

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE, WAKEFIELD

Chapels on bridges are not so unfrequent in architectural history as the rarity of their remains would indicate. Among the early records of bridge-building we read that "the Romans built many bridges in the provinces; viz. in France, Spain, Germany, Britain, &c. some of which had arches or towers on them." [1] Plutarch derives the word *Pontifex*, (high priest,) from sacrifices made upon bridges, a ceremony of the highest antiquity. The priests are said to have been commissioned to keep the bridges in repair, as an indispensable part of their office. This we may conclude to have given rise to the annexation of chapels to almost all our bridges of note; and the offerings were of course for repairs: so that priests are considered to have been the olden surveyors of bridges, and chapels on them to have been displaced by the more secular establishment of toll-houses. [2]

The bridge, upon which stands the above chapel, crosses the Calder, at the south-east entrance into Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was built in the reign of Edward III. and is a fine specimen of the masonry of that age. In the centre projecting from the eastern side, and resting partly on the sterlings, is the chapel, built in the richest style of Gothic architecture. It is about ten yards in length, and about eight in breadth. The east window, overhanging the river, is adorned with various and beautiful tracery, and the parapets are perforated. The windows on the north and south sides are equally rich. But the west front facing the passage over the bridge, (as shown in the Engraving,) exceeds all the rest in profusion of ornament; being divided by buttresses into compartments, forming recesses, with lofty pediments and pointed arches; whilst above is an entablature bearing five basso-relievos, the whole being crowned with battlements. The buttresses, finials, tracery, &c. form an assemblage of Gothic embellishments, which, for richness and delicacy can scarcely be equalled. This chapel was built by Edward IV. in memory of his father, Richard, Duke of York, and those of his party who fell in the battle of Wakefield. [3] It appears, however, that a chapel had been built on this bridge by Edward III., and dedicated to St. Mary; but it was undoubtedly rebuilt and embellished by Edward IV. who, on this account, may be regarded as the founder of the present structure.

The beautiful embellishments have received considerable injury; and, about twenty years since this superb relic of ecclesiastical architecture was used as a warehouse. As architectural renovation is becoming somewhat the taste of the day, it is to be hoped that the restoration of the chapel at Wakefield will not be overlooked.

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[1] Britton, Arch. Dict. art. Bridge. On the decline of the Roman Empire, travelling became dangerous, and robberies and murders were frequently committed. To check this system, and protect travellers, several religious persons associated in fraternities, and formed an order called the "Brothers of the Bridge." Their object was to build bridges, establish ferries, and receive and protect travellers in hospitals, raised near the passes over rivers. In like manner we account for the erection of many bridges in England. According to Stow, the monks of St. Mary Overie's were the first builders of London Bridge: and Peter of Colechurch, who founded the first *stone* bridge, also built a chapel on the eastern central pier, in which the architect was afterwards interred: his remains, as we first communicated to the public, were found as aforesaid during the recent removal of the old bridge; and "the lower jaw and three other bones of Peter of Colechurch" were sold by auction a few days since.

[2] At the old bridge at Droitwich, the high road passed through the midst of the chapel, the reading-desk and pulpit being on one side, and the congregation on the other. Other public buildings were not uncommon on bridges. In 1553 an alderman of Stamford built the Town Hall upon the bridge there; and on an old bridge at Bradford, Wills, there is a sort of dungeon, or prison raised on one of the piers.

[3] Camden. Tindal's Notes on Rapin.

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THE BROTHER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(To the Editor.)

As I was personally acquainted with Charles Goldsmith, the younger brother of Oliver, the Poet, I am enabled to furnish a few particulars in addition to those of *Philo*, contained in No. 573 of *The Mirror*. Charles, on his coming to this country, from the West Indies, had with him two daughters, and one son named Henry; all under 14 years of age. He purchased two houses in the Polygon, Somers Town, in one of which he resided: here, the elder of his girls died; I attended her funeral; she was buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras, near the grave of Mary Wolstonecroft Godwin. Henry was my fellow pupil; but not liking the profession of engraving, after a short trial, he returned to the West Indies. At the peace of Amiens, Charles Goldsmith sold his houses, and, with his wife and daughter, and a son born in England, christened Oliver, he went to

reside in France, where his daughter married. In consequence of the orders of Buonaparte for detaining British subjects, Charles again returned home by way of Holland, much reduced in circumstances, and died, about 25

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years since at humble lodgings in Ossulston Street. Somers Town. After his death, his wife, who was a native of the West Indies, and her son Oliver, returned thither. Charles Goldsmith had in his possession a copy, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of his brother; and I can vouch his resemblance to the picture was most striking. Charles, like the poet, was a performer on the German flute, and, to use his own words, found it in the hour of adversity his best friend. He only once, I have heard him say, saw Oliver in England, which was during his prosperity.

R. Roffe.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE COLONEL MOLESWORTH PHILLIPS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Colonel Phillips was the last surviving person who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage of discovery to ascertain the practicability of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, along the northern coast of America. I was an inmate of his residence in Lambeth in the summer of 1828, for some few weeks, and during that period received many commissioned attentions, for he ever avoided meeting or seeing strangers. He was invariably his own cook; slept but little, and seldom retired regularly to bed, but rested on a sofa, or chairs, as accident might dictate. His employment chiefly consisted in turning fanciful devices at his lathe, but he seldom completed his designs: however, I saw the model of a mausoleum dedicated to Napoleon, which evinced much taste and ingenuity. His workshop at once intimated that its occupant was not abundantly gifted with the organ of order. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, candlesticks, coats, hats, books, and mathematical instruments, lay in one confused mass, each enveloped with its portion of dust. To attempt any thing like arrangement, was at once sacrilege in the estimation of the Colonel. To summon his attendant he usually approached the stairs, and rang a small hand bell, accompanying it with his deep-toned voice with the words: "Ahoy! ahoy! all hands ahoy!" His liquors, and tankards of ale he always drew up from the window of his room, to avoid intrusion, and in returning the empty pewters he would frequently take too sure an aim at the potboy's head. Then came a concert of "curses" and every association but amity. The close of the scene was generally modified with something in the shape of a shilling, and the parties separated, mutually satisfied. Colonel Phillips, during his residence in Ireland, was possessed of considerable property, but from what circumstance he suffered a reverse of fortune I am not informed; indeed, so unwilling was he to connect himself

with bygone days that it was impossible to gather from him a clue to the active services he had given to the world.

Thus lived Colonel Molesworth Phillips, glorying in most of the eccentricities of human nature. It is astonishing, considering the active part he took in society, that he should, towards the close of life, have secluded himself so entirely from the world, and those with whom he must have from circumstances have been associated. Colonel Phillips might probably have survived some years longer, had he not fallen a victim to cholera.

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APOLOGUES.—(FROM THE GERMAN.)

The Vine.

On the day of the Creation, the trees exultingly extolled themselves one towards another, every one about itself. "The Lord, by whom I was planted," said the lofty Cedar, "has united in me firmness, fragrance, duration, and strength." "Jehovah's affection has rendered me blessed," said the widely-spreading Palm-tree; "in me has He conjoined utility and beauteousness." "Like a bridegroom among the youths," said the Apple-tree, "I parade among the trees of Paradise." "Like the rose among the thorns," said the Myrtle, "I stand among my sisterhood, the lowly shrubs." So all extolled themselves, the Olive, the Fig, and the Pine. The Vine alone was silent, and drooped to the ground. "To me," said he to himself, "appears everything to be denied—trunk, branches, blossoms, and fruit; but such as I am, I will yet hope and wait." He then sank down, and his tendrils wept. He had not long waited and wept, before the friendly man, the godhead of the earth, stepped up to him. He saw that a feeble plant, the sport of the breezes, had sunk, and required help; he compassionately raised him up, and twined the tender tree to his bower. More gladly now the breezes played with his tendrils; the glow of the sun penetrated their hard, greenish buds, preparing in them the sweet juice, the drink for gods and men. Adorned with rich clusters, the Vine soon bowed himself down to his master, and he tasted the enlivening juice, and named him his friend. The proud trees now envied the feeble shoot, for many of them already stood without fruit; but he was glad of his slender form and of his steadfast hope. The juice, therefore, even now gladdens the heart of man, and lifts upwards the courage of the dejected, and refreshes the afflicted. Despair not, forsaken one, and abide enduring. In the unsightly cane springs the sweetest juice, and the feeble tendril brings forth inspiration and rapture.

TEARS.

As Hillel and his disciple Sadi wandered, on a moon and starlight night, among the gardens of the Mount of Olives, "See," said Sadi, "the man yonder, in the ray of the moon; what does he there?"—"It is Zadok," answered Hillel, "he sits at the grave of his son and weeps."—"Cannot he moderate his mourning?" said the youth, "for the people term him the just and wise."—"Shall he therefore," answered Hillel, "not experience pain?"—"But," asked Sadi, "what preference then has the wise man before the fool?" Then answered the teacher, "See, the bitter tear of his eye sinks to the earth, but his countenance is turned up to heaven."

W.G.C.

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THE SKETCH-BOOK.

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THE OLD SOLDIER.

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I have often occasion to pass through a village on the St. Alban's road, at one end of which there is so tidy and convenient a public-house, that I always give my horse his bait there, if I happen to be travelling in my gig. I had frequently observed an old soldier, who having lost an eye, a leg, and an arm in the service of his country, had pretty well earned the privilege of idling away the rest of his life in a manner particularly congenial with the habits of one of his calling. He would sit on a bench, outside the door of this inn, with a pipe in his mouth, and a can of beer by his side; and thus he would pass all the fine months of the year. In winter, he merely changed his seat. He was constant to his pipe and his can; he took both with him to the warm chimney-corner: and thus he enjoyed his out-pension. During the hour of baiting, I have often talked with this old man. He had served last in the early part of the war on the Peninsula. He was loquacious enough on other subjects; but if one questioned him concerning these last military services, he became on the instant morose and uncommunicative, and one could not but perceive, that the topic was disagreeable and painful to him.

What most interested me about this man was his love for young children. He was generally surrounded by a parcel of curly-headed urchins; and often have I seen the mistress of the little inn consign her infant to the protection of his one arm, when, by an arrival, she has been called upon to attend to the business of the house. The old fellow never appeared so contented as when thus employed. His pipe was laid aside, his beer forgotten, and he would only think of amusing and caressing his charge, or of lulling it to sleep. The bigger children would cluster round him, clamber over him, empty his pipe, upset his can, take all sorts of liberties with him, yet never meet with a rebuke. At times, however, he would appear lost in uneasy thought; gazing with earnestness upon the features of the sleeping infant, while tears would course each other down his cheeks.

As I drove one morning up to the door of the inn, and passed the bench on which the old soldier was, as usual, sitting, with his little flock of children playing round him, one of them, a very young one, suddenly backed into the road, and in another moment more would have been crushed: but the old man sprang forward; with a vigorous and wonderful effort he seized the child with his only arm, and threw it several feet out of the way of danger; he fell with the exertion, and was among my horse's feet. In suddenly drawing up, I had unwittingly done my very worst by the poor fellow; for I had caused the animal to trample upon him a second time, and a wheel had likewise passed over his body.

He was taken up insensible. We carried him to a bed, and after a little time he recovered his recollection. But he was so severely injured, that we feared every moment would be his last.

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The first words he uttered were, "The child! the child!" We assured him that the child was safe; but he would not believe us, and it became necessary to send into the village to search for the little creature, who had been hurried home with the others upon the confusion that the accident had occasioned. He continued to call for the child, and was in the greatest distress of mind till we had found it, and had taken it to him as he lay. His delight at seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bosom, and it was not till he grew very faint and weary that he would suffer us to remove it.

A surgeon arrived; and pronounced that the poor man was so much hurt, inwardly as well as outwardly, that nothing could be done to save him; and desired us merely to give him cordials or cooling drink, as he should appear to wish for either. He lingered for a few days.

I had been the cause, although innocently, of the poor fellow's death: of course I took care that all was done that could alleviate his sufferings; and, as long as he lasted, I went everyday to pass a few hours by his bed-side. The rescued child, too, was brought to him each day by his own desire. From the moment he had first ascertained that it was unhurt, he had been calm and contented. He knew he was dying, but he could part with life without regret; and the cloud which I had so often observed upon his weather-beaten countenance before the accident never after returned.

The day before he died, as I was watching alone by his side, he asked me for a cordial. Soon after he had swallowed it, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said,—“Sir, if you will not think it too great a trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you.”

He was of course encouraged to proceed.

“I die contented,” he continued; “happier than I have for some years lived. I have had a load upon my heart, which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means, under Providence, of saving a young child's life. If I have strength to tell you what I wish, sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart.”

I gave him another cordial, and he spoke as follows:—

“It was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern hanks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

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“We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of a commissary’s wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

“Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

“‘Vino! vino!’ was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

“‘Vino! quiero vino!’ said I, to a poor half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak;—‘Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!’ said I.

“‘Vino no tengo!’ he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

“I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleeter; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I suppose the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

“‘Vino! quiero vino!’ said I again; ‘give me vino!’

“‘Nada, nada tengo!’ he repeated.

“I had already drawn my bayonet.—I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor.—As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, ‘Vino!’



“Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!’—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine skin, I should have believed him.

“Lying rascal!’ said I, ‘so you won’t give me the liquor? then the dry earth shall drink it!’ and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

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"Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart!—The poor Spaniard opened his cloak—he pointed to his wounded child—and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done,—'Monster! are you satisfied!'"

"I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw, and he accepted my anguish—and we joined our efforts to save the little victim.—Oh! it was too late!"

"The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands, would give the gasping father a short vain ray of hope.

"You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp-hospital after a hot engagement—must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor, wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant, that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child!—It was by mistake, by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears!—The father's agony will follow me to the grave!"—*Legends of the Lib. at Lilies.*

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THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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THE CITADEL OF ANTWERP.

(From personal inspection, by a Contributor to the United Service Journal.)

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This spot, on which the eye of all Europe is at present concentrated, lies at the southern extremity of Antwerp, and forms one continued line with its defences along the banks of the Scheldt. It is a regular pentagon in shape, protected by bastions ranging at progressive elevations, and connecting themselves with curtains of proportionate height. In advance of these defences are a further series of spacious bastions, immediately connected with the preceding, but of later construction. The one were erected by Paciotti and Cerbolini, two Italian engineers, by order of the tyrant Alba, 1568, and the others according to Vauban's principles in 1701. Every side of this citadel is equally formidable for its strength; that towards the town is furnished with a raveline; and this is also the case with the front which faces the river, and opens upon a paved line of road, from which all communication with Antwerp itself has latterly been cut off. Two of the sides of this fastness front towards the adjacent country, and are likewise supplied with ravelines; the centre bastion in this direction bears Paciotto's name, which has been denaturalized in that of Paniotto in the French elevations. The defences of the town terminate in the centre of the fifth side, which circumstance has left it unprovided with a raveline. On the summit (or capital) of the two bastions on the land side, two large lunettes have been thrown forward, one being called Fort Kiel, from the adjacent suburb, and the other, which stands more away from the town, Fort St. Laurent. Internally the citadel of Antwerp contains every provision for the safe housing of its defenders, and possesses more than the requisite accommodation under ground for its supplies. All the barracks, exposed to the enemy's fire, are so placed, that the strength of the garrison may be readily collected at the point endangered; the kind of defence to be brought into action is plain and obvious; and the *materiel* for standing a siege has been as liberally provided as the means of subsistence for preserving the *morale* of the besieged from being deteriorated. The garrison consists of picked troops, who place unlimited confidence in their commandant. The citadel is encompassed by a ditch, which has eighteen feet of water in every part of its circuit, and is protected by ramparts of adequate elevation, and strength in proportion. With such elements of defence as these its capture cannot be effected without a sacrifice of human lives, which none but the flint-hearted can contemplate or foresee without deprecation and horror.

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In the year 1792, when it was carried by the revolutionary forces of France, they took the direction of the city walls as their line of attack, and mounted the bastion which bears Paciotto's name; this, at that time of day, formed indisputably the most advantageous point of assault; but its increased strength in this quarter would, at the present moment, render any attack an act of temerity. An esplanade of the average width of four hundred paces, which was laid out as a handsome promenade, before the bombardment in 1830, separates the citadel from the town: but the effect of that bombardment has been to throw a wide area of fifteen hundred paces open to the very marge of the Scheldt; and to disconnect the fortress still more completely from the inhabited portion of Antwerp. Lamentable as may be the prospect, Antwerp, the mistress of the finest naval station and commercial port in Europe, is doomed to destruction, if a single gun be directed against its citadel. It is not possible for its commandant, as a soldier and a subject, to avoid any and every means of annoying a besieger; and amongst these, none so ready and effectual, present themselves, as that of preventing the town from becoming the covert for an assailant. We have witnessed the deplorable havoc which a few mortars brought upon it in 1830; but how frightful will be the issue when rockets and red-hot shot come to be poured upon the devoted city. Nay, more,—by opening the dykes along the Scheldt, a large portion of the western provinces of Belgium is capable of being inundated; and if this fresh calamity ensue, as a second resource on the part of the besieged, from the adoption of which the recognised laws of warfare cannot absolve them, not only Antwerp will have ceased to exist, but her citadel will rear its head, a frowning islet, amidst a waste of waters. As to the blockade of the Scheldt, it will be impotent with regard to distressing the citadel; for the windings of that stream, as well as of the Maas, at their mouths, preclude the possibility of effectually staying the Dutch from communication with it.

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THE PLAINT OF CERTAIN CORAL BEADS.

Spoiler of forbidden wealth,
Guarded by the hoary waves!
When we mourn thy cruel stealth,
Sorrowing for our quiet caves.
Doth it calm our wistful pining
That the chains we hate are shining?
Boast we beauty's gauds to be?
Can the state such bondage shares,
Thoughtless liking, loveless cares,
Sudden angers, wilful airs,
Sooth us like the mighty sea?



Though, in hours when suitors press
Near the shrine of star-bright eyes,
Mysteries, some would die to guess,
Our familiar touch describes;
When a startled throb or tremble,
Woman's craft would fain dissemble,
Through our light embraces swells;—
Fruitless secrets—vainly taught,—
Bliss unheeded—trust unsought—
Can they quench the constant thought
Of our dreamy ocean-cells?

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Though the glowing bands we form,
Oft by redder lips be pressed,
And a slumber, soft and warm,
Fold us on a dove-like breast,—
Not to love, but love's bestowing
Gentle care and kiss are owing:—
Is the passion changed or cloyed,
Doth the giver's light grow less?
Banished from the sweet recess,
Sportive pressure, fond caress,
See our mimic worth destroyed!

Then in close and narrow keep,
Pent, with scorned and faded toys,
Mourn we for the glassy deep,
Sigh we for our early joys!
What has earth like ocean's treasures?
More than craving avarice measures,
More than Fancy's dream enchants,
Deck the booming caves below,
Where green waters ever flow
Under groves of pearl, that grow
In the mermaid's glimmering haunts.

Under spar-enchased bowers,
Bending on their twisted stems,
Glow the myriad ocean-flowers,
Fadeless—rich as orient gems.
Hung with seaweed's tasselled fringes,
Dyed with all the rainbow's tinges,
Rise the Triton's palace walls.
Pallid silver's wandering veins
Stream, like frostwork, o'er the stains;
Pavements thick, with golden grains,
Twinkle through their crystal halls.

And a music wild and low
Ever, o'er the curved shells,
Wanders with a fitful flow
As the billow sinks or swells.
Now, to faintest whispers hushing,
Now, in louder cadence gushing,
Wakens from their pleasant sleep
All the tuneful Nereid-throng,



Till their notes of wreathed song
Float in magic streams along,
Chanting joyaunce through the deep.

Chance or change,—the clouds of time—
Sorrow,—winter storm, or blight,
Comes not near our peaceful clime;
Nor the strife of day with night.
Death, who walks the earth in riot,
Stirs not our primeval quiet:
Scarce his distant rage we know
From the dreary things of clay,
Slain, alas! in ocean's play,
Whom the sea-maids shroud and lay
In the silent caves below.

Fond! to deem we count it pride
Thus to deck the fair of earth!
We, whose beauty-peopled tide
Gave the foam-born goddess birth!
Her, whose glory's radiant fulness.
All too bright for mortal dulness,
Sparkles in a lovelier star!
Are not Ocean's shady places
Rich in kindred forms and faces,
Choral bands of sister-Graces
Circling Amphitrite's car?

Toiling o'er the shallow page,
Vainly pedants seek the lore
Taught us by that prophet sage,
Whom our azure Thetis bore.
Wiser Eld his solemn numbers,
Listening, stole from Ocean's slumbers,
Signs of coming doom to learn.
Poor were all your labours reap,
To the gifted seers that keep
Mysteries of the ancient deep,
Drawn from Nereus' sacred urn.

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Let us find our old retreat,
Yield us to the kissing wave,
From the daylight's parching heat
In its cool profound to lave.
If ye needs must rob for beauty,
Earth's abysses teem with booty.
Gems, that love the blaze of day:—
We are tired of glittering shows,
And the strife of man's display;
Let us sink to sweet repose
Where the lulling water flows;
Give us to our native bay!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

* * * * *

SHELLEY.

[We find the clever and curious sketches of Shelley, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, concluded with the following interesting anecdote.]

That Shelley gave freely, when the needy scholar asked, or in silent, hopeless poverty seemed to ask, his aid, will be demonstrated most clearly by relating shortly one example of his generosity, where the applicant had no pretensions to literary renown, and no claim whatever, except perhaps honest penury. It is delightful to attempt to delineate from various points of view a creature of infinite moral beauty,—but one instance must suffice; an ample volume might be composed of such tales, but one may be selected, because it contains a large admixture of that ingredient which is essential to the conversion of alms-giving into the genuine virtue of charity—self-denial. On returning to town after the long vacation, at the end of October, I found Shelley at one of the hotels in Covent Garden. Having some business in hand he was passing a few days there alone. We had taken some mutton chops hastily at a dark place in one of the minute courts of the city, at an early hour, and we went forth to walk; for to walk at all times, and especially in the evening, was his supreme delight. The aspect of the fields to the north of Somers-Town, between that beggarly suburb and Kentish-Town, has been totally changed of late. Although this district could never be accounted pretty, nor deserving a high place even amongst suburban scenes, yet the air, or often the wind, seemed pure and fresh to captives emerging from the smoke of London; there were certain old elms, much very green grass, quiet cattle feeding, and groups of noisy children playing with something of the freedom of the village green. There was, oh, blessed thing! an entire absence of carriages and of blood-horses; of the dust and dress and affectation and fashion of the parks: there were, moreover, old and quaint edifices

and objects which gave character to the scene. Whenever Shelley was imprisoned in London,—for to a poet a close and crowded city must be a dreary gaol,—his steps would take that direction, unless his residence was too remote, or he was accompanied by one who chose to guide his walk. On this occasion I was led thither, as indeed I had anticipated: the weather was fine, but the autumn was already advanced;

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we had not sauntered long in these fields when the dusky evening closed in, and the darkness gradually thickened. "How black those trees are," said Shelley, stopping short, and pointing to a row of elms; "it is so dark the trees might well be houses, and the turf, pavement,—the eye would sustain no loss; it is useless therefore to remain here, let us return." He proposed tea at his hotel, I assented; and hastily buttoning his coat, he seized my arm, and set off at his great pace, striding with bent knees over the fields and through the narrow streets. We were crossing the New Road, when he said shortly, "I must call for a moment, but it will not be out of the way at all," and then dragged me suddenly towards the left. I inquired whither we were bound, and, I believe, I suggested the postponement of the intended call till the morrow. He answered, it was not at all out of our way. I was hurried along rapidly towards the left; we soon fell into an animated discussion respecting the nature of the virtue of the Romans, which in some measure beguiled the weary way. Whilst he was talking with much vehemence and a total disregard of the people who thronged the streets, he suddenly wheeled about and pushed me through a narrow door; to my infinite surprise I found myself in a pawnbroker's shop! It was in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street; for he had no idea whatever in practice either of time or space, nor did he in any degree regard method in the conduct of business. There were several women in the shop in brown and grey cloaks with squalling children: some of them were attempting to persuade the children to be quiet, or at least, to scream with moderation; the others were enlarging upon and pointing out the beauties of certain coarse and dirty sheets that lay before them to a man on the other side of the counter. I bore this substitute for our proposed tea some minutes with tolerable patience, but as the call did not promise to terminate speedily, I said to Shelley, in a whisper, "Is not this almost as bad as the Roman virtue?" Upon this he approached the pawnbroker: it was long before he could obtain a hearing, and he did not find civility. The man was unwilling to part with a valuable pledge so soon, or perhaps he hoped to retain it eventually; or it might be, that the obliquity of his nature disqualified him for respectful behaviour. A pawnbroker is frequently an important witness in criminal proceedings: it has happened to me, therefore, afterwards to see many specimens of this kind of banker; they sometimes appeared not less respectable than other tradesmen, and sometimes I have been forcibly reminded of the first I ever met with, by an equally ill conditioned fellow. I was so little pleased with the introduction, that I stood aloof in the shop, and did not hear what passed between him and Shelley. On our way to Covent-Garden, I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction at our strange visit, and I learned that when he came to London before, in the course

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of the summer, some old man had related to him a tale of distress,—of a calamity which could only be alleviated by the timely application of ten pounds; five of them he drew at once from his pocket, and to raise the other five he had pawned his beautiful solar microscope! He related this act of beneficence simply and briefly, as if it were a matter of course, and such indeed it was to him. I was ashamed of my impatience, and we strode along in silence.

It was past ten when we reached the hotel; some excellent tea and a liberal supply of hot muffins in the coffee-room, now quiet and solitary, were the more grateful after the wearisome delay and vast deviation. Shelley often turned his head, and cast eager glances towards the door; and whenever the waiter replenished our teapot, or approached our box, he was interrogated whether any one had yet called. At last the desired summons was brought: Shelley drew forth some bank notes, hurried to the bar, and returned as hastily, bearing in triumph under his arm a mahogany box, followed by the officious waiter, with whose assistance he placed it upon the bench by his side. He viewed it often with evident satisfaction, and sometimes patted it affectionately in the course of calm conversation. The solar microscope was always a favourite plaything or instrument of scientific inquiry; whenever he entered a house his first care was to choose some window of a southern aspect, and, if permission could be obtained by prayer or by purchase, straightway to cut a hole through the shutter to receive it. His regard for his solar microscope was as lasting as it was strong; for he retained it several years after this adventure, and long after he had parted with all the rest of his philosophical apparatus.

Such is the story of the microscope, and no rightly judging person who hears it will require the further accumulation of proofs of a benevolent heart; nor can I, perhaps, better close these sketches than with that impression of the pure and genial beauty of Shelley's nature which this simple anecdote will bequeath.

[In parting with this very ingenious series of papers, we beg to concur in the well-expressed wish of the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, "that their author could be tempted to give the world a complete history of one whose peculiar and subtle nature he so well comprehends."]

* * * * *

THE NATURALIST.

* * * * *

NEW SPECIES OF BAT.—(VESPERTILIO AUDUBONI.)



(By Richard Harlan, M.D.)

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Of the numerous creatures which attract our admiration, or excite our fears, the greater part display their appetites, or develop their instincts, during the day time only; especially—with few exceptions—all those remarkable for beauty of plumage, and vocal melody. Predacious animals are chiefly distinguished for their nocturnal habits; and ideas of rapine, terror and blood, are ever associated with the tiger, the hyena, and the wolf. Among the feathered tribes, the *owl* and the *bat*, also companions of darkness, are shunned by many, as horrible objects, and full of ill-omen. Haunted castles, ruined battlements, and noisome caverns, are the chosen abodes of these nocturnal maulauders, and it is to such associations that these animals are indebted for the unamiable character they have obtained. The prejudices conceived against that portion of these animals, with which we are familiar, are founded entirely upon these their habits; for small quadrupeds, reptiles and fish, constitute the food of the first, whilst insects and fruit suffice for the other. It is at the close of the day, when the hum of nature is beginning to subside, that the patient *bat* steals from his dark retreat, and spreads his leathery wings in search of his food.

[Illustration]

The new species of this little flying quadruped, which we are now about to notice, belongs to a very large and respectable family. In the days of Linnaeus, they all—from their appearance at twilight—went by the family name of *Vespertilio*. They further belong to the order *Carnivora*, their teeth being constructed for masticating flesh; though some—and in this they resemble ourselves—are also fond of fruit. In one important point, the whole race has a common character, in their organ of flight. The bones of the fingers are extremely elongated, and united by a membrane, which is continued down the side of the body; and extending on the leg as far as the tarsus, also unites the legs and tail. Agreeing so universally in this particular, they form a very natural family, under the appropriate term. *Cheiroptera*, constructed from two Greek words, signifying *hand* and *wing*.

The *vespertilio* are again divided into *GENERA* and *Species*,—divisions which are grounded on certain peculiarities of dental structure, and various developements of the brachial, digital, and interfemoral appendages, with other modifications of the organs of progression. These genera include species which are discovered in every habitable part of the globe, of various magnitudes, from the size of a half grown cat, to that of a half grown mouse.

Of this numerous family only three genera, of modern authors, inhabit the United States, *viz.* RHINOPOMA, VESPERTILIO, and TAPHOZOUS. Seven species, exclusive of the present, are all that have been hitherto discovered in North America.

We propose to dedicate this new species, to our valuable friend the justly celebrated naturalist J.J. AUDUBON, as a small tribute of respect to his eminent talents, and the

highly important services he has rendered science. The drawing which accompanies this paper, is from his inimitable pencil.

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This species was first observed, during the summer of 1829, when an individual female flew into the apartment of the late Dr. Hammersly, then one of the resident physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital: on the subsequent evening a male individual, of the same species, was also taken in the same manner. In August 1830, a very fine specimen was brought to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and Mr. Audubon informs me that the species has very recently been observed in New York.

The natural characters of the species are—General colour black, sprinkled with gray above and beneath; ears black and naked; auriculum, short and broad or obtusely triangular; interfemoral membrane, sparsely hairy; last joint of the tail free: two incisors, with notched crowns, on each side of the canine teeth of the upper jaw, with a broad intervening space without teeth.

The dimensions are.—Total length 3 inches 7 tenths; tail 1.7; length of ear 0.5. breadth of ear 0.4; length of leg 1.7; spread of wings 10.7. inhabit Pennsylvania and New York, and probably the southern states.—*Cab. of Acad. Nat. Sc. Philad.* (Abridged from Featherstonhaugh's *Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science.*)

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FINE ARTS.

* * * * *

MOSAIC PAVEMENT.

The chief object of curiosity at Palestrina, (ancient Praeneste,) is the castle or palace of the prince, in the highest part of the city, to which there is an ascent by an excellent coach-road to the right, by the Capucin Convent, without entering the narrow street. Before it is a level space of considerable length; which formed the highest platform of the Temple of Fortune. Two flights of steps lead to an amphitheatre, or semicircular staircase, in excellent preservation, which is the same that led to the sanctuary of the temple, on the foundation of which the palace is built: in the middle of the semicircle is a well; each step is about a foot and a half high, like the ancient steps of the capitol which led to the church of Ara Coeli, at Rome. Another short flight conducts to the hall of entrance, where there is a double staircase, and a recess closed by iron grates, which contains the celebrated antique pavement, of which Pliny speaks in the following terms, "The fine mosaic of small stones, placed by Sylla as a pavement in the Temple of Fortune at Praeneste, was the first thing of the kind seen in Italy." There does not seem to be the smallest room to doubt of this being the genuine mosaic he mentions; it is in excellent preservation, and appears to be about twenty feet by sixteen. It was found in the same cellar of the seminary, where is still the altar of Fortune, and may be

considered as one of the most interesting relics of antiquity. Towards the upper part of it are mountains, with negro savages hunting wild beasts;

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animals of different sorts, with their names in Greek written below them, such as the rhinoceros, crocodile, and lynx. Lower down are seen houses of various forms, temples, vessels of different constructions, particularly a galley of 32 oars, manned with armed blacks, and commanded by a white man; a tent with soldiers, a palm tree, flowers, a collation in an arbour, an altar of Anubis; in short, almost every circumstance imaginable in life. The scene apparently lies in Egypt. The figures are well drawn, the light and shadows happily disposed, and the colouring harmonious. The stones which compose this very curious pavement are remarkably small which renders the effect peculiarly pleasing, from the neatness of its appearance.

W.G.C.

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PANORAMA OF STIRLING.

Stirling, or Strivelin, and its storied environs have furnished Mr. Burford with a new Panorama, of more than usual interest in its details. The town is fraught with historical association, and the surrounding country is of picturesque and poetical character. A Scottish poet describes its attractions in these enthusiastic lines:

O! grander far than Windsor's brow!
And sweeter to the vale below!
Whar Forth's unrivalled windings flow
Through varied grain,
Brightening, I ween wi' glittering glow,
Strevlina's plain!
There, raptured trace, (enthroned on hie)
The landscape stretching on the ee,
Frae Grampian hills down to the sea—
A dazzling view—
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue.
There, seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,
The Skellock bright 'mang corn sae green,
The purple pea, and speckled bean,
A fragrant store—
And vessels sailing, morn and een,
To Stirling's shore.
And Shaw park, gilt wi' e'ening's ray:
And Embro castle, distant grey;



Wi' Alva screened near Aichil brae,
'Mang grove and bower!
And rich Clackmannan rising gay
Wi' woods and tower.

Hector Macneill.

Stirling is seated on the river Forth, upon a precipitous basaltic rock, about one hundred feet from the level of the plain. Upon the rock stands the Castle, from the outer court of which the present Panorama was sketched. The town, in external appearance, bears a miniature resemblance to Edinburgh, being situate like the old town of that city, on the sloping ridge of a rock, running from east to west, the precipitous end of which is occupied by the Castle. But, of the town itself, little is seen in the Panorama. The view, as we have stated, is from the Castle, and is generally allowed to be one of the finest in Scotland. Its scenery has many sublime and picturesque features, and has moreover been the site of some of the most stirring incidents in Scottish history; no less than twelve fields of battle, including three important ones fought by the first and second Edwards, being

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distinctly visible. Beginning with the Castle, we find, from its situation commanding the passes and fords between the north and south of Scotland, it was in early times styled the Key, as Dumbarton was the Lock, to the Highlands. Its first fortification is referred to the time of Agricola; the Picts had a strong fortress here, which was totally destroyed in the ninth century by the Scots, under Kenneth II. Stirling formed part of the ransom of his brother and successor, who had been taken prisoner by the Northumbrians; they rebuilt the Castle, but subsequently restored the place to the Scots. In the twelfth century, it was considered one of the strongest forts in Scotland. It was often visited by the Scottish monarchs, but it did not become a royal residence until the accession of the Stuarts. Here was born James II., and in an apartment now forming part of the deputy-governor's lodging, this king perpetrated the murder of Earl Douglas. James III. made it his chief residence, erected the parliament-house, and a richly-endowed chapel, since destroyed. James V. was crowned here, and erected the palace. Mary was crowned here, as was James VI. when thirteenth months old; he was educated here by the celebrated Buchanan. During the regency of Mary of Lorraine, a strong battery was erected here; and in the reign of Queen Anne, the fortifications were strengthened and enlarged. In 1806, the rocky ground in front was converted into an esplanade; since which the towers have been repaired and castellated, it being one of the Scottish forts, which, by the articles of the Union, are always to be kept in repair. It mounts about 36 guns; but if regularly invested in modern warfare, it could not hold out many hours. To enumerate its sieges, dismantlings, and repairs would occupy too much space. Among the most memorable of its stormy annals, is its siege by Edward II. in 1301, for three months, when it was battered with stones of two hundred pounds weight each, thrown by engines, in the formation of which was used all the lead from the monastery of St. Andrew's. It was last besieged in 1746 by the Highlanders under Prince Charles. The chief parts of the building seen in the Panorama are the additions by Queen Anne, the parliament-house, (though not the unsightly, modern roof,) and the palace, a stately and curious structure of hewn stone, and embellished with grotesque sculpture. The latter building forms a quadrangle, the central court of which is called the lion's den, from the king's lions being formerly kept there. The whole is now used as barracks. From the Castle, looking over the town, towards the east, is a vast plain, nearly 40 miles in extent, called the Carse of Stirling, through which the Firth in meandering, forms a number of peninsulas, in places approximating so closely as to have an isthmus of only a few yards, the effect of which in the picture, reminded us of the contrived intricacies of a child's puzzle; in this direction is seen Alla, or Alloa, a thriving seaport town, with

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a Gothic church, and celebrated for its excellent ale; Clackmannan, a miserable town, where in a tower lived King Robert Bruce, and where an old Jacobite lady knighted Burns with a sword which belonged to Bruce, observing that she had a better right to do so than *some folk*; Falkirk, known for its *trysts*, or markets, where the country-people point out a battle-field, and a stream called the Red Burn, from its running with blood on the day of the conflict; Bruce lived near this spot, the view from which he said was not surpassed by any he had seen in his travels: next lies the Firth of Forth, and the country as far as Edinburgh and the Pentland Hills. Towards the south stands the ancient village of St. Ninian's, and Bannockburn, the battleground of the most celebrated and important contest that ever took place between English and Scots; the Torwood, where till lately stood a tree said to have sheltered Wallace; and the Carron, bounded by the green hills of Campsie. Towards the west are the plains of Menteith, a district, says Chambers, distinguished almost above all the rest of Scotland, for the singular series of beautiful and romantic scenes which it presents to the view of the traveller, and bounded by the majestic Grampians. On the north are the famous ruins of Cambuskenneth, and the precipitous Abbey Craig, beyond which lies the richly-cultivated vale of Devon; the moor on which the battle of Dumblain was fought; and Ochill Hills, clothed with blooming heath, and overtopped by the summits of Perthshire. Such is the artist's outline of the prospect: our task shall be to select a few of its most entertaining details.

To return to the Panoramic arrangement: next the castle is Gowlan Hill, the ordinary place of execution in times of wicked bloodshed, and thus apostrophized by Douglas, in the *Lady of the Lake*:

And thou O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land,
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.

The hill has, however, less terrible association; it being after called Hurly Hacket, from James V. and his nobles there playing at that game, which consisted in sliding down the steep banks on an inverted cutty stool. This was, at least, more rational than cutting off heads. Next is Abbey Craig, a rock upon which Wallace defeated the English; Dollava, a village on a gloomy rock, almost insulated by two streams, whose Celtic names signify the glens of care and the burns of sorrow; Tillabody, the birthplace and property of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; the crumbling walls and bell tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey, wherein several parliaments were held, and at whose high altar the clergy and nobles swore fealty to Robert and David Bruce; Edinburgh, with its castle, thirty-eight miles from Stirling, whence it is discernable in clear weather; the Carron Iron-works; and the Carron, of more classic celebrity in Ossian, and the battles of the Romans

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and the Scots and Picts; the dome-shaped hill of Tinto, in Lanarkshire, 60 miles from Stirling, and 2,336 feet in height; Arthur's Hill, a circular mound of earth, surrounded by seats of turf in the royal gardens, sometimes called the king's knot, where the court held fetes, and where James used to amuse himself with the pastime called the Knights of the Round Table; Ben Lomond, 3,240 feet above the lake, which is 32 feet above the level of the sea; Ben Venue, and Ben Ledy, or the hill of God, in Perthshire, 3,009 feet in height, so called from the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, in former times, meeting on its summit at the summer solstice, three days and nights for the purpose of devotion. These three mountains, with their vicinities are enshrined in Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; and the village of Balquidder, at the foot of Ben Ledy, is the burial place of Rob Roy. We have just described the circle: over the garden wall of the Castle, at a considerable distance, is the well-wooded estate and mansion of Craig Forth, said to have once belonged to a blacksmith of Stirling: this man having placed the iron bars (which still remain to the windows of the palace), and done other work for James VI. when that monarch came to the throne of England, made a demand of one thousand pounds Scots,—but by some error, the accounts being paid in Stirling money, he with it purchased the estate and built the house of Craig Forth. Next, to the right is Blair Drummond, formerly the residence of the accomplished Lord Kaimes; and beyond are the celebrated ruins of Donne Castle; not the least interesting incident of its annals was the imprisonment there in 1745, of John Home, (the author of Douglas,) who has left a narrative of his clambering escape over the high walls.

It is time to speak of the Panorama as a work of art; for hitherto we have rather considered its intellectual interest. The Castle and Palace we take to be finely painted, with admirable picturesque effect: the huge gateway, flanked with two towers, the battlemented walls, and battery, are in fine bold relief, as is the clinging vegetation about the building; nor must we omit the grotesque figures or corbelled pedestals, and the identical window bars, the work of the wily Scot of Craig Forth; the latter especially, are clever. A portion of the esplanade otherwise devoid of interest, is peopled with a meeting of the Highland Society celebrating the feats of the ancient Caledonians, the object of the Society being to preserve their language, costume, music, gymnastic sports, and martial games. This introduction happily fills up what would otherwise have been the only void in the scene, so thickly is it studded and storied with objects and recollections. Altogether, we have rarely seen a topographical panorama of such diversified character: it has reminiscences of history and poetry to lead us through the retrospect of chivalrous ages, princely contests for crowns that

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rarely sat lightly on their wearers, and the last flickering hopes of defeated ambition and ill-starred fortune. Yet, how powerfully, not to say painfully, are these pages in the chronicles of human actions, when contrasted with the broad volume of nature, as spread before us in this picture. Alas! what is the majesty of the mightiest of the kings that dwelt in its palace in comparison with the sublimities of Tinto, Ben Lomond, Venue, or Ledy; or what the peace of their halls amidst the smiling expanse of the Carse of Stirling in all its quiet luxuriance. They and their houses have become dust or crumbling ruin, and death has with a little pin bored through their castle walls—while Nature has been flourishing from year to year, and reading man an epitome of existence in the succession of her changes.

It has been stated that Mr. Burford, the successful painter of Stirling, is engaged on a Panorama of the Falls of Niagara. All admirers of this style of painting must be anxious for his success.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Parker has issued in addition to the Medal already noticed in our pages, a *Medallion* of the lamented Poet and Novelist, from Chantrey's bust. It is, we think, the obverse of the Medal, with bronzed circular frame work bearing the motto suggested by Sir Walter. Though handsome, it is an economical memorial of one whose amiable talents must endear him to every fireside in the kingdom.

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NEW BOOKS.

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POMPEII.

[The second and concluding volume of the descriptive history of Pompeii, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, is still more attractive than its predecessor. It contains the very domestic economy of the ancient inhabitants—chapters on domestic architecture, paintings and mosaics, streets and fountains, private houses, villas, and tombs; and, moreover, on the art of baking, and the forms of domestic utensils. We are, therefore, led through hall, parlour, bath, kitchen, and shop, with amusing minuteness; and, in the account of furniture and domestic implements, it is curious to observe, how far we are

indebted to the ancients for the forms of similar contrivances now in use. One of the best passages in this portion of the work is the following, on the]

Lamps and Candelabra.

No articles of ancient manufacture are more common than lamps. They are found in every variety of form and size, in clay and in metal, from the most cheap to the most costly description. We have the testimony of the celebrated antiquary Winkelmann to the interest of this subject: "I place among the most curious utensils, found at Herculaneum, the lamps, in which the ancients sought to display elegance, and even magnificence. Lamps of every

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sort will be found in the museum at Portici, both in clay and bronze, but especially the latter; and as the ornaments of the ancients have generally some reference to some particular things, we often meet with rather remarkable subjects." A considerable number of these articles will be found in the British Museum, but they are chiefly of the commoner sort. All the works, however, descriptive of Herculaneum and Pompeii, present us with specimens of the richer and more remarkable class, which attract admiration both by the beauty of the workmanship, and the whimsical variety of their designs. We may enumerate a few which occur in a work now before us, "Antiquites d'Herculanum," in which we find a Silenus, with the usual peculiarities of figure ascribed to the jolly god rather exaggerated, and an owl sitting upon his head between two huge horns, which support stands for lamps. Another represents a flower-stalk, growing out of a circular plinth, with snail-shells hanging from it by small chains, which held the oil and wick. The trunk of a tree, with lamps suspended between the branches. Another, a naked boy, beautifully wrought, with a lamp hanging from one hand, and an instrument for trimming it from the other, the lamp itself representing a theatrical mask. Beside him is a twisted column, surmounted by the head of a Faun, or Bacchanal, which has a lid in its crown, and seems intended as a reservoir of oil. The boy and pillar are both placed on a square plateau, raised upon lions' claws. But, beautiful as those lamps are, the light which they gave must have been weak and unsteady, and little superior to that of common street-lamps, with which indeed they are identical in principle. The wick was merely a few twisted threads, drawn through a hole in the upper surface of the oil-vessel; and there was no glass to steady the light, and prevent its varying with every breeze that blew.

Still, though the Romans had not advanced so far in art as to apply glass-chimneys and hollow circular wicks to their lamps, they had experienced the inconvenience of going home at night through a city ill-paved, ill-watched, and ill-lighted, and, accordingly, soon invented lanterns to meet the want. These we learn from Martial, who has several epigrams upon this subject, were made of horn or bladder;—no mention, we believe, occurs, of glass being thus employed. The rich were preceded by a slave bearing their lantern. This, Cicero mentions, as being the habit of Catiline upon his midnight expeditions; and when M. Antony was accused of a disgraceful intrigue, his lantern-bearer was tortured, to extort a confession whither he had conducted his master.[4] One of these machines, of considerable ingenuity and beauty of workmanship, was found in Herculaneum in 1760, and another, almost exactly the same, at Pompeii, a few years after.

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One of the most elegant articles of furniture in ancient use was the candelabrum, by which we mean those tall and slender stands which served to support a lamp, but were independent of and unconnected with it. These, in their original and simple form, were probably mere reeds, or straight sticks, fixed upon a foot by peasants, to raise their light to a convenient height; at least, such a theory of their origin is agreeable to what we are told of the rustic manners of the early Romans, and it is in some degree countenanced by the fashion in which many of the ancient candelabra are made. Sometimes the stem is represented as throwing out buds; sometimes it is a stick, the side branches of which have been roughly lopped, leaving projections where they grew; sometimes it is in the likeness of a reed or cane, the stalk being divided into joints. Most of those which have been found in the buried cities are of bronze; some few of iron. In their general plan and appearance there is a great resemblance, though the details of the ornaments admit of infinite variety. All stand on three feet, usually griffins', or lions' claws, which support a light shaft, plain or fluted according to the fancy of the maker. The whole supports either a plinth large enough for a lamp to stand on, or a socket to receive a wax-candle, which the Romans used sometimes instead of oil in lighting their rooms. Some of them have a sliding shaft, like that of a music-stand, by which the light might be raised or lowered at pleasure.

We may here say a few words on the art of inlaying one metal with another, in which, as in all ornamental branches of the working of metals, the ancient Italians possessed great skill. In the time of Seneca, ornaments of silver were seldom seen, unless their price was enhanced by being inlaid with solid gold. The art of uniting one metal to another was called by the general term *ferruminare*. Inlaid work was of two sorts; in the one, the inlaid work projected above the surface, and was called *emblemata*, as the art itself was called, from the Greek, *emblematica*. It is inferred, from the inspection of numerous embossed vases in the Neapolitan Museum, that this embossed work was formed, either by plating with a thin leaf of metal figures already raised upon the surface of the article, or by letting the solid figures into the substance of the vessel, and finishing them with delicate tools after they were attached. In the second sort, the inlaid work was even with the surface, and was called *crusta*, and the art was called, from the Greek, *empaestice*. This is the same as the damask work so fashionable in the armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which is often seen beautifully inlaid with gold. It was executed by engraving the pattern upon the surface of the metal, and filling up the lines with fine plates of a different metal; the two were then united with the assistance of heat, and the whole burnished. Pliny has preserved a receipt for solder, which probably was used in these works. It is called *santerna*; and the principal ingredients are borax, nitre, and copperas, pounded, with a small quantity of gold and silver, in a copper mortar.

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[The volume is enriched with four steel-plate engravings, and 154 cuts, of clever execution.]

[4] Val. Max. vi. 8.

* * * * *

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling[5] spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower[6] of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun
Here coils, in light, the snake;
And here the fire-tuft[7] hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth, secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature:
A world not scorned by Him who made
E'en weakness by his might;



But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light!—not alone on clouds afar,
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no I thou art a wondrous book
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look—
Which insects understand!
And here, O light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here!
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!—
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom-high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things

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On these gray stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruined realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects sparked with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into naught!
But should'st thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little one will sleep.

Amulet.

[5] The hedge-sparrow.

[6] The dandelion.

[7] The golden-crested wren.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

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POVERTY.



Owen Feltham says—"The poverty of a poor man is the least part of his misery. In all the storms of fortune, he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual sentinels, watching in the depth of night against the incessant assaults of want; while the rich lie strowd in secure reposes, and compassed with a large abundance. If the land be ruffetted with a bloodless famine, are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to hunger? If war thunders in the trembling country's lap, are not the poor those that are exposed to the enemy's sword and outrage? If the plague, like a loaded sponge, flies, sprinkling poison through a populous kingdom, the poor are the fruit that are shaken from the burdened tree; while the rich, furnished with the helps of fortune, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad indurances on the poor, that cannot avoid them. Like salt-marshes, that lie low, they are sure, whenever the sea of this world rages, to be first under, and embarrened with a fretting care. Who like the poor are harrowed with oppression, ever subject to the imperious taxes, and the gripes of mightiness? Continual care checks the spirit; continual labour checks the body; and continual insultation both. He is like one rolled in a vessel full of pikes—which way soever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet, besides all these, there is another transcendent misery—and this is, that maketh men contemptible. As if the poor man were but fortune's dwarf, made lower than the rest of men, to be laughed at. The philosopher (though he were the same mind and the same man), in his squalid rags, could not find admission, when better robes procured both an open door and reverence. Though outward things can add nothing to our essential worth, yet,

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when we are judged on, by the help of others' outward senses, they much conduce to our value or disesteem. A diamond set in brass would be taken for a crystal, though it be not so; whereas a crystal set in gold will by many be thought a diamond. A poor man wise shall be thought a fool, though he have nothing to condemn him but his being poor. Poverty is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed;—it is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest virtue. Certainly, extreme poverty is worse than abundance. We may be good in plenty, if we will; in biting penury we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is casual; in the other, it is necessitating. The best is that which partakes of both, and consists of neither. He that hath too little wants feathers to fly withal; he that hath too much, is but cumbered with too large a tail. If a flood of wealth could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a sea; but it can neither lengthen our lives, nor enrich us after the end. There is not in the world such another object of pity as the pinched state; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the tyrant's braves and contempt. Questionless, I will rather with charity help him that is miserable, as I may be, than despise him that is poor, as I would not be. They have flinty and steeled hearts that can add calamities to him that is already but one entire mass."

W.G.C.

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ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH MANTLE.

Edmund Spencer (the English poet) in his *View of the State of Ireland*, says—"First the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, maketh his *mantle* his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it—never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre), when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff; for the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himselfe round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which in that country doe more annoye the naked rebels, whilst they keepe the woods, and doe more sharply wound them than all their enemies' swords, or spears, which can seldome come nigh them; yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them, when they are neare driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through

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with a sword; besides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome, as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night free-booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often doe, two or three nights together abroad, to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush, or bankside, till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can, in his mantle, passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he, or any man els that is disposed to mischiefe or villany, may under his mantle goe privily armed, without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readinesse.”

Spencer traces these mantles from the Scythians. He says—“The Irish have from the Scythians *mantles* and long *glibs*, which is a thick curled bush of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising theme.”

This curious *View of the State of Ireland* remained in manuscript till it was printed, in 1633, by Sir James Ware, denominated “the Camden of Ireland.”

P.T.W.

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DOMESTIC HINTS.

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CONSUMPTION OF FISH.

There is but little fish consumed in the interior of Great Britain; and even in most seaport towns the consumption is not very great. In London, indeed, immense quantities of fish are annually made use of; and there can be little doubt that the consumption would be much greater, were it not for the abuses in the trade, which render the supply comparatively scarce, and, in most instances, exceedingly dear. All fish brought to London is sold in Billingsgate market; and, in consequence of this restriction, the salesmen of that market have succeeded in establishing what is really equivalent to a monopoly, and are in a great measure enabled to regulate both the supply and the price.—*Macculloch*.

This inconsiderable consumption of fish will be a matter of surprise, when we see that the supply of fish in the seas round Britain is most abundant, or rather quite

inexhaustible. “The coasts of Great Britain,” says Sir John Borroughs, “doe yield such a continued harvest of gain and benefit to all those that with diligence doe labour in the same, that no time or season of the yeare passeth away without some apparent meanes of profitable employment, especially to such as apply themselves to fishing; which, from the beginning of the year unto the latter end, continueth upon some part or other of our coastes; and there in such infinite shoals and multitudes of

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fishes are offered to the takers as may justly cause admiration, not only to strangers, but to those that daily are employed amongst them.”—“That this harvest,” says Mr. Barrow, “ripe for gathering at all seasons of the year,—without the labour of tillage—without expense of seed or manure—without the payment of rent or taxes—is inexhaustible, the extraordinary fecundity of the most valuable kinds of fish would alone afford abundant proof. To enumerate the thousands, and even millions of eggs which are impregnated in the herring, the cod, the ling, and, indeed, in almost the whole of the esculent fish, would give but an inadequate idea of the prodigious multitudes in which they flock to our shores. The shoals themselves must be seen, in order to convey to the mind any just notice of their aggregate mass.” Mr. Macculloch, however, observes, that “notwithstanding this immense abundance of fish, and notwithstanding the bounties that have been given by the legislature to the individuals engaged in the fishery, it has not been profitable to those by whom it has been carried on, nor has it made that progress which might have been expected.”

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NANKEEN.

Nankeen, or Nanking, takes its name from Nanking in China, where the reddish-yellow thread of which the stuff is made was originally spun. In England, we erroneously apply the term Nankeen to one colour; though, in the East Indies, vast quantities of white, pink, and yellow nankeens are made.

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WHITE PEPPER.

The relative value of black and white pepper is but imperfectly understood. The former is decidedly the best. It grows in long, small clusters of from 20 to 50 grains. When ripe, it is of a bright red colour. After being gathered, it is spread on mats in the sun, when it loses its red colour, and becomes black and shrivelled as we see it. White pepper is of two sorts, common and genuine. The former is made by blanching the grains of the common black pepper, by steeping them for a while in water, and then gently rubbing them, so as to remove the dark outer coat. It is milder than the other, and much prized by the Chinese, but very little is imported into England. *Genuine* white pepper is merely the blighted or imperfect grains picked from among the heaps of black pepper. It is, of course, very inferior.

From the Singapore Chronicle we learn, that the average annual quantity of pepper obtained from different countries is 46,066,666 lbs, avoirdupois.

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THE GATHERER.

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How to acquire Knowledge.—Edmund Stone, the celebrated mathematician, was a native of Scotland, and the son of the Duke of Argyle's gardener. Before he attained the age of eighteen years, he had acquired a knowledge of geometry, &c., without a master. When he was asked by the Duke of Argyle how he had gained this knowledge, he replied, "I first learned to read; and the masons being at work on your house, I saw that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. Upon inquiring into the uses of these things, I was informed there was a science named arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry, and I learned that also. Finding that there were good books on these two sciences in Latin, I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I also understood there were good books of the same kind in French, and I learned French. This, my lord, is what I have done; and it seems to me that we may learn anything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet." The Duke, pleased with this simple answer, drew Stone out of obscurity, and provided for him an employment which allowed of his favourite pursuit.

P.T.W.

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Duelling.—The students of the Berlin University lately introduced a new mode of duelling. In order that chances might be equal on both sides, the combatants went to the bed of a man attacked with cholera, and kissed him. Neither of the parties having experienced the least symptom of the epidemic during the next twenty-four hours, the seconds declared that the two adversaries had satisfied the laws of honour, and the affair was consequently settled.—SWAINE. (We take this piece of irony to be well applied.)

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Popes.—His Highness Leo. XII., the present Pope's predecessor, was, according to the usual mode of reckoning, the two hundred and fifty-second since Peter the Apostle. Of these 208 were natives of Italy, 14 were Frenchmen, 11 Greeks, 8 Syrians and Dalmatians, 5 Germans, 3 Spaniards, 2 North Africans, and 1 Englishman.

W.G.C.

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In the churchyard of Arthuret, a village in Cumberland, are interred, the remains of poor Archy Armstrong, jester or fool to Charles I.; and by an accident suitable to his profession, the day of his funeral was the first of April.

SWAINE.

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Imperial Extravagance.—Asses' milk is said to be a great beautifier and preserver of the skin. Poppaea, wife of the Emperor Nero, used it for that purpose, having four or five hundred asses constantly in her retinue, to furnish her every morning with a fresh bath.

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With the present Number, a SUPPLEMENT,

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The Armada	<i>Friendship's Offering.</i>
The Tornado	<i>Ditto ditto.</i>

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