

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. XIII, No. 357.] Saturday, February 21, 1829. [Price 2d.

* * * * *

[Illustration: *Warwick castle.*]

Warwick castle.

The history of a fabric, so intimately connected with some of the most important events recorded in the chronicles of our country, as that of Warwick Castle, cannot fail to be alike interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the man of letters. This noble edifice is also rendered the more attractive, as being one of the very few that have escaped the ravages of war, or have defied the mouldering hand of time; it having been inhabited from its first foundation up to the present time, a period of nearly one thousand years. Before, however, noticing the castle, it will be necessary to make a few remarks on the antiquity of the town of which it is the chief ornament.

The town of Warwick is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Avon, nearly in the centre of the county to which it has given its name, and of which it is the principal town. Much diversity of opinion exists among antiquaries, as to whether it be of Roman or Saxon origin; but it is the opinion of Rous, as well as that of the learned Dugdale,[1] that its foundation is as remote as the earliest period of the Christian era. These authors attribute its erection to Gutheline, or Kimbeline, a British king, who called it after his own name, *Caer-Guthleon*, a compound of the British word *Caer*, (*civitas*,) and *Gutieon*, or *Gutheline*, which afterwards, for the sake of brevity, was usually denominated *Caerleon*. We are also informed that Guiderius, the son and successor of Kimbeline, greatly extended it, granting thereto numerous privileges and immunities; but being afterwards almost totally destroyed by the incursions of the Picts and Scots, it lay in a ruinous condition until it was rebuilt by the renowned Caractacus. This town afterwards greatly suffered from the ravages of the Danish invaders; but was again repaired by the lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, to whom it had been given, together with the kingdom of Mercia, of which it was the capital, by her father. Camden,[2] with whose opinion several other antiquaries also concur, supposes that Warwick was the ancient *Praesidium* of the Romans, and the post where the praefect of the Dalmatian horse was stationed by the governor of Britain, as mentioned in the *Notitia*.

[1] "Warwickshire," p. 298, edit. 1661.

[2] Vide Camden's "Britannia," by Bishop Gibson, vol. i. p. 603, edit. 1722.



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The appearance of this town in the time of Leland is thus described by that celebrated writer:—"The town of Warwick hath been right strongly defended and waulid, having a compace of a good mile within the waul. The dike is most manifestly perceived from the castelle to the west gate, and there is a great crest of yearth that the waul stood on. Within the precincts of the toun is but one paroche chirche, dedicated to St. Mary, standing in the middle of the toun, faire and large. The toun standeth on a main rokki hill, rising from est to west. The beauty and glory of it is yn two streetes, whereof the hye street goes from est to west, having a righte goodely crosse in the middle of it, making a quadrivium, and goeth from north to south." Its present name is derived, according to Matthew Paris, from Warmund, the father of Offa, king of the Mercians, who rebuilt it, and called it after his own name, Warwick.[3]

[3] "Inter *Occidentalium Anglorum* Reges illustrissimos, praecipua commendationis laude celebratur, rex *Warmundus*, ab his qui *Historias Anglorum* non solum relatu proferre, sed etiam scriptis inserere, consueverant. Is fundator cujusdam urbis a seipso denominatae; quae lingua *Anglicana Warwick*, id est, *Curia Warmundi* nuncupatur."—Matthaei Paris "Historia Major," a Watts, edit. 1640.

The castle, which is one of the most magnificent specimens of the ancient baronial splendour of our ancestors now remaining in this kingdom, rears its proud and lofty turrets, gray with age, in the immediate vicinity of the town. It stands on a rocky eminence, forty feet in perpendicular height, and overhanging the river, which laves its base. The first fortified building on this spot was erected by the before-mentioned lady Ethelfleda, who built the donjon upon an artificial mound of earth. No part of that edifice, however, is now supposed to remain, except the mound, which is still to be traced in the western part of the grounds surrounding the castle. The present structure is evidently the work of different ages, the most ancient part being erected, as appears from the "Domesday Book," in the reign of Edward the Confessor; which document also informs us, that it was "a special strong hold for the midland part of the kingdom." In the reign of William the Norman it received considerable additions and improvements; when Turchill, the then vicomes of Warwick, was ordered by that monarch to enlarge and repair it. The Conqueror, however, being distrustful of Turchill, committed the custody of it to one of his own followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick, the first of that title of the Norman line. The stately building at the north-east angle, called *Guy's Tower*, was erected in the year 1394, by Thomas Beauchamp, the son and successor of the first earl of that family, and was so called in honour of the ancient hero of that name, and also one of the earls of Warwick. It is 128 feet in height, and the walls, which are of solid masonry, measure 10 feet in thickness. *Caesar's Tower*, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the fabric, is 147 feet in height; but appears to be less lofty than that of Guy's, from its being situated on a less elevated part of the rock.



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In the reign of Henry III., Warwick Castle was of such importance, that security was required from Margery, the sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, the sixth earl of the Norman line, that she would not marry with any person in whom the king could not place the greatest confidence. During the same reign, in the year 1265, William Manduit, who had garrisoned the castle on the side of the king against the rebellious barons, was surprised by John Gifford, the governor of Kenilworth Castle, who, having destroyed a great part of the walls, took him, together with the countess, his wife, prisoners; and a ransom of nineteen hundred marks were paid, before their release could be obtained. The last attack which it sustained was during the civil wars in the seventeenth century, when it was besieged for a fortnight, but did not surrender.

Few persons have made a greater figure in history than the earls of Warwick, from the renowned

— Sir Guy of Warwicke, as was weten In palmer wyse, as Colman hath it wryten; The battaill toke on hym for Englandis right, With the Colbrond in armes for to fight.[4]

up to the accomplished Sir Fulk Greville, to whom the castle, with all its dependencies, was granted by James I., after having passed through the successive lines of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet, and Dudley.

L.L.

[4] Hardyng's "Chronicle," p, 211, edit. 1812.

* * * * *

ODE TO THE LONDON STONE.

(For the Mirror.)

Mound of antiquity's dark hidden ways,
Though long thou'st slumber'd in thy holy niche,
Now, the first time, a modern bard essays
To crave thy primal use, the what and which!
Speak! break my sorry ignorance asunder!
City stone-henge, of aldermanic wonder.

Wert them a fragment of a Druid pile,
Some glorious throne of early British art?
Some trophy worthy of our rising isle,
Soon from its dull obscurity to start.
Wert thou an altar for a world's respect?
Now the sole remnant of thy fame and sect.



Wert thou a churchyard ornament, to braid
The charnel of putridity, and part
The spot where what was mortal had been laid,
With all thy native coldness in his heart?
Thou sure wert not the stone—let critics cavil!—
Of quack M.D. who lectur'd on the gravel.

Did e'er fat Falstaff, wreathing 'neath his cup
Of glorious sack, unable to reel home,
Sit on thy breast, and give his fancy up,
The all that wine had given pow'r to roam,
And left the mind in gay, but dreamy talk,
Wakeful in wit when legs denied to walk?

Did e'er wise Shakspeare brood upon thy mass,
And whimsey thee to any wondrous use
Of sage forefathers, in his verse to class
That which a worse bard had despis'd to choose,
Unconscious how the meanest objects grow,
Giants of notice in the poet's show?



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Canst thou not tell a tale of varied life,
That gave Time's annals their recording name?
No notes of Cade, marching with mischief rife,
By Britain's misery to raise his fame?
Wert thou the hone that "City's Lord" essay'd[5]
To make the whetstone of his rebel blade?

Wert thou—'tis pleasant to imagine it,
Howe'er absurd such notions may be thought—
When the wide heavens, wild with thunder fit,
Huge hailstones to distress the nation wrought,
A mass congeal'd of heaven's artill'ry wain,[6]
A "hailstone chorus" of a Mary's reign?

Or, wert thou part of monumental shrine
Rais'd to a genius, who, for daily bread,
While living, the base world had left to pine,
Only to find his value out when dead?
Say, wert thou any such memento lone,
Of bard who wrote for bread, and got a stone?

How many nations slumber on their deeds.
The all that's left them of their mighty race?
How may heroes' bosoms, wars, and creeds
Have sought in stilly death a resting place,
Since thou first gave thy presence to the air,
Thou, who art looking scarce the worse for wear!

Oft may each wave have travell'd to the shore,
That ends the vasty ocean's unknown sway,
Since thou wert first from earth's remotest pore,
Rais'd as an emblem of man's craft to lay;
Yet those same waves shall dwindle into earth,
Ere, lost in time, we learn thy primal worth.

They tell us "walls have ears"—then why, forsooth,
Hast thou no tongue, like ancient stones of Rome,
To paint the gory days of Britain's youth,
And what thou wert when viler was thy home?
Man makes thy kindred record of his name—
Hast *thou* no tongue to historize thy fame?

But thou! O, thou hast nothing to repeat!
Lump of mysteriousness, the hand of Time



No early pleasures from thy breast could cheat,
Or witness in decay thine early prime!
Yes, thou didst e'er in stony slumbers lay,
Defying each M'Adam of his day.

Eternity of stone! Time's lasting shrine!
Whose minutes shall by thee unheeded pour!
With whom in still companionship thou'lt twine
The past, the present, shall be evermore,
While innate strength shall shield thee from his hurt,
And worlds remain *stone blind* to what thou wert.

P.T.

[5] "Now is Mortimer lord of the city."—Vide Shakspeare.

[6] In the reign of Mary, hailstones, which measured fifteen inches in circumference, fell upon and destroyed two small towns near Nottingham.—Cooper's Hist. England.

* * * * *

THE NECK.[7]

A SWEDISH TRADITION.

(*For the Mirror.*)



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His cheek was blanch'd, but beautiful and soft, each curling tress
Wav'd round the harp, o'er which he bent with zephyrine caress;
And as that lyrist sat all lorn, upon the silv'ry stream,
The music of his harp was as the music of a dream,
Most mournfully delicious, like those tones that wound the heart,
Yet soothe it, when it cherishes the griefs that ne'er depart.

"O Neck! O water-spirit! demon, delicate, and fair!"
The young twain cried, who heard his lay, "*why* art thou harping there?
Thine airy form is drooping, Neck! thy cheek is pale with dree,
And torrents shouldst thou weep, poor fay, *no Saviour lives for thee!*"
All mournful look'd the elflet then, and sobbing, cast aside
His harp, and with a piteous wail, sunk fathoms in the tide.

Keen sorrow seiz'd those gentle youths, who'd given cureless pain—
In haste they sought their priestly sire, in haste return'd again;
Return'd to view the elf enthron'd in waters as before,
Whose music now was sighs, whose tears gush'd e'en from his heart's core.
"Why weeping, Neck? look up, and clear those tearful eyes of blue—
Our father bids us say, that thy *Redeemer liveth too!*"

Oh, beautiful! blest words! they sooth'd the Nikkar's anguish'd breast,
As breezy, angel-whisperings lull holy ones to rest.
He seiz'd his harp—its airy strings, beneath a master hand,
Woke melodies, too, *too* divine for earth or elfin land;
He rais'd his glad, rich voice in song, and sinking saw the sun,
Ere in that hymn of love he paus'd, for Paradise begun!

M.L.B.

[7] "The Neck, a water-spirit, answering, in Sweden, &c. to the Scottish kelpie, as to its place of abode; but we believe its character is not so mischievous. The northern idea, that all fairies, demons, &c. who resided in this world, were spirits out of the pale of salvation, is very ancient. Mr. Keightley assures us, that the legend of which these stanzas attempt a versification, is extremely popular in Sweden."—Vide "Fairy Mythology."

* * * * *



PLAN FOR SNUFF TAKERS TO PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

(For the Mirror.)

As snuff-taking seems to increase, the following plan might be adopted by the patrons of that art, to ease *John Bull* of his *weight*, and make him feel as *light* and *easy*, as if he had taken a *pinch* of the "*Prince Regent's Mixture*."



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Lord Stanhope says, "Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours and a half to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a-year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt."

Queries.—Is not this subject worthy the attention of the finance committee? Might not the *cigar gentlemen* add to the discharge of the debt?

P.T.W.

* * * * *

THE DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD.

(For the Mirror.)

Our hearth—we hear its music now—to us a bower and home;
When will its lustre in our souls with Spring's young freshness come?
Sweet faces beam'd around it then, and cherub lips did weave
Their clear Hosannas in the glow that ting'd the skies at eve!

Oh, lonely is our forest stream, and bare the woodland tree,
And whose sunny wreath of leaves the cuckoo carolled free;
The pilgrim passeth by our cot—no hand shall greet him there—
The household is divided now, and mute the evening pray'r!

Amid green walks and fringed slopes, still gleams the village pond.
And see, a hoar and sacred pile, the old church peers beyond;
And there we deem'd it bliss to gaze upon the Sabbath skies,—
Gold as our sister's clustering hair, and blue as her meek eyes.

Our home—when will these eyes, now dimm'd with frequent weeping, see
The infant's pure and rosy ark, the stripling's sanctuary?
When will these throbbing hearts grow calm around its lighted hearth?—
Quench'd is the fire within its walls, and hush'd the voice of mirth!



The haunts—they are forsaken now—where our companions play'd;
We see their silken ringlets glow amid the moonlight glade;
We hear their voices floating up like paeon songs divine;
Their path is o'er the violet-beds beneath the springing vine!

Restore, sweet spirit of our home! our native hearth restore—
Why are our bosoms desolate, our summer rambles o'er?
Let thy mild light on us be pour'd—our raptures kindle up,
And with a portion of thy bliss illumine the household cup.



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Yet mourn not, wanderers—onto you a thrilling hope is given,
A tabernacle unconfin'd, an endless home in heaven!
And though ye are divided now, ye shall be made as one
In Eden, beauteous as the skies that o'er your childhood shone!

Deal.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

* * * * *

A CHAPTER ON KISSING.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

(For the Mirror.)

“Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;
Give me the mild gleam of the soul breathing glance,
And the rapture which dwells in the first *kiss* of love.”

BYRON.

There is no national custom so universally and so justly honoured with esteem and respect, “winning golden opinions from all sorts of people,” as kissing. Generally speaking, we discover that a usage which finds favour in the eyes of the vulgar, is despised and detested by the educated, the refined, and the proud; but this elegant practice forms a brilliant exception to a rule otherwise tolerably absolute. Kissing possesses infinite claims to our love, claims which no other custom in the wide world can even pretend to advance. Kissing is an endearing, affectionate, ancient, rational, and national mode of displaying the thousand glowing emotions of the soul;—it is traced back by some as far as the termination of the siege of Troy, for say they, “Upon the return of the Grecian warriors, their wives met them, and joined their lips together with joy.” There are some, however, who give the honour of having invented kissing to Rouix, or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the Saxon; a Dutch historian tells us, she, “pressed the beaker with her lipkens (little lips,) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husgin (little kiss,)” and this latter authority we ourselves feel most inclined to rely on; deeply anxious to secure to our fair countrywomen the honour of having invented this delightful art.

Numberless are the authors who have written and spoken with rapture on English kissing.



“The women of England,” says Polydore Virgil, “not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do, by way of saluting each other.”



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Erasmus too—the grave, the phlegmatic Erasmus, melts into love and playful thoughts, when he thinks of kisses—“Did you but know, my Faustus,” he writes to one of his friends, “the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Daedalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you they give you a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life.”

Oh what miracles have been wrought by a kiss! Philosophers, stoics, hermits, and misers have become men of the world, of taste, and of generosity; idiots have become wise; and, truth to tell, wise men idiots—warriors have turned cowards and cowards brave—statesmen have become poets, and political economists sensible men. Oh, wonderful art, which can produce such strange effects! to thee, the magic powers of steam seem commonplace and tedious; the wizard may break his rod in despair, and the king his sceptre, for thou canst effect in a moment what they may vainly labour years to accomplish. Well may the poet celebrate thy praises in words that breathe and thoughts that burn; well may the minstrel fire with sudden inspiration and strike the lute with rapture when he thinks of thee; well might the knight of bygone times brave every danger when thou wert his bright reward; well might Vortigern resign his kingdom, or Mark Antony the world, when it was thee that tempted. Long, long, may England be praised for her prevalence of this divine custom! Long may British women be as celebrated for the fragrance of their kisses, as they ever were, and ever will be for their virtue and their beauty.

CHILDE WILFUL.

* * * * *

NOTES OF A READER.

* * * * *

“COMPANION TO THE THEATRES.”

An inveterate play-goer announces a little manual under this title, for publication in a few days. Such a work, if well executed, will be very acceptable to the amateur and visitor,



as well as attractive to the general reader. The outline or plan looks well, and next week we may probably give our readers some idea of its execution.

* * * * *

VOYAGE TO INDIA.



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The generality of our society on board was respectable, and some of its members were men of education and talent. Excepting that there was no lady of the party, it was composed of the usual materials to be found at the cuddy-table of an outward bound Indiaman. First, there was a puisne judge, intrenched in all the dignity of a dispenser of law to his majesty's loving subjects beyond the Cape, with a *Don't tell me* kind of face, a magisterial air, and dictatorial manner, ever more ready to lay down the law, than to lay down the lawyer. Then, there was a general officer appointed to the staff in India, in consideration of his services on Wimbledon Common and at the Horse Guards, proceeding to teach the art military to the Indian army—a man of gentlemanly but rather pompous manners; who, considering his simple nod equivalent to the bows of half a dozen subordinates, could never swallow a glass of wine at dinner without lumping at least that number of officers or civilians in the invitation to join him, while his aid-de-camp practised the same airs among the cadets. Then, there was a proportion of civilians and Indian officers returning from furlough or sick certificate, with patched-up livers, and lank countenances, from which two winters of their native climate had extracted only just sufficient sunbeams to leave them of a dirty lemon colour. Next, there were a few officers belonging to detachments of king's troops proceeding to join their regiments in India, looking, of course, with some degree of contempt on their brethren in arms, whose rank was bounded by the longitude of the Cape; but condescending to patronize some of the most gentlemanly of the cadets. These, with a free mariner, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, together with the officers of the ship, who dined at the captain's table, formed a party of about twenty-five.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventure*.

* * * * *

EDUCATION IN DENMARK.

Much pains has lately been taken in Denmark to promote the means of elementary education, and Lancasterian schools have been generally established throughout the country. We have now before us the Report made to the king by the Chevalier Abrahamson, of the progress, prospects, and present state of the schools for mutual instruction in Denmark, to the 28th of January, 1828, by which it appears, that 2,371 schools for mutual instruction have been established, and are in full progress, in the different districts of the kingdom and in the army.—*North American Review*.

* * * * *

RECORDS.



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Some faint idea of the bulk of our English records may be obtained, by adverting to the fact, that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of his present majesty, measures, when unrolled, upwards of *nine hundred feet*, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral within the walls; and if it ever should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds. Should our law manufactory go on at this rate, and we do not anticipate any interruption in its progress, we may soon be able to belt the round globe with parchment. When, to the solemn acts of legislature, we add the showers of petitions, which lie (and in more senses than one) upon the table, every night of the session; the bills, which, at the end of every term, are piled in stacks, under the parental custody of our good friends, the Six Clerks in Chancery; and the innumerable membranes, which, at every hour of the day, are transmitted to the gloomy dens and recesses of the different courts of common-law and of criminal jurisdiction throughout the kingdom, we are afraid that there are many who may think that the time is fast approaching for performing the operation which Hugh Peters recommended as "A good work for a good Magistrate." This learned person, it will be recollected, exhorted the commonwealth men to destroy all the muniments in the Tower—a proposal which Prynne considers as an act inferior only in atrocity to his participation in the murder of Charles I., and we should not be surprised if some zealous reformer were to maintain, that a general conflagration of these documents would be the most essential benefit that could be conferred upon the realm. —*Quarterly Rev.*

* * * * *

ENCYCLOPAEDIAS.

In the German universities an extensive branch of lectures is formed by the *Encyclopaedias* of the various sciences. Encyclopaedia originally implied the complete course or circle of a liberal education in science and art, as pursued by the young men of Greece; namely, gymnastics, a cultivated taste for their own classics, music, arithmetic, and geometry. European writers give the name of *encyclopaedia*, in the widest scientific sense, to the whole round or empire of human knowledge, arranged in systematic or alphabetic order; whereas the Greek imports but practical school knowledge. The literature of the former is voluminous beyond description, it having been cultivated from the beginning of the middle ages to the present day. Different from either of them is the *encyclopaedia* of the German universities; this is an introduction into the several arts and sciences, showing the nature of each, its extent, utility, relation to other studies and to practical life, the best method of pursuing it, and the sources



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from whence the knowledge of it is to be derived. An introduction of this compass is, however, with greater propriety styled *encyclopaedia and methodology*. Thus, we hear of separate lectures on encyclopaedias and methodologies of divinity, jurisprudence, medicine, philosophy, mathematical sciences, physical science, the fine arts, and philology. Manuals and lectures of this kind are exceedingly useful for those who are commencing a course of professional study. For “the best way to learn any science,” says Watts, “is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science, well drawn up into a narrow compass.”—*Ibid*.

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PERSIAN CAVALIER.

The following sketch of a Persian cavalier has the richness and freshness of one of Heber’s, or Morier’s or Sir John Malcolm’s pages:—“He was a man of goodly stature, and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick, black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tached and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap, that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding coat, of crimson cloth much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, showed the links of a coat of mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding trousers, of thick, fawn-coloured Kerman woollen-stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased: by his side hung a crooked scymetar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt ends of a pair of pistols; weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.”—*Kuzzilbash*.

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ORATORY

The national glory of Great Britain rests, in no small degree, on the refined taste and classical education of her politicians; and the portion of her oratory acknowledged to be the most energetic, bears the greatest resemblance to the spirit of Demosthenes.—*North American Review*.

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GRESHAM COLLEGE.[8]

The City of London could not do a more fitting thing than to convert the Gresham lectureships into fourteen scholarships for King's College, retaining the name and reserving the right of presentation. A bounty which is at present useless would thus be rendered efficient, and to the very end which was intended by Gresham himself. An act of parliament would be necessary; and the annexations would of course take place as the lectureships became vacant.—*Quarterly Rev.*



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[8] See MIRROR, vol. xii. page 34.

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In Germany, seminaries for the education of popular teachers, are conducted by distinguished divines of each state, who, for the most part, reside in the capital, and are the same persons who examine each clergyman three times before his ordination. Unless a candidate can give evidence of his ability, and of, at least, a two years' stay in those popular Institutions where religious instruction is the main object, he is not allowed to teach any branch of knowledge whatever.—*Russell's Tour in Germany*.

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MUNGO PARK.

Captain Clapperton being near that part of the Quorra, where Mungo Park perished, our traveller thought he might get some information of this melancholy event. The head man's story is this:—"That the boat stuck fast between two rocks; that the people in it laid out four anchors a-head; that the water falls down with great rapidity from the rocks, and that the white men, in attempting to get on shore, were drowned; that crowds of people went to look at them, but the white men did not shoot at them as I had heard; that the natives were too much frightened either to shoot at them or to assist them; that there were found a great many things in the boat, books and riches, which the Sultan of Boussa has got; that beef cut in slices and salted was in great plenty in the boat; that the people of Boussa who had eaten of it all died, because it was human flesh, and that they knew we white men eat human flesh. I was indebted to the messenger of Yarro for a defence, who told the narrator that I was much more nice in my eating than his countrymen were. But it was with some difficulty I could persuade him that if his story was true, it was the people's own fears that had killed them; that the meat was good beef or mutton: that I had eaten more goats' flesh since I had been in this country than ever I had done in my life; that in England we eat nothing but fowls, beef, and mutton."—*Clapperton's Travels*.

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SILK.

We find in a statement of the raw silk imported into England, from all parts of the world, that in 1814, it amounted to one million, six hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and one pounds; and in 1824, to three millions, three hundred and eighty-two thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven.[9] Italy, which is not better situated in regard to the culture of silk than a large portion of the United States, furnishes to the English



fabrics about eight hundred thousand pounds' weight. The Bengal silk is complained of by the British manufacturers, on account of its defective preparation; by bestowing more care on his produce, the American cultivator could have in England the advantage over the British East Indies. It



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is a fact well worthy of notice, and the accuracy of which seems warranted by its having been brought before a Committee of both Houses of Parliament, that the labour in preparing new silk affords much more employment to the country producing it, than any other raw material. It appears from an official document, that the value of the imports of raw silk into France, during the year 1824, amounted to thirty seven millions, one hundred and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty francs.—*North American Review*.

[9] The official values of these imports are L703,009 and L1,464,994.

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CHINESE NOVELS.

A union of three persons, cemented by a conformity of taste and character, constitutes, in the opinion of the Chinese, the perfection of earthly happiness, a sort of ideal bliss, reserved by heaven for peculiar favourites as a suitable reward for their talent and virtue. Looking at the subject under this point of view, their novel-writers not unfrequently arrange matters so as to secure this double felicity to their heroes at the close of the work; and a catastrophe of this kind is regarded as the most satisfactory that can be employed. Without exposing ourselves to the danger incurred by one of the German divines, who was nearly torn to pieces by the mob of Stockholm for defending polygamy, we may venture to remark, that for the mere purposes of art, this system certainly possesses very great advantages. It furnishes the novel-writer with an easy method of giving general satisfaction to all his characters, at the end of the tale, without recurring to the fatal though convenient intervention of consumption and suicide, with us the only resources, when there happens to be a heroine too many. What floods of tears would not the Chinese method have spared to the high-minded Corinna, to the interesting and poetical Clementina! From what bitter pangs would it not have relieved the irresolute Oswald, perhaps even the virtuous Grandison himself! The Chinese are entitled to the honour of having invented the domestic and historical novel several centuries before they were introduced in Europe. Fables, tales of supernatural events, and epic poems, belong to the infancy of nations; but the real novel is the product of a later period in the progress of society, when men are led to reflect upon the incidents of domestic life, the movement of the passions, the analysis of sentiment, and the conflicts of adverse interests and opinions.—*Preface to a French Translation of a Chinese Novel*.

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HERO OF A CHINESE NOVEL.

There came out a youth of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in a violet robe with a light cap on his head. His vermilion lips, brilliant white teeth, and arched eyebrows gave him the air of a charming girl. So graceful and airy are his movements, that one might well ask, whether he be mortal or a heavenly spirit. He looks like a sylph formed of the essence of flowers, or a soul descended from the moon. Is it indeed a youth who has come out to divert himself, or is it a sweet perfume from the inner apartment?—*Ibid.*



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BEES.

It has been the custom, from the earliest ages, to rub the inside of the hive with a handful of salt and clover, or some other grass or sweet-scented herb, previously to the swarm's being put in the hive. We have seen no advantage in this; on the contrary, it gives a great deal of unnecessary labour to the bees, as they will be compelled to remove every particle of foreign matter from the hive before they begin to work. A clean, cool hive, free from any peculiar smell or mustiness, will be acceptable to the bees; and the more closely the hive is joined together, the less labour will the insects have, whose first care it is to stop up every crevice, that light and air may be excluded. We must not omit to reprehend, as utterly useless, the vile practice of making an astounding noise, with tin pans and kettles, when the bees are swarming. It may have originated in some ancient superstition, or it may have been the signal to call aid from the fields, to assist in the hiving. If harmless it is unnecessary; and everything that tends to encumber the management of bees should be avoided.—*American Farmer's Manual*.

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CONVENT GARDEN MARKET.

[Illustration: Covent Garden Market.—“Here to-day, and gone to-morrow.”—Tristram Shandy.]

I know some of the ugliest men who are the most agreeable fellows in the world. The ladies may doubt this remark; but if they compel me to produce an example, I shall waive all modesty, and prove my veracity by quoting *myself*. I have often thought how it is that ugliness contrives to invest itself with a “*certain something*,” that not only destroys its disagreeable properties, but actually commands an interest—(by the by, this is referring *generally*, and nothing personal to myself.) I philosophically refer it all to the *balance of nature*. Now I know some very ugly places that have a degree of interest, and here again I fancy a lady's sceptical ejaculation, “Indeed!” Ay, but it is so; and let us go no further than Covent Garden. Enter it from Russell-street. What can be more unsightly,—with its piles of cabbages in the street, and basket-measures on the roofs of the shops—narrow alleys, wooden buildings, rotting vegetables “undique,” and swarms of Irish basket-women, who wander about like the ghosts on this side of the Styx, and who, in habits, features, and dialect, appear as if belonging to another world. Yet the Garden, like every garden, has its charms. I have lounged through it on a summer's day, mixing with pretty women, looking upon choice fruit, smelling delicious roses, with now and then an admixture of sundry disagreeables, such as a vigorous puff out of an



ugly old woman's doodeen, just as you are about to make a pretty speech to a much prettier lady—to say nothing



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of the unpleasant odours arising from heaps of putrescent vegetables, or your hat being suddenly knocked off by a contact with some unlucky Irish basket-woman, with cabbages piled on her head sufficient for a month's consumption at Williams's boiled beef and cabbage warehouse, in the Old Bailey. The narrow passages through this mart remind me of the Chinese streets, where all is shop, bustle, squeeze, and commerce. The lips of the fair promenaders I collate (in my mind's eye, gentle reader) with the delicious cherry, and match their complexions with the peach, the nectarine, the rose, red or white, and even sometimes with the russet apple. Then again I lounge amidst chests of oranges, baskets of nuts, and other *et cetera*, which, as boys, we relished in the play-ground, or, in maturer years, have enjoyed at the wine feast. Here I can saunter in a green-house among plants and heaths, studying botany and beauty. Facing me is a herb-shop, where old nurses, like Medeas of the day, obtain herbs for the sick and dying; and within a door or two flourishes a vender of the choicest fruits, with a rich display of every luxury to delight the living and the healthy.

I know of no spot where such variety may be seen in so small a compass. Rich and poor, from the almost naked to the almost naked lady (of fashion, of course.) "Oh crikey, Bill," roared a chimney-sweep in high glee. The villain turned a pirouette in his rags, and in the centre mall of the Garden too; he finished it awkwardly, made a stagger, and recovered himself against—what?—"Animus meminisse horret"—against a lady's white gown! But he apologized. Oh, ye gods! his apology was so sincere, his manner was so sincere, that the true and thorough gentleman was in his every act and word. (Mem. merely as a corroboration, the lady forgave him.) What a lesson would this act of the man of high callings (from the chimney-tops) have been to our mustachioed and be-whiskered dandies, who, instead of apologizing to a female after they may have splashed her from head to foot, trod on her heel, or nearly carried away her bonnet, feathers, cap, and wig, only add to her confusion by an unmanly, impudent stare or sneer!

But to the Garden again. I like it much; it is replete with humour, fun, and drollery; it contributes a handsome revenue to the pocket of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, besides supplying half the town with cabbages and melons, (the richest Melon on record came from Covent-Garden, and was graciously presented to our gracious sovereign.)

The south side appears to be devoted to potatoes, a useful esculent, and of greater use to the poor than all the melons in christendom. Here kidneys and champions are to be seen from Scotland, York, and Kent; and here have I observed the haggard forms of withered women

"In rags and tatters, friendless and forlorn,"



creeping from shop to shop, bargaining for “a good pen’orth of the best boilers;” and here have I often watched the sturdy Irishman walking with a regular connoisseur’s eye, peeping out *above* a short pipe, and *below* a narrow-brimmed hat,—a perfect, keen, twinkling, connoisseur’s eye, critically examining every basket for the best lot of his *own peculiar*.

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Now let us take a retrospective view of this our noble theme, and our interest will be the more strengthened thereon. All the world knows that a convent stood in this neighbourhood, and the present market was the garden, *unde* Convent Garden; would that all etymologists were as distinct. Of course the monastic institution was abolished in the time of Henry VIII., when he plundered convents and monasteries with as much *gusto* as boys abolish wasps-nests. After this it was given to Edmund Seymour, Duke of Somerset, brother-in-law to Henry VIII., afterwards the protector of his country, but not of himself for he was beheaded in 1552. The estate then became, by royal grant, the property of the Bedford family; and in the Privy Council Records for March, 1552, is the following entry of the transfer:—"A patent granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of the gifts of the Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, near Charing Cross, with seven acres, called Long Acre, of the yearly value of 6l. 6s. 8d. parcel of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset, to have to him and his heirs, reserving a tenure to the king's majesty in socage, and not in capite." In 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began to clear away the old buildings, and form the present square; and in 1671, a patent was granted for a market, which shows the rapid state of improvement in this neighbourhood, because in the Harleian MSS., No. 5,900, British Museum, is a letter, written in the early part of Charles II., by an observing foreigner to his friend abroad, who notices Bloomsbury, Hungerford, Newport, and other markets, but never hints of the likelihood or prospect of one being established in Covent Garden; yet before Charles's death the patent was obtained. It is a market, *sui generis*, confined mostly to vegetables and fruits; and the plan reflects much credit upon the speculative powers of the noble earl who founded it.

Thus far goes the public history; now let us turn to the private memoranda. In 1690, the parish, being very loyal, gave a grand display of fire-works on the happy return of William the Third from Ireland; and in the parish books appear the following entries on the subject, which will give some idea of the moderate charges of parish festivities in those "*dark ages*."

"Sept. 23, 1690. L. s. d. Paid to Mr. Brown for 200 faggotts and 30 brushes for bonfire for the parish — 01 02 06

Sept. 25.—Paid Mr. Stockes
for a barrell of ale for bonfire — 01 00 00

Given to the watchmen to drincke att the king's returne from Ireland — 00 02 06

1691.—Given to Stockes and ye watchmen to drincke att the bonfire and fire workes att the king's returne from Ireland — 00 10 00

Oct. 12.—Paid the labourers and carters for four dayes' worke in laying and spreading the gravell — 01 06 00



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Making a grand total of L4. 1s. 0d. for a St. Paul's parish fete; but this was in 1690. This festival was of sufficient note to engage the artist's attention, and an engraving of it was sold by "B. Lens, between Bridewell and Fleet Bridge in Blackfryers."

Convent Garden has been the abode of talented and noble men. Richardson's Hotel was the residence of Dr. Hunter, the anatomical lecturer; and in 1724, Sir James Thornhill, who painted the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, resided in this garden and opened a school for drawing in his house. Moreover, for the honour of the Garden, be it known, that at Sir Francis Kynaston's house therein situated, Charles the First established an academy called "*Museum Minervae*," for the instruction of gentlemen in arts and sciences, knowledge of medals, antiquities, painting, architecture, and foreign languages. Not a vestige remains of the museum establishment now-a-days, or the subjects it embraced, unless it be *foreign languages*, including wild Irish, and very low English. Even as late as 1722, Lord Ferrers lived in Convent Garden; but this is trifling compared with the list of nobles who have lived around about this attractive spot, where nuns wandered in cloistered innocence, and now, oh! for sentimentality, what a relief to a fine, sensitive mind, or a sickly milliner!

In the front of the church quacks used to harangue the mob and give advice gratis. Westminster elections are held also on the same spot—that's a coincidence.

A CORRESPONDENT.

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Manners & Customs of all Nations.

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AFRICAN FESTIVITIES.

At Yourriba Captain Clapperton was invited to theatrical entertainments, quite as amusing, and almost as refined as any which his celestial Majesty can command to be exhibited before a foreign ambassador. The king of Yourriba made a point of our traveller staying to witness these entertainments. They were exhibited in the king's park, in a square space, surrounded by clumps of trees. The first performance was that of a number of men dancing and tumbling about in sacks, having their heads fantastically decorated with strips of rags, damask silk, and cotton of variegated colours; and they performed to admiration. The second exhibition was hunting the *boa* snake, by the men in the sacks. The huge snake, it seems, went through the motions of this kind of reptile, "in a very natural manner, though it appeared to be rather full in the belly, opening and shutting its mouth in the most natural manner imaginable." A running fight ensued, which lasted some time, till at length the chief of the bag-men contrived to



scotch his tail with a tremendous sword, when he gasped, twisted up, seemed in great torture, endeavouring to bite his assailants, who hoisted him on their shoulders, and bore him off in triumph. The festivities



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of the day concluded with the exhibition of the *white devil*, which had the appearance of a human figure in white wax, looking miserably thin and as if starved with cold, taking snuff, rubbing his hands, treading the ground as if tender-footed, and evidently meant to burlesque and ridicule a white man, while his sable majesty frequently appealed to Clapperton whether it was not well performed. After this the king's women sang in chorus, and were accompanied by the whole crowd.

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The price of a slave at Jannah, as nearly as can be calculated, is from 3l. to 4l. sterling; their domestic slaves, however, are never sold, except for misconduct.

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AFRICAN WIDOW.

Capt. Clapperton tells of a widow's arrival in town, with a drummer beating before her, whose cap was bedecked with ostrich feathers; a bowman walking on foot at the head of her horse; a train behind, armed with bows, swords, and spears. She rode a-straddle on a fine horse, whose trappings were of the first order for this country. The head of the horse was ornamented with brass plates, the neck with brass bells, and charms sewed in various coloured leather, such as red, green, and yellow; a scarlet breast-piece, with a brass plate in the centre; scarlet saddle-cloth, trimmed with lace. She was dressed in red silk trousers, and red morocco boots; on her head a white turban, and over her shoulders a mantle of silk and gold. Had she been somewhat younger and less corpulent, there might have been great temptation to head her party, for she had certainly been a very handsome woman, and such as would have been thought a beauty in any country in Europe.

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AFRICAN NURSE.

She was of a dark copper colour. In dress and countenance, very like one of Captain Lyon's female Esquimaux. She was mounted on a long-backed bright bay horse, with a scraggy tale, crop-eared, and the mane as if the rats had eaten part of it; and he was not in high condition. She rode a-straddle; had on a conical straw dish-cover for a hat, or to shade her face from the sun, a short, dirty, white bedgown, a pair of dirty, white, loose and wide trousers, a pair of Houssa boots, which are wide, and came up over the knee, fastened with a string round the waist. She had also a whip and spurs. At her saddle-bow hung about half a dozen gourds, filled with water, and a brass basin to drink



out of; and with this she supplied the wounded and the thirsty. I certainly was much obliged to her, for she twice gave me a basin of water. The heat and the dust made thirst almost intolerable—*Clapperton's Travels*.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.



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THE BOXES.

(*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*)

Sir,—In the course of my study in the English language, which I made now for three years, I always read your periodically, and now think myself capable to write at your Magazin. I love always the modesty, or you shall have a letter of me very long time past. But, never mind, I would well tell you, that I am come to this country to instruct me in the manners, the customs, the habits, the policies, and the other affairs general of Great Britain. And truly I think me good fortunate, being received in many families, so as I can to speak your language now with so much facility as the French.

But, never mind. That what I would you say, is not only for the Englishes, but for the strangers, who come at your country from all the other kingdoms, polite and instructed; because, as they tell me, that they are abonnements[10] for you in all the kingdoms in Europe, so well as in the Orientals and Occidentals.

[10] Abonnements—subscriptions.

No, sir, upon my honour, I am not egotist. I not proud myself with chateaux en Espagne. I am but a particular gentleman, come here for that what I said; but, since I learn to comprehend the language, I discover that I am become an object of pleasantry, and for himself to mock, to one of your comedians even before I put my foot upon the ground at Douvres. He was Mr. Mathew, who tell of some contretems of me and your word detestable *Box*. Well, never mind. I know at present how it happen, because I see him since in some parties and dinners; and he confess he love much to go travel and mix himself altogether up with the stage-coach and vapouring[11] boat for fun, what he bring at his theatre.

[11] Bateau an vapeur—a steam-boat.

Well, never mind. He see me, perhaps, to ask a question in the paque-bot—but he not confess after, that he goed and bribe the garcon at the hotel and the coach man to mystify me with all the boxes; but, very well, I shall tell you how it arrived, so as you shall see that it was impossible that a stranger could miss to be perplexed, and to advertise the travellers what will come after, that they shall converse with the gentlemen and not with the badinstructs.

But, it must that I begin. I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentes,[12] and a chateau with a handsome propriety on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But

it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I selled him, and hire one, for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

[12] Rentes—public funds.



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The morning following I get upon the vapouring boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day—and, after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the shep, and I see a great mechanic of wood, with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenuous, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for shoving the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place; and they tell me it was call “Jaques in the *box*,” and I was very much please with the invention so novel.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh, and say, “Very well, Jaques;” but I not understand one word the little fellow say. So I make inquire, and they tell me he was “*Box* the compass.” I was surprise, but I tell myself, “Well, never mind;” and so we arrived at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel, but as there has been no table d’hote, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait; and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmanteau to the Douaniers, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had not no snuggles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters, who tell me, (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world what pass by upon a coach at the instant,) “Sir,” he say, “your dinner is ready.”—“Very well,” I make response, “where, was it?”—“This way, sir,” he answer; “I have put it in a *box* in the cafe room.”—“Well—never mind,” I say to myself; “when a man himself finds in a stranger country, he must be never surprised. ‘*Nil admirari.*’ Keep the eyes opened, and stare at nothing at all.”

I found my dinner only there there,[13] because I was so soon come from France; but, I learn, another sort of the box was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cutlet; and a gentleman what was put in another *box*, perhaps Mr. Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a cameleon he is, call for the “pepper *box*.” Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my hards and portmanteau come with a wheelbarrow; and, because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find my many little things was not convenient, I ask the waiter where I might buy a night sack, or get them tie up all together in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded, that he shall find me a *box* to put them all into. Well, I say nothing to all but “Yes,” for fear to discover my ignorance; so he bring the little *box* for the clothes and things into the great *box* what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and



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he send boot-boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say “how much,” asked me if I would not go into the *boxes*. “Very well,” I say, “never mind—oh yes—to be sure;” and I find very soon the *box* was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maiger doctor, what had been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his proper pills. “Very well,” I say, “that must be egregious. It is cannot be possible;” but they bring little a *box*, not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

[13] La la, signifies passable, indifferent.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, “Sir, did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning?” I replied, “Yes—and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets[14] in your coaches.”—“Sir,” he say, very polite, “if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, and then the coachman shall tell every thing.”—“Very well,” I reply, “yes—to be sure—I shall have a *box* then—yes;” and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed;—but I say, “No so quick, if you please; I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well—here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish.” She was pretty laughing young woman, and say, “Oh no, sir, if you pull the bell, the porter, who sit up all night, will come, unless you like to attend to it yourself, and then you will find the coal-*box* in the closet.”—Well—I say nothing but “Yes—oh yes.” But, when she is gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a *box* not no more like none of the other *boxes* what I see all day than nothing.

[14] The cabriolet is the front part of the old French diligence, with a hood and apron, holding three persons, including the guard, or “conducteur.”

Well—I write at my friends, and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possible be the description of the *box* what I must be put in to-morrow for my voyage.

In the morning, it was very fine time, I see the coach at the door, and I walk all round before they bring the horses; but I see nothing what they can call *boxes*, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I ask for the post of letters at a little boots boy, who showed me by the Quay, and tell me, pointing by his finger at a window—“There see, there was the letter *box*,” and I



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perceive a crevice. "Very well—all *box* again to-day," I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach-*box*, and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and the first word he say was—"Keephorses! Bring my *box*-coat!" and he push up a grand capote with many scrapes.

"But—never mind," I say; "I shall see all the *boxes* in time." So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry "cheat!" and we are out into the country in lesser than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. But after little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together: but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak, so I tell him, "Sir—one of the wheel would be greased;" then he make reply, nonchalancelly, "Oh—it is nothing but one of the *boxes* what is too tight." But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a *box* was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well—we fly away at the paces of charge. I see great castles, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be. "Oh;" responded he, "I not remember the gentleman's name, but it is what we call a snug country *box*."

Then I feel myself abymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But, still I tell myself, "Well—never mind; we shall see." And then after sometimes, there come another house, all alone in a forest, not ornated at all. "What, how you call that?" I demand of him.—"Oh!" he responded again, "That is a shooting *box* of Lord Killfots."—"Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is little too strong;" but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient, with the trees cut like some peacocks, and I demand, "What you call these trees?"—"Box, sir," he tell me. "Devil is in the *box*," I say at myself. "But—never mind; we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome *box* of yours, sir."

"Morbleu!" I exclaimed with inadvertency, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff-*box*, and I take a pinch, because I like at home to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood beautiful with turnings, and colour of yellowish. So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "Box, Sir!" Well—I hold myself with patience, but it was difficilly; and we keep with great gallop till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?" "Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand *boxing* match—a battle here to-day."—"Peste!" I tell myself, "a battle of *boxes*! Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the outrance, and they all shall destroy one another, for I am fatigued."



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Well—we arrive at an hotel, very superb, all as it ought, and I demand a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a salon, but before I finish, great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tapage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at same time, but very civil no less, "Oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a *box* on the ear."

Well—I go back on the coach-box, but I look, as I pass, at all the women ear, for the *box*; but not none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind, we shall see;" and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approached ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, "No, my boy, it shan't do!" and then he whip his horses, and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me, all the times, a long explication what the other coachman have done otherwhiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well—then he twist himself round, and, with full voice, cry himself out at the another man, who was so angry as himself, "I'll tell you what, my hearty! If you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't stand, and you shall yourself find in the wrong *box*." It was not for many weeks after as I find out the wrong *box* meaning.

Well—we get at London, at the coaches office, and I unlightened from my seat, and go at the bureau for pay my passage, and gentleman very politely demanded if I had some friend at London. I converse with him very little time in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceive he is real gentleman. So, I say, "No, sir, I am stranger." Then he very honestly recommend me at an hotel, very proper, and tell me, "Sir, because I have some affairs at the Banque, I must sleep in the city this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name." "Very well," I tell myself, "this is best." So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, "No room, sir,—very sorry,—no room." But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take it from my hand, and become very polite at the instant, and whisper at the ear of some waiters, and these come at me, and say, "Oh yes, sir. I know Mr. *Box* very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr. *Box*.—Very proud to incommode any friend of Mr. *Box*—pray inlight yourself, and walk in my house." So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber; and Mr. *Box* come next day, and I find very soon that he was the *right* *Box*, and not the *wrong* *box*.—Ha, ha!—You shall excuse my badinage,—eh? But never mind—I am going at Leicestershire to see the foxes hunting, and perhaps will get upon



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a coach-box in the spring, and go at Edinburgh; but I have fear I cannot come at your “Noctes,” because I have not learn yet to eat so great supper. I always read what they speak there twice over, except what *Mons. Le “Shepherd”* say, what I read three time; but never could comprehend exactly what he say, though I discern some time the grand idea, what walk in darkness almost “visible,” as your divine Milton say. I am particular fond of the poetry. I read three books of the “Paradise Lost” to Mr. Box, but he not hear me no more—he pronounce me perfect.

After one such compliment, it would be almost the same as ask you for another, if I shall make apology in case I have not find the correct ideotism of your language in this letter; so I shall not make none at all,—only throw myself at your mercy, like a great critic. But never mind,—we shall see. If you take this letter as it ought, I shall not promise if I would not write you one other some time.

I conclude by presenting at you my compliments very respectful. I am sorry for your gout and crutchedness, and hope you shall miss them in the spring.

I have the honour of subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your very humble and
Much obedient servant,
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

P.S.—Ha, ha!—It is very droll!—I tell my valet, we go at Leicestershire for the hunting fox.—Very well.—So soon as I finish this letter, he come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents, to give what people will come at my lodgments for Christmas *Boxes*.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

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ANTIQUITY OF THE ALDERMAN.

Alderman is derived from the Saxon word *ealderman*, that is a senior or *alderman*, which by degrees came to stand for persons of great distinction, because such were chosen to discharge the highest offices, being those whose long experience rendered them most capable, and whose birth and fortunes made them most conspicuous; and as they were generally entrusted with the government of the counties, instead of saying



the governor, it was said the *ealderman* of such a county. While the heptarchy lasted, these offices were only during the king's pleasure; at last they became during life. After the Danes were settled in England, the title of *ealderman* was changed into that of *earl*, and the Normans introduced that of *count*, which, though different in its original signification, meant, however, the same dignity. There were several sorts of *ealdermen*; some were properly only governors of a province or county, others were owners of their province, holding it as a fee of the crown. These ealdermen, or earls, were honoured with titles of *reguli subreguli*, *principes*, *patricii*, and some times *rex*.



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Those who were only governors, had the title of ealderman of such a county, or sometimes in Latin by the term *consul*. The first administered justice in their own name, and appropriated to their own use all the revenues and profits of their respective counties. The last administered justice in the king's name and had only part of the profits assigned them. A third sort of ealdermen were those, who upon account of their high birth, bore the title, without any authority, out of which rank the governors were generally chosen. There were also inferior ealdermen in cities or boroughs, who administered justice in the king's name, and were dependent on the great ealdermen, or earls, which by the name of *alderman* still continues among us to those inferior officers, while they are called earls only. The office of the ealderman was wholly civil, and had nothing to do with either military or ecclesiastical affairs. What power each of them had, it is not easy to determine; but they were all obliged to have some knowledge of the law. In the Saxon times, the bishop and ealderman sat together to try causes; the one proceeded by the canons, the other by the common law. Part of the ealderman's jurisdiction was to examine the arms, and to raise the militia within such a district, in order to suppress riot and execute the sentence of a court of justice. He had likewise the cognizance of house-breaking, robbing, &c. Nor was it lawful for any person to move from one place to another without a certificate from the ealderman.

HALBERT H.

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

HANDSOME BAR-MAIDS.

The following advertisement appeared in a New Orlean's journal:—Wanted, two handsome ladies to assist in two bar-rooms, and to whom liberal wages will be given. Beauties from New York, Charlestown, or Savannah will be preferred. A well-shaped, well-looking black lady would meet encouragement as an under bar-maid. Due attention will be paid to applicants, at No. 60, Camp-street.

W.G.C.

* * * * *



FRENCH MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Matrimonial advertisements being standard articles in our own newspapers at this period, as a pleasantry they may be compared with the following, extracted from various French journals:—

Une demoiselle bien nee et aimable, ayant 120,000 francs de bien, desire epouser un homme age et riche.

Une demoiselle de 24 ans, jolie et d'une education distinguee, ayant 40,000 francs comptant, et par la suite 200,000 francs, desire epouser un jeune homme aimable, et ayant de la fortune.

Une demoiselle de 19 ans, sans fortune, mais jolie, aimable, et bien elevee, desire epouser une homme age, et assez aise, pour pouvoir faire quelque bien a sa mere.



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J.G.R.

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SONG.

Oh, silent was her grief and woe,
No tear her eye betray'd,
When Damon from his Anna fled,
And took some other maid!
But, ah, her bleeding heart did tell
What outward show denied;
For at that simple word, "Farewell,"
She bow'd her head and died!

J.B.

* * * * *

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO RESTORE A LOCK OF HAIR HE HAD TAKEN FROM HER.—By *E.S. Barrett*.

By one only recompense can I be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
That should I restore you the *lock* of your head,
You will give me the key of your heart.—*Atlas*.

* * * * *

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

When the friends of the youngest Thelluson proposed making him a member of parliament, he said, "he did not understand exactly what it was to be in parliament, or what they meant by constituents in the country; but, if there was any necessity to go backwards and forwards *for their orders*, he could trot down as fast as any member of parliament in the kingdom."

* * * * *



CHANGING NAMES.

Thomas Knight, Esq. whose paternal name was Brodnax, which, very early in life, he changed for that of May, afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II. took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the house to get up, and propose “a *general bill to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased.*”

* * * * *

TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond’rous art of old,
Whate’er he touch’d, at once transformed to gold;
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they’ll turn to what you please.

* * * * *

GENIUS DEFINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, “If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means.”

* * * * *

POOR SACK, (HANGED.)

Though Sack’s misdeed is punished right,
It never was intended
That he should leave his office quite,
He only is *suspended.*

* * * * *

EPITAPH

On a man of the name of Fish.

Worm’s bait for fish; but here’s a sudden change,
Fish’s bait for worms—is that not passing strange?
C.K.W.

* * * * *



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LIMBIRD'S EDITION OF THE

Following Novels are already Published:

s.	d.		
Mackenzie's Man of Feeling	0	0	6
Paul and Virginia	0	6	
The Castle of Otranto	0	6	
Almorán and Hamet	0	6	
Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia	0	6	
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne	0	6	6
Rasselas	0	8	
The Old English Baron	0	8	
Nature and Art	0	8	
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	0	10	
Sicilian Romance	1	0	
The Man of the World	1	0	
A Simple Story	1	4	
Joseph Andrews	1	6	
Humphry Clinker	1	8	
The Romance of the Forest	1	8	
The Italian	2	0	
Zeluco, by Dr. Moore	2	6	
Edward, by Dr. Moore	2	0	
Roderick Random	2	6	
The Mysteries of Udolpho	3	6	

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