

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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* * * * *

[Illustration: *Chester terrace, regent's Park.*]

CHESTER TERRACE,

Regent's Park.

On the annexed page is a spirited representation of this splendid range of palatial residences, which present as noble an appearance as any similar structure in the Park.

To familiarize the topography of Chester Terrace, we should say it stands between the Colosseum and St. Katharine's Church, these being the most conspicuous buildings in the circle; and the majestic cupola of the former building is shown in the distance of our engraving.

This terrace is named from the royal earldom of Chester. It is from the designs of Mr. Nash, the architect of York Terrace engraved in our No. 358. Like the majority of that gentleman's works, Chester Terrace evinces great genius, with many of its irregularities. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, characterized by its richness; but the present specimen is weak in its details, and the form and proportions of its

balustrade are starved and lanky. The capitals of the columns want the gracefulness of the Corinthian, and the volutes are but puny illustrations of that beautiful order.

Leaving these defects to be further scrutinized by the more critical spectator, we cannot fail to be impressed with this grand and commanding terrace; the composition exhibits great genius and powerful conception; and the effect of the whole would be extremely beautiful, were it not for the defective details.

At each end of the terrace is a Corinthian arch, the idea of which is altogether novel. These arches connect with pavilion temple-like mansions, and their effect is very rich and picturesque. They remind one of some of the trophied glories of old Rome—the arches beneath which her laurelled heroes passed in triumphal state. Chester Terrace may, therefore, be said to associate *otium cum dignitate*, since these arches give a splendid finish to the range of handsome residences. The mementos of Roman triumph still remain; but a century hence, where will be the lath-and-plaster glories of the Regent's Park?



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HAVER.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Haver" is a common word in the northern counties for oats; as "haver bread," for oaten bread; perhaps properly "aven," from "*avena*," Latin for oats.

Query.—Is not "haversack," or, Gallice, "*havre-sac*," a bag to carry a soldier's bread and provisions, derived from the same word?

W.T.H.

* * * * *

ANCIENT POWER OF THE HARO, OR HAROL.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Clamour de haro is a cry or formula of invoking the assistance of justice against the violence of some offender, who, upon hearing of the word *haro*, is obliged to desist, on pain of being severely punished for his outrage, and to go with the party before the judge. The word is commonly derived of *ha* and *roul*, as being supposed an invocation of the sovereign power, to assist the weak against the strong, on occasion of Raoul, first duke of Normandy, about the year 912, who rendered himself venerable to his subjects, by the severity of his justice; so that they called on him, even after his death, when they suffered any oppression. Some derive it from *Harola*, king of Denmark, who, in the year 826, was made grand conservator of justice at Mentz. Others from the Danish *a a rau*, help me, a cry raised by the Normans in flying from a king of Denmark, named Roux, who made himself duke of Normandy. The *haro* had anciently such vast power, that a poor man of the city of Caen, named Asselin, in virtue thereof, arrested the corpse of William the Conqueror, in the middle of the funeral procession, till such time as his son Henry had paid the value of the land in question, which was that whereon the chapel was built wherein he was interred.

P.T.W.

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THE GREAT TUN OF KONIGSTEIN.

(For the Mirror.)

One of the greatest curiosities in the neighbourhood of Dresden is the Great Tun, erected at Fort Konigstein by General Kyaw, the height of which is 17 Dresden ells, and its diameter at the bung 12 ells. This vast vessel, which is always replenished with excellent wine, is capable of containing 3,709 hogsheads; and on its head is a plate with a Latin inscription, to the following purport:—

“Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of the age, the delight of mankind. Therefore, drink to the health of the sovereign, the country, the electoral family, and Baron Kyaw, governor of Konigstein; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe—and so farewell.”



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* * * * *

THE COOK AND THE CRANES.

FROM THE SPANISH.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Don John de Ayala,—a chap
Whose worst mishap
Was to be curs'd with a purloining cook.
(A fellow, who 'twas plain
Play'd "cut and come again,"
And scarcely reck'd, if all was seen he took.)
Don John de Ayala, went forth to look
For birds, and shot a crane;
Which, forthwith giving the aforesaid knave
To cook, according to the Spanish taste;
He, to his dainty-loving *sposa* gave
A leg at once, well deeming, that to waste
So fair an opportunity for sin
Would be (as *he* should say a *burning* shame;)
But, when the bird, at dinner-time went in,
Cried Juan, "Where's the left leg of my game?"
"Soul of my body, sir!" roar'd cook,—no fire
In his own kitchen, showing phiz more red,
Yet whether thus, from guilt he blazed, or ire,
Or *shame* perdie, hath ne'er been sung or said,
"Soul of my body!—other leg?—Well done!—
No crane that e'er *I* saw, had more than *one*."

Juan, thus silenc'd, but not satisfied,
In his own mind resolv'd
The neatest way
Of telling master Brazenface, he lied;
And so resolv'd
To take him out crane-shooting the next day.
They went:—"Well, cook," quoth Ayala, "for fun
I've brought thee here,
Where quickly 'twill appear
That if cranes have not *two* legs,—why, they've *none*."



“Say you so, Senor?—look!—yon long-neck’d flock,
Each bird of it on *one* foot, ends the matter;
Ay—there they stand,—as firm as any rock,
I swear by ev’ry dish I ever broke, or platter.”
Straight to the flock, flight, covey, (we’ve no name
In Albion, to designate *such* game.)
Rush’d Ayala, whose hearty psho! psho! psho!
Took the cranes off *one* leg,—discovering *two*,
As up they rose, on rustling, sullen wing:
“Well cook?” “Why, body of my soul, sir, there’s the thing,
Had you said *psho! psho!* to your *roasted* crane,
Belike you’d seen its hidden leg again!”

M.L.B.

* * * * *

SPOONS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Spoons are objects of great antiquity, and our forefathers bestowed great pains in enriching them with masterly workmanship. So much did *taste* and fashion rule the time then, that spoons were distinguished as it were by so many devices. It was, and is still with some persons, a custom to present spoons at christenings, or on visiting “the lady in the straw;” and in both cases they were adorned with suitable imagery. A gentleman with whom

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I am acquainted, and who “keeps a cabinet of curiosities,” lately showed me two very curious silver spoons, which he informed me had remained in his family many years; but how they became possessed of them, he could only say that he attributed it to the custom of presenting spoons on certain occasions. One was beautifully wrought; the bowl was very large, and its edges carved with exquisite workmanship. In the middle of the bowl was a representation of “the nativity,” carved in so masterly a manner, that, although it was considerably defaced, it must have required the ablest artists to accomplish. The handle, which was likewise superbly carved, ended in a figure of the Virgin Mary, with our Saviour in her lap. The other spoon was so much injured, that we could trace out nothing decisive; although here and there we could perceive it had been richly ornamented.

The same gentleman also showed me a set of Apostle-spoons, which, although objects of curiosity, had, in conformity with the prevailing fashion, undergone the alteration of the silversmith. There were twelve of them, each of which represented an Apostle, boldly carved on the handle; a large round hat is placed on each of their heads, which was probably to save the features from being injured. They are standing on the stem of the spoon, which is carved somewhat like a Doric pillar. The bowls are very large and deep, and are rather awkwardly turned in at the sides. A complete set, in good condition, is very rare and valuable; and it is to be regretted that so many of these relics have fallen into the silversmith’s furnace, merely for the sake of their silver.

Apostle-spoons were presented by sponsors or visitors at christenings and at marriages; and those who could not afford a complete set, gave one or two, as their circumstances might permit. Some presented a spoon with the figure of the saint after whom the child was baptized, or to whom it was dedicated. In his “Bartholomew Fair,” Ben Jonson has a character to say, “And all this for a couple of apostle-spoons and a cup to eat caudle in.” Likewise in the “Noble Gentleman,” by Beaumont and Fletcher,

“I’ll be a gossip, Bewford—
I have an odd apostle-spoon.”

In “The Gossips,” a poem, by Shipman, in 1666, there is the following mention of the custom of presenting apostle-spoons at christenings, which it appears was then on the decline:—

“*Formerly*, when they used to troul Gilt bowls of sack, they gave the bowl Two *spoons* at least—an *use ill kept*; ’Tis well if now our own be left.”

On St. Paul’s, or any other apostle’s day, it was usual for persons of quality to send round a present of a spoon with the figure of such apostle to their friends. In some

Catholic families these and the before-mentioned customs are still retained, though I question whether the spoons are enriched with such superb workmanship.

W.H.H.

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THE TOPOGRAPHER.

* * * * *

HORSHAM, SUSSEX.

The town of Horsham is pleasantly situated on the river Arun, in the county of Sussex, about 36 miles S. by W. of London. It is a borough, and contains the county gaol. The spring assizes are likewise held here. Horsham is of considerable antiquity. It was founded by Horsa, the Saxon, about the year A.D. 450, to employ his soldiers while he was enslaved by the captivating chains of a lovely country girl, the daughter of a woodman in the forest. The town was named after himself, Horsa, and the Saxon word Ham, signifying a home. Horsa was killed in Kent, in a battle fought between the Britons and the Saxons, and was buried at Horsted, named also after him, Horsa, and Sted, signifying a place. The foundation of the church is uncertain; but it can be traced as far back as the reign of Henry I. A.D. 1100. The oldest tombstone in the church is to the memory of Robert Hurst, of Hurst Hill, in this county, who died 1483.[1] The church is at the southern extremity of the town, at the foot of Denne, or Dane Hill, on the summit of which is an artificial mound, raised by the Danes after the death of Guthrum, their chief, to defend themselves from Alfred the Great. The top of this mound commands an extensive view, a most prominent feature of which is a part of the forest of St. Leonard, called Mike Mills' Race, a beautiful avenue, a mile and a quarter long, containing about 15,000 full-grown trees. There is a legend connected with this "race," viz. that this part of Horsham Forest was the haunt of Mike Mills, a noted smuggler, whom his Satanic Majesty had often endeavoured to carry off in vain. He therefore determined on attacking him in his strong hold; and accordingly met Mike one night accompanied by other more congenial spirits, when old Nick challenged Mike as his property. Mike, nothing daunted, set down his tubs, took advantage of Nick's old age, and challenged him to a race. "If you can catch me, Nick, before I get to the end of the avenue, you shall have me; if not, you'll have nothing more to do with me."—"Agreed," says Nick. Away ran Mike—away ran Nick. Nick being of too hot a temperament was soon knocked up, and Mike won the race by half a mile; from which circumstance the place was named, and Mike Mills rendered immortal.

W. BERGER.

[1] The steeple of the church, which is 150 feet high, is shingled, which is the prevailing mode of the village churches in Sussex. It has also one of the finest windows in Sussex.

* * * * *

THE SELECTOR, AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS

* * * * *

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON AT SOCCATOO.

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Agreeably to our promise at the close of the *Memoir of Captain Clapperton*, prefixed to Vol. XI. of THE MIRROR, we subjoin the following very interesting narrative of the death of this enterprising traveller, as narrated by Richard Lander, his servant. It forms, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the *Journal of the Second Expedition*, just published; and to the readers of the foregoing memoir, will afford still further illustration of all that we have there said of the high character of Clapperton, and his faithful attendant, Lander.

On the 12th of March 1827, I was greatly alarmed on finding my dear master attacked with dysentery. He had been complaining a day or two previously of a burning heat in his stomach, unaccompanied, however, by any other kind of pain. From the moment he was taken ill he perspired freely, and big drops of sweat were continually rolling over every part of his body, which weakened him exceedingly. It being the fast of Rhamadan, I could get no one, not even our own servants, to render me the least assistance. I washed the clothes, which was an arduous employment, and obliged to be done eight or nine times each day, lit and kept in the fire, and prepared the victuals myself; and in the intermediate time was occupied in fanning my poor master, which was also a tedious employment. Finding myself unable to pay proper attention to his wants in these various avocations, I sent to Mallam Mudey, on the 13th, entreating him to send me a female slave to perform the operation of fanning. On her arrival I gave her a few beads, and she immediately began her work with spirit; but she soon relaxed in her exertions, and becoming tired, ran away, on pretence of going out for a minute, and never returned. Alla Sellakee, a young man my master had purchased on the road from Kano to take care of the camels, and whom he had invariably treated with his usual kindness, and given him his freedom, no sooner was made acquainted with his master's illness than he became careless and idle, and instead of leading the camels to the rich pasturage in the vicinity of Soccatoo, let them stray wherever they pleased, whilst he himself either loitered about the city, or mixed with the most degraded people in it: by this means the camels became quite lean; and being informed of the reason, I told my master, who instantly discharged him from his service.

My master grew weaker daily, and the weather was insufferably hot, the thermometer being, in the coolest place, 107 at twelve in the morning, and 109 at three in the afternoon. At his own suggestion I made a couch for him outside the hut, in the shade, and placed a mat for myself by its side. For five successive days I took him in my arms from his bed in the hut to the couch outside, and back again at sunset, after which time he was too much debilitated to be lifted from the bed on which he lay. He attempted to write once, and but once, during his illness; but before

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paper and ink could be brought him, he had sunk back on his pillow, completely exhausted by his ineffectual attempt to sit up in his bed. Fancying by various symptoms he had been poisoned, I asked him one day whether he thought that, in any of his visits the Arabs or Tuaricks, any poisonous ingredients had been put into the camel's milk they had given him, of which he was particularly fond. He replied, "No, my dear boy; no such thing has been done, I assure you. Do you remember," he continued, "that when on a shooting excursion at Magaria, in the early part of February, after walking the whole of the day, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, I was fatigued, and lay down under the branches of a tree for some time? The earth was soft and wet, and from that hour to the present I have not been free from cold: this has brought on my present disorder, from which, I believe, I shall never recover."

For twenty days my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. He told me he felt no pain; but this was spoken only to comfort me, for he saw I was dispirited. His sufferings must have been acute. During this time he was gradually, but perceptibly, declining; his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, and indeed was little better than a skeleton. I was the only person, with one exception, he saw in his sickness. Abderachman, an Arab from Fezzan, came to him one day, and wished to pray with him, after the manner of his countrymen, but was desired to leave the apartment instantly. His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness; but being an utter stranger to the language, I did not understand the tenor of his remarks. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the 95th Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to, and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention. The constant agitation of mind and exertions of body I had myself undergone for so long a time, never having in a single instance slept out of my clothes, weakened me exceedingly, and a fever came on not long before my master's death, which hung upon me for fifteen days, and ultimately brought me to the very verge of the grave. Finding myself unequal to pay that attention to my master's wants which his situation so particularly required, I solicited and obtained his consent to have old Pascoe once more to assist me. On entering the hut, he fell on his knees, and prayed to be forgiven, promising to be faithful to my master's service. Master immediately pardoned him, and said he would forget all that had passed, if he conducted himself well: by this means the washing and all the drudgery was taken from my shoulders, and I was enabled to devote all my time and attention to my master's person. I fanned him for hours together, and this seemed to cool the burning heat of his body, of which he repeatedly complained. Almost the whole of his conversation turned upon his country and friends, but I never heard him regret his leaving them; indeed he was patient and resigned to the last, and a murmur of disappointment never escaped his lips.

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On the 1st of April, he became considerably worse, and though evidently in want of repose, his sleep became more and more disturbed. He swallowed eight drops of laudanum, four times a day, for three days; but finding it did him not the least benefit, he discontinued taking it altogether: this, with the exception of two papers of Seidlitz powders and four ounces of Epsom salts, was the only medicine he had during his illness. On the 9th, Maddic, a native of Bornou, whom master had retained in his service, brought him about twelve ounces of green bark from the butter tree, and said it would do him much good. Notwithstanding all my remonstrances, master immediately ordered a decoction of it to be prepared, observing, "No man will injure me." Accordingly Maddie himself boiled two basins-full, the whole of which he drank in less than an hour. Next morning he was much altered for the worse, and regretted his not having followed my advice. About twelve o'clock of the same day, he said, "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying." Almost choked with grief, I replied, "God forbid, my dear master: you will live many years yet." "Don't be so much affected, my dear boy, I entreat you," said he: "it is the will of the Almighty; it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the colonial office, and let him see you deposit them safely into the hands of the secretary. After I am buried, apply to Bello, and borrow money to purchase camels and provisions for your journey over the desert, and go in the train of the Arab merchants to Fezzan. On your arrival there, should your money be exhausted, send a messenger to Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, and wait till he returns with a remittance. On reaching Tripoli, that gentleman will advance what money you may require, and send you to England the first opportunity. Do not lumber yourself with my books; leave them behind, as well as the barometer, boxes, and sticks, and indeed every heavy article you can conveniently part with; give them to Malam Mudey, who will take care of them. The wages I agreed to give you my agents will pay, as well as the sum government allowed me for a servant; you will of course receive it, as Columbus has never served me. Remark what towns or villages you pass through; pay attention to whatever the chiefs may say to you, and put it on paper. The little money I have, and all my clothes, I leave you: sell the latter, and put what you may receive for them into your pocket; and if, on your journey, you should be obliged to expend it, government will repay you on your return." I said, as well as my agitation would permit me, "If it be the will of God to take you, you may rely on my faithfully performing, as far as I am able, all that you have desired; but I trust the Almighty will spare you, and you will yet live to see your country."

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"I thought I should at one time, Richard," continued he; "but all is now over; I shall not be long for this world; but God's will be done." He then took my hand betwixt his, and looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low but deeply affecting tone, "My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me, and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you." This conversation occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times, and was distressed beyond measure. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard with much distinctness the tolling of an English funeral bell: I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they hear and see things which can possibly have no existence. He made no reply.

About six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, on asking how he did, my master answered he was much better, and requested me to shave him. He had not sufficient strength to lift his head from the pillow; and after finishing one side of the face, I was obliged to turn his head, in order to shave the other. As soon as it was done, he desired me to fetch him a looking-glass which hung on the other side of the hut. On seeing himself in it, he observed that he looked quite as ill at Bornou, on his former journey: and as he had borne his disorder so long a time, he might yet recover. On the following day he still fancied himself getting better. I began to flatter myself, also, that he was considerably improved. He eat a bit of hashed guinea-fowl in the day, which he had not done before since his illness, deriving his sole sustenance from a little fowl-soup and milk and water. On the morning of the 13th, however, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult; at the same instant he called out, "Richard!" in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished at seeing him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms, and placing his head gently on my left shoulder, gazed a moment on his pale and altered features; some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very ill, I called out with all my strength, "O God, my master is dying!" which brought Pascoe and Mudey into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left his body, I desired Pascoe to fetch some water, with which I washed the corpse. I then got Pascoe and Mudey to assist me in taking it outside of the hut, laid it on a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving

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it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about twelve o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly, I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing a union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we halted at Jungavie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Soccatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a most indecent noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master. The pit was speedily filled, and I returned to the village, about thirty yards to the east of the grave, and giving the most respectable inhabitants, both male and female, a few trifling presents, entreated them to let no one disturb its sacred contents, I also gave them 2,000 cowries to build a house, four feet high, over the spot, which they promised to do. I then returned, disconsolate and oppressed, to my solitary habitation, and leaning my head on my hand, could not help being deeply affected with my lonesome and dangerous situation; a hundred and fifteen days' journey from the sea-coast, surrounded by a selfish and cruel race of strangers, my only friend and protector mouldering in his grave, and myself suffering dreadfully from fever. I felt, indeed, as if I stood alone in the world, and earnestly wished I had been laid by the side of my dear master: all the trying evils I had endured never affected me half so much as the bitter reflections of that distressing period. After a sleepless night, I went alone to the grave, and found that nothing had been done, nor did there seem the least inclination on the part of the inhabitants of the village to perform their agreement. Knowing it would be useless to remonstrate with them, I hired two slaves at Soccatoo the next day, who went immediately to work, and the house over the grave was finished on the 15th.

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One instance, out of many of the kindness and affection with which my departed master uniformly treated me, occurred at Jenna, on our journey into the interior. I was dangerously ill with fever in that place, when he generously gave up his own bed to me, and slept himself on my mat, watched over me with parental assiduity and tenderness, and ministered to all my wants. No one can express the joy he felt on my recovery; and who, possessing a spark of gratitude, could help returning it but by the most inviolable attachment and devoted zeal? It was his sympathy for me in all my sufferings that had so powerful a claim on my feelings and affections, and taught me to be grateful to him in hours of darkness and distress, when pecuniary recompense was entirely out of the question.

The great sufferings, both mental and bodily, I had undergone at the death and burial of my master, and the constant agitation in which I was kept, occasioned a rapid increase in my disorder; and on the 16th I could with difficulty crawl round my hut, and was obliged to lay myself on my mat, from which I had not strength to arise till the 27th; old Pascoe, during that period, being very kind and attentive to me.

In the course of this day (27th) the Gadado, Malem Moodie, and Sidi Sheik, came with a commission from the sultan to search my boxes, as he had been informed they were filled with gold and silver; but, to their great amazement, found I had not sufficient money to defray my expenses to the sea-coast. They, however, took an inventory of all my articles, and carried it to Bello. The gold watch intended for him, and the private watches of Captains Clapperton and Pearce, I had taken the precaution to conceal about my person. In a short time the Gadado and his companions returned with a message from the sultan, commanding me to deliver to them the following articles, viz. a rifle-gun, double-barrelled ditto, two bags of ball, a canister of powder, a bag of flints, a ream and a half of paper, and six gilt chains, for which he promised to give me whatever I might ask. I consequently charged him 245,000 cowries, which I was to receive from Hadji Hat Sallah, at Kano; and an order was given me to receive this sum, and, what more I might require in my journey over the Great Desert. A letter was also sent by me to Hadji Hat Sallah.

* * * * *

SONG.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth, and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!
Shule asucur, agus shule, aroon! [2]
My love! my pearl!

My own dear girl!
My mountain maid arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes.
Shule, Shule, &c.



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I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting signs.
Shule, Shule, &c.

But we were known from infancy,
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.
Shule, Shule, &c.

And yet, (to see what love can do!)
Though calm my hope has burned, and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes!
Shule, Shule, &c.

But soon my love shall be my bride
And happy by our own fire-side,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
That lingering Hope denies.
Shule, Shule, &c.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!
Shule, asucur, agus shule, aroon!
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!—*The Collegians*

[2] Come! come! Come, my darling—
Come, softly,—and come, my love!

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SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

* * * * *

Pyrothonide.



A French physician has lately introduced into the *Materia Medica*, a substance produced by the combustion of linen, hemp, or cotton cloth, in the open air. He considers it useful in various inflammatory affections, especially in ophthalmia, or diseases of the eye, and chilblains. To prepare pyrothonide, take a handful of cloth, old or new, place it in a shallow basin, set fire to it, moving it about, so that the basin do not become too hot; after the combustion is finished, throw out the ashes; at the bottom of the vessel will be found a semi-aqueous, semi-oleaginous product, of a reddish brown colour, and possessing a pungent odour. Pour upon this 5 oz. of cold water, which will dissolve it entirely, forming the solution of pyrothonide, which is used in a more or less diluted state, as may be requisite, for collyria, fomentations, &c—*Medical Journal*.

French Carpet.

At the exhibition in the Louvre for 1827, was a carpet which occupied two years in making, and contains 3 or 4,000 ostrich feathers.

French Pigs.

Whoever has travelled from Calais to Paris must have noticed the lank, greyhound-like forms of the French pigs; but it is not perhaps generally known that the Chinese and English breeds are getting into use for crossing. The fact that there are four millions of pigs yearly killed in France, shows of how great importance they are to agriculturists.

Indian Plaster.

All the fine plaster with which the walls of the houses are covered in India, and which is so much admired by strangers, is composed of a mixture of fine lime and soapstone, rubbed down with water: when the plaster is nearly dry, it is rubbed over with a dry piece of soapstone, which gives it a polish very much resembling that of well-polished marble.

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Method of preserving Currants fresh till January or February.

When the fruit is ripe, choose those bushes enjoying a southern aspect, and which are most convenient in their shape, and most loaded with fruit, and surround them with thick straw mats, so that they shall be completely sheltered from atmospheric cold and other changes. By this simple method it will be found that the fruit may be preserved quite fresh till after Christmas.

H.B.A.

Chromate of Iron.

Is used in painting, dyeing, and calico-printing; and its value is so great, the proprietor of a serpentine tract in Shetland, where chromate of iron was found by Professor Jameson, cleared, in a few years, 8,000l.—*Dr. Murray.*

Temperature of Springs.

In those situations where the cold is not sufficient to hinder the circulation of water, the temperature of perennial springs is almost identical with the atmosphere. Thus, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, the temperature of the perennial springs agrees with the mean temperature of the atmosphere. The same is the case in the whole of Atlantic Europe, and also to a great extent in Southern Europe. The temperature of springs in northern regions, when the surface water is frozen, is higher than the mean temperature of the superincumbent atmosphere; and in the countries from the south of Europe to the Tropic, the temperature of springs is lower than that of the medium temperature of the atmosphere.

Humboldt's Journey to Siberia.

Humboldt, although now past his 60th year, will leave Germany in the spring, accompanied by Professor G. Rose, for Siberia. He will probably extend his researches to the high land which separates India from the Russian empire.

Egyptian Manuscript relative to the History of Sesostris.

At the sitting of the Aix Academy, on the 3rd of August, M. Sallier read a report of some very important discoveries in Egyptian history, made at his house, and amongst his Egyptian papyri, by M. Champollion, jeune. The latter gentleman was on his way to Egypt with M. Rosellini, and stopped two days with M. Sallier previous to proceeding to Toulon for the purpose of embarking. During this short period he examined ten or twelve Egyptian papyri, which had been purchased some years ago, with other antiquities, from an Egyptian sailor. They were principally prayers or rituals which had been deposited with mummies; but there was also the contract of the sale of a house in

the reign of one of the Ptolemies; and finally three rolls united together and written over with fine demotic characters, reserved, as is well known, for civil purposes.

The first of these rolls was of considerable size, and to M. Champollion's astonishment contained a *History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhamses*, called also *Sethos*, or *Sethosis*, and *Sesoosis*, giving accounts the most circumstantial of his conquests, the countries which he traversed, his forces, and details of his army. The manuscript is finished with a declaration of the historian, who, after stating his names and titles, says he wrote in the ninth year of the reign of Sesostris Rhamses, king of kings, a lion in combats, &c.

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M. Champollion has promised, that, on his return from Egypt, he will fix the manuscript on cloth for its future preservation, and give a complete translation. The period of the history is close to the time of Moses; and apparently the great Sesostris was the son of the king who pursued the Israelites to the borders of the Red Sea; so that a most important period in ancient history will be elucidated.

On the same MS. commences another composition, called *Praises of the great King Amemnengon*. There are only a few leaves of it, and they form the beginning of the history contained in the second roll. This Amemnengon is supposed to have reigned before Sesostris, because the author wrote in the ninth year of the reign of the latter. M. Champollion had not time to enter into a particular examination of these rolls.

The third roll relates to astronomy or astrology, or more likely to both these subjects. It has not been far opened; but will probably prove of the utmost interest, if, as it is expected, it contains any account of the system of the heavens as known to or acknowledged by the Egyptians and Chaldeans, the authors of astronomical science.

A small basaltic figure was purchased with the MSS., and it is supposed found with them. On the shoulders of the figure is written in hieroglyphic characters the name, with the addition of *clerk and friend of Sesostris*. It did not occur to ascertain, until M. Champollion was gone, whether the name on the figure was the same with any of those mentioned in the rolls as belonging to the historian, or to others.—*From the French*.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

* * * * *

THE VICAR.

A SECOND EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,



Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean clipt rows of box and myrtle.
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasp'd his pond'rous Barrow:
What'er the stranger's cast or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.



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If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
And warm'd himself in court or college,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipp'd from politics to puns;
It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablish'd truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them;
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay.
And hints to noble lords and nurses:
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.



He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus;
From him I learn'd the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quae genus:
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in;
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

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Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down.
And construe on the slab before you,
Hic jacet
GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus lauru.

New Monthly Magazine.

* * * * *

TAILORS.

There is nothing upon earth that is of so much utility to men in general as fine clothes. A splendid equipage, a magnificent house, may draw the gaze of idle passers, and excite an occasional inquiry. But who, that has entered taverns and coffeehouses, has not perceived that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers? Any stranger, elegantly and fashionably attired, will find little difficulty in obtaining deference, politeness, and even credit, in every shop he enters; whereas the stranger, in more homely, or less modish garb, is really nobody. In truth, the gentleman is distinguished in the crowd only by the cut of his trousers, and he carries his patent of nobility in his coat-lap. And to whom does he owe this index of his identity, but to his despised and much calumniated tailor?

There is not a metamorphosis in all the pages of Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. If there be the most unpleasant disproportions in the turn of your limbs—any awkwardness or deformity in your figure, the enchantment of this mighty wizard instantly communicates symmetry and elegance. The incongruous and unseemly furrows of your shape become smooth and harmonized; and the total want of all shape is immediately supplied by the beautiful undulations of the coat, and the graceful fall of the pantaloons. And all this is by the potency of your tailor. His necromantic skill, unlike that of too many practisers of supernatural arts, is exercised only for the benefit of the world: and whilst Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into brute beasts, the benevolent enchanter of our day transforms brute beasts into handsome and attractive men. Nay, had Olympus been furnished with a tailor, Brotheus would have had no necessity to burn himself to death for the purpose of escaping ridicule from the gods on account of his deformity.

But he who is most indebted to this manufacturer of elegant forms, is the lover; and the base ingratitude of this sort of person is dreadfully enormous. After he has riveted the

gaze of his mistress upon his charming figure, drawn forth sighs of admiration for his remarkable elegance, excited the most tender perturbations by the grace of his movements, and finally acquired a complete surrender of her heart by the striking interest of his attitude when kneeling at her feet, he ignorantly and presumptuously ascribes

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this to his own intrinsic qualities, without ever remembering that the abilities of his tailor are the sole source of all his success. The very being, who has endowed such a man with all his attractions, rests contented with the payment of his bills, (if he be fortunate enough to obtain that;) whilst the other, by the power of fascinations so procured, obtains a lovely wife and twenty thousand pounds. *Sic vos non vobis*, &c.

Such is the skill of that wonderful being, the tailor, that his transformations are not more extraordinary than sudden. The time which is occupied in thus new-moulding the human frame is really trivial compared with the stupendous change which is literally wrought. It is true, the soul may remain the same, but a new body is actually given to it by the interposition of vestiary talent: and this is what we have always believed to be the genuine meaning of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras.

It is not, therefore, without the most cogent reasons that we assert our opinion, that the distich of Pope, "Worth makes the man," or the title appended by Colley Cibber to one of his dramas, "Love makes the man," ought henceforth to yield, in point of truth, to the irrefragable principle which we here solemnly advance, "that it is the tailor makes the man."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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THE ACTOR.

Perhaps Fortune does not buffet any set of beings with more industry, and withal less effect, than Actors. There may be something in the habitual mutability of their feelings that evades the blow; they live, in a great measure, out of this dull sphere, "which men call earth;" they assume the dress, the tone, the gait of emperors, kings, nobles; the world slides, and they mark it not. The Actor leaves his home, and forgets every domestic exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time likewise not spent on the stage is passed in preparation for the night; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our Actor like swan-shot from an elephant, If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones, and quiver in the marrow.

Our Actor—mind, we are speaking of players in the mass—is the most joyous, careless, superficial flutterer in existence. He knows every thing, yet has learned nothing; he has played at ducks and drakes over every rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into any thing beyond a play-book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture a scrap of Latin, be sure there is among his luggage a dictionary of quotations; if he speak of history,—why he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves; there is nothing worthy of a moment's



devotion one hundred yards from the green-room. It is amusing to perceive how blind, how dead, is our real Actor to the stir and turmoil of politics; he will turn from a Salamanca to admire a *Sir John Brute's* wig; Waterloo sinks into insignificance before the amber-headed cane of a *Sir Peter Teazle*. What is St. Stephen's to him—what the memory of Burke and Chatham? To be sure, Sheridan is well remembered; but then Sheridan wrote the *Critic*.

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A mackerel lives longer out of water than does an Actor out of his element: he cannot, for a minute, “look abroad into universality.” Keep him to the last edition of a new or old play, the burning of the two theatres, or an anecdote of John Kemble, and our Actor sparkles amazingly. Put to him an unprofessional question, and you strike him dumb; an abstract truth locks his jaws. On the contrary, listen to the stock-joke; lend an attentive ear to the witticism clubbed by the whole green-room—for there is rarely more than *one* at a time in circulation—and no man talks faster—none with a deeper delight to himself—none more profound, more knowing. The conversation of our Actor is a fine “piece of mosaic.” Here Shakspeare is laid under contribution—here Farquhar—here Otway. We have an undigested mass of quotations, dropping without order from him. In words he is absolutely impoverishable. What a lion he stalks in a country town! How he stilts himself upon his jokes over the sleek, unsuspecting heads of his astonished hearers! He tells a story; and, for the remainder of the night, sits embosomed in the ineffable lustre of his humour.—*Monthly Mag.*

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THE NOVELIST.

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THE BROKEN HEART.

A mutual affection had existed from their very childhood between Henri Merville and Louise Courtin; their respective parents were near neighbours, and on very friendly terms with one another; they, therefore, watched the infantile attachment of their children with great pleasure, and with still more self-congratulation did they perceive that, growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, it had ripened into an ardent and deep-rooted passion. When Henri, however, had attained his twentieth year, Louise being also only seventeen, it became necessary that he should leave the humble village of Verny, and perfect himself in his trade as a cabinet-maker, by visiting and working in some large and opulent towns. The lovers, amid their increasing happiness, had never thought of this long separation; so that when Henri was told by his father that he must leave home, and be away three years, and Louise informed by her mother of the same circumstance, the intelligence came upon them like an earthquake. Woman’s feelings are more easily excited, and Louise felt as if Verny would be a desert without her dear Henri; he too was sad enough, although the preparations for his journey occupied the greatest portion of his time, and prevented his so continually thinking of the separation as she did. Grief and regret were useless; the parting hour arrived, and the now miserable pair were left to themselves. They mutually made vows of eternal constancy and fidelity; as is the custom in the provinces, they *exchanged rings*, and became rather more resigned to their unavoidable separation.

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Henri at last departed, and was ten miles from Verny before he could comprehend how he had summoned up resolution enough to leave it. Louise, shut up in her little room, was weeping bitterly, and felt no inclination to go out, since she could no longer meet Henri; but, in a short time, both of them, without feeling less regret, bethought themselves of making the wearisome interval useful to their future prospects.

During the first eighteen months, he travelled about from town to town; but at last, in Lyons, made an engagement with a person who had a very extensive business, of the name of Gerval, for the remaining period. His master preferred cards and the bottle to work, and finding Henri honest and attentive, was anxious to retain him in his situation. He had a daughter, named Annette, a quick, lively, and fascinating girl, who seemed rather disposed to coquet with Henri, and was somewhat frequently in the workshop with him. Gerval observed, and by no means discouraged, this, thinking that, even after all, his assistant would become neither a bad partner for Annette nor himself; and that their intercourse, at all events, would keep away Louis, a former workman, who had affected a great regard for his daughter, but possessed very little inclination to use the saw or the plane. All this attention was very delightful to Henri, particularly as it proceeded from so interesting a creature as his present companion. Are, then, Verny and the sorrowful Louise quite forgotten? It must be confessed, that they almost escaped his memory, when thus employed with Annette; but, to do him justice, in the solitude of his chamber he experienced feelings almost akin to remorse; often in his dreams did he behold Louise, ever tender, ever affectionate, as in their infancy; this vision was recalled when he awoke, and he arose, vowing that she should never have a rival in his heart: but Henri was young, Louise two hundred *miles* off, and Annette only two *steps*.

Gerval, to keep away all aspirants, gave it out that they were betrothed, and especially informed Louis, the dismissed swain, of this agreement, who, in consequence thereof, immediately left Lyons. Henri's time, meanwhile, was passing away; he had received some very tender letters from Louise, and had written to her, but less frequently than he would have done if Annette had not occupied his leisure hours. Having, however, received no intelligence from Verny for more than three months, he began to be disquieted, and determined to leave Gerval, notwithstanding all Annette's attractions. To be sure, he had found her very pretty and agreeable—he had romped and flirted with her—but had never, for a moment, thought of marrying her, and had, strictly speaking, been faithful to Louise. Judge then of his surprise, when, one night, Gerval returned home half-drunk, and asked them, if they were not beginning to think of the wedding. Annette threw herself into her father's arms; Henri, pale

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as death, hid his face with his hands, and knew not how to articulate a refusal; and Gerval, at the sight of this confusion, burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; "You put me in mind," said he, at last, "of one of those *ninnies* of lovers on the stage, who throw themselves on their knees before their mistresses, as if they were idols. Come, my lad, embrace your betrothed—exchange rings—and long live joy, for it costs nothing." The words "*exchange rings*" restored Henri to his senses, for he thought he beheld his beloved Louise, amid her tears, softly exclaim, "Dear Henri, what will become of me without you?" And this ring, too, which was asked from him, was the self-same one that he had received from her!—He immediately addressed Gerval in a firm, yet touching, tone of voice, and, having thanked him, told him that he should never forget his friendship and his kind intentions, that he should always love Annette as a sister, but that he could not marry her, because he was already engaged in his own native place. He requested him to ask his daughter if he had ever said a single word about marriage to her; he might, indeed, have added, that he had often spoken to her of Louise, and showed her the ring, about which she had teased him; but he did not wish to draw the old man's reproaches on *her*. These reproaches all fell on *him*; he bore them, however, with so much gentleness, that Gerval, who was "*a good sort of fellow*," was, in the end, affected by it. "Go, then, and marry your betrothed," said he, in a half-friendly, half-vexed, tone; "since it is not Annette, the sooner you set off the better. I must say, I shall regret you; and you may, perhaps, sometime or other, regret old Gerval and his daughter."

Henri took his departure on the next day, quite overpowered at the idea of having bidden Annette adieu for ever. During the four or five first days, the young traveller was pensive enough: Annette's smiling countenance occupied his thoughts, but he could no longer dissemble from himself, that he had acted unkindly towards Louise—"Annette will console herself; but will the gentle Louise forgive me? Oh, yes!—she is so good; I will tell her every thing, and she will admire my fidelity, when she knows how fascinating Annette was, and in what a situation I was placed." Full of this fond hope, he pursued his journey more gaily, and the nearer he approached his own dear province, the more was Annette effaced from his thoughts; for every thing around him inspired him with the sweetest reminiscences. It was just the beginning of May: each lover, on the first Sunday of that month, planted a young fir, or birch-tree, adorned with flowers, before his fair one's door. Henri thought how many he had fixed before the window of his dear Louise, and how happy he had been on hearing it said, the next day, that the loveliest girl in the village had had the finest May-offering. Oh! could he but arrive soon enough to announce his return in that

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way! He tried to do so, but his efforts were fruitless: the first Sunday arrived, and he was still two days' journey from Verny. In the evening he found himself in a large town, called Nuneville, fatigued with his now useless endeavours, and resolved to proceed no further that day. Every thing seemed prepared for the festival—the street was neat and clean—the fountains adorned with branches, and decorated with large nosegays, tied together with beautiful ribands—fir-trees marked the dwellings of the young females—all had flowers around them, but he remarked, that *one* had only white ones on it, fastened with a crape riband—the street was deserted. Before he could reach the inn, which was at the other end of the town, he had to pass by the church and the burial-ground; the former seemed full of women, and in the latter there was an open grave. This melancholy sight rendered it evident, that some one was dead; that her loss had suspended the public joy; and the *bouquet*, encircled with crape, had been planted before the “house of mourning.” He entered the church-yard—groups of females were walking there. They were conversing in a low tone, and Henri discovered that the deceased was young and beautiful; and that she had been the victim of a misplaced affection; he could not restrain his tears, for he thought how near, perhaps, he had been occasioning the death of his Louise. “But,” said one of the females, “why did she not imitate her fickle lover? Why did she not receive the addresses of your brother Guillaume?”—“She always told me,” replied Isabelle, (the person addressed, and who was in deeper mourning than the others,) “that she could only love once, and that she had no longer a heart to give.”—“Well, then,” said another, “was she sure that her lover was faithless?”—“Quite sure. She had long feared that he was; she saw it in his letters, for when a woman like Marie loves, the heart divines every thing; still, however, she flattered herself with the fond hope that he would return, and that her forgiveness of his neglect would revive in him all his former affection. Three months ago this hope was destroyed, she heard that he was—*married*. Since that time she has only languished; she wished to live for the sake of her parents, but her grief has proved the most powerful. He quitted me in the month of May,” said she to me; “in the month of May I shall quit life.” “That time is come, and Marie is no more.”—“Tell us her whole history,” exclaimed two or three of the listeners, at once. Isabelle consented; they were crowding round her, and Henri was approaching nearer, and redoubling his attention, when the funeral bell tolled drearily and solemnly. He started, and Isabelle said, with a sigh, “I must tell you my dear friend’s story another time; we must now accompany her remains to their last sad home, and place these flowers upon her coffin.”

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They walked on mournfully, two and two, and Henri followed them with an interest that he could not account for, or define. The coffin advanced, preceded by the priests, bearing torches that were obscured by the silvery light of the moon; it was carried by six men, and among them it was easy to recognise Guillaume, by his profound sorrow; for, to Henri's great surprise, he alone wept. The more aged men who followed the corpse, the one even next it, and who, of course, was the father, or nearest relative of the deceased, had, like the rest, merely a composed and serious countenance, undisfigured by any great affliction. The body was lowered into the grave; the officiating minister made a brief, and somewhat cold, discourse on the frailty of life; the young females afterwards came forward, and each threw her wreath of flowers on the coffin; and then chanted some rhymes.

The grave was then about to be filled up; the noise of the earth, in falling, resounded on the coffin, and Henri shuddered. The crowd gradually dispersed; Guillaume and Isabelle alone remained beside the tomb; Henri approached it, and Isabelle observing him, with a forced smile, said, "Did you know her? I have seen you follow the funeral train with apparent interest, and now I behold you in tears; are you a relation, friend, or only even a native of the same place?" Henri listened to these questions with great surprise; "I scarcely understand you," he at length replied; "I am merely a traveller; but the deceased was, doubtless, *your* friend?"—"Yes, my best, my dearest friend; yet our friendship was doomed to be of very short continuance. I was not at all acquainted with her until, about three months ago, she came to reside with my father, who is a physician, and to whose care her relations, when aware of her forlorn state, confided her." "Her relations," remarked Henri, "did not seem to be much affected; they appeared, indeed, quite resigned to their loss." "Her relations!" replied Isabelle, "she had none here; she was a stranger, and my father attended as chief mourner; he lamented her loss, but Marie was not his daughter, although I *myself* loved her as a sister." "Marie!" she was called Marie! but what was her family-name? Often shall I think of her unhappy destiny. "Marie was only a name that she adopted, and we called her, because she could never bear to hear her own." "Isabelle," said she to me, almost at our first meeting, "never name me as he who has destroyed me named me; never, I entreat you, call me *dear Louise*." "Louise!" exclaimed Henri, growing pale as death; "Louise!" "Yes, Louise Courtin, of Verny!" No sooner had Isabelle uttered these words, than she beheld the young traveller fall senseless beside the grave, feebly repeating the name of Louise. Isabelle, in alarm, called her brother to her assistance; they raised up the stranger, who opened his eyes for a moment, and again muttered the same words. "Gracious Providence!"

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exclaimed the affrighted girl, "it is—it must be—Henri!" The youth made an effort, and cried out, in a frantic manner: "Yes! Henri, the murderer of his beloved; the assassin of Louise!" He then again fell down exhausted, and to all appearance dead. Guillaume had him conveyed to his father's, where every assistance that skill could devise, was tendered him; but he only recovered his recollection sufficiently to learn from Isabelle, that a person named Louis had brought positive intelligence to Verny, that Henri had espoused his master's daughter at Lyons; that her father himself had made him acquainted with the circumstance, and that he had seen the newly married couple in all the raptures of connubial happiness. It was impossible to discredit this news, which was a death-blow to the sensitive Louise.

After having listened to this melancholy narrative, Henri, when he had regained sufficient composure, entrusted Isabelle with his vindication, for Louise's parents and his own, and expired without a groan the next day. The same moon which had illuminated his betrothed's funeral shone upon his, and they repose beside each other in the picturesque burial-ground of Nuneville, not quite forgotten or unlamented by its inhabitants.—*Abridged from a collection of interesting Tales and Sketches, entitled "A Cantab's Leisure."*

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THE ANECDOTE GALLERY.

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BEARS ON THE ICE.

From the Tales of a Voyager.

With two boats, we assailed six of these animals, who had collected round the "crang," or carcass of a whale. After lying at the bottom of the sea for some time, the body of the whale rises to the surface, probably buoyed up by gas generated by putrefaction in its entrails. This circumstance is by no means uncommon, especially late in the summer, when time has been allowed for fermentation; but it seems to point out that the depths of the Arctic Ocean contain few or no animals to prey upon the numerous carcasses which are let sink after flinching, since, otherwise, the mass would become pierced and unable to float, if not wholly devoured. We slew five of the six bears, and brought a half-grown cub on board alive. This poor harmless beast was wounded in two or three places superficially with a boat hook, but its disposition seemed scarcely to have warranted these trifling blows. I was moved to compassion as it sat upon the jaw-bone of a whale, which projected beneath the taffrail, at one moment devouring pieces of its

mother and sister with avidity, and at the next stretching its throat and blaring out mournfully, when a fragment of ice met its view, passing astern as we sailed on our course. It was about the size of a sheep, and after their tea the sailors got it down below, and turned it loose betwixt decks, from whence it sent up all hands with precipitation,

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some of them quitting their berths half-naked, as if a fall had been called. After a sufficient allowance of frolic had gratified the crew, a daring Shetlander collared the bear as if it had been a dog, and fastened a fresh rope round its neck, and having forced it to leap overboard, the rope's end was thrown to the boat's crew of a visiter, at that moment about to leave us, and it was towed or rather led away. The following day I saw its skin stretched on the shrouds of the vessel, to whose captain it had been presented. The other bear chace was after a monstrous male, who resolutely faced us, and would have boarded our boat had it not shot past him. He was flanked by the ship, which had run down upon him as he lay exactly in her course, and by the boat, which had got between him and the ice, and seeing no other resource, he turned upon the boat. When discovered, he was so near the floe that, wishing to intercept him, we leaped into the boat, and lowered away without waiting for a gun; we were, therefore, obliged to meet him at close quarters. But while we stood prepared, Shipley with a lance, and myself with the boat's hatchet, to receive his onset, the skiff was allowed to keep on her headway, and we passed beyond our foe, who took advantage of the error, and dashed forward to the ice, which he gained just as our boat in pursuit of him ran her nose up against the floe, and almost tripped his heels.

It was said by the harpooner, who first caught sight of this bear, that he was floating on his back in the water; and Greenlanders maintain, how truly or wrongly I know not, that bears sometimes throw themselves into this position to avoid being seen. Another reason for this attitude they affirm to be, a power possessed by bears of flinging themselves suddenly forward, by a violent jerk, whilst extended on their backs, so as to bring themselves at once into a boat; but this is a feat of which I do not believe them capable. Whilst speaking of bears, I may mention here, that the mate of the Dundee nearly lost his life this summer, from the fury of a she brownie, who attacked him on the ice. After killing her cub, he had fired at her, and struck her on the jaw, which remained gasping, as if dislocated, and believing her *hors de combat*, he got upon the floe, to take possession of her slain offspring. The she bear, however, though she had fled, now returned, and rushing towards her enemy, threw him down, but was unable to mangle him; for though her mouth was wide open, she had lost the ability to close it. Nevertheless, she mounted upon his prostrate body, and trampled it severely, before the crew of his boat could come to his rescue. When they did arrive, a sailor who brought the gun lost his presence of mind at the sight before him, and stood staring at the scene inactive; others, more bold, thrust the bear aside with lances; and the mate being freed from its weight, arose, took the gun from its bearer, and shot away the unlucky lower jaw of the beast completely. She then fell a victim to the weapons of his men. When I received this account from him, he was nearly recovered from the violence he had suffered from the enraged brute, but not till after having been for some time confined to his hammock.



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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN THEATRES.

It appears, that our ancient theatres were little better than *barns*, while those of the present day may vie with palaces in extent, splendour, and decoration; and nothing can more strongly exhibit the contrast between the present age and that of Queen Elizabeth, than the difference in the expense of a London theatre. The Rose playhouse, which was erected about the year 1592, cost only 103*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*,—a sum which would scarcely pay half the expenses of a modern patent theatre for a single night. Only let the reader think of the rush roof of the *Globe*, and the gilt-work ceilings of our present theatres; the open area,—and the cloth-covered seats of the pit; and the magnificence of our saloons, halls, staircases, and corridors,—all in the noblest style of architectural decoration—*Companion to the Theatres*.

* * * * *

Covent Garden was once the emporium of the arts and sciences, and the residence of the chief nobility of the kingdom. Barton Booth lived at No. 4, Charles-street; Colley Cibber lived at No. 3; and Easty's Hotel, Southampton-street, was Mr. Garrick's; Mrs. Oldfield lived in the same street; Wilkes built the house in Bow-street, next door but one to the theatre—Garrick and Macklin lodged in it.—*Ibid*.

* * * * *

At Kirlees, Yorkshire, about three miles from Hutherfield, is, or was lately, a funeral monument of the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, with the following inscription:—

Here, undernead dis laid stean,
Lais Robert, Earl of Huntingtun;
Nea arter az hie sa geud,
Ah pipl kauld him Robin Heud.
Sick outlawz hi an iz men
Vil England niven si agen.
Obiit 24 kal Decembrio, 1247.

HALBERT H.

* * * * *

REGENT-STREET.

The expenditure of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests in forming this splendid street, is stated to have been 1,533,582l. 16s. 10d.; and the probable revenue is 36,330l.

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STEALING PICTURES.

The celebrated Raphael of the Louvre—*Christ and his Disciples*—is said to have been, at some unknown time, abstracted from its frame, and a modern *copy* substituted. The picture has been valued at L20,000. and it is surmised that it has found a hiding-place in England. Harlowe's *Kemble Family* is also missing at the present moment.

Literary Gazette.

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RAMSAY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF, IN A POEM ADDRESSED TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE.

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Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five feet four inches high;
A black-a-vic'd, snod, dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec, wha was sae cunning,
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike by melancholy;
Weel judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
A healthfu' stomach sharply set
Prefers a back-sey pipin het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet, }
And let a judge of numbers know it, }
I court occasion thus to show it. }
Second of thirdly—Pray take heed,
Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively,
Ye ken takes place of positively:
Weel then, I'm neither Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory.
Frae twenty-four to five-and-forty,
My muse was neither sweer nor dorty,
My Pegasus would break his tether,
E'en at the shagging of a feather,
And through ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift;
Then, then my soul was in a low,
That gart my members safely row;
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

I.S.W.

* * * * *

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

Old Captain Humdrum,
 Being sent home in rum,
 The tars as they brought him on shore,
 Got drunk with the pickle:
 "‘Tis natural," says Jekyll,
 "They should all feel the *Esprit de Corps*."

Weekly Review.

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