

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

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

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# Contents

<a href="#">The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook.....</a>	<a href="#">1</a>
<a href="#">Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">2</a>
<a href="#">Table of Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">4</a>
<a href="#">Page 1.....</a>	<a href="#">5</a>
<a href="#">Page 2.....</a>	<a href="#">6</a>
<a href="#">Page 3.....</a>	<a href="#">8</a>
<a href="#">Page 4.....</a>	<a href="#">10</a>
<a href="#">Page 5.....</a>	<a href="#">11</a>
<a href="#">Page 6.....</a>	<a href="#">13</a>
<a href="#">Page 7.....</a>	<a href="#">15</a>
<a href="#">Page 8.....</a>	<a href="#">17</a>
<a href="#">Page 9.....</a>	<a href="#">19</a>
<a href="#">Page 10.....</a>	<a href="#">21</a>
<a href="#">Page 11.....</a>	<a href="#">23</a>
<a href="#">Page 12.....</a>	<a href="#">24</a>
<a href="#">Page 13.....</a>	<a href="#">26</a>
<a href="#">Page 14.....</a>	<a href="#">27</a>
<a href="#">Page 15.....</a>	<a href="#">29</a>
<a href="#">Page 16.....</a>	<a href="#">31</a>
<a href="#">Page 17.....</a>	<a href="#">33</a>
<a href="#">Page 18.....</a>	<a href="#">34</a>
<a href="#">Page 19.....</a>	<a href="#">36</a>
<a href="#">Page 20.....</a>	<a href="#">38</a>
<a href="#">Page 21.....</a>	<a href="#">40</a>
<a href="#">Page 22.....</a>	<a href="#">41</a>

<a href="#">Page 23.....</a>	<a href="#">42</a>
<a href="#">Page 24.....</a>	<a href="#">44</a>
<a href="#">Page 25.....</a>	<a href="#">46</a>
<a href="#">Page 26.....</a>	<a href="#">48</a>
<a href="#">Page 27.....</a>	<a href="#">50</a>
<a href="#">Page 28.....</a>	<a href="#">52</a>

# Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
OLD COVENT GARDEN.	1
ANCIENT ROMAN FESTIVALS	2
CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.	3
TURKISH CANNON.	5
AN ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.	5
C.	6
SELECT BIOGRAPHY	7
FROM CATULLUS.	9
THE NOVELIST	9
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY	12
NOTES OF A READER	14
NEW CHURCHES.	15
SHORT-HAND.	15
LOVE'S MASTERY.	16
WOMANKIND.	16
CAPTAIN ROCK.	17
THE LIBRARY AT HOLKHAM.	17
PHRENOLOGY.	18
EPIGRAM	18
PORTRAIT PAINTING.	19
LOSING A SHOE AND A DINNER.	19
SENTIMENT AND APPETITE.	20
FORTIFICATION.	20
SONNET TO THE CAMELLA	20
JAPONICA.	
PIGS.	20
TURKISH FIREMEN.	20
SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC	21
JOURNALS.	
THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.[7]	24
ART THOU THE MAID?	26
THE GATHERER	26
MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL.	27
COMPLIMENT MAL-APROPOS.	27

# Page 1

## OLD COVENT GARDEN.

[Illustration: Old Covent Garden. ]

The notoriety of Covent Garden is of too multifarious a description to render the above illustration uninteresting to either of our readers. It is copied from one of Hollar's prints, and represents the Garden about the time of Charles *ii.*, before its area had been polluted with filth and vegetable odours.

The spot was originally the garden belonging to the abbot of Westminster, which extended to St. Martin's church, was called the *Convent Garden*, and may be distinctly traced in Ralph Agar's View of London, bearing date about 1570. It was granted, after the dissolution, by Edward VI. first to the protector Somerset, on whose attainder, in 1582, it passed into the Bedford family. About the year 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began to clear away the old buildings, and to form the present handsome square. Its execution was confided to Inigo Jones, but unfortunately, only the north, and part of the east side, was completed; for, had the piazza been continued on the other this would have been one of the noblest quadrangles in the metropolis. Previously to the erection of the present mass of huts and sheds, the area was neatly gravelled, had a handsome dial in the centre, and was railed in on all sides, at the distance of sixty feet from the buildings. The south side was bounded by the garden wall of Bedford-House, the town house of the noble family of that name; and along this wall only were the market booths. But the mansion has long given way to Little Bedford-street.

The most striking object in the engraving is, however, the original church of St. Paul, as built by Inigo Jones, connected with which is the following anecdote:—When the Earl of Bedford sent for Jones, in 1640, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden; but added, he would not go to any considerable expense. "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn."—"Well, then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England." The ceiling was very beautifully painted by Edward Pierce, sen. a pupil of Vandyke. In 1795, the church was accidentally destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt by Mr. Hardwick, in imitation of the original design.

In a note at page 236 of vol. x. of the *mirror*, we adverted to the disgraceful state of Covent Garden Market, which of late years has been little better than a public nuisance. The broom of reform at length promises to cleanse this *Augean* area; and a new market is in the course of erection. The design, it will be recollected, was in this year's Exhibition at Somerset House, and in an early Number we may probably give a view of the Elevation.

## Page 2

The celebrity of Covent Garden as a depot for vegetable produce is of considerable antiquity; and it is but reasonable that such an improvement should be made, consistent with the increased and increasing wants of this overgrown metropolis, and the augmented supplies which are poured in from all quarters. When this improvement is completed, it may lead to the finishing of the quadrangle. The parish (in extent, not in feeling) is, perhaps, one of the most compact in London; but when its proximity to the theatres is considered, little surprise can reasonably be felt at the immorality of the district. It may not be so easy a matter to mend the public morals as to build new markets; but the links of popular improvement are too closely connected to make the case hopeless.

It would be amusing to compare this emporium of fruits and vegetables in ancient and modern times. At the first enclosure of Covent Garden, in 1635, the supply must have been very scanty. Upon the authority of Hume, we learn that when Catherine, queen of Henry VIII., was in want of any salads, carrots, or other edible roots, &c. she was obliged to send a special messenger to Holland for them. But the mention of water-cresses, kales, gooseberries, currants, &c., by old writers, appears to invalidate the pury historian. The garden must, nevertheless, have presented a very different appearance to that of our day. Only let the *gourmand* take a walk through the avenues of the present Covent Garden—from the imperial pine, to the emerald leaves sprinkled with powdered diamonds—*vulgo*, savoys. Then the luscious list of autumnal fruits, and the peppers, or capsicums, and tomatas, to tickle the appetite of the veriest epicure of east or western London—not to mention the exotic fragrance of oranges, which come in just opportunely to fill up the chasm in the supply of British fruits.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANCIENT ROMAN FESTIVALS

*December.*

*(For the Mirror.)*

The feasts of *Opalia* were celebrated in honour of the goddess *Ops*; they were held on the 9th of December. Saturn and *Ops* were husband and wife, and to them we owe the introduction of corn and fruits; for which reason the feast was not held till the harvest and fruit time were over. The vows offered to this goddess were made sitting on the ground, to show that she was Earth, the mother of all things.

The *Saturnalia* were festivals in honour of Saturn, celebrated the 16th or 17th, or, according to others, the 18th of December. They were instituted long before the foundation of Rome, in commemoration of the freedom and equality which prevailed on earth in the golden reign of Saturn. Some, however, suppose that the *Saturnalia* were

first observed at Rome in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, after a victory obtained over the Sabines; while others support, that

## Page 3

Janus first instituted them in gratitude to Saturn, from whom he had learnt agriculture; others suppose that they were first celebrated in the year of Rome 257, after a victory obtained over the Latins by the dictator, Posthumius. The Saturnalia were originally celebrated only for one day, but afterwards the solemnity continued for three, four, five, and at last for seven days. The celebration was remarkable for the license which universally prevailed. The slaves were permitted to ridicule their masters, and to speak with freedom upon any subject. It was usual for friends to make presents one to another; all animosity ceased; no criminals were executed; schools were shut; war was never declared, but all was mirth, riot, and debauchery. In the sacrifices the priests made their offerings with their heads uncovered,—a custom which was never observed at other festivals.

The *Divalia* was a feast held on the 21st of December, in honour of the goddess *Angerona*, whence it is also called Angeronalia. On the day of this festival the pontifices performed sacrifices in the temple of Voluptia, or the goddess of joy and pleasure, who, some say, was the same with *Angerona*, and supposed to drive away all the sorrow and chagrin of life.

The feast of *Laurentinalia* was held on the 23rd of December, but was ordered to be observed twice a year by Augustus; by some supposed to be in honour of the *Lares*, a kind of domestic genii, or divinities, worshipped in houses, and esteemed the guardians and protectors of families, supposed to reside in chimney-corners. Others have attributed this feast in honour of Acca Laurentia, the nurse of Romulus and Remus, and wife of Faustulus.

P.T.W.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.

(For the Mirror.)

*Hibernia*.—Ireland is called by the Latin writers, *Hibernia*, *Ivernia*—*Ierne*[1]—and *Verna*—names differing but little in sound, and all, merely Latinizations of the Irish words *Ibh Eirin*—that is, the Land of Erie—for *Ibh*, in Irish, signifies a land, or country, and *Eirin* is the genitive case of *Eire*, the name of Ireland in the Irish tongue—from *Ibh Eirin* the Romans formed *Hibernia*, &c. the termination only being Latin—and from *Eire*, by adding *land*, the Saxons formed *Eireland* or *Ireland*. This *Eire* was a very ancient queen who gave her name to the country, as in modern times *Virginia* was called after Queen Elizabeth, *Maryland* after the queen of Charles I., &c.



[1] Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis *lerne*. CLAUDIAN.

## Page 4

*Tory*.—A robber, an outlaw, literally, *one hunted*—a name originally given to the outlawed Irish chiefs of Ulster, in the reign of James I., who after the seizure of their lands, had a price set upon their heads, and were *hunted* by the soldiery like wild beasts; hence the name of *Tories*, meaning the *hunted* people, for *Toriacht* in Irish signifies a pursuit or hunting, and *Torihe*, hunted. In the reign of Charles II. it began to be used to designate a party in the state favourable to absolute monarchy; many of these “Tories” having followed the fortunes of that prince in exile, returned with him, and being his most devoted partisans when resealed on his throne.

*Admiral*.—This word, which appears to have sadly puzzled the etymologists, having been derived from the Phoenician, the Coptic, and half a dozen languages besides, is pure Celtic, but little altered too, in its transit from one language to another. *Ard*, high or chief, *Muir*, the sea, and *Fear*, (in composition pronounced *ar*) a man, so that *Ardmurar*, or *Admiral*, signifies literally the *Chief Seaman*. There is nothing of torture in this derivation, as may be seen by referring to any Irish dictionary, and it is a curious fact, that the Irish seamen in the navy very generally call the Admiral “*the Ardmurar*.” In Irish it is frequently written in two words, thus—*Ard muirfhear*.

*Beltin day*.—The first of May is so called in many places in the North of England. It was a custom in the days of Druidism to light large fires on the tops of hills on the evening of the first of May, in honour of *Bel* or the Sun, and hence that day is still called in Irish, *La Bheltine*, or the day of Bel’s fire, from *La*, a day, *Bel*, the god Bel, and *teine*, fire. The same ceremony was practised in Britain, being a Druidical rite, and the name (*Beltin day*) remains, although the custom from which it originated, has in England, at least, been long forgotten.

Guthrie, in his “Geographical Grammar,” tells us, that the English language is a compound of the Saxon, the French, and the *Celtic*. As far as this latter is concerned, the assertion appears to me to have been made without due consideration; I do not believe that there are twenty words of *genuine Celtic* in the English language; there are, it is true, a very few Irish words, which have become as it were, English denizens, and of these I have sent you a specimen above; but I do not believe it possible to increase their number to twenty, even in broad Scotch, in which dialect of the Saxon (from the neighbourhood of the Highlanders who use the Irish language) some Celtic words might be expected, but very few occur;[2] there is, however, one very curious exception to this rule, and for which, I confess, I am unable to account, (though perhaps your correspondent, *Rupert C.* in No. 342, might,) it is this—that in Grose’s *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, or Cant Language*, if the words which are evidently figurative be thrown out, nearly the whole of what remain are pure Irish.

## Page 5

[2] As Oe a grandson—Irish *O* or *Ux byre*, a  
cowhouse—Irish boyach (boi-theach.)

H.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TURKISH CANNON.

*(For the Mirror.)*

The Turks use the largest cannon of any people in Europe. In our ships, and I believe in our batteries, we seldom use a heavier gun than a 32-pounder. No man-of-war carries a gun of a larger calibre; but the Turks make use of 800-pounders. Mahommed II. is stated to have used at the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, cannon of an immense calibre, and stone shot. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by the immense shot thrown from the batteries. The Royal George (of 110 guns) was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut-water, and another cut the main-mast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse (74) had her wheel shot away and twenty-four men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, and weighed 800 pounds, and was two feet two inches in diameter. One of these huge shots, to the astonishment of our tars, stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having thus crushed this immense mass of timber, the shot rolled ponderously aft, and brought up abreast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurath; it was composed of two parts, joined by a screw at the chamber, its breach resting against massy stone work; the difficulty of charging it would not allow of its being fired more than once; but, as a Pacha said, "that single discharge would destroy almost the whole fleet of an enemy." The Baron de Trott, to the great terror of the Turks, resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1,100 pounds, and he loaded it with 330 pounds of powder: he says, "I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of eight hundred fathoms. I saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the Strait, and rebounded on the mountain."

W.G.C.

\* \* \* \* \*

## AN ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Air.—“*The kail brose o’ awld Scotland.*”

Ye vintners a’ your ingles[3] mak clear,  
An brew us some punch our hearts a’ to cheer,  
On November the thritie let’s meet ilkie year  
To drink to the memory o’ Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

Peace was his word in the ha’ or the fiel’[4]  
An his creed it was whalsome to those that were leal  
To mak’ the road straight O’ he was the cheel,  
Sae here’s to the memory o’ Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

## Page 6

In days o' langsyne as auld chronicles tell,  
When clans wi' their dirks gaid to it pell mell,  
O he was sad' that a' fewds cou'd expel,  
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

For since at the Spey when M'Duff led the van,  
He vow'd that the charrians<sup>[5]</sup> he'd slay every one,  
But by Andrew's doctren he slew na a man,  
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint,

When he to the Culdees the truth did explain  
They a' rubb'd their beard, an' looket right fain  
An' vow'd that his council they'd ever retain,  
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

Altho' at fam'd Patres<sup>[6]</sup> he closed his e'e,  
Yet Regulus, the monk, brought him far oure the sea,  
In St. Andrew's he sleeps, an' there let him be.  
Sae here's to the memory o' Andrew,  
To Andrew the auld Scottish saint.

## C.

[3] Fires. [4] Field. [5] See Buchanan's History of Scotland, book p. 186. [6] See Cook's Geography, book ii. p. 302.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD BANKRUPT.

(For the Mirror.)

This word is formed from the ancient Latin *bancus* a *bench*, or *table*, and *ruptus*, *broken*. Bank originally signified a bench, which the first bankers had in the public places, in markets, fairs, &c. on which they told their money, wrote their bills of exchange, &c. Hence, when a banker failed, they broke his bank, to advertise the public that the person to whom the bank belonged was no longer in a condition to continue his business. As this practice was very frequent in Italy, it is said the term bankrupt is derived from the Italian *banco rotto*, broken bench. Cowel (in his 4th Institute 227) rather chooses to deduce the word from the French *banque*, *table*, and *route*, *vestigium*, *trace*, by metaphor from the sign left in the ground, of a table once

fastened to it and now gone. On this principle he traces the origin of bankrupts from the ancient Roman *mensarii* or *argentarii*, who had their *tabernae* or *mensae* in certain public places; and who, when they fled, or made off with the money that had been entrusted to them, left only the sign or shadow of their former station behind them.

P.T.W.

\* \* \* \* \*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD *BROKER*, &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

## Page 7

The origin of this word is contested; some derive it from the French *broyer*, “to grind;” others from *brocader*, to cavil or riggle; others deduce broker from a trader *broken*, and that from the Saxon *broc*, “misfortune,” which is often the true reason of a man’s breaking. In which view, a broker is a broken trader, by misfortune; and it is said that none but such were formerly admitted to that employment. The Jews, Armenians, and Banians are the chief brokers throughout most parts of the Levant and the Indies. In Persia, all affairs are transacted by a sort of brokers, whom they call “*delal*” i.e. “*great talkers*.” Their form of contract in buying and selling is remarkable, being done in the profoundest silence, only by touching each other’s fingers:—The buyer, loosening his *pamerin*, or girdle, spreads it on his knee; and both he and the seller, having their hands underneath, by the intercourse of the fingers, mark the price of pounds, shillings, &c., demanded, offered, and at length agreed on. When the seller takes the buyer’s whole hand, it denotes a thousand, and as many times as he squeezes it, as many thousand pagods or roupees, according to the species in question demanded; when he only takes the five fingers, it denotes five hundred; and when only one, one hundred; taking only half a finger, to the second joint, denotes fifty; the small end of the finger, to the first joint, stands for ten. This *legerdemain*, or *squeezing system*, would not do for the *latitude* of London.

P.T.W.

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## SELECT BIOGRAPHY

\* \* \* \* \*

**DR. GALL.**

(*For the Mirror.*)

The loss which the scientific world has lately sustained by the death of Dr. Gall, will be longer and more deeply felt than any which it has experienced for some years. This celebrated philosopher and physician was born in the year 1758, of respectable parents, at a small village in the duchy of Baden, where he received the early part of his education. He afterwards went to Brucksal, and then to Strasburgh, in which city he commenced his medical studies, and became a pupil of the celebrated Professor Hermann. From Strasburgh he removed to Vienna, where he commenced practice, having taken the degree of M.D. In this capital, however, he was not permitted to develop his new system of the functions of the brain; and from his lectures being interdicted, and the illiberal opposition which he here met with, as well as in other parts of Austria, he determined to visit the north of Germany. Here he was well received in all the cities through which he passed, as well as in Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, and

explained the doctrines he had founded on his observations from *nature* before several sovereigns, who honoured him with such marks of approbation and respect as were due to his



## Page 8

talents. In the course of his travels he likewise visited England, and at length, in 1807, settled in Paris, where his reputation had already preceded him, and which, from its central situation, he considered as the fittest place for disseminating his system. In this city, in 1810, he published his elaborate work on the brain, the expenses of which were guaranteed by one of his greatest friends and patrons, Prince Metternich, at that time Austrian minister at the court of France.

It was natural to expect that the system of Dr. Gall, which differed so widely from the long confirmed habits of thinking, and having to contend with so many prejudices, should encounter a large host of adversaries; for if *phrenology* be true, all other systems of the philosophy of the human mind must consequently be false. The brain, which, from the earliest periods, has generally been considered as the seat of our mental functions, Dr. Gall regards as a congeries of organs, each organ having a separate function of its own. This system, first promulgated by him, is now rapidly advancing in the estimation of the world; and its doctrines, which a few years since were thought too extravagant and absurd for investigation, are now discussed in a more liberal and candid manner. The *test* for the science of phrenology, and a test by which its validity alone can be tried, consists in an induction of facts and observations; and by this mode it is that the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim challenge their antagonists.

After a life of the most indefatigable industry and active benevolence, Dr. Gall breathed his last at his country house at Montrouge, a short distance from Paris, on August the 22nd, 1828, at the age of seventy-one. The examination of his body took place forty hours after death, in the presence of the following members of the faculty:—Messrs. Fouquier, J. Cloquet, Dauncey, Fossati, Cassimir-Broussais, Robouane, Sarlandiere, Fabre-Palaprat, Londe, Costello, Gaubert, Vimont, Jobert, and Marotti. The exterior appearance of the body presented a considerable falling away, particularly in the face. The skull was sawed off with the greatest precaution; the substance of the brain was consistent, and this organ was firm and perfectly regular.

The funeral of Dr. Gall, which was conducted with as much privacy as possible, took place at Paris on the 27th of August. He was interred in the burial-ground of Pere la Chaise, between the tombs of Moliere and La Fontaine, being attended to the grave by several members of the faculty. Three *eloges*, or *oraisons funebres*, were delivered at the place of interment by Professor Broussais, Dr. Fossati, and Dr. Londe.

Broussais informs us, that Dr. Gall possessed most of the social virtues, particularly beneficence and good-nature—qualities, he observes, precious in all ranks of society, and which ought to make amends for many defects; but for Gall, they had only to palliate a certain roughness of character, which might wound the susceptibility of delicate persons, although the sick and unfortunate never had to complain; and, indeed, the doctor ought, in strict justice, to have more merit in our ideas, from never having

once lost sight, in his writings, of either decency or moderation, particularly when it is remembered how severely he was attacked in propagating his favourite doctrine.



## Page 9

T.B.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FROM CATULLUS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

My Lydia says, "believe me I speak true,  
I ne'er will marry any one but you;  
If Jove himself should mention love to me,  
Not even Jove would be preferred to thee."  
She says—but all that women tell  
Their doting lovers—I, alas! too well  
Know, should be written on the waves or wind,  
So little do their words express their mind.

T.C.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE NOVELIST

\* \* \* \* \*

#### GERMAN TRADITIONS.

I have a song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Faery tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Germany! land of mystery and of mind! birth-place of Schiller and Goethe, with what emotions does not every lover of romance sit down to peruse thy own peculiar, dreamy traditions! Thy very name conjures up visions of demons, and imps, and elves, and all the creations of faery land, with their varied legends of *diablerie*, almost incredible in number and singular in detail—and romance, in his gloomy mood, seems here to have reared his strong hold.

At a time when a taste for the beauties of German literature is becoming general throughout this country, we conceive that a few specimens of her traditions may not be

unacceptable to the reader. Few subjects are more interesting than the popular legends of a country, which are the source from whence many of our later novelists draw several of their writings: they offer a field for reflection to the contemplative observer of man; and those of Germany, although some are disfigured with a little too much absurdity in their details, are confessedly a mine of wealth to the lover of research in such matters. Here Schiller first drew the sources of his inspiration; here Goethe first electrified mankind with his writings—works which will render both immortal; it is, indeed, a mine which has been and will bear much working.

We have chosen the following tradition, both on account of the merit it possesses, and its being the unquestionable origin of Washington Irving's inimitable *Rip Von Winkle*. Indeed, the similarity of the story is strikingly obvious. We believe there are several legends on this subject, which, with the present, probably all refer to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, whose adventures form the source of many a story among the Germans. The original tale is nearly as follows:—It seems the emperor was once compelled to conceal himself, with a party of his followers, amongst the Kyffhauesen mountains; there he still lives, but is under the influence of magic. He sits with his adherents on a seat before

## Page 10

a stone table, leaning his head upon his hands, seeming to slumber; but apparently his sleep is very restless, and his head nods, and seems as if he were going to awake, and his red beard has grown through the table down to his feet. He takes pretty long naps, not more than a hundred years in length at a stretch: when his slumber is interrupted, he is fabled to be very fond of music; and it is said that there was a party of musicians, who once gave him a regular serenade in his subterranean retreat, doubtless expecting some wonderful token of his generosity in return; but they received nothing for their pains but a number of green boughs, which so disgusted them, that they all threw them away on their return to earth, save one, who, however, had no suspicion of its worth, for on showing it to his wife, to his great astonishment, each leaf became a golden coin.

An author before us observes, that this tale of the emperor's slumbers cannot, perhaps, be deemed original, and is probably a popular version of the Seven Sleepers, "not a little disfigured by the peculiar superstition of the country." The same writer remarks, with justice, that it is surprising how few are the sources, and how scanty the parent stock, from whence all the varieties of European legend are derived. Indeed, the foundation of a great part of these legendary stories seems to have been the heathen mythology of the different countries, and the various tales of superstition being handed down from one generation to another, have gradually assumed the shape they now bear; from whence may be traced most of our popular superstitions.

### THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD.

When I behold a football to and fro,  
Urged by a throng of players equally,  
Methinks I see, resembled in that show,  
This round earth poised in the vacant sky.

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And all we learn whereas the game is o'er,  
That life is but a dream, and nothing more.

### AMADIS JANRYN.

"Know'st thou me not?"-----  
"Oh, yes, (I cried,) thou art indeed the same."

### GOETHE.

At the peaceful village of Sittendorf dwelt Peter Klaus, the goatherd. He daily tended his flocks to pasture in the Kyffhaeusen mountains, and never failed, as evening approached, to muster them in a little mead, surrounded by a stone wall, preparatory to driving them home; for some time, however, he had observed, that one of the finest of his herd regularly disappeared soon after coming to this nook, and did not join her companions till late. One night, watching her attentively, he remarked that she slipped through a hole or opening in the wall, on which he cautiously crept after the animal, and found she was in a cave, busily engaged in gleaning the grains of corn that fell down singly from the roof. Peter did not look long before the shower of corn that now saluted him made him shake his ears, and inflamed his curiosity the more to discover the cause of so singular an occurrence in that out-of-the-way place. However, at last he heard the neigh and stamping of horses, apparently proceed from above; and it was doubtless from their mangers that the oats had fallen.

## Page 11

While standing, still wrapped in amazement at the singularity of the adventure, Peter's surprise was not diminished on observing a boy, who, without saying a word, silently beckoned him to follow. Peter mechanically obeyed the gestures of the lad, and ascended some steps, which led over a walled court into a hollow place, completely surrounded on all sides by lofty rocks, and crowned by the rich foliage of shrubs, through which an imperfect twilight displayed a smooth, well-trimmed lawn, that formed the ground he stood upon. Here were twelve knights, who, without so much as uttering a syllable, were very gravely playing at nine-pins; and as silently was Peter inducted into the office of assistant, namely, in setting up these nine-pins. Peter's courage was none of the strongest during all this time, and his knees smote each other most devoutly as he commenced his duties; while he occasionally ventured to steal a glance at the venerable knights, whose long beards and antique slashed doublets filled him with profound awe.

His fears, however, began to be on the wane, as he became more accustomed to his new employment. Indeed, he went so far as to gaze on one of the noble knights straight in the face—nay, even at last ventured to sip out of a bowl of wine that stood near him, which diffused a most delicious odour around. He found this sip so invigorating, that he soon took a somewhat longer pull; and in a short time Peter had quite forgotten that such things as Sittendorf, Wife, or Goats had ever existed; and on finding himself the least weary, he had only to apply to the never-failing goblet. At last he fell fast asleep.

On waking, Peter found he was in the same little enclosure where he was wont to count his flocks. He shook himself well, and rubbed his eyes; but neither dog nor goats were to be seen; and he was astonished in no slight degree to observe that he was nearly surrounded with high grass, and trees, and shrubs, which he never before remarked, growing about that spot. Lost in perplexity, he followed his way to all the different haunts he had frequented with his herds, but no traces of them were to be discovered; at last he hastily bent his steps to Sittendorf, which lay beneath.

The persons whom he met on his way to the village were all strangers to him; they were differently dressed, and did not precisely speak the language of his acquaintance; and on inquiring after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he mechanically did the same, but what was his surprise when he found his beard lengthened at least a foot; on which he began to conclude that he and those around him were all under the influence of magic or enchantment. Yet the mountain he had descended was certainly the Kyffhaeusen—the cottages, too, with their gardens and enclosures, were all quite familiar to him—and he heard some boys reply to the passing questions of a traveller, that it was Sittendorf.

## Page 12

His doubt and perplexity now increased every moment, and he quickened his steps towards his own dwelling; he hardly knew it, it was so much decayed; and before the door lay a strange goatherd's boy, with a dog apparently at the last extreme of age, that snarled when he spoke to him. He entered the house through an opening, which had formerly been closed by a door. All was waste and void within; he staggered out as if he had lost his senses, calling on his wife and children by their names; but no one heard—none answered. Before long, a crowd of women and children had collected around the strange old man, with the long hoary beard, and all inquired what it was he was seeking after. This was almost too much; to be thus questioned before his own door was more than strange, and he felt ashamed to ask after his wife and children, or even of himself; but to get rid of his querists he mentioned the first name that occurred to him, "Kurt Steffen?" The people looked around in silence, till at length an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years past, and you'll not go thither to-day."—"Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning on a crutch. "Heaven rest his soul! he has lain in the house he will never leave these fifteen years!"

The goatherd shuddered to recognise in the last speaker his next neighbour, who seemed all at once to have grown old; but he had lost all desire to inquire further. Suddenly a smart young woman pressed through the surrounding gapers, with an infant in her arms, and leading a girl about fourteen years old—all three the exact image of his wife. With greater surprise than ever he inquired her name. "Maria!"—"And your father's name?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since his goats returned without him, and we sought for him in vain day and night in the Kyffhaeusen mountains—I was then hardly seven years old."

Our goatherd could no longer contain himself. "I am Peter Klaus!" he roared, "I am Peter Klaus, and no one else!" and he caught the child from his daughter's arms. Every one, for an instant, stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and then another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is, indeed, Peter Klaus! welcome, neighbour! welcome, after twenty years!"

VYVYAN.

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## SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

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### ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Since our last visit, many of the tenants have begun to *hibernate*, and tasteful erections have been made for their winter quarters in all parts of the gardens. Several others are



in progress, and a semi-circular aviary for British birds is already built. The *season* is far advanced, and there have been but few *arrivals* of late. The *emus'* grounds have been enclosed with elegant iron-work, and several removals or *changes*

## Page 13

have taken place. Some of the animals are much affected by the cold weather. Thus, the monkeys have left their houses on poles, and retired to enclosed cages, where they nestle in groups of threes and fours, and amuse themselves by teasing the least of their company; for here, as elsewhere, the weakest goes to the wall. Three fine wolves, previously shut up in a small den, now enjoy a large cage, where they appear much invigorated by the bracing season. Here and there a little animal lies curled up in the corner of his cage, in a state of torpidity. Among the birds, the macaws were holding an in-door council in their robes of state; whilst one fine fellow, in blue coat and yellow waistcoat, perched himself outside the aviary, and by his cries, proved that fine colours were not weather-proof. The snowy plumage of the storks was “tempered to the wind;” but they reminded us of their original abode—the wilderness. The eagles and vultures in the circular aviary sat on their perches, looking melancholy and disconsolate, but well protected from cold. The kangaroos have removed into their new house, and their park has been relaid, although they still look unsettled. A very pretty beaver-house has been built of mimic rocks.

Among the *introductions*, or new faces, we noticed a pair of fine mastiffs from Cuba, and two Thibet watch-dogs. One of the latter stood shivering in the cold, with bleared eyes, and crying “like a lubberly postmaster’s boy.” The three bears exhibited as much good-breeding as the visitors encouraged,—climbing to the top of the pole when there was any thing to climb after, and an Admiralty expedition could do no more.

### *Poisoning of Vegetables.*

Several very curious experiments on the poisoning of vegetables, have recently been made by M. Marcet, of Geneva.—His experiments on arsenic, which is well known to every one as a deadly poison to animals, were thus conducted. A vessel containing two or three bean plants, each of five or six leaves, was watered with two ounces of water, containing twelve grains of oxide of arsenic in solution. At the end of from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the plants had faded, the leaves drooped, and had even begun to turn yellow; the roots remained fresh, and appeared to be living. Attempts to restore the plants after twelve or eighteen hours, by abundant watering, failed to recover them. The leaves and stem of the dead plant gave, upon chemical examination, traces of arsenic. A branch of a rose-tree, including a flower, was gathered just as the rose began to blow; the stem was put into a vessel, containing a solution of six grains of oxide of arsenic in an ounce of water. The flower and leaves soon showed symptoms of disease, and on the fifth day the whole branch was withered and dead, though only one-fifth of a grain of arsenic had been absorbed. Similar stems, placed in pure water, had, after five days, the roses fully expanded, and the leaves fresh and green.

## Page 14

On June 1st, a slit of one inch and a half in length was made in the stem of a lilac tree, the branch being about an inch in diameter. The slit extended to the pith. Fifteen or twenty grains of moistened arsenic were introduced, the cut was closed, and the stem retained in its original position by osier ties. On the 8th, the leaves began to roll up at the extremity; on the 28th, the branches were dry, and, in the second week of July, the whole of the stem was dry, and the tree itself dead. In about fifteen days after the first, a tree, which joined the former a little above the earth, shared the same fate, in consequence of its connexion with that into which the poison had been introduced. Other trees similarly cut, but without having been poisoned, suffered no kind of injury.

M. Marcet's experiments upon vegetable poisons are no less interesting, and still more wonderful, as indicating a degree of irritability in plants somewhat similar to that which depends on the nervous system in animals. After having ascertained that the bean plants could exist in a healthy state for five or six days, if immersed in the same quantity of spring water, he tried them with five or six grains of opium dissolved in an ounce of water, the consequence of which was, that in the evening the leaves had dropped, and, by the middle of next day, they were dead beyond recovery. Other vegetable poisons of the narcotic class produced a similar effect. Hemlock was equally fatal, and six grains of dry powdered foxglove, in an ounce of water, began to operate, by wrinkling some of the leaves of the bean in a few moments, which it completely killed in twenty-four hours. Oxalic acid or salt of sorrel, though found in common and wood sorrel, and a great many plants, proved a very fatal poison to others. The absorption of one-tenth of a grain, killed a rose branch and flower in forty—eight hours.—

*Quar. Jour. of Agriculture.*

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## NOTES OF A READER

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### KNOWING PEOPLE.

How happily do these few lines characterize a certain set of people who pick up news from “good authority,” and settle the fate of the nation over strong potations of brandy and water, or Calvert’s porter, forgetting that “people who drink beer, think beer.” Suppose a question of great public interest afloat:—“Reports are abroad, precisely of the proper pitch of absurdity, for the greedy swallowing of the great grey-goggle-eyed public, who may be seen standing with her mouth wide open like a crocodile, with her hands in her breeches-pockets, at the crosses of cities on market-days, gluttonously devouring whatever rumour flings into her maw—nor in the least aware that she is all the time eating wind. People of smallish abilities begin to look wiser and wiser every

day—their nods seem more significant—in the shaking of their heads there is more of Burleigh—and in short sentences—that sound like apophthegms—they are apt to impose themselves on their credulous selves as so many Solomons.”

## Page 15

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### NEW CHURCHES.

Among the numerous sermons lately preached in pursuance of the King's letter for the enlargement and building of churches and chapels, we notice one by the vicar of Dorking, in Surrey, from which we extract the following:—"In many places of this country it is lamentable to behold the ruinous state of churches. If a man's dwelling-house be decayed, he will never cease till it be restored; if his barn, where he bestows all his fruits and his goods, be out of repair, what diligence doth he use to make it perfect? If the stable for his horse, or the sty for his swine, be not able to exclude the severity of weather, when the rains fall, and the winds blow, how careful is he to incur the necessary cost? Shall we then be so mindful of our common houses, deputed to such low occupations, and be forgetful toward that house of God, in which are expounded the words of our eternal salvation—in which are administered the sacraments and mysteries of our redemption?"—The persuasiveness of this argument is admirable, and its amiable tone and temper are infinitely more suitable than the florid appeal.

We also learn that Parliament has already voted a million and a half of money to the sole use of building churches, and that in the diocese in which Dorking is situated, thirty-two cases have been aided by the sum of 6,230\_1\_.

But the *church of Dorking* is in a dilapidated state, and is capable of containing only one-fifth of the inhabitants. It was "probably erected about the commencement of the twelfth century; and the crumbling walls may almost be said to totter under the massive roof." This calls forth the following pious exhortation: "Our lot is cast in a pleasant place. Let us manifest our thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift by a structure dedicated to his service, corresponding with the magnificence of private mansions, and the natural beauties of local scenery." We can only wonder that, in a neighbourhood abounding with men of rank and opulence, such an appeal is necessary.

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### SHORT-HAND.

"Sound is the gauge of short-hand, and connexion the master-key for deciphering." Such is one of the axioms in Mr. Harding's eighth edition of his very valuable little "System of Short-Hand,"—to which, by way of pleasant illustration, he appends, the "Dirge on Miss LN G," copied by us from the "New Monthly Magazine;" but we give Mr. H. credit for the present application. We could write a whole number of the MIRROR on the advantages of short-hand to the community; but as that would not be a practical illustration, we desist. Only think of the "Times" newspaper being scores of miles from

town before half London has risen; and the Duke of Bedford, reading the previous night's debates at his breakfast table at Woburn Abbey.

## Page 16

What would all Mr. Applegath's machinery do towards producing the newspaper without the aid of short-hand, which makes its expedition second only to thought. Half an hour's delay of "the paper" makes us fret and fume and condemn the fair provider of our breakfast—for over-roasted coffee and stale eggs—all because the paper is not "come;" but when would it come without short-hand? why at dinner-time, and that would make short work of a day—for thousands cannot set to work till they have consulted it as a mainspring of action. People who aim at the short cuts to knowledge should study stenography, and for this purpose they will do well to provide themselves with Mr. Harding's System, which will be as good as "a cubit to a man's height."

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### LOVE'S MASTERY.

She was his own, his all:—the crowd may prove  
A transient feeling, and misname it love:—  
His was a higher impulse; 'twas a part  
Of the warm blood that circled through his heart,  
A fervid energy, a spell that bound  
Thoughts, wishes, feelings, in one hallow'd round.

*The Winter's Wreath.*

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### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The second edition of a pamphlet, entitled the Voice of Humanity, has just reached us. It contains details of the disgusting cruelties of the metropolis—as bear and badger baiting, dog-fighting, slaughtering-horses, &c.—and reference to the *abattoirs*, or improved slaughter-houses for cattle, which was illustrated in our 296th Number. In the appendix are many interesting particulars of Smithfield Market and similar nuisances. The pamphlet is dedicated to that enlightened friend of humanity, Sir James Mackintosh, and it appears worthy of his patronage.

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### WOMANKIND.

The womankind never looks sae bonnie as in wunter, accepp indeed it may be in spring. You auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they



treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision? Oh, sirs! but the dear creters do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin', close prest to their innicent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first love-touched hearts. Or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arms, leavin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet! Then is there, in a' the beautifu' and silent unfauldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sae beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafts o' a bit smilin' maiden o' saxteen, aughteen, or twunty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud or snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossomin' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur-tippet, that haply a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shoothers—oh, the dear, delightfu' little Laplander!—*Noctes—Blackwood's Magazine.*



## Page 17

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### CAPTAIN ROCK.

There are few of our readers who need to be informed that Captain Rock's Letters to the King are certainly not written by Mr. Moore, to whom, while the publication was suspended, they were so positively ascribed.—*Q. Rev.*

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### THE LIBRARY AT HOLKHAM.

The manuscripts of Lord Coke are in the possession of his descendant, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, his representative through the female issue of Lord Leicester, the male heir of the chief justice. At this gentleman's princely mansion of Holkham, is one of the finest collections, or, indeed, libraries of manuscripts anywhere preserved; certainly the finest in any private individual's possession. It partly consists of the chief justice's papers; the rest, and the bulk of it, was collected by that accomplished nobleman who built the mansion, the last male heir of the great lawyer. He had spent many years abroad, where his taste was improved and his general education perfected. He collected a vast number of the most valuable manuscripts. Of these the exquisitely illuminated missals, and other writings of a similar description, which would from their perfect beauty and great rarity bear the highest price in the market, are certainly by far the least precious in the eyes of literary men. Many of the finest *codices* of the Greek, Latin, and old Italian classics are to be found in this superb collection. Among others are no less than thirteen of Livy, a favourite author of Lord Leicester, whom he had made some progress in editing, when he learnt that Drakenborchius, the well known German critic, had proceeded further in the same task, and generously handed over to him the treasures of his library. The excellent edition of that commentator makes constant reference to the Holkham manuscripts, under the name of *MSS. Lovelliana*, from the title of Lovell; Lord Leicester not having then been promoted to the earldom. Mr. Coke, with a becoming respect for the valuable collection of his ancestors, was desirous to have the manuscripts unfolded, bound, and arranged, both with a view to their preservation and to the facility of consulting them. They had lain for half a century neglected, and in part verging towards decay, when he engaged his valued friend, William Roscoe, to undertake the labour so congenial to his taste and habits, of securing these treasures from the ravages of time. From the great number of the manuscripts, the state in which many of them were, and the distance of Mr. Roscoe's residence, this was necessarily a work of time. After above ten years employed on it, the task is now finished. Each work is beautifully and classically bound; and to each Mr. Roscoe has prefixed, in his own fair hand writing, a short account of the particular manuscript, with the bibliographical learning appertaining to it.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

## Page 18

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### PHRENOLOGY.

Mr. Crook, of the Phrenological Society, has just published a “Compendium of Phrenology,” which cannot fail to be acceptable to the ingenious inquirers after that very ingenious science. It is a lucid little arrangement of principles, and will materially assist them; but, for our part, we confess we would sooner take the public opinion of the contents of our cranium than that of a whole society of phrenologists; and if our head be as full as our sheet, we shall be content. But, joking apart, the little synopsis before us cannot be too highly recommended; and by way of hint to some friends who send us witty articles for “the Gatherer,” we take the following:—

“Wit. *Primitive Power*. Perception of the disjunction or incongruity of ideas; the analytical faculty. *Uses*: Separation of compound or general ideas into those that are elementary or more simple; knowledge of characteristic differences and discrepance. *Abuses*: A disposition to jest or ridicule; irony, sarcasm, and satire, without respect to truth, or the circumstances of person, place, or time. *Organ*, on the other side of Causality.

“It is not the definition of Wit, but the function of a particular portion of the brain at which I aim. Dr. Spurzheim, in some of his works, calls the faculty connected with this organ, ‘the feeling of the ludicrous;’ in his later ones, ‘Gayness,’ and ‘Mirthfulness.’ But each of these is properly an effect, not a primitive power. The ludicrous owes its origin to the contrariety between the parts or means, as perceived by this faculty, and the general whole, or purpose, perceived by Comparison, or the necessary connexion perceived by Causality; and Gaiety, Mirth, and Laughter, arise from the mutual influence and reaction of the feelings. Some kinds of contrariety or incongruity excite one class of feelings, other kinds altogether different feelings; and consequently, according to the faculty or combination of faculties affected, the kinds of mirth and laughter are varied from the Sardonic grin of Destructiveness to the lover’s smile. This view of the origin of laughter enables us to give a satisfactory answer to the hitherto perplexing question, ‘Why is man the only laughing animal?’”

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### EPIGRAM

*From the Greek Anthology, (Author unknown.)*

BY THE REV. W. SHEPHERD.

If at the bottom of the cask,  
Be left of wine a little flask,



It soon grows acid:—so when man,  
Living through Life's most lengthened span.  
His joys all drain'd or turn'd to tears,  
Sinks to the lees of fourscore years,  
And sees approach Death's darksome hour—  
No wonder if he's somewhat sour!

*The Winter's Wreath.*

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## Page 19

### PORTRAIT PAINTING.

The good portrait painter always flatters; for it is his business, not, indeed, to alter and amend features, complexion, or mien, but to select and fix (which it demands genius and sense to do) the best appearance which these ever do wear. Happy the creature of sense and passion who has always with him that self which he could take pleasure in contemplating! Happy—to pass graver considerations—the fair one whose countenance continues as youthful as her attire! When Queen Elizabeth’s wrinkles waxed deep and many, it is reported that an unfortunate master of the mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken, and only one mutilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honour took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of looking-glass should remain in any room of the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life; but we nowhere learn that she quarrelled with Holbein’s portraitures of her youth, or those of her stately prime of viraginity by De Heere and Zuccherò.

He who has “neither done things worthy to be written, nor written things worthy to be read,” takes the trouble of transmitting his portrait to posterity to very little purpose. If the picture be a bad one, it will soon find its way to the garret; if good, as a work of art, it will perpetuate the fame, probably the name, indeed, of the artist alone. These are the *obscurorum virorum imagines* which, as Walpole said, “are christened commonly in galleries, like children at the Foundling Hospital, *by chance*”—Q. Rev.

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### LOSING A SHOE AND A DINNER.

As Ozias Linley, Sheridan’s brother-in-law, was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy, a few miles from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr. Linley’s journey, and seeing that he himself was unconscious of it, politely reminded him that one of his horse’s shoes had just come off. “Thank you, madam,” replied Linley; “will you then have the goodness to put it on for me?”

Linley one day received a card to dine with the late archbishop of Canterbury, who was then bishop of Norwich. Careless into what hole or corner he threw his invitations, he soon lost sight of the card, and forgot it altogether. A year revolved, when, on wiping the dust from some papers he had stuck on the glass over the chimney, the bishop’s invitation for a certain day in the month (he did not think of the year one instant,) stared him full in the face, and taking it for granted that it was a recent one, he dressed himself on the appointed day, and proceeded to the palace. But his diocesan was not in

London, a circumstance of which, though a matter of some notoriety to the clergy of the diocese, he was quite unconscious; and he returned dinnerless home.

## Page 20

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### SENTIMENT AND APPETITE.

We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshiper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce—  
Q. Rev.

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### FORTIFICATION.

The walls of Tenchira, in Africa, form one of the most perfect remaining specimens of ancient fortification. They are a mile and a half in circuit, defended by 26 quadrangular towers, and admitting no entrance but by two opposite gates.

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MEDIOCRITY, in poetry, is intolerable to gods and to booksellers, and to all intermediate beings.

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### SONNET TO THE CAMELLA JAPONICA.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Say, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,  
To view thee with a secret sympathy?  
—Is there some living spirit shrined in thee?  
That, as thou bloom'st within my humble bower,  
Endows thee with some strange, mysterious  
power,  
Waking high thoughts?—As there perchance  
might be  
Some angel-form of truth and purity,  
Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour?  
—Yes, lovely flower, 'tis not thy virgin glow,



Thy petals whiter than descending snow,  
Nor all the charms thy velvet folds display;  
'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,  
By grace adorn'd, by elegance refin'd,  
That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway.

*The Winter's Wreath.*

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## PIGS.

One day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."—*Lanzi*.

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## TURKISH FIREMEN.

## Page 21

The firemen of Constantinople are accused of sometimes discharging oil from their engines instead of water.

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## SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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### FLIES.

Cruelty to animals is a subject which has deservedly attracted parliamentary investigation. It is not beneath the dignity of a Christian legislator to prevent the unnecessary sufferings of the meanest of created things; and a law which is dictated by humanity can surely be no disgrace to the statute-book. Who that has witnessed the barbarous and unmanly sports of the cock-pit and the stake—the fiendlike ingenuity displayed by the lord of the creation in teaching his dependents to torture, mangle, and destroy each other for his own amusement—the cruelties of the greedy and savage task-master towards the dumb labourer whose strength has decayed in his service—or the sufferings of the helpless brute that drags with pain and difficulty its maimed carcass to Smithfield—what reasonable being that has witnessed all or any of this, will venture to affirm that interference is officious and uncalled for? Yet it is certain that Mr. Martin acted properly and wisely in excluding flies from the operation of his act—well knowing, as he must have done, that the feeling of the majority was decidedly averse from affording parliamentary countenance and immunity to those descendants of the victims of Domitian’s just indignation; although it is understood that such a provision would have been cordially supported by the advocates for universal toleration. The simple question for consideration would be, whether the conduct and principles of the insect species have undergone such a material change as to entitle them to new and extraordinary enactments in their favour? Have they entirely divested themselves of their licentious and predatory habits, and learnt now for the first time to distinguish between right and wrong? Do they understand what it is to commit sacrilege? To intrude into the sanctum sanctorum of the meat-safe? To rifle and defile the half roseate, half lily-white charms of a virgin ham? To touch with unhallowed proboscis the immaculate lip of beauty, the unprotected scalp of old age, the savoury glories of the kitchen? To invade with the most reckless indifference, and the most wanton malice, the siesta of the alderman or the philosopher? To this we answer in the eloquent and emphatic language of the late Mr. Canning—*No!* Unamiable and unconciliating monsters! The wildest and most ferocious inhabitants of the desert may be reclaimed from their savage nature, and taught to become the peaceful denizens of a menagerie—but ye are altogether untractable and untameable. Gratitude and sense of shame, the better parts of instinct, have never yet interposed their sacred influence to prevent the commission of one treacherous or unbecoming



## Page 22

action of yours. The holy rites of hospitality are by you abused and set at naught; and the very roof which shelters you is desecrated with the marks of your irreverential contempt for all things human and divine. Would that—and the wish is expressed more in sorrow than in anger—would that your entire species were condensed into one enormous bluebottle, that we might crush you all at a single swoop!

Many, calling themselves philanthropists and Christians, have omitted to squash a fly when they had an opportunity of so doing; nay, some of these people have even been known to go the length of writing verses on the occasion, in which they applaud themselves for their own humane disposition, and congratulate the object of their mistaken mercy on its narrow escape from impending fate. There is nothing more wanting than to propose the establishment of a Royal Humane Society for the resuscitation of flies apparently drowned or suffocated. Can it possibly be imagined by the man who has succeeded after infinite pains in rescuing a greedy and intrusive insect from a gin-and-watery grave in his own vile potatoes, that he has thereby consulted the happiness of his fellow creatures, or promoted the cause of decency, cleanliness, good order, and domestic comfort? Let him watch the career of the mischievous little demon which he has thus been the means of restoring to the world, when he might have arrested its progress for ever. Observe the stout and respectable gentleman, loved, honoured, and esteemed in all the various relations of father, husband, friend, citizen, and Christian, who is on cushioned sofa composing himself for his wonted nap, after a dinner in substance and quantity of the most satisfactory description, and not untempered by a modicum of old port. His amiable partner, with that refined delicacy and sense of decorum peculiar to the female sex, has already withdrawn with her infant progeny, leaving her good man, as she fondly imagines, to enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted repose. At one moment we behold him slumbering softly as an infant—“so tranquil, helpless, stirless, and unmoved;” in the next, we remark with surprise sundry violent twitches and contortions of the limbs, as though the sleeper were under the operation of galvanism, or suffering from the pangs of a guilty conscience. Of what hidden crime does the memory thus agitate him—breaking in upon that rest which should steep the senses in forgetfulness of the world and its cares? On a sudden he starts from his couch with an appearance of frenzy!—his nostrils dilated, his eyes gleaming with immoderate excitement—an incipient curse quivering on his lips, and every vein swelling—every muscle tense with fearful and passionate energy of purpose. Is he possessed with a devil, or does he meditate suicide, that his manner is so wild and hurried? With impetuous velocity he rushes to the window, and beneath his vehement but futile strokes, aimed at a scarcely visible, and certainly impalpable

## Page 23

object, the fragile glass flies into fragments, the source of future colds and curtain lectures without number. The immediate author of so much mischief, it is true, is the diminutive vampire which is now making its escape with cold-blooded indifference through a very considerable fracture in one of the panes; but surely the person who saved from destruction, and may thus be considered to have given existence to the cause of all this loss of temper and of property, cannot conscientiously affirm that *his* withers are unwrung! Mercy and forbearance are very great virtues when exercised with proper discretion; but man owes a paramount duty to society, with which none of the weaknesses, however amiable, of his nature should be allowed to interfere. It is no mercy to pardon and let loose upon the community one who, having already been convicted of manifold delinquencies, only waits a convenient season for adding to the catalogue of his crimes; and what is larceny, or felony, or even treason, compared with the perpetration of the outrages above attempted to be described?—We pause for a reply.

Summer is a most delectable—a most glorious season. We, who are fond of basking as a lizard, and whose inward spirit dances and exults like a very mote in the sun-beam, always hail its approach with rapture; but our anticipations of bright and serene days—of blue, cloudless, and transparent skies—of shadows the deeper from intensity of surrounding light—of yellow corn-fields, listless rambles, and lassitude rejoicing in green and sunny banks—are allayed by this one consideration, that

Waked by the summer ray, the reptile young  
Come winged abroad. From every chink  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms; by myriads forth at once,  
Swarming they pour.

Go where you will, it is not possible to escape these “winged reptiles.” They abound exceedingly in all sunny spots; nor in the shady lane do they not haunt every bush, and lie perdu under every leaf, thence sallying forth on the luckless wight who presumes to molest their “solitary reign;” they hang with deliberate importunity over the path of the sauntering pedestrian, and fly with the flying horseman, like the black cares (that is to say, blue devils) described by the Roman lyrist. Within doors they infest, harpy-like, the dinner-table—

Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant  
Immundo—

and hover in impending clouds over the sugar basin at tea; in the pantry it is buz; in the dairy it is buz; in the kitchen it is buz; one loud, long-continued, and monotonous buz! Having little other occupation than that of propagating their species, the natural

consequence, as we may learn from Mr. Malthus, is that their numbers increase in a frightfully progressive ratio from year to year; and it has at length become absolutely necessary that some decisive measures should be adopted to counteract the growing evil.

## Page 24

Upon the whole, he would not, perhaps, be considered to speak rashly or unadvisedly, who should affirm, that no earthly creature, of the same insignificant character and pretensions, is the agent of nearly so much mischief as the fly.—What a blessed order of things would immediately ensue, if every one of them was to be entirely swept away from the face of the earth! This most wished-for event, we fear, it will never be our lot to witness; but it may be permitted to a sincere patriot, in his benevolent and enthusiastic zeal for the well-being of his country, to indulge in aspirations that are tinged with a shade of extravagance. With respect, however, to the above mentioned vermin, the idea of their total annihilation may not be altogether chimerical. We know that the extirpation of wolves from England was accomplished by the commutation of an annual tribute for a certain number of their heads; and it is well worth the consideration of the legislature, whether, by adopting a somewhat similar principle, they may not rid the British dominions of an equally great and crying nuisance. The noble Duke, now at the head of his Majesty's Government, has it in his power to add another ray to his illustrious name, to secure the approbation and gratitude of all classes of the community, and to render his ministry for ever memorable, by the accomplishment of so desirable an object. In the mean time, let the Society of Arts offer their next large gold medal to the person who shall invent the most ingenious and destructive fly-trap. A certain quantity of quassia might be distributed gratis at Apothecaries' Hall, as vaccinator matter is at the Cow-pox Hospital, with very considerable effect; and an act of parliament should be passed without delay, declaring the wilful destruction of a spider to be felony.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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## THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.[7]

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Tableau, au l'Amour fait alliance avec la  
Tombe; union redoubtable de la mort et de la  
vie.” MADAME DE STAEL.

There was music on the midnight;  
From a royal fane it roll'd,  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly toll'd.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
It hush'd the listener's breath;  
For the music spoke of triumph high,  
The lonely bell, of death.



There was hurrying through the midnight:—  
A sound of many feet;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,  
Along the shadowy street;  
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,  
As it near'd the Minster-gate,  
Whence broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Sweep down in many a wave;  
Loading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;  
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,  
Like a shadow of the tomb.



## Page 25

And within that rich pavilion  
High on a glittering throne,  
A woman's form sat silently,  
Midst the glare of light alone.  
Her Jewell'd robes fell strangely still—  
The drapery on her breast  
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly music  
Shook e'en the dust below,  
When the burning gold of the diadem  
Was set on her pallid brow!  
Then died away that haughty sound,  
And from th' encircling band,  
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,  
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint cold shuddering  
Over each martial frame,  
As one by one, to touch that hand,  
Noble and leader came?  
Was not the settled aspect fair?  
Did not a queenly grace,  
Under the parted ebon hair.  
Sit on the pale still face?

Death, Death! canst *thou* be lovely  
Unto the eye of Life?  
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast  
With thy cold mien at strife?  
—It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,  
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,  
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compress'd,  
Lest the strong heart should fail;  
King Pedro with a jealous eye  
Watching the homage done  
By the land's flower and chivalry  
To her, his martyr'd one.



But on the face he look'd not  
Which once his star had been:  
To every form his glance was turn'd,  
Save of the breathless queen;  
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,  
Of her beauty still was there,  
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
'Twas not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,  
The treasures of the earth,  
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,  
Alike of wasted worth!  
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead  
Unto the chamber deep,  
Lay down again the royal head,  
Dust with the dust to sleep.

There is music on the midnight—  
A requiem sad and slow.  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go,  
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly,  
King Pedro led the train—  
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,  
When they lower'd the dust again.  
—'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above,  
Hymns die, and steps depart:  
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?  
*Mightier* thou wert and art!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

[7] Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inez taken from the grave, solemnly enthroned and crowned.



## Page 26

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### ART THOU THE MAID?

Art thou the maid from whose blue eye  
Mine drank such deep delight?  
Was thine that voice of melody  
Which charm'd the silent night?

I fain would think thou art not she  
Who hung upon mine arm,  
When love was yet a mystery,  
A sweet, resistless charm.

It seemed to me as though the spell  
On both alike were cast;  
I prayed but in thy sight to dwell,  
For thee, to breathe my last.

Mine inmost secret soul was thine,  
Thou wert enthroned therein,  
Like sculptured saint in holy shrine,  
All free from guile and sin.

And, heaven forgive! I did adore  
With more than pilgrim's zeal;  
And then thy smile——But oh! no more!  
No more may I reveal.

Enough—we're parted——Both must own  
The accursed power of gold.  
I wander through the world *alone*;  
*Thou* hast been bought and sold.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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It would be a very pleasant thing, if literary productions could be submitted to something like chemical analysis,—if we could separate the merit of a book, as we can the magnesia of Epsom salts, by a simple practical application of the doctrine of affinities.

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## THE GATHERER

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "*a definition of a good fellow*," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when, he received the following:—

Mr. *Golightly*.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc*.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. *G. Montgomery*.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir *T. Wentworth*.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox-dinners, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a boroughmonger.

Mr. *M. Sterling*.—A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation; in short, a good man.

Mr. *M. Farlane*.—A good fellow is a bonnie braw John Hielandman.

Mr. *O'Connor*.—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder; cares little about learning, and less about his neckcloth; loves whiskey, patronizes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.



## Page 27

Mr. *Musgrave*.—A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton*.—A good fellow is one who knows “what’s what,” keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. *Rowley*.—A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can’t get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert, when he can’t get venison at my lord’s.

Mr. *Lozell*.—A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley*.—A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

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## MERCHANT TAILORS’ SCHOOL.

At Merchant Tailors’ School, what time  
Old Bishop held the rod,  
The boys rehearsed the old man’s rhyme  
Whilst he would smile and nod.

Apart I view’d a little child  
Who join’d not in the game:  
His face was what mammas call mild  
And fathers dull and tame.

Pitying the boy, I thus address’d  
The pedagogue of verse—  
“Why doth he not, Sir, like the rest,  
Your epigrams rehearse?”

“Sir!” answered thus the aged man,  
“He’s not in Nature’s debt;  
His ears so tight are seal’d, he can-  
Not learn his alphabet.”

“Why not?” I cried:—whereat to me  
He spoke in minor clef—  
“He cannot learn his A, B, C,  
Because he’s D, E, F.”

*New Monthly Magazine.*

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### ROYAL LEARNING.

The king of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Harford Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it underground, or how?"

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMPLIMENT MAL-APROPOS.

Napoleon was once present at the performance of one of Pasiello's operas, in which was introduced an air by Cimarosa. Pasiello was in the box with the emperor, and received many compliments during the evening. At length, when the air by Cimarosa was played, the emperor turned round, and taking Pasiello by the hand, exclaimed, "By my faith, my friend, the man who has composed that air, may proclaim himself the greatest composer in Europe." "It is Cimarosa's," feebly articulated Pasiello. "I am sorry for it; but I cannot recall what I have said."

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A gentleman taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

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LOMBIRD'S EDITION OF THE *Following Novels are already Published:*

## Page 28

*s d*

Mackenzie's Man of Feeling . . . . .	0	6
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