

# **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="#">7</a>
<a href="#">Page 4.....</a>	<a href="#">9</a>
<a href="#">Page 5.....</a>	<a href="#">10</a>
<a href="#">Page 6.....</a>	<a href="#">12</a>
<a href="#">Page 7.....</a>	<a href="#">14</a>
<a href="#">Page 8.....</a>	<a href="#">16</a>
<a href="#">Page 9.....</a>	<a href="#">18</a>
<a href="#">Page 10.....</a>	<a href="#">19</a>
<a href="#">Page 11.....</a>	<a href="#">21</a>
<a href="#">Page 12.....</a>	<a href="#">22</a>
<a href="#">Page 13.....</a>	<a href="#">23</a>
<a href="#">Page 14.....</a>	<a href="#">25</a>
<a href="#">Page 15.....</a>	<a href="#">26</a>
<a href="#">Page 16.....</a>	<a href="#">27</a>
<a href="#">Page 17.....</a>	<a href="#">28</a>
<a href="#">Page 18.....</a>	<a href="#">30</a>
<a href="#">Page 19.....</a>	<a href="#">31</a>
<a href="#">Page 20.....</a>	<a href="#">32</a>
<a href="#">Page 21.....</a>	<a href="#">33</a>
<a href="#">Page 22.....</a>	<a href="#">35</a>

<a href="#">Page 23.....</a>	<a href="#">36</a>
<a href="#">Page 24.....</a>	<a href="#">37</a>
<a href="#">Page 25.....</a>	<a href="#">39</a>
<a href="#">Page 26.....</a>	<a href="#">40</a>

# Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
PONTEFRACT CASTLE.		1
THE LAW INSTITUTION.[1]		6
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY		9
NOTES OF A READER		10
EUGENE ARAM.		12
THE NATURALIST.		13
THE NOVELIST.		17
SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC		21
JOURNALS.		
THE GATHERER.		24
GUTTING THE FISH.		24
FAMILIAR SCIENCE.		25

# Page 1

## PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

Pontrefract, a place of considerable note in English history, is situated about two miles south-west from Ferrybridge, nine miles nearly east from Wakefield, and fifteen miles north-west from Doncaster, in Yorkshire. The origin of the town is unknown; and the etymology of its name has been a matter of dispute, in which figures a monkish legend ascribing the name of Ponsfractus, or Pontefract, to the breaking of a bridge, and the fall of many persons into the river Aire, who were miraculously saved by St. William, Archbishop of York. The river Ouse and the city of York, however, put in a stronger claim as the scene of this miracle, and unfortunately for Pontefract, the town is so named in charters of fifty-three years' date before the miracle is pretended to have been performed. Still the etymology is referable to the breaking down of "*some bridge*," (*pons*, bridge; *fractus*, broken,) but this unravelment is not antiquarian. Camden says, that in the Saxon times, the name of this town was Kirkby, which was changed by the Normans to Pontefract, because of a broken bridge that was there. But as there is no river within two miles of the place, this bridge appears to have been built over the Wash, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Castle. Other researches prove Pontefract to have been a secondary and subordinate Roman station.

The history of the Castle is, of course, involved in that of the manor. The town is stated to have been a burgh in the time of Edward the Confessor; but how long it had enjoyed this privilege is uncertain.[1] After the Conquest, this manor, with 150 others, or the greatest part of so many in Yorkshire, besides ten in Nottinghamshire, and four in Lincolnshire, were given by William to Hildebert, or Ilbert de Lacy, one of his Norman followers, who *built the Castle*. The work occupied twelve years, and it was finished in 1080. The labour and expense of its erection was so great, that no person unless in the possession of a princely fortune, could have completed a work of such magnitude. Hildebert was succeeded by his son Robert, commonly called Robert de Pontefract, from his being born at that town. Robert enjoyed his vast possessions in peace during the reign of William Rufus; but after the accession of Henry I. he with more ambition than prudence, joined with Robert, Duke of Normandy, the King's brother, who claimed the crown of England. In consequence of this transaction, Robert de Lacy was banished the realm, and the castle and honour of Pontefract were given by the King to Henry Traverse, and afterwards to Henry De-laval.[2] Robert de Lacy was, however, restored after a few years exile, and the property continued in the Lacy family till the year 1193, when another Robert de Lacy dying without issue, the estate and honour of Pontefract devolved on his uterine sister Aubrey de Lisours, who carried these estates of the

## Page 2

Lacys by marriage to Richard Fitz-Eustace, constable of Chester. Thence they descended to John Fitz-Eustace, who accompanied Richard I. in his crusade, and is said to have died at Tyre in Palestine. Roger, his eldest son, also in the crusade, succeeded to his honour and estates. He was present with Richard at the memorable siege of Acre. On his return to England he was the first of his family that took the name of Lacy, in which Pontefract Castle continued till 1310, when Henry de Lacy, through default of male issue, left his possessions to his daughter and heiress, Alice, who was married to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; and, in case of a failure of issue from that marriage, he entailed them on the King and his heirs.

The Earl of Lancaster, it will be remembered, became embroiled with Edward *ii.* and his minion Gaveston, who partly through the interference of Lancaster, was beheaded at Warwick after a siege in Scarborough Cistle. The King swore vengeance for the death of his favourite, which led this weak sovereign into a long series of dissensions with the barons, at the head of whom, was the Earl of Lancaster. Both parties now flew to arms, but Lancaster soon found himself ill supported by his compeers, and marching northward for reinforcements from the celebrated Bruce, King of Scotland, the King in the meantime, sent the Earl of Surrey and Kent to besiege the castle of Pontefract, which surrendered at the first summons. Lancaster was next closely pursued by the king with great superiority of numbers. "The earl, endeavouring to rally his troops, was taken prisoner, with ninety-five barons and knights, and carried to the castle of Pontefract, where he was imprisoned in a tower which Leland says he had newly made towards the abbey," This tower was square: its wall of great strength, being 10-1/2 feet thick; nor was there any other entrance into the interior than by a hole or trap-door in the floor of the turret: so that the prisoner must have been let down into this abode of darkness, from whence there could be no possible mode of escape; the room was twenty-five feet square. A few days after, the King being at Pontefract ordered him to be arraigned in the hall of the castle, before a small number of peers, among whom were the Spencers, his mortal enemies. The earl was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the punishment was changed to decapitation. After sentence was passed, he said, "Shall I die without answer?" He was not, however, permitted to speak; but a certain Gascoign took him away, and having put an old hood over his head, set him on a lean mare without a bridle. Being attended by a Dominican friar as his confessor, he was carried out of the town amidst the insults of the people; and there beheaded. Thus fell Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the first Prince of the Blood, being uncle to Edward *ii.* who condemned him to death. Several of his adherents were hanged at Pontefract.

## Page 3

The next royal blood that stained Pontefract castle was that of King Richard *ii.* who was here murdered or starved to death; though there is a tradition that it was merely given out that Richard had starved himself to death, and that he escaped from Pontefract to Mull, whence he shortly proceeded to the mainland of Scotland, where, for nineteen years, he was entertained in an honourable but secret captivity.[3] The matter remains in tragic darkness.[4] In the succeeding reign of Henry IV. Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, being taken prisoner, was in Pontefract castle, condemned to death. Next in the calendar of atrocities committed within these drear walls, were the murders of Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers; Richard, Lord Grey; Sir Thomas Vaughan; and Sir Richard Hawse, in 1483; by Richard III., whom Shakspeare makes to whine forth:

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,  
Richard *ii.* here was hack'd to death;  
And for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

We may now pass over matters of minor importance in the history of Pontefract to the time of Charles I. In the King's contest with his Parliament, this was the last fortress that held out for the unfortunate monarch. At Christmas 1644, Sir Thomas Fairfax laid siege to the castle, and on Jan. 19, following, after an incessant cannonade of three days, a breach was made: the brave garrison would not surrender; the besiegers mined, but the besieged counter-mined, and the work of slaughter went on till the garrison were greatly reduced. At length the Parliamentarians were attacked and repulsed by a reinforcement of Royalists from Oxford, and thus ended the first siege of Pontefract. In March, 1645, the enemy again took possession of the town, and after three months cannonade, the garrison being reduced almost to a state of famine, surrendered the castle by an honourable capitulation on June 20. Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed governor, and he thinking the royal party to be subdued, appointed a colonel as his substitute, with a garrison of 100 men. The royalists next by stratagem recovered Pontefract, of which Sir John Digby was appointed governor.

The third and final siege of this fine castle commenced in October, 1648. General Rainsborough was appointed to the command of the army, but he being previously intercepted at Doncaster, Oliver Cromwell undertook to conduct the siege. After having remained a month before the fortress, without making any impression on its massy walls, Cromwell joined the grand army under Fairfax, and General Lambert being appointed commander in chief of the forces before the castle, arrived at Pontefract on the 4th of December.

The *engraving* represents the castle precisely at this period. It is copied from a large print taken from a drawing found in the possession of a descendant of the Fairfax family of Denton; in one angle is the following memorandum: "Governor Morris commanded in

the Castle. General Lambert commanded the Siege, being appointed thereto on the death of General Rainsborough, who was intercepted and killed at Doncaster, by a party from the Castle, as he was going to take command.”



## Page 4

General Lambert raised new works, and vigorously pushed the siege; but the besieged held out. On January 30, 1649, the King was beheaded; and the news no sooner reached Pontefract, than the royalist garrison proclaimed his son Charles *ii.* and made a vigorous and destructive sally against their enemies. The Parliamentarians, however, prevailed, and on March 25, 1649, the garrison being reduced from 500 or 600 to 100 men, surrendered by capitulation. Six of the principal Royalists were excepted from mercy: two escaped, but were retaken and executed at York; the third was killed in a sortie; and the three others concealing themselves among the ruins of the castle, escaped after the surrender; and two of the last lived to see the Restoration.

This third siege was the most destructive to the castle: the tremendous artillery had shattered its massive walls; and its demolition was completed by order of Parliament. Within two months after its reduction, the buildings were unroofed, and all the materials sold. Thus was this princely fortress reduced to a heap of ruins.

The Castle of Pontefract was built on an elevated rock, commanding extensive and picturesque views. The north-west prospect takes in the beautiful vale along which flows the Aire, skirted by woods and plantations. It is bounded only by the hills of Craven. The north and east prospect is more extensive, but the scenery is not equally striking and impressive. The towers of York Minster are distinctly seen, and the prospect is only bounded by the limits of vision. To the east—while the eye follows the course of the Aire towards the Humber, the fertility of the country, the spires of churches, and two considerable hills, Brayton Barf, and Hambleton Haugh, which rise in the midst of a plain, and one of which is covered with wood, increase the beauty of the scene. The south-east view includes part of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham. To the south and south-west, the towering hills of Derbyshire, stretching towards Lancashire, form the horizon, while the foreground is a picturesque country variegated with handsome residences.

The Castle, by its situation, as well as by its structure, was rendered almost impregnable. It was not commanded by any contiguous hills, and it could only be taken by blockade.

By referring to the Engraving, the reader will better understand this defence. The outworks are there distinctly shown with the respective posts and guards: indeed, these lines exhibit a fine specimen of fortification. The quadrangular enclosure on the crest of the hill, in the lower part of the Engraving, represents Lamberts' Fort Royal. To the right is the approach to the castle by the south gate to the barbican, crossed by a wall, with the middle gate, with the east gate at the extremity of the line. We next approach, the ballium, or castle yard through the Porter's Lodge of two towers with a portcullis. The wall

## Page 5

of the castle-yard, it will be seen, has a parapet, and is flanked with towers, and the chapel to the right of the Lodge. East and West of the yard is seen the semi-circular moat or ditch; and on an eminence near the western extremity of the ballium, stands the keep or round tower, the walls of which are said to have been twenty-one feet thick. The state rooms are on the second story. The dungeons of the towers are terrific even in description: one was about 15 feet deep, and scarcely six feet square, without any admission of light. The whole area occupied by the Pontefract fortress seems to have been about 7 acres, now converted into garden ground.

The church seen within the work is that of All Saints, or Allhallows, a Gothic structure, probably of the time of Henry III., and almost destroyed in the sieges of the castle.

Pontefract must be numbered in our recollections of childhood; since here were grown whole fields of liquorice root, from the extract of which are made. *Pontefract Cakes*, impressed with the arms—three lions passant gardant, surmounted with a helmet, full-forward, open faced, and garde-visure. We have likewise seen them impressed with the celebrated fortress, and the motto “Post mortem patris pro filio,”—after the death of the father—for the son—denoting the loyalty of the Pontefract Royalists in proclaiming Charles *ii.* at the death of his father.

[1] The present Borough of Pontefract was incorporated by Richard III., and has sent Members to Parliament since the reign of James I.

[2] Dugdale Bar. vol. i p. 99.

[3] This tradition is moulded into a pleasing tale entitled “the White Rose in Mull,” in the Scottish Annual, the *Chameleon*, noticed by us a few weeks since.

[4] Shakspeare lays Scene v. of Act. v. of Richard *ii.* in a dungeon of Pomfret Castle.

\* \* \* \* \*

“*Laconics*,” *Guesses at truth*, &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

It is the interest of an indolent man to be honest: for it requires considerable trouble and finesse, to deceive others successfully.

Money was a wise contrivance to place fools somewhat on a level with men of sense.

It will be observed, that people have generally the identical faults and vices they accuse others of; we may instance cowardice.

Wherever a proposition is self-evident, it is but weakening its strength to bring forward arguments in its support.

It is a melancholy reflection that a glass of wine will do more towards raising the spirits, than the finest composition ever penned.

It is a great mistake in physiognomists to take outward signs as evidences of feeling: the seat of real sensation is within.

Wherever art has travelled out of her proper sphere to ape nature, she has proved herself but a miserable mimic, even in her most approved efforts.

## Page 6

We must not allow ourselves to dwell too seriously on life; for otherwise we shall be tempted to forego all our plans, to indulge in no future wishes, and, in short, to live on in torpid apathy.

Books are at last the best companions: they instruct us in silence without any display of superiority, and they attend the pace of each man's capacity, without reproaching him for his want of comprehension.

A disgust of life frequently proceeds from sheer vanity, or a wish to be supposed incapable of deriving gratification from the ordinary routine of happiness.

It sometimes happens that with men as well as animals, that evidences of spirit are only the effect of excited fear.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LAW INSTITUTION.[1]

(At the time of our last publication we were not aware that any architectural details of the building in Chancery-lane had appeared. We now find that the *Legal Observer* contained such description in March last, "collected," says the editor, "with some pains and trouble." A correspondent dropped the *Observer* leaf into our letter-box in the course of last week; but, unfortunately, the communication did not reach us in time for insertion with our Engraving. Good news, we know, usually comes upon crutches, but we hope our thanks will reach this correspondent at a better pace.)

The style of architecture of the principal front in Chancery-lane is purely Grecian. The details and proportions appear to have been founded upon the best examples of the Ionic order in Athens and Asia Minor,[2] but they are not servilely copied from any of them.

Mr. Vulliamy, the architect for the Institution, has thrown into this front the true spirit of the originals; and the effect which the harmonious proportions of the building produce on the spectator, when viewing it from Chancery-lane, must have been the result of much observation and experience in ancient and classic models.

This front, extending nearly sixty feet in width, is of Portland stone. It consists of four columns and two antae, of the Grecian Ionic order, supporting an entablature and pediment, and forming together one grand portico. To give the requisite elevation, the columns and antae are raised upon pedestals; these, as well as the basement story and podium of the inner wall of the portico, are of Aberdeen granite; the columns and the

rest of the front are formed of large blocks of Portland stone. In the front wall, within the portico, there are two ranges of windows above the basement.

## Page 7

The front in Bell-yard extends nearly eighty feet, and will be finished with Roman cement, in imitation of stone. It will have a portico of two columns, and two antae of Portland stone, of the height of the ground story, which is very lofty, and the width of the entire compartment of the front. From the interior requiring to be divided into several rooms, this front must have many windows. The elevation is formed more upon the models of modern domestic architecture than of ancient public buildings, and resembles, in its general appearance, one of the palazzi in the Strada Balbi at Genoa, in the Corso at Rome, or in the Toledo at Naples. In its details, however, the extravagancies of the middle ages, and the often elegant frivolities of the *cinque cento* period, have been avoided, and the breadth and simplicity of Greek models have still been followed.

The ground plan of the building, by its general arrangement, divides itself into three parts, which may be distinguished under the heads of the *Library*, the *Hall*, and the *Club Room*. The first of these (that towards Chancery-lane) consists, on the ground floor, of a first and second vestibule, and staircase to the Library, the Secretary's Room, and Registry Office; and above these on the first floor, the Library, occupying the height of two stories.

The *Library* is a large and lofty room, fifty-five feet by thirty-one and a half, and twenty-three and a half high, divided by a screen of columns and pilasters of scagliola, into two unequal parts, the first forming a sort of ante-library to the other; both are surrounded by bookcases of oak, and a gallery runs round the whole, above which is another range of bookcases.

The principal light is obtained from a large lantern-light in the ceiling; but there is a range of windows (double sashed, and glazed with plate glass) towards Chancery-lane, which also admit light into the lower part.

All the floors in the building are made fire-proof, generally by being arched with brick; but that of the Library is rendered secure from fire by the ceilings of the vestibules underneath being formed of real stone, supported on iron girders and bearers, and divided into panels and compartments after the manner of the roofs of the peristyles of the ancient temples.

There are three entrances from Chancery-lane: that in the centre is exclusively for members, and leads to all parts of the building; that on the right for persons going to the Registry Office; and also for persons having to speak to members; that on the left leads down to the Office for the deposit of deeds, and to the strong rooms.

The second division consists of the *Hall* and its appurtenances. It is above thirty feet high, and fifty-seven feet and a half long; and on each side it has wings or recesses, behind insulated columns of scagliola, in imitation of Egyptian granite. Within these, and at the back of the columns, are galleries; the staircases to which are concealed in

the angles. There are three fireplaces in the Hall; one in the centre, opposite the principal entrance, and one in the centre of each of the recesses. The Hall is lighted by a lantern-light forty feet long and twenty-four feet wide.

## Page 8

The third division is next Bell-yard: it is subdivided into two parts. In the first of these are three entrances from Bell-yard. That in the centre is exclusively for the members; that to the left leads to the staircase to the Secretary's apartments; and the other, to the right of the centre, is for strangers to enter who have business to transact in any of the rooms appropriated to public business. On the ground floor of this part of the third division is a large Committee Room, and an ante or waiting room adjoining, and the great staircase to the rooms above. On the first floor are the rooms for meetings on matters of business connected with the law; and above these are the Secretary's apartments.

The second part of the third division contains, on the ground floor, the *Club Room*, which occupies all the ground floor: it will be divided by columns and pilasters of scagliola, and decorated with a paneled ceiling and appropriate ornaments. Its dimensions are fifty feet by twenty-seven, and eighteen feet high. On the first floor are rooms of different dimensions for dinner parties; and over these, rooms for the resident officers. In the basement story of this part of the building are the Kitchen and other domestic offices for the use of the Club.

The office for the deposit of deeds is in the basement story, next to Chancery-lane.

In the remaining parts of the basement story of the building are fifty-two strong rooms, with iron doors, for the deposit of deeds, which are well ventilated and fire-proof; their average size is six feet and a half by seven feet and a half, but some are larger, and others rather less, than these dimensions. The whole are secured by one double iron door, with a very strong lock and master-key.

[1] In our last we erroneously stated the whole of this building as the work of Messrs. Lee, for L9,214.; only part of the carcass, containing the Hall, Library, &c. being contracted for by those builders for the above sum. Other contracts have since been made for the completion of the building; of these, the principal is with Messrs. Baker and Son (the builders of the King's library and new galleries of the British Museum, &c.) who have executed the beautiful finishings of the interior: these contracts amount to upwards of L12,000.

Other contracts have been made with the above parties for the erection of the Club House, and Dining Rooms, &c., situate in Bell Yard, which is an addition subsequently made to the original building.

[2] The best remains of Ionic buildings at Athens are the temples of Erechthens and Minerva Pulias in the Acropolis, and the little temple on the banks of the Ilissus; but in Asia Minor the examples of this order are far more numerous; and some of the finest are to



be found amongst the magnificent ruins at Brauchidia, at Priene, and at Teos, &c.

## Page 9

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### SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

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#### VAPOUR-BATHS.

Among the remedies for cholera, or perhaps we should rather say attempted remedies, the vapour-bath is conspicuous over all the other means of cure, external and internal: stimulants, frictions, rubefacients, blisters, have that for their indirect object which the vapour-bath accomplishes directly, namely, to produce heat on the surface of the body, and thus restore that correspondence between the temperature of the interior and exterior parts, which in the disease is so strangely disturbed. There are two difficulties in the application of the vapour-bath, which are not easily overcome. When applied to the patient in the ordinary way, from the nature of the heat, the upper surface of the body is scorched, while the back is almost cold. Now in cholera, the application of heat to the back is of essential importance. In the whole of the machines for applying the bath, the patient is exposed to more or less tossing about; which, from the extreme prostration of strength in cholera patients, is always injurious; and as the patient must, when taken from the bath, be replaced on a comparatively cold bed, the sudden change will often do more ill than the bath will do good. To these must be added, in a disease which chiefly affects the poor, another item, forming an important drawback on the utility of the ordinary vapour-bath,—the application of it is attended with no inconsiderable expense. A machine which should obviate these objections, was a desideratum; and we think such a one has been invented by Mr. Burnet, of Golden Square. It is so simple as to be easily described without a diagram, and so well adapted to the end, and so easy and cheap in application, that we think we shall be rendering an acceptable service to our readers in describing it. The best way to effect this is to show the steps of its application.

We suppose the patient lying on his back in bed. The two sides of a framework, about 6-1/2 by 2-1/2 feet, are placed one on each side of him; five or six broad canvass straps, which are meant to support his body, are placed beneath him by a couple of attendants; two transverse pieces of wood are then introduced at the foot and head, to extend the framework; and the cross straps, by means of eyelet-holes, are attached to the sides, by a row of common brass pins. This is the work of about a minute. One attendant then raises the frame at the head, while the other introduces a couple of feet about nine inches long into the frame; and this done, the foot is raised in a similar way, and similarly supported; a board is then fitted to the foot, through a hole in the centre of which the chimney of the heating apparatus passes; the blankets are closely tucked round the patient and the frame; the lamp is applied, and the process of bathing commences. In this way, it

## Page 10

will be seen that the patient is suspended in the heated air, which is moreover applied to the back in the first instance; there is no fatigue incurred; and when perspiration has been generated and carried on as long as is deemed expedient, he is let down again, without difficulty or danger, into his heated bed, and surrounded with the warm blankets employed in the bath itself. The room in which we saw the experiment performed, was at a temperature of 43 deg. Fahrenheit; the clothes of the bed were of the same temperature: the lamp is conical, and has no tube; the wick is merely inserted in it; the charge is two ounces of spirits of wine. In ten minutes after the lamp had been applied, the thermometer at the foot of the frame on which the patient is made to recline, was 136 deg.; at the head, 116 deg.; on the blanket, which covered the bed, 96 deg.. Were the vapour applied above the patient instead of under him, the difference between the heat at the breast and back would be at least 40 deg.. The temperature once raised, may be kept up at a very small expense; so that the whole price of the bath, continued for half an hour or three quarters of an hour, will not exceed eightpence or ninepence. There is a very simple expedient, by which, when the temperature of the chamber formed by the frame of the bath is once raised sufficiently high, steam, either simple or medicated, may be introduced, and the lamp apparatus may be applied either at the foot, the head, or the side, as is most convenient. The grand recommendation, however, of the bath, is the applicability of the vapour to the entire surface of the body; the simplicity and ease of the application, both to the assistants and the patient; the exclusion of the possibility of cold; and its cheapness. In all these points of view, we look on it as a valuable invention.

*Spectator.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES OF A READER

\* \* \* \* \*

### DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

One thing which I am unable to interpret among the oddities of the English, is their inconsistency respecting dramatic entertainments. I have never yet been present where two or three of my countrymen were gathered together, that, after a wrangling review of the weather, they did not turn their conversation upon the theatres. There is no topic more universally discussed than the decadence of the drama, or the engagements, merits, and adventures of the performers. Neither the Lord Chancellor nor the Archbishop of Canterbury is ever so familiarly known by name and person to the public, as the first tragedian and comedian of the day; and the theatrical belles and heroines

are either elevated to the peerage by matrimony, or lowered by the undertaker into Westminster Abbey. As some French Vaudevillist observed, "Moliere was denied in France the rights of sepulture, while

"Garrick repose a cote de leur rois!"

## Page 11

Yet, notwithstanding all this clamour of popularity—all this infatuation—there is no branch of the arts so grossly neglected in England as the drama. It is no longer the fashion in London to attend the theatres. Owing partly to the increase of private amusements, and partly to the late hours gradually adopted during the reign of George the Fourth, the custom of play-going has declined among the higher classes, and naturally produces the reaction of bad pieces and indifferent performers. Even a clever actor, when satisfied that he is to receive judgment from an unrefined and uneducated audience, will degenerate and grow slovenly; and from what I have observed of the London stage, I see it is the custom to daub for the galleries, or to creep through the business under cover of a cold, tame mediocrity. Without the slightest patronage from the court or substantial encouragement from the fosterers of literary merit, these luckless personages are expected to attempt the same exertions and intense study, which is rewarded, in foreign countries, by the most flattering and judicious attention; as well as by a pension, to cheer the infirmities of old age. Although tolerably well paid by his manager, the English actor has the mortification of being tyrannized and insulted by the gallery, and overlooked by the higher classes. A few persons of rank and fortune are provided with private boxes at the national theatres; but these are usually let by the night to plebeian tenants. It is rare indeed to observe a family of distinction in the dress circle of either Drury Lane or Covent Garden; while the French play is never deficient in a fashionable audience.

The Opera, too, is nightly becoming more crowded; while at the two patent theatres “a beggarly account of empty boxes,” and an equally beggarly account of flat, stale, and unprofitable performances, greets me whenever I am rash enough to take my post of observation. Lady Romford has a private box, which she visits only in preference to staying at a still duller home, on a disengaged evening; and Bagot occasionally drags me to the play, to make my foreign ignorance and inexperience a pretext for following Lady Clara to a spot which no one seems to visit without an apology. People in society give as many reasons for having done so strange a thing as go to see the new tragedy, as they would invent in Paris to excuse a similar omission.

Since the Kemble mania, and the Byron mania, there has been a general affectation of indifference towards poetry and the drama; your true fashionable never mentions either without ridicule—the natural consequence of previously exaggerated enthusiasm.

## Page 12

But above all the absurdities connected with this national weakness, stands that of the public prints. So much importance is given by the newspapers to every thing relating to the histrionic art, that we are daily informed of the whereabouts of all the third-rate performers of the minor theatres; that “Mr. Smith, of Sadler’s Wells, is engaged to Mr. Ducrow for the ensuing season;” or that “Miss Brown, belonging to the ballet department of the Surrey theatre, has sprained her ankle.” While two thirds of a leading print are occupied with details of the Reform Bill, or a debate on some constitutional question,—or while the foreign intelligence of two sieges and a battle is concentrated with a degree of terseness worthy a telegraph, half a column is devoted to the plot of a new melo-drama at the Coburg; or to a cut and dried criticism upon the nine hundredth representation of *Hamlet*—beginning with the “immortal bard,” and ending with the waistcoats of the grave-digger!—*The Opera, a Novel*.

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### EUGENE ARAM.

The recollection of this man is still preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk, at which town he was for some time usher at the grammar-school. A small room at the back of the house, in which he slept, was, until these last few years, (when it was pulled down and rebuilt,) mysteriously pointed to by the little urchins as they passed up to bed of a cold, ghost-enticing night, as the chamber in which the “usher, who was hanged for murder,” was used to sleep.

The tradition which remains of his character is, that he was “a man of loneliness and mystery,” sullen and reserved; that on half-holy-days, and when his duties would allow, he strayed solitary and cheerless, as if to avoid the world, amongst the flat uninteresting marshes which are situated on the opposite side of the river Ouse.

At Lynn the character of Aram was, until his apprehension, unexceptionable; but after that event, circumstances were then called to mind which seemed to indicate a naturally dark character; but whether these were all strictly founded in truth, or magnified suspicions arising from the appalling circumstances of the crime of which he was convicted, I am unable to determine. The following, derived from unquestionable authority, having been related by Dr. L., who was master of the grammar-school at the time, may serve as a sample:—there can be no doubt but that the worthy Dr. himself believed his suspicions well founded, as he used to tremble when he related it. It was customary for the parents of the scholars, on an appointed day, to dine with the master, at which time it was expected they would bring with them the amount of their bills. It was late at night, after one of such meetings, that Dr. L. was awakened by a noise at his bed-room door; he rose up, and going into the passage which led to the staircase, but which was not in the direct

## Page 13

way from Aram's bed room to the ground-floor, he discovered the usher *dressed*. Having questioned him as to the object of his rising at that unseasonable hour, Aram confusedly answered that he had been taken unwell, and had been obliged to go down stairs. The Dr. then retired, unsuspectingly, to bed. From the combined circumstances of the noise at the door, his great agitation and confusion, and from his being found in the passage, the worthy Dr., in later years, had no doubt, that, from its being known to Aram that a considerable sum of money was in his bed-room, Aram intended nothing less than to rob him; and no doubt, continued the narrator, he *would* have murdered me too, if it had been rendered necessary, from my discovering or opposing him.

The spot just at the entrance to the play-ground, at which Aram was taken into custody by two strange men from Yorkshire, is still remarked, and generally by the young scholar in a tremulous whisper.—*Literary Gazette*.

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## THE NATURALIST.

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### AGENCY OF MAN IN EXTINGUISHING OR SPREADING SPECIES.

Let us make some inquiries into the extent of the influence which the progress of society has exerted, during the last seven or eight centuries, in altering the distribution of our indigenous British animals. Dr. Fleming has prosecuted this inquiry with his usual zeal and ability, and in a memoir on the subject has enumerated the best authenticated examples of the decrease or extirpation of certain species during a period when our population has made the most rapid advances. We shall offer a brief outline of his results.

The stag, as well as the fallow-deer, and the roe, were formerly so abundant that, according to Lesley, from five hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting-match; but the native races would already have been extinguished, had they not been carefully preserved in certain forests. The otter, the marten, and the polecat, were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur; but they have now been reduced within very narrow bounds. The wild cat and fox have also been sacrificed throughout the greater part of the country, for the security of the poultry-yard or the fold. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.



Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and everywhere reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar and the wild oxen, of which last, however, a few remains are still preserved in the parks of some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and, by the twelfth century, was only to be met with,



## Page 14

according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century (1710,) though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

Many native birds of prey have also been the subjects of unremitting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens, have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portion of the British isles; whereas the large capercaillies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine forests of Ireland and Scotland, have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

The bustard (*Otis tarda*,) observes Graves in his *British Ornithology*, “was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual.” Bewick also remarks, “that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open counties of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire.” In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote, this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

These changes, we may observe, are derived from very imperfect memorials, and relate only to the larger and more conspicuous animals inhabiting a small spot on the globe; but they cannot fail to exalt our conception of the enormous revolutions which, in the course of several thousand years, the whole human species must have effected.

The kangaroo and the emu are retreating rapidly before the progress of colonization in Australia; and it scarcely admits of doubt, that the general cultivation of that country must lead to the extirpation of both. The most striking example of the loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo—a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short, like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary, or any known bird.

## Page 15

Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century; and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual. Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state, but M. Cuvier doubts the identity of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favour of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered, under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudu Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe.

Next to the direct agency of man, his indirect influence in multiplying the numbers of large herbivorous quadrupeds of domesticated races, may be regarded as one of the most obviate causes of the extermination of species. On this, and on several other grounds, the introduction of the horse, ox, and other mammalia, into America, and their rapid propagation over that continent within the last three centuries, is a fact of great importance in natural history. The extraordinary herds of wild cattle and horses which overran the plains of South America, sprang from a very few pairs first carried over by the Spaniards; and they prove that the wide geographical range of large species in great continents does not necessarily imply that they have existed there from remote periods. Humboldt observes, in his Travels, on the authority of Azara, that it is believed there exist, in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, twelve million cows and three million horses, without comprising in this enumeration the cattle that have no acknowledged proprietor. In the Llanos of Caraccas, the rich hateros, or proprietors of pastoral farms, are entirely ignorant of the number of cattle they possess. The young are branded with a mark peculiar to each herd, and some of the most wealthy owners mark as many as fourteen thousand a year. In the northern plains, from the Orinoco to the lake of Maracaybo, M. Depons reckoned that one million two hundred thousand oxen, one hundred and eighty thousand horses, and ninety thousand mules, wandered at large. In some parts of the valley of the Mississippi, especially in the country of the Osage Indians, wild horses are immensely numerous.

## Page 16

The establishment of black cattle in America dates from Columbus's second voyage to St. Domingo. They there multiplied rapidly; and that island presently became a kind of nursery from which these animals were successively transported to various parts of the continental coast, and from thence into the interior. Notwithstanding these numerous exportations, in twenty-seven years after the discovery of the island, herds of four thousand head, as we learn from Oviedo, were not uncommon, and there were even some that amounted to eight thousand. In 1587, the number of hides exported from St. Domingo alone, according to Acosta's report, was thirty-five thousand four hundred and forty-four; and in the same year there were exported sixty-four thousand three hundred and fifty from the ports of New Spain. This was in the sixty-fifth year after the taking of Mexico, previous to which event the Spaniards, who came into that country, had not been able to engage in any thing else than war. All our readers are aware that these animals are now established throughout the American continent, from Canada to Paraguay.

The ass has thriven very generally in the New World; and we learn from Ulloa, that in Quito they ran wild, and multiplied in amazing numbers, so as to become a nuisance. They grazed together in herds, and, when attacked, defended themselves with their mouths. If a horse happened to stray into the places where they fed, they all fell upon him, and did not cease biting and kicking till they left him dead.

The first hogs were carried to America by Columbus, and established in the island of St. Domingo the year following its discovery in November, 1493. In succeeding years they were introduced into other places where the Spaniards settled; and, in the space of half a century, they were found established in the New World, from the latitude of 25 deg. north, to the 40th deg. of south latitude. Sheep, also, and goats have multiplied enormously in the New World, as have also the cat and the rat, which last, as we before stated, has been imported unintentionally in ships. The dogs introduced by man, which have at different periods become wild in America, hunted in packs like the wolf and the jackal, destroying not only hogs, but the calves and foals of the wild cattle and horses.

Ulloa in his voyage, and Buffon on the authority of old writers, relate a fact which illustrates very clearly the principle before explained by us, of the check which the increase of one animal necessarily offers to that of another. The Spaniards had introduced goats into the island of Juan Fernandez, where they became so prolific as to furnish the pirates who infested those seas with provisions. In order to cut off this resource from the bucaniers, a number of dogs were turned loose into the island; and so numerous did they become in their turn, that they destroyed the goats in every accessible part, after which the number of the wild dogs again decreased.

## Page 17

As an example of the rapidity with which a large tract may become peopled by the offspring of a single pair of quadrupeds, we may mention that in the year 1773, thirteen rein-deer were exported from Norway, only three of which reached Iceland. These were turned loose into the mountains of Guldbringe Syssel, where they multiplied so greatly, in the course of forty years, that it was not uncommon to meet with herds consisting of from forty to one hundred in various districts.—*Lyell's Geology*, vol. ii.

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### THE NOVELIST.

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#### THE CONFESSION OF SERVENTIUS.

*(Concluded from page 46.)*

That evening, Father Dominick, our excellent priest, and my tutor in the classics, was closeted for a length of time with my afflicted nominal parents; and two days afterwards taking me with him to his monastery, he introduced me to the superior, as an orphan, the child of dear and particular friends, confided by them to his charge for education upon their death-bed, and with a distinct understanding that I was not bound to take upon myself monastic vows, the superior allowed me to remain with him as a boarder. Serventius and Artemisia I never more beheld, and every inquiry respecting them which I ventured to make of Father Dominick, was checked with a strange, sad look, and an admonition to mention them no more. Seven long and peaceful years, I spent in the monastery; and at the expiration of that period, was placed by my guardian in the house of the celebrated Doctor Sanazio of Padua, as a student of medicine. Here, novel and delightful studies, speculations, and scenes, opened upon my inquisitive, ardent mind, and amused my enthusiastic imagination. Sanazio was regarded in learned Padua, as little less than a demi-god; at certain hours he visited his patients, amongst whom might generally be numbered three-fourths of the population of Padua; at certain hours, his own mansion was crowded like the audience-hall of some mighty potentate, with supplicants for food and physic; three evenings in the week were devoted by him to intense study in his own secret, solitary chamber; and upon the alternate three, he received the visits of those who desired to consult him upon abstruse points, only properly to be solved by an acquaintance with the occult sciences. In brief, my honoured master, I soon discovered, was reckoned a very fair conjuror; he consulted the stars, drew horoscopes, cast nativities, was learned in the expositions of dreams and omens, undertook to give information respecting lost property, and matrimonial prospects; composed, and dispensed charms and philtres, and proved himself, as I have hinted, a capital astrologer, and something more. How Sanazio, who certainly was

a very extraordinary man, acquired his multifarious information, unless really by supernatural agency,

## Page 18

I am at a loss to discover. Ignatius Druso, my fellow student, was of opinion that he only dexterously availed himself in the evening of the news which he had gathered from his patients in the morning; and that his familiars were no more than a few active emissaries, for whose espionage and additional gleanings of town news, it answered to him well, to pay. Ever partial to romance, I did not readily fall in with Druso's sober view of this subject, and the longer I lived with Doctor Sanazio, the more occasion had I to doubt the correctness of his opinion, because some things occurred of which my master obtained immediate and accurate knowledge, whilst I am perfectly certain that no human tongue had divulged them to him; take the following incident as an example:— Druso and myself were accustomed, on those evenings which Sanazio spent in his sanctum, to visit patients in his stead, to range over the town, to go to places of public amusement, or to conclude our meritorious labours at a tavern. Being one night at this latter place, an old woman entered, and inquiring whether I were Master Serventius, Doctor Sanazio's pupil, slipped a billet and a piece of gold into my hand and desired me to follow her. I did so, without hesitation, and whilst behind my guide, contrived to peruse the note by moon-light, which contained these words:

“I am sick,—of the heart's mortal sickness;—relieve it, and great shall be thy recompense.”

Perplexed, yet amused, by what promised an adventure, I followed my ancient guide into a house whose exterior was sufficiently humble; but, having ascended a steep flight of stairs, she threw open the door of a chamber in which they terminated, and I found myself not only in a richly-furnished apartment, but in the presence of a lady, young as immortal Hebe, and fair as day. I saw at a glance that her ills were those of the mind only, and ere she had opened her lips to detail them and engage me in her cause, I had vowed, heart and soul, to be her champion. Having complimented me upon the high character she had heard of my prowess, understanding, and principles, she informed me, with little circumlocution, that various unhappy family circumstances had rendered it necessary for her to seek friends amongst strangers; that she was a novice of the Convent of St. Anne, but on the eve of profession, and that having long been under an engagement of marriage with a young gentleman of family, respecting whom her relations had used her very deceitfully and cruelly, she had fixed upon me as a person little likely to be subjected to suspicion on her account, to aid Signor Fernandez in the difficult and hazardous enterprise, which she said must be a work of time and prudence, of carrying her off from the convent. Having obtained my promise to this effect, she detailed her plans, and furnished me with the means of continual communication with her lover and herself. I returned home, highly elated at the trust reposed in me, at the importance

## Page 19

which I had acquired in my own eyes, and at the prospect of a handsome remuneration for my services, from the lovely object of them. Sanazio, with lamp in hand, and arrayed in his night attire, to my great terror and surprise, opened the door to me himself; it was very late, Druso had long since returned without me, and in order to allay the storm which I saw gathering upon mine ancient master's brow, I slipped the gold given to me by the confidante of beautiful Antonia, into his unreluctant hand.

"Unhappy youth!" exclaimed Sanazio, "beware of aiding the nun, lest thou bring upon her and upon thyself the fate of Artemisia and Serventius."

These words so alarmed me that I nearly fainted; for how, in the name of all things holy and gracious, came Sanazio to know in whose society I had passed the last hour, and what was the subject of our conversation? His terrible allusion too, to those lost loved ones, of whose untimely fate I was still so ignorant, strangely troubled my conscious breast. Let me be brief, the hours of my ill-fated existence are fast wearing away, and I have yet more to relate. To Ignatius Druso I was obliged to confide my secret, because his assistance, in the furtherance of plans which were always requiring, from little immaterial circumstances, some slight alterations, was found necessary; and it must here suffice those to know, who shall, after my destruction do me the melancholy favour of perusing this retrospective record, that some months after Antonia had taken the veil, I succeeded in restoring her to the arms of her lover, witnessed their private nuptials, visited them in their new residence, a villa in a secluded spot far from Padua, and received my promised recompense. "Young man! you've ruined yourself; and your fatal destiny is sealed!" were the remarkable words of Sanazio, on the morning after the completion of my enterprise, but long ere the elopement of the new devotee became publicly known. However, he never reverted to the subject, not even upon his death-bed; and after the learned doctor's decease, when I came into the whole of his practice, and no small portion of his fame, I was easy, for the memory of that sacrilege had passed away.

Ignatius Druso, like myself, resided in Padua, but soon quitted the medical profession, disgusted, I fancy, at finding that I had become a second Sanazio, whilst he commanded little or no attention: still we were friends, nor did I suspect that the germs of envy and malice were sown in his bosom, and that I had trusted him with one secret, or more, too much. "Serventius, my son," had said the venerable Sanazio to me upon his death-bed, "your ardent desire of knowledge and discreet use of it, encourage me ere I quit this world, to entrust you with the grand arcanum of our art; as yet, you know not the secret of my success, but take then this hint and improve upon it. Can he repair a piece of mechanism, who is ignorant of its make, its parts, and how they act upon, and affect one another? Behold this key; it is that of my laboratory, and may it indeed open the door of knowledge to you."



## Page 20

After Sanazio's decease, curiosity quickly led me to his study: I was alone, and the shades of evening were stealing over the earth: conceive then my utter dismay and superstitious horror upon suddenly entering, what I could but suppose to be a charnel-house! Its effluvium was intolerable, and well accounted for by (loathsome spectacle!) a disorderly collection of human fragments in various stages of preservation and decay! A dozen grisly skeletons grinned upon me from pedestals round the room, and in the centre of it, the half dissected body of a man, stretched upon a large lava slab, supported by tressels, was more horrible and odious than all. I now comprehended the full meaning of Sanazio's dying words and secret; but received at the same time, a shock which to this day I have not recovered; I found myself compelled to make Druso my confidant in this matter, and my companion in some of my first attempts at following the hideous occupation recommended by my deceased friend. By degrees I grew accustomed to the horrors of the room and of my employment. Druso, who found himself better engaged in courting the living than in cutting up the dead, was no longer necessary to me in the prosecution of my hateful studies, and kept aloof, but I soon discovered the value of them, in my increase of knowledge, employment, and reputation. At last an epidemic raged in Padua, proving very fatal; Ignatius, alarmed for the safety of his Phaedera, who was attacked, applied to me, and I cured her. Some time afterwards, the ungrateful wretch rushed into my laboratory, claiming the body upon which I was operating, as that of a young man, cousin to Phaedera, which had miraculously disappeared just previous to the day intended for its interment. The features of the poor wretch were too much disfigured to render possible his recognition by them, but Druso swore to its being the body of Marcus, from a scar on the left leg, which had been wounded severely by a quoit. Of course I refused to resign, that, for which I had paid a handsome price, and to reveal the names of those from whom I purchased it. So Druso dragged me before the Supreme Council, impeached me of sacrilege in the affair of the nun, of theft, and of violating the sanctity of the tomb, of barbarously mutilating the dead, and of applying their lacerated remains to the unholy purposes of sorcery! and on these counts have I been indicted, found guilty, and sentenced to be burnt as a sacrilegious heretic, an unnatural robber, and a formidable wizard! Antonia, the mother of seven children, is to be—like the unchaste vestal—immured! Oh Heaven! whilst Druso the Informer, receiving at the same time the portion of a prince for his venal treachery, will celebrate his union with Phaedera, amidst the shrieks and groans of his expiring victims!



## Page 21

I cannot now proceed: ere I am bound to the fatal stake, methinks I shall die of shame, grief, and terror. And did the friends of my infancy, my parents, suffer as I shall suffer? Then, welcome death! welcome, hated dawn of my last day, for innocence and truth are banished from the earth! Hark! the key turning in the lock of my cell! Hark! those boding and pitying voices without! Father Dominick! Servilius! Andrea! kindest! best! --I die--but I die innocent, the victim only----Hah! to burn--burn--burn! Gracious Heaven! pardon the strife of nature! My brain whirls!--my eyes cloud!--my black, dry, swollen lips,--throat--bosom--heart--O mother of God!--O! Saviour--Redeemer--pardon, pardon!--Father of Mercies,--receive me!

*Great Marlow, Bucks.*

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## SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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### SCENES FROM THE (OLD) FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*(From the "Quarterly" Review of Madame Junot's Memoirs.)*

About the beginning of the revolution, a working-man, by name Thirion, had established himself in a little stall (in Paris,) where he carried on his business as a mender of carpets. He called one morning to ask M. Permon's (a Royalist[1]) custom, but was civilly told that the family had long employed a tradesman of his class, and could not change for a stranger: the man took the refusal so insolently, that he was at last turned out of doors, vowing revenge. M. Permon, the ports being still open, makes a run over to London to place some money in our funds. Meantime "the Sections are organized," and Thirion becomes "Secrétaire, Greffier, President, je ne sçai quoi, de la notre." The morning after his return to Paris, M. Permon had just risen, when footsteps were heard loud on the staircase, and in burst Citizen Thirion, two other patriots of the Sectional Committee, and the carpetman's shopboy. (Madame Junot's Narrative commences here.)

"My father was shaving himself. Naturally quick tempered, his impatience was extreme when he recognised the individual, and he was imprudent enough to make a menacing gesture the moment they broke into his dressing-room. 'I am here to see the law enforced,' cries Thirion, on seeing my father advance with the razor in his hand. 'Well, what law is it that chooses so worthy an organ?'--'I am here to learn your age, your pursuits, and to interrogate you as to your journey to Coblenz.' My father, who had from the first word felt the most violent disposition to toss the man down stairs, shivered with rage; but, at last, he composed himself, wiped his chin, laid down his razor, and,



crossing his arms, placed himself full in front of Thirion: then, measuring him from the utmost height of his tall and elegant person, he said, 'You wish to know my age?'—'Yes, such are my orders.'—Where is the order?' said my father, extending his

## Page 22

hand. 'It is enough for you to know that I am sent hither by the committee of my section: my orders are sufficiently proved by my presence.'—Ah! you think so; I am of a different opinion. Your presence here is nothing but an insult, unless you have a judiciary order to justify it; show it me, and I shall forget the name of the man, to see only the public functionary.' Thirion raised his voice as my father lowered his—'What is your age?—What was the object of your going to Coblentz?'—My father seizes a large bamboo, and makes it whistle over Thirion's head—at that moment my mother rushes in, and succeeds in dragging him into another room, and restoring him to something like calmness. I remember she placed me in his arms, whispering to me to entreat him to *think of me*. Meantime, Thirion had drawn up his *proces verbal*, and withdrawn:—he left me weeping without knowing why I wept, but I saw that my mother and my sister were in tears too. My father sat pale, trembling with anger,—everything about us had a desolate aspect."

The family escape from Paris—and it was time. Violent alternations of fear, anger, sorrow, terror, and disgust, with frequent disguises, flights, and all sorts of changes of residence, at length wear out the health and spirits of M. Permon—a man, apparently, who united dull enough intellect with all the vivacity of a Frenchman's mere temperament; and he dies in obscurity long before anything like order is re-established. We need not dwell on the particular fortunes of a not very interesting set of people; but may quote one or two more specimens of the sort of scenes which fill the greater part of the first of these volumes. Our authoress and her sister are at one time separated from their parents, and placed in an obscure *pension* in the Faubourg (no longer *St.*) Antoine. Their brother, a very young man, has also remained in Paris, and frequently visits them in their retreat.

"We could not but observe, that for some days he had been very melancholy, and that he was getting more and more so. We asked the reason, and he told us at last that the section had denounced my father in a very alarming style. We fell a-crying, my sister and I. Albert consoled us as well as he could, but it was easy to see that the denunciation was not all—that some immediate danger fixed his fears. We knew afterwards, in effect, that a report had been spread of the arrest of my parents at Limoges—happily a false one. The horizon meanwhile was taking a bloody tint. Judge of my brother's anxiety! he came every day in a cabriolet, which my father had had built just before these late events; it was an elegant one, very lofty, of the kind called *wiski*. Already he had been all but insulted by the populace in driving through the faubourg; but liveries had not yet altogether disappeared, and nothing would persuade him to listen to our remonstrances, and make the domestic put off his. Thus it was on the 31st of August, when he came to see us as usual."

## Page 23

“There was about the boarding-house a man charged with all the rough work, by name Jaquemart, a fellow that could do everything—but the most atrocious of countenances. ‘The sight of that man makes me sick,’ said Albert; ‘I am sure he will end in something tragic.’”

“One day, shortly after we went to the *pension*, Jaquemart was bringing in a load of wood, when my brother drove at the speed of his horse into the entrance. He saw the man had a burden that would hardly allow him to get out of the way in time—cried ‘*Gare!*’—perceived that his efforts were in vain—and pulled back his horse so sharply as to run much risk of wounding the animal, and, indeed, of being thrown out himself, owing to the extraordinary elevation of the *wiski*. Jaquemart, however, escaped by this means with a scratch on his leg; his eyes were good, he saw what Albert had done to master his horse, and vowed gratitude.”

“The 31st of August the man had nothing to do about the house, yet he kept lounging at the gate, or in the court, all day long. It was late ere Albert came—he had been waiting for him, and whispered, as he alighted, ‘Stay here to-night to take care of your sisters—don’t go home.’ Albert looked at him with astonishment; he had, indeed, perceived symptoms of some commotion, but fancied, as most of Paris did, that it would be directed against the Temple. ‘What is your meaning?’ said he. ‘I entreat you to stay here—you will be near your sisters; and if there be need for another hand, mine shall not be far off—very well!—we shall be there.’ Albert pressed him with questions, but could extract nothing; and after giving the man some money, persisted; in returning home as usual.”

“All know the frightful story of the day after this. Albert’s anxiety for us makes him brave every danger, and he comes to us again. The first person he sees at our door is Jaquemart, in the costume of the most atrocious of bandits; our ladies had not dared to bid him go away, but his appearance made them tremble. ‘I did not desire you to come hither, but to stay here,’ he said; ‘why have I not been obeyed?’ ‘Why do you speak so—was this house particularly menaced?’ ‘I know nothing of that—at such a moment one should fear everything.’”

“We heard groans, weeping, all Paris had not been at *the massacre*. It was late. They pressed Albert to stay, but he would not. He promised, however, to come back next morning.—That day he was obliged to stay at home till about three o’clock, arranging and burning papers. He then came out to visit us, and found himself in the midst of crowds of men, drunken and bloody; many were naked to the waist, their breasts covered with blood. They carried fragments of clothing on their pikes and sabres—their faces were inflamed, their eyes haggard, the whole scene hideous. These groups became more and more frequent and numerous as he advanced. In mortal anxiety for us, he determined

## Page 24

to push through everything, and, urging his horse to its speed, reached at length the front of the Hotel Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense crowd—always the same figures naked and bloodstained, but here their looks were those of enraged fiends. They shout, they scream, they sing, they dance—the saturnalia of hell. On seeing Albert's cabriolet, they redoubled their cries—'An aristocrat! give it him, give it him!' In a moment the cabriolet is surrounded, and from the midst of the crowd an object rises and moves towards him. His agitation perplexes his view—he perceives long fair tresses dabbled with blood—a countenance beautiful even yet. It approaches—it is thrust upon his face; he recognises the features—it is the head of Madame de Lamballe!"

"The servant whips the horse with all the strength of his arm. The generous animal, with the instinctive horror of his race for dead bodies, springs with redoubled speed from the spectacle of horror. The frightful trophy, and the cannibals that bore it, had been overturned in the mud—screams and imprecations pursued Albert, stretched senseless at the bottom of the cabriolet. The servant had kept the reins, and whipped the more fiercely, because he could perceive, from the motion of the carriage, that some one had got up behind it, and hoped that the rapidity of its progress would shake him off."

"In a few minutes Albert reached our door—judge of our alarm!—pale, still quite senseless, not breathing. The moment the cabriolet stopped, the man behind jumped down, took my brother in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him into the house. It was Jaquemart. 'The monsters,' said he, 'the monsters! the poor young man, they have killed him too.' What could Jaquemart have been doing in such a garb, and among such a troop o' ruffians?"

[1] And father of Madame Junot.

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## THE GATHERER.

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The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* gives the following incident at the King's Ball, about a fortnight since. I happened to be near his majesty when he addressed himself to an Englishman, wearing the Cross of Three Days. "Where did you signalize yourself, sir?" inquired the monarch. "At the Tuilleries, sire," was the answer. "*C'est aux braves de Juillet que je dois ma couronne*," said his majesty. The gentleman thus honoured was M. Bennis,[1] in whose literary establishment the king seems to take much interest.

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## **GUTTING THE FISH.**

## Page 25

One evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the “wilds,” to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City-quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his “body man” might have slipt into the Liffey; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. “Well, Pat,” cried the master, “what the devil kept you so long?” “Long! a thin, may be it’s what you’d have me to come home with half my *arrant*?” says Pat. “Half the oysters?” says the master. “No; but too much of the *fish*.” says Pat. “What fish?” says he. “The oysters, to be sure,” says Pat. “What do you mean, blockhead?” says he. “I mean,” says Pat, “that there was no use with loading myself with more nor was useful.” “Will you explain yourself?” says he. “I will,” says Pat laying down his load. “Well then, you see, please your Honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammus Maginnis; ‘Good morrow, Shamien,’ sis I; ‘Good morrow kindly, Paudeen,’ sis he; ‘What is it you have in the sack?’ sis he; ‘A Cwt. of oysters,’ sis I; ‘Let us look at them,’ says he; ‘I will, and welcome,’ sis I; ‘Orah! thunder and pratees!’ sis he, openin the sack an examin in them; ‘who *sowld* you these?’ ‘One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,’ sis I; ‘Musha then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sowld* the likes to you,’ sis he; ‘Arrah, why, avic?’ sis I; ‘To make a *Bolshour* ov you an give thim to you without gutting thim,’ sis he; ‘An arn’t they gutted, Jim, aroon,’ sis I; ‘Oh! bad luck to the one o’ thim,’ sis he; ‘Musha then,’ sis I, ‘what the dhoul will I do at all at all, fur the master will be mad;’ ‘Do!’ sis he, ‘why I’d rather do the thing for you mysel nor you should lose your place,’ sis he; so wid that he begins to gut them wid his knife, *nate* and *clain*, an afeereed ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the guts himself from beginnin to ind, tal he had thim as dacent as you see thim here”—dashing down at his master’s feet his bag of oyster shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy, as you may suppose.—*Dublin Comet*.

[1] The agent for the MIRROR, in Paris.—ED. M.

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## Page 26

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