

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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Page 1

HAMPTON COURT.

[Illustration: Hampton Court]

Here is a bird's-eye view of a royal palace and domain "cut out in little stars." It is copied from one of Kipp's Views in Great Britain in the time of Queen Anne, and affords a correct idea of Hampton Court in all its olden splendour.

The palace is situated on the north bank of the Thames, two miles west from Kingston. It was magnificently built by Cardinal Wolsey. After he became possessed of the lease of the manor of Hampton, "he bestowed," says Stow, "great cost of building upon it, converting the mansion-house into so stately a palace, that it is said to have excited much envy; to avoid which, in the year 1526, he gave it to the king, who in recompense thereof licensed him to lie in his manor of Richmond at his pleasure; and so he lay there at certain times;" but it appears that Wolsey after this occasionally inhabited the palace (perhaps as keeper;) for in 1527, when some French ambassadors were in England, the king sent them to be entertained by the Cardinal at Hampton Court. The preparations for this purpose are detailed in a *Ms. copy of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, in the British Museum, and afford the reader some idea of the magnificent taste of the prelate in matters of state and show. The Cardinal was commanded to receive the ambassadors with surpassing splendour; then "my Lord Cardinal sent me (Mr. Cavendish) being his gentleman usher, with two other of my fellows thither, to foresee all things touching our rooms to be nobly garnished"—"accordingly our pains were not small nor light, but daily travelling up and down from chamber to chamber; then wrought the carpenters, joiners, masons, and all other artificers necessary to be had to glorify this noble feast." He tells us of "expert cookes, and connyng persons in the art of cookerie; the cookes wrought both day and night with subtleties and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver, nor other costly things meet for their purpose"—"280 beds furnished with all manner of furniture to them, too long particularly to be rehearsed, but all wise men do sufficiently know what belongeth to the furniture thereof, and that is sufficient at this time to be said." Wolsey's arrival during the feast is described quaintly enough: "Before the second course my lord came in booted and spurred, all sodainely amongst them *proface*;^[1] at whose coming there was great joy, with rising every man from his place, whom my lord caused to sit still, and keep their roomes, and being in his apparel as he rode, called for a chayre and sat down in the midst of the high paradise, laughing and being as merry as ever I saw him in all my lyff." The whole party drank long and strong, some of the Frenchmen were led off to bed, and in the chambers of all was placed abundance of "wine and beere."

Henry VIII. added considerably to Wolsey's building, and in the latter part of his reign, it became one of his principal residences. Among the events connected with the palace are the following:—

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Edward vi. was born at Hampton Court, October 12, 1537, and his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died there on the 14th of the same month.[2] Her corpse was conveyed to Windsor by water, where she was buried, November 12. Catharine Howard was openly showed as Queen, at Hampton Court, August 8, 1540. Catharine Parr was married to the King at this palace, and proclaimed Queen, July 12, 1543. In 1558, Mary and Philip kept Christmas here with great solemnity, when the large hall was illuminated with 1,000 lamps. Queen Elizabeth frequently resided, and gave many superb entertainments here, in her reign. In 1603-4, the celebrated conference between Presbyterians and the Established Church was held here before James I. as moderator, in a withdrawing-room within the privy-chamber, on the subject of Conformity. All the Lords of the Council were present, and the conference lasted three days; a new translation of the Bible was ordered, and some alterations were made in the Liturgy.[3]

Charles I. retired to Hampton Court on account of the plague, in 1625, when a proclamation prohibited all communication between London, Southwark, or Lambeth, and this place.[4] Charles was brought here by the army, August 24, 1647, and lived in a state of splendid imprisonment, being allowed to keep up the state and retinue of a court, till November 11, following, when he made his escape[5] to the Isle of Wight.

In 1651, the Honour and Palace of Hampton were sold to creditors of the state; but previously to 1657 it came into the possession of Cromwell, who made it one of his chief residences. Elizabeth, his daughter, was here publicly married to the Lord Falconberg; and the Protector's favourite child, Mrs. Claypoole, died here, and was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey.

The palace was occasionally inhabited by Charles II. and James II. King William resided much at Hampton Court; he pulled down great part of the old palace, which then consisted of five quadrangles, and employed Sir Christopher Wren to build on its site the Fountain Court, or State Apartments. In July, 1689, the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, was born here. The Queen sojourned at Hampton occasionally, as did her successors George I. and II.; but George III. never resided here. When his late serene highness William the Fifth, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, was condemned to quit his country by the French, this palace was appropriated to his use; and he resided here several years. The principal domestic apartments of Hampton Court are now occupied by different private families, who have grants for life from the crown.

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The palace consists of three grand quadrangles: the western quadrangle, or entrance court is 167 feet 2 inches, north to south, and 141 feet 7 inches, east to west. This leads to the second, or middle quadrangle, 133 feet 6 inches, north to south, and 91 feet 10 inches, east to west; this is usually called the Clock Court, from a curious astronomical clock by Tompion, over the gateway of the eastern side; on the southern side is a colonnade of Ionic pillars by Wren. On the north is the great hall: as this is not mentioned by Cavendish, probably it was part of Henry's building. It certainly was not finished till 1536 or 1537, as appears from initials of the King and Jane Seymour, joined in a true lover's knot, amongst the decorations; this hall is 106 feet long, and 40 broad. Queen Caroline had a theatre erected here, in which it was intended that two plays should be acted weekly during the stay of the Court; but only seven plays were performed in it by the Drury Lane company,[6] and one afterwards before the

[1] An obsolete French term of salutation, abridged from *Bon prou vous*, i.e. much good may it do you.

[2] Stow's Annals.

[3] Fuller's Church History.

[4] Rymer's Foedera.

[5] Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

[6] Cibber tells us that the expenses of each play were £50. and the players were allowed the same sum. The King likewise gave the managers £200. more, for all the performances. For the last play, the actors received £100. One of the plays acted here was Shakspeare's Henry VIII—thus making the palace the scene of Wolseys downfall, as it had been of his splendour.

Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Germany. The theatrical appurtenances were not, however, removed till the year 1798. Adjoining the hall is the Board of Green Cloth Room, of nearly the same date, and hung with fine tapestry.

The eastern quadrangle, or Fountain Court, erected by Sir Christopher Wren for King William, in 1690, is 100 feet by 177 feet 3 inches. Here is the King's Gallery, 117 feet by 23 feet 6 inches, which was fitted up for the Cartoons of Raphael. On the eastern side of the court is a room in which George I. and George II. frequently dined in public. North-west of the Fountain Court stands the chapel, which forms the southern side of the quadrangle; this was partly built by Wolsey, and was finished by Henry VIII. in 1536, or 1537. The windows were of beautifully stained glass, and the walls decorated with paintings, but these embellishments were demolished in the troublous times of 1745. The chapel was, however, restored by Queen Anne; the floor is of black and white

marble, the pews are of Norway oak, and there is some fine carving by Gibbons; the roof is plain Gothic with pendent ornaments.

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It is hardly possible for us, within the limits of our columns to do justice to the magnificence of Hampton Court. The grand facade towards the garden extends 330 feet, and that towards the Thames 328 feet. The portico and colonnade, of duplicated pillars of the Ionic order, at the grand entrance, and indeed, the general design of the elevations, are in splendid style. On the south side of the palace is the privy garden, which was sunk ten feet, to open a view from the apartments to the Thames. On the northern side is a tennis court, and beyond that a gate which leads into the wilderness or *Maze*.^[7] Further on is the great gate of the gardens.

The gardens, which comprise about 44 acres, were originally laid out by London and Wise. George III. gave the celebrated Brown permission to make whatever improvements his fine taste might suggest; but he declared his opinion that they appeared to the best advantage in their original state, and they accordingly remain so to this day. The extent of the kitchen gardens is about 12 acres. In the privy garden is a grape house 70 feet in length, and 14 in breadth; the interior being wholly occupied by one vine of the black Hamburgh kind, which was planted in the year 1769, and has in a single year, produced 2,200 bunches of grapes, weighing, on an average, one pound each.

The grotesque forms of the gardens, and the mathematical taste in which they are disposed, are advantageously seen in a bird's-eye view as in the Engraving, which represents the tortuous beauty of the parterres, and the pools, fountains, and statues with characteristic accuracy. The formal avenues, radiating as it were, from the gardens or centre, are likewise distinctly shown, as is also the canal formed by Wolsey through the middle avenue. The intervening space, then a parklike waste, is now planted with trees, and stretches away to the village of Thames Ditton; and is bounded on the south by the Thames, and on the north by the high road to Kingston.

The palace is open to the public, and besides its splendid apartments, and numerous buildings, there is a valuable collection of pictures, which are too celebrated to need enumeration. A curious change has taken place in the occupancy of some apartments—many rooms originally intended for domestic offices being now tenanted by gentry. The whole is a vast assemblage of art, and reminds us of the palace of Versailles, which is about the same distance from Paris as Hampton Court from London.

* * * * *

GREECE.

(*For The Mirror.*)

Alas! for fair Greece, how her glories are failed,
Her altars are broken, her trophies are gone,

The Crescent her temples and shrines hath invaded,
And Freedom hath bow'd to the Mussulman throne.

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Fair Liberty say! shall the land of Achilles
Reluctantly cherish a dastardly slave,
Who can crouch at the foot of a despot, whose will is
As fickle as wind, and as rude as the wave?
Shall the ashes of heroes enshrouded in glory,
Be spurn'd in contempt by a barbarous horde,
While their sons idly tremble like boys at a story,
And shudder to gaze on the point of a sword?

Shall Greece, still as lovely as maiden in sorrow,
By Freedom's bright ray ne'er be beam'd on again?
Shall the sun of Engia ne'er rise on the morrow
That lightens her thralldom or loosens her chain?
Oh say, shall the proud eye of scorn fall unheeded,
The hand, taunting, point to "the land of the brave,"
And say that Achaia's fair daughters e'er needed
An arm to protect them—a hero to save.

Rise! courage alone your base station can alter,
Let Beauty, let Liberty, spirit you on,
And while fetters and stripes are their portion who falter,
Remember that Freedom's the stake to be won.

J.O.B.

[7] For an Engraving of the *Maze*, see *mirror*, vol. vi. page 105.

* * * * *

ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

(*For The Mirror.*)

In No. 376, of the *mirror*, is a communication from *W.W.* respecting the pension granted by Charles II. to the Pendrils, for aiding him in his escape, after the fatal battle of Worcester. There was another family who enjoyed a pension from the same monarch, named Tattersall, one of whom conveyed Charles from Brighton in his open fishing-boat. A descendant is now living at that place, but the family, through ignorance and neglect, have ceased to enjoy the grant.

The house in which the king rested at Brighton, is now an inn, in West Street, called the King's Head, and is kept by a Mr. Eales.

H. *Berger*.



* * * * *

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

(For The Mirror.)

The star is set that lighted me
Thro' Fancy's wide domain,
And the fairy paths of poesy,
I now may seek in vain.

'Tis but when Sorrow's clouds appear,
In frowning darkness o'er me,
The light of Song bursts forth to cheer
The gloomy path before me.

As o'er the dusky waves at night,
Oft Mariners behold
That ocean-form, St. Ermo's light,
When tempests are foretold.

Two reasons in my mind arise.
Why Song is *now* denied me;—
No light can venture near thine eyes,
Nor Grief—when thou'rt beside me!

E.

* * * * *

MINSTREL BALLAD.

Written on A flyleaf of A volume of one of the "Waverley novels."



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(For The Mirror.)

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay.
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies say,
Tell them youth, and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we,
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, without delay,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

C.C.

* * * * *

THE SKETCH-BOOK

* * * * *

PHYSIOGNOMY OF HOUSES.

(*For The Mirror.*)

Houses undoubtedly present to the eye of fancy, an appearance analogous to physiognomical expression in men. The remark has been made by more acute observers than myself.

Look at that beetle-browed, solemn looking mansion with a ponderous hat-roof—I mean of slates, garnished with bay windows—observe its heavy jaws of areas, its hard, close mouth of a door; its dark, deep sunken eyes of windows peering out from the heavy brow of dark stone coping that supports the slate hat in question: what a contrast to the spruce mock gentility of its neighbour, with a stand-up collar of white steps, a varnished face, and a light, jaunty, yet stiff air, like a city apprentice in his best clothes.

See the cap on the temple of that Chinese Mandarin, poking above yon clump of firs, with its bell furniture; he seems pondering on the aphorisms of Confucius, regardless of that booby faced conservatory, whose bald, rounded pate glitters in the sun. Ah! what have we here; a spruce masquerader in yellow straw hat, trying to look rural with as much success as a reed thatched summer house. Stand in this quiet nook a few hours, and give us the shadow of your mushroom covering.

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There is a poor, forlorn wretch with his rags fluttering about him like a beggar—give him a penny—he must be in distress—look at his shattered face and dilapidated form; shored up upon crutches, tottering on the brink of the sewers—shores I mean—of eternity; behold his crushed and crownless hat—his hollow eyes—his rheumy visage—look at that petition penned on his breast. Poh! 'tis a surveyor's notice to pull down. But, then, look at that plurality parson with rotund prominence of portico, and red brick cheeks of vast extent, and that high, steeple-crowned hat—look at the smug, mean, insignificant dwarf of a meeting-house, sinking up to its knees in a narrow lane, and looking as blank as a wall, with a trap-door of a mouth, and a grating cast of eye. How yonder bridegroom, just cemented in an alliance that will not last out his lease of life, “spick and span new,” all eyes, and a double row of buttons ornamenting his latticed waistcoat, looks at his adored opposite, who holds her Venetian parasol—sun shade—before her face, glowing like a red brick wall in the sun. Ah! his regards are attracted by a modest little nymph of the grove, seated snugly in a sylvan recess, her pretty white cheeks peeping out beneath the tresses of honeysuckle and woodbine that veil her beauty. Well, *railing* is in this case allowable, for see that brazen front of maiden sixty, guiltless of curls, with a huge structure of bonnet cocked straight at the top of her head, like the roof of a market-house, and her broad, square skirts of faded green, deformed by formal knots of yew and holly. Look with what a blushless face of triumph she eyes her poor tottering neighbour opposite, who never appears destined “to suffer a recovery.” Oh, 'tis remorseless! But look down that vista of charity children in slate coloured Quaker bonnets, stuck one against the other in drab, like pins in a paper, but not so bright; are they going to stand there for ever, with their governess at their head, looking as smug and fussy as the squat house at the end? Why 'tis—street!—Look at the pump at the other end, that might pass for an abridgment of a parish clerk—and see, there comes stalking across the Green the parish beadle, with a great white placard in his hat—you might well mistake him for Alderman ——'s monument in red brick with the marble tablet on the top of it. Ah! my pretty rustic—why your straw hat and brown stuff frock, with white bib, and that gay flowered apron, with the sprig of jessamine stuck at your side—you look so homely and comely beneath the shade of that tall oak, that I could fancy you were only the shepherd's cottage at the corner of the grange. Bless me—here's a modern antique, masquerading in the country!—why a village belle of queen Bess' days, looking as new and as fresh as the young 'squire's lodge, fresh out of the hands of his fancy architect. More mummery! why this gentleman looks as fine and as foolish in his affectation of rugged points and

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quaint angles, as a staring, white-washed, Gothic villa with the paint not yet dry. Oh! there is certainly no denying that thou art the primest of Quakers, Mr. Chapel, one that will not countenance a *belle*, but lookest right onward in smooth and demure solidity, with that strip of white path in front of thy brown gravel waistcoat, and the ample skirts of thy road-coloured surtout; not so your neighbour Sturdy, him with his chimney like an ink bottle, upright in his button hole, and his pen-like poplar in his hand; he is equally uncompromising, but looks with an eye of stern regard upon that gay sprig of myrtle with his roof of a hat, jauntily clapped on one side, and a towering charming feather, streaming like smoke in the breeze. But whither have my vagaries led me—here I am once more in the dullest of dull country towns, over which strides the gouty old dean, like a Gothic arch across a cathedral city; and see how the wealthy innkeeper dangles his broad medal (sign of his having been in the yeomanry) that swings to the wind like the banner of his troop—how contemptuously he eyes that solid looking overseer, the workhouse, with his right and lefthand men the executioners of the law—Stocks and Cage—oh! turn away—there is that villanous cross barred gripe the Jail—enough, enough, indeed.

LAVATERIELLO.

* * * * *

MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

* * * * *

CURIOUS CEREMONY OF DRIVING DEER THROUGH THE WATER (FORMERLY PRACTISED) IN LYME PARK, CHESHIRE.

(*For The Mirror.*)

Ormerod, in his splendid *History of Cheshire*, says, “The park of Lyme, which is very extensive, is celebrated for the fine flavour of its venison, and contains a herd of wild cattle, the remains of a breed which has been kept here from time immemorial, and is supposed indigenous. In the last century a custom was observed here of driving the deer round the park about Midsummer, or rather earlier, collecting them in a body before the house, and then swimming them through a pool of water, with which the exhibition terminated.” There is a large print of it by Vivares, after a painting by T. Smith, representing Lyme Park during the performance of the annual ceremony, with the great Vale of Cheshire and Lancashire, as far as the Rivington Hills in the distance, and in the foreground the great body of the deer passing through the pool, the last just entering it, and the old stags emerging on the opposite bank, two of which are contending with their

fore-feet, the horns at that season being too tender to combat with. This “art of driving the deer” like a herd of ordinary cattle, is stated on a monument, at Disley, to have been first perfected by Joseph Watson, who died in 1753, at the age of 104, “having been park-keeper at Lyme more than sixty-four years.” The custom, however, appears not to have been peculiar to Lyme, as Dr. Whitaker describes, in his *Account of Townley*, (the seat of a collateral line of Legh,) “near the summit of the park, and where it declines to the south, the remains of a large pool, through which tradition reports that the deer were driven by their keepers in the manner still practised in the park at Lyme.”[8]

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Lyme Park is situated near the road from Manchester to London, through Buxton, adjacent to the picturesque village of Disley.

Lyme Hall is the seat of the principal of the ancient family of Leghs. Perkins a *Legh*, a Norman, who was buried in Macclesfield Church, rendered considerable services in the battle of Cressy, for which he was presented with the estate and lordship of Lyme. The building is, in part, of the date of Elizabeth; and the other a regular structure, from a design of Leoni.

P.T.W.

[8] History of Whalley.

* * * * *

STANNARY PARLIAMENT.

(*For The Mirror.*)

In the Forest of Dartmoor, Devonshire, between Tavistock and Chegford, is a high hill, called Crocken Tor, where the tinnors of this county are obliged by their charter to assemble their parliaments, or the jurats who are commonly gentlemen within the jurisdiction, chosen from the four stannary courts of coinage in this county, of which the lord-warden is judge. The jurats being met to the number sometimes of two or three hundred, in this desolate place, are quite exposed to the weather and have no other place to sit upon but a moor-stone bench, and no refreshments but what they bring with them; for this reason the steward immediately adjourns the court to Tavistock, or some other stannary town.

HALBERT H.

* * * * *

DOWRUCK.

In different parts of the North of England it is customary for the labouring men to come before their masters at the close of their *dowruck* (day's work,) and inform him of their labours; the number of hours their work took them are cut in notches upon an ash stick, and at the end of the week when the men are paid, the stick is produced, which immediately shows what each man is entitled to.

W.H.H.

* * * * *

FAITOUR LANE,

Or as it is now called, Fetter Lane, is a term used by Chaucer, for an idle fellow. The propriety of its denomination is indisputable.

W.H.H.

* * * * *

ROBIN HOOD.

At Brough Sowerby, in Westmoreland, is an ale-house bearing the sign of Robin Hood, with the following lines beneath it:—

“Good frinds, good frinds, my ale is good.
It is the sign of Robin Hood,
If Robin Hood be not at hoame,
Step in and drink with Littel Johne.”

W.H.H.

* * * * *

JACK OF HILTON, THE BRAZEN IMAGE, ALIAS AN AEOLIPILE.

(For The Mirror.)

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Dr. Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, says, "The following service is due from the Lord of Essington, in Staffordshire, to the Lord of Hilton, about a mile distant, viz. that the Lord of the Manor of Essington, shall bring a goose every New year's day, and drive it round the fire in the hall at Hilton, at least three times, whilst *Jack of Hilton* is blowing the fire. Now Jack of Hilton is a little hollow image of brass, of about twelve inches high, kneeling upon his left knee, and holding his right hand upon his head, having a little hole in the place of the mouth, about the bigness of a great pin's head, and another in the back about two-thirds of an inch diameter, at which last hole it is filled with water, it holding about four pints and a quarter, which when set to a strong fire, evaporates after the same manner as in an *Aeolipile*, and vents itself at the smaller hole at the mouth in a constant blast, blowing the fire so strongly that it is very audible, and makes a sensible impression on that part of the fire where the blast lights, as I found by experience, May 26, 1680. After the Lord of Essington, or his deputy, or bayliffe, has driven the goose round the fire (at least three times) whilst this image blows it, he carries it into the kitchen of Hilton Hall, and delivers it to the cook, who having dressed it, the Lord of Essington, or his bayliffe, by way of further service, brings it to the table of the Lord paramount of Hilton and Essington, and receives a dish of meat from the said Lord of Hilton's table, for his own mess."

The Aeolipile, in hydraulics, is an instrument consisting of a hollow metallic ball, with a slender neck or pipe, arising from it. This being filled with water, and thus exposed to the fire, produces a vehement blast of wind.

This instrument, Des Cartes and others, have made use of, to account for the natural cause and generation of wind; and hence its name, Aeolipile, *pila Aeoli*, Aeolus's ball.

In Italy it is said that the Aeolipile is commonly made use of to cure smoky chimneys; for being hung over the fire, the blast arising from it carries up the loitering smoke along with it. This instrument was known to the ancients, and is mentioned by Vitruvius.

Some late authors have discovered the extraordinary use to which the frauds of the heathen priesthood applied the Aeolipile, viz. the working of sham miracles. Besides *Jack of Hilton*, which had been an ancient Saxon, image, or idol, Mr. Weber shows, that *Pluster*, a celebrated German idol, is also of the Aeolipile kind, and in virtue thereof, could do noble feats: being filled with a fluid, and then set on the fire, it would be covered with sweat, and as the heat increased, would at length burst out into flames.

An Aeolipile of great antiquity, made of brass, was some years since dug up on the site of the Basingstoke Canal, and presented to the Antiquarian Society of London. Instead of being globular, with a bent tube, it is in the form of a grotesque human figure, and the blast proceeds from its mouth.

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P.T.W.

* * * * *

ORIGIN OF WEARING THE VEIL.

(For The Mirror.)

The origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness.

About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed a statue of MODESTY, for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident:—Icarius having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent.

Icarius made the request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him, but seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses, for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to desist from following the chariot on the way.

Ulysses wearied with the importunities of Icarius, said to his wife, “*You* can best answer this request; it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca; you are mistress of the decision.”

The beautiful Penelope finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and without making the least reply, drew her veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial to her father’s request, and sunk into the arms of her husband.

Icarius, very sensibly affected by this behaviour, and being desirous of transmitting it to posterity by the most durable monument, consecrated a statue to Modesty, on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face; that after her it might be a universal symbol of delicacy among the fair sex.

C.K.W.

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The manners of the Welsh must have been even less delicate than those of the Anglo-Saxons; for they thought it necessary to make a law, “that none of the courtiers should give the queen a blow, or snatch any thing with violence from her, under the penalty of incurring her majesty’s displeasure.”

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FUNERAL OF A BURMESE PRIEST.

The funeral pile, in this case, is a car on wheels; and the body is blown away, from a huge wooden cannon or mortar, with the purpose, I believe, of conveying the soul more rapidly to heaven! Immense crowds are collected on occasions of these funerals, which, far from being conducted with mourning or solemnity, are occasions of rude mirth and boisterous rejoicing. Ropes are attached to each extremity of the car, and pulled in opposite directions by adverse parties; one of these being for consuming the body, the other for opposing it. The latter are at length overcome, fire is set to the pile amidst loud acclamations, and the ceremony is consummated.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava*.

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PLAN FOR A NEW CITY.

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[Illustration: Plan For A New City]

(*To the Editor of The Mirror.*)

The various ages, interests, and tastes which govern the progressive growth of cities, seem to be irremediable causes of the irregularity and inconvenience of their final formations or plans—and until this illustrious age of magnanimous projects and improvements, it would have been thought ridiculous to offer any radical expedient for a general improvement in the plans of cities; but *now* that we see *new* cities growing round the metropolis, and new towns planned for the distant dominions of Great Britain, it seems to be a convenient season for explaining my notions respecting the general plan of a city, with regard *only to the directions of the streets*, which after the repeated consideration of fifty years, I have concluded may, and ought to be, all straight streets, from *every extremity*, to the opposite, whatever be the form of the *outermost* boundary of the city or town.—These *conclusions* would most probably have passed off in silence, but for an accidental fancy arising in my mind, on reading lately in the Psalms, “*Jerusalem is a city that is in unity with itself.*” This text awakened my dormant ideas on the proper formation of streets, and anticipating the reunion of the Jews, I began the accompanying sketch for a “*Holy City,*” or “*a New Jerusalem,*” which accounts for the twelve gates according with the original number of the tribes of Israel, and the ten streets which diverge from each gate are symbolic of the Ten Commandments, wherein they were commanded to walk; the twelve circular areas I thought to be properly dedicated to the Twelve Apostles of Christianity, under the idea that when the Jews are again called together it will be under the new covenant of Christianity, so that nothing could (in that case) be more appropriate than placing the original propagators of it where so many paths led towards them—and after fixing the place of public worship in the centre, my orthodoxy ceased to affect my scheme, for want of that technical knowledge which further detail would require—and having accomplished my favourite determination of planning a town without winding streets or crooked lanes. I offer it to the MIRROR as an amusing novelty for the entertainment of its numerous readers. I think it would be not inappropriate to call it the Royal City of *Victoria*.

CHARLES MATTER.

(To the ingenious designer of the annexed sketch, we are likewise indebted for the Plan for a Maze, in our Vol. vii. page 233. Mr. H. very pertinently observes to us “*imagine what would have been said of this plan for a city, had Belzoni or Buckingham found exactly such a one in Assyria or Egypt,—of antique date?*”)

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THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

It is rather late in the day to speak of what is technically termed the “getting-up” of this elegant edition of the most popular works of our time. There are now three volumes published—*Waverley*, in two vols. and one vol. or half of *Guy Mannering*. Each of the former contains upwards of 400 pages, and the latter nearly that number—beautifully printed in what we call a very inviting type, on excellent paper, of rich colour, and not too garish for the eye of the reader. The engravings to *Waverley* are by Graves, C. Rolls, and Raddon, after E.P. and J. Stephanoff, Newton, and Landseer—a frontispiece and plate title page and vignette to each volume. To our taste the vignettes are exquisite—one by Landseer, *David Gellatley, with Ban and Buscar*, is extremely beautiful. The illustrations to the volume of *Guy Mannering* are by Duncan, and C.G. Cooke, after Leslie and Kidd. The volumes are in substantial canvass binding. Their low price, a crown a-piece, is the marvel of bookselling, for were they only reprints without copyright, they would be unprecedentedly cheap. The whole series will extend to forty volumes, to be published in three years, and will cost ten pounds. Fifteen-pence a week for the above term will thus provide a family with one of the most elegant drawing-room libraries that can be desired. They will about occupy three *cheffonier* shelves;—or what delightful volumes for fire-side shelves, or a “little book-room,” or a breakfast parlour opening on a carpet of lawn—or to read by the hour, with a golden-haired lady-friend, and chat awhile, and then turn to the most attractive scenes in the novel, while we ourselves are perhaps enacting the hero in a romance of real life. Few novels admit of a second reading; but the *Waverley* series will never lose their attraction—and to remember when and where, and with whom you first read each of them, may perhaps revive many pleasantries.

Of the literary Notes and emendations of the present edition, we have already expressed our opinion by the selection of several of them for the pages of the MIRROR; and in the progress of the publication, we shall endeavour to award similar justice to each of the works.

In the *Athenaeum*, of August 5, the presumed profit on the whole edition is estimated at L100,000.! The calculation of the sale of 12,000 of each work is a reasonable one, and splendid as, in that case, the reward will be, the reading-public will be the gainers.

* * * * *

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

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We scarcely know how to do justice to the high character of the series of volumes now publishing under this denomination. In printing and embellishment they take the lead of the Periodical Works of our day, (and some of these are extremely beautiful,) while their literary worth is even of superior order. Although they are matter-of-fact works—as in history and biography—they are not mere compilations of dry details and uninteresting lives; but they are so interspersed with new views, and the facts are so often re-written, that the whole have the appearance of original works. Excellent principles, and economy of cost are, likewise, two important points of their recommendations; for many works which have already appeared on the same subjects, have been deformed by party spirit, and written to serve a sect, or are so expensive as to be purchaseable only by the wealthy ranks, and scarcely accessible by the middle classes of society; whereas the Family Library is published at a rate within the reach of two-thirds of the reading public, who may therefore possess what they read, and appreciate the value of these volumes as works of reference and authority.

The division of the series which has called forth this notice, is No. 5, or the first volume of the *History of the Jews*, to be completed in three volumes, by the Rev. H.H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and the author of the splendid poem—*The Fall of Jerusalem*; and judging by the portion before us, this work will form one of the most attractive in the whole series. In proof of this it would be easy to select many passages which are beautifully picturesque; a few, however, will suffice:

“The Jews, without reference to their religious belief, are among the most remarkable people in the annals of mankind. Sprung from one stock, they pass the infancy of their nation in a state of servitude in a foreign country, where, nevertheless, they increase so rapidly, as to appear on a sudden the fierce and irresistible conquerors of their native valleys in Palestine. There they settle down under a form of government and code of laws totally unlike those of any other rude or civilized community. They sustain a long and doubtful conflict, sometimes enslaved, sometimes victorious, with the neighbouring tribes. At length, united under one monarchy, they gradually rise to the rank of a powerful, opulent, and commercial people. Subsequently weakened by internal discord, they are overwhelmed by the vast monarchies which arose on the banks of the Euphrates, and transplanted into a foreign region. They are partially restored, by the generosity or policy of the Eastern sovereigns, to their native land. They are engaged in wars of the most romantic gallantry, in assertion of their independence, against the Syro-Grecian successors of Alexander. Under Herod, they rise to a second era of splendour, as a dependent kingdom of Rome: finally, they make the last desperate resistance to

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the universal dominion of the Caesars. Scattered from that period over the face of the earth—hated, scorned, and oppressed, they subsist, a numerous and often a thriving people; and in all the changes of manners and opinions retain their ancient institutions, their national character, and their indelible hope of restoration to grandeur and happiness in their native land. Thus the history of this, perhaps the only unmingled race, which can boast of high antiquity, leads us through every gradation of society and brings us into contact with almost every nation which commands our interest in the ancient world; the migratory pastoral population of Asia; Egypt, the mysterious parent of arts, science, and legislation; the Arabian Desert; the Hebrew theocracy under the form of a federative agricultural republic, their kingdom powerful in war and splendid in peace; Babylon, in its magnificence and downfall; Grecian arts and luxury endeavouring to force an unnatural refinement within the pale of the rigid Mosaic institutions; Roman arms waging an exterminating war with the independence even of the smallest states; it descends, at length, to all the changes in the social state of the modern European and Asiatic nations.”

At page 32, there is an interesting picture of the state of society in Patriarchal times—the whole of the life of Moses is extremely well written—the description of the Plague is indeed terrific—and the death and character of the Prophet drawn with a masterly and vigorous hand. The reigns of David and Solomon, as might be expected, are magnificently told. Among the picturesque sketches none exceed the—

DESCRIPTION OF PALESTINE.

“It is almost impossible to calculate with accuracy the area of a country, the frontier of which is irregular on every side. Lowman has given three different estimates of the extent of territory occupied by the twelve tribes, the mean between the two extremes approaches probably the nearest to the truth. According to this computation, the Jewish dominion, at the time of the Division, was 180 miles long, by 130 wide, and contained 14,976,000 acres. This quantity of land will divide to 600,000 men, about 21-1/2 acres in property, with a remainder of 1,976,000 acres for the Levitical cities, the princes of tribes, the heads of families, and other public uses. Assuming this estate of 21-1/2 acres, assigned to each household, of course a larger proportion of pasture must have been given to those tribes who subsisted on their herds and flocks, than of arable to those who lived by tillage, the portions of the latter, therefore, must be considerably reduced. On the other hand, the extraordinary fertility of the whole country must be taken into the account. No part was waste; very little was occupied by unprofitable wood; the more fertile hills were cultivated in artificial terraces, others were hung with orchards of fruit trees; the more rocky and barren districts were covered with

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vineyards. Even in the present day, the wars and misgovernment of ages have not exhausted the natural richness of the soil. Galilee, says Malte Brun, would be a paradise were it inhabited by an industrious people, under an enlightened government. No land could be less dependent on foreign importation; it bore within itself every thing that could be necessary for the subsistence and comfort of a simple agricultural people. The climate was healthy, the seasons regular; the former rains, which fell about October, after the vintage, prepared the ground for the seed; the latter, which prevailed during March and the beginning of April, made it grow rapidly. Directly the rains ceased, the grain ripened with still greater rapidity, and was gathered in before the end of May. The summer months were dry and very hot, but the nights cool and refreshed by copious dews. In September, the vintage was gathered. Grain of all kinds, wheat, barley, millet, zea, and other sorts, grew in abundance; the wheat commonly yielded thirty for one. Besides the vine and the olive, the almond, the date, figs of many kinds, the orange, the pomegranates, and many other fruit-trees, flourished in the greatest luxuriance. Great quantity of honey was collected. The balm tree, which produced the opobalsamum, a great object of trade, was probably introduced from Arabia in the time of Solomon. It nourished about Jericho and in Gilead."

This is but a portion of the sketch. The wealth and commerce of the country is thus told:

"The only public revenue of the Hebrew commonwealth was that of the sacred treasury, the only public expenditure that of the religious worship. This was supported by a portion of the spoils taken in war; the first fruits, which in their institution were no more than could be carried in a basket, at a later period were rated to be one part in sixty; the redemption of the first born, and of whatever was vowed to the Lord. Almost every thing of the last class might be commuted for money according to a fixed scale. The different annual festivals were well calculated to promote internal commerce: maritime or foreign trade, is scarcely mentioned in the law, excepting in two obscure prophetic intimations of advantages, which the tribes of Dan and Zebulun were to derive from their maritime situation. On this subject the lawgiver could have learned nothing in Egypt. The commerce of that country was confined to the inland caravan trade. The Egyptians hated or dreaded the sea, which they considered either the dwelling of the evil principle, or the evil principle itself. At all events, the Hebrews at this period were either blind to the maritime advantages of their situation, or unable to profit by them. The ports were the last places they conquered. Sidon, if indeed within their boundary, never lost its independence; Tyre, if it existed, was a town too obscure to be named; Ecdippa and Acco remained in the power of the Canaanites; Joppa is not mentioned as a port till

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much later. The manufactures of the people supplied their own wants; they brought from Egypt the arts of weaving woollens and linens, stuffs made of fine goats' hair, and probably cotton; of dying in various colours, and bleaching, and of embroidering; of many kinds of carpenter's work; of building, some of the rules of which were regulated by law; of making earthenware vessels; of working in iron, brass, and the precious metals, both casting them and forming them with the tool; of gilding, engraving seals, and various other kinds of ornamental work, which were employed in the construction of the altars and sacred vessels of the Tabernacle."

Among the illustrative passages we notice the following exquisite paragraph on the—
HEBREW POETS.

"THE three most eminent men in the Hebrew annals, Moses, David, and Solomon, were three of their most distinguished poets. The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age,) they have entered with unquestioned propriety into the ritual of the holier and more perfect religion of Christ. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judaea, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world, in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections into unison with their deep, devotional fervour."

The present volume extends from the time of Abraham to the Babylonian Captivity. It is illustrated with three excellent maps, and a few wood cuts; but we are convinced that we need add nothing further of its contents to recommend the *History of the Jews* to the attention of our readers; for it is one of the most splendid and fascinating works in our recollection.

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LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

The Fourth Part of this well-arranged publication, is "*The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties illustrated by Anecdotes.*" The matter is judiciously divided into chapters, as



“Strength of the Passion for Knowledge—Humble Station no Obstacle—Obscure Origin—Artists rising from the lower to the higher classes—Late Learners—Early Age of Great Men—Self-educated Men—Literary Pursuits of Soldiers—Merchants,

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Booksellers, and Printers.” All these heads are illustrated by anecdotes—some of them well known, others drawn from uncommon sources—and all replete with useful information, and furnishing an exhaustless store of entertainment. Such a volume is, indeed, *a book for the people*, and will do more towards the spread of knowledge, and the excitement of those engaged in its pursuit, than scores of fine-spun theories cramped up with technicalities. For young people we consider this book a real treasure; since the examples selected are not those of men who became intoxicated with their success, or gave up useful occupation for mere elegant literature or experimental knowledge; but the instances are chiefly of such as have turned their genius to good account, or for the benefit of themselves and their fellow men. We call such men the *honourables of the land*, whose examples should be written in letters of gold, and on monuments of marble, as helps to social duties and for the imitation of after times.

We have marked for our next number a few extracts which will be interesting to our readers to explain the mode by which the heads of a chapter are illustrated. The biographettes of John Hunter, Simpson, J. Stone, and Fergusson, and the introductory illustrations of Newton, are the most striking portions of the volume; and they maybe read and re-read with increasing advantage. Of Hunter and Fergusson there are good portraits.

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SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

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Block Machinery.

Mr. Faraday has lately described at the Royal Institution, Brunel’s Block Machinery at Portsmouth, with a set of magnificent models of this admirable invention, which were lent to the Society by the Navy Board. They consist of eight separate machines, which work in succession, so as to begin and finish off a two-sheaved block four inches in length. These were put by Messrs. Maudsley and Field’s men (who made them) into such communication and action, as to perform the set of operations in the most perfect manner.

Mr. F. briefly stated that the Block Machinery of Portsmouth, by adjustments, could manufacture blocks of 100 different sizes—could with thirty men make 100 per hour; and from the time of its completion in 1804-5 to the present day, had required no repairs from Maudsley, the original manufacturer. The total cost was given at 46,000 £., and the



saving per annum in time of war 25,000 *l*. This is a paragon of art which we could see again and again.

Enameled Street Names.

The names of the Streets in Paris have been recently put up on enameled plates; the ground being blue, and the letters white. The substance on which the enameling is performed is lava in slabs; the same substance has since been used as the basis of certain enameled designs; it is much superior in some points to porcelain in this application, because the necessary exposure to fire does not cause it to crack in the manner that porcelain does.—*From the French.*

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Preservation of Wine Must.

Charcoal was added to grape must, in the proportion of 100 grains to a litre (2.1 pints), or if very much inclined to ferment, more charcoal was used. When the liquid had settled, and become clear and colourless, it was removed from the charcoal, and put into bottles or casks, to be closed up, and preserved. It will not enter into fermentation, even in close vessels; for the charcoal has absorbed the ferment. Nevertheless, the ferment has not lost its powers by combination with the carbon; for, if left in the must, the latter begins to ferment, but only where in contact with the former.—*From the French.*

Weevils in Granaries.

Wash the floor and sides of the granary with a mixture of urine and water before the corn is stored up; this washing is to be repeated several times, the walls and floors of the granary being well swept between each operation.—*From the French.*

French Eggs and Apples.

In the year 1827 there were 63,109,618 hen's eggs, and 14,182 bushels of apples imported from France into England.

Enlargement of Artichokes.

The gardeners in the south of France increase the size of artichokes by splitting the stem into four at the base of the receptacle, and introducing two small sticks in the form of a cross. This operation should not be made until the stem has attained the height it ought to have.—*From the French.*

Preservation of Potatoes.

Potatoes at the depth of one foot in the ground, produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear in the middle of summer; at three feet they are very short, and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. In consequence of observing these effects several parcels of potatoes were buried in a garden at the depth of three and a half feet, and were not removed. until after an interval of one or two years. They were then found without, any shoots, and possessing their original freshness, firmness, goodness, and taste. *From the French.*

Leeches.

It is well known that atmospheric changes have a remarkable influence upon leeches. In 1825, M. Derheim, of St. Omer, ascribes the almost sudden death of them at the approach of, or during storms, to the coagulation of the blood of these creatures, caused by the impression of the atmospheric electricity.—*From the French.*



Carpenter's Microscope.

Mr. Carpenter's achromatic solar microscope has now a white circular area of nine feet in diameter, to receive the images of the objects upon, some of which are magnified to the enormous size of upwards of eight feet in length!

Mr. Carpenter's lucernal microscopes are now arranged in a kind of temple, placed in the middle of a room, and illuminated by the light of one powerful Argand lamp, so as to be independent of all natural light; thus, in all seasons, even in cloudy weather, the objects are as brilliantly displayed as they could be last year when the sun shone.—

Gill's Repository.

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Beet Root Sugar.

There are now in France upwards of one hundred manufactories of beet root sugar, from which were produced last year upwards of 5,000 tons of sugar, worth 60 *l.* per ton, or 300,000 *l.*; the profit of which is estimated at 15 *l.* an acre; but, says one of the manufacturers, the process may be so far improved, that sugar will be made in France from the beet root at 30 *l.* per ton, which will increase the profit to 24 *l.* an acre. A writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* observes that "it is difficult to conceive that one half of the sugar consumed in Great Britain, or in all Europe, will not, in a few years, be home-made beet root sugar."

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

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LORD BYRON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT AT WATERLOO.

By a Sexagenarian.

In his transit to Italy in August, 1816, Lord Byron visited Brussels (where I was residing) accompanied by Dr. Polidori. The moment I heard of his arrival, I waited on him, and was received with the greatest cordiality and kindness.

As he proposed visiting Waterloo on the following morning, I offered my services as his cicerone, which were graciously accepted, and we set out at an early hour, accompanied by his *compagnon de voyage*. The weather was propitious, but the poet's spirits seemed depressed, and we passed through the gloomy forest of Soignies without much conversation. As the plan of the inspection of the field had been left to me, I ordered our postilion to drive to Mont St. Jean, without stopping at Waterloo. We got out at the monuments. Lord Byron gazed about for five minutes without uttering a syllable; at last, turning to me, he said—"I am not disappointed. I have seen the plains of Marathon, and these are as fine. Can you tell me," he continued, "where Picton fell? because I have heard that my friend Howard was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment."

The spot was well known, and I pointed with my finger to some trees near it, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards: we walked to the spot. "Howard," said his lordship, with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in the wrong; we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." He spoke these words with great feeling, and we returned to examine the monument of Sir Alexander Gordon, a broken column, on which he made some criticisms, bestowing great praise on the fraternal affection of his brother, who had erected it. He did not seem much

interested about the positions of the troops, which I pointed out to him; and we got into our carriage, and drove to the Chateau Goumont, the poet remaining silent, pensive, and in a musing mood, which I took care not to interrupt.

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The gallant defence of this post seemed to interest him more, and I recapitulated all the particulars I knew of the attack. From the bravery displayed by the handful of troops (the Guards) who defended it, it has acquired its reputation. Though they were reinforced more than once, the number never exceeded twelve hundred; and notwithstanding the enemy having, by battering down the gate of the farmyard, and setting fire to the straw in it, got possession of the outer works, in the evening attack, they could make no impression on the strong hold, the garden—

“Whose close pleach’d walks and bowers have been
The deadly marksman’s lurking screen.”

They reaped no advantage by these assaults; on the contrary, they sacrificed a great many brave men without any purpose. It was a most important post; for had they succeeded in getting possession of it, and driving out our troops, their guns would have enfiladed us, and we should have been obliged to change our front. The pompous title of *chateau* gives a little additional importance to this position, though it is only a miserable dwelling of two stories, somewhat resembling the habitations of our *Bonnet Lairds* about the beginning of the last century. The area of the house is about two Scotch acres, including the garden. The clipped and shady walks have been long since cut down, which takes away much interest from it; and the stupid Fleming to whom it belonged, cut down the young trees in front of it, because they had been wounded by the bullets, which he was informed “would cause them to bleed to death!” The nobleman who now possesses it, had, with better taste, repaired the chateau, and will not permit any alteration in its appearance.

I asked Byron what he thought of Mr. Scott’s “Field of Waterloo,” just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. “Oh,” said he, “quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off*; but I am sure there is no poet living who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject, in so short a time. Scott,” he added, “is a fine poet, and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companions. It is highly absurd his denying, what every one that knows him believes, his being the author of these admirable works. Yet no man is obliged to give his name to the public, except he chooses so to do; and Scott is not likely to be compelled by the law, for he does not write libels, nor a line of which he may be ashamed.” He said a great deal more in praise of his friend, for whom he had the highest respect and regard. “I wish,” added the poet, with feeling, “it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor. No author,” he observed, “had deserved more from the public, or has been so liberally rewarded. Poor Milton got only 15_l_ for his ‘Paradise Lost,’ while a modern poet has as much for a stanza.” I know not if he made any allusion to himself in this remark, but it has been said that Murray paid him that sum for every verse of “Childe Harold.”

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Lord Byron, in reading aloud the stanzas of Mr. Scott,

“For high, and deathless is the name,
Oh Hougoinont, thy ruins claim!
The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot
Long ere thy glories are forgot,” &c.

he exclaimed, striking the page with his hand, “I’ll be d——d if they will, Mr. Scott, be forgot!”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott visited Brussels about the middle of August, 1816, when I had the good fortune to meet him at the house of Sir Frederick Adam, who was prevented by a wound from joining his brigade, though he was able to do the duties of the small garrison there.

Mr. Scott accepted my services to conduct him to Waterloo. The general’s aid-de-camp was also of the party, Mr. Scott being accompanied by two friends, his fellow travellers. He made no secret of his having undertaken to write something on the battle; and he took the greater interest on this account in every thing that he saw. Besides, he had never seen a field of such a conflict; and never having been before on the Continent, it was all new to his comprehensive mind. The day was beautiful; and I had the precaution to send out a couple of saddle-horses, that he might not be fatigued in walking over the fields which had been recently ploughed up. The animal he rode was so quiet that he was much gratified, and had an opportunity of examining every spot of the positions of both armies; and seemed greatly delighted, especially with the Farm of Goumont, where he loitered a couple of hours. In our rounds we fell in with Monsieur Da Costar, with whom he got into conversation, though I had told him he was an impostor. But he had attracted so much notice by his pretended story of being about the person of Napoleon, that he was of too much importance to be passed by: I did not, indeed, know as much of this fellow’s Charlatanism at that time as afterwards, when I saw him confronted with a blacksmith of La Belle Alliance, who had been his companion in a hiding-place, ten miles from the field, during the whole day; a fact which he could not deny. But he had got up a tale so plausible, and so profitable, that he could afford to bestow hush-money on the companion of his flight, so that the imposition was but little known, and strangers continued to be gulled. He had picked up a good deal of information about the positions and details of the battle, and being naturally a sagacious Wallon, and speaking French pretty fluently, he became the favourite *cicerone*, and every lie he told was taken for gospel. Year after year, until his death, in 1824, he continued his popularity, and raised the price of his rounds from a couple of francs to

five; besides as much for the hire of a horse, his own property; for he pretended that the fatigue of walking so many hours was beyond his powers.

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It has been said, that in this way he realized every summer a couple of hundred Napoleons. It is surprising how any one could believe the story he told; for supposing that he had been seized upon by Napoleon, what use could such a vagabond be as a guide? What was he to show? The British army was staring the Emperor in the face at a mile distant. This *soi-disant* hero could only be an incumbrance during the conflict, if his courage could have been screwed up to remain at Napoleon's side, as he pretended he had done, and that when he became panicstruck on the approach of the Prussians, he was rewarded for his services with a twenty-franc coin. He even pointed out the actual spot where he stood with the Emperor on the *chaussee*—heard him exclaim "Sauve qui peut!" and saw him mount his horse, and brush!—*facts*, which are become historical!

When Sir Walter had examined every point of defence and attack we adjourned to the "Original Duke of Wellington," at Waterloo, to dinner, after the fatigues of the ride. Here he had a crowded levee of peasants, and collected a great many trophies, from cuirasses down to buttons and bullets. He picked up himself many little relics, and was fortunate in purchasing a grand cross of the legion of honour. But the most precious relic was presented to him by my wife—a French soldier's book, well stained with blood, and containing some poetical effusions, called "Troubadours," which he found so interesting that he translated them into English, and they were introduced into his "Paul's Letters;" on the publication of which he did her the honour of sending her a copy, with a most flattering letter, to say, "that he considered her gift as the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."

On our return from the field, he kindly passed the evening with us, and a few friends whom we invited to meet him. He charmed us with his delightful conversation, and was in great spirits from the agreeable day he had passed; and with great good humour promised to write a stanza in the lady's Album. The following morning he called to achieve this; and I put him into my little library, the door of which I locked to prevent interruption, as a great many of my friends had paraded in the *Parc* opposite my window to get a peep of the celebrated man, many having dogged him from his hotel.

Brussels affords but little worthy of the notice of such a traveller as the author of "Waverley;" but he greatly admired the splendid tower of the Maison de Ville, and the ancient sculpture and style of architecture of the buildings which surround the Grand Place.

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He told us, with great humour, a laughable incident which had occurred to him at Antwerp. The morning after his arrival at that city from Holland, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens in the Church of St. Jacques, before his party were up. Having provided himself with a map of the city, he had no other guide; but after wandering about for an hour, without finding the object he had in view, he determined to make inquiry, and observing a person stalking about like himself, he addressed him, in his best French; but the stranger pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied, in the pure Highland accent, "I'm vary sorry, Sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English."—"This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Mr. Scott, "but we must help one another; for, to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather, the Scotch."—"Oh, Sir, maybe," replied the Highlander, "you are a countryman, and ken my maister, Captain Cameron, of the 79th, and could tell me where he lodges. I'm just cum in, Sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and ha forgotten the name of the captain's quarters; it was something like the *Laaborer*."—"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Mr. Scott. "There is an inn just opposite to you, (pointing to the *Hotel de Grand Laboreur*,) I dare say that will be the captain's quarters;" and so it was. I cannot do justice to the humour in which Mr. Scott recounted this dialogue.

New Monthly Magazine.

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

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SUPERSTITION.

Catherine de Medicis, in order to be assured of the assistance of heaven in a certain project, vowed to send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk three feet forwards and one backwards all the way. A countryman of Picardy undertook the fulfilment of this vow, and having employed a whole year in the task, was rewarded with a title and a large sum of money.

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The Romans deposed their Dictator, Minutius, and the general of their cavalry, Caius Flaminius, on the same day they had been elected, because one of the citizens of Rome had heard a mouse squeak.

A.V.M.

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NAPKINS.

When Diego de Torres, the Spanish ambassador, in 1547, first dined with the Emperor of Morocco at his court, he was amused by the customs of the table; neither knives, forks, nor spoons, were provided; but each person helped himself with his fingers, and cleaned his hands with his tongue, excepting the emperor, who wiped the hand he took his meat up with on the head of a black boy, ten years old, who stood by his side. The ambassador smiled, and the emperor observing it, asked what Christian kings wiped their hands with at meals, and what such things were worth? "Fine napkins," replied the ambassador, "a clean one at every meal, worth a crown a piece or more." "Don't you think this napkin much better," said the emperor, wiping his hand again on the black boy's head, "which is worth seventy or eighty crowns."

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JUSTICE.

“What is your fare, coachee,” said a stout gentleman alighting from a hackney-coach.

Coachee.—“One shilling, sir.”

Gent.—“One shilling! What an imposition for such a short distance.”

Coachee.—“I’ll take my oath that is my fare.”

Gent.—“Will you? very well, I am a magistrate, proceed—(*Coachee is sworn*)—That will do, the shilling I shall keep for the affidavit.”

* * * * *

Philip III. King of Spain, wept at an *Auto da Fe*, because he saw so many fellow creatures inhumanly tormented. This was thought by the Grand Inquisitor to be a great sin, and he terrified the king so much with his remonstrances, that Philip suffered himself to be bled, and the blood to be given to the common executioner, to be burnt at the next *Auto da Fe*, by way of penance.

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Cobweb comes from the Dutch word *Kopwebbe*; and *Kop* in that language signifies a spider.

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(S.I.B.’s interesting paper on the Birth of Edward VI. and Death of Queen Jane Seymour, did not reach us till our description of Hampton Court was ready for press: our Correspondent’s contribution shall appear next week.)

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LIMBIRD’S EDITION OF THE FOLLOWING NOVELS IS ALREADY PUBLISHED:

s. d.		
Mackenzie’s Man of Feeling	0	6
Paul and Virginia	0	6
The Castle of Otranto	0	6
Almorán and Hamet	0	6



Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia	0	6
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne	0	6
Rasselas	0	8
The Old English Baron	0	8
Nature and Art	0	8
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	0	10
Sicilian Romance	1	0
The Man of the World	1	0
A Simple Story	1	4
Joseph Andrews	1	6
Humphry Clinker	1	8
The Romance of the Forest	1	8
The Italian	2	0
Zeluco, by Dr. Moore	2	6
Edward, by Dr. Moore	2	6
Roderick Random	2	6
The Mysteries of Udolpho	3	6
Peregrine Pickle	4	6