to the Theatres*.

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SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

EMIGRATION.

NEW COLONY ON SWAN RIVER.

We have abridged the following very important and interesting information respecting the New Settlement on the Western Coast of Australia, from the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer appears to have profited by access to official sources, and thus enhanced the value of his paper; but, disposed as we are, generally, to coincide with his views on the subject of *Emigration*, we do not think it necessary to detail them in this place. We have, however, retained the "Regulations," as issued from the Colonial Office, and made occasional quotations from Captain Stirling's Report; besides availing ourselves of a pamphlet lately published, entitled "Hints on Emigration to the New Settlement on the Swan and Canning Rivers." [2] The Report of Mr. Fraser, the government botanical surveyor, from Sydney, who accompanied Captain Stirling, is not so easy of access. The *Quarterly* writer, by some coincident opinions and references, appears to be acquainted with the above pamphlet, although it is not mentioned in the review. The official Regulations are as follow:—

1. His majesty's government do not intend to incur any *expense* in conveying settlers to the New Colony on the Swan River; and will not feel bound to defray the expense of supplying them with provisions or other necessaries, after their arrival there, nor to assist their removal to England, or elsewhere, should they be desirous of quitting the Colony.
2. Such persons who may arrive in that settlement before the end of the year 1830, will receive, in the order of their arrival, grants of land, free of quit rent, proportioned to the capital which they may be prepared to invest in the improvement of the land, and of which capital they maybe able to produce satisfactory proofs to the Lieutenant Governor (or other officer administering the Colonial Government,) or to any two officers of the Local Government appointed by the Lieutenant Governor for that purpose, at the rate of forty acres for every sum of three pounds which they may be prepared so to invest.

3. Under the head of investment of capital will be considered stock of every description, all implements of husbandry, and other articles which may be applicable to the purposes of productive industry, or which may be necessary for the establishment of the settler on the land where he is to be located. The amount of any half-pay or pension which the applicant may receive from Government, will also be considered as so much capital.

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4. Those who may incur the expense of taking out labouring persons, will be entitled to an allowance of land at the rate of fifteen pounds, that is, of two hundred acres of land, for the passage of every such labouring person, over and above any other investment of capital. In the class of "labouring persons," are included women, and children above ten years old. Provision will be made by law, at the earliest opportunity for rendering those capitalists, who may be engaged in taking out labouring persons to this settlement, liable for the future maintenance of those persons, should they, from infirmity, of any other cause, become unable to maintain themselves there.

5. The license of occupation of land will be granted to the settler, on satisfactory proof being exhibited to the Lieutenant Governor (or other officer administering the Local Government,) of the amount of property brought into the colony. The proofs required of such property will be such satisfactory vouchers of expenses as would be received in auditing public accounts. But the full title to the land will not be granted in fee simple, until the settler has proved, (to the satisfaction of the Lieutenant Governor for other officer administering the Local Government,) that the sum required by Article 2 of these regulations (viz. one shilling and sixpence per acre) has been expended in the cultivation of the land, or in solid improvements, such as buildings, roads, or other works of the kind.

6. Any grant of land thus allotted, of which a fair proportion, of at least one fourth, shall not have been brought into cultivation, otherwise improved or reclaimed from its wild state, to the extent of one shilling and sixpence per acre, to the satisfaction of the Local Government, within three years from the date of the license of occupation, shall, at the end of three years, be liable to a payment of sixpence per acre, into the public chest of the settlement; and, at the expiration of seven years more, should the land still remain in an uncultivated or unimproved state, it will revert absolutely to the crown.

7. After the year 1830, land will be disposed of to those settlers who may resort to the colony, on such conditions as his Majesty's Government shall see occasion to adopt.

8. It is not intended that any convicts, or other description of prisoners, be transported to this new settlement.

9. The government will be administered by Captain Stirling, of the Royal Navy, as Lieut. Governor of the settlement; and it is proposed that a bill should be submitted to parliament, in the course of the next session, to make provision for the civil government of the New Settlement.

Downing Street, 13th January, 1829.

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The intended settlement is designated, in the "Regulations," as the "New Colony on the Swan River;"[3] but this is a name, we think, not sufficiently comprehensive for the extent of territory meant to be occupied. What its future designation is meant to be, we pretend not to know, but if its soil should prove as fruitful as its climate is fine, the position and aspect of this part of the coast might justify the name of Southern, or Australian, *Hesperia*; under which might be included all that line of coast from Cape Leuwin, the southernmost point of New Holland, in lat. 34 deg. 30 min., long. 115 deg. 12 min. east, to the lat. 31 deg. (or a degree or two more northerly) long. 115 deg. 15 min. east; and from the former point easterly to King George's Sound, where an English colony has already been established. This extent of territory, between the sea-coast and a range of mountains parallel to it, hereafter to be described, may be estimated to contain from five to six millions of acres, the greater part of which, from the general appearance of the two extreme portions (the only ones examined) may be considered as land fit for the plough, and, therefore, fully capable of giving support to a million of souls. The description we are about to give of this territory is mainly derived from Captain Stirling, the intelligent officer who explored the country, and of which he has been appointed the Lieutenant Governor, and from Mr. Fraser, an excellent botanist, who accompanied him, and who was well acquainted with the soil and products of New South Wales, on the opposite side of Australia.

Captain Stirling, when commanding the *Success* frigate, was sent to New South Wales on a particular service, which the state of the monsoon prevented him from carrying into immediate execution. He determined, therefore, on the recommendation of General Darling, the governor, to explore, in the meantime, this western part of Australia, which was omitted to be surveyed by Captain King, on the ground that it had been *visited* by the French in the expedition of Captain Baudin: the result of that visit, however, is so unsatisfactory, and so very inaccurate, that we are rather surprised that Captain King should have passed over so interesting a portion, geographically considered, as the south-western angle of this great country. Captain Stirling arrived at Cape Leuwin on the 2nd of March, 1827, stood along the coast, and anchored in Gage's Roads, opposite Swan River, which he afterwards ascended to its source in boats, and sent out exploring parties to ascertain the nature of the surrounding territory.

"We found," he says, "the country in general rich and romantic, gained the summit of the first range of mountains, and had a bird's-eye view of an immense plain, which extended as far as the eye could reach to the northward, southward, and westward. After ten days' absence, we returned to the ship; we encountered no difficulty that was not easily removable; we were furnished with abundance of fresh provisions by our guns, and met with no obstruction from the natives."

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Captain Stirling describes the weather as very different from that which the French experienced; but the latter were on the coast at the commencement of the winter season. They were apparently so alarmed at the gales of wind, the rocks, and the reefs, and the banks, that they hastened to leave behind them this part of the coast unexamined, with all convenient speed. The strong westerly winds that prevail throughout the year in the southern ocean to the southward of the tropic, appear to assume a northern direction near this part of the Coast of Australia. These winds are here found to be cool and pleasant, and were generally accompanied by clear and serene weather. The summer winds from the N.W. are not infrequent; and, coming charged with moisture from a warm region into a colder one, they are invariably accompanied by rain; but, in the immediate vicinity of the shore, land and sea breezes are constant and regular. The climate appears to be delightful. While the Success was on the coast—that is, in the autumn—the average height of the thermometer was 72 deg., the extremes being 84 deg. and 59 deg., the first occurring before the sea-breeze set in, the latter at midnight. The French found the temperature when at anchor, in June, from 14 deg. to 17 deg. of Reaumur, or 63 deg. to 70 deg. of Fahrenheit. On the mountains, Captain Stirling says, the temperature appeared to be about 15 deg. below that of the plain. The alternate land and sea breezes create a moisture in the atmosphere which renders the climate cool and agreeable; the mornings and evenings are particularly so; and the nights are almost invariably brilliant and clear. Such a climate, it is almost unnecessary to say must be highly favourable to vegetation, which was accordingly observed to be most luxuriant. “The verdant appearance,” says Captain Stirling, “and almost innumerable variety of grasses, herbaceous plants, shrubs, and trees, show that there is no deficiency in the three great sources of their sustenance, soil, heat, and moisture.”

The general structure and aspect of the country may be thus described:—from Cape Leuwin to Cape Naturaliste (the southern head of Baie Geographe,) which is not quite a degree of latitude, the coast is formed of a range of hills, of uniform and moderate elevation. From Geographer’s Bay to the northward of Swan River, the whole coast line is a limestone ridge, varying in height from twenty to six hundred feet, and extending inward to the distance of from one to five miles. Behind this ridge (whose occasional naked and barren appearance Captain Stirling also thinks may have caused the early and continued prejudice against the fertility of this western coast) commences a great plain, which occupies a space, from south to north, of undetermined length, (reaching, perhaps, to King George’s Sound,) and varying, in breadth, from twenty to fifty miles. The eastern boundary of this plain skirts the base of an almost continuous and abrupt chain of mountains, to which Captain Stirling gave the name of “General Darling’s Range.” One of the points, the highest seen and measured by him, was about three thousand feet high, The average height is stated to be from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The base is granite; the sides, in many parts, naked; and the soil supports but little vegetation, except the Stringy-bark and some hardy plants.

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Captain Stirling observes, that coal was not found, because it was not particularly sought for; but he is of opinion that the general character of the country is such as to warrant the belief that it might be found; “for,” he observes, “all the concomitant strata or members of the coal formation are exposed on different parts of the surface, below which I had no opportunity to explore. Indeed, the carboniferous order of rocks is that which is most frequently exhibited throughout this territory; and I have no doubt important results would arise from a proper examination into its mineralogical resources.”

With reference to a supply of fresh water, so indispensably necessary in every settled country, the researches made by Captain Stirling and Mr. Fraser were attended with the most satisfactory results. The former observes, that the clouds which are impelled against the western side of the range of mountains are condensed into rain, the water of which is conducted across the plain to the sea, in numerous streams, but chiefly by three principal rivers, terminating in estuaries, or salt-water lakes. These are—the Swan River, opposite the Island Rottenest; the Riviere Vasse, and Port Leschenault, in Geographer’s Bay. “We found,” says Captain Stirling, “a great number of creeks, or rivulets, falling into Swan River, more particularly on the eastern side; and I am inclined to think, that the country generally is much divided by such water-courses. Its supply of fresh water, from springs and lagoons, is abundant; for we found such wherever we thought it necessary to ascertain their existence. At Point Heathcote,” he adds, “we met with a remarkable instance; for there the beach of a narrow rocky promontory is a bed of springs, and by tracing the finger along any part within four inches of the edge of the salt water, pure and fresh water instantly occupied the trace.”

Mr. Fraser’s testimony leaves no doubt of the abundance of fresh water. “I was astonished,” he says, “at the vivid green of the Eucalyptus, and other trees and shrubs, so distinct from those of New South Wales; but, on digging the soil to the depth of two feet, I found the cause to arise apparently from the immense number of springs with which this country abounds; for, at the depth above mentioned, I found the soil quite moist, although evidently at the latter end of an exceedingly dry season; and from the same cause must arise the great luxuriance of the herbaceous plants on the banks, which exceeds any thing I ever saw on the east coast. They consist principally of the *senecia* and the *sonchus*, which here attain the height of nine feet.”

He further observes, that numerous active springs issue from the rocks of the limestone ridge, and particularly in Geographer’s Bay, the whole coast of which, he says, “is a perfect source of active springs, discharging themselves on the beach in rapid rills of considerable extent, every six or seven yards.”

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Between the two heads which form the entrance into Swan River, there is, unfortunately, a bar, made by the continuity of the limestone ridge. Over this bar, the depth, at low water, is but six feet, and is therefore practicable only for boats or rafts. About a mile inside the heads, the water deepens; and then commences a succession of cliffs, or natural wharfs, with four, five, and six fathoms at their bases. The same depths are extended over a magnificent expanse of salt water, to which Captain Stirling has given the name of "Melville Water;" and which, in his opinion, wants only a good entrance to make it one of the finest harbours in the world, being seven or eight miles in length, by three or four in width, and having a depth of water from four to seven fathoms. This narrow entrance of the river, he thinks, might be made navigable by ships of burthen, without difficulty or great expense.

When the town begins to rise, and substantial buildings are required, the blocks of stone procured by quarrying this entrance will go far towards paying the expense of excavation.

Into this expansive sheet of water fall two rivers; one from the north-east, which is properly the Swan River; the other from the south-east, called Canning's River. Captain Stirling examined them both: the former to its source, the latter beyond the point where the water ceased to be brackish. They are both sufficiently convenient for boat navigation, even at the end of the dry season; and any obstruction might easily be removed to make them more so, by which the productions of an immense extent of country might be transported by water-carriage.

Mr. Fraser remarks that nothing of the mangrove appears along the banks of the Swan River, the usual situation of this plant being here occupied by the genus *Metrosideros*. The first plain, or flat, as it is called, contiguous to the river, commencing at Point Fraser, is formed of a rich soil, and appears, by a deposit of wreck, to be occasionally flooded to a certain extent. Here are several extensive salt marshes, which Mr. Fraser thinks are admirably adapted for the growth of cotton. The hills, though scanty of soil, are covered with an immense variety of plants; among others, a magnificent species of *Angophora* occupied the usual place of the *Eucalyptus*, which, however, here as on the eastern side, generally forms the principal feature in the botany of the country, accompanied by *Mimosa*, *Correa*, *Melaleuca*, *Casuarina*, *Banksia*, and *Xanthorea*. The brome, or kangaroo grass, was most abundant. On a more elevated flat, a little further up the river, the botanist observes that the "magnificence of the *Banksia* and arborescent *Zamia*, which was here seen thirty feet in height, added to the immense size of the *Xanthorea* near this spot, impart to the forest a character truly tropical." He says that about five miles to the eastward of the river, there is an evident change in the character of the country: extensive plains of the richest description, consisting of an alluvial deposit, equalling in fertility those of the banks of the River Hawkesbury in New South Wales, and covered with the most luxuriant brome grass. The *Casuarina*, so common near the limestone ridge of the coast, here disappears, and is succeeded by a pendulous species of *Metrosideros*, which continues to the source of the river.

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“From this point,” says Mr. Fraser, “the country resembles, in every essential character, that of the banks of those rivers which fall to the westward of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, varying alternately on each bank from hilly promontories of the finest red loam, and covered with stupendous Angophoras, to extensive flats of the finest description, studded with magnificent blue and water gums, and occasional stripes of Accacias and papilionaceous shrubs, resembling the green wattle of New South Wales.”

The higher the river is ascended, the more extended the flats become, and the better is the quality of the soil. Here the country is said to resemble in character that on the banks of the Macquarrie River, west of Wellington valley; and though marks of occasional floods appeared on the lower plains, the upper flats had evidently never been flooded. The sides of the mountains were bare of underwood, and their summits covered with large masses of iron stone, among which were growing enormous trees of Angophora, and some straggling plants of Hakea. On a careful examination of this part of the country bordering the two rivers from the sea-coast to the mountains, Mr. Fraser says, “In giving my opinion of the land seen on the banks of the Swan River, I hesitate not in pronouncing it superior to any I ever saw in New South Wales, east of the Blue Mountains, not only in its local character, but in the many existing advantages which it holds out to settlers. These advantages I consider to be,

“First, the evident superiority of the soil.

“Secondly, the facility with which a settler can bring his farm into a state of immediate culture, in consequence of the open state of the country, which allows not a greater average than two trees to an acre.

“Thirdly, the general abundance of springs, producing water of the best quality, and the consequent permanent humidity of the soil; two advantages not existing on the eastern coast. And,

“Fourthly, the advantages of water carriage to his door, and the non-existence of impediments to land carriage.”

[2] Published by J. Cross, 18, Holborn, opposite Furnival's Inn.

[3] The *Riviere de Cygnes* of the French is a translation of the *Zwanen Riviere* of Vlaming.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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ST. PAULS' CATHEDRAL.

Our readers are aware that the interior of the cupola of this magnificent cathedral, represents the life of St. Paul, painted by Sir James Thornhill; but the neglect and decay of this grand specimen of pictorial decoration may not be so well known. The great expense of erecting a scaffold sufficient for its restoration, appears to have been the principal difficulty, added to the want of artists experienced in this department of art. These obstacles, however, we trust have

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been surmounted by Mr. E.T. Parris, of whose talents we spoke in our account of the Colosseum, and who has just completed a model of an apparatus for getting at large domes. The model has already been approved by an experienced architect, and submitted to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's; so that the restoration of Sir James Thornhill's labours presents an excellent opportunity for the immediate application of Mr. Parris's machinery; whilst its accomplishment would be the means of rewarding individual ingenuity, and rescuing from decay a valuable triumph of British genius.

Instantaneous Lights.

Oxymuriate matches must "hide their diminished heads" before the recent invention of a method of obtaining light, by merely compressing a match, which inflames instantaneously. These matches are called *Prometheans*, and comparing small things with great, we know not a better name to imply the scientific age to which the invention belongs.

Fossil Fish.

Mr. Mantell, of Lewes, has lately added to his museum a fine specimen of a fossil fish, discovered in a bed of clay belonging to the Hasting sand formation. Similar remains are abundant in the strata of Tilgate Forest, in the white rock at Hastings, and in the sandstone quarries near Tunbridge Wells; but they consist, for the most part, of detached scales only.

Wonders of Art.

Among the last we notice the model of a boat for aerial navigation, lately sent to the French Academy from Rome; and the patent taken out at Paris for a coach with one wheel only, to accommodate 30 or 40 passengers. The perfection of the latter scheme in England would render indispensable a complete revision of our Turnpike Acts.

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NOTES OF A READER.

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SCOTTISH INNS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field-sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the

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husband was met walking up the High Street, loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one that inquired after his wife, "that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;" the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house. There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case, the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—A jolly dame who, not "sixty years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.—Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered drily, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; *and deil a spring they could play amang them!*"—*Notes to the New Edition of the Waverley Novels.*

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CATCHING TIGERS.

In some parts of South America, a great many tigers are caught with the lasso by the Indian and Creole inhabitants for the sake of their skins. They are also sometimes entrapped in the following manner: a large chest, or wooden frame, is made, supported upon four wheels, and is dragged by oxen to a place where the traces of tigers have been discovered. In the furthest corner of the chest is put a putrid piece of flesh, by way of bait, which is no sooner laid hold of by the tiger than the door of the trap falls; he is killed by a musket ball, or a spear thrust through the crevices of the planks.—*Memoirs of General Miller.*

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ODE.

(From the Persian.)

The joys of love and youth be mine,
The cheerful glass, the ruby wine,
The social feast, the merry friend,
And brimming goblets without end.

The maid whose lips all sweets contain,
The minstrel with bewitching strain,
And, by my side, the merry soul
Who briskly circulates the bowl!

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A maiden full of life and light,
Like Eden's fountains pure and bright;
Whose sweetness steals the heart away,
Mild, beauteous, as the moon of May.

A banquet-hall, the social room,
Cool, spacious, breathing rich perfume,
Like that fair hall where, midst the roses,
Each saint in heaven above reposes!

Servants in briskness who excel,
Friends who can keep a secret well,
And merry men who love their lass,
And drink your health in many a glass.

Wine, sparkling like the ruby bright,
Neither too sweet, nor yet too light;
One draught from purple wine we'll sip,
And one from beauty's rosy lip!

A maid, whose joyous glances roll
To cheer the heart and charm the soul;
Whose graceful locks, that flow behind,
Engage and captivate mankind!

A noble friend, whose rank is grac'd
By learning and poetic taste;
Who, like my Patron, loves the bard,
Well skill'd true merit to reward!

Breathes there a man too cold to prove
The joys of friendship or of love?
Oh, let him die! when these are fled
Scarce do we differ from the dead!

Gentleman's Magazine.

* * * * *

LITERARY GAZETTES.

As one of the signs of the times we notice the almost simultaneous appearance of three new Literary Gazettes, at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Manchester. One of the latter contains a wood-cut of the Manchester Royal Institution, and eight quarto pages for

three-pence. Among the original articles is a sketch of Mr. Kean, in which the writer says, "Mr. Kean's countenance was some years since, one of the finest ever beheld, and his eye the brightest and most penetrating. Without ever having seen Lord Byron, we should say there must have been a great similarity of features and expression between them."

* * * * *

DUELLING CODE.

People talk about the voluminous nature of our statute-books, forsooth. Nonsense! they are not half large or numerous enough. There is room and necessity for hundreds and thousands of new laws; and if duelling cannot be prevented, it might at least be regulated, and a shooting license regularly taken out every year; and the licenses only granted to persons of a certain rank, and property, and age. Say, for instance, that none under fifteen years shall be allowed a license; that livery servants, apprentices, clerks in counting-houses, coach and wagon offices, hair-dressers, and tailors who use the thimble in person, should be considered as unqualified persons. This would render duelling more select and respectable.—*Rank and Talent.*

* * * * *

SOUTH AMERICAN BANDITTI.

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The vicinity of Lima is occasionally infested by banditti, carrying on their operations in open day with so much system, that all who chance to travel at that time are sure to be relieved of their valuables. These robbers are composed chiefly of free mulattoes and others of a mixed race. The evil has existed from time immemorial, and is of purely Spanish origin; for Indian honesty, in retired villages, is so great, that when a family for a time leaves its cage-like hut, the latchless wicket is left ajar; a brush is placed on the sill, and it would be worse than sacrilege for any one to cross the threshold under any pretence. It has happened that the brigands, well armed and well mounted, have assembled at distant and uncertain periods within a mile of Callao. They direct their course towards Lima, stop all whom they meet, and having very civilly lightened them of their purses, oblige the plundered persons to accompany the robbers, till all arrive near to the city gate, when the banditti disperse. Some ride boldly into the town; many conceal themselves in the thickets of canes; whilst others cut across the country, and return quietly to their homes, to enjoy the spoil, or follow their usual occupations. The banditti, on such extraordinary occasions, amount to twenty or thirty in number; and it has happened that they have had about twenty carriages, besides persons dismounted and made to lead their own horses, in the train, which was regularly brought up by a rear-guard, while the advanced scouts pushed on to secure fresh booty. They seldom commit murder; and whenever it is possible, they avoid robbing officers of the army, or civilians in the employment of government. Neither do they, when acting in small parties, attack persons of note. Foreigners and strangers are in general their usual victims.—*Memoir of General Miller*.

* * * * *

STEALING A SHEET.

A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure an Indian thief who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner:—the Bheel approaching the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side, when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures*.

* * * * *

EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

Page 25

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* observes that "next to the existing school societies, there is nothing I am more anxious to see, or would more gladly contribute to, than a *Society for promoting the Rational Amusements of the Lower Classes*, the first aim of which should be to instruct itinerant teachers of music, singing, and dancing, in improved modes of imparting their arts, and thus fairly set the plan agoing, when it would soon work its own way, and might then be extended to higher objects. The taste for flowers among the Paisley weavers, for gooseberry-growing at Manchester, and for music among the west of Yorkshire clothiers, originally sprang up from imitation of one or two amateurs of each pursuit; and there only needs a similar *first impulse*, which a society with a few thousands a year might give, to spread a general taste for music, singing, and dancing, and ultimately for other branches of the fine arts, as drawing and painting, as well as for natural history, and the cultivation of flowers and fruits, &c.

"The lower classes in England, thus improved in morals and manners by a better education and more humanising amusements, might be safely left to choose their time of contracting marriage, and would then no more make beasts of themselves by drinking fermented liquors, than do the lower classes in the city from which I write, (Brussels) where probably more beer (and that by no means weak) is drank than in any town of similar size in England, every street being crowded with *cabarets* (public-houses,) and these in the evening almost always filled. But how filled? Not with rioters and noisy drunkards, but with parties at separate tables, often consisting of a man, his wife and children, all sipping their pot of beer poured into very small glasses to prolong the pleasure, and the gratification of drinking seeming less than that of the cheerful chit-chat, which is the main object of the whole assemblage. Deep-rooted national bad habits can be eradicated only by the spread of knowledge, which will ultimately teach our lower classes, as it has already done the bulk of the higher, that *moderation* is the condition of real enjoyments, and must be the motto even of the sensualist who aims at long-continued indulgence."

* * * * *

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

TOAST.

The Parting toast at one of the old gaming-houses in *Marybone* was "*May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again.*"

* * * * *

EPIGRAM

Translated from the French of Mr. Patris, who composed it a few days before his death.
By J.C.



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Last night I dreamt that worn away
With sickness, I was dead,
And that my carcass, cheek by jowl,
Was by a poor man's laid.

My stomach rose, methought, to see
The wretch so near me lie,
And straight his sauciness I chid,
Like corpse of quality.

Scoundrel, cried I, move farther off,
And give your betters room,
Avaunt, you scrub, and rot elsewhere,
Foh! how you stink and fume.

Scrub! quoth the saucy dog, that's well,
Pray who's more scrub than you?
Bethink you, Mr., where you are,
And do not rant it so.

Hither on equal terms all come,
Here's neither rich nor poor,
My muck's my own, and be assur'd,
That your's can be no more.

* * * * *

SONG.

Oh, yes! I always dream of her,
But never breathe her name;
Her spirit always dwells with me,
By night, by day the same!
The cheerful smile no more is mine;
I sorrow and regret;
I strive in vain to banish love,
But still I can't forget.

My friends may try to rally me,
And chase my grief away;
I smile in sadness while they laugh,
But heed not what they say.
They must not know how deep I love,



Nor win my secret yet;
And when I smile amid the scene,
'Tis not that I forget.

My lips can never break the spell;
Her name is buried here!
And yet perchance she may bedew
My coffin with a tear!
But if in climes away from her
The sun of life should set,
Her name will quiver on my lip,
When I the world forget.

Z.

* * * * *

EPITAPH IN AWLISCOMBE CHURCHYARD, DEVONSHIRE.

Here lie the remains of James Pady, *brickmaker*, late of this parish, in hopes that his *clay* will be *remoulded* in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.

Keep death and judgment always in your eye,
Or else the devil off with you will fly,
And in his *kiln* with brimstone ever fry.
If you neglect the narrow *road* to seek,
Christ will reject you like a *half-burnt brick*.

Awliscombe.

J.S.

* * * * *

In the sea-fight off Minorca, in 1756, a gunner had his right hand shot off, just as he was going to fire off a gun. The brave fellow took up the match, saying, quite unconcernedly, "So then you thought that I had but one arm."

* * * * *

FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment combin'd;



Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings,
Peace brightens in the olive green,
Hope from the half-closed iris springs,
Victory from the laurel grows,
And woman blushes in the rose.



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* * * * *

GOOD MORROW, A SONG.

Fly, night, away!
And welcome day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft,
Sunshine aloft,
To give my love good morrow!

Wings from the wind
To please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Lark, stretch thy wing,
And tow'ring sing,
To give my love good morrow!

Ye violets blue,
Sweet drops of dew,
That shine in every furrow,
Fresh odours fling
On zephyr's wing,
To give my love good morrow!

Bright Venus, spare
Awhile thy car,
Thy Cupid, dove, and sparrow,
To waft my fair,
Like my own star,
To give the world good morrow!

G.R.

* * * * *

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was, perhaps, the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said, by Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself; and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character, which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or



lust; for he who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts of a robbery to another, presupposes that he is a thief.—*Hawkesworth*.

* * * * *

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Sir W. Raleigh.

* * * * *

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sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and
Booksellers.*