

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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Page 1

CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS

[Illustration: Castle of the Seven Towers at Constantinople.]

1. Triumphal Arch of Constantine.
2. First Tower of the Pentagon.
3. First Marble Tower.
4. Second Marble Tower.
5. Angle of the Pentagon with the fallen Tower.
6. Double Tower.
7. Dedecagonal tower.
8. Square Tower of entrance to the Prison.
9. Round Tower falling to decay.
10. House of the Aga, &c.
11. Garden of the Aga's House.
12. Cemetery of the Martyrs.

The celebrity of the *Seven Towers* in European countries, though strongly savouring of romance, is no joke—it being the *prison* where the Turks confine the ministers and ambassadors of the powers with whom they are at war. At the present moment this engraving will doubtless be acceptable to our readers; especially to such of our City friends as have recently been induced to speculate on the heads of ambassadors of the allied powers; and a few days since it might have served as a scale for their *wagering* the “price of blood.”

With the early account of this castle we shall be brief. It is cited in the history of the lower empire from the sixth century of the Christian era, as a point which served for the defence of Constantinople. The embrasures of some of its towers, as well as of the towers that flank the ramparts of the town from the southern angle of the castle to the sea, blackened as is supposed by the Greek fire, announce that it was the principal bulwark of the city on the side of the Propontis, in the latter times of the empire. In 1453, Mahomet II., after an obstinate siege, gained possession of Constantinople and the Castle of the Seven Towers, fear opening to him one of the gates of the latter. The Turks relate that 12,000 men perished in this siege; and the marks of the ravages of the artillery are still visible, for, as usual, the conqueror did not concern himself about repairs. Since that time the place has been the arena of many remarkable events, among which was the tragical murder of the caliph Osman the Second. This has been followed up by many bloody executions; and at every turn gloomy sentiments, and the proud names of Turks and Greek princes, inscribed on the walls, speak the sad fate of those by whose hands they were traced. Towers filled with irons, chains, ancient arms, tombs, ruins, dungeons, cold and silent vaults, a pit called *the well of blood*, the funeral cry of owls and of vultures, mingled with the roar of the waves—such are the objects and sounds with which the eye and ear are familiarized in these dreary abodes,

according to poor Ponqueville, the traveller, who speaks from experience—*within the walls*. All this is a sorry picture for the

“—Gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease.”

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But the *state purposes* to which the *Seven Towers* are appropriated boast of comparative comfort, “the prisoners detained here being distinguished from all other prisoners of war by an allowance for the table which is assigned them by the sultan, and by the appellation of *mouzafirs*, or hostages.[1] It may, indeed,” continues our traveller, “be considered as a great favour to be regarded in this light, comparing their situation with that of others, who fall into captivity among the Turks.” Moreover, this castle is dignified as *an imperial fortress*, and governed by an aga with a guard and a band of music. Indeed, we suppose it a sort of lock-up house preparatory to more rigorous confinement; and its governorship is a peaceable and honourable post. The Turks who compose the garrison of the Seven Towers have, in the first place, the advantage of being esteemed persons of a certain distinction in their quarter; and, secondly, they are exempted from going out to war, to which every Musselman is liable.

[1] Probably on the plan of the lord mayor’s household table.
Well, Swift is right in supposing the great art of life to be that of hoaxing.

This castle stands at the eastern extremity of the Propontis, or Sea of Marmara; it is a tolerably regular pentagon, four out of the five angles of which are flanked by towers; the fifth angle had also a tower, but it exists no longer. Its principal front is towards the west, and has, besides the tower at one of the angles, two others, which stand on each side the ancient triumphal arch of Constantine. The gate of entrance to the Seven Towers on the side of the town is to the east, in a small square. The longest side of the pentagon is that in which Constantine’s arch is included; while towers existed at all the angles, this side presented a front of four towers; but it has now only three. The first marble tower is an enormous mass, between eighty and ninety feet high.

The triumphal arch of Constantine, which occupies the centre between the two marble towers, conducts to the golden gate in the exterior enclosure of the castle. The arch was more than ninety feet in height; but it has been so much injured by artillery, that no idea can now be formed of its ornaments. In the second marble tower is the *Cave of Blood*: the first door by which it is entered is of wood; this opens into a corridor of twelve feet long by four feet wide, having at the end two iron steps ascending to an iron door, and this leads into a semicircular gallery; at its furthest extremity is a second iron door, which completes the gallery, and ten feet further an immense massive door enclosing the dungeon. In the midst of this sarcophagus is a well, the mouth of which is level with the ground, and half closed by two flag-stones; to this is given the name of the *well of blood*, because the heads of those who are executed in the dungeon are thrown into it. In the same tower with this dungeon is a staircase leading up to a number of cells; from some of them, which are higher than the ramparts, the eye may be gratified with a view over Constantinople through loop-holes pierced in the walls. Here the Turks formerly used to confine those whom they call *mouzafirs*, or hostages; but the latter have now the choice allowed them of hiring more eligible apartments.

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The first enclosure of the Seven Towers is inhabited chiefly by poor Turks, who have houses, and live there with their families. They also belong to the guard of the castle.

The air of the Seven Towers is in general unwholesome, and very likely to produce scrofula. In the summer the walls, heated by the sun, transform the place into a furnace; and the apartments on the first floor are at all times extremely damp.

Our engraving, aided by the subjoined references, will, however, enable our readers to form an accurate idea of the topography of the *Seven Towers*. It is copied from the Travels of M. Ponqueville, who devotes a chapter of his quarto volume to a minute description of towers, gardens, and fortresses. Nothing can exceed the horror with which his catalogue of their miseries is calculated to impress the reader; indeed, they fall but little short of some of the highly-wrought fictions of barbarous romance.

* * * * *

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR DECEMBER, 1827.

(For the Mirror.)

The sun enters the cardinal and tropical sign *Capricorn* on the 22nd, attaining his greatest austral declination at 1h. 31m. afternoon.

The moon is in opposition on the 3rd; in apogee on the 6th, and in conjunction and perigee on the 18th.

Mercury is in perihelion on the 1st, becomes stationary on the 9th, and reaches his greatest elongation on the 19th, when he may be seen before sunrise, as well as a few preceding and succeeding mornings; he rises on the abovementioned day at 6h. 8m.

Venus is in aphelio on the 18th, and in conjunction with the planet Herschel on the 28th at 9 h. evening; she sets on the 1st at 4 h. 48 m., and on the 31st at 5-1/2 h. evening.

Mars rises on the 1st at 3h, 14m., and on the 31st at 2 h. 46 m. morning.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 4 h. 39 m. and on the 31st at 3h. morning; he has now receded far enough from the sun to render the eclipses of his nearest moon visible; the first immersion will take place on the 3rd at 6 h. 39 m. 4 s. morning; the next on the 19th at 4 h. 54 m. 42 s. morning, and the last on the 26th at 6 h. 48 m. 14 s. morning, those being the only ones that happen during the month.

Saturn who commenced retrograding on the 2nd, last month, in 20 deg. 18m. of *Cancer*, will on the 31st have reached 17 deg. 26 m. of the same sign, and will be found a few degrees below the star *Pollux* in the constellation *Gemini*, rising on the 1st at 6h. 49m., and on the 31st at 4 h. 27 m. evening.

Herschel culminates on the 1st at 3 h. 23m., and on the 31st at 1 h. 17 m.

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Fomalhaut in Pisces, a star of the first magnitude, and very much resembling the planet Saturn, (except that its light is not so steady,) will be observed only a few degrees above the horizon in the south west, coming to the meridian at 6 h. 19 m. evening; *Marka* in the wing of Pegasus, the flying horse at 6 h. 26 m. *Alpheratz* and *Mirach*, the former in the head, and the latter in the girdle, of Andromeda at 7 h. 31 m. and 8 h. 31 m. *Menkar* in the jaw of *Cetus* the whale at 10 h. 24 m.; the four preceding are of the second magnitude. The *Pleiades* south at 11 h. 8m., and *Aldebaran* in Taurus, generally called the Bull's Eye, a brilliant star of the first magnitude at 11 h. 56 m.; the upper or northern portion of the constellation *Orion* at 12-1/2 h., and the lower or southern part at 1 h. morning.

These remarks cannot be better concluded, than by calling the attention of the readers of the MIRROR to the unerring regularity of the motion of the heavenly bodies. Though their magnitude is so immense, the certainty and correctness of their movements during thousands of years, is far more exact than that of the best chronometer ever made, even during a single year: how great, then, must be the ignorance of him who does not behold in them the Almighty ruler of all things; and how great the folly of him, who says in his heart, and evinces by his conduct that he believes there is no God. And let him who denies what he cannot comprehend, be addressed in the impressive language of holy writ, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his Sons?" 14th November_, 1827. PASCHE.

* * * * *

COLD WINTER IS COMING.

(For the Mirror.)

Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—
Gay Zephyr has folded his fan;
His lances are couch'd in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as warm as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar;
He is shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark! did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown?
The children of Nature all trembled in fear,
For to them is his power made known.



Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!
The soft lute is removed from the lady's lorn bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage-bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream—
And the bane of his petrific breath
Will seal up the waters; till, in the moon-beam.
They lie stirless, as slumber or death!

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Cold Winter is coming, and soon shall we see
On the panes, by that genius Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, an tree—
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip;—
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware,
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware—
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain—
He's so told he'll not favour the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—
It seems I've not much else to say;
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away,

Nov 5th 1827. C. COLE.

* * * * *

NAUTICAL PHRASES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—The annexed *Definition* of Nautical, Names, &c. will not, I dare say, to most of your readers, be uninteresting. G.W.N.

The Starboard is the right side of the ship, as the *lar-board* is the left.

The Parrel is a movable band-rope, used to fasten the yard to its respective mast.

Backstays are long ropes, reaching from the right and left sides of the vessel to the mast heads.

Travellers are slight iron rings, encircling the backstays, and are used for hoisting the top-gallant yards, and confining them to the backstays.

Rolling-tackle is a number of pulleys, engaged to confine the yard to the weather side of the mast; this tackle is much used in a rough sea.

Booms are masts or yards, lying on board in reserve.

The Courses are the mainsail, foresail, and the mizen.

The Staysail is of a triangular form, running upon the fore-topmast-stay, just above the bowsprit.

Reef-tackles are ropes employed in the operation of reefing. &c.

Clue-lines are used to truss up the clues, or to lower the corners of the largest sails.

The Brake is the handle of the pump, by which it is worked.

Bowlines are ropes for keeping the windward edge of the sail steady.

The Wells are places in the ship's hold for the pumps, &c.

Earrings are small lines, by which the uppermost corners of the largest sails are secured to the yard-arms.

Reefs are spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind is too high, and enlarged again when its force abates.

Topsails are long and square, of the second degree in magnitude in all great ships.

Haliards are single ropes, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered at pleasure.



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Tally is the operation of hauling aft the *sheets*, or drawing them in the direction of the ship's stern.

Towing is the operation of drawing a vessel forward by means of long lines, &c.

Timoneer, from the French *timonnier*, is a name given, on particular occasions, to the steersman of a ship.

Bars are large masses of sand or earth, formed by the surge of the sea; they are mostly found at the entrances of great rivers or havens, and often render navigation extremely dangerous.

The Ox-Eye, so called by seamen, is a remarkable appearance in the heavens, resembling a small lurid speck, and always precedes two particular storms, known only between the tropics.

Azimuth-Compass is an instrument employed for ascertaining the sun's magnetical azimuth.

Studding-Sails are long and narrow, and are used only in fine weather, on the outside of the large square sails.

Stay-Sails have three corners, and are hoisted up on the stays when the wind crosses the ship.

Broaching-to is a sudden movement in navigation, when the ship, while scudding before the wind, accidentally turns her side to windward.

Wales are a number of strong and thick planks, covering the lower part of the ship's side.

Scud is a name given by sailors to the lowest clouds; which are mostly observed in squally weather.

The Sheets are ropes used for extending the clues, or lowering the corners of the sails.

Brails are ropes used to truss up a sail to a mast or yard.

Reef-Bands are long pieces of rough canvass sewed across the sails to give them additional strength.

Scudding is a term applied to a vessel when carried furiously along by a tempest.

Leeward implies when the ship lies on that side to which the wind is directed.

Windbound means when the ship is detained in one particular station by contrary winds.

Windward is when the ship is in the direction of the wind.

* * * * *

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Since my last communication to you on the subject of the works, so commonly spoken of as by the “Great Unknown”—“the Wizard of the North,” and other equally *novel cognomina*, the veil has been withdrawn; we now have the open avowal, both from his own lips, and under his own hand, of the authorship from the individual himself, who has so long, and, as it now appears, so justly, enjoyed the reputation of having written them.

To judge from what he says in the second volume of “the Chronicles of the Canongate,” just published—I mean in the character of Mr. Croftangry,—it is clear that he is conscious of such slips and carelessness as I have before pointed out. I am therefore at a loss to understand why he should allow them to remain like spots that deface the general beauty of his productions, as by submitting them for perusal to the merest Tyro in grammar or composition before they were sent to press, they could not fail of being obliterated.

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It is surely no very good policy for an artist, jealous of his reputation, knowingly to leave his works unfinished. Without, however, detaining you, or your readers, by such obvious remarks, I shall resume my task, hoping that you will be able to find room for the following in your useful and entertaining miscellany.

In the first volume, p. 168, of the present work, we read: "She was once the beautiful and happy wife of Hamish Mac Tavish, *for whom his* strength and feats of prowess gained *him* the title of Mac Tavish Mhor." This kind of style would scarcely be allowed to pass in Leadenhall-street. What is meant by *for whom*, with *his* immediately following, and then *him* a little after? Does not the author intend to say, that the strength, &c. of Mac Tavish gained him the title of Mac Tavish Mhor? If so, (and there can be no doubt of it from the context,) then he should have written the sentence thus: "*whose* strength and feats of prowess had gained him the title of Mac Tavish Mhor."

"He gained the road, mounted his pony, and rode upon his way," p. 183 of the same volume, is, in the latter part of it, another curious phrase. "He mounted his pony," says the author. May we not suppose he rode *upon it* too? But he adds "*rode upon his way*."

Again: "His reputed grandfather with his pockets stuffed out with Bank notes, would come to atone for his past cruelty, by *heaping his neglected grandchild* with unexpected wealth," vol. 2., p. 87. *We heap up* wealth, but not *persons with* it, for that would hardly be kind. To *load one with* wealth is a common expression.

"Is it possible that *the bold adventurer can fix his thoughts on you*, and still be dejected *at the thoughts* that a bonny blue-eyed lass looked favourably on a less-lucky fellow than himself?" vol. 2, p. 136. Such is the question put by Middlemas to his friend Hartley, when speaking together on the subject of the interesting Menic Grey, and his projected Indian trip. But how could he ask if the *bold adventurer fixed his thoughts on him*, when it was the person addressed who entertained the idea of becoming one? and how, if the *bold adventurer was dejected?* when he had already distinguished him, taking the words in their proper application, as another individual in a general sense. It is altogether a singular specimen of abstruse phraseology. Then "*fix his thoughts*" "dejected *at the thoughts*." Fie upon it!

"Hartley fell a victim to his professional courage, in *withstanding* the progress of a contagious distemper, which he at length caught, and under which he sank," vol. 2, p. 367. If he withstood the progress of the disease, how could he fall a victim to it? The author should have said, "in his *endeavours to withstand*" or "*arrest* the progress of it."

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"So stood the feelings of the young man, when, one day after dinner, the doctor snuffing the candle, and taking from his pouch the great leathern pocketbook in which he deposited particular papers, with a small supply of the most necessary and active medicines, *he* took from it Mr. Moncada's letters, and requested Richard Middlemas's serious attention," vol. 2, p. 88 and 89. Who is *he*? *the doctor*? Is he not mentioned before? And there he is left to stand without his natural support, for *he* has *taken* it *from* him. Does not the writer of this sentence recollect "My banks *they* are furnished with bees." I could add another *take from* to the page by way of note.

The following I leave without comment.

"Judg_e_ment," vol. 1, p. 2; vol. 6, p. 6. and judgment, vol. 1, p. 85, a heraldic shield, vol. 1, p. 68; desir_e_able, vol. 2, p. 39.

As much iron as would have *builded* a brig, vol. 1, page 68. A good tune is *grinded*, vol. 1, p. 143. Butler and Mercer had both *spoke* to their disparagement, vol. 2, p. 289.

Worthy Mr. Piper, best of contractors *who* ever furnished four frampal jades, vol. 1, p. 45.

With the next morning I *will* still see the double summit of the ancient Dan, vol. 1, p. 229.

And then I *will* find it easier to have you prosecuted, vol. 2, p. 169.

We *will* be happy, if it is in our power, to repay a part of our obligations, vol. 2, p. 222.

Thou art the fiend who *hast* occasioned my wretchedness in this world, and who *will* share my eternal misery in the next, vol. 2, p. 229.

He found himself under the alternative of being with him on decent and distant terms, or of breaking off with him altogether. The first of these courses might perhaps have been the *wisest*, but the other was the *most* congenial to the blunt and plain character of Hartley, vol. 2, p. 256.

He inquired *at* their superior for Barak el Hadgi, vol. 2, p. 263.

And inquiring *at* those whom he considered the best newsmongers, vol. 2, p. 276.

He faltered out inquiries *at* his niece, vol. 1, p. 20.

Your father asked none save *at* his courage and his sword, vol. 1, p. 260.

The concluding (*of*) a literary undertaking, vol. 2, p. 1.

I would as soon dress a corpse, when the great fiend himself—God sain us—stood visibly before us, *than* when Elspat of the Free is amongst us, vol. 1, p. 250. November 7, 1827. Oculus.[2]

[2] We are compelled to defer our Correspondent's Notes on his second reading of Ivanhoe—Ed.

* * * * *

LETTER

Written in the Condemned Cells, Newgate, by Captain Lee, the night previous to his execution, being convicted of forging a bill of exchange for 15l. on the Ordnance Office.

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Newgate, March 3, 1784.

My Dear Sir,—Before this reaches you, the head that dictates and the hand that traces these lines shall be no more. Earthly cares shall all be swallowed up, and the death of an unthinking man shall have atoned for the trespass he has committed against the laws of his country. But ere the curtain be for ever dropped, or remembrance leave this tortured breast, let me take this last and solemn leave of one with whom I have passed so many social and instructive hours, whose conversation I fondly cultivated, and whose friendship for me I hope will remain, even after the clay-cold hand of death has closed my eyes in everlasting darkness.

I cannot think you will view this letter with stoic coolness, or with listless indifference. Absorbed as the generality of men are in the pursuits of pleasure or the avocations of business, there are times when the mind looks inward upon itself, when a review of past follies induces us to future amendment, and when a consciousness of having acted wrong leads us to resolutions of doing right. In one of those fortunate moments may you receive these last admonitions! Shun but the rock on which I have struck, and you will be sure to avoid the shipwreck I have suffered. Initiated in the army at an early period of life, I soon anticipated not only the follies, but even the vices of my companions. Before, however, I could share with undisturbed repose in the wickedness of others, it was necessary to remove from myself what the infidel terms the prejudices of a Christian education. In this I unfortunately succeeded; and conceiving from my tenderest years a taste for reading, my sentiments were confirmed, not by the flimsy effusions of empty libertines, but by the specious sophistry of modern philosophers. It must be owned that at first I was rather pleased with the elegance of their language than the force of their reasoning; as, however, we are apt to believe what we eagerly wish to be true, in a short time I soon became a professed deist. My favourite author was the late celebrated David Hume. I constantly urged his exemplary behaviour in private as a strong argument in favour of his doctrines, forgetting that his literary life was uniformly employed in diffusing his pernicious tenets, and his utmost endeavours were constantly exerted in extending the baneful influence of his philosophical principles. Happy for me had I always been actuated by the considerations which fill my bosom at this moment, and which I hope will animate me in that awful part to-morrow's sun shall see me perform. But the die is cast, and I leave to the world this mournful memento, "that however much a man may be favoured by personal qualifications, or distinguished by mental endowments, genius will be useless, and abilities avail but little, unless accompanied by a sense of religion, and attended by the practice of virtue; destitute of these, he will only be mounted on the wings of folly, that he may fall with greater force into the dark abyss of endless despair."

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On my returning to a belief of the truths of Christianity, I have been very much assisted by the pious exhortations of the ordinary, as well as by the book he has put into my hands; and I feel a comfort which I am unable to express by this his charitable and benevolent attention to me. I believe there is no passion more prevalent in the human breast than the wish that our memory should be held in remembrance. I shudder at the thought lest my name should be branded with infamy, when I lie mouldering in the dust, as I know well that the tongue of malice is ever loud against the failings of the unfortunate. When, however, my character is insulted, and my poor reputation attacked, extenuate, I beseech you, the enormity of my crime, by relating the hardships of my sufferings. Tell to the giddy and affluent, that, strangers to the severity of want, they know not the pain of withstanding the almost irresistible calls of nature. The poor will, I trust, commiserate my misfortunes, and shed a sympathetic tear at the mournful tale of my miserable fate. I can say no more. Heaven have mercy on us all!

Adieu for ever. J. LEE.

* * * * *

PARTING FOR THE POLE.

He.—Now weep not Poll because I go,
There's no need, I declare,
For when among the Esquimaux,
I've too much blubber there.

Women mis-doubt a sailor's word,
We don't deserve the wipe;
For when they pipe us all aboard,
Aboard we all do pipe.

We've rocks, when all our tears are past,
The sailor's heart to shock,

She.—Why yes, Jack—when you're on the mast,
You're sure to have a rock.

He.—You'll find some fellow on dry ground,
You will prefer to me,
To him I see you will be bound,
While I'm bound to the sea.

But if I sail the world around,
I'll be a faithful rover,



She.—Poh! you'll forget me I'll be bound
When you are half seas over.

He.—And when alas, your Jack is gone,
You'll think of naught but jiggling,
And you will sport your rigging on,
While Jack is on the rigging.

Where winter's ice around us grows,
And storms upon us roll,

She.—Ah, that's the time I do suppose
They look out for the pole.

He.—But if I should be sunk d'ye see,

She.—Bring up a coral wreath,

He.—Why if I were beneath the sea,
I could not see beneath.

She.—Yet if you should be cast away,
Without a cloak, or victual,
Remember me, a little, pray,
You'd better pray a little.

But tho' you wish us now to splice,
Our hands—your love won't hold,
For when you get among the ice,
I'm sure you will grow cold.



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I have your money—here's a kiss,
I will be true to you,
But one word more, "adieu" it is,
Cries Jack, it is a do. MAY.

* * * * *

BARDS, OR POETS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

(For the Mirror.)

Hail! to the Bards, who sweetly sung
The praises of dead peers
In lofty strains, thus to prolong
Their fame for many years. LUCAN.

This sect appears to have descended from *Bardus*, son of *Druis*, king of Britain; he was much esteemed by the people for inventing songs and music, in praise of meritorious actions; and established an order, in which such of the people were admitted as excelled in his art, distinguishing them by the name of *bards*, after his own name. Julius Caesar reports, that on his arrival he found some of them. Their business was to record the noble exploits of their warriors in songs and ditties, which they sung to their instruments at the solemn feasts of their chiefs; and in such high estimation were they held, that, when two armies were ready to engage, if a bard stepped in between them, both sides delayed the attack till he was out of danger.

As these bards were neither repugnant to the Roman authority nor the Christian religion, they alone, above all other sects, were suffered to continue long after the birth of Christ; and it is said that some of them are still to be found in the isle of Bardsey, (so named from them). *Wisbech*. T.C.

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THE SCOTTISH PEASANT'S LAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AHAB.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh! had I my home by the side of the glen,
In a spot far remote from the dwellings of men,
Wi' my ain bonnie Jeannie to sit by my side,
I'd nae envy auld Reekie her splendor and pride.
The song of the mavis should wake me at morn,



And the grey breasted lintie reply from the thorn;
While the clear brook should run in the sun's yellow beam,
And my days glide as calmly along as its stream.

But here, in the city's dull streets, I must live,
Nae Jeannie her arms for my pillow to give;
Nae mavis, nae lintie, to sing from the tree,
Nae streamlet to murmur its music to me.
O better, by far, had I never been born,
Or my head laid in rest in the glen 'neath the thorn;
Since the songs of my birds I no longer can hear,
Nor in slumber recline by the side of my dear.

Now, all that makes life still endured, is the dream,
That comes o'er my soul, of the bird and the stream;
And the love of my Jean—when that vision shall close,
In the silence of death let my ashes repose.
Yet then, even then, my sad spirit will be,
By the side of the brook, 'neath the shade of the tree;
In the arms of my Jeannie, for ne'er can it stay,
From those who in life had endeared it away.

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Nov. 25. 1827. S.P.J.

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ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye at once, to *all the nine*!

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MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

No. XVI.

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FISHING IN THE RIVER YEOU.

[Illustration: Fisherman]

The fishery of the Yeou, in Bornou, is a very considerable source of commerce to the inhabitants of its banks; and the manner of fishing (as represented in the above engraving) is ingenious though simple. The Bornouese make very good nets of a twine spun from a perennial plant called *kalimboa*: the implements for fishing are two large gourds nicely balanced, and fixed on a large stem of bamboo, at the extreme ends; the fisherman launches this on the river, and places himself astride between the two gourds, and thus he floats with the stream, and throws his net. He has also floats of cane, and weights, of small leathern bags of sand: he beats up against the stream, paddling with his hands and feet, previous to his drawing the net, which, as it rises from the water, he lays before him as he sits; and with a sort of mace, which he carries for the purpose, the fish are stunned by a single blow. His drag, finished, the fish are taken out, and thrown into the gourds, which are open at the top, to receive the produce of his labour. These wells being filled, he steers for the shore, unloads, and again returns to the sport.—*Denhani's Travels in Africa*.

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ARABIAN HORSES.

Sir John Malcolm, in his *Sketches of Persia*, gives the following interesting anecdotes of these noble creatures:—

Hyder, the elchee's master of the chase, was the person who imparted knowledge to me on all subjects relating to Arabian horses. He would descant by the hour on the qualities of a colt that was yet untried, but which, he concluded, must possess all the perfections of its sire and dam, with whose histories, and that of their progenitors, he was well acquainted. Hyder had shares in five or six famous brood mares; and he told me a mare was sometimes divided amongst ten or twelve Arabs, which accounted for the groups of half-naked fellows whom I saw watching, with anxiety, the progress made by their managing partner in a bargain for one of the produce. They often displayed, on these occasions, no small violence of temper; and I have more than once observed a party leading off their ragged colt in a perfect fury, at the blood of Daghee or Shumehtee, or some renowned sire or grandsire, being depreciated by an inadequate offer, from an ignorant Indian or European.

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The Arabs place still more value on their mares than on their horses; but even the latter are sometimes esteemed beyond all price. When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay horse of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, till he attracted his notice. On being asked if he would sell him—"What will you give me?" said he. "It depends upon his age; I suppose he is past five?" "Guess again," was the reply. "Four." "Look at his mouth," said the Arab, with a smile. On examination he was found rising three; this, from his size and perfect symmetry, greatly enhanced his value. The envoy said, "I will give you fifty tomans[3]." "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, apparently entertained. "Eighty!—a hundred!" He shook his head, and smiled. The offer came at last to two hundred tomans! "Well," said the Arab, seemingly quite satisfied, "you need not tempt me any farther—it is of no use; you are a fine elchee; you have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told you have loads of silver and gold: now," added he, "you want my colt, but you shall not have him for all you have got." So saying, he rode off to the desert, whence he had come, and where he, no doubt, amused his brethren with an account of what had passed between him and the European envoy.

[3] A toman is a nominal coin nearly the value of a pound sterling.

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PARIS.

Paris is, as it were, abandoned to foreign travellers in September and October. It is not till the first symptoms of cold are felt somewhat severely, that life in the capital is resumed in all its tumult. The Paris season is the reverse of that of London. It commences at the end of November, and closes at the beginning of May. The period of your hunting is that of our drawing-room parties. Previous to November, Paris may be compared to a vast lazaretto, where the valetudinarians of every country take refuge.—*Monthly Magazine*

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MUSICIAN OF MANDARA.

[Illustration: Musician blowing a long pipe]

The above engraving represents one of the musicians of the Sultan of Mandara; blowing a long pipe not unlike a clarionet, ornamented with shells. These artists, with two immense trumpets from twelve to fourteen feet long, borne by men on horseback, made of pieces of hollow wood with a brass mouth-piece, usually precede the sovereign

on any important visit. The costume and attitude of the musician are highly characteristic of savage mirth.

The chiefs in this part of Africa are also attended by a *band* carrying drums, and singing extempore songs, a translation of one of which is subjoined from "Denham's Travels," whence the engraving is copied.

Christian man he come,
Friend of us and Sheikhobe;
White man, when he hear my song,
Fine new tobe give me.



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Christian man all white,
And dollars white have he;
Kanourie, like him, come,
Black man's friend to be.

From Felatah, how he run;
Barca Gana shake his spear:
White man carry two-mouthed gun;
That's what make Felatah fear.

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HUNTING IN PERSIA.

In Persia, persons of the highest rank lead their own greyhounds in a long silken leash, which passes through the collar, and is ready to slip the moment the huntsman chooses. The well-trained dog goes alongside the horse, and keeps clear of him when at full speed, and in all kinds of country. When a herd of antelopes is seen, a consultation is held, and the most experienced determine the point towards which they are to be driven. The field (as an English sportsman would term it) then disperse, and while some drive the herd in the desired direction, those with the dogs take their post on the same line, at the distance of about a mile from each other; one of the worst dogs is then slipped at the herd, and from the moment he singles out an antelope the whole body are in motion. The object of the horsemen who have greyhounds is to intercept its course, and to slip fresh dogs, in succession, at the fatigued animal. In rare instances the second dog kills. It is generally the third or fourth; and even these, when the deer is strong, and the ground favourable, often fail. This sport, which is very exhilarating, was the delight of the late King of Persia, Aga Mahomed Khan, whose taste is inherited by the present sovereign.—*Sketches of Persia*.

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PIOUS WATCHMEN IN NORWAY.

In Drontheim, the ancient capital of Norway, it appears, that the guardians of the night not only *watch*, but *pray* for the souls of the inhabitants. Mr. Brooke, in his recent travels, says, "as each hour elapses, they are prepared with a different kind of exhortation or prayer; which, forming a sort of tune or chant, is sung by them during the drear hours of the night." Of one of these pious songs, he gives the following literal translation:

“Ho! the Watchman, ho!
The clock has struck ten,
Praised be God, our Lord!
Now it is time to go to bed.
The housewife and her maid,
The master as well as his lad.
The wind is south-east.
Hallelujah! praised be God, our Lord!”

“The *voekter*, or watchman, is armed with an instrument as remarkable as his cry, being nothing less than a long pole, at the end of which is a ball, well fortified with iron spikes. This weapon is called *morgen stjerne*, or the morning star. At Drontheim, however, bands of pick-pockets and thieves are unknown, and the morning star does little more than grace the hand of the Norwegian watchman.”

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As the axe of reform is just laid to the watching system of London, we may profit by the example of our Northern brethren; for it appears, they not only watch over the temporal, but spiritual concerns of their citizens, and it should seem, with salutary effect: but the *vespers* and *matins*, of a watchman in England, would meet with many unholy interruptions.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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LONDON CLUB-HOUSES.

Club-houses are by no means a new invention; and yet the improvements upon the old plan, which was itself an improvement upon the former coffee-house, is sufficiently interesting, and sufficiently unknown to the people in general, to render some account of their advantages not superfluous. The modern club is a tavern and newsroom, where the members are both guests and landlord. The capital is derived from a sum paid by each member on entrance, and the general annual expenses, such as house-rent, servants, &c. are defrayed by an annual subscription. The society elects a committee for its execution and government, and meets at stated intervals for legislative measures. The committee appoint a steward to manage its affairs, and a secretary to keep the accounts, to take minutes of the proceedings of meetings, and transact the business of correspondence. The domestic servants are placed under the immediate direction of the steward; but above all in the choice of a cook, the discretion of the committee is most especially exerted. A house being thus established where the society is at home, the rooms are thrown open for their various accommodation. In the apartments destined for eating, members may breakfast, lunch, dine, and sup, as they list; a bill of fare of great variety is prepared; and the gourmand has nothing more to do than to study its contents, and write the names of the dishes he desires on a bill prepared for the purpose; to mention whether he orders dinner for himself alone, or in company with others; and at what time he chooses to dine, whether immediately, or at some subsequent hour. At the close of his dinner this bill or demand is presented to him with the prices annexed, and prompt payment is the law.

Wine is bottled in quarts, pints, and even half-pints, and may be had at some institutions even in glasses: it is not needless to observe, moreover, that there is no necessity either of fashion or regulation to drink it at all. At an inn, a bottle of wine must be ordered for the "good of the house," that the waiter may not despise you and be surly: that, in short, the guest may be tolerably accommodated in other matters; although, perhaps, the wine itself (wretched stuff generally at inns) is his abhorrence—though he

may never drink any thing but water, and may send the decanter away untouched—the tax must be paid. Besides this entertainment for the grosser

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senses, the more refined appetites are considered. In some clubs, the “Travellers” for instance, a library is provided; and at most of them, even the most unintellectual, a library of reference is supplied. Here all the periodicals of the day are laid upon the tables—both those of Great Britain and of the continent, together with the newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, and in some instances the political journals of Paris. This part of the house may be considered the general resort of the gossippers and quidnuncs; and here, or in other more commodious places, materials for writing, paper, pens, lights, &c. are found. Drawing-rooms, one or more, are next to be mentioned—here the members take their tea or their ease; and where cards are played, this is the scene of operation. A billiard-room is an agreeable addition to the accommodation of the society’s house, and several of the inferior apartments are always devoted to serve as dressing-rooms. It is clear, that a bachelor wants nothing beyond this but a bed; if he chooses to live in this sort of public privacy he may; and should he be only a sojourner in town, the convenience of a resort of this kind wherein he may make his appointments, receive and write his letters, see society, take his dinner, spend his evening, if not otherwise engaged, over the books, the newspapers, or a rubber of whist, and do all but sleep—a bed in the neighbourhood may supply the article of repose.—Thus all physical wants, and many social ones, are abundantly, and even luxuriously supplied.—*London Magazine*.

[While upon “clubs,” we may as well advert to the prospectus of “*The Literary Club*,” which has reached us since our last. It professes to be “associated for the *assistance* of men of letters, the development of talent, and the furtherance of the interests of literature.” It not only aims at *charitable* provision for the weaknesses and infirmities of nature, but anticipates “harmony and friendship” among literary men, and “as little as possible on any system of exclusion.” This is as it should be; but we fear the workings and conflicts of passion and interest are still too strong to admit of such harmony among the sons of genius. Authorship is becoming, if not already become, too much of a trade or craft to admit of such a pacificatory scheme: but the object of the association is one of the highest importance to literature, and we heartily wish it success.—ED. MIRROR.]

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ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

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Why are the English so fond of clubs, corporate bodies, joint-stock companies, and large associations of all kinds?—Because they are the most unsociable set of people in the world; for being mostly at variance with each other, they are glad to get any one else to join and be on their side; having no spontaneous attraction, they are forced to fasten themselves into the machine of society; and each holds out in his individual shyness and reserve, till he is carried away by the crowd, and borne with a violent, but welcome, shock against some other mass of aggregate prejudice or self-interest. The English join together to get rid of their sharp points and sense of uncomfortable peculiarity. Hence their clubs, their mobs, their sects, their parties, their spirit of co-operation, and previous understanding in every thing. An English mob is a collection of violent and headstrong humours, acting with double force from each man's natural self-will, and the sense of opposition to others; and the same may be said of the nation at large. The French unite and separate more easily; and therefore do not collect into such formidable masses, and act with such unity and tenacity of purpose. It is the same with their ideas, which easily join together, and easily part company, but do not form large or striking masses; and hence the French are full of wit and fancy, but without imagination or principle. The French are governed by fashion, the English by cabal. *London Weekly Review*.

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PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND AT ROME.

The Cimiterio degli Inglesi, or the Protestant burial-ground, stretches calmly and beautifully below the Pyramid of Cestius. The site was admirably chosen,—nothing can be more poetically and religiously sepulchral than this most attractive spot. It is worth a thousand churches. No one can stand long there without feeling in full descent upon his spirit the very best influences of the grave. The rich, red, ruinous battlements of the city, broken only by the calm and solid unity of the Pyramid; the clustering foliage beginning to brown on the ancient towers of the entrance; the deep, still, blue sky; the fluttering leaves of the vines which floated around, as one by one they dropped from the branches; the freshness of the green mounds at my feet,—these and a thousand other features, fully felt at the time, but untranslatable to writing, conveyed precisely that philosophy of Death which the poet and sculptor have more than once attempted to breathe over their most enchanting works, and which here seems an emanation from every object which you feel or see. I would place in this spot their Genius of Repose, that beautiful statue which joins its hands indolently on its head, and casts its melancholy eyes for ever towards the earth; that statue, so beautiful that it has been often confounded with the Grecian Eros, or the Celestial

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Love, and is, in itself, the best type of the messenger who is one day to lead us gently from the heat and toils of this world, into the coolness and tranquillity of the next. Every thing here is in unison with these thoughts. At a few paces distant from the Pyramid, and adjoining the wall, the Cippi and funeral Soroi of the Strangers are to be seen. The bright verdure and the bright marbles, the classical purity of the monuments, the desert air, the austere solemnity of every thing about me, came with new force upon my imagination. I walked slowly amongst the tombs, and tried to decipher the inscriptions. The dead are of various nations,—English, American, but principally German. Sometimes a cluster of cypresses shadowed the tomb—sometimes a fair flowering shrub had twined around it. The epitaphs were written with elegance always; at times with the deepest tenderness and beauty. Each had his short history, each his melancholy interest and adventure. Here was the man of science and literature, who came to lay down his head, after a painful and varied pilgrimage, in this City of the Soul. A Humboldt was buried here; a Thorwaldsen yet may. Here reposes clay too finely tempered for the unkindnesses of mankind—Keats lies near;—a little farther is one who, on the point of quitting Rome to rejoin an affectionate family after a too long absence, full of the anticipations of the traveller and of youth, is thrown from his carriage at a mile's distance from the city, and never quits Rome more;—beside him is an only child, whom the sun of Italy could not save;—and next, one who perished suddenly, like Miss Bathurst, in the very bud and bloom of existence,—or another, who died away, day after day, in the embraces of her parents, and now rests in the midst of the beautiful in vain. The graceful lines of Petrarch are inscribed on the sarcophagus—they are full of feeling and the country, and make one pause and dream:—

“Non come fiamma, che per forza e spenta,
Ma che per se medesima si consuma,
Se n'ando in pace, l'anima contenta.”

No epitaph could be better. *New Monthly Magazine*.

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QUACKS

Have nearly the same interest as knaves in concealing their ignorance and frauds, and for the most part regard with the same fear and detestation the instrument which unmasks their pretensions. This must be understood with some qualification, because the exposure of ignorance and fraud is not always sufficient to open the eyes, and enlighten the understandings, of mankind. Some perverse dupes are not to be reasoned out of their infatuation; they had rather hug the impostor, than confess the



cheat; and quacks, speculating upon this infirmity of human nature, will sometimes court even an infamous notoriety.—*Lancet*.

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ANECDOTES OF THE MARVELLOUS.

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Charming away the Hooping Cough.

An English lady, the wife of an officer, accompanied her husband to Dublin not very long ago, when his regiment was ordered to that station. She engaged an Irish girl as nurse-maid in her family; and, a short time after her arrival, was astonished by an urgent request from this damsel, to permit her to *charm* little miss from ever having the hooping-cough, (then prevailing in Dublin). The lady inquired how this *charming* business was performed; and not long after had, in walking through the streets, many times the pleasure of witnessing the process, which is simply this:—An ass is brought before the door of a house, into whose mouth a piece of bread is introduced; and the child being passed three times over and under the animal's body, the charm is completed; and of its efficacy in preventing the spread of a very distressing, and sometimes fatal disorder, the lower class of Irish are *certain*.

The Legend of Hell Mary Hill.

Not many miles from Sheffield, as I was told by one who resided near the place, there is a forest; and in an out-of-the-way part of it, a hill, tolerably high, covered with wood, and vulgarly called Hell Mary Hill, though probably this is a name corrupted from one more innocent or holy. Near the top of it is a cave, containing, it is *said*, a chest of money,—a great iron chest, so full, that when the sun shines bright upon it, the gold can be seen through the key-hole; but it has never yet been stolen, because, in the first place, a huge black cat (and wherever a black cat is there is mischief, you may be sure) guards the treasure, which bristles up, and, fixing a *gashful* gaze on the would-be marauder, with fiery eyes, seems ready to devour him if he approach within a dozen yards of the cave; and, secondly, whenever this creature is off guard, (and it has occasionally been seen in a neighbouring village,) and the treasure has been attempted to be withdrawn from its tomb, no mortal rope has been able to sustain its weight, each that has been tried invariably breaking when the coffer was at the very mouth of the cave; which, being endowed with the gift of locomotion, has immediately retrograded into its pristine situation! I have mentioned this tradition, as it was told to me, because it is so curiously coincident with the German superstition of treasure buried within the Hartz mountains, guarded, and ever disappointing the cupidity of those who would discover and possess themselves of it.

Fairy Loaves.

Being lately in Norfolk, I discovered that the rustics belonging to the part of it in which I was staying, particularly regarded a kind of fossil-stone, which much resembled a sea-egg petrified, and was found frequently in the flinty gravel of that county. They esteemed such stones sacred to the elfin train, and termed them fairy loaves, forbearing to touch them, lest misfortunes should come upon them for the sacrilege. An old woman told me, that as she was trudging home one night from her field-work, she took up one of these fossils, and was going to carry it home with her; but was soon obliged to



drop it, and take to her heels as quick as might be, from hearing a wrathful voice exclaim, though she saw nobody, "Give me my loaf! Give me back my loaf, I say!"—
New London Literary Gazette.

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FINE ARTS

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

Hogarth's admirable series of pictures, entitled *Marriage-a-la-mode*, were at first slightly treated by the public, at which the artist was greatly incensed. Being in want of money, he was at length obliged to dispose of them to Mr. Lane, of Hillington, for one hundred and twenty guineas. The pictures being in good frames, which cost Hogarth four guineas a piece, his remuneration for painting this valuable series was but a few shillings more than one hundred pounds. On the demise of Mr. Lane, they became the property of his nephew, Colonel Cawthorn, who very highly valued them. In the year 1797 they were sold by auction, at Christie's, Pall Mall, for the sum of one thousand guineas; the liberal purchaser being the late Mr. Angerstein. They now belong to government, and are the most attractive objects in the National Gallery.

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HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

The gardens and park, which are three miles in circumference, appear to me to be above all competition. As you enter, you are struck with the majestic beauty of the trees, and the fine gravel walks. As you advance, the fountains and statues demand your admiration; particularly the famous *Gladiator*, which was brought from Rome. While in the gardens, the statues of Flora, Ceres, Pomona, and Diana, placed on the west front of the building, are seen to much advantage.

The magnificent palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, and consists of three principal quadrangles. Here Cromwell resided, and it was the favourite residence of William and Mary. It is chiefly built of brick, and is very capacious, more so than any other royal palace in the British empire. Arriving at the great entrance, you almost seem as if you were about to enter a fairy castle. The floor of the hall is laid out in beautiful square slabs of marble, and a staircase of the same material leads you to the upper apartments, which contain pictures and numerous curiosities.

Among the fine paintings, I shall notice a few, which appear to me as being perfect master-pieces. But I must first take the liberty of saying a word or two about the *gentleman* who conducts you through the rooms to *explain* the several pictures. When I had the pleasure of being with him, his hair was powdered, and he carried a silver-headed cane. He hurried me through the rooms, filling my ears with such gibberish as

this:—"That ere picture, sir, up there, was painted, five hundred years ago, for William the Conqueror, by Wandyke." [4] This is no mean blunder in chronology!

[4] Sir Antony Vandyke, who died about the year 1640.

There is a fine portrait of *William the Third on horseback*, of the size of life, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the horse is painted in a side view, and has a good effect. There are eight fine female portraits of distinguished personages, by the same hand, in the highest state of preservation.

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Bandinella, the Sculptor, by Corregio, is a most beautiful portrait. The face of the sculptor is full of vivid expression, and the gold chain about his neck is almost a deception. This painting, and a *Holy Family*, are all we find of the great Corregio at Hampton Court.

Charles the First, on horseback, by Sir A. Vandyke, is certainly much superior to the portrait of William, mentioned above. As a painter, Sir Godfrey cannot be ranked with Vandyke, though, I believe, the former considered himself much higher in the arts than the latter. The picture before us is an admirable specimen of Vandyke's powers.

George the Third, likewise on horseback, reviewing his troops on Hounslow Heath, by Sir William Beechey, R.A. This picture is unquestionably one of Sir William's best productions, and does honour to the fine arts of this country. With the above portraits, there are others by West, &c., which possess considerable merit.

There are, also, several choice specimens of Titian, Holbein, and Domenichino; with a few cabinet pictures in the Dutch school, by Teniers, Ostade, &c. In this palace are Raphael's celebrated cartoons, which are too *well* known to need describing in this place. G.W.N.

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THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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A BALLAD SINGER.

A Ballad-Singer is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind-instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up, and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackerel, but was just soft enough for "Robin Adair." His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weather-cock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street. He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a



song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur, or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.—*Whims and Oddities. Second series.*

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VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

On leaving New Orleans, in ascending the river, the country, still the same continuous flat, is enriched and enlivened by a succession of pretty houses and plantations, with each a small negro town near them, as well as the sugar-houses, gardens, and summer-houses, which give the idea of wealth and industry. For sixty miles the banks present the appearance of one continued village skirted with plantations of cotton, sugar-cane, and rice, for about two miles from the river, bounded in the rear, by the uncultivated swamps and woods. The boat proceeds continually near the shore on one side or the other, and attracts the inhabitants to the front of their neat houses, placed amidst orange groves, and shaded with vines and beautiful evergreens. I was surprised to see the swarms of children of all colours that issued from these abodes. In infancy, the progeny of the slave, and that of his master, seem to know no distinction; they mix in their sports, and appear as fond of each other as the brothers and sisters of one family; but in activity, life, joy, and animal spirits, the little negro, unconscious of his future situation seems to me to enjoy more pleasure in this period of existence, than his pale companions. The sultry climate of Louisiana, perhaps, is more congenial to the African constitution, than to that of the European.

The next morning we arrived at Baton Rouge, 127 miles on our journey; a pretty little town, on the east side, and the first rising ground we had seen, being delightfully situated on a gradual acclivity, from which is a fine view of the surrounding flats. The fine barracks close to it, contain a few companies of troops. We here stopped to take in some ladies, who continued with us till the end of the voyage. To this place the levee, or artificial banks, are continued on both sides of the river from New Orleans, without which the land would be continually overflowed. From this to Natches (232 miles,) the country is not interesting, consisting principally of dense forest and wilderness, impenetrable to the eye, diversified, however, by the various water fowl which the passing vessels disturb, in their otherwise solitary haunts, and by the number of black and grey squirrels leaping from branch to branch in the trees. The great blue kingfisher, which is common here, is so tame, as scarcely to move, as the boat passes, and we frequently saw, and passed close to large alligators, which generally appeared to be asleep, stretched on the half-floating logs. Several were fired at from the vessel, but none procured. One pair that I saw together, must have been each upwards of twelve feet long.

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Natches is a pleasantly situated town, or rather a steep hill, about half a mile from the landing place, where are many stores and public houses. The boat remained here an hour, and we ascended to the upper town, a considerable place, with a town-house, and several good streets and well-furnished shops, in which we purchased some books. This place exports much cotton, and the planters are said to be rich. It commands a fine prospect over the river and surrounding country. It has been tried as a summer residence by some of the inhabitants of New Orleans, but the scourges of this part of America (fever and ague) extend their ravages for more than 1000 miles higher up. A partial elevation of ground, in an unhealthy district, has been proved to be more pernicious, than even the level itself. From hence, to the junction of the Ohio, there is little to interest the stranger, excepting the diversity of wood and water. The ground rises in some places, though with little variety, till you pass the junction of the Ohio, 1253 miles from the sea. Shortly after entering the Ohio, the country begins to improve; you perceive the ground beginning to rise in the distance, and the bank occasionally to rear into small hills, which show their strata of stone, and rise into bluffs, projecting into the bends of the river, shutting it in, so as to produce the effect of sailing on a succession of the finest lakes, through magnificent woods, which momentarily changed their form, from the rapid motion of our boat. It was now full moon, and these scenes viewed during the clear nights, were indescribably beautiful.— *Bullock's Journey to New York*.

* * * * *

IRISH TWINS.

The Miss Mac Taafs were both on the ground, and both standing enough in profile, to give Lord Arranmore a full and perfect view of their figure, without being seen by them. His first opinion was, that they were utterly unchanged; and that like the dried specimens of natural history, they had bidden defiance to time. Tall, stately, and erect, their weather-beaten countenance and strongly marked features were neither faded nor fallen in. The deep red hue of a frosty and vigorous senility still coloured their unwrinkled faces. Their hair, well powdered and pomatumed, was drawn up by the roots from their high foreheads, over their lofty "systems;" and their long, lank necks rose like towers above their projecting busts; which, with their straight, sticky, tight-laced waists, terminating in the artificial rotundity of a half-dress bell-hoop, gave them the proportions of an hour-glass. They wore grey camlet riding habits, with large black Birmingham buttons (to mark the slight mourning for their deceased brother-in-law): while petticoats, fastened as pins did or did not their office, shewed more of the quilted marseilles and stuff beneath, than the precision of the toilet required: both of which, from their

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contact with the water of the bog, merited the epithet of “Slappersallagh,” bestowed on their wearers by Terence O’Brien. Their habit-shirts, chitterlings, and cravats, though trimmed with Trawlee lace, seemed by their colour to evince that yellow starch, put out of fashion by the ruff of the murderous Mrs. Turner in England, was still to be had in Ireland. Their large, broad silver watches, pendant from their girdle by massy steel chains, showed that their owners took as little account of time as time had taken of them. “Worn for show, not use,” they were still without those hands, which it had been in the contemplation of the Miss Mac Taafs to have replaced by the first opportunity, for the last five years. High-crowned black-beaver hats, with two stiff, upright, black feathers, that seemed to bridle like their wearers, and a large buckle and band, completed the costume of these venerable specimens of human architecture: the *tout ensemble* recalling to the nephew the very figures and dresses which had struck him with admiration and awe when first brought in from the Isles of Arran by his foster mother, to pay his duty to his aunts, and ask their blessing, eighteen years before. The Miss Mac Taafs, in their sixty-first year, (for they were twins,) might have sunk with safety ten or twelve years of their age. Their minds and persons were composed of that fibre which constitutes nature’s veriest huckaback. Impressions fell lightly on both; and years and feelings alike left them unworn and uninjured.—*The O’Briens, and the O’Flahertys, by Lady Morgan.*

* * * * *

AUTUMN.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Me it delights, in mellow Autumn tide,
To mark the pleasaunce that mine eye surrounds:
The forest-trees like coloured posies pied:
The upland’s mealy grey, and russet grounds;
Seeking for joy, where joyaunce most abounds;
Not found, I ween, in courts and halls of pride,
Where folly feeds, or flattery’s sighs and sounds,
And with sick heart, but seemeth to be merry:
True pleasaunce is with humble food supplied;
Like shepherd swain, who plucks the brambleberry.
With savoury appetite, from hedge-row briars,
Then drops content on molehills’ sunny side;
Proving, thereby, low joys and small desires
Are easiest fed, and soonest satisfied.

The Amulet.

* * * * *

THE GATHERER.

“I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men’s stuff,”—*Wotton*.

* * * * *

HOLY WATER.

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A friend of mine (says Mr. Lambert, in his Travels,) was once present at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed, and the room darkened. The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closets for the bottle of holy water, which, by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every clap of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the storm abated, and the party were providentially saved from its effects; which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found, to the destruction of their white gowns and muslin handkerchiefs; their coats, waistcoats, and breeches, that instead of holy water, the pious lady had sprinkled them with *ink*. W.P.

* * * * *

QUID PRO QUO.

Louis XVIII. asked the Duke of Wellington familiarly, how old he was; the latter replied, "Sire, I was born in the year 1768." "And so was Buonaparte," rejoined the king; "Providence owed us this compensation." C.F.E.

* * * * *

NAUTICAL EPITAPHS.

In the west part of Fife, in the churchyard of the village of Torryburn, part of an epitaph remains, which deserves notice. A part was very absurdly erased by the owner of the burying ground, to make way for the names of some of his kindred. The whole epitaph formerly stood thus:

At anchor now, in Death's dark road,
Rides honest Captain Hill,
Who served his king, and feared his God,
With upright heart and will:
In social life, sincere and just,
To vice of no kind given;
So that his better part, we trust,
Hath made the Port of Heaven.

Another, in the parish of Duffus (Morayshire), runs thus:



Though Eolus' blasts and Neptune's waves have toss'd me to and
fro,
Yet now, at last, by Heaven's decree, I harbour here below;
Where at anchor I do lie, with others of our fleet,
Till the last trump do raise us up our Admiral Christ to meet.
CHARLES STUART.

* * * * *

ON A DRUNKEN COBBLER.

Enclosed within this narrow stall,
Lies one who was a friend to *awl*;
He saved bad *souls* from getting worse,
But d——n'd his own without remorse;
And tho' a drunken life he pass'd,
Yet say'd *his soul*, by *mending at the last!* E.L.I.

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* * * * *

WATER GRUEL.

In an old paper, dated Friday, 13th Aug. 1695, is the following curious advertisement:—

“At the marine coffee-house, in Birchin-lane, is water-gruel to be sold every morning from six till eleven of the clock. ’Tis not yet thoroughly known; but there comes such company as drinks usually four or five gallons in a morning.” G.S.

* * * * *

A clergyman being on the road to his country living, (to which he pays an annual visit,) was stopped by a friend, who asked him where he could be going so far from town,—“Like other people,” replied he, “to my parish.” C.F.E.

* * * * *

THE LETTER C.

Curious coincidences respecting the letter C, as connected with the lamented Princess Charlotte.

Her mother’s name was Caroline, her own name was Charlotte; that of her consort Coburg; she was married at Carlton house; her town residence was at Camelford house, the late owner of which Lord Camelford, was untimely killed in a duel; her country residence, Claremont, not long ago the property of Lord Clive, who ended his days by suicide; she died in Childbed, the name of her accoucheur being Croft. C.F.E.

* * * * *

GIVING AND TAKING.

(From the French.)

“I never give a kiss (says Prue)
To naughty man, for I abhor it.”
She will not *give* a kiss, ’tis true;
She’ll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

* * * * *

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

This amiable man told me that his affecting song, "When my money was gone," &c. was suggested by the real story of a sailor, who came to beg money while Carey was breakfasting, with an open window, at the beautiful inn at Stoney Cross, in the New Forest.

He also declared that his father, Henry Carey, wrote the song of "God save the King," in the house in Hatton-Garden, which has a stone bracket, a few doors from the Police-office.

* * * * *

[In No. 282 of The MIRROR, we omitted our acknowledgment to a well-executed illustrative work (now in course of publication), intitled "London in the Nineteenth Century," of which our artist availed himself for his View of *Hanover Terrace*, Regent's Park. The drawing in the above work is by Mr. T.H. Shepherd; and the literary department (of which we did not avail ourselves) is by Mr. Elmes, author of "the Life of Sir Christopher Wren."]

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