

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.

Vol. XVII. No. 472.] Saturday, January 22, 1831. [Price 2d.

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Christ church, Doncaster.*]

Christ church, Doncaster.

(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

The town of Doncaster has been long celebrated for its beauty and cleanliness, for its striking approach from the south, its magnificent Grand Stand, and celebrated Race Course, its public buildings, its venerable Gothic Church, and stately tower; and latterly, by the erection of a beautiful Gothic Church, with an elegant spire, giving an additional feature to the town from every approach.

This new Church was founded and endowed by a benevolent individual of the name of Jarrett, whose ancestors had for a number of years been connected with the town of Doncaster. A monument in the old church states that a brother of the founder was an alderman of this borough. John Jarrett, Esq. the founder of Christ Church, was in early life a manufacturer at Bradford; subsequently, during the war, he became a partner in the extensive ironworks carried on at Low Moor, near Bradford, under the firm of Jarrett, Danson, and Hardy, where he acquired a very large fortune. Retiring from business some years ago, he returned to his native town, to enjoy the fruits of his honest industry; and during a period of several years, he, by acts of kindness and benevolence, acquired the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen. It pleased the Great Disposer of events to terminate his life before the completion of this his last pious work. The first stone of the church was laid on the 9th of October, 1827; and the founder died on the 15th of January, 1828, at the age of eighty-three. The sums he gave were, 10,000_l_ for the building, and 3,000_l_ for the endowment.

The site of the church, at the point where the Thorne road branches from the great North road, is particularly fine and open, occupying about two and a half acres of ground, surrounded by wide and spacious public roads. The style of architecture adopted is that which prevailed in the fourteenth century. The stone used is from the celebrated quarries of Roche Abbey.

The plan of the church comprises a tower, nave, two side-aisles, and a chancel; the latter, together with two vestries, forms a semi-octagonal projection, which gives the east end a multangular and unusual appearance. There are six windows to each aisle,

and a seventh at the north-east and south-east vestries. Each of these is divided horizontally by two cross-mullions, and thereby formed into twelve lights; the centre three are square quatrefoils; and the tracery at the head forms three other quatrefoils. The east window is of six principal lights, and the upper part spread out in tracery.

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The principal entrance is through a spacious octangular porch, the whole size of the tower, which is groined in imitation of stone. The entrance to the galleries and side-aisles is by the doors on the north and south sides of the church.

The size of the church from the tower to the chancel, in the interior, is ninety-four feet long, and fifty-two wide, with galleries at the south and north sides and west end. The accommodation is for one thousand persons, of which three hundred seats are free and unappropriated. The ceiling above the nave is divided into square compartments, by bold ornamented beams, with bosses at the intersection, which are painted in imitation of oak. The side-aisles are groined in imitation of stone, having bosses at the intersection of the ribs, with corbels for the ribs to rise from.

The pulpit, reading, and clerk's desks accord in style with the building, and are placed in the centre of the middle aisle, which is ten feet wide. A handsome stone font is placed in front of the west entrance.

We cannot conclude this account without expressing our admiration of this beautiful specimen of modern architecture, which, although not free from defects, possesses architectural merit in a very high degree. The uniform correctness of style in the detail, the beautiful and finely-proportioned spire, the chaste and elegant tracery of the windows, the light ornamental buttresses and pinnacles, all combine to give a character to the building pleasing and satisfactory, and reflect great credit on the architects, Messrs. Woodhead and Hurst, of Doncaster.

The building was consecrated by his Grace the Archbishop of York, on the 10th of September, 1829; and the church opened for divine service on the 1st of November following.

The Rev. Henry Branson is appointed the first minister to this church; and the friends of the establishment will hear with satisfaction that, since the opening, the number of worshippers has increased by those who formerly attended the dissenting meeting-houses in the town and neighbourhood.

A subscription has been raised for an organ, which is now building by Gray, of London.

* * * * *

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

(To the Editor.)

An early and constant subscriber to the *Mirror* is very much pleased with the view of *Magna Charta Island*, in No. 467; but there is something more attached to this spot than the Editor seems aware of.



About half a mile from *Magna Charta Island*, on the right bank of the river, in the parish of Wyrardisbury, is a farm house, for many years past in the occupation of a family of the name of "Groome," as tenants to the late Alderman Gill, holding an estate in the aforesaid parish. This farm house was a residence of *King John*, whose arms are beautifully, painted, or emblazoned, on stained glass in the windows of the house.



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In the kitchen of this farm-house is, or has been, a table of antique manufacture, upon which the identical *Magna Charta* was signed, and upon which the writer hereof has written and sealed many a letter, and partaken of many a glass of home-brewed ale, and bread and cheese equally homely—that is, *genuine*. This table is considered as an *heir loom* in the family of Mr. Gill, and if removed at all, has been removed to the manor-house.

It is an erroneous idea that *Magna Charta* was signed on Runnymede: it was signed on *Magna Charta Island*, which goes a great way to prove the identity of the table. If reference is made to the signing of treaties generally, as well in ancient as in modern times, it will appear that they have been signed at a distance from the scene of action; each party (particularly in feudal times) being attended by an equal number of adherents, to prevent surprise or stratagem.

The writer hereof has caught many a trout and perch off the banks opposite to the island, and has passed many a contemplative hour on the events of former ages, which have rendered the spot particularly interesting.

Gray's Walk, Lambeth.

L.

*** If the writer is not mistaken, *Magna Charta Island* is an appurtenant to the manor of Wyrardisbury, and adjoins an estate called *Ankerwicke*, upon the grounds of which are the remains of an ancient monastery, or priory.

* * * *

THE WATER KING'S BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Light o'er the water the sun's ray glanc'd,
While the youths and maidens of Tubingen danc'd.
A stranger youth of noble mien,
Proffered his hand to the village queen.
"Youth, say why is thine hand so white?
The water knows not the daybeams light;
Youth, oh why is so cold thine arm,
Can it in Neckar's flood be warm?"
He led her away from the lime-tree's shade;



“Return my daughter,” her mother said.
He led her on to the stream so clear,
“Oh youth let me go, for I tremble with fear.”
He danc’d till they reach’d the Neckar’s bank,
One shriek, one plunge, in the wave they sank.
“Farewell, farewell, to thee, Tübingen’s pride,
Maiden, thou art the Water King’s Bride.”

H.

* * * * *

WOMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

The following curious compliment to the fair sex is extracted from an old play, entitled “Cupid’s Whirligig:”—



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“Who would abuse your sex that knows it? O Woman! were we not born of you?—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you! And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you as the last and most perfect work of Nature? *Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice; but Woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.* By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the graces because they are women? There is but one phoenix, and she is a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine, perfected woman! If to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man’s existence.”

Burns must have had somewhat of the same idea as that which I have underlined, when he wrote—

“Her ‘prentice han’ she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!”

JAC-CO.

* * * * *

THE VICTORY OF THE CID.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The subject of the following lines is mentioned in the traditional histories of Spain: that on one occasion, to insure victory in a nocturnal attack on the Moslem camp, the body of the Cid was taken from the tomb, and carried in complete armour to the field of battle.

Not a voice was heard at our hour of need,
When we plac’d the corse on his barbed steed,
Save one, that the blessing gave.
Not a light beam’d on the charnel porch
Save the glare which flash’d from the warrior’s torch,
O’er the death-pale face of the brave.

We press’d the helm on his ghastly head,
We bound a sword to the hand of the dead,
When the Cid went forth to fight.



Oh where was Castile's battle cry,
The shout of St. James and victory,
And the Christians stalwart might?

The winds swept by with mournful blast,
And sigh'd through the plumes of the dead as he past,
Through troublous skies the clouds flitted fast,
And the moon her pale beam faintly cast,
Where the red cross banner stream'd,
But each breeze bore the shouts of the Moslem throng,
Each sigh was echoed by Paynim song;
Where the silvery crescent beam'd.



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Undrawn was the rein, and his own good sword
Ungrasp'd by the nerveless hand of its lord;
His steed pac'd on with solemn tread,
'Neath the listless weight of the mighty deed.

But each warrior's heart beat high,
As he mark'd the beacon's wavering flash,
And heard the Moorish cymbal clash,
For he knew that the Cid was nigh.

We bore him back to his silent bed,
When his plumes with Paynim blood were red,
And the mass was sung, and the prayer was said
For the conqueror from the grave.
We wrapp'd him again in his funeral vest,
We placed his sword on the clay cold breast,
And o'er the place of the hero's rest,
Bade Castile's banner wave.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

THE AEOLOPHON, A NEWLY-INVENTED INSTRUMENT.

When Lord Stanhope first launched his model-boat on the Serpentine, no one expected to see the time when steam and paddles should suffice to carry "a tall ship" across the broad Atlantic. As little did we, when we were first amused by that very pretty musical toy, the German Eolina, anticipate, that within three years we should hear such an instrument as the one we are about to describe. In shape, size, and compass, the AEOLOPHON is the counterpart of a babinet piano-forte, having six octaves of keys extending from FF to F; and its sounds are produced by a series of metallic springs, set in vibration by the action of the air produced from a bellows. It has three pedals—one for filling the wind-chest, and the others regulating the swell. The tone of this instrument, particularly in the middle and lower parts of its compass, is among the most beautiful we have ever heard, and much superior, both in body and quality, to that of any chamber organ of equal size; added to which, the Aeolophon has the inestimable advantage of never varying its pitch, or getting out of tune.

From the nature of this instrument, it will be readily conceived that its best effects are displayed in slow movements, and the sustaining and swelling long notes; but, to our surprise as well as pleasure, we found that a running passage, even of semitones, could be executed upon it, if not with all the distinctness of a Drouet or a Nicholson, with as much clearness as on any organ. As an accompaniment to the piano-forte, it will be



found an admirable substitute for the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or even violoncello; but perhaps its widest range of usefulness will be discovered in small orchestras, where the set of wind instruments is incomplete—the effects of any, or even all of which, may be supplied by one or two performers on the Aeolophon reading from the score, or even from separate parts.

It is now about a year since that a patent was obtained for the springs, and this peculiar mode of applying them, by Messrs. Day and Co.; immediately upon hearing the effect of which, Mr. Chappell, of Bond-street, entered into an engagement with the patentees for the agency of their patent, and the manufacture of instruments under it.



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On the 27th of November last Mr. Chappell was honoured with a command to exhibit the powers of this new instrument before their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and a small circle of nobility, at St. James's Palace; when it gave so much satisfaction, that some of the pieces played upon it were repeated by command, and the whole performance lasted from nine o'clock till past eleven, when the royal party retired.

(We quote the preceding from *The Harmonicon*, a Journal of Music and Musical Literature, of high promise. Its recommendation of *The Aeolophon* may be allowed to rest upon the character of the Journal for critical acumen.)

* * * * *

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

COACH COMPANY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Returning (said my friend Mrs. S.) once upon a time, some fifty miles from a country visit, a few difficulties regarding my conveyance to town were at length decided by my taking a seat in the — Telegraph. A respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, in widow's mourning, was, I found, to be my companion for the whole way, whose urbanity and loquacity, combined, soon afforded me the important information that she was travelling over England, in order to take the advice of several of the faculty touching the case of "a poor cripple—a *gentleman*—a relation of hers." A *gentleman*! But scarcely had I taken another survey of the honest dame, in order to assure myself that she at least was not a member of the aristocracy of Great Britain, and thereby to instruct my judgment as to the actual rank of him whom she designated by so proud a title, when I was favoured with a long history of "the *lady* who lost her shawl, which *I* found—and she has *visited* me ever since." A *lady*!—and a lady, good, agreeable, and condescending, no doubt; but—the query occurred to my mind involuntarily—what kind of *lady* must she be who would "come oft'n to take a cup o' tea, or a sup o' sommat better, wi' me, in my poor little place?"

I confess, this voluntary information, not less than the tone and language in which it was delivered, prejudiced me so little in favour of my companion, that I took up pencil and paper, and was shortly wrapped in the most agreeable reverie. Briefly, I was in the exquisite *Land of Faerie*: I beheld the beautiful little people; their tiny feet twinkled in the dance; their small arms waved lightly and gently; and their perfect forms were miniature models of all loveliness and grace;—the rosy blush of affection tinted the delicate cheeks of the fair; their eyes gleamed, like the minute gems which cluster around the ice-plant;—and lo! a pair, as far different from these as is darkness from

light, now peered into my face, and a voice, very unlike the blissful tones of the gay music of Faery Land, exclaimed,



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“Um ’fear’d you ar’n’t well, mum, hey?”

“Thank you, I am perfectly well.”

“Are you indeed? why you set up your eyes, and looked as pale and *peekin* like, as if you’d seen a *sperrit*.”

“Did I? perhaps I was thinking; and naturally I am very pale.”

“Oh well—um glad ’tis no *wuss*; but setting there as you do, with your back to the osses, ’tis the most foolishest thing in the *wuld*, for a sickly-like-looking cretur, as I may say yourself, to think on—*du* come o’ this side.”

I declined the good woman’s proposition, alleging that riding backwards I always found the best preventive of illness from the motion of the vehicle.

“Now really,” I exclaimed she, almost aghast with astonishment, “that is curous! But um fear’d you’re faint, though you won’t tell me so. Here,” handing to me a large basket, well stored, I perceived, with provender, “take a *happle*, or a bun, or a sand_wage_, or a bit o’ gingerbread—and a fine thing too it is for the stomach—or a pear, or a puff, or a *chiscake*;—*I* always take a cup of chocolate, and a slice of rich plum-cake, every morning after breakfast: ’tis peticklar wholesome, a *gentleman* of my acquaintance says; and this I know, I should be dead in no time if I didn’t—so *du* take something.”

I could not be so ill-natured as to reject all the offers made me by this benevolent, but uncouth *gentlewoman*, so accepted a sandwich, and thereby giving her, as it were, a signal to commence operations. To work she applied herself upon the contents of her wicker store-room, with such hearty good-will, that I imagined myself secured from her volubility for at least one hour. Alas! alas! her tongue and her teeth were, I verily believe, running a race; and when the good dame discovered that to her queries and remarks I deigned not a reply, she “just was so glad there was somebody in the coach to talk to, for ’twas the most *moanfullest* thing in the wuld to go journeying on and on, for long, long miles, without ever ’earing a body speak.” I would not appear to understand my persevering friend’s insinuation, and was quickly lost in the charming description of wild, woodland scenery, afforded by one of Sir Walter’s novels: here a slight bridge hung, as in air, between gigantic rocks, and over a foaming cataract; there, a light column of bluish, curling smoke told of the shepherd’s shieling, situated, bosomed in trees, amid some solitary pass of the mountains; here, the dark, melancholy pine reared its mournful head, companioned by the sable fir, the larch, the service-tree, and the wild cherry; there, the silvery willow laved its drooping branches in the stormy flood; whilst, with the white foam of the joyous exulting waters, all trees of beauty, majesty, and grace, rising from a richly-verdant turfing, formed a delightful contrast. I heard the cry of the soaring eaglet, as he rose from his eyry in the rock; wild, but pleasant music was in

the cool, strong wind, which flowed now roughly around, and lashed me, like the sweeping sea-wave.



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“Hey? Um ’fear’d you’re a trifle ard of ’earing, arn’t you? Why then put a roasted *ingin* when you go to bed into your *earn*, and I’ll warrant ’twill cure you if you do ’t *reglar*.”

“O dear, no ma’am,” I replied; “indeed I’m not *deaf*,” with a peculiar emphasis on this last word.

“No? Well, I do declare then, I’ve been haxing you to admire this fine country for *this* ten minutes;—only look! ’tis a vast deal more bootiful than the road I travelled t’other day!”

So, to please the honest woman, I looked at her “fine country,” and beheld on my side the road (for we were sitting at cross corners) a stunted hedge-row, inclosing a field or two of stubble; and on hers, a sear, dismal heath, whereupon were marshalled, in irregular array, a few miserable, brown furze bushes; amongst which, a meagre, shaggy ass, more miserable still, with his hind legs logged and chained, was endeavouring to pick up a scanty subsistence. What the road of the other day could have been, it surpassed even my capacity, with this specimen of “the bootiful” before me, to surmise; but my companion was evidently one of those enviable individuals, whose ignorance is indeed their happiness, or whose imagination supplies the deficiencies of bare reality.

Shortly afterwards we took up another passenger—a “*lady*” also—whose figure was youthful, and whose face, perhaps, was not otherwise; but as she was weeping bitterly, her features were concealed by a white cambric *mouchoir* from my curious gaze. Poor creature! Had she parted from a lover?—a parent?—a child? Was she a reduced lady, quitting, for the first time and the last, her paternal home, to seek, by the exertion of her talents, or the labour of her hands, a precarious subsistence in the cold, wide world? Had she hurried from the bed of death? or, did she merely indulge in the soft sentimental sorrow, induced by Colburn’s, or Longman’s, or Newman’s last novel? Alas! the fair mourner informed us not. I felt delicate on the point of intruding upon private sorrows, and so, I presume, did my loquacious friend for she was actually *silent*;—albeit, I perceived that the good woman was embarrassed as to the line of conduct she ought to adopt towards the afflicted stranger. To make acquaintance with, and comfort her, was the prompting of her benevolent heart; so she put a blue glass bottle of smelling-salts into the mournful lady’s hand, which was immediately returned with a dignified, repellent bow. The basket of provisions was next offered; but this the weeping fair one, it was clear, did not see; and my honest widow, not a little disconcerted, made yet another attempt to console one who evidently “*would* not be comforted,” by a full, particular, and authentic relation of certain woful passages in her own monotonous life. All, however, would not do—Niobe still wept; and the widow and I felt ourselves in a very awkward, uncomfortable situation.



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After awhile, however, we took up another passenger—a “*lady*” again—and, Heaven bless the woman! one even more voluble than my first companion, and decidedly more candid, since she had not been seated five minutes in the vehicle, ere she unblushingly announced herself—a *baker’s wife*! Good Heavens! and in these march-of-intellect and refinement days, too! Well might Niobe wake with a start from her trance of woe, and, glancing sovereign contempt upon the new, unconscious passenger, discover to me a countenance as plain, withered, and fraught with the impress of evil passions, as that of the *Lady in the Sacque*, in Sir Walter’s tale of the Tapestry Chamber. I never beheld so fretful and malignant-looking a being!—and the contrast which her visage afforded to that of my kind-hearted widow, which beamed with satisfaction and good-humour, was quite remarkable. This “*lady*,” indeed, now appeared to have regained her native element, and not to be out-done in frankness by Mistress Baker, first avowed herself the widow of a chandler, but lately retired from business; and subsequently I gathered from her discourse that the *gentleman* her relation was, until his infirmity deprived him of the situation—*groom*, in a REAL gentleman’s family (the distinction I particularly admired); and that the *lady*, her condescending friend, was a grocer’s daughter! Niobe, at this precise point of the conversation, bestowed a ghastly grin upon the new allies, and producing from her reticule a well-soiled and much be-thumbed volume (whether of plays, or a novel, I could not discern), commenced perusing it with an avidity apparently unchecked by its disgusting odour, the which powerfully assailed me. I, too, was allowed by my loquacious widow, now that she had fallen in with a bird of her own feather, to read in peace for the space of some three or four miles; but at length my attention was aroused from my book by the loud voice of Mrs. Baker, who was promulgating to Dame Chandler the mysterious manner in which she fattened her dogs, by giving them, twice or thrice a day, a quartern loaf, crumbed, and sopped in melted fat, or dripping, which saved meat, since the animals liked that food far better. But at this instant the Telegraph stopped; and the coachman demanding his fare, since she had reached the place at which she had desired to be set down, a violent altercation ensued between them respecting sixpence; and finally the *lady* just stepped out of the vehicle in time to save herself from the indignity of being pulled from it by its infuriated driver.

“A fine *sturren* (stirring), business-like woman!” exclaimed the widow, as we again proceeded; “likelies to turn a penny whiles other folks lay a bed snoring; but mortal wasteful um sure, for one that talks about saving! Meat indeed she may save; but lauk now, only *consate* the *grase* she gives ’em confounded brutes, and the *taller trade* so low!”



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“And only think,” added I, “of the numbers of poor creatures who are starving, whilst she bestows quartern loaves of fine white bread upon her dogs!”

“An’ has for saving *meat*,” cried Niobe (then did she speak for the first time), “sure am I, my fath—that’s to say, the butchers, wouldn’t thank her for her pains.”

Here was a discovery! but a greater was at hand; for when the Telegraph arrived at its destination—the White Horse, Fetter-lane—a livery-servant met this sentimental, and inordinately proud, and ill-humoured *lady*; and after delivering a message from her “*new misses*,” called a hackney-coach to convey her to her “new place.”

My honest widow hurried to the bar, in order to obtain some *stomachic* which should enable her to endure the further fatigue of reaching her own abode; and Mr. S. (a *real* gentleman I hope) meeting me, I amused him uncommonly with this description of my fellow-travellers, as we returned to our happy home in — Square.—M.L.B.

* * * * *

THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

MECHANICAL POWER OF COALS.

The Menai Bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The consumption of seven hanhels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.

The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 700 feet in the side of its base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is, therefore, 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coal, a quantity consumed in some founderies in a week.

The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2,200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, vol. xiv.

* * * * *



WONDROUS EFFECTS OF CHEMISTRY.

Not to mention the impulse which its progress has given to a host of other sciences, what strange and unexpected results has it not brought to light in its application to some of the most common objects! Who, for instance, would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing *more than their own weight of sugar*, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?—that



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dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?—that sawdust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet noway disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible as well as highly nutritive?

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FIRST ENGLISH COLONY IN AMERICA.

The first attempt of the English to effect any settlement in America, was made by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, in the month of June, 1578, obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth, authorizing him to plant a colony in that country. Gilbert's project failed; but it was afterwards resumed by his half-brother, the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who, in 1584, obtained a patent similar to that which had been granted to Gilbert, and next year planted a colony at the mouth of the Roanoke, naming the country *Virginia* in honour of his royal mistress. But all these settlers, as well as others who crossed the Atlantic during the next twenty years, either perished by famine and disease, or by the hands of the Indians, or returned to England.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, vol. xiii.; *being* vol. i. of the *History of the Western World—United States of America*.

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TRADITIONS OF THE INDIANS.

According to the unambitious belief of the Osages, a people living on the banks of one of the lower tributaries of the Missouri, they are sprung from a snail and a beaver. The Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake; that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light; that informed by some adventurers, who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes pasturing on the plains, and of the trees loaded with delicious fruits, the whole nation, with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about the half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman climbing up, broke the roots by her weight; that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun. From a people who entertain such fanciful notions of their origin, no valuable information concerning their early history can be expected.—*Ibid*.

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POLITE SLAUGHTERING OF AN ENEMY.

At times, an Indian warrior, when about to kill and scalp a prostrate enemy, addresses him in such terms as the following:—



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“My name is Cashegra: I am a famous warrior, and am going to kill you. When you reach the land of spirits, you will see the ghost of my father: tell him it was Cashegra sent you there.” The uplifted tomahawk then descends upon his victim.—*Ibid.*

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

A SCENE ON THE “COSTA FIRME.”

I was awakened by the low growling, and short bark of the dog. The night was far spent; the tiny sparks of the fire-flies that were glancing in the doorway, began to grow pale; the chirping of the crickets and lizards, and the *snore* of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and the wild cry of the tiger-cat was no longer heard. The *terral*, or land-wind, which is usually strongest towards morning, moaned loudly on the hillside, and came rushing past with a melancholy *sough*, through the brushwood that surrounded the hut, shaking off the heavy dew from the palm and cocoa nut trees, like large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the woodpecker; the clear flute note of the *Pavo del monte*; the discordant shriek of the macaw; the shrill *chirr* of the wild Guinea fowl; and the chattering of the paroquets began to be heard from the wood. The ill-omened *gallinaso* was sailing and circling round the hut, and the tall flamingo was stalking on the shallows of the lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting alligator, that lay beneath, divided from the sea by a narrow mud bank, where a group of pelicans, perched on the wreck of one of our boats, were pluming themselves before taking wing. In the east, the deep blue of the firmament, from which the lesser stars were fast fading, all but the “Eye of Morn,” was warming into magnificent purple, and the amber rays of the yet unrisen sun were shooting up, streamer-like, with intervals between, through the parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-coloured streaks of a tropical dawn.

“That’s a musket shot,” said the lieutenant. The Indian crept on his belly to the door, dropped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard, then three or four dropping shots again, in rapid succession. Mr. Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word “*Espanoles.*”

On the instant a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gunshot wound in her neck, from which two or three large black clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out, “*Escapa, Oreeyue, escapa, para mi soi, muerto ya.*” Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her



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child, whose small shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-shriek, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of her offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "*Sigi mi Querida Bondia—maldito.*" Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "*Venga la suerte, ya soi listo,*" and resumed his squatting position on the ground. Half-a-dozen musket balls were now fired at random through the wattles, while the lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sung out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "*Mentira,*" growled the officer of the party, "*Piratas son ustedes.*" "Pirates leagued with Indian bravoos; fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be lost; Mr. Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that remained to me, but they beat us back again with the butts of their muskets.

"Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?" We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brushwood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a-hand, Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at the last gasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezzer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "*par le queue,*" the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box. I believe under Providence, that the ludicrousness of this attack saved us from being bayoneted on the spot. It gave time for Mr. Splinter to recover his breath, when being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to the remains of the naval uniform in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer, "We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but *that* was my captain four days ago, and you see, *he* at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself." The person he addressed, a handsome young Spaniard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.



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When he saw the crown and anchor, and his majesty's cipher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—"Es verdat, son de la marina Inglesa;" "But gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?" There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was no where to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the mouldering mass, then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chaps and cheek-bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs like scorched rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the dead bodies of the ill-starred Bondia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air, and beasts of the forest, will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthagena, now treated us with great civility; he heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the outpost to which they belonged—after travelling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had over-taken us, and came suddenly on a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of "*Punto Canoa.*" There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a *bivouac* than the Spanish. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space.

The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard-house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst overhead there was a sort of stage made of planks laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sentries in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch; some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, and on the platform amongst the branches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and sat playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, or cleaning their arms.

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It shone brightly on the long line of Spanish transports that were moored below, *stem on* to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and a hollow rattle of the cable, remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tinging with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide, like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet reassumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into the lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning way glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant some fantastic shape in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath, the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Popa, the citadel of San Felipe bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the fated city of Carthagená, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain, who apologized for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before showing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was *only* one of his people who had died that morning of *vomito*, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

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DIRGE.

Green be the turf o'er thy head,
Light lie the earth on thy breast,
Peaceful and calm be thy sleep,
Till thou'rt called to rejoice with the blest.

Though we weep, yet we joy at thy lot,
Though we mourn thee, we yet can resign,
Though we sorrow, 'tis not without hope,
Though we lose thee, forbear to repine.



From the cares and the pains of this world
Thy beatified spirit is free,
'Twould be selfish in us to deplore,
For we know that thy God is with thee.

Royal Lady's Magazine. No. 1.

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THE REBELLION IN STOCK POGIS.

Answer to Mrs. Jones's Letter in Hood's Comic Annual.[1]

Padinton third Janeary 1831.



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Dr. Mrs. Jones,—I take Pin in hand to Scratch you a few Remarks in return for your kind Pestle: it however gav me a sevear Blow to hear of my deer friends Roofall Sitawayshun: keep up your Spirits, do my deer Frend, I dout not in your next I shall hear you have taken to your Old Rum again down stairs and find the Windy-Pains in a Hole condishun—Yet what can you Relie on when the Country Gernal is filled with sheets of Flams of Steaks and Bairns burnt to their foundhayshones. But let you and me Mrs. J. hop that these evil Doors may be sicured. I have a bit of Noose for you—Swing is taken and Lockt up—let us hop then that Steps may be taken for capshining his Canfeedrats—You enquier what our King and Manystirs think of Stuck Puggys I beleeve they think your Magasstearall Funkshunareas mite have shone more Hacktivity and Incision again armed Poplars and Incieders—but its all owing to the March of Intellx—instd of mindin there work they are always runnin to heer some Seedishus Ourang or other on the Harrastocrazy—they now call themselves the Industerious Classis, formally they was called The Lore Ordurs. My Servint gal atends Love Feasts and Missinarea Meetins and has the impidence to tell me she has a Soal as valleyable as my own and actally askt if her minnyster mite be aloud to come and prepair me for Heavn; but I told the uzzy to prepair herself for another place and gav her a munths warnin to soot herself—but about the parleymeant—Hurl Grey the Primer has a load on his sholders wich I hop he will be able to discharg an all go off quiet: He has pledgd himself for to the caws for Riform an says hell Redrench evry Place where he has Grounds: and they all talk about Pooling Mesurs; but the Wetterun Bishop Sincurers and Cloaths borrowers show pourfull Oppisishun and perplex and embrace all his Plans—Pettyshuns come in from all Parts for Necromancypassion, wich I take to be some new plan for washin the Blackamer wite—also for the vote by Ballad which Mr. Hum supports and likewis Mr. Oconl the Hireish mimber wich wants the Onion to be repeeled and caws all Hireland Watery eyes; but I hop sich Cryses will niver arrive—I supose youve herd Hunt is returnd for Prestun wherby Im sorry to heer of a incindery sittin in the ows, for he not only first burnt the Corn but sold it after to the pure Peeple—but is Blackin his good—Our new lord Cancellor Brewem gives us Hops that he will put a end to all the Old Suits without making any New Breeches wich wrong incisions wold show Shear hignoranc—but hes no Goos!—Mr. Grant wants to Mancypate the Jews— Porkreetchers! my next Nabor Levy says they are a Pursycutish Race thogh they hav Numbers of Genesis among them fit for Trusts on Securitys; but let who will be in or out somethin must be done. Winters com and the ole Country wants instand Releafing thoug I hop no Treesunable acts will be manny fisted be the Peeple—Nobody now cant sell nothing Goods hangs on hand and Malefactors are dropping in every line—Soverins is scars



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and Peebles ready to tear each other to peeces for um—We want some change—In the Naborhood of Manshister thirty thousn Wafers are in a state of Risibility which is no laughin matter, havin struck for more Wags tho' they get therty shillins a Weak and are always in Labor!—this abolition of feelin shold be checkt, for if it is to go on it will most likly continew—As you observe, the Rag for Chang is grate—as they say The Scullmasters Abroad and the Scull all in confushon—Old Head devices done away with and Hairy Cassles supplyin the place—Aspics on the Continence seem very embracing—tho the Trials in France is over the People are in Truble—I hope the Rising in the Low Kantrys is over—The Poles seem to be makin head again the Rushons in great Armd Bodis—bent on Deth or imprisonment to get Liberty—In short all Eurups in Harms; but nothins so Barberus as Civil comoshins Hopin all is over with You, and restin assurd Stuck Puggys is not likely to rise again, I conclude remaining Your sincer Frend and well wisher A HUMPHRIES.

[1] From the *Literary Gazette*. See Notice of the *Comic Annual—Mirror*, No. 467.

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SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MR. ST. JOHN LONG.

“Aye—there’s the *rub*.”—HAMLET.

“’Tis all one!” said I, laying down the newspaper on the breakfast table, after reading an erroneous representation of myself and the Marquess of Sligo:—“I am resolved to remove this stain from my character, and, if *hard-rubbing* can do it, I may hope to succeed.” I had scarcely pronounced these words, when my servant entered the room to inform me that a person had arrived in breathless haste, imploring my assistance for a gentleman in a dying condition. Heedful, as I ever am to attend to the sufferings of others—a pursuit in which I have found ample fee-licity—I drew on my boots and followed the applicant to the house of the suffering gentleman. This was situated in a picturesque part of the metropolis, and, on knocking, the door was opened to me by a man who might be six and forty years of age—there, or thereabout. Guessing the purport of my visit, he said nothing, but led me up to his master’s room, when a spectacle of the most appalling character met my eyes. A gentleman in the prime of life, lay extended on a bed—his hair dishevelled, his dress disordered, and his complexion a midway hue between the tints of chalk and Cheshire cheese. His tongue hung out of his mouth, loaded with evidence of internal strife. I naturally believed that the present was a confirmed case of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and I accordingly had recourse to my well known, and, with-few-exceptions-always-successful remedy of inhaling. In this

instance, however, it did not answer my expectations. Instead of benefitting the *trachea*, it produced a sympathetic affection of the stomach and diaphragm,



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and the *oesophagus* formed the medium of communication between the patient and myself. Having taken a pinch of snuff, I was about to give my other infallible remedy a fair trial, when the patient opened his eyes. But, gracious heaven! what eyes! The visual orb was swollen, blood-shot, troubled and intolerably dull. At the same moment, some incoherent expressions fell from the unfortunate gentleman. After a reference to the kidneys, he seemed to wish for something to be found in the *coal-hole*, or the *cider-cellar*; but the search of the servant below stairs was unavailing. I now began to apprehend delirium. To be sure of the state of his mind, I inquired if there were any clergyman whom he would wish to see: He exclaimed, "O venerable old Offley!" But when I expressed to the servants a wish that this reverend gentleman might be sent for, they assured me that they had never heard of him! The patient then muttered some inarticulate sounds, and turned on his side. This position being favourable for my original operation of rubbing, I slit up the back of his coat, waistcoat, and all other vestmental impediments, and smartly applied a solution of *tartarised antimony* along the course of the spine. The effect was instantaneous on the alimentary canal, and a griping in the transverse arch of the *colon* well nigh put a full stop to the patient's sufferings. The *ductus communis choledochus* again deluged the stomach, and with the customary consequences. The scene now, became almost insupportable. An aged nurse, who had, from the infancy of the patient, been his domestic, declared that she could hold out no longer. Poor creature! the tear of affection glistened in her eye; while her convulsed features betrayed uncontrollable sensations. It was a struggle between the heart and the stomach: the heart, remained true, but the stomach turned. At this the patient commenced cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in a way which will be found fully detailed with all due dashes —! —! —! &c. &c. in the last number of a Northern magazine. "Zounds!" cried he, starting up on his *seant*—"Who are you? who sent for you? May the fiends catch you and cleave to you for ever! Give us the hips! a small glass of brandy! ha! ha! ha! O my back! D—n all doctors! Here am I stung and tortured with *gastritis*, *hepatitis*, *splenitis*, *nephritis*, *epistaxis*, *odontalgia*, *cardialgia*, *diarhoea*, and a whole legion of devils with Latin names! D—n all doctors again, say I!" And with this exclamation, he hurled a curious crown of crockery at my head, which fitted on so tightly, that only by breaking it, could I disengage myself from the delfic diadem. I hastily ran down stairs, and, meeting the man of six and forty in the passage, I inquired of him very minutely concerning the state of his master. He answered all my questions with perfect candour, and not without a certain archness of look and manner rather unusual among men of six



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and forty in his rank of life. From all I elicited, and also from certain corroborative proofs, which I do not think it necessary now to specify, I have no hesitation in declaring, for the information of the profession to which I do not belong, and of the public generally, that in this case my abstruse remedies had not a fair trial, inasmuch as the patient's state was vulgarly simple. He had been *drunk* the night before!

J. ST. J.L.

Fraser's Magazine.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

HISTORY OF THE PENNY.

(For the Mirror.)

“She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No *silver-penny* to reward her pain.”

Dryden.

According to Camden and Spelman, the ancient English penny[2] was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors.

In the time of Ethelred, it was equal in weight to our threepence. Till the time of King Edward I. the penny was struck with a cross, so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broken, and parted on occasion into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*; but that prince coined it without indenture, in lieu of which he struck round halfpence and farthings. He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard, ordering that it should weigh thirty-two grains of wheat taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the penny sterling. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight, as well as a coin. By subsequent acts it has been further reduced. In ancient statutes, the penny was used for all silver money; hence the *ward-penny*, the *avert-penny*, the *rete-penny*, &c.

The *ward-penny* was formerly a customary due paid to the sheriff, or other officer, for maintaining *watch* and *ward*. It was payable at the feast of St. Martin; and is still paid within the manor of Sutton Colfield, in Warwickshire, and that with some very singular ceremonies.



The *aver-penny*, or *average-penny*, was contributed towards the king's averages, or money given to be freed thereof.

The *rete-penny* was an ancient customary due of one penny for every person to the parish priest.

The *schar-penny* was a compensation paid by tenants who neglected to pen up their cattle at night in the pounds or yard of their lord, for the benefit of their dung, or *scearn*, as the Saxons called it.

Peter-pence were an ancient tax of a penny on each house throughout England, paid to the Pope. It was called *Peter-pence* because collected on the day of *St. Peter ad vincula*. By the Saxons it was called *Rome-feoh*—i.e. the fee of Rome; and also *Rome-scot*, and *Rome-pennyng*, because collected and sent to Rome. And lastly, it was called *hearth-money*, because every dwelling-house was liable to it, provided there were thirty pence *vivae pecuniae* belonging to it—nay, every religious house, the Abbey of St. Alban's alone excepted. It was finally prohibited under Queen Elizabeth.



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“The money of England (says Chamberlayne) was abused and falsified for a long time; till Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1560, to her great praise, called in all such money; since which time, no base money hath been coined in the Mint of England, but only of pure gold and silver, called *sterling money*; only of latter time, in relation to the necessity of the poor, and exchange of great money, a small piece of copper, called a farthing, or fourth part of a penny, hath been permitted to be coined; and so likewise an halfpenny of two farthings.”

Penny pieces of copper were first issued in England June 26, 1797.

N.B. This is a *penny article*, but it is hoped the reader will not object to pay *twopence* for it.

P.T.W.

[2] Derived from *pecunia*.

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ORIGIN OF BAIL.

(*For the Mirror.*)

“Worry’d with debts, and past all hopes of *bail*,
The un pity’d wretch lies rotting in a jail.”

Roscommon.

The system of *giving securities*, or *bail*, to answer an accusation, is a custom (says Brewer) which appears to have been coeval with the Saxon nation. This system was, indeed, subsequently carried by the Saxons to a burthensome and degrading height—not being confined to those who were accused of crime, but extending to the whole community, who thus gave surety to answer anticipated criminality. This object was effected by the division of England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, and by the direction that every man should belong to some tithing or hundred; which divisions were pledged to the preservation of the public peace, and were answerable for the conduct of their inhabitants.

The system of placing all the people under *borh*, or bail, the origin of which was attributed to Alfred, is first clearly enforced in the laws of Edgar.

P.T.W.

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ANCIENT DIVISIONS OF THE DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

“See the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.”

Shakspeare.

The Chaldaeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians began the day at sun-rise, and divided both the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the invention of hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide this interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and distinguished by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, 136 years B.C. was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours.

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The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and setting sun, the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and derived this practice from their ancient jurisprudence and rites of religion, established long before they had any idea of the division into hours. The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first punic war, as part of the spoils of that city; and after this period, they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *accendus*, used to proclaim the hours; and at the bench of justice (says Kennett) gave notice every three hours what it was o'clock.

Throughout the Turkish empire, time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the vigils of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

P.T.W.

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THE TOPOGRAPHER.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Voyage up the Bristol Channel.—Two steam-packets ply twice every week throughout the year between Bristol and Swansea. The opposition has been so great this season, that the cabin fare is only 5_s_ and the steerage 2_s_ 6_d_ for a distance of seventy-five miles. The voyage down is performed in fine weather in about six hours; while, in consequence of the tide being adverse, it requires from nine to ten hours to make the voyage up the Channel. We hardly know any voyage so pleasant of the same length, for the scenery along the shores of the Severn sea, as it is well known, is singularly romantic and beautiful. We will give a rapid description of the voyage to Bristol:—Let us suppose ourselves darting between Swansea pier-heads, in the well-known *Palmerston* steamer, with her opponent, the *Bristol*, in her wake. After crossing Swansea Bay, you pass Porthcawl, about fifteen miles from Swansea, where a harbour has been formed, at a great expense, by an extensive new coal company, whose works lie fourteen miles distant. This coast is exposed to all the fury of the Atlantic, the surf against the cliffs appearing very distinct at Swansea; and the task of forming the Breakwater must have been a difficult one. The steamers now keep close along shore, in a channel inside the Nass Sands—an extensive and dangerous bank to seaward. The contrast between the immense and tumultuous masses of breakers over these sands, particularly if the wind is fresh, and the calmness of the narrow channel you are securely traversing, is very impressive. These sands, and another large shoal called the Skerweathers, nearer

Swansea, have been fatal to many vessels. In rough weather, however, the steamers go outside, which



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lengthens the passage considerably. A large West Indiaman, with a cargo of rum, &c., was lost a few years ago on a rock near Porthcawl, called the Tusca, which disappears at high-water; and a dreadful scene of riot occurred amongst the peasantry along shore in consequence. The coast near Porthcawl appears at Swansea to be the eastern extremity of the bay; but the bluff point called the Nass, about eight miles farther, is so in reality. The coast onwards past the Nass point is almost perpendicular, the limestone lying in horizontal strata, so as to closely resemble a very lofty wall. There are several breaks or openings of extreme natural beauty as you proceed, which have a double effect on the mind when contrasted with the stern scenery of this wild coast. St. Donat's Castle, the residence of Mr. T.D.T. Drake, an extensive and antique structure in fine preservation, with its venerable towers partly embosomed in wood, is extremely beautiful. The park, studded with deer, shelves gradually down to the shore; a lofty watch-tower on the heights, and the hanging terraces, must command a splendid view. St. Donat's Castle is said to have been built nearly a thousand years ago, and was very strongly fortified: as many Roman coins have been found here, there has probably been a Roman station near. An extensive cave, accessible only at low water, near here, is said to have been the retreat of St. Donat.—The steamers still keep close along shore, and pass Aberthaw, celebrated for its limestone, till you near the Flat and Steep Holmes, two conspicuous islands in the middle of the Channel, about three miles distant from each other. From a lofty light-house on the Flat Holme, a magnificent view may be obtained on a clear day of the Channel, with Lundy Island rearing its head above the distant ocean:—

“Look round—behold
How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On the sea—how gloriously in light
It rides!”

The Flat Holme, which is nearly ten miles from Cardiff harbour, forms the boundary of the port of Bristol; and every seven years the mayor and corporation of that city visit it, and go through some ceremonies prescribed by ancient custom. There are some remarkable and interesting rocks on the Flat Holme: its only inhabitants are a man and his wife, the attendants at the light-house. This man is created sole lord of the island by the corporation of Bristol, and has the exclusive right of fishing round its shores. The Steep Holme is a lofty and barren rock, tenanted alone by the cormorant and the sea-mew: it is smaller than the Flat Holme. The following lines are so beautifully descriptive of this lonely and desolate spot, that we cannot resist transcribing them:

“The sea-bird claims that solitary spot,
And around, loud screaming, wheels
In undisturbed possession: other sounds,

Save those of shrieking winds and battling cliffs.
Are seldom heard in that deserted isle.

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The spirit of desolation seems to dwell
Within it; and although the sun is high,
And Nature is at holy peace, it has
An aspect wild and dreary.
But in the wint'ry storm, when all that sea—
The terrible Atlantic—breasts its rocks
In thund'ring conflict, the unearthly howl
Might almost wake the dead."

N.T. Carrington.

But to proceed with our voyage:—Almost opposite the Holmes there is an extensive view on your right of Bridgewater Bay, receding inland; and on the left, Pennarth Roads, with the forest of shipping and town of Cardiff elevated in the distance, present themselves. On this side the Channel there is nothing more to mention—the thriving and very extensive port of Newport on the Uske, in Monmouthshire, about twelve miles above Cardiff, not being visible. This town has risen almost entirely within the present century. It owes its prosperity partly to the excellent quality and hardness of its coal, which is almost equal to that of Newcastle, and partly to an unjust and exclusive act of parliament, which enacts that all coals shipped eastward of the Holmes shall be free of duty, to the great injury of Cardiff, Swansea, and other ports to the westward. The annual shipments to the port of Bridgewater alone, in consequence, are 100,000 tons. You now stretch nearer the Somersetshire coast; and after passing that beautiful and much-frequented little watering-place, Weston-supra-mare, clustering on the side of a romantic declivity along shore, the flood-tide reaches you on arriving in the far-famed King-Road at the mouth of the Avon, which, in addition to the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery, generally presents an animating scene of shipping and steamers, lying off till there is sufficient tide up the river. But we have progressed gently amidst a crowd of small craft past Pill, a fishing village at its mouth; and after being entranced for five miles with the magnificent and varied scenery of that lovely river, the classic and palatial buildings of Clifton, cresting the pinnacle of the rocks, come in sight as you near Cumberland Basin, and form a fit termination to such a scene. But we must recur to this subject.

VYVYAN.

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THE GATHERER.

“A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”

SHAKSPEARE.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

We all know that Sir Humphry Davy was the creator of electro-chemistry—that he was the inventor of the safety-lamp; but few are aware that he was also a poet, and that the chemist wrote the prologue to the *Honey Moon*. We knew that he was skilful in angling, for he was the author of *Salmonia*; but we did not know that he was the original Green Man, and went a-fishing in a green dress, with a broad-brimmed green hat stuck with artificial flies, and being,



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in short, all green, down to his boots of Indian rubber. He was also an epicure of the drollest kind, for he was curious in tasting every thing that had never been tasted before, and interfered himself in the composition of dishes intended for his table, thereby encountering the wrath of strange cooks, and running serious risks in inn-kitchens. We have long heard his name coupled with aristocratic parties, but we see how he contrived to reconcile the calls of the laboratory and the invitations of great people. He worked to the last moment; and, when he was too late for dinner, covered his dirty shirt with a clean one, there being no time for changing it. He has been known to wear five *strata* of shirts at a time, and to have greatly surprised his friends by his rapid transitions from a state of corpulency to that of considerable leanness. This was when, at some moment of leisure, he contrived to find time to despoil himself of his *exuvia*. All Sir Humphry's experience in high circles (and in the plenitude of his fame he commanded any rank) never gave him ease of manner: he lacked the original familiarity with polished society, and his best efforts at pleasing were marred with a disagreeable bearing, which might sometimes be called pertness, sometimes superciliousness.—As in his dress he oscillated between a dandy and a sloven, so in his manners he vibrated from familiarity to hauteur. In all personal matters he missed the golden mean.—Spectator Newspaper.

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YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.

The young Princess Esterhazy was a great favourite of George IV. At a ball given in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, the young ladies were each expected to kneel, and present him with a nosegay; but the princess declared, that as she was of royal blood, she would prefer death to such degradation. The King received her graciously, notwithstanding her obstinacy; but her governess sent the child to bed immediately after dinner. "*Bon pour la digestion*," exclaimed the princess; which so enraged the governess, that she took her out of bed and whipped her soundly. "*Bon pour la circulation*," said the princess; and the next day the governess resigned.—*Atlas*.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

At St. Augustine's Sessions, in an appeal case, a witness was asked by Sir Edward Knatchbull, to relate what took place between him and his master, which he did as follows:—"I told him he was a liar." Chairman—"Very improper language." Witness—"Can't help that, I am come here to speak the truth, and you have got it."—*Kent and Essex Mer.*

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THE DEAD HAND.

It is an opinion very prevalent among the “finest pisantry in the world,” that a lighted candle placed in a dead man’s hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used; and also that, if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking! Under the influence of this superstition, a party, a few nights since *armed with a dead man’s hand* and lighted candle, attacked the house of Mrs. Leonard (the mother of the priest), in the town of Oldcastle, county of Meath; but, unfortunately for the credit of the creed, the inmates were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them.



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EPIGRAMS.

“Upon his arrival at Perthshire, his Majesty is to be received by a band of two hundred men, *entirely of the Mac clan*, arrayed in the ancient national costume.”—*Scotsman*.

In Scotia our king's to be blessed with a treat,
A *balleting* one if the Scotch have their nacks,
For the papers put forth he's at Perthshire to meet,
Dressed in tartan and bonnet, a *band of all "Macs."* (Almacks.)

Which wert thou, cruel Bishop Bonner,
A savage *wit*, or senseless *noddy*,
When to extinguish Ridley's faith,
Thou *mad'st a bonfire* of his body?

Disdain'd by the Helen he fondly had wooed, A love-stricken swain in a region
campestris, Thus “clerkly” gave vent to his sorrowful mood, *Ah! vota si mea valissent
cum Vestris!*[3]

Ah me! what *foggy thoughts* environ
The man that reads Gait's “Life of Byron.”
—*Hudibras parodied*.

“What pens doth Galt in general use?”
To Farthing thus said Simon Shark;
“Mostly the *Nocto-Polygraph*,
Or pen that writes Sir—in *the dark*.”

PUN-ICUS.

[3] Vide Certamen Ajacis et Ulyssis. *Ovid's Met*.

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PARLIAMENTARY ABSTINENCE.

Perhaps it is not generally known, and certainly not generally attended to, that an act of parliament was made in the reign of Edward III. prohibiting any one from being served, at dinner or supper, with more than two courses; except upon some great holidays there specified, in which he may be served with three. This act has never been repealed.

J.J.C.



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ANTICIPATORY EPITAPH.

(*To the Editor.*)

Connected with Leeds, Kent, mentioned in No. 461 of *The Mirror*, I beg leave to inform you, that in the village churchyard, near the castle, is a rather singular inscription upon a grave-stone, which was put up by the deceased during his life time; and when I first saw it, had blanks, for inserting his age and the time of his death. These blanks have long since been filled up, and the whole now reads as follows:—

“In memory of James Barham, of this parish, who departed this life Jan. 14, 1818, aged 93 years; and who, from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung, in Kent and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5,040 changes in each peal, and called bobs, &c. for most of the peals; and April 7th and 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob-majors, on Leeds-bells, in 27 hours.”

R. ROFFE.

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As Le Commandeur De Sillery, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian ambassador, in the square before the beautiful church of the Gesu, at Rome (where it seems there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer), he said to him, "What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here? Can your excellency account for it?" "Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has been long current in this city. The devil and the wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when, coming to the Jesuits' College in this place, the devil said to the wind, 'Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two, I have a word to say to these good fathers within.' The devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door."

J.G.B.

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LORD BYRON.

On Saturday next, a SUPPLEMENT of
PIQUANT EXTRACTS
FROM
MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON,
Vol. II.

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