

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

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

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## THE ADMIRALTY-OFFICE.

The *Admiralty Office, Whitehall*, has few pretensions to architectual beauty. It is, however, to use a common phrase, a *commanding* pile, and its association with Britain's best bulwarks—her *Navy*—renders it an interesting subject for representation.

The Admiralty-office adjoins to the north side of the Horse Guards, and was erected by Ripley, in the reign of George II., on the site of Wallingford House. It recedes from, but communicates with, the street by advancing wings, and is built principally of brick. In the centre of the main building is a lofty portico, of the Ionic order, the taste of which is not entitled to much praise. It consists of four columns, and on the entablature is an anchor in bold relief. Here are the offices, and the spacious abodes of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, together with a handsome hall, &c. On the roof of the building is a Semaphore telegraph, which communicates orders by signal to the principal ports of the empire.

But the most tasteful portion of the whole, is a stone screen, by Adams, in front of an open court, and facing the street. The style is exceedingly chaste and pleasing, and the decorations are characteristic naval emblems, finely executed. The representation of two ancient vessels in the end entablatures, merit especial notice.

Since the appointment of the Duke of Clarence to the office of lord high admiral, the Admiralty has been the town residence of his royal highness. The exterior has been repaired, and the interior in part refitted. The screen has likewise been renovated with much care, and two of the entrances considerably enlarged, but with more regard to convenience than good taste. The portion occupied by the royal duke contains a splendid suite of state rooms, within whose walls have frequently been assembled all the bravery, as well as rank, of the empire; for the interests of the noble service are too dear to his royal highness to be eclipsed by the false lights of wealth or fashion.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HUITAIN DE CLEMENT MAROT.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Plus ne suis ce que j'ay este  
Et ne le scaurois jamais estre,  
Mon beau printemps et mon este  
Ont fait le saut par la fenestre.  
Amour! tu as este mon maistre  
Je t'ai servi sur tous les Dieux,



O si je pouvois deux fois naistre,  
Comment je te se virois mieux!

*Imitation.*

I am no more, what I have been  
And ne'er again shall be so.  
My summer bright, my spring time green,  
Have flown out of the window.  
Oh love, my master thou hast been,  
I, first of gods, instal thee,  
Oh! could I e'en be born again,  
Thou doubly would'st enthrall me.

D.M.

\* \* \* \* \*



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### TEMPLE AT ABURY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

There is an inconsistency in the account of Abury in No. 341, perhaps overlooked by yourself.

I would ask, how could that arrangement of the fabric, so fancifully and ingeniously described by Stukely, be intended to represent the Trinity, when the place was confessedly in existence long anterior to Christianity? nor is there any thing in the old Druidical or Bardic tenets that can be twisted to any such idea.

This *Abury*, with *Silbury*, is supposed to be the *Cludair Cyfrangon*, or *Heaped Mound of Congregations*, mentioned in the *Triads*, the building of which is recorded as "one of the three mighty achievements of the Isle of Britain;" and here were held the general assemblies of the Britons on religious occasions, and not at Stonehenge, as is generally supposed. This last place is decidedly more modern than the pile at *Abury*; the Welsh call it *Gwaith Emrys*, (*the work of Emrys*,) and it ranks as another of the mighty achievements of the Isle of Britain, the third being "the raising of the Stone of Keti," supposed to be the "*Maen Ceti*" at Gwyr, in Glamorganshire.

The presumption that *Stonehenge* is more modern than *Abury* is founded upon the fact that *Stonehenge* exhibits marks of the chisel in different parts, while the former does not. The ancient British documents give us the founder of the latter, namely, *Emrys*, or *Ambrosius*, while we are left in ignorance as to who raised the pile of *Cyfrangon*.

Nor was *Stonehenge* ever of such magnitude as *Abury*, the diameter of the former being 99 feet, whilst the latter was 1,400; the largest stones of the former weigh 30 tons, but the latter weigh 100 tons!

*Gwaith Emrys* was possibly more for political than religious assemblies. Here was held the meeting of the Britons and Saxons, when the *Plot of the Long Knives* (*Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion*) was consummated, and the flower of the British chiefs treacherously destroyed by their pretended friends.

Different authors have strenuously contended for giving the honour of supremacy to either of these places over both Britain and Gaul, in the days of Druidism; but Rowlands has industriously placed its chief seat in Anglesey.

LEATHART.

\* \* \* \* \*



## TRANSLATED EPITAPH.

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

Quod fuit esse quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse,  
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non, erit esse.

As a translation of this curious epitaph (in Lavenham churchyard) which is formed out of two Latin words, has been requested from some of your readers, I send the following:

---

What John Giles has been  
Is what he is, (*a bachelor.*)  
What he has not been,  
Is what he is, (*a corpse.*)  
To be what he is  
Is not to be, (*a living creature.*)  
He will have to be  
What he is not. (*dust.*)



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JOSEPH MASON.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Another.*

What we have been and what we are,  
The present and the time that's past,  
We cannot properly compare  
With what we are to be at last.

Tho' we ourselves have fancied forms,  
And beings that have never been,  
We unto something shall be turned—  
Which we have not conceived or seen.

G.H.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

The ensuing letter, though very short, discloses one or two instances connected with a subject of unfading interest—the death of Mary Queen of Scots. It need hardly be stated, says an able writer on this subject, that Queen Elizabeth's conduct with respect to the execution of Mary was a mixture of unrelenting cruelty, despicable cowardice, and flagitious hypocrisy; that whilst it was the dearest wish of her heart to deprive her kinswoman of her existence, she attempted to remove the odium of the act from herself, by endeavouring to induce those to whose custody she was intrusted to assassinate their prisoner; that when she found she could not succeed, she commanded the warrant to be forwarded; and that when she knew it was too late to recall it, asserted that she never intended it should be carried into execution, threw herself into a paroxysm of affected rage and grief, upbraided her counsellors, and first imprisoned and then sacrificed the fortunes of her poor secretary, Davison, one of her most virtuous servants, as a victim to her own fame, and the resentment of the King of Scots. These damning facts in the character of Elizabeth are too well known to require to be dilated on; they have eclipsed the few noble actions of her life, and remain indelible spots on her reputation as a woman and a sovereign. But we learn from this letter the humiliating effects made by her ministers to appease her fury, and her implacable resolution to overwhelm the unfortunate Davison with the effect of her assumed, or perhaps real repentance. In his apology, that statesman informs us, that on the Friday after Mary's execution, namely, on the 10th of February, arriving at the court he learnt the manner in



which the queen had expressed herself relative to the event; but being advised to “*absent himself for a day or two,*” and being, moreover, extremely ill, he left the court, and returned to London. Woolley’s communication being dated on *Sunday*, (the manuscript is so excessively badly written as to be almost illegible,) shows that Elizabeth did not summon her council, and evince her displeasure at their conduct, until Saturday, the 13th of February, two days after she was informed of Mary’s fate. Davison had been attacked with a stroke of the palsy shortly before, and all he says of his committal is, that he was not sent to the Tower until Tuesday the 14th, on account of his illness; though some days previous (probably on Saturday the 10th) the queen assembled her council.

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This letter also exhibits a specimen of Leicester's characteristic meanness; for notwithstanding that he was a party to the act of forwarding the warrant for Mary's death, as his name occurs among those of the council who signed the letters to the Earl of Shrewsbury, the earl marshal, and to the Earl of Kent, both of which were dated on the 3rd of February, 1586-7, commanding them to cause it to be put into execution, he took care to withdraw from court before Elizabeth performed the roll, which has so justly excited the scorn of posterity. It may be also remarked, as another example of the official duplicity of the period, that Sir Francis Walsingham likewise affected not to have been concerned in the affair of dispatching the warrant, as in his letter to Lord Thulstone, the secretary to King James, dated at Greenwich, on the 4th of March, 1586-7, less than a month afterwards, he says, "*Being absent from court* when the late execution of the queen, your sovereign mother, happened," though we find that he signed both the letters just mentioned.

G.B.

*A Letter from John Woolley, clerk of the Council in the time of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester.*

To the Righte Honorable my singular good the Earle of Leycester, one of her Maties Most Honorable Privie Councill.

RYGHTE Honorable and my moste especiall goode Lorde,—It pleased her M'tye yesterday night to call the lord treasurer and other of her councell before her into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly, from our concealing from her our proceeding in the Queen of Scott's case; but her indignation particularlye lyghteth most upon my lord treasurer and Mr. Davison, who called us togeather, and delivered the commissione, for she protesteth she gave *expresse commandement* to the contrarye, and therefore hath taken order for the committing of Mr. Secretary Davison to the Tower, iff she contenew in the mynd she was yeterday night, albeit we all kneeled upon our knees to praye her to the contrarye.

I think your lordship happy to be absent from these broiles, and thought it my dewtye to lett you understand them; and so in haste I humblye take my leave.—At the Courte, this present Sunday,[1] 1586.

Your lordship's ever most bounden,

J. WOOLLEY.

P.S. I have oftentimes sent unto John, your old servante, Mr. Norld, to pray humbly your lordship's orders for the ordering of his case; he hath been long in prisone, and desireth your lordship's orders for the hearing of his case, which it may please your lordship to express unto me.—*Cottonian MSS. Caligula, c. ix. fol. 168, (Original.)*



[1] 12th February, 1586-7.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Topographer

**A VISIT TO STUDLEY PARK AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.**

*With a Notice of the Roman Military Road, leading from Aldborough (the Isurium of the Romans,) to the North.*



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“Yet still thy turrets drink the light  
Of summer evening’s softest ray;  
And ivy garlands, green and bright,  
Still mantle thy decay;  
And calm and beauteous, as of old,  
Thy wand’ring river glides in gold.”

A.A. WATTS.

Among the most attractive scenes of northern Yorkshire is Studley Park, renowned for the richness of its sylvan scenery, which embosoms the noble ruin of Fountains Abbey.

For the date of my visit to this *Arcadia*, I must refer the reader to that season of life when the pure source of thought and feeling is untainted by the world. It is eleven miles from my home to Studley Park, five of which I walked in the twilight of a summer’s evening, and slept at a little cottage by the way. The day had been sultry, and the moon rose slowly over the mounds of Maiden Bower, once the site of the noble mansion of the Percys, now destroyed and desolate;[2] and fell in dreary softness on tower and wood, illumining the sable firs of Newby Park, and throwing another lustre on the gaudy “gowans” that decked the adjacent meadow. Here was a scene for the poetic sympathy of youth:

“That time is past,  
And all its giddy rapture;  
Yet not for this faint I, nor mourn;  
Other gifts have followed; for such loss  
I would believe, abundant recompense.”

WORDSWORTH.

The morning found me, after an early breakfast, on the road to Studley Park. Now there are some “moods of my own mind” in which I detest all vehicles of conveyance, when on an excursive tour to admire the antique and picturesque.—Thus what numerous attractions are presented to us, sauntering along the woody lane on foot, which are lost or overlooked in the velocity of a drive! On the declivity of a meadow, inviting our reflection, rises a little Saxon church, grey with antiquity, and solemnized by its surrounding memorials of “Here lies.”—Across the heath, encircled with fences of uncouth stones, stands a stern record of feudal yore; at the next turn peeps the rectory, encircled with old firs, trained fruit trees, and affectionate ivy; beneath yon darkened thickets rolls the lazy Ure, expanding into laky broadness; and, beyond yon western woods, which embower the peaceful hamlet, are seen the “everlasting hills,” across which the enterprising Romans constructed their road. I next passed the boundaries of Newby Park, the property of Lord Grantham. Here beneath enormous beeches were clustering the timid deer, “in sunshine remote;” and the matin songs of birds were



sounding from the countless clumps which skirt this retreat. Within that solitude had I enjoyed the society of a brother, alas, now no more! and yet the landscape wore the same sunny smile as when I carved his name on the towering obelisk before him. I felt that sorrow so exquisitely described by *Burns*:

“How can ye bloom so fresh and fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I so weary, fu’ o’ care.”



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Leaving Rainton, a sudden rise brings you to the *Roman Military Road*, leading from Aldborough,[3] the Isurium of the Romans, to Inverness, in Scotland. This road was repaired by the Empress Heleanae, and hence the corruption, from her name, of Learning Lane, its present designation. It was laid by the Romans, with stones of immense size, which have frequently been dug up. The *Via Appia*, at Rome, which has lasted 1,800 years, resembles it in construction. Raised considerably above the level of the country which it crosses, it is an object of wonder and interest even to the illiterate, on account of the continuous perspective it presents; there being no *bend* in it for several miles. Traversing this noble monument of art, how are we led to think on the “strange mutations” which have overthrown kings and kingdoms in the period of its duration, whilst the road remains “like an eternity:”

### ON CROSSING THE ROMAN MILITARY ROAD, LEADING FROM ISURIUM TO THE NORTH.

O'er classic ground my humble feet did plod,  
My bosom beating with the glow of song;  
And high-born fancy walk'd with me along,  
Treading the earth Imperial Caesar trod.

A thousand rural objects on the way  
Had been my theme-but far-off years arose,  
When ancient Britain bow'd beneath her foes,  
Adding resplendence to great Caesar's day:

When sounds of Roman arms through valley rung,  
And rose that glorious morn upon our isle,  
No night can hide, or cloud conceal its smile,  
That dazzling morn, which out of darkness sprung.  
Enduring cenotaph of Roman fame—  
More than this record of their mighty name!

I reached the ancient town of Ripon as the bells were merrily ringing in the towers of its old collegiate minster, for it was the anniversary of its patron saint, St. Wilfred. After refreshment, and a walk of three miles, I arrived at *Studley Park*. The fairy effect produced on entering this beautiful retreat is almost indescribable. We suddenly exchange the field and forest scenery for all the poetry of prospect. On the right is a declivity clothed with laurel, and stretching far away; and on the left a lofty and well trimmed fence of laurel, forms a screen or curtain to the valley beneath; the sighing of distant woods and the dashing of waterfalls, break on the enraptured ear, and cause the anxious eye to long for some opening in the verdant shroud. Anon the valley is seen; and through an aperture in the laurel wall, cut in imitation of a window, breaks as sweet a scene as ever *Claude* immortalized! Unwilling to hazard a formal description, I will

merely attempt an outline. Far below, the silver waters of the *Skell* meander softly amongst statues of tritons, throwing up innumerable fountain streams. These are masterly executions after the ancient sculptors,

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and give the scene an air of Grecian classicality. Around these triumphs of art, rise lofty woods of graceful birch, varied by dark fir, and interspersed with erections of Roman and Gothic design. It is in the contemplation of these beauties that fancy recalls the mythology of rocky woods, peopled with Dryads and Fauns. Passing by a circuitous path to the other side of this Eden, by sloping walks shaded with ilex, ancient oak, sycamore, cypress, and bay, we have a view of the extent of the valley, terminating with the ruins of *Fountains Abbey*, and flanked by rocks, wildly overgrown with shrubs; and before us, seen more distinctly, are the statues of *Hercules* and *Antaeus*, and a *Dying Gladiator*—the Temple of Piety, in which are bronze busts of Titus Vespasian and Nero, and a fine bas-relief of the Grecian Daughter. In front of this temple the water assumes a variety of fantastical forms, ornamented at different points by statues of Neptune, Bacchus, Roman Wrestlers, Galatea, &c. The banqueting-house contains a Venus de Medicis, and a painting of the Governor of Surat, on horseback, in a Turkish habit; on the front of this building are spirited figures of Envy, Hatred, and Malice. From the octagon tower, Mackershaw Lodge and Wood are seen to great advantage; and from the Gothic temple, the dilapidated abbey is an object of striking solemnity; whilst an opening in the distance shows the venerable towers of Ripon Minster.

Wandering eastward, we arrive at the precincts of Fountains Abbey, which gradually presents its monastic turrets midway in a dell, skirted by hills crowned with trees, and varied by rocky slopes to the brook. This abbey was founded in consequence of the disgust which certain monks of the Benedictine order at St. Mary's, York, had imbibed against their *relaxed* discipline; when struck with the famed austerities of the monks of Rievaulx, they left their abode, and retired to this valley, under the shade of seven yew trees, six of which were (in 1818) standing. The abbey was destroyed in the reign of Stephen, and rebuilt in 1204.[4] The present ruin is celebrated for the sublimity of its architecture, many parts of which are as perfect as when first erected. The tower is 160 feet in height, and is a fine specimen of Gothic, in its best taste. It may with safety be asserted, that no church or abbey in England can boast of such an elegant elevation. The cloisters, 270 feet in length, and divided by 19 pillars and 20 arches, extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them; and near to the south end is a large circular stone basin. This almost subterranean solitude is dimly lighted by lancet windows, which are partially obscured by oaks, beeches, and firs; and the gloom is heightened by the brook beneath, which may be seen stretching its way through the broken arches. The only tomb in the church is that of a cross-legged knight, which lies near the grand tower, and represents one of the Mowbrays, who died at Ghent, in 1297. Near the altar is a stone coffin, in which, according to Dugdale, Lord Henry Percy was interred in 1315. Contiguous to the church is an extensive quadrangular court, which has been converted into a flower garden. On the east side is a line of beautiful arches, under one of which is the entrance to the chapter-house, a weed-grown solitude of deadly silence—

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“Where the full-voiced choir  
Lie, with their hallelujahs, quench’d like fire.”

In 1791, by the removal of some fragments of ruin in the chapter-house, the sepulchres of several of the abbots were discovered; but the inscriptions were obliterated. Over the chapter-house were the library and scriptorium. The architecture of Fountains Abbey is mixed; in some parts are seen the sharp-pointed windows, in others the circular arches. The great eastern window is indescribably magnificent, being 23 feet in width. There has been a central tower, which has long since fallen to decay. The sanctum sanctorum is 131 feet in length; over one of its eastern windows is the figure of an angel holding a scroll, dated 1283. The total length of the church is 358 feet. On the north side of the quadrangular court is the refectory, which was supported by large pillars, and adjoining it is the reading gallery, where portions of the Scriptures were delivered to the monks whilst at their meals; by the side of it are the kitchen and scullery, the former remarkable for its spacious arched fire place. Over the refectory was the dormitory, which contained 40 cells; and under the crumbling steps leading to it is the porter’s lodge. Near to the refectory are the remains of the abbot’s chambers.

But adieu to the waning glory of Fountains Abbey and the receding towers of Ripon Minster, while retracing my path of yesterday morning. I must linger awhile on the Roman way, where antiquity maintains her supremacy in spite of the war of time, and where the earth looks immutable. Now the groves of Newby Park re-appear with their “sylvan majesty,” creating unutterable sympathies; for the wind that bows the surrounding branches moves me to weep for that romantic spirit whose ashes moulder on the shores of India, where

“When the sun’s noon-glory crests the wave,  
He shines, without a shadow on his grave.”

\* \* H.

[2] Here Henry Percy, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by an infuriated mob, in the fourth year of Henry VII.; he having, as lord lieutenant of the county, levied a tax on the people by order of his sovereign, for carrying on the war in Bretagne. Skelton, poet-laureat to Henry VIII. lamented his death in some elegiac lines.

[3] Aldburgh, or Aldborough, so called by the Normans, was the Iseur of the Ancient Britons, and the Isurium of the Romans. Perhaps there is not another Roman city, not even excepting York, where so many antiquities have been discovered. The opening of ancient baths, burial vaults, &c. has led to the finding of tessellated pavements, coins, urns, rings,

lachrymatories, seals, monumental inscriptions, medals, statues, chains, sacrificing vessels, &c. It is to be lamented that modern ignorance and barbarity are fast obliterating



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all

traces of the Roman walls of Isurium; their foundations having been dug up for the mercenary purpose of obtaining their materials. We cannot sufficiently censure such irreverence to “hoar antiquity,” or the contracted and grovelling ideas which actuate such village Vandals.

[4] The following letter was addressed by Layton, one of the emissaries of the Dissolution, to Lord Cromwell, at the Reformation:—

“Please your worship to understand that the Abbot of Fountaynes hath so greatly dilapidated his house, wasted ye woods, notoriously keeping six -----; and six days before our coming, he committed theft and sacrilege, confessing the same; for at midnight he caused the chapleyne to stele the keys of the secton, and took out a jewel, a cross of gold with stones; one *Warren*, a goldsmith of the Chepe, was with him in his chamber at the hour, and there they stole out a great emerode with a rubye, the said *Warren* made the Abbot believe the rubye was a garnet, and so for that he paid nothing for the emerode, but L20. He sold him also plate, without weight or ounces.

“Subscribed, your poor Priest  
and faithful servant,  
R. LAYTON.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ANECDOTE GALLERY

\* \* \* \* \*

### PALEY.

Paley would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast-iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle-rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to



bite; or he would stand by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower-pots.

He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare, or a fish's head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations; the workshop of a mind ever on the alert; evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring



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of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital; here a dedication, there one of his children's exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soup. He would amuse his fire side by family anecdotes:—how one of his ancestors (and he was praised as a pattern of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper which had been accidentally mixed—*patiens pulveris*, he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale—

-----Haec est  
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique;

the life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Elgin to Constantinople, the very headquarters of despotism, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single fling at the Turk, or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cossacks would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

I will do your visitation for you (Mr. Carlyle was chancellor of the diocese,) in case of your absence, with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour.

Observanda—1. Compare every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: e.g., rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of buildings, streets, persons, &c. &c.; e.g., whether the Mufti be like Dr. ——, the Grand Seignior, Mr. ——.

2. Give us one day at Constantinople minutely from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.

3. Let us know what the common people have to dinner; get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle; for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely.

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4. The diversions of the common people; whether they seem to enjoy their amusements, and be happy, and sport, and laugh; farm-houses, or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; same of public-houses, roads.



5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how (i.e. well or ill done;) whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c.
6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe furniture, utensils, what you find actually doing.

All the stipulations I make with you for doing your visitation is, that you come over to Wearmouth soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classing, &c.



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7. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar, or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c, do it.
8. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the middle Greek. My compliments to Bonaparte, if you meet with him, which I think is very likely. Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c.
9. What they talk about; company.
10. Describe your impression upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there.

In all countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle,

Your affectionate friend,

W. PALEY.

*Quarterly Review.*

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## SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

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*The Tea Plant.*

The tea leaf is plucked from the plant by the manufacturers at *three* periods during the spring, which crops they call, in their technical phrase, the head, or first spring; the second spring; and the third spring. The quality of the tea varies according to the time of the plucking. The young and tender leaves of course make finer tea than tough and old ones.—*Asiatic Register.*

*Portsmouth Literary and Philosophical Society.*

We have been much interested with the report of this Society for 1827-8, and we are happy to record the prosperity of the establishment. Some of the lectures, especially those on Geology, or Mineralogy, are very attractive; and in the curator's report, we notice that the Museum, previously rich in fossil organic remains, has been enriched by numerous donations in this department, during the past session. The entire number of specimens in the Museum is upwards of 9,000.



We have not been at Portsmouth for these three years, and till we saw this report, were not aware that the State Chambers, lately on the Platform Battery, had been pulled down towards the close of last year. The building was of some interest. It was of stone, with walls of considerable thickness, and square vaults below, descending to a level with the parade, and used at different periods as dungeons. The part on which the vane stood, was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the other part was built in the time of Charles II., whose name, with the date, was on a marble slab above the doorway. Of late years the building had been modernized and used as a signal-house and subscription reading-room. If we are not mistaken, the edifice had often been much injured by the encroachments of the sea, and probably this led to its removal.

*Conversations on Geology.*

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We notice with much pleasure a handsome volume under the above popular title, which represents that delightful science in the very attractive form of a series of dialogues between a mother and her children. The Huttonian and Wernerian systems and the Mosaic Geology, are here familiarly explained, and illustrative phenomena and recent discoveries glanced at in the progress of the conversations. How much more profitable are such family recreations than sitting hours over spotted pieces of paper, counting the pips of dice, or simpering over fashionable novels and tales of scandal run mad. Bookish families are usually the happiest, at least if we rightly estimate the term. In an early number we shall endeavour to find some portion of these "Conversations" for our columns.

*"Arcana of Science for 1829."*

This work will appear early in January. It will be on the same plan as the volume of last year, and will contain at least *thirty engravings*, on copper and wood. The *mechanical* department is unusually copious, and there are some abstracts in the *chemical*, which are of high value.

*Rice.*

Trials have recently been made to grow the dry rice of China in Italy; and it is expected that in time an advantageous cultivation of it may be introduced in France.

*Turf.*

A correspondent of a French work on gardening thinks that green turf may be obtained in France by trenching the ground, freeing it from stones, covering the surface with two or three inches of rich compost, and then laying on the turf. The improved soil, he thinks, will retain moisture sufficient to keep the turf growing all the summer, and, consequently, green.

*Garden of the Hesperides.*

Lieutenant Beachey, in his *Travels in Cyrene*, recently published, has thrown some curious light on the ancient account of these celebrated gardens. It appears, that, like many other wonders, ancient and modern, when reduced to simple truth, they are little more than common occurrences. Baron Humboldt and Mr. Bullock have reduced the floating gardens of Mexico to mud banks, with ditches between; and lieutenant Beachey makes it appear, that the gardens of the Hesperides are nothing more than old stone quarries, the bottoms of which have been cultivated.

*Preparation of Cinnamon.*

The rough bark is first scraped off with knives, and then, with a peculiar instrument, the inner rind is stripped off in long slips; these are tied up in bundles, and put to dry in the



sun, and the wood is sold for fuel. The operation was thus explained to bishop Heber by the cinnamon peelers; but in the regular preparation, the outer bark is not scraped off; but the process of fermentation, which the strips undergo when tied up in large quantities, removes the coarse parts. The peelers are called Chaliers.

*Power of the Sun's Rays.*



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Mr. Mackintosh, contractor for the government works at Stonehouse Point, Devon, lately had to descend in the diving-bell with workmen to lay the foundation of a sea wall. The machine is fitted with convex glasses, in the upper part, to serve the purpose of windows; and Mr. Mackintosh states, that on several occasions, in clear weather, he has witnessed the sun's rays so concentrated by the circular windows, as to burn the labourers' clothes, when opposed to the focal point, and this when the machine was twenty-five feet under the surface of the water!—*From the MS. Journal of the Bristol Nursery Library.*

*The Cowslip and Polyanthus.*

By sowing the seed of the wild cowslip in the garden, a number of varieties will be produced, some of which have flowers of a beautiful bright red colour. May not this process be the first step towards the formation of our garden polyanthus? if that be not, as is generally supposed, a variety of the primrose, rather than of the cowslip.—*Gard. Mag.*

*French Method of making Coffee.*

The principal points are these:—The coffee,—*Turkey or Bourbon*,—should be roasted only till it is of a *cinnamon colour*, and closely covered up during the process of roasting. In France this is done in closed iron cylinders, turned over a fire by a handle, like a grindstone. The coffee should be coarsely ground soon after it is roasted, but not until quite cool: some think its *aroma* is better preserved by beating in a mortar, but this is tedious. The proportions for *making coffee* are usually *one pint of boiling water to two and a half ounces of coffee*. The coffee being put into the water, the coffee-pot should be covered up, and left for two hours surrounded with hot cinders, so as to keep up the temperature, without making the liquor boil. Occasionally stir it, and after two hours' infusion, remove it from the fire, and allow it a quarter of an hour to settle, and when perfectly clear, decant it. Isinglass, or hartshorn shavings, are sometimes used to clarify coffee; but by this addition you lose a great portion of its delicious aroma.

Coffee in England is generally *over-roasted*, and to this fault arise all the inconveniences which are so often attributed to coffee, but which, in reality, are produced by the imperfect modes of its preparation.—*From the Coffee-Drinker's Manual, translated from the French.*

*Ivy.*

Attached to the officers' barracks at Winchester, is a very fine specimen of ivy; its trunk has been severed off to a height of more than two feet from the ground, yet it has for years continued in healthy vegetation.—*Gard. Mag.*

*Parasite Sycamore.*



In Kinmel Park, Denbighshire, is an oak tree, which, twenty or thirty years ago, lost one of its largest branches by the wind, and a partial decay was the consequence; a key from a neighbouring sycamore fell into the fracture, which, vegetating, has formed for the old mutilated oak a new head. This parasite appears to have so completely seated itself, that, though the place of its first lodgment is twelve feet from the ground, it is thought that its roots will very soon penetrate to the earth, and at last destroy its venerable nurse.—*Ibid.*



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*Turpentine.*

Common turpentine is the produce of the Scotch pine. Trees with the thickest bark, and which are most exposed to the sun, generally yield the most turpentine. The first incision is made near the foot of the tree, and as the resin flows most abundantly in hot weather, the operations are begun about the end of May, and continued to September. The juice is received into holes dug in the ground, is afterwards taken out with iron ladles, poured into pails, and removed to a hollow trunk, capacious enough to hold three or four barrels. *Essential oil of turpentine* is obtained by distillation. *Common resin* is the residuum of the process for obtaining the essential oil. *Tar* is obtained from the roots and other parts of old trees. *Med. Botany.*

*Gum Arabic.*

The purest and finest gum arabic is brought in caravans to Cairo, by the Arabs of the country round Mounts Tor and Sinai, who bring it from this distance on the backs of camels, sown up in bags, and often adulterated with sand, &c. The gum exudes spontaneously from the bark and trunk of the branches of the tree, in a soft, nearly fluid state, and hardens by exposure to the air, or heat of the sun. It begins to flow in December, immediately after the rainy season, near the flowering time of the tree. Afterwards, as the weather becomes hotter, incisions are made through the bark, to assist the transudation of the juice.—*Ibid.*

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## SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A R\*T.

*Written by Himself.*

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

This is a pleasant piece of satire upon the *autobiographic* mania of the present day. The original article extends to twenty pages, and is throughout a masterly graphic sketch. We have marked a few extracts, which we shall endeavour to connect.

“A R—t! a R—t! clap to the door.”

POPE.



As I intend to write the following pages entirely for my own amusement, and as they will most probably never meet the eye of mortal man, who alone can decipher them, it is unnecessary for me to make any observations on the doctrine of metempsychosis, to which indeed my reader (if there shall ever be one) may perhaps not be inclined to give implicit belief. It is unnecessary for me, therefore, to begin by alluding to my former visit to this earth. I shall not even hint, whether if it ever took place, it was in antediluvian ages, or during the Babylonian, Grecian, or Roman glory; or in more modern times. Be assured, however, gentle reader, (if any there ever be,) that I have the faculty of observation—that I have seen many generations of men—that I have been in almost every corner of the habitable world, and that I am intimately acquainted with the



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history of mankind.—(Sir Walter Scott's Novels I have listened to with the greatest attention!)—I have eat opium in Constantinople—garlic in Italy—potatoes in Ireland. I have dabbled my whiskers in Guava jelly—have drunk rack at Delhi, and at New South Wales I have enjoyed the luxuries of Kangaroo soup and Opossum gravy. I have been at the Highland-moors with young Englishmen—at Melton with young Scotsmen, and at bathing-quarters with old dowagers and their daughters. I have travelled in all ways—by seas—by land—on foot—on horseback—in a carriage—in a ship—in a palanquin—in a muff; but the motion of the camel I never could bear, it so jolted my poor old bones, and discomposed my whole body. India never agreed well with me. The insects, not to mention the serpents, annoyed me. The heat made me quite bilious; and, indeed, I began to feel my liver affected. And however partial I naturally was to perfumes, I soon had a great dislike to the strong smell of musk, which I felt about myself, and which, as I observe every historian agrees, very soon begins to appear in all of my species who reside for any time in India. Musk should not of itself be disagreeable; but to have it constantly below one's nose, and to have every thing you touch smelling of it, you may easily conceive must be very annoying.

The Count de Buffon, whom we reckon one of our best historians, I see, says we are an omnivorous animal, and that we only seem to prefer hard substances to those which are tender or succulent. In this, however, he is mistaken; at least I can answer for myself. I know, for my part, I prefer mulligatawney and a tender young chicken, to an old pair of boots or a well-picked bone.

I have the misfortune, my reader, whoever you may be, to belong to a race to which you have an aversion; I may say a perfect horror. I am a wretched proscribed animal. A lady would faint at the sight of me; and if I should merely run across a room, a whole legion of boys and footmen would be after me; and if they should kill me, they themselves, and I am afraid every other person, would give them credit for doing a meritorious action. But, gentle reader, our character is worse than it should be. Although we never received any kindness from man, I am sure I can answer for myself, at least, I have not very often done him mischief for mischief's sake; and do remember that I did not choose my own form, and that perhaps I am now doomed to animate it from the contempt and cruelty, with which, in better days, I may have used the species. But I moralize, and this does not well suit my present condition. You may think it as ridiculous an idea as an oyster in love, which, I remember, used to tickle my fancy. I must only for one moment be allowed to observe, that man bestows far too much care and attention on that green-eyed monster, which I do detest—I mean the cat. If we were caressed and made much of like it, and half so carefully attended to, I am

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sure we would make a much better return, and be truly grateful and attached. My friend Buffon seems perfectly to understand their character, and I must be allowed to quote a sentence or two from him, which I know will be much more credited than any thing I could myself say. “They possess,” says he, “an innate malice, and perverse disposition, which increase as they grow up, and which education teaches them to conceal, but not to subdue. From determined robbers, the best education can only convert them into flattering thieves, for they have address, subtlety, and desire of plunder.” ... “They easily assume the habits of society, but never acquire its manners, for they have only the appearance of attachment and friendship.” And again he says, “the cat appears to have no feelings which are not interested—to have no affection which is not conditional— and to carry on no intercourse with man, but with the view of turning it to his own advantage. Even the tamest are under no subjection, for they act merely to please themselves.”

The dog is a very different animal. He is really attached to his master, and only lives to serve him. A dog is a perfect gentleman, and I love to fight with gentlemen.

The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, says,—“Beware of dogs!” c. iii. v. 2. Now, I cannot help always having thought, that he must have meant cats. It is very easy to suppose the Greek word “[Greek: kunas],” may have crept in instead of “[Greek: galas]” and this, indeed, is I believe, corroborated by the folio manuscript copy of the Bible, of 1223, in the British Museum.

Our race is generally said to have come from some of the islands in the Levant, or according to others, from Sweden; but I can ascertain with certainty, that my family came to France along with the Huns, and that my immediate ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. I consider my blood, therefore, as purely British as any of the inhabitants of the island. There is a tradition among us, that the descendants of the pair who cruised with old Noah, settled in the north of Asia, and that we were to be found no where else for about 500 years afterwards. As to this, however, I do not pretend to speak with certainty; but one thing I know, that wherever man is seen to inhabit, we are to be found—wherever he goes, we attend him. We sent out parties to make discoveries with Vasquez de Gama, Dampier, Anson, and Cook, and although we English gentlemen (who have no blood-relationship with the Norwegians) are known to have such a natural abhorrence at cold, the love of science prevailed, and a strong party were sent to the frozen seas with Ross, Lyon, and Parry. Pontoppidan sagely observes, that “neither the wood nor water R\*ts can live farther north than Norway; that there are several districts, as that of Hordenvor, in the diocese of Bergen, and others in the diocese of Aggerhum, where no R\*ts are to be found; and that the R\*ts on the south banks of the Vormen soon perish, when carried to the north side of it.” But we do not reckon Mr. Pontoppidan a historian implicitly to be believed, and indeed the Admiralty

took such care of us, that we might have remained for years at the Pole itself, without even having the toothache!



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We always accompany the first visiters of countries, and when they take possession for their king, we do so for ourselves; and without being put to much trouble in carrying out stores, we have always the best and the pick of every thing. Often have I laughed at the pains man took to preserve his property from man. Stone and iron are made to do their best-armed sentries walking night and day—when all the time I have, with the coolest composure, been daily wallowing in the best of every thing. Nature abhors a vacuum, and will not allow us to starve, especially in the midst of plenty; but I may safely say, that I never wantonly destroyed, and, if possible, have always preferred the rich man's store.

Before the flood, as the cave of Yorkshire no doubt proves, we were to be found in this island—but upon this subject I shall not enter at present. Probably what is now Britain, was not then an island—I leave this, however, to wiser heads!

In the beginning of the year ——, my parents accompanied the baggage of the —— Dragoon Guards to Scotland. They told me they came in the carts with the sergeants' wives, as being the most comfortable. I was born above one of the stables on the east side of the court of Piershill barracks, or as I used to hear the soldiers then call it, "Jock's Lodge," which is within a mile and a half of Edinburgh. My father was a kind, sensible gentleman, and was much esteemed by all his friends; and I sincerely forgive him for the great desire, and the many attempts he made to eat me up. It was a natural instinct, and poor fellow, he could not be blamed for it. If he had succeeded, it would have saved me many vexations and trials, but my poor mother thought otherwise; and I am sure she fought most valiantly with my father whenever he made any attempt of the kind.

[He might, perhaps, have lived and died in the barracks where he was born, had it not been for his miraculous escape from a *hunt* by the officers of the dragoons. A few nights afterwards a large band of R\*ts made an excursion of several miles, and in returning, remained for a day or two at Leith. "It being a sea-port, they met with some of their own species from all parts of the world, the language of most of whom they could not understand."—He travels in the pocket of a captain to Edinburgh. His adventures in this city are very amusing. He next sails for Holland.]

We set sail in a few days with a fair wind down the Frith, and soon left the Bass and the May behind us. I must confess, I was a little afraid, when, for the first time, I was out of sight of land. It is a dismal thought to have nothing but sea and sky around, and only a frail plank between us and the fathomless depths of ocean. This was my first voyage; but many a day and month and year have I spent on the water since that time.

I was a little squeamish or so for the first day, but nothing like some of our passengers. The great secret I have always found, is to eat plenty, and drink a little brandy; that is much better than all your quack receipts.

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We had a dog on board, but he was a lazy, mangy fellow, and gave us little trouble. The wind continued favourable, and on the sixth evening, the lights of Goeree and Helvoetsluis were visible. Some of the passengers left us at the latter town; but I merely went ashore and took a rapid look of the streets, and of the guard-ship, which was in the Dock in the centre of the town, and returned to the smack by the captain's boat. I saw rather a curious scene on board the man-of-war. Some of her men had been engaged in a row the previous night, and were sentenced to be flogged. After being stripped, they seemed to dip each man in the water before commencing the more disagreeable part of the operation. If I had not been in such a hurry, I should certainly have made bold to have carried a biscuit to a poor little midshipman, who was condemned to remain twelve hours at the mast-head for some nonsense or other, and who looked most miserably cold.

Mynheer is certainly a strange fat-bottomed animal after all. His pipe never seems to be out of his mouth, nor his hands out of his pockets. The pilots who came on board, with their very little hats, their immense wide, short breeches, and large wooden shoes, surprised me not a little. The Dutch get the credit of being very cleanly, but I cannot say much as to that, in their persons at least. The Bad Huis, or Bath Hotel, which is on the Boom Keys, the best street in Rotterdam, was recommended to me as the only one a gentleman could go to, and there accordingly I and four of the passengers took up our quarters.

Upon the whole, there did not appear much to be seen in the town. The inhabitants seemed more an eating and drinking sort of people than any thing else. Their ferries through the town are a very great nuisance, as one cannot always have a doot about them; and a surly, brown, Dutch rascal at one time had the impudence to stop me till I had to borrow from a friend. The statue of Erasmus is a shabby concern.

A party were intending, I found, to make a trip along the Rhine; so I thought I could not do better than join them. We went by the Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. With the last, I was much disappointed. They say it contains 200,000 human inhabitants, but it has not even a tolerable hotel. The famous Haarlem tulip gardens, I of course visited, particularly those of Van Eeden. I wonder what the fools could see in tulips, who gave 10,000 guilders for one root. The organ is certainly very fine; but it nearly cracked the drum of my ears.

When at Amsterdam, I was nearly carried off to Archangel, which would, at the time, have been rather a bore indeed. After a grand let-off, given by a rich burgo-master, to which my friends got me a special invitation, I incautiously exceeded in the curacoa, of which I did not at all then know the strength. The vessel put to sea, and I had enough to do to secure my retreat in the pilot boat. From Amsterdam we



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proceeded in a curious, large diligence to Utrecht, and from that to Cologne. We had twelve (human) passengers inside, who smoked the whole time without intermission. I, as well as all my species, are most partial to perfumes, and I did not therefore fail to visit the representative of Signior Jean Marie Farina in his shop, No. 4568, a la rue haute a Cologne. Nothing struck me particularly in this town of Cologne. The streets are very narrow, and seemed dull enough. To be sure, the principal one, which is said to be a German league in length, is rather fine. The old convent of the Ladies of St. Ursula, is curious at least. They show you in it the bones of 11,000 virgins, who they say were murdered by the Huns at the time of their invasion, when they destroyed the town. I might easily have had a taste of them; but I had no fancy for such antiquated old maids. In the Cathedral, or Dom, as they call it, you see the tomb of the three famous kings of Cologne, and the gold and silver chests which contain the bones of the Holy Engelberth. I don't think, in the whole town, there is any thing else worth the trouble of looking at. The hotel "Le Prince Charles," I found tolerably comfortable: there is a good French cook, but he is a saucy fellow.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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THE SELECTOR;  
AND  
LITERARY NOTICES OF  
*NEW WORKS.*

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### **A MOTHER'S LOVE**

Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,  
Evermore turning to his mother's face,  
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies;  
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace  
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.  
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung;  
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,  
When by his cradle low I watched and sung—  
While still in memory's ear his father's promise rung.

Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry  
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,



As memory brought my hours of agony  
Again before my mind:—I mourned his doom;  
I mourned my own: the sunny little room  
In which, oppress'd by sickness, now I lay,  
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,  
Had been my own in childhood's early day.  
Oh! could those years indeed so soon have passed away!

Past, as the waters of the running brook;  
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers!  
All that remained, a word—a tone—a look,  
Impressed, by chance, in those bright joyous hours;  
Blossoms which, culled from youth's light fairy bowers,  
Still float with lingering scent, as loath to fade,  
In spite of sin's remorseless, 'whelming powers,  
Above the wreck which time and grief have made.  
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin laid.



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*The Sorrows of Rosalie.*

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### FAGGING AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

The following outline of a recent quarrel at Winchester School serves to illustrate the *System of Fagging* as practised at one of our leading schools, among the “future clergy, lawyers, legislators, and peers of England.” It is extracted from a pamphlet by Sir Alexander Malet, Bart.; and we hope this *expose* will lead to the extermination of the “custom.”—

The prefects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of course keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the prefects are at breakfast or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a prefect requires any thing to be done. During that part of the short half-year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and it was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly; the consequence has been, that they have come to it older and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the prefects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper-time, and being seen by the senior prefect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the course keeper as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision. The course keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall; and the prefect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement. To this, however, the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second prefect laid hold of him, that he might not evade the beating destined for him: a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two prefects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted. The prefects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled

the boy who had refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the prefect from punishing him.



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### WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,  
While waters coldly close around,  
Till of her pathway through the seas  
The track no more is found;  
Thus passing down Oblivion's tide,  
The beauteous visions of the mind  
Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,  
And leave no trace behind.

But the pure page may still impart  
Some dream of feeling, else untold,—  
The silent record of a heart,  
E'en when that heart is cold.  
Its lorn memorials here may bloom,—  
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,  
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb  
Bedewed with Beauty's tear.

I ask not for the meed of fame.  
The wreath above my rest to twine,—  
Enough for me to leave my name  
Within this hallow'd shrine;  
To think that o'er these lines thine eye  
May wander in some future year,  
And Memory breathe a passing sigh  
For him who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,  
With bosom silent and serene,  
And but the plank upon the shore  
Reveals that wrecks have been.  
So some frail leaf like this may be  
Left floating on Time's silent tide,—  
The sole remaining trace of me,—  
To tell I lived and died.

*Malcolm's Scenes of War, &c.*

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## THE SUICIDE LOVER.

A young man, of rich and respectable parents, was for a long time passionately in love with a young lady of the same town, whose birth and fortune were equal to his own; he had also the good fortune not to displease the young lady. Both families were anxious to bring the business to a conclusion; notwithstanding which the intended always found some specious pretext to put off the ceremony. The parents of the lady, after yielding for some time to the different excuses of their future son-in-law, as they could not find out the motive, began to be weary of being put off so often, and at last declared to him that a rival, who was his equal in every thing, had presented himself, and that if he did not soon make up his mind, they should be obliged to give up to the desire of his rival. The young man upon this information made up his mind; and, after the necessary arrangements, the day for the ceremony arrived. The bride, the two families and friends, were assembled, and waited only for the bridegroom in order to proceed to church, when a servant arrived with the sad intelligence that his master was taken suddenly ill, and in consequence requested that the celebration of the nuptials might once more be deferred for a few days. Two of his friends, who witnessed both the surprise and even the indignation which was marked on every countenance,



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left the party, and hastened to the gentleman's house, and pointed out in such strong colours the folly, as well as the bad consequences of his behaviour, that he sent them away, assuring them that he would dress himself and follow them immediately. But an hour having elapsed, and no bridegroom appearing, the two friends again set out to inquire into the cause of the delay, which seemed to them more than ever extraordinary. They had just arrived at the foot of his staircase, when they heard the report of a pistol. They hastened to ascend, and having forced open the door of the young man's apartment, they found him dead upon the floor, weltering in his blood. They were so shocked at the sight before them, that they could not return to announce the fatal news, but instantly dispatched a servant for that purpose. It is more easy to conceive than describe the consternation such a piece of intelligence was likely to throw every one into; but the situation of the bride was most to be pitied; she not only lost a lover just on the point of being her husband, but fancied that he had received some calumnious information which caused him to prefer death to the necessity of being united to her. It was some days before this mystery was cleared up, as it was not until the seals were broken, that they found the following written paper in his desk, dated eight days before the fatal catastrophe:—"I adore Mademoiselle de N——, and shall do so all my life. Her virtues surpassed if possible her charms; and I would sacrifice the last drop of my blood rather than cause her the least uneasiness. But the cruel and dangerous passion of jealousy possesses me to such a degree, that notwithstanding all her merits, the bare idea of a rival makes me wretched. Every effort on my part, joined to the voice of reason, has never been able to eradicate this dreadful poison from my heart, and which I fear is incurable. If I yield to my penchant for her, and become her husband, instead of being a tender lover, of which she is so worthy, I should be a tyrant, whose frenzy would render her more miserable than myself. They press me to bring our union to a conclusion, they threaten me also with a rival, who without doubt deserves her more than I. How can I, miserable wretch that I am, how can I ward off the blow which threatens me? I flatter myself, at least, to have succeeded in my endeavours to conceal the vice of a heart which, although entirely her own, can never exterminate the miserable passion which possesses it. The time approaches with rapid strides when I must make up my mind. Good Heaven direct me! shall I risk making her unhappy? Can I resolve to see her the wife of another? Never, no never! rather let me die a hundred deaths...."

This unfortunate youth had written no more, but it was sufficient to prove that he had sacrificed himself for the happiness of his mistress.

*Album of Love.*

\* \* \* \* \*



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### THE CRUSADER'S SONG.

"Remember the Holy Sepulchre."

Forget the land which gave ye birth—  
Forget the womb that bore ye—  
Forget each much-loved spot of earth—  
Forget each dream of glory—  
Forget the friends that by your side  
Stood firm as rocks unbroken—  
Forget the late affianced bride,  
And every dear love token—  
Forget the hope that in each breast  
Glow'd like a smould'ring ember—  
But still the Holy Sepulchre,  
Remember! oh remember!

Remember all the vows ye've sworn  
At holy Becket's altar—  
Remember all the ills ye've borne,  
And scorn'd to shrink or falter—  
Remember every laurel'd field,  
Which saw the Crescent waving—  
Remember when compell'd to yield,  
Uncounted numbers braving:  
Remember these, remember too  
The cause ye strive for, ever;  
The Cross! the Holy Sepulchre!  
Forget—forget them never!

By Him who in that Sepulchre  
Was laid in Death's cold keeping—  
By Her who bore, who rear'd him. Her  
Who by that Cross sat weeping—  
By those, whose blood so oft has cried  
Revenge for souls unshriven!—  
By those, whose sacred precepts guide  
The path to yonder Heaven!  
From youth to age, from morn to eve  
From Spring-tide to December,  
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ  
Remember! oh remember!



*Literary Remains of Henry Neele.*

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## A SERENADE.

Wake, Lady, wake! the midnight Moon  
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;  
The Stars gaze sweetly on the stream,  
Which in the brightness of their beam,  
    One sheet of glory lies;  
The glow-worm lends its little light,  
And all that's beautiful and bright  
Is shining in our world to-night,  
    Save thy bright eyes,

Wake, Lady! wake! the nightingale  
Tells to the Moon her love-lorn tale;  
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,  
As through the vale she winds her way,  
    In murmurs sweet rejoice;  
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirr'd,  
Are whispering many a gentle word,  
And all Earth's sweetest sounds are heard,  
    Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady! wake! thy lover waits,  
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;  
Here is a garment, rich and rare,  
To wrap thee from the cold night-air;  
    Th' appointed hour is flown.  
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,  
Our way before lies clear and right,  
And all is ready for the flight,  
    Save thou alone!

Wake, Lady! wake! I have a wreath  
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;  
I have a ring that must not shine  
On any finger, Love! but thine—  
    I've kept my plighted vow;  
Beneath thy casement here I stand,  
To lead thee by thine own white hand,  
Far from this dull and captive strand—  
    But where art thou?



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Wake, Lady! wake! She wakes! she wakes!  
Through the green mead her course she takes;  
And now her lover's arms enfold  
A prize more precious far than gold,  
Blushing like morning's ray;  
Now mount thy palfrey, Maiden kind!  
Nor pause to cast one look behind,  
But swifter than the viewless wind,  
Away! away!

*Ibid.*

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## THE GATHERER

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."  
SHAKSPEARE.

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## FILTHY WATER.

If the unhappy victims of mud-juice had constant access to the solar microscope, and there was occasionally in London a little sunshine to set off the animated bedevilments which are crowded into the composition, and could see thousands of animals, generated in filth, and living in the highest spirits and the greatest abundance, in the stuff destined for their stomachs, they would go mad. Boiled down in tea (for which, in the midst of *starvation*, a cockney pays five hundred per cent. beyond its value, and a tax of five hundred per cent. more than that,) these centipedes, toads, small alligators, large worms, white bait, snails, caterpillars, maggots, eels, minnows, weeds, moss, offal in detachments, gas-juice, vinegar lees, tallow droppings, galls, particles of dead men, women, children, horses, and dogs, train-oil, copper, dye-stuff, soot, and dead fish, are all, according to the chemistry of the washerwomen, neutralized, mollified, clarified, and rectified—but this we doubt; and if any of the unhappy persons who imbibe nastiness fourteen times a week, under the idea that it is good and wholesome because it is hot, will take the trouble to look at the agreeable deposit in the bottom of the "slop-basin," they will find that independent of all the muddy, fishy, oily, gaseous, animal and vegetable stuff, introduced into their stomachs under the guise of that most poisonous of all herbs, tea, they are in the habit of swallowing mud, earth, stones, sand, and gravel, in quantities sufficient to establish in less than three months spaces of land as big as Cornish freeholds in their insides.—*John Bull.*



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## **NAPOLEON.**

While Napoleon was a subaltern in the army, a Russian officer remarked, with much self-sufficiency, "That his country fought for glory and the French for gain."—"You are perfectly right," answered Napoleon; "every one fights for that which he does not possess."

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## **FORBIDDEN FRUIT.**



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Sir Richard Steele, who represented the borough of Stockbridge, Hants, in parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, carried his election against a powerful opposition, by sticking a large apple full of guineas, and declaring that it should be the prize of that man whose wife was first brought to bed after that day nine months. This merry offer procured him the interest of the ladies, who, it is said, commemorate Sir Richard's bounty to this day, and once made a vigorous effort to procure a standing order of the corporation, that no man should ever be received as a candidate who did not offer himself on the same terms.

HALBERT H.

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### EPITAPH ON A SILLY, DRUNKEN SOT.

His life and death five letters do express; A.B.C. he knew not, and he died of X.S.

G.J.F.

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### CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

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### TARRAGON.

We recommend our correspondent, *Qy?* to steep shalots and tarragon in vinegar, to be used as a sauce with rump-steaks. Or he may chop the shalots and tarragon *very fine*, and sprinkle them over the meat. Tarragon sprinkled over mutton chops is a nice relish; and with *sauce piquante* flavoured with the above vinegar, makes a dish on "which the gods might dine."

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## PEREMPTORY CONCLUSION.

An advocate, whose pleading appeared too diffuse for the cause he was defending, had received an order from the first president to abridge it; but the former, without omitting a word of his intended address, replied in a firm tone, that all he uttered was essential. The president, hoping at length to make him silent, said to him, "The court orders you to *conclude*." "Well," replied the advocate, "then I *conclude* that the court shall hear me."

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## GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognised?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."



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### SINGULAR MISTAKE.

A courtier was playing at piquet, and was greatly annoyed by a short-sighted man with a long nose. To get rid of it he took his pocket handkerchief and wiped his troublesome neighbour's nose. "Ah, sir," said he immediately, "I really beg your pardon, I took it for my own."

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### BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

During the revolution, a young man was travelling in the Diligence to Lyons with "a *brother and a friend*," when they had got about half way the latter's purse became empty; "*Brother*," said he to the young man, "pay for me, and I will return it to you at Lyons." "I cannot."—"Why, are we not brothers?" "Oh certainly, but *our purses are not sisters*."

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### SPANISH REFUGEES.

As philanthropy is of no *caste* or creed, let us dip our pen "in the milk of human kindness," and recommend each of our readers to contribute the amount of the MIRROR purchase-money—*Two-pence*—to the fund for relief of the Spanish Refugees.

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### THE ANNUALS.

The SUPPLEMENT announced in No. 340 of the MIRROR, will be published next Saturday, December 6, and will contain Notices of such of the ANNUALS as were not included in the previous Supplement, with a FINE ENGRAVING, and their *Spirit*, or *Second Sight*.

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