

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. 17, No. 483.] *Saturday, April 2, 1831.* [Price 2d.

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Grotto at Ascot place.*]

Here is a picturesque contrivance of Art to embellish Nature. We have seen many such labours, but none with more satisfaction than the Grotto at Ascot Place.

This estate is in the county of Surrey, five miles south-east from Windsor, on the side of Ascot Heath, near Winkfield. The residence was erected by Andrew Lindergreen, Esq.; at whose death it was sold to Daniel Agace, Esq., who has evinced considerable taste in the arrangement of the grounds. The house is of brick, with wings. On the adjoining lawn, a circular Corinthian temple produces a very pleasing effect. The gem of the estate is, however, the above Grotto, which is situate at the end of a canal running through the grounds. Upon this labour of leisure much expense and good taste have been bestowed. It consists of four rooms, but one only, for the refreshing pastime of tea drinking, appears to be completed. It is almost entirely covered with a white spar, intermixed with curious and unique specimens of polished pebbles and petrifications. The ceiling is ornamented with pendants of the same material; and the whole, when under the influence of a strong sun, has an almost magical effect. These and other decorations of the same grounds were executed by a person named Turnbull, who was employed here for several years by Mr. Agace. Our View is copied from one of a series of engravings by Mr. Hakewill, the ingenious architect; these illustrations being supplementary to that gentleman's quarto *History of Windsor*.

We request the reader to enjoy with us the delightful repose—the cool and calm retreat—of the Engraving. Be he never so indifferent a lover of Nature, he must admire its picturesque beauty; or be he never so enthusiastic, he must regard with pleasure the ingenuity of the artist. To an amateur, the pursuit of decorating grounds is one of the most interesting and intellectual amusements of retirement. We have worshipped from dewy morn till dusky eve in rustic temples and “cool grots,” and have sometimes aided in their construction. The roots, limbs, and trunks of trees, and straw or reeds, are all the materials required to build these hallowed and hallowing shrines. We call them hallowing, because they are either built, or directed to be built, in adoration of the beauties of Nature; who, in turn, mantles them with endless varieties of lichens and mosses. In the Rookery adjoining John Evelyn's “Wotton” were many such temples dedicated to sylvan deities: one of them, to Pan, consists of a pediment supported by four rough trunks of trees, the walls being of moss and laths, and enclosed with tortuous limbs. Beneath the pediment is the following apposite line from Virgil:

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Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.
Pan, guardian of the sheep and shepherds too.

Yet the building is not merely ornamental, for the back serves as a cow-house!

Pope's love of grotto-building has made it a poetical amusement. Who does not remember his grotto at Twickenham—

The EGERIAN *grot*,
Where, nobly pensive, *st. John* sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying *Wyndham* stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their *country*, and be poor.

—The Grotto, has, however, crumbled to the dilapidations of time, and the pious thefts of visitors; but, proud are we to reflect that the poetry of the great genius who dictated its erection—*lives*; and his fame is untarnished by the canting reproach of the critics of our time. True it is that the best, or ripest fruit, is always most pecked at.

* * * * *

FAIRY SONG.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Slowly o'er the mountain's brow
Rosy light is dawning;
See! the stars are fading now
In the beam of morning.
Yonder soft approaching ray
Bids us, Fairies, haste away.

Fairy guardians, watching o'er
Flowers of tender blossom,
Chilling damps descend no more,
And the flow'ret's bosom,
Opening to th' approaching day,
Bids ye, Fairies, haste away.

Hark! the lonely bird of night
Stays its notes of sadness;
Early birds, that hail the light,
Soon shall wake to gladness.



Philomel's concluding lay
Bids us follow night away.

Ye that guard the infant's rest,
Or watch the maiden's pillow;—
Demons seek their home unblest
'Neath Ocean's deepest billow:
Harmless now the dreams that play
O'er slumbering eyes, then haste away.

Farewell lovely scenes, that here
Wait the day god's shining;
We must follow Dian's sphere
O'er the hills declining.
Brighter comes the beam of day—
Haste ye, Fairies, haste away.

G.J.

* * * * *

DREAMS PRODUCED BY WHISPERING IN THE SLEEPER'S EAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

Dryden.

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Dr. Abercrombie, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, has recorded several instances of remarkable dreams.—Among them is the following extraordinary instance of the power which may be exercised over some persons while asleep, of creating dreams by whispering in their ears. An officer in the expedition to Lanisburg, in 1758, had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. It had more effect when the voice was that of a friend familiar to him. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel, and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life; this he instantly did, but with such force as to throw himself from the locker to the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Lanisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in the tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he sometimes did, who were down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next him in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together, by falling over the tent ropes.

By the by, all this is quite contrary to Dryden's theory, who says—

“As one who in a frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, *labours in vain* to run;
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans.”

And again, in his Virgil—

“When heavy sleep has closed the sight, And sickly fancy labours in the night, We seem to run, and, destitute of force, Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course; In vain we heave for breath—*in vain we cry— The nerves unbraced, their usual strength deny, And on the tongue the flattering accents die.*”

Now this man seems to have had the use not only of his limbs, but of his faculty of speech, while dreaming; and it was not till after he awoke that he felt the oppression Dryden describes; for it is stated, that when he awoke he had no distinct recollection of his dream, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his companions that he was sure they had been playing some trick upon him.

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W.A.R.

P.S. This is a sleepy article; and I would warn its reader to endeavour not to fall asleep over it, and thus endanger his falling over his chair; and lest some familiar friend or *chere amie* should, finding his instructions in his hand, take the opportunity of making the experiment, and may be create a little jealous quarrel or so.

* * * * *

SONNET TO THE RIVER ARUN.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Pure Stream! whose waters gently glide along,
In murmuring cadence to the Poet's ear,
Who, stretch'd at ease your flowery banks among,
Views with delight your glassy surface clear,
Roll pleasing on through Otways sainted wood;
Where "musing Pity" still delights to mourn,
And kiss the spot where oft her votary stood,
Or hang fresh cypress o'er his weeping urn;—
Here, too, retir'd from Folly's scenes afar,
His powerful shell first studious Collins strung;
Whilst Fancy, seated in her rainbow car,
Round him her flowers Parnassian wildly flung.
Stream of the Bards! oft Hayley linger'd here;
And Charlotte Smith[1] hath grac'd thy current with a tear.

The Author of "A Tradesman's Lays." No. 85, Leather Lane.

[1] This charming, accomplished poetess has addressed one of her most beautiful "Elegiac Sonnets" to this inspiring River. Her tender image of the "infant Otway" is, however, borrowed from a stanza in Collins's inimitable "Ode to Pity:"—

"Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains
And echo 'midst my native plains
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute;
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's *infant head*—
To him thy cell was shown," &c.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

* * * * *

ANCIENT BLACK BOOKS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The Black Book of the Exchequer is said to have been composed in the year 1175, by Gervase of Tilbury, nephew of King Henry the Second. It contains a description of the court of England, as it then stood, its officers, their ranks, privileges, wages, perquisites, powers, and jurisdictions; and the revenues of the crown, both in money, grain, and cattle. Here we find, that for one shilling, as much bread might be bought as would serve a hundred men a whole day; and the price for a fat bullock was only twelve shillings, and a sheep four, &c. At the end of this book are the Annals of William of Worcester, which contain notes on the affairs of his own times.

The Black Book of the English Monasteries was a detail of the scandalous enormities practised in religious houses: compiled by order of the visitors, under King Henry the Eighth, to blacken them, and thus hasten their dissolution.

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Books which relate to necromancy are called Black Books.

Black-rent, or Black-mail, was a certain rate of money, corn, cattle, or other consideration, paid (says Cowell) to men allied with robbers, to be by them protected from the danger of such as usually rob or steal.

P.T.W.

* * * * *

ANCIENT STATE OF PANCRAS.

(For the Mirror.)

Brewer, in his “London and Middlesex,” says—“When a visitation of the church of Pancras was made, in the year 1251, there were only forty houses in the parish.” The desolate situation of the village, in the latter part of the 16th century, is emphatically described by Norden, in his “Speculum Britanniae.” After noticing the solitary condition of the church, he says—“Yet about the structure have bin manie buildings, now decaied, leaving poore Pancrast without companie or comfort.” In some manuscript additions to his work, the same writer has the following observations:—“Although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon deveyne occasions, yet it is visayed by thieves, who assemble not there to pray, but to waite for prayer; and many fall into their handes, clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walk not there too late.”

Pancras is said to have been a parish before the Conquest, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. It derived its name from the saint to whom the church is dedicated—a youthful Phrygian nobleman, who suffered death under the Emperor Dioclesian, for his adherence to the Christian faith.

P.T.W.

* * * * *

SALT AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

(For the Mirror.)

Potter, in his “Antiquities of Greece,” says—“Salt was commonly set before strangers, before they tasted the victuals provided for them; whereby was intimated, that as salt does consist of aqueous and terrene particles, mixed and united together, or as it is a concrete of several aqueous parts, so the stranger and the person by whom he was

entertained should, from the time of their tasting salt together, maintain a constant union of love and friendship.”

Others tell us, that salt being apt to preserve flesh from corruption, signified, that the friendship which was then begun should be firm and lasting; and some, to mention no more different opinions concerning this matter, think, that a regard was had to the purifying quality of salt, which was commonly used in lustrations, and that it intimated that friendship ought to be free from all design and artifice, jealousy and suspicion.

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It may be, the ground of this custom was only this, that salt was constantly used at all entertainments, both of the gods and men, whence a particular sanctity was believed to be lodged in it: it is hence called divine salt by Homer, and holy salt by others; and by placing of salt on the table, a sort of blessing was thought to be conveyed to them. To have eaten at the same table was esteemed an inviolable obligation to friendship; and to transgress the salt at the table—that is, to break the laws of hospitality, and to injure one by whom any person had been entertained—was accounted one of the blackest crimes: hence that exaggerating interrogation of Demosthenes, “Where is the salt? where the hospital tables?” for in despite of these, he had been the author of these troubles. And the crime of Paris in stealing Helena is aggravated by Cassandra, upon this consideration, that he had contemned the salt, and overturned the hospital table.

P.T.W.

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THE NOVELIST.

* * * * *

THE GAMESTER’S DAUGHTER.

From the Confessions of an Ambitious Student.

A fit, one bright spring morning, came over me—a fit of poetry. From that time the disorder increased, for I indulged it; and though such of my performances as have been seen by friendly eyes have been looked upon as mediocre enough, I still believe, that if ever I could win a lasting reputation, it would be through that channel. Love usually accompanies poetry, and, in my case, there was no exception to the rule.

“There was a slender, but pleasant brook, about two miles from our house, to which one or two of us were accustomed, in the summer days, to repair to bathe and saunter away our leisure hours. To this favourite spot I one day went alone, and crossing a field which led to the brook, I encountered two ladies, with one of whom, having met her at some house in the neighbourhood, I had a slight acquaintance. We stopped to speak to each other, and I saw the face of her companion. Alas! were I to live ten thousand lives, there would never be a moment in which I could be alone—nor sleeping, and that face not with me!

“My acquaintance introduced us to each other. I walked home with them to the house of Miss D——(so was the strange, who was also the younger lady named.) The next day I called upon her; the acquaintance thus commenced did not droop; and, notwithstanding our youth—for Lucy D—— was only seventeen, and I nearly a year younger—we soon loved, and with a love, which, full of poesy and dreaming, as from our age it necessarily

must have been, was not less durable, nor less heart-felt, than if it had arisen from the deeper and more earthly sources in which later life only hoards its affections.

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“Oh, God! how little did I think of what our young folly entailed upon us! We delivered ourselves up to the dictates of our hearts, and forgot that there was a future. Neither of us had any ulterior design; we did not think—poor children that we were—of marriage, and settlements, and consent of relations. We touched each other’s hands, and were happy; we read poetry together—and when we lifted up our eyes from the page, those eyes met, and we did not know why our hearts beat so violently; and at length, when we spake of love, and when we called each other Lucy and ——; when we described all that we had thought in absence—and all we had felt when present—when we sat with our hands locked each in each—and at last, growing bolder, when in the still and quiet loneliness of a summer twilight we exchanged our first kiss, we did not dream that the world forbade what seemed to us so natural; nor—feeling in our own hearts the impossibility of change—did we ever ask whether this sweet and mystic state of existence was to last for ever!

“Lucy was an only child; her father was a man of wretched character. A profligate, a gambler—ruined alike in fortune, hope, and reputation, he was yet her only guardian and protector. The village in which we both resided was near London; there Mr. D—— had a small cottage, where he left his daughter and his slender establishment for days, and sometimes for weeks together, while he was engaged in equivocal speculations—giving no address, and engaged in no professional mode of life. Lucy’s mother had died long since, of a broken heart—(that fate, too, was afterwards her daughter’s)—so that this poor girl was literally without a monitor or a friend, save her own innocence—and, alas! innocence is but a poor substitute for experience. The lady with whom I had met her had known her mother, and she felt compassion for the child. She saw her constantly, and sometimes took her to her own house, whenever she was in the neighbourhood; but that was not often, and only for a few days at a time. Her excepted, Lucy had no female friend.

“One evening we were to meet at a sequestered and lonely part of the brook’s course, a spot which was our usual rendezvous. I waited considerably beyond the time appointed, and was just going sorrowfully away when she appeared. As she approached, I saw that she was in tears—and she could not for several moments speak for weeping. At length I learned that her father had just returned home, after a long absence—that he had announced his intention of immediately quitting their present home and going to a distant part of the country, or—perhaps even abroad.

* * * * *

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“It is an odd thing in the history of the human heart, that the times most sad to experience are often the most grateful to recall; and of all the passages in our brief and checkered love, none have I clung to so fondly or cherished so tenderly, as the remembrance of that desolate and tearful hour. We walked slowly home, speaking very little, and lingering on the way—and my arm was round her waist all the time. There was a little stile at the entrance of the garden round Lucy’s home, and sheltered as it was by trees and bushes, it was there, whenever we met, we took our last adieu—and there that evening we stopped, and lingered over our parting words and our parting kiss—and at length, when I tore myself away, I looked back and saw her in the sad and grey light of the evening still there, still watching, still weeping! What, what hours of anguish and gnawing of heart must one, who loved so kindly and so entirely as she did, have afterwards endured.

“As I lay awake that night, a project, natural enough, darted across me. I would seek Lucy’s father, communicate our attachment, and sue for his approbation. We might, indeed, be too young for marriage—but we could wait, and love each other in the meanwhile. I lost no time in following up this resolution. The next day, before noon, I was at the door of Lucy’s cottage—I was in the little chamber that faced the garden, alone with her father.

“A boy forms strange notions of a man who is considered a scoundrel. I was prepared to see one of fierce and sullen appearance, and to meet with a rude and coarse reception. I found in Mr. D—— a person who early accustomed—(for he was of high birth)—to polished society, still preserved, in his manner and appearance, its best characteristics. His voice was soft and bland; his face, though haggard and worn, retained the traces of early beauty; and a courteous and attentive ease of deportment had been probably improved by the habits of deceiving others, rather than impaired. I told our story to this man, frankly and fully. When I had done, he rose; he took me by the hand; he expressed some regret, yet some satisfaction, at what he had heard. He was sensible how much peculiar circumstances had obliged him to leave his daughter unprotected; he was sensible, also, that from my birth and future fortunes, my affection did honour to the object of my choice. Nothing would have made him so happy, so proud, had I been older—had I been my own master. But I and he, alas! must be aware that my friends and guardians would never consent to my forming any engagement at so premature an age, and they and the world would impute the blame to him; for calumny (he added in a melancholy tone) had been busy with his name, and any story, however false or idle, would be believed of one who was out of the world’s affections.

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“All this, and much more, did he say; and I pitied him while he spoke. Our conference then ended in nothing fixed;—but—he asked me to dine with him the next day. In a word, while he forbade me at present to recur to the subject, he allowed me to see his daughter as often as I pleased: this lasted for about ten days. At the end of that time, when I made my usual morning visit, I saw D—— alone; he appeared much agitated. He was about, he said, to be arrested. He was undone for ever—and his poor daughter!—he could say no more—his manly heart was overcome—and he hid his face with his hands. I attempted to console him, and inquired the sum necessary to relieve him. It was considerable; and on hearing it named, my power of consolation I deemed over at once. I was mistaken. But why dwell on so hacknied a topic as that of a sharper on the one hand, and a dupe on the other? I saw a gentleman of the tribe of Israel—I raised a sum of money, to be repaid when I came of age, and that sum was placed in D——’s hands. My intercourse with Lucy continued; but not long. This matter came to the ears of one who had succeeded my poor aunt, now no more, as my guardian. He saw D——, and threatened him with penalties, which the sharper did not dare to brave. My guardian was a man of the world; he said nothing to me on the subject, but he begged me to accompany him on a short tour through a neighbouring county. I took leave of Lucy only for a few days as I imagined. I accompanied my guardian—was a week absent—returned—and hastened to the cottage; it was shut up—an old woman opened the door—they were gone, father and daughter, none knew whither!

“It was now that my guardian disclosed his share in this event, so terribly unexpected by me. He unfolded the arts of D——; he held up his character in its true light. I listened to him patiently, while he proceeded thus far; but when, encouraged by my silence, he attempted to insinuate that Lucy was implicated in her father’s artifices—that she had lent herself to decoy, to the mutual advantage of sire and daughter, the inexperienced heir of considerable fortunes,—my rage and indignation exploded at once. High words ensued. I defied his authority—I laughed at his menaces—I openly declared my resolution of tracing Lucy to the end of the world, and marrying her the instant she was found. Whether or not that my guardian had penetrated sufficiently into my character to see that force was not the means by which I was to be guided, I cannot say; but he softened from his tone at last—apologized for his warmth—condescended to soothe and remonstrate—and our dispute ended in a compromise. I consented to leave Mr. S——, and to spend the next year, preparatory to my going to the university, with my guardian: he promised, on the other hand, that if, at the end of that year, I still wished to discover Lucy, he would throw no obstacles in the way of my search. I was ill-contented with this compact; but I was induced to it by my firm

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persuasion that Lucy would write to me, and that we should console each other, at least, by a knowledge of our mutual situation and our mutual constancy. In this persuasion, I insisted on remaining six weeks longer with S——, and gained my point; and that any letter Lucy might write, might not be exposed to any officious intervention from S——, or my guardian's satellites, I walked every day to meet the postman who was accustomed to bring our letters. None came from Lucy. Afterwards, I learned that D——, whom my guardian had wisely bought, as well as intimidated, had intercepted three letters which she had addressed to me, in her unsuspecting confidence—and that she only ceased to write when she ceased to believe in me.

"I went to reside with my guardian. A man of a hospitable and liberal turn, his house was always full of guests, who were culled from the most agreeable circles in London. We lived in a perpetual round of amusement; and my uncle, who thought I should be rich enough to afford to be ignorant, was more anxious that I should divert my mind, than instruct it. Well, this year passed slowly and sadly away, despite of the gaiety around me; and, at the end of that time, I left my uncle to go to the university; but I first lingered in London to make inquiries after D——. I could learn no certain tidings of him, but heard that the most probable place to find him was a certain gaming-house in K—— Street. Thither I repaired forthwith. It was a haunt of no delicate and luxurious order of vice; the chain attached to the threshold indicated suspicion of the spies of justice; and a grim and sullen face peered jealously upon me before I was suffered to ascend the filthy and noisome staircase. But my search was destined to a brief end. At the head of the *Rouge et Noir* table, facing my eyes the moment I entered the evil chamber, was the marked and working countenance of D——.

"He did not look up—no, not once, all the time he played; he won largely—rose with a flushed face and trembling hand—descended the stairs—stopped in a room below, where a table was spread with meats and wine—took a large tumbler of Madeira, and left the house. I had waited patiently—I had followed him with a noiseless step—I now drew my breath hard, clenched my hands, as if to nerve myself for a contest—and as he paused a moment under one of the lamps, seemingly in doubt whither to go—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and uttered his name. His eyes wandered with a leaden and dull gaze over my face before he remembered me. *Then* he recovered his usual bland smile and soft tone. He grasped my unwilling hand, and inquired with the tenderness of a parent after my health. I did not heed his words. 'Your daughter,' said I, convulsively.

"'Ah! you were old friends,' quoth he, smiling; 'you have recovered that folly, I hope. Poor thing! she will be happy to see an old friend. You know of course—

"'What?' for he hesitated.

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“That Lucy is married!”

“‘Married!’ and as that word left my lips, it seemed as if my very life, my very soul, had gushed forth also in the sound. When—oh! when, in the night-watch and the daily yearning, when, whatever might have been my grief or wretchedness, or despondency, when had I dreamt, when imaged forth even the outline of a doom like this? Married! my Lucy, my fond, my constant, my pure-hearted, and tender Lucy! Suddenly, all the chilled and revolted energies of my passions seemed to re-act, and rush back upon me. I seized that smiling and hollow wretch with a fierce grasp. ‘You have done this—you have broken her heart—you have crushed mine! I curse you in her name and my own!—I curse you from the bottom and with all the venom of my soul!—Wretch! wretch! and he was as a reed in my hands.’

“‘Madman,’ said he, as at last he extricated himself from my gripe, ‘my daughter married with her free consent, and to one far better fitted to make her happy than you. Go, go—I forgive you—I also was once in love, and with *her* mother!’

“I did not answer—I let him depart.

“It was a little while after this interview—but I mention it now, for there is no importance in the quarter from which I heard it—that I learned some few particulars of Lucy’s marriage. There was, and still is, in the world’s gossip, a strange story of a rich, foolish man, awed as well as gulled by a sharper, and of a girl torn to a church with a violence so evident that the priest refused the ceremony. But the rite was afterwards solemnized by special license, in private, and at night. The pith of that story has truth, and Lucy was at once the heroine and victim of the romance. Now, then, I turn to somewhat a different strain in my narrative.

“You, A——, who know so well the habits of a university *life*, need not be told how singularly monotonous and contemplative it may be made to a lonely man. The first year I was there, I mixed, as you may remember, in none of the many circles into which that curious and motley society is split. My only recreation was in long and companionless rides; and in the flat and dreary country around our university, the cheerless aspect of nature fed the idle melancholy at my heart. In the second year of my college life, I roused myself a little from my seclusion, and rather by accident than design—you will remember that my acquaintance was formed among the men considered most able and promising of our time. In the summer of that year, I resolved to make a bold effort to harden my mind and conquer its fastidious reserve; and I set out to travel over the North of England, and the greater part of Scotland, in the humble character of a pedestrian tourist. Nothing ever did my character more solid good than that experiment. I was thrown among a thousand varieties of character; I was continually forced into bustle and action, and into *providing for myself*—that great and indelible lesson towards permanent independence of character.

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“One evening, in an obscure part of Cumberland, I was seeking a short cut to a neighbouring village through a gentleman’s grounds, in which there was a public path. Just within sight of the house (which was an old, desolate building, in the architecture of James the First, with gable-ends and dingy walls, and deep-sunk, gloomy windows,) I perceived two ladies at a little distance before me; one seemed in weak and delicate health, for she walked slowly and with pain, and stopped often as she leaned on her companion. I lingered behind, in order not to pass them abruptly; presently, they turned away towards the house, and I saw them no more. Yet that frail and bending form, as I too soon afterwards learned—that form, which I did not recognise—which, by a sort of fatality, I saw only in a glimpse, and yet for the last time on earth,—that form—was the wreck of Lucy D——!

“Unconscious of this event in my destiny, I left that neighbourhood, and settled for some weeks on the borders of the Lake Keswick. There, one evening, a letter, re-directed to me from London, reached me. The hand-writing was that of Lucy; but the trembling and slurred characters, so different from that graceful ease which was wont to characterize all she did, filled me, even at the first glance, with alarm. This is the letter—read it—you will know, then, what I have lost:—

“I write to you, my dear, my unforgotten ——, the last letter this hand will ever trace. Till now, it would have been a crime to write to you; perhaps it is so still—but dying as I am, and divorced from all earthly thoughts and remembrances, save yours, I feel that I cannot quite collect my mind for the last hour until I have given you the blessing of one whom you loved once; and when that blessing is given, I think I can turn away from your image, and sever willingly the last tie that binds me to earth. I will not afflict you by saying what I have suffered since we parted—with what anguish I thought of what *you* would feel when you found me gone—and with what cruel, what fearful violence, I was forced into becoming the wretch I now am. I was hurried, I was driven, into a dreadful and bitter duty—but I thank God that I have fulfilled it. What, what have I done, to have been made so miserable throughout life as I have been! I ask my heart, and tax my conscience—and every night I think over the sins of the day; they do not seem to me heavy, yet my penance has been very great. For the last two years, I do sincerely think that there has not been one day which I have not marked with tears. But enough of this, and of myself. You, dear, dear L——, let me turn to you! Something at my heart tells me that you have not forgotten that once we were the world to each other, and even through the changes and the glories of a man’s life, I think you will not forget it. True, L——, that I was a poor and friendless, and not too-well educated girl, and altogether unworthy of your destiny;

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but you did not think so then—and when you have lost me, it is a sad, but it is a real comfort, to feel that that thought will never occur to you. Your memory will invest me with a thousand attractions and graces I did not possess, and all that you recall of me will be linked with the freshest and happiest thoughts of that period of life in which you first beheld me. And this thought, dearest L——, sweetens death to me—and sometimes it comforts me for what has been. Had our lot been otherwise—had we been united, and had you survived your love for me (and what more probable!) my lot would have been darker even than it has been. I know not how it is—perhaps from my approaching death—but I seem to have grown old, and to have obtained the right to be your monitor and warner. Forgive me, then, if I implore you to think earnestly and deeply of the great ends of life; think of them as one might think who is anxious to gain a distant home, and who will not be diverted from his way. Oh! could you know how solemn and thrilling a joy comes over me as I nurse the belief, the certainty, that we shall meet at length, and for ever! Will not that hope also animate you, and guide you unerring through the danger and the evil of this entangled life?

“May God bless you, and watch over you—may He comfort and cheer, and elevate your heart to him! Before you receive this, / shall be no more—and my love, my care for you will, I trust and feel, have become eternal.—Farewell:

‘L.M.’

“The letter,” continued L——, struggling with his emotions, “was dated from that village through which I had so lately passed; thither I repaired that very night—Lucy had been buried the day before! I stood upon a green mound, and a few, few feet below, separated from me by a scanty portion of earth, mouldered that heart which had loved me so faithfully and so well!”

New Monthly Magazine.

* * * * *

A Jew said to the venerable Ali, in argument on the truth of their religion, “You had not even deposited your prophet’s body in the earth, when you quarrelled among yourselves.” Ali replied, “Our divisions proceeded from the loss of him, not concerning our faith; but your feet were not yet dry from the mud of the Red Sea, when you cried unto Moses, saying, ‘Make us gods like unto those of the idolaters, that we may worship them.’” The Jew was confounded.

W.G.C.

* * * * *

[Illustration: KILCOLMAN CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE POET SPENCER.]

Few of the original houses of Genius[2] will excite more interest than the above relic of SPENCER. It is copied from a lithographic drawing in Mr. T. Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," where it is so well described, that we can spare but few lines in our abridgement of the passage:—

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Kilcolman Castle is distant three English miles from Doneraile, and is seated in as unpicturesque a spot as at present could have been selected. Many of the delightful and visionary anticipations I had indulged, from the pleasure of visiting the place where the Fairy Queen had been composed, were at an end on beholding the monotonous reality of the country. Corn fields, divided from pasturage by numerous intersecting hedges, constituted almost the only variety of feature for a considerable extent around; and the mountains bounding the prospect partook even in a greater degree of the same want of variety in their forms. The ruin itself stands on a little rocky eminence. Spreading before it lies a tract of flat and swampy ground, through which, we were informed, the “River Bregog hight” had its course; and though in winter, when swollen by mountain torrents, a deep and rapid stream, its channel at present was completely dried up.

[2] We have the pleasure of informing our esteemed correspondent, H.H. of Twickenham, that the very interesting memorial of GRAY, to which he alluded in his last letter, will illustrate an early number of the *Mirror*.

“Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie;
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry.”

Judging from what remains, the original form of Kilcolman was an oblong square, flanked by a tower at the south-east corner. The apartment in the basement story has still its stone arched roof entire, and is used as a shelter for cattle; the narrow, screw-like stairs of the tower are nearly perfect, and lead to an extremely small chamber, which we found in a state of complete desolation.

Kilcolman was granted by Queen Elizabeth, on the 27th June, 1586, to Spencer (who went into Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey), with 3,028 acres of land, at the rent of 17l. 3s. 6d.; on the same conditions with the other undertakers (as they were termed) between whom the forfeited Desmond estate was divided. These conditions implied a residence on the ground, and their chief object seems to have been the peopling Munster with English families: a favourite project of Elizabeth’s for strengthening the English influence in Ireland, by creating the tie of consanguinity between the two countries.

It is supposed that this castle was the principal residence of Spencer for about ten years, during which time he composed the works that have chiefly contributed to his fame. But the turbulent and indignant spirit of the Irish regarded not the haunts of the muse as sacred, and wrapped the poet’s dwelling in flames. An infant child of Spencer’s, together with his most valuable property, were consumed, and he returned

into England;—where, dejected, and broken-hearted, he died soon after, at an inn in King-street, Westminster.

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“It does not appear what became of Spencer’s wife and children. Two sons are said to have survived him, Sylvanus and Peregrine; Sylvanus married Ellen Nangle or Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nangle of Moneanymy, in the county of Cork, by whom he had two sons, Edmund and William Spencer. His other son, Peregrine, also married, and had a son Hugolin, who, after the restoration of Charles II. was replaced by the Court of Claims in as much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor’s. Hugolin attached himself to the cause of James II. and after the revolution, was outlawed for treason and rebellion. Some time after his cousin William, son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and recovered it by the interest of Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, who was then at the head of the treasury. He had been introduced to Mr. Montague by Congreve, who with others was desirous of honouring the descendant of so great a poet. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years, but unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are wanting. The family has been since very imperfectly traced.”—*Chalmers’s Biog. Dic.*

The visits of Sir Walter Raleigh to Spencer at Kilcolman increase the interest attached to the place, and are not in the slightest degree questionable.[3] To the advice of Raleigh the publication of the first books of the Fairy Queen has been ascribed; and the existence of a poetical intercourse between such minds, and in such distracting scenes, is a delightful recollection that almost warms the heart into romance.

[3] Raleigh, it will be recollected, became Spencer’s patron, upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, whom he celebrates under the title of “The Shepherd of the Ocean.” Raleigh also ensured Spencer the favour of Elizabeth, a pension of 50l. per annum, and the distinction of her laureate.—ED.

Amongst the literary pilgrims whose veneration for Spencer has prompted them to examine Kilcolman was the celebrated Edmund Burke; nor should the imprudent and enthusiastic Trotter be forgotten; the account given by him of his visits, in 1817, are very pleasing, though highly tinged with that fanaticism to which he ultimately became a victim.

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THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

* * * * *

CROTCHET CASTLE.

The author of *Headlong Hall* has, under the above title, produced as lively a little volume of humour and pleasantry as it has lately been our good fortune to meet with. Every page, nay, every line is a satire upon the extravagance and precocity of what Vivian Grey calls our “artificial state;” and all the weak sides of our age are mercilessly dealt with by the *coterie* at Crotchet Castle. The book is altogether *Shandean*, and the satire

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shandied to and fro with great vivacity. We need not tell the reader what period or event of the last seven years is pointed to in the following extract. Mr. Touchandgo, it appears, was a great banker, who was “suddenly reported absent one foggy morning, with the contents of his till;” his daughter was to have been married to Mr. Crotchet but for this untoward event. Here are two of the father’s letters from his new settlement, and a reply:—

Dotandcarryonetown. State of Apodidraskiana, April 1, 18—.

My dear Child,—I am anxious to learn what are your present position, intention, and prospects. The fairies who dropped gold in your shoe, on the morning when I ceased to be a respectable man in London, will soon find a talismanic channel for transmitting you a stocking full of dollars, which will fit the shoe, as well as the foot of Cinderella fitted her slipper. I am happy to say, I am again become a respectable man. It was always my ambition to be a respectable man, and I am a very respectable man here, in this new township of a new state, where I have purchased five thousand acres of land, at two dollars an acre, hard cash, and established a very flourishing bank. The notes of Touchandgo and Company, soft cash, are now the exclusive currency of all this vicinity. This is the land, in which all men flourish; but there are three classes of men who flourish especially, methodist preachers, slave-drivers, and paper-money manufacturers; and as one of the latter, I have just painted the word BANK, on a fine slab of maple, which was green and growing when I arrived, and have discounted for the settlers, in my own currency, sundry bills, which are to be paid when the proceeds of the crop they have just sown shall return from New Orleans; so that my notes are the representatives of vegetation that is to be, and I am accordingly a capitalist of the first magnitude. The people here know very well that I ran away from London; but the most of them have run away from some place or other; and they have a great respect for me, because they think I ran away with something worth taking, which few of them had the luck or the wit to do. This gives them confidence in my resources, at the same time that, as there is nothing portable in the settlement except my own notes, they have no fear that I shall run away with them. They know I am thoroughly conversant with the principles of banking; and as they have plenty of industry, no lack of sharpness, and abundance of land, they wanted nothing but capital to organize a flourishing settlement; and this capital I have manufactured to the extent required, at the expense of a small importation of pens, ink, and paper, and two or three inimitable copperplates. I have abundance here of all good things, a good conscience included; for I really cannot see that I have done any wrong. This was my position: I owed half a million of money; and I had a trifle in my pocket. It was clear that this trifle could never find its

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way to the right owner. The question was, whether I should keep it, and live like a gentleman; or hand it over to lawyers and commissioners of bankruptcy, and die like a dog on a dunghill. If I could have thought that the said lawyers, &c. had a better title to it than myself, I might have hesitated; but, as such title was not apparent to my satisfaction, I decided the question in my own favour; the right owners, as I have already said, being out of the question altogether. I have always taken scientific views of morals and politics, a habit from which I derive much comfort under existing circumstances.

I hope you adhere to your music, though I cannot hope again to accompany your harp with my flute. My last *andante* movement was too *forte* for those whom it took by surprise. Let not your *allegro vivace* be damped by young Crotchet's desertion, which, though I have not heard it, I take for granted. He is, like myself, a scientific politician, and has an eye as keen as a needle, to his own interest. He has had good luck so far, and is gorgeous in the spoils of many gulls; but I think the Polar Basin and Walrus Company will be too much for him yet. There has been a splendid outlay on credit, and he is the only man, of the original parties concerned, of whom his Majesty's sheriffs could give any account.

I will not ask you to come here. There is no husband for you. The men smoke, drink, and fight, and break more of their own heads than of girls' hearts. Those among them who are musical sing nothing but psalms. They are excellent fellows in their way, but you would not like them.

Au reste, here are no rents, no taxes, no poor-rates, no tithes, no church establishment, no routs, no clubs, no rotten boroughs, no operas, no concerts, no theatres, no beggars, no thieves, no kings, no lords, no ladies, and only one gentleman, videlicet your loving father,

TIMOTHY TOUCHANDGO.

P.S. I send you one of my notes; I can afford to part with it. If you are accused of receiving money from me, you may pay it over to my assignees. Robthetill continues to be my factotum; I say no more of him in this place; he will give you an account of himself.

Dotandcarryonetown, &c.

Dear Miss,—Mr. Touchandgo will have told you of our arrival here, of our setting up a bank, and so forth. We came here in a tilted wagon, which served us for parlour, kitchen, and all. We soon got up a log-house; and, unluckily, we as soon got it down again, for the first fire we made in it burned down house and all. However, our second

experiment was more fortunate; and we are pretty well lodged in a house of three rooms on a floor—I should say the floor, for there is but one.

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This new state is free to hold slaves; all the new states have not this privilege. Mr. Touchandgo has bought some, and they are building him a villa. Mr. Touchandgo is in a thriving way, but he is not happy here: he longs for parties and concerts, and a seat in Congress. He thinks it very hard that he cannot buy one with his own coinage, as he used to do in England. Besides, he is afraid of the Regulators, who, if they do not like a man's character, wait upon him and flog him, doubling the dose at stated intervals, till he takes himself off. He does not like this system of administering justice: though I think he has nothing to fear from it. He has the character of having money, which is the best of all characters here, as at home. He lets his old English prejudices influence his opinions of his new neighbours; but I assure you they have many virtues. Though they do keep slaves, they are all ready to fight for their own liberty; and I should not like to be an enemy within reach of one of their rifles. When I say enemy, I include bailiff in the term. One was shot not long ago. There was a trial; the jury gave two dollars damages; the judge said they must find guilty or not guilty, but the counsel for the defendant (they would not call him prisoner) offered to fight the judge upon the point; and as this was said literally, not metaphorically, and the counsel was a stout fellow, the judge gave in. The two dollars damages were not paid after all; for the defendant challenged the foreman to box for double or quits, and the foreman was beaten. The folks in New York made a great outcry about it, but here it was considered all as it should be. So you see, Miss, justice, liberty, and every thing else of that kind, are different in different places, just as suits the convenience of those who have the sword in their own hands. Hoping to hear of your health and happiness, I remain,

Dear Miss, your dutiful servant,

RODERICK ROBTHETILL.

Miss Touchandgo replied as follows, to the first of these letters:—

My dear Father,—I am sure you have the best of hearts, and I have no doubt you have acted with the best intentions. My lover, or I should rather say, my fortune's lover, has indeed forsaken me. I cannot say I did not feel it; indeed, I cried very much; and the altered looks of people who used to be so delighted to see me, really annoyed me so, that I determined to change the scene altogether. I have come into Wales, and am boarding with a farmer and his wife. Their stock of English is very small; but I managed to agree with them; and they have four of the sweetest children I ever saw, to whom I teach all I know, and I manage to pick up some Welsh. I have puzzled out a little song, which I think very pretty; I have translated it into English, and I send it to you, with the original air. You shall play it on your flute at eight o'clock every Saturday evening, and I will play and sing it at the same time, and I will fancy that I hear my dear papa accompanying me.

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The people in London said very unkind things of you: they hurt me very much at the time; but now I am out of their way, I do not seem to think their opinion of much consequence. I am sure, when I recollect, at leisure, everything I have seen and heard among them, I cannot make out what they do that is so virtuous, as to set them up for judges of morals. And I am sure they never speak the truth about any thing, and there is no sincerity in either their love or their friendship. An old Welsh bard here, who wears a waistcoat embroidered with leeks, and is called the Green Bard of Cadair Idris, says the Scotch would be the best people in the world, if there was nobody but themselves to give them a character: and so I think would the Londoners. I hate the very thought of them, for I do believe they would have broken my heart, if I had not gone out of their way. Now I shall write you another letter very soon, and describe to you the country, and the people, and the children, and how I amuse myself, and every thing that I think you will like to hear about; and when I seal this letter, I shall drop a kiss on the cover.

Your loving daughter,

SUSANNAH TOUCHANDGO.

P.S. Tell Mr. Robthetill I will write to him in a day or two. This is the little song I spoke of:

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone, far, far from me;
And ever on its track will flee,
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free:
Oh! happy bird, were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glee;
But here for me they may not be:
My heart is gone beyond the sea.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

* * * * *

THE AUTOCRAT'S PRAYER.



Europe! hear the voice that rose
From the chief of Freedom's foes—
When he bade war's thunders roll
O'er the country of the Pole—
To his Cossacks on parade
Thus the Calmuck robber said:

"Mine the might, and mine the right,
Stir ye, spur ye to the fight—
Bare the blade, and strike the blow
To the heart's core of the foe—
Slaughter all the rebel bands
Found with weapons in their hands;
On! the holy work of fate
Russia's God will consecrate.

"'Tis decreed that they shall bleed
For their dark and trait'rous deed.
Poles! to us by conquest given,
Ye provoke the wrath of Heaven:
Therefore, purging sword and shot
Use we must, and spare you not.
Guardian of our northern faith,
Guide us to the field of death!

"Ere we've done, many a one
Shall weep they ever saw the sun.
Rouse the noble in his hall
To a fiery festival;
Dash the stubborn peasant's mirth—
Drown in blood his alien hearth;
Babe or mother, never falter—
Spear the priest before the altar.
Onward, and avenge our wrong!
God is good, and Russia strong!"

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Englishman's Magazine, No 1.

* * * * *

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a paper on the Fine Arts of old in England, in Blackwood's Magazine.

The sex and character of Elizabeth herself was no weak ingredient in the poetic spirit of the time. Loyalty and gallantry blended in the adoration paid her; and the supremacy which she claimed and exercised over the church, invested her regality with a sacred unction that pertained not to feudal sovereigns. It is scarce too much to say, that the virgin-queen appropriated the Catholic honours of the Virgin Mary. She was as great as Diana of the Ephesians. The moon shone but to furnish a type of her bright and stainless maidenhood. To magnify her greatness, the humility of courtly adulation merged in the ecstasies of Platonic love. She was charming by indefeasible right;—a *jure divino* beauty. Her fascinations multiplied with her wrinkles, and her admirers might have anticipated the conceit of Cowley,

“The antipevistos of age
More inflamed their amorous rage.”

It is easy for a Whig, or a Puritan, or any other unimaginative blockhead, to cry out against all this as nauseous flattery, and assert that after all she was rather an unpoetical personage than otherwise—a coarse-minded old maid, half prude, half coquette, whose better part was mannish, and all that belonged to her sex a ludicrous exaggeration of its weaknesses. But meanwhile, they overlook the fact, that not the woman Elizabeth, but the Virgin-queen, the royal heroine, is the theme of admiration. Not the petty virtues, the pretty sensibilities, the cheap charity, the prim decorum, which modern flatterers dwell upon, degrading royalty, while they palaver its possessor, but Britannia's sacred majesty, enshrined in chaste and lofty womanhood. Our ancestors paid their compliments to sex or rank—ours are addressed to the person. There is no flattery where there is no falsehood—no falsehood where there is no deception. Loyalty of old was a passion, and passion has a truth of its own—and as language does not always furnish expressions exactly adapted, or native to the feeling, what can the loyal poet do, but take the most precious portion of the currency, and impress it with the mint-mark of his own devoted fancy? Perhaps there never was a more panegyric rhymer than Spenser, and yet, so fine and ethereal is his incense, that the breath of morning is not more cool and salutary:—

“It falls me here to write of Chastity
That fayrest virtue, far above the rest.
For which what needs me fetch from Faery,



Forreine ensamples it to have exprest,
Sith it is shrined in my souveraine's brest,
And form'd so lively on each perfect part,
That to all ladies, who have it protest,
Needs but behold the pourtraict of her part,
If pourtray'd it might be by any

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living art;

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint,
All it were Zeuxis or Praxiteles—
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt;
Ne poet's wit that passeth painter farre—
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt," &c.

But neither Zeuxis nor Praxiteles was called from the dead to mar her perfections, nor record her negative charms. Poetry was the only art that flourished in the Virgin reign. The pure Gothic, after attaining its full efflorescence under Henry VII., departed, never to return. The Grecian orders were not only absurdly jumbled together, but yet more outrageously conglomerated with the Gothic and Arabesque. "To gild refined gold—to paint the lily," was all the humour of it. A similar inconsistency infected literature. The classic and the romantic (to use those terms, which, though popular, are not logically exact) were interwoven. The Arcadia and the Fairy Queen are glorious offences, which "make defect perfection." Perhaps, Shakspeare's "small Latin and less Greek," preserved him from worse anachronisms than any that he has committed. Queen Bess's patronage was of the national breed: she loved no pictures so well as portraits of herself. As, however, her painters have not flattered her, it may not uncharitably be concluded that they were no great deacons in their craft. It is a much easier thing to assure a homely female, in prose or rhyme, that she is beautiful, than to represent her so upon canvass. Her effigies are, I believe, pretty numerous, varying in ugliness, but none that I have seen even handsome—prettiness, of course, is out of the question. She was fond of finery, but had no taste in dress. Her ruff is downright odious; and the liberal exposure of her neck and bosom anything but alluring. With all her pearls about her, she looks like a pawnbroker's lady bedizened for an Easter ball, with all the unredeemed pledges from her husband's shop. She seems to have patronized that chimera in the ideal or allegorical portrait, at which Reubens and Sir Joshua were so often doomed to toil. She would not allow a shadow in her picture, arguing, like a Chinese, or a chop-logic, that shade is only an accident, and no true property of body. Like Alexander, who forbade all sculptors but Lysippus to carve his image, she prohibited all but special cunning limners from drawing her effigy. This was in 1563, anno regni 5, while, though no chicken, she still was not clean past her youth. This order was probably intended to prevent caricatures. At last she quarrelled with her looking-glass as well as her painters, and her maids of honour removed all mirrors from her apartments, as carefully as Ministers exclude opposition papers (we hope not Maga) from the presence of our most gracious sovereign. It is even said, that those fair nettles of India took advantage of her weakness, to dress her head awry,

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and to apply the rouge to her nose, instead of her cheeks. So may the superannuated eagle be pecked at by daws. But the tale is not probable. After all, it is but the captious inference of witlings and scoffers, that attributes to mere sexual vanity that superstitious horror of encroaching age, from which the wisest are not always free. It may be, that they shrink from the reflection of their wrinkles, not as from the despoilers of beauty, but as from the vaunt-couriers of dissolution. In rosy youth, while yet the brow is alabaster-veined with Heaven's own tint, and the dark tresses turn golden in the sun, the lapse of time is imperceptible as the throbbing of a heart at ease. "So like, so very like, is day to day,"—one primrose scarce more like another. Whoever saw their first grey hairs, or marked the crow-feet at the angle of their eyes, without a sigh or a tear, a momentous self-abasement, a sudden sinking of the soul, a thought that youth is flown for ever? None but the blessed few that, having dedicated their spring of life to Heaven, behold in the shedding of their vernal blossoms, a promise that the season of immortal fruit is near. It is a frailty, almost an instance of humanity, to aim at concealing that from others, of which ourselves are painfully conscious. The herculean Johnson keenly resented the least allusion to the shortness of his sight. So entirely is man a social animal, so dependent are all his feelings for their very existence upon communication and sympathy, that the "fee griefs," which none but ourselves are privy to, are forgotten as soon as they are removed from the senses. The artifices to which so many have recourse to conceal their declining years, are often intended more to soothe themselves, than to impose on others. This aversion to growing old is specially natural and excusable in the celibate and the childless. The borrowed curls, the pencilled eyebrows,

"The steely-prison'd shape,
So oft made taper, by constraint of tape,"

the various cosmetic secrets, well-known to the middle ages, not only of the softer sex, are not unseemly in a spinster, so long as they succeed in making her look young. They are intolerable in a mother of any age. But we, my dear Christopher, resigned and benevolent old bachelors as we are, can well appreciate the vanity of the aged heart, that sees not its youth renewed in any growing dearer self. Nothing denotes the advances of life, at once so surely and so pleasantly as children springing up around a good man's table. Perhaps our famous Queen, in her latter days, though full of honours as of years, would gladly have changed places with the wife of any yeoman that had a child to receive her last blessing, whose few acres were not to pass away to the hungry expecting son of a hated rival. Her virginity was not like that of Jephthah's daughter, a free-will offering to the Lord. Pride, and policy, and disappointment, and, it may be, hopeless, self-condemned affection,

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conspired to perpetuate it. Probably it was well for England that no offspring of hers inherited her throne. By some strange ordinance of nature, it generally happens that these wonderful clever women produce idiots or madmen.—Witness Semiramis, Agrippina, Catherine de Medicis, Mary de Medicis, Catherine of Russia, and Lady Wortley Montague. One miniature of Elizabeth I have seen, which, though not beautiful, is profoundly interesting: it presents her as she was in the days of her danger and captivity, when the same wily policy, keeping its path, even while it seemed to swerve, was needful to preserve her life, that afterwards kept her firm on a throne. Who was the artist that produced it? I know not; but it bears the strongest marks of authenticity, if to be exactly what a learned spirit would fancy Elizabeth—young, a prisoner, and in peril—be evidence of true portraiture. There is pride, not aping humility, but wearing it as a well-beseeming habit;—there is passion, strongly controlled by the will, but not extinct, neither dead nor sleeping, but watchful and silent; brows sternly sustaining a weight of care, after which a crown could be but light; a manly intellect, allied with female craft;—but nonsense! it will be said; no colours whatever could represent all this, and that, too, in little, for the picture was among Bone's enamels. Well, then, it suggested it all. Perhaps the finest Madonna ever painted would be no more than a meek, pious, pretty woman, and an innocent child, if we knew not whom it was meant for.

* * * * *

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(By Mrs. Hemans.)

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he, departed.

MOORE.

Seest thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there:—yet one alone



Hath the gift to hear their tone.
Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine-flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,
 Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
 There still meet!
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and banner'd aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while,
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.



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Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore hath that spell of power
Dark and dread,
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?
Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;
Now those silver cords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token,
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of her mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
Midst gay song and children's play,
She is dwelling far away;
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

New Monthly Magazine.

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE

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OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

In 1760, a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury Lane Theatre, and a Mr. Saunders the principal machinist. Saunders laboured under an idea that he was qualified for a turf-man, and, like most who are afflicted with that disorder, suffered severely. The animals he kept, instead of being safe running horses for him, generally made him a safe stalking-horse for others. Upon one occasion he came to the theatre in great ill-humour,

having just received the account of a race which he had lost. Cross was busily engaged in writing, and cross at the interruption he met with from Saunders's repeated exclamations against his jockey; he at length looked up, and said impatiently, "His fault—his fault—how was it his fault?" "Why," said Saunders, "the d—d rascal ran my horse against a wagon." "Umph!" replied Cross, "I never knew a horse of yours that was fit to *run against any thing else!*"

A musician of the name of Goodall, who belonged to the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Richmond, in 1767, was fonder of his, or any other man's, bottle than his own bassoon. The natural consequence was, that he frequently failed in his attendances at the theatre. Upon one occasion, after an absence of a week, he returned in the middle of the performances for the evening. A piece was being acted called the "Intriguing Chambermaid," in which there is a character of an old gentleman called *Mr. Goodall*, who comes on as from a journey, followed by a servant carrying his portmanteau. To him there enters a lady, *Mrs. Highman*, whose first exclamation is, "Bless my eyes, what do I see? *Mr. Goodall* returned?" At that precise moment Old Goodall happened to put his head into the orchestra, and fancying himself addressed, called out, "Lord bless you, ma'am, I've been here this half hour."

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Old Storace (the father of the celebrated composer) had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This, to one who was decidedly a *bon vivant*, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect: he drew the few teeth which, remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself that no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury Lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humour), he said, "Now, Foster, I'll surprise you—I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, what do you think of that?" "Poh! nonsense! surprise me," replied Foster, "I knew perfectly well they were false." "How the devil could you know that?" said Storace. "Why," rejoined Foster, "*I never knew anything true come out of your mouth!*"—*Athenaeum*.

* * * * *

The King of Prussia, in his correspondence with Voltaire, relates the following anecdote of the Czar Peter, as illustrative of Russian despotism:—"I knew Printz, the great marshal of the court of Prussia, who had been ambassador to the Czar Peter, in the reign of the late king. The commission with which he was charged proving very acceptable, the prince was desirous of giving him conspicuous marks of his satisfaction, and for this purpose a sumptuous banquet was prepared, and to which Printz was invited. They drank brandy, as is customary with the Russians, and they drank it to a brutal excess. The Czar, who wished to give a particular grace to the entertainment, sent for twenty of the Strelitz Guards, who were confined in the prisons of Petersburg, and for every large bumper which they drank, this hideous monster struck-off the head of one of these wretches. As a particular mark of respect, this unnatural prince was desirous of procuring the ambassador the pleasure (as he called it) of trying his skill upon these miserable creatures. The Czar was disposed to be angry at his refusal, and could not help betraying signs of his displeasure."

W.G.C.

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POSTHUMOUS HONOURS.

Poliarchus, the Athenian, according to Aelian, when any of the dogs or cocks that he particularly loved, happened to die, was so foolish as to honour them with a public funeral, and buried them with great pomp, accompanied by his friends, whom he invited on the *solemn* occasion. Afterwards he caused monumental pillars to be erected, on which were engraven their epitaphs.[4]

JOHN ESLAH.

[4] The late Duchess of York paid the latter honours to her little canine friends, at Oatlands.

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THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Ascham, in the Epistle prefixed to his "Toxophilus," 1571, observes that

"Manye Englishe writers usinge straunge wordes as Lattine, Frenche, and Italian, do make al thinges darke and harde. Ones," says he, "I communed with a man which reasoned the Englishe tongue to be enriched and encreased thereby, sayinge, Who will not prayse that feast, where a man shall drincke at a dinner both wyne, ale, and beere? Truly (quoth I) they be al good every one taken by itself alone; but if you put malmesye and sack, redde wyne and white, ale and beere, and al in one pot, you shall make a drinke neither easye to be knowen, nor holsom for the bodye."

A.V.

* * * * *

ROYAL WISH.

When King James I. first saw the public library at Oxford, and perceived the little chains by which the books were fastened, he expressed his wish that if ever it should be his fate to be a prisoner, this library might be his prison, those books his fellow prisoners, and the chains his fetters.

J.E.H.

* * * * *

EPITAPH

On a Marine Officer, in the churchyard of Burwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire.

Here lies, retired from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of Marines,
Who lately lived in gay content,
On board the brave ship Diligent.

Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

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