

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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SUSSEX PLACE,

Is said to have been erected from the designs of Mr. Nash, but is considered as one of the least successful of his productions. It was among the earliest of the terraces in the Park, and its whimsical contrast with the chaster beauties of the adjoining structures soon became the signal for critical pasquinade.

It consists of an extensive range of residences, a centre with a pediment, with two octagonal towers, and wings with four other towers in each, all the towers being finished with cupola tops and minarets. Probably the architect was tempted to this introduction for the sake of picturesque variety, since it is not justifiable on the score of architectural beauty or good taste. Indeed, it is an attempt at magnificence which, on so small a scale, is not deserving of imitation, and has not been followed. The general effect is far from pleasing; but the eye of the landscape painter will probably enjoy an assemblage of picturesque outlines in grouping Sussex Place with its adjacent scenery and accessories. The gardens to this terrace are tastefully disposed, and the situation commands some of the most fascinating prospects of the Park. Before the facade the lake spreads its silvery sheet, and reflects the oriental cupolas with charming effect; and the varied plantations of the Park, especially on the opposite margin of the lake, group with peculiar felicity, and render Sussex Place one of the most delightful sites in this paradisaical region.

* * * * *

TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH DEED OF GIFT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The original deed, of which the subjoined is a translation, was found among some old records in Birmingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, when that building was taken down in the year 1772. It is in Irish, neatly written on a long scroll of parchment; forty-two seals are attached to the side, but the only signature is that of the chief at bottom. This document, among other curious matter, furnishes us with a proof, that the chiefs of clans were *elective*, contrary to the opinions of modern authors, and more especially of our modern historical novelists; which latter speak of them as *hereditary feudal lords*, and even talk of their estates descending to their daughters; although under the system of clanship, females could not inherit, and no man could have more than a life interest in his estate. Here we have an instance of a chief divesting himself of the dignity of office, and joining in the transfer of it to another, when such transfer was considered likely to further the interests of the clan. It is also interesting, as showing the manner in which the English government in Dublin proceeded in the subjugation of Ireland, by embroiling its septs with one another.



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The *Mac Ranalds*, or *Magranals*, (as the name was usually written,) in English, Reynolds, the principal parties to the deed, were a clan who possessed the territory of *Munterolish*, in the county of Leitrim, subordinate to O'Rourke, who was lord paramount of the county; and the lords justices having, by this deed, detached them from the interest of the latter, immediately marched an army into his country. O'Rourke, after a protracted, but ineffectual resistance, was made prisoner and sent to London, where he was executed, in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; "going to death," says Camden, "with as little concern as if he had been merely a spectator." The county was then declared a forfeiture to the crown, and the estates of its old proprietors (including those of the Magranals among the rest) parcelled out among a colony of English settlers, then for the first time seated in the county. This is the first document known, in which Leitrim is spoken of as a county; and it is generally said not to have been made such till the time of James I.; it was more anciently known as the territory of *Briefne O'Rourke*.

Although Henry *ii.* is said to have conquered Ireland, the dominion of the English monarchs there was little better than nominal prior to the reign of James I. Great pains had been taken by different sovereigns to reduce the Irish to a perfect submission to the English crown; and English colonies had, from time to time, been planted, with that view, in different parts of the country; these colonies, however, in a generation or two, had uniformly "degenerated," as the phrase was; that is, had become Irish, both in manners and feelings, using the Irish tongue, and even coining for themselves Irish surnames, as if desirous of forgetting their English origin. Henry VIII. was the first English monarch who assumed the title of *king of Ireland*; and his daughter Mary set about the conquest of the country in earnest, by reducing the countries of *Ive Faily and Leix*, which were formed into the King's and Queen's Counties, so called in compliment to the queen, and her husband, Philip of Spain. Her lord deputy, Sir Anthony Bellingham, writing on this occasion to her highness, says that he "had made good progress in *civilizing* the barbarous inhabitants of those counties, having reduced their numbers to less than one hundred fighting men."

The territory of Leitrim, though as yet uninvaded, was at the same time declared a county; and the Magranals, who had probably no wish to be "civilized" on Sir Anthony's plan, appear to have endeavoured to avert the coming storm, by employing an agent in Dublin, at an immense expense, considering the scarcity of money in Ireland in those days, "to advocate their cause with the lords justices and council:" or, in plain English, to crave permission to be allowed to remain in quiet. The person chosen was one of their own sept, John Magranal, a soldier of fortune, who, having served in the English army in the subjugation of the King's and Queen's counties, had been rewarded with a grant of the forfeited lands of Claduff, in the former county, and was supposed to stand well with the lords justices. Him they elected their chief. With what success he advocated their cause has been already stated.



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The late George Nugent Reynolds, the dramatist, was a member of the sept of the Magranals; as was the notorious Tom Reynolds, the informer, well known in the history of the rebellion of 1798.

There is a copy of this deed in the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stow.

H.S.

TRANSLATION.

This is the deed of gift of the two^[1] Mac Ranalds; to wit, Cahal, son of Conachar Mac Ranald, Toraylach and Gerald Magranal, heads and chiefs of their kindred, with the consent of their brethren and followers in Munterolish, to John Magranal, of Claduff, in the King's county, and to his heirs:—

[1] The preamble speaks of *two* Mac Ranalds, (chiefs,) and then enumerates *three*. It is probable there were two families who had been usually elected to the chieftaincy, and that Cahal, the son of Conachar, represented one family, Toraylach and Gerald the other. I give this, however, only as a conjecture. Perhaps the safest way will be to set it down as an *Irish bull*, the earliest upon record.

Know all men, now and in the time that is yet to come, that we, Cahal, son of Conachar Magranal, of the Hill of Innis Morrin, in the county of Leitrim; Toraylach Magranal, of Drumard, *chiefs of our kindred*; Ferdorcha Magranal, of Drumsna, and of Lochdaw; Melachlin, son of Hubert Magranal, of Corsparrow; Moroch, son of Teig, of Cloondaa; Ir, son of Donal, of Dulach; Teig, son of William, of Screbach; Toraylach Magranal, of Loch Connow; Owen Magranal, of Loch Scur; Toraylach O'Mulvey, of Loch Crew, *chief of his kindred*; Teig, son of John, of Acha Cashel; Dermid Magranal, of Cool Cadarna; Cormac Magranal, of Loch Cool da 'lach; Dermid Magranal, of Mongoarsach; Edmond Magranal, of Mohill; Jeffrey, son of Conachar, of Anagh Kinca; Toraylach Magranal, of Loch Irill; Brian Gruama, the son of Hugh, of Drumlara; Farrell Duff, the son of Hugh, of Corleih; Donacha Grana, son of Giolla Gruama, of Stookisha; Conachar, son of Giolla Gruama, of Duffcarrick; Rurie Og O'Moran, of Ty Rurie; Toraylach O'Beirne, of Mullanmoy; Gerald, son of Moylan Magranal, of Clooncalry; Melachlin, son of Conachar Magranal, of Cloonclyfa; Cahal, son of Dermid Magranal, of Rusc, *alias* Gort an Yure; Ir, son of Edmond, of Rathbeh; Melachlin Modara Magranal, of the Point; Edmond Mac Shanly, of Drumode Mac Shanly; Moroch, son of Melachlin, of Drumkeely; Dermid, son of the Prior, of Clonee and of Innis Rusc; Moroch Magranal, of Drumherk; Teig O'Histellan, of Drumeen; Teig Roe Magarry, of Towlag; with the consent of our kinsmen and followers in Munterolish, for many reasons, for ourselves and our heirs, HAVE



GIVEN to John Magranal, of Claduff, in the King's county, and to his heirs for ever, the yearly sum of forty-two pounds, money of England, to be raised and levied upon our aforesaid

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lands in Munterolish, and upon any other lands claimed by us, or in our occupation, to be paid at two terms in the year, to wit, one half on the first of May, (*Beiltin,*) and the other half at All Hallowntide, (*Samhan;*) and in case of any delay occurring as to the full payment of the aforesaid sum at the time specified, then this is our agreement with the said John, for ourselves and our heirs, with John and his heirs, that he and they, or the attorneys sent by them, shall have power to enter into our said country of Munterolish, and into our aforesaid lands, and to levy a distress, (pledge,) and to take the same with them, and to keep it until full payment is made, to wit, of forty-two pounds, and of arrears, if any such should be—ON CONDITION, that he, the said John, shall be our protector *and chieftain over us;* and also that he shall repair from time to time to Dublin, to advocate our cause before the lords justices and council, at our sole charge, over and above the aforesaid sum, which we give him on account of his services; and on condition that the said John shall not put any of us out of our lands; and we promise to behave ourselves most dutifully to him, and *not to adhere to any of the O'Rourkes.* In witness whereof we have put our hands and seals to this writing the 5th day of December. 1556.

CAHAL MAC CONOCHAR.

There were present at this agreement, when it was ratified, and when it was interchanged, and when the seals were put upon it, to wit, God in the first place; Richard O'Hivganane; Anlan O'Molloy; Toraylach Mac Ranald; the two sons of Teig, the son of Ayan, to wit, Owen and William; Kiruah Mac Manus; Gerald, deacon of Feana; Cormac, deacon of Cloon; Conachar Mac Giolla Sooly; Manus Mac Giolla Roe; Owen O'Colla.

* * * * *

From the avowed object of the above deed, to detach the Magranals from the interest of O'Rourke, against whom war was at that time in preparation, as well as from the deed itself having been found *in the Castle of Dublin*, more than two hundred years afterwards, there can be little doubt that the whole affair was got up by the lords justices, and that Magranal of Claduff was an agent in their pay. The Magranals, however, *took nothing by their motion;* for although they were arrayed under their new chief against O'Rourke in the war which followed, their estates were confiscated at the same time with his, the lawyers having discovered, that as O'Rourke was their feudal lord, they were partakers in the guilt of his rebellion, although they had been fighting against him.

* * * * *

DISCOVERY OF THE MINES OF HAYNA,

FROM AN INCIDENT IN IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

(For the Mirror.)

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Oh, go not yet, my lord, my love, lie down by Zenia's side,
And think not for thy white men friends, to leave thy Indian bride,
For she will steer thy light canoe across Ozuma's lake,
To where the fragrant citron groves perfume the banyan brake;
And wouldst thou chase the nimble deer, or dark-eyed antelope,
She'll lend thee to their woody haunts, behind the mountain's slope,
And when thy hunter task is done, and spent thy spirit's force,
She'll weave for thee a plantain bower, beside a streamlet's course,
Where the sweet music of the leaves shall lull thee to repose.
Hence in Zenia's watchful love, from harmful beast, or foes,
And when the spirit of the storm, in wild tornades rides by,
She'll hide thee in a cave, beneath a rocky panoply.

Look, Zenia look, the fleecy clouds move on the western gales,
And see the white men's moving home, unfurls her swelling sails,
So farewell India's spicy groves, farewell its burning clime,
And farewell Zenia, but to love, no farewell can be mine;
Not for the brightest Spanish maid, shall Diez' vow be riven,
So if we meet no more on earth, I will be thine in heaven.

Oh, go not yet, my godlike love, stay but a moment more
And Zenia's step shall lead thee on, to Hayna's golden shore,
No white man's foot has ever trod, the vale that slumbers there,
Or forced the gold bird from its nest, or Gato from his lair;
But cradled round by giant hills, lies many a golden mine,
And all the treasure they contain, shall be my Diez thine,
And all my tribe will be thy friends, our warrior chief thy guard,
With Zenia's breast thy faithful shield, thy love her sweet reward.

The valley's won, the friends are true, revealed the golden tide.
And Diez for Hispania's shore, quits not his Indian bride.

D.A.H.

* * * * *

RECENT VISIT TO POMPEII.

(For the Mirror.)

For the following details respecting a city, accounts of which, (although so many are already before the public,) are always interesting, I am indebted to the oral communication of a friend which I immediately committed to paper.

M.L.B.

My object in visiting Naples was to view that celebrated relic of antiquity—the city of Pompeii, of which, about one half is now supposed to be cleared. The workmen proceed but slowly, nevertheless something is always being done, and some new remnant of antiquity is almost daily brought to light; indeed, a fine statue was discovered, almost immediately after my visit to this interesting place, but as I had quitted Naples I could not return to see it. A stranger, is I think, apt to be much disappointed in the size of Pompeii; it was on the whole, not more than three



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miles through, and is rather to be considered the model of a town, than one in itself. In fact, it is merely an Italian villa, or properly, a collection of villas; and the extreme smallness of what we may justly term the citizens' *boxes*, is another source of astonishment to those who have been used to contemplate Roman architecture in the magnificence of magnitude. Pompeii however, must always interest the intelligent observer, not more on account of its awful and melancholy associations, than for the opportunity which it affords, of remarking the extreme similarity existing between the modes of living *then*, and *now*. "Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" for in truth, we are enabled to surmise, from the relics of this buried and disinterred town, that manners and customs, arts, sciences, and trades, have undergone but little change in Italy since the period of its inhumation until now. In Pompeii, the shops of the baker and chemist are particularly worthy of attention, for you might really fancy yourself stepped into a modern *bottega* in each of these; but, the museum of Naples, wherein are deposited most of the articles dug from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Paestum, is a most extraordinary lion, and one which cannot fail to affect very deeply the spectators; there you may behold furniture, arms, and trinkets; and the jewellery is, I can assure you, both in materials, pattern, and workmanship, very similar indeed to that at present in fashion, and little injured by the lapse of years, and the hot ashes under which it was buried.[2] There too, you may behold various domestic and culinary utensils; and there it is quite curious to observe various jars and bottles of fruits, and pickles, evidently preserved then, the same as they are by our notable housekeepers now; of course they are blackened and incinerated, nevertheless, the forms of pears, apples, chestnuts, cherries, medlars, &c. &c. are still distinguishable. Very little furniture has been found in Pompeii; probably, because it was only occasionally resorted to as a place of residence, like our own summer haunts of the drinkers of sea and mineral waters; or, the inhabitants might have had warning of the coming misfortune, and conveyed most of their effects to a safer place; a surmise strengthened by the circumstance of so few human skeletons having been found hitherto in the town; in the museum, however, is a specimen of the inclined couch or sofa, used at meals, with tables, and other articles of furniture. The method of warming apartments by flues, and ventilating them, as now practised, was known to the inhabitants of Pompeii. Of this town, amongst public buildings, the Forum, the Theatre, and the Temple of Isis, have been discovered; and the latter has revealed, in a curious manner, the iniquitous jugglery of the heathen priests. The statue of Isis, was, it seems, oracular, and stood on a very high pedestal, or kind of altar in the temple of the goddess. Within this pedestal



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a flight of steps has been discovered, ascending to a metal tube or pipe; which, fixed in the hollow body of the statue, and attached to its lips, the priest of Isis was enabled by speaking through this tube, to make the poor deluded multitude believe that their idol gave articulate answers to their anxious queries! We have heard of similar delusions being practised by *Christian* priests, in days comparatively modern! But, only let us conceive, the shame and dismay which would *now* suffuse the countenance of one of these worshippers of Pompeian Isis, could he but behold the deception which had been practised upon him unsuspectedly! I have said, that but few skeletons have been found in Pompeii; all that have been met with are covered with ornaments, and appear as in the act of escaping from their hapless town, with what they could carry off of their most valuable possessions; from which death would not relinquish his hold. More wealth is supposed to have been buried in Herculaneum, from that which has already been found therein; but owing to the excessive difficulty, time, and expense, which the attempt to bring it to light would occasion, excavations in this city, are now almost, if not entirely, abandoned; for it is to be remembered, that Herculaneum was destroyed by a flood of liquid lava, which as it cools, hardens into solid and impenetrable *rock*; whereas the hot ashes of Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii, and consequently it is much less difficult to clear.

[2] "Witness," said my friend, "the bracelets which I am now wearing; they are modelled from a pair found in Pompeii." These were made of gold, quite in the fashion of the present day; beautifully chased, but by no means of an uncommon pattern.

* * * * *

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"A wreck of crime upon his stony bed."

R. MONTGOMERY.

He who would learn the true remorse for crime
Should watch (when slumbers innocence, and guilt
Or wakes in sleepless pain, or dreams of blood)
The convict stretched on his reposeless bed.
Then conscience plays th' accusing angel;
Spectres of murder'd victims flit before
His eyes, with soul-appalling vividness;



Hideous phantasma shadow o'er his mind;
Guilt, incubus-like, sits on his soul
With leaden weight,—types of the pangs of hell.
His memory to the scene of blood reverts;
He hears the echo of his victims' cry,
Whose agonizing eyes again are fixed
Upon his face, pleading for mercy.
See! how he writhes in speechless agony!
As morning dew-drops on the face of nature,
So hangs upon his brow the clammy sweat.
Each feature of his face, each limb, each nerve,
Distorted with remorse and agony,
Is fraught with nature's speechless eloquence,
And is a faithful witness to his sin.
It is not *all* a dream, but memory holds
Before the sleeper's eyes her magic glass,
In which he sees the image of the past.



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Huddersfield. S.J.

* * * * *

ANTICIPATION.

(For the Mirror.)

'Twixt the appointment and the day
Ages seem to roll away—
Lingering doubts and cares arise,
Fancy glows with sweet surmise;
Now a hope—and now a fear,
First a smile—and then a tear;
But that day may never come,
Death may seal thine earthly doom.
Or that day may prove unkind,
Thine anticipation blind!
The best pleasure thou wilt know
May be to brood upon thy woe:
Wailing happy days gone by,
When fancied pleasures mock'd thine eye:
Days that never shall return.
Mortal, then, this lesson learn—
Struggle not against thy fate,
For thy last day hath its date!
It is written in the skies,
And a guardian angel cries,
Dream no more of earthly joys,
They are fleeting, fickle toys.

CYMBELINE.

* * * * *

THE TOPOGRAPHER

* * * * *

ROAD BOOK OF SCOTLAND.

Tourists will never cease to remember their obligations to Mr. Leigh, the publisher of this pretty little volume. He has done so much for their gratification in his New Pocket Road



Books, (of which series the present work is one,) that their success ought to be toasted in all the delightful retreats to which they act as *ciceroni*. In his Road Book of England and Wales, he has done what Mr. Peel is now doing with our old Acts of Parliament—consolidating their worth, and rejecting their obsolescence. For our own part, one of the greatest bugbears of books is the Road Book on the old system: it is all long columns of small type, in which we lose our way as in the cross-roads of the last century—all direction-posts and “*Vides*,” puzzle upon puzzle, Pelion on Ossa, and Ossa on Pelion—crabbed and complex abbreviations, with which we get acquainted at the end of our journey. They contain nothing like direct information, and the only people who appear to understand them are postmasters and innkeepers, and some old-established bagmen, whose interests and heads will give you a clearer view of the roads than all the itineraries ever printed. It was, however, but reasonable to expect that the Macadamization of roads, or the mending of ways, should be followed up by the improvement of Road Books, since greater facilities and inducements were thereby afforded to the tourist for the detection and exposure of blunders—such as placing a hall on the wrong side of the road, or recording some relic which had never existed but in the book.



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The arrangement of the *Road Book of Scotland* is clear and intelligible, and, moreover, it is a book which may be read in the post-chaise or the parlour, on or off the road, before or after the journey, with equal pleasure. It is so portable, that the pedestrian will not complain of its weight, for it bears the same proportion to an old Road Book that a Prayer Book does to a Family Bible. The picturesque charms of Scotland, and its connexion with eminent individuals, and memorable events of love, war, and chivalric renown, all combine to render a Scottish Road Book attractive and interesting; but the editor prudently observes, that "long descriptions of scenery, except in some few cases, have not been introduced, as they are totally inadequate to convey to the reader any definite idea of the beauties they attempt to portray." Plans of Pleasure Tours are likewise appended, together with a useful Appendix; and, what is indispensable in a work of this description, a good Index, is added.

As might be expected, nearly every page bears the record of some spot consecrated by hoar antiquity, or in the inspirations of olden or modern genius. Sir Walter Scott has probably monopolized every inch of his native country, and invested each memorable spot with the enchantment of his pen; so that little more than reference is necessary to enable the tourist to identify such sites as the novelist has not distinguished in his writings by actual name. Such information is requisite, for as we are reminded by Kett, who observes, "We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been purchased at an auction, and the names of the several buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveness, considering the short time they allow themselves for the inspection of curiosities." As books and broad-cloth are now bought by the pattern, we cannot do better than substantiate what we have said by a few quotations from the *Road Book of Scotland*:—

Falkirk.

The view from the hill of Falkirk, immediately behind the town, is remarkably extensive, varied, and beautiful. Hence, the spectator may behold the Ochil Hills, forming part of the ridge which extends from the German Ocean to the banks of the Clyde; and through an opening in the chain for the passage of the Forth, may discover, in fine weather, several isolated rocks, on the highest of which stands Stirling Castle. Beyond, over the Vale of Monteith, appear the Grampian Hills, including the conical-shaped summit of Benledi, as well as Benvoirlich; and further to the west, the lofty Benlomond. To the north are seen the rich valley of the Carse, the Forth, with the towns of Culross, Kincardine, Clackmannan, and Alloa, on the opposite shore, and the country reaching to the foot of the Ochils. To the north also may be seen the village of Larbert, as well as several seats, the most conspicuous of which are Carron Hall, Carron Park, Kinnaird, which once belonged to Bruce the traveller, Stenhouse, the property of Sir W. Bruce, and Dunmore House, belonging to the earl of that name. Immediately below the spectator is Falkirk, and beyond it, the Carron Iron Works. At the further extremity of the valley may be seen the shipping of Grangemouth, and lower down, that of Bo' Ness.



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The church of Falkirk was founded in 1057, by Malcolm Canmore, but rebuilt in 1809. In the churchyard are the graves of Sir John Graham and Sir John Stewart, both of whom were killed in 1298, when Edward I. obtained the famous victory over the Scots, under Sir W. Wallace. The battle took place halfway between Falkirk and the river Carron. A stone, called Wallace's Stone, denotes the spot which his division occupied previous to the contest. The tomb of Sir J. Graham bears an inscription. Here also is the monument of Sir R. Munro, who was killed in 1746, when General Hawley was defeated by the Pretender. The scene of this second battle was the Moor of Falkirk, about a mile S.W. of the town.

Immense Plane Tree.

At Kippenross is an immense plane tree. It is 27 feet in circumference at the ground, and 30 at the part from which the branches shoot out.

Environs of Callander.

The vicinity of Callander is famous as the scene of Sir W. Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The prospects are beautiful, and there are several objects worthy of being visited. On the banks of the Teith, about a quarter of a mile below the village is the Camp, a villa supposed to occupy the site of a Roman intrenchment. Hence there is a magnificent prospect of Ben Ledi, which rises 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and bounds the horizon to the N.W. Its name signifies *Hill of God*, and it is probable that it was formerly the scene of Druidical rites. According to tradition, it was held sacred by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, who annually assembled on the first of May to kindle the sacred fire in honour of the sun, on its summit. Near the summit of Ben Ledi is a small lake, called Loch-au-nan Corp, the Lake of Dead Bodies, a name which it derived from an accident which happened to a funeral here. The lake was frozen and covered with snow; and when the funeral was crossing it, the ice gave way, and all the attendants perished.

About a mile N.E. of Callander is Bracklin Bridge, a rustic work only three feet broad, thrown across a deep chasm, along the bottom of which rolls the river Keltie. The torrent, after making several successive cataracts, at length falls in one sheet about 50 feet in height, presenting from the bridge an appalling spectacle.

Another curiosity near Callander is the Pass of Leney, a narrow ravine, skirted with woods, and hemmed in with rocks, through which a stream, issuing from Loch Lubnaig, rushes with amazing force, forming a series of cascades.

Linlithgow.

The palace, which forms the chief object of curiosity in Linlithgow, is a majestic ruin, situated on the margin of a beautiful lake, and covering more than an acre. It is entered



by a detached archway, on which were formerly sculptured the four orders borne by James V., the Thistle, Garter, Holy Ghost, and Golden Fleece; but these are now nearly effaced. The palace itself is a massive quadrangular edifice of polished stone, the greater part being five stories in height. A plain archway leads to the interior court, in the centre of which are the ruins of the well.

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The west side of the quadrangle, which is the most ancient, was originally built and inhabited by Edward I., and is also interesting as the birth-place of Queen Mary. The room in which she first saw the light is on the second story. Her father, James V., then dying of a broken heart at Falkland, on account of the disaster at Solway Frith, prophetically exclaimed, "It came with a lass," alluding to his family having obtained the crown by marriage, "and it will go with a lass."

The east side, begun by James III., and completed by James V., contains the Parliament Hall. This was formerly the front of the palace, and the porch was adorned with a statue of Pope Julius II., who presented James V. with a consecrated sword and helmet for his resistance to the Reformation. This statue escaped the iconoclastic zeal of the Reformers; but at the beginning of the last century was destroyed by a blacksmith, whose anger against the Papal power had been excited by a sermon.

On an inn-window at Tarbet, in Dunbartonshire, is perhaps the longest specimen of brittle rhymes ever written. They are signed "Thomas Russell, Oct. 3, 1771," and extend to thirty-six lines, being a poetical description of the ascent to Ben Lomond. What would Dr. Watts have said to such a string of inn-window rhymes!

Ossian.

The principal curiosity in the environs of Dunkeld is the Cascade of the Bran at Ossian's Hall, about a mile distant. This hermitage, or summer-house, is placed on the top of a perpendicular cliff, 40 feet above the bottom of the fall, and is so constructed, that the stranger, in approaching the cascade, is entirely ignorant of his vicinity to it. Upon entering the building is seen a painting, representing Ossian playing on his harp, and singing to a group of females; beside him is his hunting spear, bow and quiver, and his dog Bran. This picture suddenly disappears, and the whole cataract foams at once before you, reflected in several mirrors, and roaring with the noise of thunder. A spectacle more striking it is hardly possible to conceive. The stream is compressed within a small space, and at the bottom of the fall has hollowed out a deep abyss, in which its waters are driven round with great velocity. A little below the hall is a simple arch thrown across the chasm of the rocks, and hence there is a good view of the fall.

Half a mile further up the Bran is Ossian's Cave, part of which has been artificially made; and about a mile higher is the Rumbling Bridge, thrown across a chasm of granite about 15 feet wide. The river for several hundred feet above the arch is crowded with massive fragments of rock, over which it foams and roars; and, approaching the bridge, precipitates itself with great fury through the chasm, making a fall of nearly 50 feet.

Returning to Ossian's Hall, the tourist may continue his excursion along the face of Craig Vinean, the summit of which commands one of the finest prospects in this vicinity. Hence he may form some idea of the extent to which the Duke of Atholl has carried his

system of planting. His Grace is said to have planted more than thirty millions of trees in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld.



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Loch Katrine.

We need scarcely remind the tourist, that the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is laid in this spot. The following description is from the pen of Dr. Graham, the minister of the parish:—"When you enter the Trosachs there is such an assemblage of wildness and of rude grandeur, as fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions. It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces, and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth, and the huge fragments of rocks, woods, and hills scattered in confusion at the east end, and on the sides of Loch Katrine. The access to the lake is through a narrow pass of half a mile in length. The rocks are of stupendous height, and seem ready to close above the traveller's head, and to fall down and bury him in the ruins. A huge column of these rocks was, some years ago, torn with lightning, and lies in very large blocks near the road. Where there is any soil, their sides are covered with aged weeping birches, which hang down their venerable locks in waving ringlets, as if to cover the nakedness of the rocks."

"Travellers who wish to see all they can of this singular phenomenon, generally sail westward, on the south side of the lake, to the Rock and Den of the Ghost, whose dark recesses, from their gloomy appearance, the imagination of superstition conceived to be the habitation of supernatural beings. In sailing, you discover many arms of the lake;—here, a bold headland, where black rocks dip into unfathomable water;—there, the white sand in the bottom of a bay, bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of a solid rock, which rises upwards of 200 feet perpendicular above the lake. Sometimes the view of the lake is lost, then it bursts suddenly on the eye, and a cluster of islands and capes appear at different distances, which give them an apparent motion, of different degrees of velocity, as the spectator rides along the opposite beach. At other times his road is at the foot of rugged and stupendous cliffs, and trees are growing where no earth is to be seen. Every rock has its echo; every grove is vocal, by the melodious harmony of birds, or by the sweet airs of women and children gathering filberts in their season. Down the side of the mountain, after a shower of rain, flow a hundred white streams, which rush with incredible velocity and noise into the lake, and spread their froth upon its surface. On one side, the water-eagle sits in majesty, undisturbed, on his well-known rock, in sight of his nest, on the face of Ben Venue; the heron stalks among the reeds in search of his prey; and the sportive ducks gambol on the waters or dive below. On the other, the wild goats climb, where they have scarce ground for the soles of their feet; and the wild fowl, perched on the trees, or on the pinnacle of a rock, look down with composed defiance at man. In a word, both by land and water, there



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are so many turnings and windings, so many heights and hollows, so many glens, capes, and bays, that one cannot advance twenty yards without having the prospect changed by the continual appearance of new objects, while others are retiring out of sight. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, for several miles, having its sides lined with alternate clumps of wood and arable fields, and the smoke rising in spiral columns through the air from villages which are concealed by the intervening woods; the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar, which are checkered with snow, or hide their heads in the clouds.”

“In one of the defiles of the Trosachs, two or three of the natives met a band of Cromwell’s soldiers coming to plunder them, and shot one of the party dead, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to the pass. In revenge for this, the soldiers resolved to attack an island in the lake, on which the wives and children of the men had taken refuge. They could not come at it, however, without a boat; one of the most daring of the party undertook to swim to the island and bring away the boat; when, just as he was catching hold of a rock to get ashore, a heroine, called Helen Stuart, met him and cut off his head with a sword; upon which the party, seeing the fate of their comrade, thought proper to withdraw.”

Loch Katrine is about ten miles long, and one broad. Its depth in some parts is nearly 500 feet. Its temperature, at the surface, is 62 deg., and at the bottom 40 deg.. The lake never freezes, and in winter is much resorted to by swans.

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PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Painters of history make the dead live, and do not live themselves till they are dead, I paint the living, and they make me live.—*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

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THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

* * * * *

PRACTICE OF COOKERY,

Adapted to the Business of every day Life. By Mrs. Dalgairns.



We like the title of this book—there is promise in it, for practice is better than profession in any thing but the law of arrest. We are gross enough too, in our hearts, not to like the name of a professed cook—thank our stars, now nearly forgotten. There is so much science implied in the name, so much theory, than which alone in cookery, at least, nothing is less inviting. We should conceive the intention of this book to bring cookery home to the business of every man's mouth—his breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper practice, and heartily do we wish that all mankind were in a condition to avail themselves of these four quotidian opportunities of testing Mrs. Dalgairns's book.

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“A perfectly original book of Cookery,” says Mrs. D. “would neither meet with, nor deserve, much attention; because, what is wanted in this matter, is not receipts for new dishes, but clear instructions how to make those already established in public favour.” This reasoning is very just, for none but the most thankless of *gourmands*, or the *gourmet* who wished to affect the sorrows of the great man of antiquity,—would sit down and weep for new worlds of luxury. Good cookery is too rarely understood and practised to justify any such wishes; and to prove this, let the sceptic go through Mrs. Dalgairns’s 1,434 receipts, and then “tire and begin again.” Our respected editress assures us that “every receipt has either been actually tried by the author, or by persons whose accuracy in the various *manipulations*[3] could be safely relied on.”

[3] This is an unlucky word for a cookery book. Why not say operations? Mrs. D. Mrs. D! you have not escaped the scientific mania that is mounting from area to attic throughout this country. Such a term as *manipulation* sounds well enough in Mr. Brande’s laboratory at the Royal Institution, but would be quite out of place in the kitchen of either of the hotels in the same street. A footman might as well study the polarization of light whilst cleaning the drawing-room windows.

From a table of contents we learn that among them there are the following methods:—

Soups	105
Fish	115
Beef	70
Mutton	31
Veal	60
Gravies, Sauces, &c.	104
Puddings, Pies, and Tarts	263
Creams, Custards, &c.	134
Cakes and Preserves	182

—what more can mortal man desire, “nay, or women either.” Appended to them is much valuable information concerning the poultry-yard, dairy, brewery, kitchen-garden, bees, pigs, &c. so as to render this *Practice of Cookery* a truly useful and treasurable system of domestic management, and a book of matters-of-fact and experience. The subject is too melting—too tempting for us to resist paying this tribute to Mrs. Dalgairns’s volume.

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“CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.”



An appropriate *April* book, too controversial for extensive quotation in our pages, as the enumeration of its contents will prove. They are half-a-dozen gracefully written sketches, viz. the Gipsy Girl, Religious Offices, Enthusiasm, Romanism, Rashness, and De Lawrence. Half of these papers, as will readily be guessed from their titles, bear upon "the question," and are consequently, as the publishers say, "not in our way." We are, nevertheless, proud to aver that the sentiments of these chapters are highly honourable to the heart of the writer as they are creditable to his good taste and ability. He is, to judge from his book, a good man, one who is not so willing as the majority of us, to let his philanthropy remain



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“Like unscour’d armour, hung by the wall;”

and we hope the forcible positions of the truths he has here inculcated, will bestir others from their laxity. The most attractive sketches in the series are the Gipsy Girl and De Lawrence. In the latter there are scenes of considerable energy and polish. The hero, a profligate, after abusing all the advantages of fortune, commits a forgery, and is executed. The sympathies of an affectionate wife, in his misery and degradation, tend to heighten the interest, and point the moral of the story; his last interview with the partner of his woe is admirably drawn, as are some caustic observations on that most disgusting of all scenes—a public execution and its repulsive orgies. We give a portion of the interview, which appears to us to contain some fine touches of deep remorse:—

“Accompanied by her parents and her infant, she alighted at the tavern which adjoined the prison-house. Her father went immediately to arrange for the interview; which, as the time of execution drew nigh, must take place instantly or not at all. Habited in deep black, which, from the contrast, made the pale primrose of her cheek still paler, entered his drooping wife; bearing on her bosom, “cradled on her arm,” their child, happily unconscious alike of its father’s ignominy—its mother’s sorrows. With uncertain steps she tottered towards him. He advanced to her embrace, at first, with coolness and deliberation; but when her altered look, on which care had engraven an accusation that smote with the chill of death his guilty heart—her lack-lustre eye—her form almost reduced to a shadow—met his glance, his resolution dissolved before them: the better feelings of his nature, long lulled by habitual vice, and fixed in inertion by the flattering commendations of his spiritual guide, burst forth afresh like a stream long pent up, and overwhelmed him with their gush. He sank upon one knee, and received his wife and child falling into his embrace. His haughty spirit was humbled, was softened. He could have borne her curses with indifference, he could have returned a formal adieu with equal formality—he had expected to encounter a scene, and was made up accordingly: but to look upon her thus—her days gone like a shadow—to witness her sunken eye filled with beamings in which he alone was enshrined—to see her meek and forgiving, whose light heart had been turned to sorrow, whose gay morning dreams had been turned to sad realities, whose confidence had been abused and happiness wrecked,—all, all by his baseness and treachery:—to behold his forsaken wife, superior to all this, clinging to him for his last farewell, as if she and not himself were the offender, was beyond his expectation. He knew he had merited curses and hate, and he met with affection and tenderness; his heart yearned—a sensation of admiration for her virtues and constancy came over him, and, ere it had possessed him entirely, it humbled his proud spirit—it undeceived his false expectations. “My God, I have not deserved this!” burst from his swelling heart. A tear, such as he had not shed since he left the paths of innocence, stole down his cheek. Fervently, truly, affectionately, he blessed his wife and child.”



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“They are gone. Was it a vision that had visited his waking dreams? The spell is dissolved; he is still on earth, and earthly thoughts and worldly crimes return and weigh down his soul.”

“The fetters of vice are not broken in a moment; they may yield sometimes like wax, but they close again, and the link is adamant. His foster-mother came to say her last farewell. He shuddered as she entered. He felt the presence of his evil genius, and wished she had spared him this. This, too, was transient; her influence, though disarranged by the vision of the last few moments, was not broken. He was again enslaved. The summons for execution was answered by her hysteric sobs and wild ravings, and her loud shrieks rang through the cell as De Lawrence impressed his last kiss.”

The incidents of the previous sketch contain little, if any, extravagance or affectation, and it would be better for men, if we could charge the author of “Clouds and Sunshine” with overcolouring the sufferings which await the spendthrift. It is painful to own that such cases are but too common in society. Think of an extravagant man married to an extravagant woman—the mean and contemptible conduct to which they are driven—the insolence and cruelty with which they are baited through large towns, hunted down into an obscure cottage in the country, or chased into exile. Think of the hateful reflections which, sooner or later, must overtake such sufferers—either in their moody solitude in the country, or amidst the forced delights of a crowded city on the continent. In the one all nature is free, whilst the debauchee frowns on her laughing landscapes; in the other, conscience and her busy devils are at work—yet thousands thus embitter life’s cup, and then repine at their uncheery lot. With such men, all must be *Clouds*—a winter of discontent—for who will envy their *Sunshine*.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

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NOSES.

Observations on the Organ of Scent. By William Wadd, Esq., F.L.S.

“Non cuicumque datum est habere nasum.”—MARTIAL.

“I have a nose.”—PROBY.

It has often struck me as a defect in our anatomical teachers, that in describing that prominent feature of the human face, the organ of scent, they generalize too much, and have but one term for the symmetrical arch, arising majestically, or the tiny atom,



scarcely equal to the weight of a barnacle—a very dot of flesh! Nor is the dissimilarity between the invisible functions of the organ, and the visible varieties of its external structure, less worthy of remark. With some, the sense of smelling is so dull, as not to distinguish hyacinths from assafoetida; they would even pass the Small-Pox Hospital, and Maiden-lane, without noticing the knackers; whilst others, detecting instantly the slightest particle of offensive matter, hurry past the apothecaries, and get into an agony of sternutation, at fifty yards from Fribourg's.



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Shakspeare, who was a minute observer of the anatomical and physiological varieties of the human frame, did not allow this dissimilarity to pass unnoticed; and, moreover, he starts a query that has never been satisfactorily answered, from his time to the present; viz. "Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?"[4] And his nice discrimination about noses extends also to shape and colour.—from the "Red-nosed innkeeper of Dav'ntry,"[5] and the "Malmsy-nosed knave, Bardolph,"[6] to him in Henry V., "whose nose was sharp as a pen!"

[4] Lear.

[5] 1 Henry IV. iv. 2.

[6] 2 Henry IV. ii. 1.

This celebrated "Malmsy-nose" possessed properties unknown to the same feature now-a-days. It was adapted to practical utility, in its application to domestic purposes, and moral instruction, by that great admirer and competent judge of its virtues, Sir John Falstaff, to whose sheets it did the office of a warming-pan;[7] and who made as good use of it as some men do of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: "I never see it," said he, "but I think upon hell fire." It stands almost unrivalled in history, and ranks at least with that which gave a cognomen to Ovid,[8] and the one to which the celebrated violoncello player, Cervetto, owed the *sobriquet* of *Nosey*. This epithet reminds me of another nose of theatrical notoriety, whose rubicund tint, when it interfered with the costume of a sober character which its owner was enacting, was moderated by his wife, who, with laudable anxiety to keep down its "rosy hue," was constantly behind the scenes with a powder puff, which she was accustomed to apply, ejaculating, "Od rot it, George! how you do rub your poor nose! Come here, and let me powder it. Do you think Alexander the Great had such a nose?"

[7] Henry V. ii. 1.

[8] "Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy?" says Holofernes, the school-master, in *Love's Labour Lost*.

Nor would I omit to mention one, contemporary almost with the above, by which the public peace was said to be endangered, as recorded by a poet of the day, who states,

"Amongst the crowds, not one in ten
Ere saw a thing so rare;
Its size surpriseth all the men,
Its charms attract the fair.



'Tis wonderful to see the folk,
Who at the nose do gaze;
All grin and laugh, and sneer and joke,
And gape in such amaze.

The children, whom the sight doth please,
Their little fingers point;
Wishing to give it one good squeeze,
And pull it out of joint."

Much more is said by the poet in its praise; at last he falls into a moral strain:

"For many, as you may suppose,
'Gainst nature loudly bawl,—
That one man should have such a nose,
Whilst some have none at all."



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And then concludes with some excellent sentiments:—

“Though ev’ry man’s a nat’ral right
To shew a moderate nose,
Yet surely ’tis a piece of spite
To spoil the world’s repose.

‘Tis wrong t’ exhibit such a show,
Though you may think it fun
Yet still, good Sir, you little know
What evil it has done.

What quarrels have from hence begun!
What anger and what strife!
What blows have pass’d ’tween man and man!
What kicks ’tween man and wife!

No longer, then, thyself disgrace,
In quest of beauty’s fame;
No longer, then, expose thy face,
To get thy nose a name.

Take it away, if thou art wise,
And keep it safe at home,
Amongst thy curiosities
Of ancient Greece and Rome.”

Shakspeare would have thought it high treason, for he says,—

“Down with the nose, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to forefend
Smells from the general weal.”

There may have been many other such noses that have escaped observation,—“born to *blush* unseen:” enough, however, I have here stated of those my recollection furnishes me with at the moment, to establish the fact of variety, and to lead curious physiologists to a scientific classification of this *prominent* and well-deserving feature of the human face. I would recommend a proper distinction being observed between functional varieties, and those which arise from size, shape, or colour, of which, in a cursory way, may be enumerated first,—

Shape. [9]

Roman. Snub. Flat. Bottle nose,



Grecian. Pug. Sharp. Parrotical nose.

Colour.

Red. Malmsey. Purple.
Ruby. Claret. Copper.

[9] Lavater considers the nose as the fulcrum of the brain; and describes it as a piece of Gothic architecture. "It is in the nose that the arch of the forehead properly rests, the weight of which, but for this, would mercilessly crush the cheeks and the mouth." He enters into the philosophy of noses with diverting enthusiasm, and finally concludes, "Non cuique datum est habere nasum:"—it is not every one's good fortune to have a nose! A sharp nose has been considered the visible mark of a shrew.

Now, what does all this come to? *Cui bono?* A great deal for surgery; let us examine what may be done;—we know that noses may be supplied,—may not, therefore, a small one be enlarged, and a large one made small? We have seen a person with a *bunch* of noses, but can only, on the authority of Shakspeare, quote one "who had a thousand."

For a great length of time nothing was admired in the world but Roman noses,—and then not a word was heard about them, till William III. brought them again into fashion.



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People occasionally possess the power of voluntary action with the muscles of the nose, and can move it horizontally, or to the right and left,—draw it up or protrude it,—so as to make it take any position they please. Painters have been provokingly deceived by this stratagem, and have in vain attempted the portraits of such persons, who were able at every instant to produce a new physiognomy.

One of the qualifications for the Ugly Club was a nose eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth,—the thickest skin had preference.

Hitherto we have only considered external appearances; we must now notice its functional and other properties.

With some persons, the nose is a sort of barometer,—a certain state of the atmosphere is invariably announced to them by an agreeable sensation of coldness at the tip.

Zimmerman used to draw conclusions, as to a man's temperament, from his *nose!* Not indeed from its size or form, but from the peculiar sensibility of the organ.

Cardan considered acuteness of smell as a proof of penetrating genius, and a lively imagination.

Haller could distinguish perspiration at ten yards' distance.

There have been instances on record of blind people who were able to discover colours by the touch; and deaf and dumb, who could feel sounds by placing their hand upon the speaker's mouth: this, however, is not more astonishing, than that the sense of smelling should be so acute, as to enable some persons to judge by it the quality of metals. Martial mentions a person, named Mamurra, who consulted only his nose, to ascertain whether the copper that was brought him were true Corinthian. There have been Indian merchants who, if a piece of money were given them, by applying their nose to it, defined its quality to a nicety, without touchstone, balance, or aqua-fortis. Europeans, also, are to be found whose sense of smelling is equally delicate and perfect.

Marco-Marci speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was brought him, distinguished, by its smell, with as much certainty as the best nosed dog, to whom it belonged, or by whom it had been handled. It was also said of him, that he could accurately distinguish, in this manner, the virtuous from the vicious. He was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, had undertaken to oblige the world with precepts on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing into certain classes a great number of smells, to all of which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.



The guides who accompany travellers on the route from Smyrna or Aleppo, to Babylon, have no other signs in the midst of the deserts, to discover their distance from the place of destination, than the smell of the sand alone, by which they determine with certainty. Perhaps they judge by the odour exhaled from small plants, or roots, intermixed with the sand.



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Physicians, in visiting the sick, have been known to form a prognostic, before having seen the patient, from the effluvia of the sick-room. Those who are in the habit of visiting the insane, know the peculiar odour that characterises that dire calamity; and it was remarked of the plague, that it had “a scent of the flavour of mellow apples.”

It is said that monkeys possess this power of discrimination in a very eminent degree. A story is told of a lady who had a pet of this description, whom she made her constant companion, and who suddenly, without any apparent cause, forsook her, and could not be persuaded to re-enter her chamber. The lady was at that time infected with measles, which shortly after appeared upon her; but, on her perfect recovery, the monkey returned to her with his usual familiarity. Some time after, the same lady caught cold, and was apparently very ill, but without fever. The monkey, as far as might be judged from his appearance, seemed to condole with his sick mistress, and to understand the difference of her distempers, by the confidence with which he remained in attendance upon her.

It has even been said, that the sagacity of some dogs has led them to prognosticate the fatal termination of disease. “Whilst I lived at Ripon,” says a learned doctor, “I took notice of a little dog, of a chestnut colour, that very often boded the death of sick persons, without being once, for aught I could learn, mistaken. Every time he barked in the night under the windows of any one whose sickness did not even appear dangerous, it happened, infallibly, that the sick person died that week. I knew also,” observes the same author, “a man bit by a mad dog, who could distinguish his friends at a considerable distance by the smell, before even he could distinguish them by sight.”

So early as the second century, the supplying the deficiency of a lost nose became an object of professional consideration; and the Greeks gave the name [Greek: Kolobhomata], to those who required such an operation. Taliacotius was the first who treated it scientifically; and, from his time, the art of Addition became one of the branches of surgery; and, under the title “*De Decoratione*,” formed a very interesting chapter.

Although Taliacotius has the credit of bringing the art of nose-making into fashion, and being the first to write on the mode and manner of performing the operation, yet it appears that one Branca had been in the habit of performing it long before, as we learn from an ancient author, whose name must, in this instance, be considered as the highest authority, being no less a person than NOSORENUS.

Why the magistracy of Bologna should have conferred the high honour of a statue on Taliacotius it is difficult to understand,—unless the loss of the nose was of more frequent occurrence than in those days, from the barbarity of warfare and civil punishment; for an old law of the Lombards assigned the loss of the nose as a punishment for theft; and the captives in war were equally spoiled for snuff-takers.



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That this was no uncommon dilemma with Italian gentlemen in the fifteenth century, appears by the style in which a Neapolitan poet writes to the *noseless* Orpianus:—"If," says he, "you would have your nose restored, come to me—truly the thing is wonderful. Be assured that, if you come, you may go home again with as much nose as you please."

It does not, however, appear that the nasal operation made any impression on our ancient English surgeons. Wiseman does not even mention it, though slitting the nose, and cutting off the ears, was a common mode of punishing political delinquents in his time; and it is said that Prynne, whose ears were cut off, had new ones made, "*a la Taliacotius*." The fact is, that the operation was misunderstood, and disbelieved, as we know by the jocose manner in which it is alluded to by Butler. It has, however, been successfully revived, and performed, by Mr. Carpue.

Connected with the varieties of the organ of scent, is the well-known story of that extraordinary lusus, the *Pig-faced Lady*.—*Brande's Journal*.

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THE ANECDOTE GALLERY.

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ARCTIC ADVENTURES.

From the Tales of a Voyager. Second Series.

THE MORSE, OR SEA HORSE.

After a long and tedious interval of misty, dripping weather, we obtained sufficient sun at noon, to find ourselves in latitude 72.19; but a discovery that afforded me most pleasure was the appearance of a sea-horse, lying at some distance from us, on an elevated piece of ice. This animal was first perceived by the captain, from the mast-head, whence he immediately descended, and ordered a boat to be lowered, inviting William and myself to join him in trying to make the monster our prey. When we drew near to its station, it raised its head and displayed one formidable tusk, projecting downwards from its upper jaw towards its breast, whilst part of another, broken by some accident or encounter, offered a less menacing weapon to our view. The beast itself was about the size of a large bullock, and lay upon the ice like a huge mass of animated matter, which seemed to possess no means of locomotion. Its head was disproportionably small to the size of its body, judged according to our usual ideas of the relative difference of bulk between these parts, while its whiskers were evidently larger and stronger than those of any other animal. These singularities gave it a grotesque appearance, not lessened by



an approximation in its square short countenance to a caricatured resemblance of the human face, while the half stolid half ferocious stare, with which it regarded us, contributed to render it one of the most strange beings of earthly mould on which I had ever set my eyes.



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While I was making these observations, we were rapidly advancing towards the object of them, which, seemingly in doubt whether to take our visit in enmity or friendship, continued to gaze at our approach as it lay (standing not being one of its faculties) at its full height upon a block of ice, about eight feet above the surface of the sea. It must have climbed this elevation by crawling up one side of the frozen mass, which was shelving and easy of access, by means of its tusks and flippers; but, whatever was its way of mounting the acclivity, it quickly showed us how it managed to descend; for, upon a couple of bullets passing through its neck, it gave itself a heave backward, rolled overhead and heels down the slope of the hummock, and was launched violently into the water by the precipitate rush of its heavy body. No sooner did it find itself in its most natural element, than it prepared to dive; but this manoeuvre had been foreseen, and the stern of the boat was on its back at the moment it was about to disappear, and the captain exerting all his force, after striking the weapon with a sudden plunge against its tough hide, drove the harpoon through its skin, and allowed it to make its vain attempt at escape. It then dived and took out several fathoms of line like a whale, but it soon rose to the surface, and reared its frightful head and shoulders above the waves, with the most threatening aspect of deadly warfare. Evidently eager to revenge itself upon its enemies, the morse began to take hasty strokes towards us, yet in a state of hurry and confusion which impressed us with a belief that the balls had inflicted desperate, if not immediately mortal wounds. Nevertheless, it displayed determination enough to enter into close conflict with its foes, and came on, puffing and snorting, with a savage though bewildered look. Seeing this disposition to assail us, we backed astern; but before the walrus had made much progress, the guns were reloaded, and another bullet struck it on the head, which sent it down immediately; however, it quickly appeared again, raising itself high above the water, and looking furiously around for its antagonists. When it perceived our position, it resumed its endeavour to attack us; but during its approach it stopped short, infirm of purpose, probably exhausted with loss of blood, or growing giddy from the shock of the last ball, and allowed us time to discharge a musket once more, and with fatal effect; its head dropped suddenly upon the water, and we pulled up and took it in tow. When we had hoisted it on board, a proceeding that required pretty strong tackle and several hands, it was flayed, yielding a hide of extraordinary thickness, lined on the inside with blubber, and scantily covered externally with short reddish brown hair, the greatest part of its skin appearing to have been denuded of this clothing by eruptive blotches, such as I presume disfigure a measly hog. Although incomparably larger, the general contour of its body resembled



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the figure of a seal; its frame being of the same description, though differently moulded. It was considerably more bulky in proportion to its length, its chest and back more elevated, its fore flippers thicker and more rounded, and its hind quarters less tapering to the tail. Altogether, it impressed upon the mind a strong idea of a formidable monster, in spite of its relatively diminutive head; for its fearful tusks, and thick-set projecting whiskers, gave its visage a most truculent expression; and with its grotesquely fashioned ponderous carcass, provided with fin feet of strange formation, seemed to mark it as a personification of one of the fabulous conceptions of mythology.

The morse is said to roar or bellow loudly, but the animal we slew made no outcry, for the half sneezing, half snorting sounds it uttered I conceive to have been the consequence of its hasty dive, which had apparently prevented its taking in sufficient breath, and occasioned it to admit some water down its windpipe. Nevertheless, the immense size of its larynx or throple, which William dissected out and brought with him to England, seems to indicate vast powers of voice in this animal; but I am at a loss to conjecture why it should be provided either with this unusual capability of “blaring,” or with the exceedingly strong whiskers that arm its muzzle, organs which, though nominally of little or no importance except in Bond-street, must really be of consequence to the walrus, since their roots are imbedded in two thick cushions of tough blubbery substance, so large as to give a marked character to the countenance, and evidently pointing out the growth and nourishment of these whiskers as a matter of some consideration in the eye of nature.

* * * * *

SEAL'S WEDDING.

Just as we had made fast to a floe, to take in water from a bright blue pool which slept on its hollow surface, I was called upon deck to witness “a seal’s wedding.” This ceremony was performed in a manner which, however nuptial it may have appeared to seamen, was not quite in accordance with my ideas of the hymeneal contract. A “seal’s wedding” seems to be a seal’s dance, or a combination of gambols, which these animals act together, while swimming rapidly forward in company, leaping above the surface of the water, rolling, tumbling, going “tail up” after each other, and enacting a thousand wild freaks, as unexpected from such grave-looking and clumsy-built harlequins as can be imagined. Yet why should not the solemn visaged, double-chinned phoca partake of one of the most universal habits of animal life—the love of frolic?—a desire which is equally as diffused throughout the living creation as the inclination for fighting. A shoal or “school” of beautiful unicorns also swam past our vessel at this time; they were particularly large, and, from the numerous horns projected from the water, there must have been many males amongst



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them. They swim, dive, rise, and blow, much like other whales, throwing up their tails when scared, or when intending to take a deep dive, in the same manner, but exhibiting far greater quickness in foreseeing and avoiding the approach of enemies. No satisfactory use has been assigned for the horn that arms the male narwal, nor should any reason be conjectured for its presence that involves its possessor's mode of procuring food, since the same necessity would be unprovided for in the female; yet I have sometimes thought the horn was employed to dislodge the flat-fish, on which the unicorn feeds, from the recesses of the bottom, where they would naturally conceal themselves at the sight of their enemy; and if the narwal seeks its prey in company, as, from its constant appearance in a shoal, may be concluded, the raking of the horns amidst the weeds and ooze would be as serviceable to the unarmed females as to their gallant consorts.

* * * * *

THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

OLD LOVE SONG.

When the bright God of day
Drove to westward his way,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
When the swallows amain,
Nimbly skimm'd o'er the plain,
And the shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamin bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And the zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lovely Coelia she sat,
With her song, and spinnet,
To charm all the grove with the sound.

Rosy bowers she sung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds did all flutt'ring arrive,



The industrious bees
From the flowers and trees,
Gently humm'd with their sweets to the hive.

Now the gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along,
While she play'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And an echo repeated the song.

Oh ye mortals beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound;
From her eyes if you run,
You are surely undone
If she reach but your ears with the sound.

* * * * *

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

The following inscription is taken from a tomb in St. Pancras churchyard, Middlesex. It is a flat stone, which some years since lay even with the ground, but was, about 1815, raised on a few tier of bricks, (to prevent obliteration by footsteps,) by order of the church-wardens, as I was informed by the grave-digger, and which, no doubt, was done on account of the singularity of the lines. The situation of the tomb is not far from the east corner of the church, a little beyond a lofty tomb with a monument. The inscription, from time, has been much defaced, and the verse is not easily made out by a stranger; but I have recollected it since about the year 1778, when it was very perfect. I saw the same in 1817, and took a copy as under:—



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“This stone is inscribed to the memory of Mr. Thomas Abbott, of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk, attorney-at-law, who died lamented by his friends, (enemies he had none,) after a painful and tedious illness, which he bore with patience, resignation, and fortitude becoming a man. Departed this life August the 16th, Anno Domini 1762, aged 48.”

“Here lieth one, (believe it if you can,)
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.
The gates of heaven for him shall open wide,
But will be shut against all the tribe beside.”

T.R.

* * * * *

A celebrated gynaiphilist having asked a friend with whom he was walking, if the woman they had just met was not very *passable*, the other replied, “Undoubtedly she was, or I had never *got by her*, while you were with me at least.”

HEBES.

* * * * *

A WEDDING.

A tragic-comic meeting, compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plumcakes, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God bless-ye’s, and galloping away in a post-chaise and four.

* * * * *

CHARADE.

A natural production, neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral, neither male nor female, yet often produced between both; it exists from two to six feet high, is often spoken of in romances, and strongly recommended by precept, example, and Holy Writ.—*A kiss*.

* * * * *

Extempore written during the time some medical pupils were considering how they should remove the heart of a young woman deceased, whom the friends allowed them to open, on condition that they took no part away:—



St. Thomas's pupils, I cannot help grieving,
To think it should ever be said,
That we, who so oft steal girls' hearts whilst they're living,
Should steal them as well when they're dead.

We're admitted in confidence, and with reliance
The friends on our honour depend;
We have given the pledge, then disgrace not the *science*,
By stealing the heart from a friend.

E.C.

* * * * *

Sir Isaac Newton was, it is well known, extremely fond of employing his leisure hours in fishing. Being one day asked by a fellow-collegian how it happened that so vast a genius could stoop to a pursuit so trifling at the best, replied, "How is it possible that you should be surprised at my being *a lover of the angle?*"

HEBES.

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