

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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Page 1

CASCADE AT VIRGINIA WATER.

This has been described as “perhaps the most striking imitation we have of the great works of nature:” at all events, it has less of the mimicry of art than similar works on a smaller scale.

Virginia Water will be recollected as the largest sheet of artificial water in the kingdom, with the exception of that at Blenheim. Near the high Southampton road it forms the above cascade, descending into a glen romantically shaded with plantations of birch, willow, and acacia:

Hollowly here the gushing water sounds
With a mysterious voice; one might pause
Upon its echoes till it seemeth a noise
Of fathomless wilds where man had never walked.

Or it may be described in the graphic words of Thomson:

With woods o’erhung, and shagg’d with mossy rocks,
Whence on each side the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees.

Beside the cascade is a stone cave, “moss-o’ergrown,” constructed with fragments of immense size and curious shape that were originally dug up at Bagshot Heath, and are supposed to be the remains of a Saxon cromlech. At the base of this fall, it becomes a running stream, and after winding through part of Surrey, falls into the Thames at Chertsey.

The reader will remember Virginia Water as the favourite retreat of the late King; and this embellishment, (if so artificial a term can be applied to a cascade,) was made at the bidding of the Royal taste. It is perhaps the most successful of all the contrivances hereabout to aid the natural enchantment of the scene. We believe the present Court are not so fervent in their attachment to this resort; its seclusion must, however, be a delightful relief to the costly cares of state, and the superb suites of Windsor Castle. A scene of wild nature, such as the annexed is intended to represent, is more acceptable to our sight than all the quarterings on the ceiling of St. George’s Hall, though they resemble the pattern-cards of chivalry.

* * * * *

Laconics, &c.



Our natural disposition to evil is evident in this: that vice tracks out its own path and stands in need of no instructor; while it requires not only example but discipline to initiate us in virtue.

We both read and hear bitter complaints about the uncertainty of human affairs; and yet it is that uncertainty alone that gives life its relish, for novelty is the real and radical cause of all our enjoyments.

There is a great outcry against fools on the part of the knaves, but rather with some want of policy; for if there were no fools in the world cunning men would have but a bad trade of it.

The faults of a fool are concealed from himself while they are evident to the world; on the other hand the faults of the wise man are well known to himself, while they are masked over and invisible to the world.



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It has been said that "there is a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know;" but this only applies to that species of madness which is produced by an excess of imagination eventually overpowering the judgment.

The insincerity of a friend has often inclined men to seek for a surer reliance upon money; these unexpected shocks make us disgusted with our species, and it is for this reason that old men who have seen so much of the world become at last avaricious.

The only result an inquirer after truth can derive from metaphysics will be to find himself silenced for the present; they rarely convince, and for the most part mislead.

All the discoveries made within the last century were ridiculed and treated with contempt by our forefathers; yet we are equally prejudiced and hostile to all those improvements proposed to us, which will in all probability be adopted by our children.

All those animals who are associated with man become immediately participants in his misery: when once domesticated they become liable to disease, whereas in a wild state they could have perished only from age or accident.

If we subtract from the twenty-four hours the time spent in eating, sleeping, exercise, and the other indispensable cares of our existence, what a fraction of time is employed on our intellectual faculties! Again, there are few who have the means to enable them to study; fewer the talent requisite; and still fewer the inclination, if they have the ability.

The force of habit affects even our palates; we in time acquire a relish for what was once perfectly nauseous. The Greenlander detests turtle soup as much as we abominate train oil.

Courage, or a contempt of danger, is a mere animal quality, and being only the result of a particular formation, is entitled to no merit, though it may demand our applause: but moral, or acquired courage, is a very different thing. A man who is fortunate in the world and has a sacrifice to make, if he conducts himself with spirit, is also more entitled to our admiration than a mere desperado.

F.

* * * * *

HAMET AND RASCHID.

AN EASTERN TALE, VERSIFIED.[1]

The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
Reigning above in cloudless majesty,



When deep engag'd in pray'r, two neighbouring swains
Knelt where the common bound divides their plains.
Hamet and Raschid;—whilst their flocks around
Panting with thirst, or dying, strew the ground,
With hands uplift they beg their god in pray'r,
Themselves to pity, and their flocks to spare.

Sudden the air grew calm, no zephyr stirr'd,
Through all the valley not a sound was heard,
That instant hush'd was all the vocal grove,
And sounds aerial warbled from above:
Around each shepherd cast his wond'ring eye,
And down the vale was seen advancing nigh,
A mighty Being, whom when near he stood,
They knew that Genius who distributes good;
The sheaves of plenty in his hand they see,
In that the avenging sword of misery.



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As nearer still the mighty Being drew,
Trembling they stood, and knew not what to do;
When lo! the Genius breath'd these solemn strains,
Soft as the breeze that cools Saboea's plains:—
“Children of dust! approach, fly not your friend,
I leave the heavens above, my aid to lend;
Water you seek, and water I bestow,
But ere you ask, this useful lesson know:—
Whate'er the body for its use enjoys,
Excess no less than scarcity destroys;
Demand no more than what your wants require,
Let Hamet tell me first his heart's desire.”

“O, Being, great, beneficent and kind,
Pardon the fear that overspreads my mind;
On me, great God, a little brook bestow,
That winter rains may never overflow,
And when the summer droughts commence their reign,
Stretch forth thy hand and let the brook remain.”

“'Tis yours,” with accents mild the Genius cried,
Streams, as he speaks, o'er all the meadows glide,
A fresher green the fragrant shrubs display,
And every leaf in trembling cheers the day;
Slaking their raging thirst, the flocks are seen,
And new-born herbage clothes the earth in green.
“This trifling wish befits a little soul,
Let the great Ganges o'er my meadows roll!”

Thus Raschid spoke, and thus the God replies,
Rage, as he spoke, rode sparkling in his eyes:—
“Insatiate man, this boundless wish recall
Ere ruin overwhelm yourself, your flocks and all;
See you these sheaves?—Now mark this dreadful sword,
Those are the wise man's—this the fool's reward.”

In vain he spoke; and hark, what meets the ear,
The raging flood is now approaching near;
Onward it rolls, o'erwhelming Raschid's plains,
All things it sweeps, and not a tree remains,
His flocks, his herds, the mighty stream o'erpours,
Himself (rash man) a crocodile devours.

[1] See *Rambler*, No. 38.



* * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

On a fork of lightning which sped through heaven,
He rode to space's naught,
And with the flash of a star which his flight had riven,
(The which in his hand of light he caught)
He writ with that flash his burning thought,
On the roll of darkness space had given.

* * * * *

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

SHAVINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

Disposed as we are to give the Scotch full credit for superior domestic economy, a practice which we had frequently an opportunity of observing, some five or six years since in Edinburgh, astonished us, we confess, not a little; and which, had we heard of, not beheld, we should rather have been inclined to attribute to our thoughtless Hibernian neighbours.

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Every English housemaid knows, if every housekeeper does not, that shavings make a most valuable fuel; for lighting fires they are preferable to those faggots, small bundles of which fetch in London, and large provincial towns, what may be considered a high price, as they commonly swell the weekly expenditure of every family. In Edinburgh, at the period to which we allude, a great deal of building was going on, and it was impossible to walk the streets without passing, (especially in the immediate environs) new houses in various stages of completion; but invariably we found, that the custom of the workmen was, to collect in heaps the shavings from the carpenter's work, and burn with other rubbish, these, which might have been sold for fuel very advantageously; nor was the waste of this practice the only thing to be reprehended; it was dangerous, since such bonfires were lighted before the houses in the open streets, to the great peril of passengers, and at the risk of frightening horses and other cattle, as the high winds prevalent in our northern metropolis carried about in all directions the light, blazing shavings, and sparks.

M.L.B.

* * * * *

FEATHERS.

(For the Mirror.)

Valuable as are feathers, and essential as is that article, a feather-bed, to the domestic comforts of the poor, who can rarely afford to purchase one, it has often struck us, as a singular want of thought and economy in humble cottagers residing on village-greens or commons, upon which much poultry is kept, that they should not collect, (a work easily performed by the youngest children) the numerous soft, short, downy feathers, which may be observed floating about. These in time would amount to a quantity worth consideration, but they are usually left, first to litter the land, and secondly to be destroyed by rain and passengers. This is particularly the case in Norfolk, celebrated as everybody knows as well for its geese as its turkeys, and where, it is asserted, that the former fowls undergo regular pluckings for the sake of their feathers, ere submitted to "the poulterer's knife." But experience, unfortunately, only confirms the old observation, that "the poor are the worst economists in the world," and the least obedient of any people to our Saviour's command: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

M.L.B.

* * * * *



TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF CLOTH, SILKS, &C.

Mix one teaspoonful of burnt alum, 1/4 oz. of salt of lemons, 1/4 oz. of oxalic acid, in a bottle, with half-a-pint of cold water; to be used by wetting a piece of calico with it, and rubbing it on the spots.

S. AE.

* * * * *

THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.



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Ladies and dwarfs.

One of the oddest of all odd books that ever fell into our hands is Captain Colville Franckland's *Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden*, in 1830 and 1831. It is one of the hop-step-and-a-jump tours that your fashionable folks make for making acquaintances and then making books. The gallant author does not stay long enough in a place to be dull; for he is lively and flippant in every page, and throws a dash of *the service* into every chapter. He feels that Dr. Granville has left him nothing to say which may not be found in his two great big books; yet the Cholera and the Polish war have supplied him with two topics throughout the whole book; and, dull as these subjects are in themselves, they have enabled our tourist to produce a rambling, rattling, frolicsome work of seven or eight hundred pages. His attentions to the softer sex sparkle every where. At Hamburg, "we dined at a most excellent table d'hote, but thought the ladies plain and dowdy." "We laughed much at the Holsteiner peasantry, the women being dressed like devils, and men like merry-andrews." Again,—

"One of the most pleasing characteristics of Hamburg, is the neat little, rosy-faced, fair-haired soubrette, tripping along the Yungferstieg, with a basket under her right arm, covered with a handsome shawl of glowing colours. These enticing damsels look as happy and as coquettish as you can well imagine, and might induce many a traveller to pass a few weeks in Hamburg who had time to dedicate to the pursuit of the fair nymphs of the Alster.

"But, alas! no good is unaccompanied by evil; hideously deformed dwarfs haunt the streets and promenades of the good town, and the eye of the observer, after having rested with complacency on the round and well-turned form of the smart soubrette, reverts with horror to the miserable Flibbertigibbets which abound in a frightful proportion to the whole population."

At Hamburg he finds fun in every thing.

"I was a good deal amused to-day by the funeral cortege of some citizen of consequence. The bier was surrounded by men dressed in the old Venetian costume of black, with ruffs, well-powdered wigs, and swords by their sides. I regret to say that I must quit Hamburg without seeing the Schoene Marianna; but I hear she is now rather *passee*, and I must console myself for this mortification by gazing upon the first pair of bright eyes which I shall meet to-morrow on my route to Kiel."

The Russian dwarfs afford our Captain much amusement.

"Madame Divoff, like many other Russian ladies, has a dwarf in her house, who remains constantly with the company. He is less ugly and disagreeable than others of his



species. La Princesse Serge Gallitzin has a little fellow of this sort; the Lisianskis have also one in constant attendance. The pretty Mademoiselle Rosetti, two evenings ago, kept caressing the dwarf at Madame Divoff's ball. ('Beauty and the Beast,' said I to her; 'Zemir et Azor.')



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“At a very agreeable family party at the Prince Paul Gallitzin’s were masks; and a party of male and female dwarfs; these droll little urchins were all very well made and good-looking; they frisked and frolicked about with the children of the house as if they themselves were not (as in reality they were) men and women, but children likewise. One of these poor little mortals, equipped as an officer of hussars, danced a mazurka with great grace and activity, and selected for his partner the *Gouvernante*, a fine, fat bouncing woman of twenty-five. He likewise, at my request, sang a Russian romance, which he accompanied on the piano-forte: his voice was a very plaintive, but weak barytone. The kindness of the Russian nobles to these unfortunate beings does infinite honour to the national character.”

We have only time for another extract or two. At Moscow, he notes:

“I passed the remainder of the evening at the Princess Dolgorouki’s; the young ladies were in great agitation on account of the sudden indisposition of their mother, Madame Boulgakow, who had, it seems, caught cold in her return from the monastery of Troitza, sixty wersts from hence, a renowned pilgrimage. She had better have stayed at home, for surely Moscow has sufficient churches in which bigots may pray as long as they please. When will superstition cease to usurp the place of true religion in the human mind? I did not pity the *old devotee*, but I felt for the young ladies, who seemed to be a good deal flurried and fluttered by this occurrence.”

At St. Petersburg:

“June 8-20.—Weather hot and sultry. At two I walked to the Summer Gardens, which I found full of police-officers and soldiers. To-day there is a celebrated promenade, that in which the young fillies range themselves in two rows along the principal alley to be chosen by their future spouse. However, it was as yet too early for this exhibition, and there was nobody here except police-officers, the very sight of whom makes me sick; so off I set, and was caught near the Newski Prospekt in a tremendous thunder-storm, which forced me to take shelter, first under the arch of a *porte-cochere*, and secondly in the Casan Church, in which I discovered for the first time the baton of Marshal Davoust, stuck up in a glass-case against one of the piers supporting the dome of the Church. Underneath the baton, upon a gilded metal-plate, are two inscriptions, the one in Russ, the other in Latin, which state that the baton is that of Marshal Davoust, taken near Crasnoe, 5th Nov. 1812; so there can be no doubt of the fact.”

“I was a good deal amused with a bad painting over the simple unassuming tomb of the immortal Kutusoff, representing the Kremlin, the church of Ivan Blagennoi, and a procession of priests marching out of the former by the Holy Gate towards the latter. Kutusoff’s tomb is shaded by banners taken from the Poles, the Prussians, and the French, having at the ends of their staffs, the eagles of the two former, and the horse of the latter.”



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LE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

Mrs. Watts's charming Juvenile Annual, the *New Year's Gift*, furnishes the following admirable model of a descriptive letter from the French capital.

"The day following the one on which we were at Versailles, we spent in visiting the Garden of Plants; this institution (if I may so call it) is a little on the same plan as our Zoological Garden, and is said to be quite unrivalled in the whole world. It contains curiosities of every age, and from every quarter of the globe. The gardens, which cover more than a hundred acres of ground, are filled with every plant that can be reared in France, either naturally or by artificial means, from the lordly palm to the humble potato.

"One enclosure is filled with every specimen of shrub that is capable of being made to form a fence, from the prickly holly, of forty feet high, to the dwarf-box, scarcely an inch above the ground.

"In another place, we see specimens of all the various modes of training fruit, and other kinds of trees, which the ingenuity of man has been able to accomplish—this is peculiarly interesting. Here, a tree is trained to resemble a large basin, another is made to look like a gigantic umbrella, and a third like a lady's fan.

"In one enclosure are collected together all the various specimens of culinary vegetables that have usually been appropriated to the sustenance of mankind; these, you will readily believe, occupy no small space; and near them, are to be seen specimens of all the varieties of fruit trees of which France and its neighbouring kingdoms can boast.

"In addition to all this, there are extensive green-houses and hot-houses, filled with many thousand of the choicest plants, attached to each of which is its scientific and its common name. Many of them were extremely curious; I tried to remember so many, that I find I confound one with another, and now I can scarcely recollect any, save the useful bread tree, the curious coffee plant, and the tempting sugar cane, all of which are to be seen here to great advantage.

"Attached to this beautiful garden, is a splendid museum, containing all sorts of treasures connected with natural history. Here are to be seen more than two hundred varieties of monkeys only; of birds, there are myriads; and one or two species are shown, that are believed to be the only ones of the kind extant; these, of course, are not alive. Here are also collected hundreds of bird's nests, of all shapes, kinds and sizes, from one almost as large as a hand basin, to one about the size of a green gage plum: most of these contain eggs of such kinds of birds as those to whom the nests belonged;

and indeed the ingenuity with which many of these little houses are constructed, surprised me more than any thing I ever before witnessed. The collection of butterflies too is most remarkable, from one the size of a plate, to those of the smallest size.



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“In the same building is also to be seen a most extensive assortment of minerals, spars, gems, ores, crystals, medals, *etc. etc.*, which merely to enumerate singly, would more than fill a long letter. We next saw the Museum of Zoology: this contains reptiles and fish, innumerable, and of which I can only say, how wonderful are their varieties! I must not, however, forget to tell you that we saw a part of an elephant’s tusk, which when complete is believed to have been at least eight feet in length. Only imagine what must have been the height of the possessor of such a pair of tusks! Here too we saw the skeleton of an enormous whale that was captured on the coast of France; and from the size of its jaw bones, I can readily believe the old story, that the tongue of the whale is as large as a feather bed.

“But the whale’s was not the only skeleton which we saw,—here were collected and strung together, the bones of men, women, children, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fish to form perfect specimens.—All this was very remarkable: but I cannot say that I much admired them, though I was much struck by the sight of an Egyptian mummy, embalmed and unwrapped, and supposed to have been in its present state far more than a thousand years. We none of us very much enjoyed the sight of the dead specimens, we therefore gladly left them, in order to pay our respects to their living neighbours, whose houses were not very far off.

“The Garden of Plants contains a very considerable number of wild animals, and who all appear to be living very much at their ease. Indeed they are surrounded with every thing that can be devised to render their captivity as little irksome as possible. They are confined it is true; not in narrow cages, but in wide enclosures; around them grow trees of their own country, and under their feet springs the herbage of which they are most fond. The Polar bear is indulged with a fountain of water, and when the camel is inclined for a nap he reposes on a bed of sand. Of the usefulness of this animal I must not omit to give you an instance, and that is, that so far from eating the bread of idleness, he actually more than earns his living by raising all the water that is used in these extensive grounds, and thus he may be regarded as a general benefactor to all the plants and animals by which he is surrounded. So much for the king’s garden as it is sometimes called; to attend all its different branches no less than a hundred and sixty persons are constantly employed, and to keep it up nearly twelve thousand pounds is annually expended. This of course includes the expenses of travellers who are sent abroad by the French Government to collect new treasures to enrich this wonderful place, which may truly be called the museum of the world.”

By the way, if it be not too late, we recommend parents to peep into this pretty little volume for masters and misses. If “Black Monday” is past, the “Gift” will still be acceptable: it will make school-time pass as happily as a holiday.



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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

* * * * *

ANCIENT NAVY OF ENGLAND.

(*To the Editor.*)

Allow me to make a few observations in addition to those in a paper signed G.K. in No. 528 of *The Mirror*. Your correspondent commences with Julius Caesar, and passes over the period intervening between him and King Edgar; and from him till the time of King John. Now, prior to Caesar's invasion of this island, and during the wars between the Romans and Gauls, Caswallwn or Cassivelaunus, sent a numerous body of troops to assist the Armoricans, or natives of Brittany, against the Romans; Caesar himself, says, that his project of invading this country arose from the intelligence he received of the aid the Gauls derived from the Britons; therefore I consider that the mode, let it be what it would, deserved somewhat of the name of a fleet, if not in the modern sense of the word. Caesar says they had large, open vessels, with keels and masts made of wood, and the other parts covered with hides; and about the year 384, Cynan Meiriadog, a chieftain of North Wales, sailed to Armorica with a great body of followers, to support the cause of Maximus, an aspirant to the Roman throne.

Berkeley, in his *Naval History*, p. 49, says, that at the time of the Saxon invasion, Gurthefyr or Vortimer, King of the Britons, with a fleet, opposed the Saxons under Hengist; and after an obstinate engagement, the Britons were victorious, notwithstanding the inferiority of their vessels to those of the Saxons, both in number and size.

The Welsh, at the time of King Alfred, must have had some knowledge of nautical architecture and affairs, (according to Berkeley's *Naval History*, p. 69,) for the great Alfred discovering the necessity of establishing a naval force for the purpose of resisting the incursions of the Danes, prevailed on several natives of Wales to superintend its construction, and subsequently conferred on them some of the most distinguished posts in his fleet. And as a proof of the nautical spirit of the Welsh, we have the fact of Prince Madog, son of Owain Gwynedd, about the year 1170, going on a voyage in search of a new country, where he would be free from the dreadful dissensions which were ravaging his native country.

Caer Ludd.

CYMMRO.



ENGLISH PUNISHMENTS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

(For the Mirror.)

Impoysonments, so ordinarily in Italy, are so abominable amongst English, as 21 Henry VIII. it was made high treason, though since repealed; after which the punishment for it was to be put alive into a caldron of water, and then boiled to death; at present it is felony without benefit of clergy.



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If a criminal indicted of petit treason, or felony, refuseth to answer or to put himself upon a legal tryal, then for such standing mute and contumacy, he is presently to undergo that horrible punishment called *Peine forte et dure*; that is, to be sent back to the prison from whence he came, and there laid in some low, dark room, upon the bare ground, on his back, all naked, his arms and legs drawn with cords, fastened to the several corners of the room; then shall be laid upon his body, iron and stone, so much as he may bear, or more; the next day he shall have three morsels of barley bread without drink, and the third day shall have drink of the water next to the prison door, except it be running water, without bread; and this shall be his diet till he die. Which grievous kind of death some stout fellows have sometimes chosen, that so not being tryed and convicted of their crimes, their estates may not be forfeited to the king, but descend to their children, nor their blood stained.

Perjury, by bearing false witness upon oath, is punished with the pillory, called *Callistrigium*, burnt in the forehead with a P, his trees growing upon his ground to be rooted up, and his goods confiscated.

G.K.

* * * * *

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The following extract is from a manuscript in the possession of the family of Kelly, now in Lord Kelly's library, which was taken from the original letter of Publius Lentulus at Rome.

It being the usual custom of the Roman governors to advertise the senate and people of Rome of such material things as happened in their provinces, in the days of the Emperor Tiberius Caesar, Publius Lentulus, President of Judaea, wrote the following epistle to the senate, respecting Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"There appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles he is accepted as a Prophet of Truth; but his disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases: a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with very reverend countenance, such as beholders may both love and fear: his hair is of the colour of the chestnut, full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his face without spot or wrinkles, beautified with a living red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be represented; his beard thickish, in colour like his



hair, not very long, but forked; his look innocent and mature; his eyes grey, clear, and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken—pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be recollected that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms most delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man for his singular beauty far surpassing the children of men.”



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VERITAS.

* * * * *

BRIGHTON IN 1743.

[Illustration: Brighton in 1743.]

(Whoever has enjoyed the natural beauties or artificial luxuries of BRIGHTON—the *Daphne* of our metropolis—will feel some curiosity respecting its origin and progress from an obscure fishing-town to such a focus of wealth and fashion as at this moment it presents. The celebrity of Brighton, we may observe, extends throughout the empire, and is almost as well known to the plodding and stay-at-home townsman of the north as to the luxurious idler ever and anon in quest of new pleasures. As the occasional abode of the Royal Family, its name has figured in the Court records of the last half century. Of late years, however, Brighton has assumed an extent and importance which may be referred to a spirit of speculative enterprise unparalleled in the fortunes of any other town in the United Kingdom. Not only has a palace, but squares of palatial mansions, terraces, crescents, and streets, nay, very towns of splendid houses, have sprung up with fairy-like rapidity; and Brighton has thus become, not merely a fashionable resort for the season, but a place of permanent residence for a very large proportion of wealthy individuals. Our present purpose is, however, to illustrate the past obscurity and not the present high palmy state of Brighton. Our own recollections would carry us back nearly a score of years, when the Pavilion or Marine Palace was a plain, neat, villa-like building, with verandas to command a prospect of the sea; and when the Steines scarcely merited the designation of enclosures: when a roomy yellow-washed mansion occupied the upper end of the old Steine, and was pointed to as once the house of Dr. Russell, to whom Brighton owes much of its early fame; its site being now occupied by a superb hotel: when Phoebe Hassell and Martha Gunn were the lionesses of the place—the one by land and the other by sea: and when not a carriage entered Brighton without the electioneering salute of half a score of blue gownswomen with cards of their crazy machines to give you a tenancy-at-will of the ocean. But, our quoted particulars of Brighton invest it with a much earlier interest than our brief memory can supply. They are historical as well as topographical, from the primitive records of the place, and are accompanied by a view of the town from the sea, as it appeared in the year 1743, or about 90 years since. For this and the interesting details which accompany it we are indebted to a History of Brighthelmston published by Dr. Anthony Rhelan towards the close of the last century, and lately edited and reprinted by Mr. Mitchell of Brighton, with the benevolent intention of aiding the funds of the Sussex County Infirmary, by the profits arising from the sale of the work. It requires an almost microscopic eye to distinguish the buildings in the Cut. The Royal standard on the fort, is, by an error of the artist, disproportionally large.) The town of Brighthelmston,[1] in the

county of Sussex, is situated on the banks of the sea, at the bottom of a bay of the same name, formed to the east by Beachy-Head, and by Worthing point to the West.



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The bay is a bold and deep shore exposed to the open sea: from the banks or cliffs a clean gravel runs to the sea terminating in a hard sand, free from every mixture of ooze, and those offensive beds of mud, so frequently found at the mouths of rivers, and on many shores.

The town is built on a rising hill with a south-east exposition; defended towards the north by hills, whose ascent is easy, and view pleasing; bounded on the west by a fruitful and extensive cornfield, descending gently from the Downs to the banks of the sea, and leading to Shoreham; and on the east by a most beautiful lawn called the Steine, which runs winding up into the country among hills, to the distance of some miles.

The soil here, and over all the south Downs, is a chalk rock covered with earth of various kinds and depths in different places.

The country round Brighthelmston is open and free from woods, and finely diversified with hills and valleys. Hence the advantage of exercise may be always enjoyed in fair weather: it is ever cool on the hills, and a shelter may be constantly found in the valleys from excess of wind.

The hills are in some places steep, but everywhere covered with a green sward from the bottom to the top.[2] On the summit of these the prospect is extensive and varied; towards the sea there is an uninterrupted view from Beachy-head to the Isle of Wight; towards the land, or *weald* side, the view, in the opinion of the great Mr. Ray, is no where to be equalled; and from this very prospect, compared with that of the Isle of Ely, he infers the wisdom of God in the construction of hills.

The Downs here run parallel to the sea; the turf of them is remarkably fine; they are from six to ten miles broad: so that this delightful country cannot be deemed a confined one.

The merit of the situation of this town has within these few years attracted a great resort of the principal gentry of this kingdom, and engaged them in a summer residence here. And there is reason to believe, that in the earliest times it was in the highest estimation. The altars of the Druids, the only surviving remains of the ancient Britons, are no where to be seen in greater number.[3] And although there are here no traces of temples, no images here existing, yet does not their want in any shape invalidate the supposition of this place's having been an original residence of theirs, as it seems to have been a received principle in all countries where Druidism prevailed, that the confining the Deity within walls, or the representing him in any human figure, were unworthy of his majesty, and unsuitable to his immensity. But the position of these altars, and the local circumstances answering so exactly to their customary choice of places, leave but little room to doubt of their having had a residence here.

The attachment of our ancestors to this place may be further illustrated by our taking a view of the efforts they made to preserve it.



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Suetonius, relating the invasion of Britain by Vespasian, says, "Tricies cum hoste conflixit; duas validissimas gentes, superque xx oppida, et Insulam Vectem Britanniae proximam in deditionem redegit." Cap. iv. Now, that one of these nations inhabited the Downs of Sussex, seems probable from their vicinity to the Isle of Wight, and in some measure confirmed by the lines and intrenchments still subsisting between Brighthelmston and Lewes, where the principal scene of action must have been, and bearing every Roman mark.

That there was a Roman station in this neighbourhood is admitted by the antiquarians, though its exact situation is not as yet ascertained. The Portus Aldurni, placed by the learned Selden at Aldrington, two miles to the west of Brighthelmston, is by the ingenious Tabor presumed to have been at East Bourne, eighteen miles to the east of it: yet there are many local and incidental circumstances belonging to this place, and which are wanting in those towns, that render a conjecture probable as to its having been a Roman station.

The Praepositus of the Exploratores, whose office was to discover the state and motions of the enemy, and who was certainly in this part of Sussex, could be no where more advantageously placed than in the elevated situations of the strong camps at Hollingsbury and White-Hawke, commanding a most extensive view of the whole coast from Beachy-Head to the Isle of Wight. The form of this town is almost a perfect square; the streets are built at right angles to each other, and its situation is to the south east, the favourite one among the Romans. To these may be added, that an urn has been some time ago dug up in this neighbourhood, containing a thousand silver denarii marked from Antoninus Pius to Philip, during which tract of time Britain was probably a Roman province. And, lastly, the vestiges of a true Roman via running from Shoreham towards Lewes, at a small distance above this town have been lately discovered by an ingenious gentleman truly conversant in matters of this nature.

The light sometimes obtained in these dark matters from a similitude of sounds in the ancient and modern names of places, is not to be had in assisting the present conjecture. Its ancient one, as far as I can learn, is no way discoverable; and its modern one may be owing either to this town's belonging formerly to, or being countenanced in a particular manner by a Bishop Brighthelm, who, during the Saxon government of the island, lived in this neighbourhood: or perhaps may be deduced from the ships of this town having their helms better ornamented than those of their neighbouring ones.

It is true here are no hypocausts, Mosaic pavements, inscriptions, or any other delicate monuments of Roman antiquity,[4] that might corroborate in a stronger manner this supposition: these, if any such existed here, have been defaced by time, or destroyed by the undiscerning inhabitants of the place.



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During the Saxon aera, this town was almost the centre of the kingdom of the South Saxons; and consequently could not be the scene of much action. It submitted to the various revolutions which prevailed at different times, until the Norman conquest.

The conqueror landed at Hastings forty miles distant to the east of this town; so that his troops never came near it. Yet, the fate of England being decided by the bloody engagement at Battel, this town, with many other large possessions in the county, was granted to William de Warren, who married the Conqueror's daughter: and he soon made it part of the endowment of that rich priory, which he founded at Lewes.

This resigning of the town into the hands of monks was a fatal stroke to its ancient greatness. Too attentive to their own immediate interest, and too regardless of that of their vassals, as soon as they were in possession of it, they laboured, and with success, to obtain an exemption for it from supplying the king with ships, or affording him such other succour, as a large and powerful maritime town ought to have done, on the pretence of its being part of a religious estate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

[1] It appears to have been called Brighton in a terrier of lands, dated in 1660.

[2] In the years 1800 and 1801, when wheat was at an unprecedented price, the occupiers of farms on the South Downs converted much of their downland into tillage, from which they acquired abundant crops of corn. The green sward when once ploughed, can never be restored to its former verdure, and although grass seeds have been yearly sown in succession for more than 80 years upon down formerly broken up and converted into arable land, the distinctions between these parts and the original down is still clearly perceptible.

[3] See the remains of a Druidical altar at Goldstone (Gor or Thor stone) bottom, about a mile to the north-west of the town.

[4] A Mosaic pavement has been discovered at Lancing, within nine miles west of the town.

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FINE ARTS

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LARGE PAINTED WINDOW OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Mr. Wilmshurst has nearly completed a fine copy, on glass, of Mr. Hilton's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion. It consists of 118 squares, 15 by 21 inches each, fitted into copper frames, in a large centre and two sides; in all 19 feet high, and 15 feet wide, intended for a Venetian window-case in St. George's Church, Liverpool. The original picture was painted for this purpose, by commission from the Corporation, in the year 1826, for which the artist received 1,000 guineas. Perhaps in all the productions of British art there is not a

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more appropriate subject for the embellishment of a church, than Hilton's representation of this sublime event. The countenance and figure of the crucified Saviour are admirably drawn: his placid resignation is finely contrasted with the muscular figures of the two thieves struggling in the last agonies of torture: the spike-nails and blood-drops of the hands and feet, and the title on the cross are closely preserved. The group of women at the foot of the cross, the lifeless form, drooping hand, anxious eye, and gushing tear, the terrified and afflicted populace, and the unperturbed devotional gaze of a few by-standers are too among the masterly beauties of this composition. The lights are well kept, and the entire effect of the Window is that of awe-inspiring grandeur.

It is somewhat curious, that on the evening Mr. Wilmshurst put together his Liverpool Window, his larger Window of the Field of Cloth of Gold, was totally destroyed by fire, and by the next morning all its glories were melted (or vitrified) into tears.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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THE TWA BURDIES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When the winter day had past an' gane,
Twa wee burdies came into our hearth stane;
An' they lookit a'round them wi' little din,
As if they had living souls within.

"O, bonny burdies, come tell to me
If ye are twa burdies o' this countrie?
An' where ye were gaun when ye tint your gate,
A-winging the winter shower sae late?"

"We are cauld, we are cauld—ye maun let us bide,
For our father's gane, an' our mother's a bride:
But in her bride's bed though she be,
We would rather cour on the earth wi' thee!"

"O, bonny burdies, my heart is sair
To see twa motherless broods sae fair.



But flee away, burdies! flee away!
For I darenae bide wi' you till day."

"Ye maun let us bide till our feathers dry,
For the time of our trial's drawing nigh.
A voice will call at the hour eleven,
An' a naked sword appear in heaven!

"There's an offering to make, but not by men,
On altar as white as the snow of the glen—
There's a choice to be made, and a vow to pay,
And blood to spill ere the break of day."

"O, tell me, beings of marvellous birth,
If ye are twa creatures of heaven or earth?
For ye look an' ye speak, I watnae how—
But I'm fear'd, I'm fear'd, little burdies for you!"

"Ye needna be fear'd, for it's no our part
To injure the kind and the humble heart;
And those whose trust is in heaven high,
The Angel of God will aye be nigh.

We were twa sisters bred in a bower,
As gay as the lark an' as fair as the flower;
But few of the ills of this world we proved,
Till we were slain by the hands we loved.



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Our bodies into the brake were flung,
To feed the hawks and the ravens young;
And there our little bones reclined,
And white they bleach'd in the winter wind.

Our youngest sister found them there,
And wiped them clean wi' her yellow hair;
And every day she sits and grieves,
And covers them o'er wi' the wabron leaves.

Then our twin souls they sought the sky,
And were welcome guests in the heavens high;
And we gat our choice through all the spheres
What lives to lead for a thousand years.

Then humble, old matron, lend us thine aid,
For this night the choice is to be made;
And we have sought thy lowly hearth
For the last advice thou giv'st on earth.

Say, shall we skim o'er this earth below,
Beholding its scenes of joy and woe;
And try to reward the virtuous heart,
And make the unjust and the sinner smart?

Or shall we choose the star of love,
In a holy twilight still to move;
Or fly to frolic, light and boon,
On the silver mountains of the moon?

O, tell us, for we hae nane beside!
Our daddy's gane, and our mammy's a bride.
She is blitliely laid in her bridal sheet,
But a spirit stands at her bed feet.

Ay, though she be laid in her bridal bed,
There is guiltless blood upon her head;
And on her soul the hue of a crime,
That will never wash out till the end of time.

Advise, advise! dear matron, advise!
For you are humble, devout, and wise.
We ask a last advice from you—
Our hour is come—what shall we do?"



“O, wondrous creatures, ye maun allow
I naething can ken of beings like you;
But ere the voice calls at eleven,
Go ask your Father who is in heaven.”

Away, away, the burdies flew
Aye singing, “Adieu, kind heart, adieu!
They that hae blood on their hands may rue
Afore the day-beam kiss the dew.

There’s naught sae heinous in human life
As taking a helpless baby’s life;
There’s naething sae kind aneath the sky
As cheering the heart that soon maun die.”

The morning came wi’ drift an’ snaw,
And with it news frae the bridal-ha’,
That death had been busy, and blood was spilt,
May Heaven preserve us all from guilt!

They tell of a deed—Believe’t who can?
Such tale was never told by man;
The bridegroom is gone in fire and flood,
And the bridal-bed is steep’d with blood!

The poor auld matron died ere day,
And was found as life was passing away;
And twa bonny burdies sang in the bed,
The one at the feet, the other the head.

Now I have heard tales, and told them too,
Hut this is beyond what I could do;
And far hae I ridden, and far hae I gane,
But burdies like these I never saw nane.



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Fraser's Magazine.

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ELLISTON AND THE ASS' HEAD.

Elliston was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane, but, like the conqueror at Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, "no effects" was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis*, in aid of the then humble, but now arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T.P. Cooke—it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue). The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, "most generously volunteered his services for six nights!" Cooke was advertised for *William*; Elliston having "most generously lent [N.B. this was *not* put in the bill] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred-and-fifty court-martials at the Surrey Theatre!" Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we have lately heard it stated that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine "creature," Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet's birthday, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important "property!" *Bottom* must be a "feature" in the procession, and there was no ass's head! it would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. "Ben!" exclaimed Elliston, "take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follows!" Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, "all ear" and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded.—



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“My dear Charles,

I am about to represent, 'with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations,' the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of “getting up,” we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-garden), can *you*, lend me an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

Yours ever truly,

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON.”

“P.S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them.”

The letter was dispatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

“MY DEAR ROBERT,

It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the 'dresses, scenery, and decorations,' in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us.

Believe me, ever yours,

CHARLES KEMBLE.”

“P.S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it.”

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours:—

“DEAR CHARLES,



I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the 'property' in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses' heads, not to the Surrey atone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

Yours ever truly,

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON."

"P.S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others."



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We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

Monthly Magazine.

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NOTES OF A READER.

THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION.

This is styled by the publisher "The Child's *Annual*;" we do not think reasonably so, since instruction is suited for all times. It is a tolerably thick volume, and contains the *Easies* of Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Natural History, Punctuation, History, Poetry, Music, and Dancing; with outlines of Agriculture, Anatomy, Architecture, Astronomy, Botany, and other branches of science and knowledge—a Chronology and description of the London public buildings. The contents, to be sure, are multifarious; but the book is we think made of a series of books to be purchased separately. Every page has a coloured cut of a very gay order. Cottages have yellow roofs and pink doors; and shopkeepers are dressed in crimson and orange. Some of the grammatical illustrations are droll: a heavy old fellow, cross-legged, with his hands folded on a stick is *myself*; Punch is an *active verb*; a wedding might have illustrated the conjunction; four in hand is a preposition. In punctuation, a child asking what o'clock it is, illustrates a note of interrogation. We could have supplied the editor with the Colon: a little girl who had much difficulty in understanding its use, one day complained that a pain in her stomach was as bad as a colon. The pictures in Geography are not so good as they might have been; and it would have been easy to give correct outlines of animals, since others mislead children. Music made easy is better, as are Steps to Dancing. The Chronology is faulty and ill-adapted for children: what do the little dears want to know of the sale of Cobbett's Register, or Mr. Fletcher and Miss Dick. There are certain things which children should know, and others which they should not hear of. Show them as many of the virtues of mankind as you please: prepare the soil well, and there will be less chance of vicious weeds. Altogether this book merits recommendation. It is nicely bound, as the Guinea Annual folks say, partly in *Arabesque*.

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CHEAP MEDICINE.



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A publisher who pays much regard to usefulness and economy in reprints has put forth *Buchan's Domestic Medicine* for something less than a crown, with a supplementary "Cholera Morbus, its history, symptoms, mode of treatment, antidotes,&c." By the way, we have often thought Buchan's book like the Dead Sea: you cannot fall into the latter without some of its water incrusting on you, and you cannot read Buchan without feeling an ache. Its popularity is founded upon the hackneyed adage "the knowledge of a disease is half its cure." People will pore over its sea of calamities till they almost fall into the fire, or get scalded with the water from a kettle, and then turn to the Index, Scalds, page 326: perhaps this is a good plan to test the practical value of a book, as the surgeon scalded two fingers and plunged one into turpentine and the other into spirits of wine to test their respective services in case of a scald.

Here too we may notice a cheap *Companion to the Family Medicine Chest*, with an alphabetical arrangement of Medicines, their properties, and plain rules for taking them; with the Cholera, of course, as a rider, and cautions respecting suspended animation and poisons. The little shillingsworth is in its fifteenth edition, so that many thousand persons must have taken many million doses by its prescription, and in some cases become their own medicine chests, with this book as their companion.

* * * * *

HERBERT'S COUNTRY PARSON, &c.

Readers who delight to slake their thirst for knowledge from the deep and pure wells of our olden literature will rejoice to hear of a cheap and elegant reprint of this beautiful little book. Perchance some book-buyer need be told that the above is a book to live by—an invaluable legacy of a parish priest to his brethren and the world. The author George Herbert, was born in 1593, near Montgomery, in the castle that had been successively happy in the Herberts, as Isaak Walton observes, "a family that hath been blest with men of remarkable wisdom." Herbert was educated at Cambridge, where he obtained the friendship of "the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam," who consulted Herbert "before he would expose any of his books to be printed, and dedicated a version of the Psalms to him as the best judge of divine poetry." Herbert was patronized by James I. who, for an elegant Latin oration, gave him a sinecure of 120_l_. a-year, for in those days the only Royal Society of Literature was in the palace; it is now among subjects, and too little in the Court. Upon the death of James, Herbert's Court hopes died also, and he betook himself to a retreat from London. In this retirement, "he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of court life or betake himself to the study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders." He chose the latter. He married well. In 1630 he was



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inducted into the parsonage of Bemerton, a mile from Salisbury; the third day after which, he said to his wife, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any one of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." These rules his meek wife observed with cheerful willingness. Herbert now set about his "Priest to the Temple: or the Country Parson, his character, and rule of Holy Life." Unlike many doctrinists, he practised his own rules: he was a self-example of his own precepts, and his book was the rule of his own life; or, as Walton more beautifully explains it "his behaviour towards God and man may be said to be a practical comment on the holy rules set down in that useful book." Thus, he sets forth the Diversities of a Pastor's life: the Parson's life, knowledge, praying, preaching, Sundays, house, courtesy, charity, church, comfort, eye, mirth, &c.; his prayers before and after Sermon, with a few poetical pieces of quaint but touching sweetness. His poetry has been censured for its point and antithesis; but he cultivated the poetical art to convey moral and devotional sentiments; others excel him in smoothness of versification, but not in benevolent purpose. Herbert though himself a pattern of humility, was younger brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whom Horace Walpole abuses for his beauty and gallant bearing, tintured it must be allowed, with affected notions of high birth. But the gay philosopher of Cherbury lived in the last days of chivalry, and had their light but gleamed upon Walpole, he would, in all probability, have borne the very qualities which he so loudly censures in Herbert. The pastor Herbert's wife was nearly related to Lord Danby, so that the caution which we have quoted was perhaps requisite. As Herbert sank his own high birth, it was but fit that his wife should forget hers also.

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THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

What a change from grave to gay—from the moral antitheses of Herbert's *Country Parson* to the fun and folly of Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, with etchings by George Cruikshank, and cuts admirably designed and engraved by S. Williams—as Mr. Simkin dressing for the ball:

But what with my Nivernois hat can compare,
Bag-wig and laced ruffles, and black solitaire,
And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good riband tyed under the throat.

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and “We three blunder-heads,” two frizzled physicians of the last century, and the invariably accompanying cane, or Esculapian wand. This edition is by Mr. Britton, who has prefixed a dedication and an essay on the genius of Anstey, both of which sparkle with humour and lively anecdote; and an amusing sketch of Bath as it is. Among the anecdotal notes to the Poem it is stated that Dodsley acknowledged about ten years after he had purchased the “Bath Guide,” that the profits from its sale were greater than on any other book he had published. He generously gave up the copyright to the author in 1777, who had 200_l_ for the copyright after the second edition. Yet Dodsley, with all his liberality lived to be rich, though he originally was footman to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther; so true is it that genius and perseverance will find their way upwards from any station.

There is a pleasant anecdote of the late John Palmer, who, it will be remembered, was somewhat stiltish. “Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble occupation himself, strutting one evening in the green-room at Drury-Lane Theatre, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman present remarked that they greatly resembled diamonds. ‘Sir,’ said Palmer, with warmth, ‘I would have you to know, that I never wear anything but diamonds.’ ‘Jack, your pardon,’ replied the gentleman, ‘I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste!*’ This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Parsons jogging him on the elbow, and drily saying, ‘Jack, why don’t you *stick him against the wall?*’”

Another. Mr. Quin, upon his first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for every thing; and, at the end of a week, complained to Nash, who had invited him thither, as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who knew that Quin relished a pun, replied, “They have acted by you on truly Christian principles.” “How so?” says Quin. “Why,” answered Nash, “you were a *stranger*, and they *took you in.*” “Ay” rejoined Quin; “but they have fleeced me, instead of clothed me.”

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THE OUTLINE OF ENGLISH HISTORY,

Is a well-executed compendium for schools, and will be amusing by any fire-side. It not merely contains the great names, but abounds with curious notes on domestic life in each reign, with facts and calculations which must have cost the editor, Mr. Ince, many days labour. The period pompously termed “the Georgian Aera” is not so copious as the editor wishes, but a little more forethought on his part or that of the printer would better satisfy himself and the public.

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SNATCHES

From Mr. Bulwer's Novel of "Eugene Aram," vol. i.



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Love of Nature.—It has been observed and there is a world of homely, ay, of legislative knowledge in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours.

Humour.—Where but in farces is the phraseology of the humorist always the same?

Conversation Tactics.—A quick, short, abrupt turn, that retrenching all superfluities of pronoun and conjunction, and marching at once upon the meaning of the sentence, had in it a military and Spartan significance, which betrayed how difficult it often is for a man to forget that he had been a corporal.

Music of Water.—You saw hard by the rivulet darkening and stealing away, till your sight, though not your ear, lost it among the woodland.

A fine Fellow—He had strong principles as well as warm feelings, and a fine and resolute sense of honour utterly impervious to attack. It was impossible to be in his company an hour, and not see that he was a man to be respected. It was equally impossible to live with him a week, and not see that he was a man to be beloved.

Marriage.—The greatest happiness which the world is capable of bestowing—the society and love of one in whom we could wish for no change, and beyond whom we have no desire.

Fatality.—What evil cannot corrupt, Fate seldom spares.

Widowhood.—If the blow did not crush, at least it changed him.

Comfort of Children.—As his nephew and his motherless daughters grew up, they gave an object to his seclusion, and a relief to his reflections. He found a pure and unfailling delight in watching the growth of their young minds, and guiding their differing dispositions; and, as time at length enabled them to return his affection, and appreciate his cares, he became once more sensible that he had a home.

Intellectual Beauty.—Her eyes of a deep blue, wore a thoughtful and serene expression, and her forehead, higher and broader than it usually is in women, gave promise of a certain nobleness of intellect, and added dignity, but a feminine dignity, to the more tender characteristics of her beauty.

A Village Beauty.—The sunlight of a happy and innocent heart sparkled on her face, and gave a beam it gladdened you to behold, to her quick hazel eye, and a smile that broke out from a thousand dimples.

An unformed mind.—Cheerful to outward seeming, but restless, fond of change, and subject to the melancholy and pining mood common to young and ardent minds.



Dependence.—What in the world makes a man of just pride appear so unamiable as the sense of dependence.

Two modes of sitting in a chair.—The one short, dry, fragile, and betraying a love of ease in his unbuttoned vest, and a certain lolling, see-sawing method of balancing his body upon his chair; the other, erect and solemn, and as steady on his seat as if he were nailed to it.



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A Soldier's simile.—Your shy dog is always a deep one: give me a man who looks me in the face as he would a cannon.

A Landlord's Independence.—The indifference of a man well to do, and not ambitious of half-pence. “There’s my wife by the door, friend; go, tell her what you want.”

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THE GATHERER

The Opera. From the number of French and German operas announced for performance at the King’s Theatre, it should no longer be called the *Italian Opera*, but the *Foreign Opera*.

Tooth Ache.—Powdered alum not only relieves this annoyance, but prevents the decay of the tooth.

Egypt.—The French are just at this moment crazy for Egyptian antiquities. “While Champollion (*on dit*) is about to unroll the mystic papyri in all their primitive significance, the celebrated Caillaud has preceded him with the First Numbers of a work on the Arts and Trades of the Egyptians, Nubians, and Ethiopians; their customs, civil, and domestic, with the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of these countries.”
—*For. Quart. Rev.*

Anne Boleyn.—M. Crapelet, the celebrated Parisian printer, has just written and printed a beautiful little volume entitled *Anne Boleyn*, which is spoken of as “a careful and pains-taking attempt to exhibit a character hitherto strangely disfigured by party writers, in its true light.”

Root of the Devil.—There is a strange root called the Devil’s Bit Scabious, of which quaint old Gerard observes: “The great part of the root seemeth to be bitten away: old fantasticke charmers report that the devil did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good virtues, and is so beneficial to mankinde.” Sir James Smith as quaintly observes, “the malice of the devil has unhappily been so successful, that no virtue can now be found in the remainder of the root or herb.”—*Knowledge for the People*. Part xiv.

Onions.—The British onion is of the worst description, those of Egypt and India being considered great delicacies. Their strong, disagreeable odour is attributable to the sulphur which they contain, and which is deposited by their juice, when exposed to heat.
—*Ibid.*

Spanish Liquorice is so called from its being manufactured only in *Spain* and Sicily. The root grows naturally in those countries and in Languedoc, and in such abundance in



some parts of Sicily, that it is considered the greatest scourge to the cultivator.—*Ibid.*
(Our brewers and distillers would not be of this opinion were liquorice indigenous to this country.)

Heat in Plants.—Lamarck tells us of a plant, which during a few hours of its growth, is “so hot as to seem burning.” Its greatest heat is stated at nearly 45 degrees above the temperature of the air in which the plant was growing.



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Iceland is perhaps the most deplorable spot on the world's map. "Not very long ago it counted at least 100,000 inhabitants. Depopulated by time, which has more than once introduced frightful pestilence, there are now not half that number. Their occupation is that of shepherds and fishermen, for the bitterness of the climate makes all agricultural labours vain or unproductive. They are scattered over the wide wastes of the country, far distant, in huts and farms, and it was only in 1787 that any portion of the population was gathered into towns, if towns may be called the two spots where a few families have their abode together."—*For. Quart. Rev.*

Tobacco and Snuff.—Tobacco is a narcotic and depressing poison, whose effect on the nerves and stomach is to destroy the appetite, prevent the perfect digestion of the food, create an unnatural thirst, and render the individual who uses it nervous and otherwise infirm. Snuff destroys the sense of smell, and causes a very disagreeable alteration in the voice. It also produces head-ache in the course of time; and by the distillation of its juice which falls from the posterior nostrils into the stomach during sleep, gives rise to weak and painful digestion.—*Dr. Granville.*

Early Rising.—From March to November, at least, no cause, save sickness, or one of equal weight, should retain us in bed a moment after the sun has risen.—*Dr. Granville.* (What say the lazy Londoners to this? In Paris, shops are opened and set out for the day before six o'clock in the mornings of spring, summer, and great part of autumn.)

Food.—Many articles of consumption, introduced in the reign of Henry VIII, the following distich embraces a few:—

Turkey, carp, hops, pricard, and beer.
Came into England all in one year. (1525.)

Ince's Outline of English History.

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