

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

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

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## Page 1

### ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

[Illustration]

No church in London is perhaps better known than the above, which is distinctively called Saint Dunstan's in the West. External elegance has little to do with this celebrity, which has been acquired by the two wooden figures placed on a pediment in front, representing savages, who indicate the hours and quarters by striking a bell with their clubs: this has caused a wag to describe them as the most striking wonders of the metropolis. Another, who is equally disposed to sport with their notoriety, says, "as they are visible in the street, they are more admired by many of the populace on Sundays, than the most elegant preacher from the pulpit within." We are, however, induced to hope better; especially as Dr. Donne, the celebrated Richard Baxter, and the pious Romaine were preachers at St. Dunstan's.

There is no evidence when this church was erected; but Stow records burials in it so early as the year 1421. The date of the above view is 1739, and from a foot-note to the Engraving, we learn that the church was dedicated to St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, who died A.D. 990. "It was anciently a Rectory, in the patronage of the Convent of Westminster. Richard de Barking, the abbot, in 1237, granted the advowson to King Henry III., which continued in the crown till 1362; it was afterwards in the gift of the bishop of London, till 1386; when Robert de Braybrooke, the bishop, granted it to the abbot and Convent of Premonastratenses of Alnwick in Northumberland, where the patronage remained till their suppression. King Edward VI. granted it to the Lord Dudley, but both the Rectory and Advowson of the Vicarage were afterwards granted to Sir Richard Sackville, till alienated to George Rivers, in 1625; it is now in the gift of Joseph Taylor, Esq." (to whom the Plate is dedicated).

St. Dunstan's luckily escaped the fire of London in 1666, which stopped within three houses of it, as did also another fire, in 1730. The clock and figures were put up in 1761, and an accurate description of them (quoted from Smith's *London* by our esteemed correspondent, P. T. W.) will be found at page 148, vol. xi. of the *mirror*. The church was thoroughly repaired, and the roof considerably raised in 1701. The last repairs, which were considerable, were executed in the year 1820; but it is expected that the whole building will be shortly taken down, and a new church erected, so as to widen the public thoroughfare.

Our Engraving is an interesting view of the church nearly a century since, when a range of shops (since removed) extended beneath the whole of this side of the structure; and the respective signs must have been unholy appendages to what appeared like part and parcel of a house of prayer. The clock is accurately represented, the bracket being a carved figure of Time with expanded wings, as mention by Smith. The clockmaker

proposed to the parish “to do one thing, which London shall not show the like,” and we hope our Engraving may be the means of rescuing his eccentric ingenuity from oblivion.

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\* \* \* \* \*

### A DESULTORY CHAPTER ON LOCALITIES.

*(For the Mirror.)*

Rotterdam and Erasmus.—Holyrood and Mary Queen of Scots.—Scotland.—Switzerland and Rousseau.—Pope's Grotto.—Chiswick, &c.

There is perhaps no sentiment more generally felt, or more delightful, than that indescribable interest with which we are led to contemplate places and scenes, immortalized in historical renown, or hallowed by genius.

The propensity for moving from place to place, so observable in mankind, derives, no doubt, its chief zest from the anxiety we feel to visit countries of which in the course of our historical researches, we have heard and read so much to awaken our interest, and excite our admiration.

Without the early reverence which we as boys imbibe for the departed splendour of Greece and Rome, we should not as men be found wandering among the ruins of the Pyraeus, or the deserted streets of Pompeii. We find it impossible to behold unmoved the sad, the astonishing changes which time, the arch-destroyer has effected with his giant arm. Our exuberant fancies carry us back to those remote periods when all was glory and magnificence, where now ruin and desolation have established their melancholy empire. Abandoning ourselves to the potent influence of classical contemplations of the past, we revel in the full indulgence of antiquarian enthusiasm. Imagination, however, needs not in general so wide a field for the exercise of her magic powers. We desire perhaps more of pleasurable excitement from the recollections attached to spots identified in our minds with events of individual or ideal interest, than from the loftier train of thoughts produced by a pilgrimage to countries which have become famous in ancient or modern story. Thus we experience more delight in visiting places, remarkable as having once been the resort or habitations of distinguished men, than in viewing the ruins of an ancient citadel, or the site of a celebrated battle. The events achieved on the latter may indeed, in their time, have turned the scale of empires; but the association of ideas in the former instances, speak a thousand times more feeling to our individual sympathies. I remember when passing a couple of days in the opulent city of Rotterdam, that after walking all the morning along its crowded streets, and paying the accustomed stranger's tribute of admiration to its quays, its port, and its commercial magnificence, I at length halted before the statue of Erasmus. It stands on a pedestal in the middle of a large market, and represents the celebrated scholar, clothed in his professor's gown, and seemingly gazing with dignified unconcern at the busy multitude around. I remained looking at the effigy before me, with a

reverential feeling akin to that of the devotee at the shrine of a patron saint. Imagination transported me back to the



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eventful times in which Erasmus flourished, opening to my mind's eye a long vista of historical recollections, till my absorbed demeanour attracted observation. I found myself exposed to that vacant stare with which people are so apt to disconcert your composure, if they observe you contemplating with curiosity and interest, objects which they have seen every day of their lives, and for that very reason always pass unnoticed. Leaving then my position, yet anxious to follow up the train of ideas it had inspired, I sought, and by dint of inquiry, discovered the habitation of Erasmus. It is in a dirty street, and consists of one moderately sized, low roofed apartment, on the first floor of an old fashioned, ill-built house, which the vicissitudes of time have converted into an *Estaminet*.<sup>[1]</sup> I was conducted up a dark, narrow staircase into the close, dingy room, by an ugly, ignorant frau, who seemed to wonder what earthly inducement I had to visit her dwelling-house. Lumber and moth-eaten furniture were carelessly scattered around. A solitary window, partly blocked up by an old mattress, barely admitted light sufficient to make objects visible. All was neglect and desolation. It seemed almost impossible that so obscure and dismal a lodging could have been occupied by so illustrious a tenant. I fancied I beheld the most learned man of his age, the counsellor and companion of princes, and the contemporary and rival of Sir Thomas More, indulging his classical reveries in this comfortless chamber, regardless of its forlorn and squalid aspect. The charm was omnipotent. Seated in an ancient leathern-bottomed chair, my hostess, and the dust and darkness of the place were overlooked or forgotten. The spirit of the mighty dead seemed to hover around, as a sort of *genius loci*, rescuing the wretched tenement from otherwise deserved oblivion, and making its very dinginess venerable!

[1] A low resort, something between a French cafe, and an English pot-house.

On another occasion I recollect experiencing very strikingly, the force of local impressions. It was when visiting the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots, in the palace of Holyrood. Recalling to mind, with the enthusiasm of one of her warmest admirers, every circumstance connected with the eventful history of that unfortunate princess, it was impossible for me not to feel penetrated with the deepest interest. I traversed the very rooms in which she had sat, and conversed, and passed her hours of peaceful privacy. My fancy pictured that privacy rudely and brutally invaded by Darnley and his ruffian associates, when bent on the murder of the ill-fated Rizzio. I mentally compared the circumstances of that deed of blood, as related by historians, with the facilities for committing it, afforded by the distribution of apartments. They tallied exactly. There was the little room in which sat the queen with her ladies and the devoted secretary. Close to the door

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appeared the dark, narrow, turret staircase, which Darnley ascended before he rushed into Mary's presence. The struggle must have been desperate, for the murder was not effected in that chamber, Rizzio being either dragged, or escaped into an adjoining and very obscure anteroom in which the crime was perpetrated. They pretend to show you marks of his blood yet visible on the floor. Although all such horrible vestiges have been most probably long since obliterated, it is yet just possible that some may remain. To believe so, at the moment, was a lawful indulgence of my previous illusion. I could have followed the train of associations thus created much further, had not the person appointed to act as Cicerone hurried me through the apartments. Their doors closed against me, and the spell was broken.

Edinburgh is full of interesting localities; particularly the old town. In its ancient "wynds and closes," now tenanted by the veriest of the plebeian race, in former days resided men of the most distinguished rank and celebrity. Before the stupendous improvements of later times had justly entitled the Scottish metropolis to the appellation of the modern Athens, the princes and nobles of the land, its judges and senators, were obliged to dwell in those dirty streets and alleys, from which "Auld Reekie" derived its then appropriate appellation. When in progress of time they removed to more splendid and suitable abodes, their abandoned tenements became habitations of wretchedness. Much however remained in them to remind posterity of their former proprietors; and whoever is not afraid of encountering the spectacle of a swarming population in a state of abject and squalid poverty, will find an abundant field for his antiquarian researches in the old town of Edinburgh. Like Switzerland, and other mountainous countries, Scotland is by nature formed to be a land of romantic associations; but how wonderfully have her historians, poets, and novelists contributed to create and preserve them! The author of *Waverley* has thrown a classic halo around the wild beauties of his native land, and communicated to stranger minds a national enthusiasm which *his* soul alone could have felt, *his* pen alone inspired! In Scotland, almost every step we take is on hallowed ground, and the lover of historical recollections may enjoy to its full extent the delight of visiting places immortalized by the achievements of her heroes, or the pen of her poets.

To a man fond of localities, travelling either on the continent or in England, will furnish numerous opportunities of indulging the reveries to which they give birth. It would be hardly possible to name a town, or a village, utterly destitute of local interest. In almost every instance, some memento would be discovered to hallow its site, and to engage the observation of an intelligent traveller. With a mind predisposed to enjoy mental associations, they will crowd on us wherever we go, and be suggested by the veriest trifles.

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Rousseau could not contain his ecstasy at beholding a little flower (*la parvenche*) in bloom, which thirty years before, Madame de Warens had first pointed out to his notice. That simple incident summoned up a train of exquisite reminiscences. No one, indeed, ever yielded so entirely to the influence of local enthusiasm as the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. No one has so successfully attempted to invest scenes, in themselves beautiful, with the additional and powerful interest of ideal recollections. Picturesque as are the shores of Lemane, Meillerie, and Vevai, yet to Rousseau's sublime conceptions and eloquent descriptions, they are chiefly indebted for the celebrity which they enjoy. Nature made Switzerland a land of rugged magnificence. To complete the charm, nothing was wanted, but that its mountains should be peopled by the creations of Rousseau.

It were needless, however, to travel to foreign countries in search of interesting localities. Our own island teems with them. In the metropolis and its environs, a diligent inquirer will find them at every step. How many coffeehouses and taverns are there in London which at one time or another have been frequented by celebrated characters, and how many houses in which others equally celebrated have resided; such as that of Milton, in Westminster; and of Johnson, in Bolt Court. How many old gable-ended tenements do we see in the eastern parts of the town that were standing before the fire, and which, if explored, might be found to contain the most interesting relics of antiquity. What a number of streets, courts, and alleys, bearing names at once indicative of their ancient origin, and of scenes, and persons, and local circumstances long since forgotten!

Then, if we extend our perambulations to the vicinity of London, how many hallowed places shall we meet with? Where can we find a palace like Windsor Castle, to which attach the historical recollections of many centuries, adding, if possible, yet more solemnity to Gothic grandeur? Again, can there be conceived a spot more entirely consecrated to classical associations than the grotto, at Twickenham; that retreat in which gazing on "Thames translucent stream," Pope passed so many hours of undisturbed privacy—that spot

"Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,  
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul."

I have visited it in summer, when the warmth of a mid-day sun has rendered the "*frigus amabile*" of the interior doubly inviting, and on such occasions, have quite revelled in local enthusiasm.

I remember, some years since, visiting the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful villa, at Chiswick, in company with a friend, whose sentiments on the subject of local impressions are similar to my own. While I was admiring books and paintings in the

library, my companion was contemplating in mute emotion, the bed upon which Charles Fox breathed his last. That one object engrossed all the powers of his soul; every other was forgotten!

## Page 6

C. J.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE HUMBLE SPARROW'S ADDRESS TO T. S. A.

*(For the Mirror.)*

My dearest Sir, how great a change  
Has pass'd upon the groves I range,  
    Nay, all the face of nature!  
A few weeks back, each pendent bough,  
The fields, the groves, the mountain's brow,  
Were bare and leafless all, but now  
    How verdant ev'ry feature!

Each little songster strives to raise  
Its highest warbling notes of praise,  
    For all these blessings given:—  
Ere Sol emerges from behind  
The eastern hills, the lark we find  
Soars, as it were on wings of wind,  
    With grateful notes to heaven.

A thousand others catch the strains,  
Each bush and tree a tongue contains,  
    That offers up its praises.  
From morn till the meridian day,  
From noon till Sol has sunk away,  
One ceaseless song, one grateful lay,  
    Each feather'd songster raises.

And when Night's grim and sable band,  
Spreads her dim curtains o'er the land,  
    And all our prospect closes;  
Then Philomela, queen of song,  
The sweetest of the feather'd throng,  
Takes up the theme the whole night long,  
    While nature all reposes.

Then surely I, the humblest bird,  
That e'er among the groves was heard,  
    Should aid the thankful chorus;



With *chirping note* I'll join the sound,  
For not a *Sparrow*, 'twill be found,  
Without HIS will falls to the ground,  
Who high above reigns o'er us.

But what avail my feeble powers,  
When softer notes descend in showers,  
Mine are not worth regarding;  
No honour'd title gilds my name,  
No dulcet notes I e'er could claim;  
So worthless I, you may obtain  
*Two Sparrows* for a farthing.

Besides, I ne'er was form'd to *sing*,  
And so must soar on humbler wing,  
Since nature saw it fitter;  
But yet my feeble powers I'll try,  
And sound my *chatt'ring* notes on high,  
For I am sure you'll not deny  
To hear my simple *twitter*.

My gratitude is doubly due,  
For all the hedges[2] in my view,  
Afford a verdant cover;  
I now can build my nest once more,  
From childhood's prying glance secure,  
And from the hawk's keen eye, tho' o'er  
The sacred bush he hover.

Oh! had I Philomela's tongue,  
The thrush's note, or warbling song  
Of blackbird, lark, or linnet;  
I'd then more gratitude display,  
Striving to raise a sweeter lay,  
I'd sing the fleeting hours away,  
Nor silent be a minute.

But I must quit the trembling spray,  
And to my duty fly away,  
To pick a straw or feather;  
My mate is somewhere on the wing,  
I think she's gone some moss to bring,  
For we must work while it is spring,  
And build our nest together.



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So now adieu—I've chirp'd too long,  
Must leave the finish of my song  
    To some more learned bird's son;  
Whose mellow notes can charm the ear  
With no discordant chatter near;  
So now, dear Sir, I'm your sincere  
    And humble Sparrow.

HERDSON.

[2] You will perceive the writer is a *hedge-sparrow*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO A DESTRUCTIVE INSECT ON A ROSEBUD.

IN MANNER OF BURNS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Ye imp o' death, how durst ye dwell  
Within this pure and hallow'd cell,  
Thy purposes I ken fu' well  
    Are to destroy,  
And wi' a mortal breathing spell,  
    To blast each joy!

Yet why upo' so sma' a flower,  
Dost thou exert thy deadly pow'r,  
And nip fair beauty's natal hour,  
    Wi' thy vile breath,  
It is when wint'ry storms do low'r,  
    We look for death.

But thou, thou evil one, hast come,  
To bring this wee rose to its doom,  
Not i' time of woe and gloom,  
    But i' the spring,  
When flowerets just begin to bloom.  
    And birds to sing.

O fie, begone fra out my sight,  
Nor dare attempt such joy to blight,  
Thou evil wicked-doing doit,



Then hie away,  
Seek not the *morning*, but the *night*  
To crush thy prey!

J. F. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE CONTEMPORARY TRAVELLER.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF THE RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(*Concluded from page 136.*)

"We spent several melancholy days wandering on the borders of the east end of the lake, surveying the various remains of what we now contemplated to have been an unoffending and cruelly extirpated people. At several places, by the margin of the lake, are small clusters of winter and summer wigwams in ruins. One difference, among others, between the Boeothick wigwams and those of the other Indians, is, that in most of the former there are small hollows, like nests, dug in the earth around the fireplace, one for each person to sit in. These hollows are generally so close together, and also so close to the fireplace, and to the sides of the wigwam, that I think it probable these people have been accustomed to sleep in a sitting position. There was one wooden building constructed for drying and smoking venison in, still perfect; also a small log-house, in a dilapidated condition, which we took to have been once a storehouse. The wreck of a large, handsome, birch-rind canoe, about twenty-two feet in length, comparatively new, and certainly very little used, lay thrown up among



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the bushes at the beach. We supposed that the violence of a storm had rent it in the way it was found, and that the people who were in it had perished; for the iron nails, of which there was no want, all remained in it. Had there been any survivors, nails being much prized by these people, they never having held intercourse with Europeans, such an article would most likely have been taken out for use again. All the birch trees in the vicinity of the lake had been rinded, and many of them, and of the spruce fir, or var, had the bark taken off, to use the inner part of it for food, as noticed before."

"Their wooden repositories for the dead are what are in the most perfect state of preservation. These are of different constructions, it would appear, according to the character or rank of the persons entombed. In one of them, which resembled a hut ten feet by eight or nine, and four or five feet high in the centre, floored with squared poles, the roof covered with rinds of trees, and in every way well secured against the weather inside, and the intrusion of wild beasts, there were two grown persons laid out at full length, on the floor, the bodies wrapped round with deerskins. One of these bodies appeared to have been placed here not longer ago than five or six years. We thought there were children laid in here also. On first opening this building, by removing the posts which formed the ends, our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch; but what added to our surprise, was the discovery of a white deal coffin, containing a skeleton neatly shrouded in white muslin. After a long pause of conjecture how such a thing existed here, the idea of *Mary March* occurred to one of the party, and the whole mystery was at once explained.[3]"

[3] It should be remarked here, that Mary March, so called from the name of the month in which she was taken, was the Red Indian female who was captured and carried away by force from this place by an armed party of English people, nine or ten in number, who came up here in the month of March, 1809. The local government authorities at that time did not foresee the result of offering a reward to *bring a Red Indian to them*. Her husband was cruelly shot, after nobly making several attempts, single-handed, to rescue her from the captors, in defiance of their fire-arms, and fixed bayonets. His tribe built this cemetery for him, on the foundation of his own wigwam, and his body is one of those now in it. The following winter, Captain Buchan was sent to the River Exploits, by order of the local government of Newfoundland, to take back this woman to the lake, where she was captured, and if possible at the same time, to open a friendly intercourse with her tribe. But she died on board Captain B.'s vessel, at the mouth of the river.

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Captain B.

however, took up her body to the lake; and not meeting with any of her people, left it where they were afterwards likely to meet with it. It appears the Indians were this winter encamped on the banks of the River Exploits, and observed Captain B.'s party passing up the river on the ice. They retired from their encampments in consequence; and, some weeks afterwards, went by a circuitous route to the lake, to ascertain what the party had been doing there. They found *Mary March's* body, and removed it from where Captain B. had left it to where it now lies, by the side of her husband.

With the exception of Captain Buchan's first expedition, by order of the local government of Newfoundland, in the winter of 1810, to endeavour to open a friendly intercourse with the Red Indians, the two parties just mentioned are the only two we know of that had ever before been up to the Red Indian Lake. Captain B. at that time succeeded in forcing an interview with the principal encampment of these people. All of the tribe that remained at that period were then at the Great Lake, divided into parties, and in their winter encampments, at different places in the woods on the margin of the lake. Hostages were exchanged; but Captain B. had not been absent from the Indians two hours, in his return to a depot left by him at a short distance down the river, to take up additional presents for them, when the want of confidence of these people in the whites evinced itself. A suspicion spread among them that he had gone down to bring up a reinforcement of men, to take them all prisoners to the sea-coast; and they resolved immediately to break up their encampment and retire farther into the country, and alarm and join the rest of their tribe, who were all at the western parts of the lake. To prevent their proceedings being known, they killed and then cut off the heads of the two English hostages; and, on the same afternoon on which Captain B. had left them, they were in full retreat across the lake, with baggage, children, &c. The whole of them afterwards spent the remainder of the winter together, at a place twenty to thirty miles to the south-west, on the south-east side of the lake. On Captain B.'s return to the lake next day or the day after, the cause of the scene there was inexplicable; and it remained a mystery until now, when we can gather some facts relating to these people from the Red Indian woman, *Shawnawdithit*.

"In this cemetery were deposited a variety of articles, in some instances the property, in others the representations of the property and utensils, and of the achievements, of the deceased. There were two small wooden images of a man and woman, no doubt meant to represent husband and wife and a small doll which we supposed to represent a child (for *Mary March* had to leave her only child here, which

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died two days after she was taken); several small models of their canoes; two small models of boats; an iron axe; a bow and quiver of arrows were placed by the side of *Mary March's* husband; and two fire-stones (radiated iron pyrites, from which they produce fire, by striking them together) lay at his head; there were also various kinds of culinary utensils, neatly made, of birch rind and ornamented; and many other things, of some of which we did not know the use or meaning."

"Another mode of sepulture which we saw here was, where the body of the deceased had been wrapped in birch rind, and with his property, placed on a sort of scaffold about four feet and a half from the ground. The scaffold was formed of four posts, about seven feet high, fixed perpendicularly in the ground, to sustain a kind of crib, five feet and a half in length, by four in breadth, with a floor made of small squared beams, laid close together horizontally, and on which the body and property rested."

"A third mode was, when the body, bent together, and wrapped in birch rind, was enclosed in a kind of box, on the ground. The box was made of small squared posts, laid on each other horizontally, and notched at the corners, to make them meet close; it was about four feet by three, and two and a half feet deep, and well lined with birch rind, to exclude the weather from the inside. The body lay on its right side."

"A fourth and the most common mode of burying among these people, has been, to wrap the body in birch rind, and cover it over with a heap of stones, on the surface of the earth, in some retired spot; sometimes the body, thus wrapped up, is put a foot or two under the surface, and the spot covered with stones; in one place, where the ground was sandy and soft, they appeared to have been buried deeper, and no stones placed over the graves."

"These people appear to have always shewn great respect for their dead; and the most remarkable remains of them commonly observed by Europeans at the sea-coast, are their burying-places. These are at particular chosen spots; and it is well known that they have been in the habit of bringing their dead from a distance to them. With their women they bury only their clothes."

"On the north-side of the lake, opposite the River Exploits, are the extremities of two deer fences, about half a mile apart, where they lead to the water. It is understood that they diverge many miles in north-westerly directions. The Red Indian makes these fences to lead and scare the deer to the lake, during the periodical migration of these animals; the Indians being stationed looking out, when the deer get into the water to swim across, the lake being narrow at this end, they attack and kill the animals with spears out of their canoes. In this way they secure their winter provisions before the severity of that season sets in."

“There were other old remains of different kinds peculiar to these people met with about the lake.”

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“One night we encamped on the foundation of an old Red Indian wigwam, on the extremity of a point of land which juts out into the lake, and exposed to the view of the whole country around. A large fire at night is the life and soul of such a party as ours, and when it blazed up at times, I could not help observing that two of my Indians evinced uneasiness and want of confidence in things around, as if they thought themselves usurpers on the Red Indian territory. From time immemorial none of the Indians of the other tribes had ever encamped near this lake fearlessly, and, as we had now done, in the very centre of such a country; the lake and territory adjacent having been always considered to belong exclusively to the Red Indians, and to have been occupied by them. It had been our invariable practice hitherto, to encamp near the hills, and be on their summits by the dawn of day, to try to discover the morning smoke ascending from the Red Indians’ camps; and to prevent the discovery of ourselves, we extinguished our own fire always some length of time before daylight.”

“Our only and frail hope now left of seeing the Red Indians, lay on the banks of the River Exploits, on our return to the sea-coast.”

“The Red Indians’ Lake discharges itself about three or four miles from its north-east end, and its waters form the River Exploits. From the lake to the sea-coast is considered about seventy miles; and down this noble river the steady perseverance and intrepidity of my Indians carried me on rafts in four days, to accomplish which otherwise, would have required, probably, two weeks. We landed at various places on both banks of the river on our way down, but found no traces of the Red Indians so recent as those seen at the portage at Badger Bay-Great Lake, towards the beginning of our excursion. During our descent, we had to construct new rafts at the different waterfalls. Sometimes we were carried down the rapids at the rate of ten miles an hour, or more, with considerable risk of destruction to the whole party, for we were always together on one raft.”

“What arrests the attention most, while gliding down the stream, is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake downwards, continuous, on the banks of the river, at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them, for the animals to go through and swim across the river, and at these places the Indians are stationed, and kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, is at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic, yet feeble, efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay.”

“There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds. As their numbers were lessened so was their ability to keep them up for the purposes intended; and now the deer pass the whole line unmolested.”

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“We infer, that the few of these people who yet survive have taken refuge in some sequestered spot, still in the northern part of the island, and where they can procure deer to subsist on.”

“On the 29th of November we had again returned to the mouth of the River Exploits, in thirty days after our departure from thence, after having made a complete circuit of about 200 miles in the Red Indian territory.”

“In conclusion, I congratulate the institution on the acquisition of several ingenious articles, the manufacture of the *Boeothicks*, or Red Indians, some of which we had the good fortune to discover on our recent excursion;—models of their canoes, bows and arrows, spears of different kinds, &c.; and also a complete dress worn by that people. Their mode of kindling fire is not only original, but, as far as we at present know, is peculiar to the tribe. These articles, together with a short vocabulary of their language, consisting of 200 or 300 words, which I have been enabled to collect, prove the *Boeothicks* to be a distinct tribe from any hitherto discovered in North America. One remarkable characteristic of their language, and in which it resembles those of Europe more than any other Indian languages do, with which we have had an opportunity of comparing it,—is its abounding in diphthongs.”

Mr. Cormack thinks that after the unfortunate circumstances attending past encounters between the Europeans and the Red Indians, it is best now to employ Indians belonging to the other tribes to be the medium of the intercourse in view; and he has chosen three intelligent men from Newfoundland to follow up the search.

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## NOTES OF A READER.

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### DERWENTWATER.

The following touching episodal extract is from Dr. Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*:—The best general view of Derwentwater is from the terrace, between Applethwaite and Milbeck, a little beyond the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimneys of that hamlet come finely in the foreground, and the trees upon the Ornathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle ground, which is wanting in other parts of the vale. From that spot I once saw three artists sketching it at the same time—William Westall (who has engraved it among his admirable views of Keswick,) Glover, and Edward Nash, my dear, kind-hearted friend and fellow-traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest recollections of my latter life. I know not from which of the surrounding heights it is seen to most advantage; any one will amply repay the

labour of the ascent; and often as I have ascended them all, it has never been without a fresh delight. The best near view is from a field adjoining Friar's Craig. There it is that, if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse (with leave of Greenwich Hospital be it spoken,) I would build myself a house.

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Thither I had strolled, on one of those first genial days of spring which seem to affect the animal not less than the vegetable creation. At such times even I, sedentary as I am, feel a craving for the open air and sunshine, and creep out as instinctively as snails after a shower. Such seasons, which have an exhilarating effect upon youth, produce a soothing one when we are advanced in life. The root of an ash tree, on the bank which bends round the little bay, had been half bared by the waters during one of the winter floods, and afforded a commodious resting-place, whereon I took my seat, at once basking in the sun and bathing, as it were, in the vernal breeze. But delightful as all about me was to eye, and ear, and feeling, it brought with it a natural reflection, that the scene which I now beheld was the same which it had been and would continue to be, while so many of those with whom I had formerly enjoyed it, were past away. Our day-dreams become retrospective as we advance in years; and the heart feeds as naturally upon remembrance in age as upon hope in youth.

“Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?”

I thought of her, whom I had so often seen plying her little skiff upon that glassy water, the lady of the lake. It was like a poet’s dream, or a vision of romance, to behold her—and like a vision or a dream she had departed!

“O gentle Emma, o’er a lovelier form  
Than thine, earth never closed; nor e’er did heaven  
Receive a purer spirit from the world!”

I thought of D., the most familiar of my friends during those years when we lived near enough to each other for familiar intercourse—my friend, and the friend of all who were dearest to me; a man, of whom all who knew him will concur with me in saying, that they never knew, nor could conceive of one more strictly dutiful, more actively benevolent, more truly kind, more thoroughly good; the pleasantest companion, the sincerest counsellor, the most considerate friend, the kindest host, the welcome guest. After our separation, he had visited me here three summers; with him it was that I had first explored this land of lakes in all directions; and again and again should we have retraced our steps in the wildest recesses of these vales and mountains, and lived over the past again, if he had not, too early for all who loved him,

“Began the travel of eternity.”

I called to mind my hopeful H——, too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot; in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

“With whom it seemed my very life  
Went half away!  
But we shall meet—but we shall meet





Where parting tears shall never flow;  
And when I think thereon, almost  
I long to go!"

"Thy dead shall live, O Lord; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust! for Thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out her dead!"

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Surely, to the sincere believer death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heartstrings—by which we are attached to life. Nor, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Who, indeed, is there, that would not gladly make the exchange, if he lived only for himself, and were to leave none who stood in need of him—no eyes to weep at his departure, no hearts to ache for his loss? The day of death, says the preacher, is better than the day of one's birth; a sentence to which whoever has lived long, and may humbly hope that he has not lived ill, must heartily assent.

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### MASANIELLO.

The last No. (8,) of the *Foreign Quarley Review*, just published, contains an attractive article on the Revolutions of Naples, in 1647 and 1648, in which Masaniello played so conspicuous a part. The paper is in the easy historical style of Sir Walter Scott; but as little could be selected for our pages, except the Adventures of the Rebel Fisherman, and as we have given the leading events of his life in an early volume of the MIRROR, we content ourselves with the following passage. After a tolerably fair estimate of the character of Masaniello, in which Sir Walter considers his extraordinary rise as a work of fortune and contingency rather than of his own device in the conception, or his own exertions in the execution—the writer says—

“It would be doing Masaniello injustice, however, if we did not add, that having no distinct prospect of rendering essential service to his country, he was at the same time totally free from any sinister views of personal aggrandizement. He appears to have been sincere in his wishes, that when he had set Naples free,—by which he understood the abolition of imposts,—the government of it should be committed to a popular management. The Memoirs of 1828 record a singular circumstance with regard to this point, on the authority of De

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Santis. While, on Friday, July 12th, the sixth day of the insurrection, he was sitting in his judgment-seat, a female masked, or man in woman's habit, approached and whispered, 'Masaniello, we have reached the goal, a crown is prepared, and it is for thy brows.'— 'For mine?' he replied, 'I desire none but the green wreath with which we honour Our Lady's festival in September. When I have delivered my country I shall resume my nets.'— 'You find them no more. Rebellion should not be undertaken, or it should be carried on to the end.'— 'I will resume my nets,' said Masaniello steadily. 'You will not find them,' said the intrusive monitor. 'What, then, shall I find?'— 'Death!' answered the masked figure, and withdrew into the crowd. An evidence of the purity of his intentions, though combined with gross ignorance, was afforded by the rigour with which he insisted on the destruction of the treasure and rich movables found in the houses which were destroyed during the first days of the tumult. Latterly, indeed, he yielded to the suggestions of Genuino and d'Arpaya, that these things should be preserved for the good of the state, and for the purpose of presenting them as a donative to Philip IV. in place of the abolished gabelles. But whatever was the case with regard to less scrupulous insurgents, he participated in no plunder, until vanity produced madness, or madness vanity. On the whole we may conclude, that he was a man whose principal characteristic was the boldness with which he pursued an object ardently desired, but who was alike incapable, from want of knowledge and talents, to avail himself of the success which so wonderfully crowned his enterprise. How far his cruelty was the effect of natural disposition, or a consequence of his malady, is a question that must be left to HIM to whom alone it can be known."

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## LONDON.

*Literally translated from a Chinese Poem, by a Chinese who visited England in 1813.*

The towering edifices rise story above story,  
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions:  
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;  
And streams from the river circulate through the walls;  
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices;  
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings.  
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;  
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

In London, about the period of the ninth moon,  
The inhabitants delight in travelling to a distance;  
They change their abodes and betake themselves to the country,



Visiting their friends in their rural retreats.  
The prolonged sound of carriages and steeds is heard through the day;  
Then in autumn the prices of provisions fall,  
And the greater number of dwellings being untenanted,  
Such as require it are repaired and adorned.

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The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level,  
Each being crossed by others at intervals;  
On either side perambulate men and females,  
In the centre, career along the carriages and horses;  
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.  
During midwinter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway,  
Lamps are displayed at night along the street sides,  
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky.

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Mozart was *rather vain* of the proportion of his hands and feet—but not of having written the Requiem or the Don Juan.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BURMESE DIGNITY.

Mr. Crawford, in his account of the *Embassy to Ava*, relates the following specimen of the dignity of a Burmese minister. While sitting under an awning on the poop of the steam vessel, a heavy squall, with rain, came on.—“I suggested to his excellency the convenience of going below, which he long resisted, under the apprehension of committing his dignity by placing himself in a situation where persons might tread over his head, for this singular antipathy is common both to the Burmese and Siamese. The prejudice is more especially directed against the fair sex; a pretty conclusive proof of the estimation in which they are held. His excellency seriously demanded to know whether any woman had ever trod upon the poop; and being assured in the negative, he consented at length to enter the cabin.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### STEAM.

A quotation from Agathias clearly establishes a knowledge of the applicability of steam to mechanical purposes so early as the reign of the emperor Justinian, when the philosopher Anthemius most unphilosophically employed its powerful agency at Constantinople to shake the house of a litigious neighbour. It is also recorded, that Pope Sylvester II. constructed an organ, that was worked by steam. As compared with recent ingenuity, however, these applications may fairly bring to mind the Frenchman's boast of his countryman's invention of the frill and the ruffle; while his English opponent claimed for his native land the honour of suggesting the addition of the shirt.

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## MEDICAL MUSIC.

Sharp, the surgeon, Sir Charles Blicke's master, was a great amateur of music, but he never used it as a means of curing patients, only in attracting them. It was said that he "fiddled himself into practice, and fiddled Mr. Pott out of it;" certain it is Mr. Pott, not being a *flat*, did not choose to act in *concert* with *Sharp*, and made a quick movement to the westward.

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Boerhaave tells us, that one of the greatest orators of antiquity, Tiberius Gracchus, when animated, used to cry out like an old woman; to avoid which, he had a servant, who, at these periods, sounded a pipe, by way of hint, as well as to pitch the tone, so sensible was he of the importance of a well-regulated voice.

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### SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

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#### LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

On England's shore I saw a pensive hand,  
With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,  
Like children parting from a mother, shed  
Tears for the home that could not yield them bread;  
Grief mark'd each face receding from the view,  
'Twas grief to nature honourably true.  
And long, poor wand'ers o'er th' ecliptic deep,  
The song that names but home shall bid you weep;  
Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above  
In that far world, and miss the stars ye love;  
Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,  
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn.  
And, giving England's names to distant scenes,  
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,  
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain:  
For has the heart no interest yet as bland  
As that which binds us to our native land?  
The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,  
To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth.  
Undamp'd by dread that want may e'er unhouse,  
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows:  
The pride to rear an independent shed,  
And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread;  
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,  
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun;  
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,  
And call the blooming landscape all our own,  
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.  
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong.  
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,  
To realms where foreign constellations shine;



Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,  
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.  
And what though doom'd to shores so far apart  
From England's home, that ev'n the home-sick heart  
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,  
How large a space of fleeting life is lost:  
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,  
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,  
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,  
That yields their sickle twice its harvest home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring  
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring.  
The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,  
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,  
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,  
And verdant rampart of Acacian thorn,  
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,  
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails;  
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,  
His honest arm's own subjugated





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soil;

And summing all the blessings God has given,  
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,  
That when his bones shall here repose in peace,  
The scions of his love may still increase,  
And o'er a land where life has ample room,  
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,  
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!  
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace  
The lines of empire in thine infant face.  
What nations in thy wide horizon's span  
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!  
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam.  
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream.  
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!  
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come,  
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,  
And creeds by charter'd priesthood's unaccurst;  
Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,  
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags;  
Of hosts review'd in dazzling files and squares,  
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs,  
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire.  
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire;  
Our very speech, methinks, in after time.  
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime;  
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies  
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes, }  
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise. }

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,  
Undug the ore that midst thy roofs shall shine;  
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—  
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee  
Proud temple domes, with galleries winding high, }  
So vast in space, so just in symmetry, }  
They widen to the contemplating eye, }  
With colonnaded aisles in lone array,  
And windows that enrich the flood of day  
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,

And niched statues breathing golden air,  
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,  
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;  
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,  
And organs blow their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,  
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll  
Ev'n should some wayward hour the settler's mind  
Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,  
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts,  
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;  
Bound to that native world by nature's bond,  
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond  
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams.  
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.  
How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,  
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,  
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er

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his bosom's chords,  
As aught that's named in song to us affords!  
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,  
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb.  
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,  
Or twin'd his tame young kangaroo with flowers.  
But mere magnetic yet to memory  
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,  
The bower of love, where first his bosom burn'd,  
And smiling passion saw its smile return'd.

Go forth and prosper then, emprizing band;  
May He, who in the hollow of his hand  
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,  
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## SMALL TALK AND SMALL ACCOMPLISHMENTS, OR HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF AGREEABLE.

Conversation, like a shuttlecock, should not be suffered to remain with one person, but ought to pass in turn to all. But as few people think for themselves, so few people talk for themselves, and a colloquial monopoly is as common and as disagreeable as any other. Yet when we observe how much these rattles are caressed, 'tis wonderful there are so few. Talent is by no means indispensable, and is the more valuable in proportion as it is flimsy or superficial. The great art lies in the choice of a subject. Let it be some *liaison* in the *beau monde*—the appearance of a new singer or actress—the detail of a recent duel, with particulars and embellishments, and your fortune is made at once. Do not affect any thing like a literary character, for scholars are reckoned *bores*. The only matters of this sort with which you can safely meddle are the fashionable novels—satirical poems—the magazines, and newspapers (eschewing the political articles as vulgar). It is absolutely necessary to be familiar with the names of all the editors in town, and these can easily be picked up from any of the tatterdemalions who prowl about police offices for the purpose of reporting the trials at a penny per line, which is, in most cases, exactly a penny per line too much. You must drop the complimentary *Mr.*, and say, "A. of the Chronicle and I—the last time I saw B. of the Globe—C. of the Spectator told me t'other day," and so on. Of course it is not of the slightest consequence whether you ever saw one of the parties. You must also affect to be

intimate with the theatrical *lions*, and be aware of the true state of all managerial squabbles for the season. Swear you have dined a dozen times with Sontag. *En passant*, the idea of a singer's patronizing a nation *wholesale*, as she has done in the case of the Silesians, is rather too good. Be indignant with Price for forfeiting Ellen Tree three several times in the sum of thirty pounds, and suppress the fact of his having remitted the penalty in the two first instances. Assume a mysterious air of "I

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could if I would," when Miss Love's elopement is mentioned, and state with heroic confidence that the Vesuvius scene in "Masaniello" at Astley's beat Drury by thirteen bricks and two ounces of Greek fire. You must pretend to know the salaries of all the *employes* in every establishment, and be able to describe the plot of every new piece the moment it is underlined. You can obtain sufficient information to enable you to pass muster on this subject any evening at the Garrick's Head. It would be of great service if you could contrive to be seen in conversation with a respectable actor now and then. You must have seen every sight and exhibited at every exhibition in town, and be able to discuss their several merits or demerits with a "learned spirit." A knowledge of the principal nobility—by person at least—is a *sine qua non*, for how else should you be able to recount the names of those you saw in the Park on Sunday last? Keep a list of the ages and portions of as many young ladies as possible, and be cautious how you dispose of your information on this score. These, I think, are the principal topics; and the best advice I can give is, "Never be quiet: speak on *ad infinitum*."

The man who inwardly digests these rules will be a treasure at any dinner party. The awful silence which prevails on the removal of the tablecloth—and an awful silence it surely is—will be dispelled. No ordinary man thinks of speaking, except in monosyllables, till he gets a little "elevated," and then he speaks nonsense as a matter of course. *You* must keep sober—for people will occasionally get "mellow," even in good society—and this you will easily manage to do by thinking of the immense superiority you will thus secure on joining the ladies in the drawing-room. You will be able to hand some blushing fair her coffee without pitching cup and contents into her lap, and stoop to pick up her fan or handkerchief without incurring the risk of breaking your nose. Should quadrilles be proposed, you will also be able to avoid those little *dos-a-dos* accidents which are by no means agreeable, and be qualified to pronounce, with tolerable certainty, which is your own partner.

*Sharpe's Magazine.*

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## THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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### VIDOCQ.

Some very pleasant blunderer is said to have declared Moore's Life of Sheridan to be the best piece of *Autobiography* he had ever read; and with little more propriety can the

concluding volume of *Vidocq's Memoirs* be said to belong to that species of literature styled Autobiography. The early volumes, however, possessed this feature, but the present is little more than a criminal supplement to the Memoirs. Of this defect, the translator seems to be aware; for in his "Sequel,"

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he says, instead of the important disclosures promised by the Police Agent, in vol. ii., “he has given us a nomenclature of the assassins, thieves, and swindlers of France, and no more.” He has merely brought down his Memoirs to the year 1816, and eked out his fourth volume with anecdotes and counsels, which have in most cases, more interest than novelty to recommend them. Still they are worth reading, although of a different character to the scenes, or as a wag would say, the “concerted pieces” which we have quoted from the three previous volumes. Our present quotations will not therefore possess the interest of complicated schemes.

At page 34, Vidocq awards to our metropolis, no very desirable distinction—

*Town and Country Thieves.*

“No capital in the world, London excepted, has within it so many thieves as Paris. The pavement of the modern Lutetia is incessantly trodden by rogues. It is not surprising; for the facility of hiding them in the crowd makes all that are badly disposed resort thither, whether French or foreign. The greater number are fixed constantly in this vast city; some only come like birds of passage, at the approach of great occasions, or during the summer season. Besides these exotics, there are indigenous plants, which make a fraction in the population, of which the denominator is tolerably high. I leave to the great calculator, M. Charles Dupin, the task of enumerating them in decimals, and telling us if the sum that it amounts to should not be taken into consideration in the application of the black list.”

*False Keys.*

“Cambricoleurs are plunderers of rooms, either by force or with false keys. There are of this class thieves of incredible effrontery; that of one Beaumont almost surpasses belief. Escaped from the Bagne at Rochefort, where he was sentenced to pass twelve years of his life, he came to Paris, and scarcely had he arrived there, where he had already practised, when, by way of getting his hand in, he committed several trifling robberies, and when by these preliminary steps he had proceeded to exploits more worthy of his ancient renown, he conceived the project of stealing a treasure. No one will imagine that this treasure was that of the *Bureau Central* (Central Office), now the Prefecture of Police! It was already pretty difficult to procure impressions of the keys, but he achieved this first difficulty, and soon had in his possession all the means of effecting an opening; but to open was nothing, it was necessary to open without being perceived, to introduce himself without fear of being disturbed, to work without witnesses, and go out again freely. Beaumont, who had calculated all the difficulties that opposed him, was not dismayed. He had remarked that the private room of the chief officer, M. Henri, was nigh to the spot where he proposed to effect his entrance; he espied the propitious moment, and wished sincerely that some circumstance would call

away so dangerous a neighbour for some time, and chance was subservient to his wishes."



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“One morning, M. Henri was obliged to go out. Beaumont, sure that he would not return that day, ran to his house, put on a black coat, and in that costume, which, in those days, always announced a magistrate, or public functionary, presents himself at the entrance of the *Bureau Central*. The officer to whom he addressed himself supposed, of course, that he was at least a commissary. On the invitation of Beaumont, he gave him a soldier, whom he placed as sentinel at the entrance to the narrow passage which leads to the depot, and commanded not to allow any person to pass. No better expedient could be found for preventing surprise. Thus Beaumont, in the midst of a crowd of valuable objects, could, at his leisure, and in perfect security, choose what best pleased him; watches, jewels, diamonds, precious stones, &c. He chose those which he deemed most valuable, most portable, and as soon as he had made his selection, he dismissed the sentinel, and disappeared.”

“This robbery could not be long concealed, and the following day was discovered. Had thunder fallen on the police, they would have been less astonished than at this event. To penetrate to the very sanctuary!—the holy of holies! The fact appeared so very extraordinary, that it was doubted. Yet it was evident that a robbery had taken place, and to whom was it to be attributed? All the suspicions fell on the clerks; sometimes on one, sometimes on another; when Beaumont, betrayed by a friend, was apprehended, and sentenced a second time.”

“The robbery he had committed might be estimated at some hundred thousand francs, the greater part of which were found on him.”

“‘There was wherewithal,’ he said, ‘to become an honest man; I should have become so; it is so easy when rich! yet how many rich men are only scoundrels!’”

“These words were the only ones he uttered, when he was apprehended. This surprising thief was conducted to Brest; where, after half a dozen escapes, which only served to make his subsequent confinement more rigorous, he died in a frightful state of exhaustion.”

“Beaumont enjoyed amongst his confraternity a colossal reputation; and even now, when a rogue boasts of his lofty exploits—‘Hold your tongue,’ they say, ‘you are not worthy to untie the shoe-strings of Beaumont!’”

“In effect, to have robbed the police was the height of address. Is not a robbery of this nature the *chef-d’oeuvre* of its kind, and can it do otherwise than, make its perpetrator a hero in the eyes of his admirers? Who should dare to compare with him? Beaumont had robbed the police! Hang yourself, brave Crillon! hang yourself, Coignard! hang yourself, Pertruisard! hang yourself, Callet!—to him, you are but of Saint-Jean. What is it to have robbed states of service? To have carried off the treasure of the army of the Rhine? To have carried off the military chest?—Beaumont had robbed the police! Hang yourselves!—or go to England, they will hang you there.”

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*The Misanthropic Swindler.*

At page 71, Vidocq tells us a strange story of a fellow named Capdeville, who affecting misanthropy and disgust of the world, hired an apartment at a lone house near Paris, and employed his solitude in obtaining false keys of all the other rooms. Not quite settled here, "Capdeville published his intention of going out to discover an hermitage where he could pass his latter days in peace. He inquired of all the country proprietors who had places for sale within a circuit of six leagues, and it was soon known through the country that he was on the look-out for a place of the kind. Every body knew, of course, something that would suit him, but he would have only a patrimonial estate. 'Well, well,' said they, 'since he is so scrupulous, let him look out for himself.' This, in fact, he did."

"Determined to make a tour, to examine what was most likely to suit him, he employed himself ostensibly in preparations for his departure; he was only to be absent three or four days, but before he departed, he was anxious to know if there was no danger in leaving a secretary, in which were ten thousand francs, which he did not wish to take with him. Being assured on this point, and full of security, he did not hesitate to set out on his proposed journey."

"Capdeville did not go to a very great distance. During his sojourn in the house he had just left, he had had time to take impressions of all the keys which were requisite for his entrance into the dwelling of the landlord, who he knew was in the habit of dining in Paris, and did not return very early in the evening. By being there at dusk, Capdeville was certain of having before him all the time necessary for carrying on his operations. The sun had set, and, favoured by the darkness, he passed unperceived through Belleville, and having entered the house by the help of false keys, he entered the abode of the landlord, which he cleared out even to the linen."

"Towards the end of the fifth day they began to be uneasy at the non-appearance of the misanthrope; the next day a suspicion arose. Twenty-four hours later, and there was but one opinion respecting him; he was the thief. After such a trick mistrust all misanthropes. To whom then shall we trust, in whom place confidence? In philanthropists? By no means."

The misanthropy in this case must have been infectious, and the disgust of the lodger transferred to the landlord.

Other novelties oblige us to break off here for the present, so that another spice or two of the frauds of Paris stand over for our next.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ANECDOTE GALLERY

\* \* \* \* \*

**RECOLLECTIONS OF PALEY.**

*From Best's Personal Memorials.*

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Some one came up to Paley and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley. We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *paay mooney* till he can't help it; *soomething maay* happen."

At another time he said, "I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but that paying ready *mooney* is such a check upon their imagin\_aa\_tion."

Paley's education had been sufficiently hardy. "My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.' When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*"

He told me, "when I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable, quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself; there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life. Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. "I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat; I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail." Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. "I saw what you meant this morning;

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it was very considerate of you; I am much obliged to you." Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentors's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair; taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door." "The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses and then through the garden in front of your house." He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in a right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a piece."

He preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel:—"I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?" The witness calmly replied, "I was a charity boy; and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school." Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. "Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is—The tap is out." "The Archbishop of York," said he, speaking of a late primate, "preached one day at Carlisle; I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear*; a passage that is often quoted and well known." "Now," said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, "guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him."

\* \* \* \* \*

The city has always been the province for satire; and the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign.—*Addison*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **THE GATHERER.**

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKSPEARE.

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\* \* \* \* \*

### ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

*By a Reporter.*

I once had occasion to report, that a certain “noble lord was confined to his house with a *violent cold*”—next morning, I found his lordship represented to be “confined with a *violent scold*!” In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment, I had said “that the first point of attraction and admiration were her *ladyship’s looks*;” this compliment was transferred by the printer to her “*ladyship’s cooks*!” My praises of the “*Infant Lyra*” were converted to a panegyric on the “*infant lyar*.” In an account of General Saldanha’s conduct at Oporto, I observed that he “*behaved like a hero*,” while the printer made it appear that he “*behaved like a hare*.”—“We,” says the *John Bull*, “often suffer in this way—about two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting *peasants*; and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per pound.”

*Atlas.*

\* \* \* \* \*

### TESTAMENT OF A USURER.

“I order that my body be returned to the earth from whence it came, and I give my soul to the devil. I give likewise to the devil the souls of my wife and children, who encouraged me in usury for the sake of good cheer and fine clothes. *Item.* I give to the devil the soul of my confessor, who connived at my crimes by his silence.”

\* \* \* \* \*

On the day when the news of the decease of Napoleon reached the Tuileries, Louis XVIII. was surrounded by a brilliant court, all of whom, with the exception of one man, received the intelligence with the most unequivocal signs of delight. This man was General Rapp, who burst into tears. The king perceived and noticed it. “Yes, Sire,” answered the general, “I do weep for Napoleon; and you will excuse it, for to him I owe every thing in the world, even the honour of now serving your majesty, since it was he that made me what I am!” The king, in an elevated tone of voice, replied, “General, I do but esteem you the more. Fidelity which thus survives misfortune, proves to me how securely I may depend on you myself.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE HINT TAKEN.

Voltaire after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers—"When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away." Then said Voltaire *I must take care of the peel*—and quitted his Prussian majesty's dominions.

L. P. S.





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\* \* \* \* \*

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

Sir,—In the distich you have quoted from my Lectures at page 143 of your last MIRROR, it should have been stated that the statue was a Cupid. The original lines (Voltaire's) are—

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maitre,  
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit etre.

B. H. SMART.

*Connaught Terrace, Aug. 31.*

\* \* \* \* \*

In Paris, when they break a window, the common people cry out, "*quarante-cinq*," so as to produce a sound, in a measure harmonizing with the accident. It is to them a capital joke, because *quarante-cinq*, (45) is written with the two figures that make "*neuf*" (that is, in French, either *nine* or *new*.) The pun is ingenious.

\* \* \* \* \*

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.—*Lavater*.

\* \* \* \* \*

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