

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 469.] *Saturday January 1, 1831* [price 2d.

* * * * *

[Illustration: Copied from one of the prints of last year's Landscape Annual, from a drawing, by Prout. This proves what we said of the imperishable interest of the Engravings of the L.A.]

* * * * *

Petrarch and Arqua; Ariosto, Tasso, and Ferrara;—how delightfully are these names and sites linked in the fervour of Italian poetry. Lord Byron halted at these consecrated spots, in his "Pilgrimage" through the land of song:—

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple; such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away



Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as a current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers, vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive;

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.[1]



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[1] Childe Harold, Canto iv.

The noble bard, not content with perpetuating Arqua in these soul-breathing stanzas, has appended to them the following note:—

Petrarch retired to Arqua immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arqua, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shaksperian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon. Arqua (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean Hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear, but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arqua is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly inclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean Hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons,

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beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country, where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine." Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

Byron's visit was in 1818. Of this we may quote more on the appearance of Mr. Moore's second volume of the Poet's Life. Meanwhile, let us add the following graceful paper from the *Athenaeum*, June 12, 1830: the subject harmonizes most happily with the classic title of that journal. It will be perceived that the tourist is familiar with Mr. Prout's drawing, or the original of our Engraving.

At Monselice we took another carriage, and dashed off to the Euganean Hills, to visit Arquà, the last dwelling and the burial-place of Petrarch. The road, in the feeling of M'Adam, is antediluvian, or rather post-diluvian, for it is little better than a water-course; but it passes through a country where I first saw olive-trees in abundance, vines in the luxuriance of nature, and pomegranates growing in hedges. The situation of the little village is perfectly delightful—of Petrarch's villa, beautiful. The apartments he occupied command the finest view, and are so detached from the noise and annoyances of the farm dwelling, though connected under one roof, that I think it not impossible he made the addition. There are four or five rooms altogether, if two little closets of not more than six feet by three may be called rooms; yet one of these is believed



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to have been his study; and in his study, and at his literary enjoyments, he died. Every thing is preserved with a reverential care that does honour to the people; and his chair, like less holy and less credible relics, is inclosed in a wire-frame, to prevent the dilapidations of the curious. I believe these things to be genuine. I believe in the local traditions that point out his study, and his kitchen, and his dying chamber.—Petrarch was all but idolized in his own time, and his fame has known no diminution; therefore these affectionate recollections of him have always been treasured there for the gratification of his pilgrims, and with a becoming reverence themselves, the people naturally set apart as sacred all that belonged to him. I have noticed the compactness of his few rooms, and their separation from the larger apartments—they have also a separate communication by a small elegant flight of steps into the garden, as you may see in Prout's drawing. If the rooms were not an addition, and it did not suggest itself at the moment to look attentively, I believe these little architectural and ornamental steps to have been; and as we know he did meddle with brick and mortar, by building a small chapel here, the conjecture is not improbable;—it is but a conjecture, and remains for others to confirm or disprove. A little wild, irregular walk runs, serpent like, all round the garden, which, situated at the head of the valley, is shut in by the hills—itsself a wilderness of luxuriance and beauty. It was a glorious evening, and every thing in agreement with our quiet feeling. I am not an enthusiast, and to you I need not affect to be other than I am; but I have felt this day sensibly, and shall remember it for ever. Petrarch's fame is worth the noise and nothing of all the men-slayers since Cain! It is fame indeed, holy and lovely, when the name and reputation of a man, remembered only for wisdom and virtue, shall have extended into remote and foreign kingdoms with such a sound and echo, that centuries after a stranger turns aside into these mountains to visit his humble dwelling. It is the verification of the prediction of Boccaccio—"This village, hardly known even at Padua, will become famous through the world." I do not presume to offer a eulogy on Petrarch as a writer, but as a man. In all the relations of son, brother, father, he is deserving all honour; and I know not another instance of such long-continued, sincere, and graceful friendships, through all varieties of fortune, from the Cardinal of Cabassole, to the poor fisherman at Vaucluse, as his life offers; including literary friendships, which, after so many years, passed without one discordant feeling of rivalry or jealousy, ended so generously and beautifully, with his bequest to poor Boccaccio of "five hundred florins of the gold of Florence, to buy him a winter habit for his evening studies," and this noble testimony of his ability in addition—"I



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am ashamed to leave so small a sum to so great a man." Petrarch, in my opinion, was one of the most amiable men that ever lived;—I know nothing about Laura, or her ten children; I agree with those who believe the whole was a dream or an allegory; and, I half suspect that Shakspeare thought so too, and following a fashion, addressed his own sonnets to some like persons; at any rate, no one knows about either much more than I do;—certainly Petrarch's *real* love had more real consequences. Petrarch was a sincere Christian, without intolerance—a sound patriot, without austerity; who neither wasted his feelings in the idle generalities of philosophy, nor restricted them to the narrow limits of a party or faction;—he was just, generous, affectionate, and gentle. All his sonnets together do not shed a lustre on him equal to the sincere, single-hearted, mild, yet uncompromising spirit that breathes throughout the letters of advice and remonstrance, which, not idly or obtrusively, but under the sanction and authority of his great name, and the affectionate regard professed for him, he addressed to all whom he believed influential either for good or ill; from Popes and Emperors, to the well meaning insane tribune of Rome. We went after this to see his tomb, which is honourable without being ostentatious: a plain stone sarcophagus, resting on four pillars, and surmounted by a bust; suited to the quiet of his life, his home, and his resting-place. I passed altogether a day that will shine a bright star in memory; and we wandered about there, unwilling to leave it, until long after the ave-maria bell had tolled, and were obliged in consequence to get a guide, and return by another road through the marshes, where I first saw those fairy insects the fire-flies, and thousands of them. For this we are detained the night at Monselice, and must rise the earlier, for we have written to ——, fixing the day of our arrival at Florence.

* * * * *

THE SILENT ACADEMY, OR THE EMBLEMS.

From the French.

(For the Mirror.)

There was at Amadan, a celebrated academy, the first statute of which was contained in these terms. "*The Academicians think much, write little, and speak but as little as possible.*" They were called "The Silent Academy," and there was not a man of learning in all Persia but was ambitious of being admitted of their number. Doctor Zeb, author of an excellent little work, entitled "The Gag," understood in his distant province that there was a vacant place in the Silent Academy. He set out immediately, arrived at Amadan, and presenting himself at the door of the hall, where the members were assembled, he desired the doorkeeper to deliver to the president, a billet to this import, "*Doctor Zeb humbly asks the vacant place.*" The doorkeeper immediately acquitted himself of his

commission, but, alas! the doctor and his billet were too late, the place had been already filled.



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The whole academy were affected at this *contretems*; they had received a little before, as member, a court wit, whose eloquence, light and lively, was the admiration of the populace, and saw themselves obliged to refuse Doctor Zeb, who was the very scourge of chatterers, and with a head so well formed and furnished.

The president, whose place it was to announce to the doctor the disagreeable news, knew not what to resolve on. After having thought a little he filled a large cup with water, and that so very full, that one drop more would have made it spill over. Then he made the sign that they might introduce the candidate. He appeared with that modest and simple air which always accompanies true merit. The president rose, and without saying a word, he pointed out to him with an afflicted air, the emblematic cup, the cup so exactly full. The doctor apprehended the meaning that there was no room for him in the academy; but taking courage, he thought to make them understand that an academician supernumerary would derange nothing. Therefore, seeing at his feet a rose leaf, he picked it up and laid it delicately on the surface of the water, and that so gently, that not a single drop escaped.

At this ingenious answer they were all full of admiration, and in spite of rules, Doctor Zeb was admitted with acclamation.

They directly presented to him the register of the academy in which they inscribed their names on their admission, and the doctor having done so, nothing more remained than to thank them in a few words according to custom. But Doctor Zeb, as a truly *silent* academician, thanked them without saying a word. He wrote on the margin the number 100, which was the number of his new brethren, and then placing a cipher before the figure (0100) he wrote beneath "*Their worth is neither less nor more.*" The president answered the modest doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind: he put the figure 1 before the number 100, and wrote (1100) "*They are ten times what they were before.*"

Dorset. COLBOURNE.

* * * * *

THE TOPOGRAPHER.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Vale of Tawy—Copper Works, &c.—Coal Trade.—In our former paper[2] we gave a description of the Vale of Tawy, as it appears by night; we will now again revisit it. The stranger who explores this vale must expect to return with a bad headache. We have described it as a desolate looking place, when seen at night, but the darkness only throws a veil over its barrenness. The face of the country, which would otherwise have



been beautiful, is literally scorched by the desolating effects of the copper smoke; and when it is considered that a multitude of flues are constantly emitting smoke and flames strongly impregnated with sulphur, arsenic, &c., it is not to be wondered at. A canal runs



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up the vale into the country for sixteen miles, to an elevation of 372 feet: it is flanked near the copper-works by many millions of tons of copper slag; and there are no less than thirty-six locks on the line. It is a fact, that in spite of the infernal atmosphere, a great many of the people employed in these works attain old age. Every evil effect about Swansea, however, is ascribed to the copper smoke. The houses in this district are remarkable for clean exterior: the custom of whitewashing the roofs, as well as the walls, produces a pleasing effect, and is a relief to the eye in such a desert. There are eight large copper smelting establishments, besides several rolling-mills, now at work; the whole country is covered with tram-roads and coal-pits, many of which vomit forth their mineral treasures close to the road side. At Landore, about two miles from Swansea, is a large steam-engine, made by Bolton and Watt, which was formerly the lion of the neighbourhood. This pumping engine draws the water from all the collieries in the vale, throwing up one hundred gallons of water at each stroke: it makes twelve strokes in a minute, and consequently discharges 72,000 gallons an hour. This engine, however, is very inferior in construction and finish to the pumping engines of Cornwall, some of which are nearly three hundred horsepower. At the consols mines, there are two engines, each with cylinders of ninety inches in diameter, and everything about them kept as clean as a drawing-room. What an extraordinary triumph of the ingenuity of man, when it is considered that one of these gigantic engines can be stopped in an instant, by the mere application of the fingers and thumb of the engineer to a screw! The quantity of coals consumed by the copper-works is enormous. We have heard that Messrs. Vivians, who have the largest works on the river, alone consume 40,000 tons annually: this coal is all small, and not fit for exportation. The copper trade may be considered as comparatively of modern date. The first smelting works were erected at Swansea, about a century ago; but now it is calculated that they support, including the collieries and shipping dependant on them, 10,000 persons, and that 3,000 l. is circulated weekly by their means in this district. Till within the last few years, there were considerable copper smelting establishments at Hayle, in Cornwall; but that county possessing no coals, they were obliged to be abandoned, as it was found to be much cheaper to bring the ore to the coal than the latter to the ore. Formerly, from the want of machinery to drain the water from the workings (copper being generally found at a much greater depth than tin), the miners were compelled to relinquish the metallic vein before reaching the copper: indeed, when it was first discovered, and even so late as 1735, they were so ignorant of its value, that a Mr. Coster, a mineralogist in Bristol, observing large quantities of it lying amongst the heaps of rubbish round the tin mines,



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contracted to purchase as much of it as could be supplied, and continued to gain by Cornish ignorance for a considerable time. The first discoverer of the ore was called Poder (it long went by his name), who actually abandoned the mine in consequence; and we find that it was for some time considered that "*the ore came in and spoilt the tin.*" In the year 1822 the produce of the Cornish copper mines amounted to 106,723 tons of ore, which produced 9,331 tons of copper, and 676,285 l. in money. In the same year, the quantity of tin ore raised was only 20,000 tons. The Irish and Welsh ores are generally much richer than those of Cornwall; but occasionally they strike on a very rich *lode* (or vein) in that county. Last spring, some ore from the Penstruthal mine was ticketed at Truro, at the enormous price of 54 l. 14s. per ton; and a short time previous, in the Great St. George Mine, near St. Agnes, a lode was struck five feet thick, which was worth 20 l. a ton. There are only six other copper-works in the kingdom besides those of Swansea, five of which are within fifteen miles of that town; the other is at Amlwch (in the isle of Anglesea), where the Marquess of Anglesea smelts the ore raised in his mines there. The annual import of ore into Swansea in 1812 was 53,353 tons; in 1819, 70,256 tons were brought coastwise: besides which, several thousand tons of copper ore are imported from America every year. Since this period there has been a large increase. Most of the ships which are freighted with copper ore load back with coal, for the Cornish and Irish markets. Of bituminous, in 1812, 43,529 chalders, and in 1819, 46,457 chalders were shipped coastwise, besides a foreign trade of about 5,000 chalders every year. Most of this goes to France, the French vessels coming here in ballast for this purpose; but all coal shipped for abroad must be riddled through a screen composed of iron bars, placed three-eighths of an inch apart, as it is literally almost dust. Great hopes are now entertained here that government will abolish the oppressive duty on sea-borne coal. In the stone-coal and culm[3] trade, Swansea and Neath almost supply the whole kingdom. Independent of foreign trade, 55,066 chalders of culm and 10,319 tons of stone-coal were shipped coastwise in 1819: last year the ports of Swansea and Neath shipped 123,000 chalders of stone-coal and culm. Stone-coal improves in quality as it advances westward. That of Milford, of which however only about 6,000 chalders are annually exported, sells generally at from 50s. to 60s. per chaldron in the London market—a price vastly exceeding the finest Newcastle coal. It emits no smoke, and is used principally in lime-burning and in manufactories where an intense heat and the absence of smoke is required. The Swansea culm is mostly obtained about thirteen miles from the town. The bituminous coal mines in the vale of Tawy are fast getting exhausted, and the supply of coal must at no distant day be drawn farther westward, near the



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Burry River, where the quality of the coal is much improved, approaching nearer to that of Newcastle. The national importance of the inexhaustible supply of this mineral which exists in Wales, is incalculable; but as it has already been alluded to in *The Mirror*, in an extract from Mr. Bakewell's *Geology*, we will not farther pursue the subject.[4] While mentioning the trade of Swansea, we should not omit to state that two extensive potteries, tin and ironworks, and founderies, &c., and bonding warehouses and yards for foreign goods, &c. exist here.

VYVIAN.

[2] See *Mirror*, vol. xvi.

[3] The small of the stone-coal.

[4] See *Mirror*, vol. xii.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND IN LONDON.

Ah my dear friend—I cannot feel the plaisir I expresse to come to your country charming, for you see. We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice. I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women; but now I agree quite with you; I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps! My faith! I never saw such a mode to walk; they take steps long like the man! Very pretty women! but not equal to ours! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons; and eyes of lightning; the English have mouth wide like the toads, and their eyes are like "*dreaming sheeps*," as one of our very talented writers say, "mouton qui reve." It is excellent, that. I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect; our General Pilon say they all drink brandy; this I have not seen very much. I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white! But I come here filled with candour, and I say I *have seen some* people whose hair was not red. You tell me often at Paris, that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after; you other English have no music; and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—"des gros de



Naples," "des gros des Indes," "des gros d'ete," &c. If English lady go for demand, show me, if you please, sir, some "fats of Naples," some "fats of India," and some "fats of summer," the linendraper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks, people say, "puce evanouie," "oeil de l'empereur," "flammes, d'enfer," "feu de l'opera;" but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of "fainting fleas,"



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or “emperors’ eyes,” or “opera fires,” or of the “flames” of a place which you tell me once for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England; the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always “Le petit tambour,” “Oh, gardezvous, bergerette,” “Dormez, mes cheres amours,” and twenty little French airs, of which we are fatigued there is a long time. I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out? One reply, “Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa *enjoy such very bad health.*” I say, “Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses!” “He is much worse, I am obliged to you, sir!” I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to *enjoy* bad health, and the young ladies much oblige to me because their papa was much worse! “Chacun a son gout,” as we say. In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket, and such like diversions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist! Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for say to you at present; but I am soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection of your much attached friend.—*Comic Offering.*

* * * * *

HOOD’S COMIC ANNUAL.

We have taken a slice, or rather, *four cuts*, from Mr. Hood’s facetious volume. Their fun needs not introduction, for the effect of wit is instantaneous. To talk about them would be like saying “see how droll they are.” We omitted the Conditions drawn up by the Provisional Government, (the baker, butcher, publican, &c.) in our account of the revolutionary stir, or as the march-of-mind people call a riot, “the ebullition of popular feeling,” at Stoke Pogis. Here they are, worthy of any Vestry in the kingdom, Select or otherwise.

“*Conditions.*

“1. That for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.

“2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.



“3. That no arson be allowed, but all bon-fires shall be burnt by the common hangman.

“4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place.

“5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madame Hengler, in a cartridge-box.



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“6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.

“7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorized to stand no nonsense.

“8. That his Majesty’s mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.

“9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the Parish expense.

“10. That the ashes of old bon-fires be never raked up.

" (Signed)
{WAGSTAFF, High Constable.
{WIGSBY.”

* * * * *

Our next quotations are two comico-serio Ballads:—

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

“Good Heaven! why even the little children in France speak French!” ADDISON.

I.

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo,
Staring like a fool
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy.

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*;
Strange it was to hear,



I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

III.

Signs I had to make
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion.
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns.
To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeannette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread.
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing.

V.

If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it:
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here's a *hog* to change,
How many sows are in it.

VI.

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy.



THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

“Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.”

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray.
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.



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Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray.
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands.
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.



Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B. I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts!
If We go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun?

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end.

* * * * *

We next quote brief illustrations of the Cuts on the opposite page. It may be observed that the articles themselves have but little *esprit*, and that, unlike most occasions, the wit lies in the wood.

First is a Sonnet accompanying the cut "Infantry at Mess."

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet*.

Time was I liked a cheesecake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish tooth—
I used to revel in a pie or puff,
Or tart—we all are *tarters* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I cramped.
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped;
On treacle's "linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey, I could feast like any fly,
I thrilled when lollipops were hawk'd about,
How pleased to compass hardbake or bull's eye,

How charmed if fortune in my power cast,
Elecampane—but that campaign is past.



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* * * * *

“Picking his way,” belongs to a day (April 17) in a “Scrape Book,” with the motto of “Luck’s all:”

“17th. Had my eye pick’d out by a pavior, who was *axing* his way, he didn’t care where. Sent home in a hackney-chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!”

* * * * *

The Schoolmaster’s Motto, accompanying “Palnam qui meruit ferat!” is too long for extract.

* * * * *

The chief fun of the countryman and his Pigs lies in the cut.

* * * * *

CUTS FROM HOOD’S COMIC ANNUAL.

[Illustration: INFANTRY AT MESS.] [Illustration: PICKING YOUR WAY.] [Illustration: PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.] [Illustration: ‘I DO PERCEIVE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY.’]

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

BUNYAN’S PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.[5]

[5] Abridged from the paper on Southey’s Life of Bunyan, in the last Quarterly Review.

Of the first appearance of this celebrated parable, Mr. Southey’s diligence has preserved the following notices:—

“It is not known in what year the Pilgrim’s Progress was first published, no copy of the first edition having as yet been discovered; the second is in the British Museum; it is “with additions,” and its date is 1678; but as the book is known to have been written during Bunyan’s imprisonment, which terminated in 1672, it was probably published before his release, or at latest immediately after it. The earliest with which Mr. Major has been able to supply me, either by means of his own diligent inquiries, or the



kindness of his friends, is that “eighth e-di-ti-on” so humorously introduced by Gay, and printed—not for Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton, but for Nathanael Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near the Church, 1682; for whom also the ninth was published in 1684, and the tenth in 1685. All these no doubt were large impressions.”“When the astonishing success of the Pilgrim’s Progress had raised a swarm of imitators, the author himself, according to the frequent fashion of the world, was accused of plagiarism, to which he made an indignant reply, in what he considered as verses, prefixed to his ‘Holy War.’

’Some say the Pilgrim’s Progress is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother;
Or that so fond I am of being Sire,
I’ll father bastards; or if need require,
I’ll tell a lye in print, to get applause.
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To shew why I my Pilgrim patronize.



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It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled:
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.'—p. lxxxix."

Mr. Southey has carefully examined this charge of supposed imitation, in which so much rests upon the very simplicity of the conception of the story, and has successfully shown that the tinker of Elstow could not have profited by one or two allegories in the French and Flemish languages—works which he could have had hardly a chance to meet with; which, if thrown in his way, he could not have read; and, finally, which, if he had read them, could scarcely have supplied him with a single hint. Mr. Southey, however, has not mentioned a work in English, of Bunyan's own time, and from which, certainly, the general notion of his allegory might have been taken. The work we allude to is now before us, entitled, 'The Parable of the Pilgrim, written to a friend by Symon Patrick, D.D., Dean of Peterborough;' the same learned person, well known by his theological writings, and successively Bishop of Chichester and Ely. This worthy man's inscription is dated the 14th of December, 1672; and Mr. Southey's widest conjecture will hardly allow an earlier date for Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 1672 being the very year in which he was enlarged from prison. The language of Dr. Patrick, in addressing his friend, excludes the possibility of his having borrowed from John Bunyan's celebrated work. He apologizes for sending to his acquaintance one in the old fashioned dress of a pilgrim; and says he found among the works of a late writer, Baker's Sancta Sophia, a short discourse, under the name of a Parable of a Pilgrim; 'which was so agreeable to the portion of fancy he was endowed with, that he presently thought that a work of this nature would be very grateful to his friends also. It appears that the Parable of a Pilgrim, so sketched by Dr. Patrick, remained for some years in the possession of the private friend for whom it was drawn up, until, it being supposed by others that the work might be of general utility, it was at length published in 1678.—Before that year the first edition of the Pilgrim's Progress had unquestionably made its appearance; but we equally acquit the Dean of Peterborough and the tinker of Elstow from copying a thought or idea from each other. If Dr. Patrick had seen the Pilgrim's Progress he would, probably, in the pride of academic learning, have scorned to adopt it as a model; but, at all events, as a man of worth, he would never have denied the obligation if he had incurred one. John Bunyan, on his part, would in all likelihood have scorned, 'with his very heels,' to borrow anything from a dean; and we are satisfied that he would have cut his hand off rather than written the introductory verses we have quoted, had not his Pilgrim been entirely his own.



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Indeed, whosoever will take the trouble of comparing the two works which, turning upon nearly the same allegory, and bearing very similar titles, came into existence at or about the very same time, will plainly see their total dissimilarity. Bunyan's is a close and continued allegory, in which the metaphorical fiction is sustained with all the minuteness of a real story. In Dr. Patrick's the same plan is generally announced as arising from the earnest longing of a traveller, whom he calls Philotheus or Theophilus, whose desires are fixed on journeying to Jerusalem as a pilgrim. After much distressing uncertainty, caused by the contentions of pretended guides, who recommend different routes, he is at length recommended to a safe and intelligent one. Theophilus hastens to put himself under his pilotage, and the good man gives forth his instructions for the way, and in abundant detail, so that all the dangers of error and indifferent company may be securely avoided; but in all this, very little care is taken even to preserve the appearance of the allegory: in a word, you have, almost in plain terms, the moral and religious precepts necessary to be observed in the actual course of a moral and religious life. The pilgrim, indeed, sets out upon his journey, but it is only in order again to meet with his guide, who launches further into whole chapters of instructions, with scarcely a reply from the passive pupil. It is needless to point out the extreme difference between this strain of continued didactics, rather encumbered than enlivened by a starting metaphor, which, generally quite lost sight of, the author recollects every now and then, as if by accident—and the thoroughly life-like manner in which John Bunyan puts the adventures of his pilgrim before us. Two circumstances alone strike us as trenching somewhat on the manner of him of Elstow: the one is where the guide awakens some sluggish pilgrims, whom he finds sleeping by the way;[6] the other is where their way is crossed by two horsemen, who insist upon assuming the office of guide. 'The one is a pleasing talker, excellent company by reason of his pleasant humour, and of a carriage very pleasant and inviting; but they observed he had a sword by his side, and a pair of pistols before him, together with another instrument hanging at his belt, which was formed for pulling out of eyes.'[7] The pilgrims suspected this well-armed cavalier to be one of that brood who will force others into their own path, and then put out their eyes in case they should forsake it. They have not got rid of their dangerous companion, by whom the Romish church is indicated, when they are accosted by a man of a quite different shape and humour, 'more sad and melancholy, more rude, and of a heavier wit also, who crossed their way on the right-hand.' He also (representing, doubtless, the Presbyterians or Sectaries) pressed them with eagerness to accept his guidance, and did little less than menace them with total destruction

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if they should reject it. A dagger and a pocket-pistol, though less openly and ostentatiously disposed than the arms of the first cavalier, seem ready for the same purposes; and he, therefore, is repulsed, as well as his neighbour. These are the only passages in which the church dignitary might be thought to have caught for a moment the spirit of the tinker of Bedford. Through the rest of his parable, which fills a well-sized quarto volume, the dean no doubt evinces considerable learning, but, compared to Bunyan, may rank with the dullest of all possible doctors; 'a worthy neighbour, indeed, and a marvellous good bowler—but for Alexander, you see how 'tis.' Yet Dr. Patrick had the applause of his own time. The first edition of his Parable appeared, as has been mentioned, in 1678; and the *sixth*, which now lies before us, is dated 1687.[8]

[6] Parable of the Pilgrim, chapter xxx.

[7] Ibidem, chapter xxxiv.

[8] The Poet Laureate may, perhaps, like to hear that Dr. Patrick introduces into his parable a very tolerable edition of that legend of the roasted fowls recalled to life by St. James of Compostella, of which he himself has recently given us so lively and amusing a metrical version.

Mr. Southey introduces the following just eulogium on our classic of the common people:

"Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression; he says—

—thine only way
Before them all, is to say out thy say
In thine own native language, which no man
Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity;—his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his



history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him; and the author having made

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no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.”

Mr. Southey, observing with what general accuracy this apostle of the people writes the English language, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which his youth must have been passed, pauses to notice one gross and repeated error. ‘The vulgarism alluded to,’ says the laureate, ‘consists in the almost uniform use of *a* for *have*—never marked as a contraction, *e.g.* might *a* made me take heed—like to *a* been smothered.’ Under favour, however, this is a sin against orthography rather than grammar: the tinker of Elstow only spelt according to the pronunciation of the verb *to have*, then common in his class; and the same form appears a hundred times in Shakspeare. We must not here omit to mention the skill with which Mr. Southey has restored much of Bunyan’s masculine and idiomatic English, which had been gradually dropped out of successive impressions by careless, or unfaithful, or what is as bad, conceited correctors of the press.

The speedy popularity of the *Pilgrim’s Progress* had the natural effect of inducing Bunyan again to indulge the vein of allegory in which his warm imagination and clear and forcible expression had procured him such success. Under this impression, he produced the second part of his *Pilgrim’s Progress*; and well says Mr. Southey, that none but those who have acquired the ill habit of always reading critically, can feel it as a clog upon the first. The first part is, indeed, one of those delightfully simple and captivating tales which, as soon as finished, we are not unwilling to begin again. Even the adult becomes himself like the child who cannot be satisfied with the repetition of a favourite tale, but harasses the story-telling aunt or nurse, to know more of the incidents and characters. In this respect Bunyan has contrived a contrast, which, far from exhausting his subject, opens new sources of attraction, and adds to the original impression. The pilgrimage of Christiana, her friend Mercy, and her children, commands sympathy at least as powerful as that of Christian himself, and it materially adds to the interest which we have taken in the progress of the husband, to trace the effects produced by similar events in the case of women and children.

“There is a pleasure,” says the learned editor, “in travelling with another companion the same ground—a pleasure of reminiscence, neither inferior in kind nor degree to that which is derived from a first impression. The characters are judiciously marked: that of Mercy, particularly, is sketched with an admirable grace and simplicity; nor do we read of any with equal interest, excepting that of Ruth in Scripture, so beautifully, on all occasions, does the Mercy of John Bunyan unfold modest humility regarding her own merits, and tender veneration for the



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matron Christiana.”“The distinctions between the first and second part of the Pilgrim’s Progress are such as circumstances render appropriate; and as John Bunyan’s strong mother wit enabled him to seize upon correctly. Christian, for example, a man, and a bold one, is represented as enduring his fatigues, trials, and combats, by his own stout courage, under the blessing of heaven: but to express that species of inspired heroism by which women are supported in the path of duty, notwithstanding the natural feebleness and timidity of their nature, Christiana and Mercy obtain from the interpreter their guide, called Great-heart, by whose strength and valour their lack of both is supplied, and the dangers and distresses of the way repelled and overcome.”“The author hints, at the end of the second part, as if ‘it might be his lot to go this way again;’ nor was his mind that light species of soil which could be exhausted by two crops. But he left to another and very inferior hand the task of composing a third part, containing the adventures of one Tender Conscience, far unworthy to be bound up, as it sometimes is, with John Bunyan’s matchless parable.”

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’Tis necessary a writing critic should understand how to write. And though every writer is not bound to show himself in the capacity of critic, every writing critic is bound to show himself capable of being a writer.

Shaftesbury Criticism

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NOTES OF A READER.

LACONICS.

(From Maxwell. By Theodore Hook.)

Professional People.

None of our fellow-creatures enjoy life more than the successful member of one of the learned professions. There is, it is true, constant toil; but there are constant excitement, activity, and enthusiasm; at least, where there is not enthusiasm in a profession, success will never come—and as to the affairs of the world in general, the divine, the lawyer, and the medical man, are more conversant and mixed up with them, than any other human beings—cabinet ministers themselves, not excepted.

The divine, by the sacred nature of his calling, and the higher character of his duties, is, perhaps, farther removed from an immediate contact with society; his labours are of a more exalted order, and the results of those labours not open to ordinary observation;



but the lawyer in full practice knows the designs and devices of half our acquaintance; it is true, professional decorum seals his lips, but *he* has them all before him in his “mind’s eye,”—all their litigations and littlenesses,—all their cuttings, and carvings, and contrivings. He knows why a family, who hate the French with all the fervour of British prejudice, visits Paris, and remains there for a year or two; he can give a good reason why a man who delights in a well preserved property in a sporting country, with a house well built and beautifully situated, consents to “*spare it,*” at a reduced price, to a man for whom he cares nothing upon earth: and looks at the world fully alive to the motives, and perfectly aware of the circumstances, of three-fourths of the unconscious actors by whom he is surrounded.



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The eminent medical man stands, if not upon higher ground, at least in a more interesting position. As he mingles with the gay assembly, or visits the crowded ball, he knows the latent ills, the hidden, yet incurable disorders of the laughing throng by which he is encircled; he sees premature death lurking under the hectic flush on the cheek of the lovely Fanny, and trembles for the fate of the kind-hearted Emily, as he beholds her mirthfully joining in the mazy dance. He, too, by witnessing the frequently recurring scenes of death, beholds the genuine sorrow of the bereaved wife, or the devoted husband—and can, by the constant unpremeditated exhibitions of fondness and feeling, appreciate the affection which exists in such and such places, and understand, with an almost magical power, the value of the links by which society is held together.

Middle Life.

There is more healthful exercise for the mind in the uneven paths of middling life, than there is on the Macadamized road of fortune. Were the year all summer, how tiresome would be the green leaves and the bright sunshine—as, indeed, those will admit, who have lived in climates where vegetation is always at work.

Unwelcome Truth.

Plain speaking was Mousetrap's distinctive characteristic; his conversation abounded in blunt truisms, founded upon a course of thinking somewhat peculiar to himself, but which, when tried by the test of human vice and human folly, proved very frequently to be a great deal more accurate than agreeable.

Stockbrokers.

"I know some of them brokering boys are worth a million on Monday, and threepence on Thursday—all in high feather one week, and poor waddling creturs the next."

Mercantile Life.

A dark hole of a counting-house, with a couple of clerk chaps, cocked up upon long-legged stools, writing out letters—a smoky fireplace—two or three files, stuck full of dirty papers, hanging against the wall—an almanack, and a high-railed desk, with a slit in a panel, with "bills for acceptance" painted over it. They are the chaps "wot" makes time-bargains—they speculate for thousands, having nothing in the world—and then at the wind-up of a week or two, pay each other what they call the difference: that is to say, the change between what they cannot get, and what they have not got.

The Secret Spring.

There are with all great affairs smaller affairs connected, so that in the watch-work of society, the most skilful artist is sometimes puzzled to fix upon the very little wheel by which the greater wheels are worked.

“Bad Company.”

The subject under discussion was the great advantages likely to arise from the establishment of the North Shields Sawdust Consolidation Company, in which Apperton told Maxwell there were still seventy-four shares to be purchased: they were hundred pound shares, and were actually down at eighty-nine, would be at fifteen premium on the following Saturday, and must eventually rise to two hundred and thirty, for reasons which he gave in the most plausible manner, and which were in themselves perfectly satisfactory, as he said, to the “meanest capacity;” a saying with which it might have been perfectly safe to agree.



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Love.

What does Sterne say? That love is no more made by talking of it, than a black pudding would be. Habit, association, assimilation of tastes, communion of thought, kindness without pretension, solicitude without effort, a tacit agreement and a silent sympathy; these are the excitements and stimulants of the only sort of love that is worth thinking of.

Brighton.

Brighton will be as good a residence as any other; there's nobody there knows much of either of *you*; and the place has got so big, that you may be as snug as you please; a large town and a large party, are the best possible shelters for love matters. Ay, go to Brighton—the prawns for breakfast, the Wheatears (as the Cockneys delicately call them, without knowing what they are talking about) for dinner, and the lobsters for supper, with a cigar, and a little ginnum and water, whiffing the wind, and sniffing the briny out of one of the bow-window balconies—that's it—Brighton's the place, against the world.

Murder.

A gentleman criminal is too rich a treat to be overlooked; and a murder in good society forms a tale of middling life, much too interesting to be passed over in a hurry.

A Love Errand.

He went to look for something which he had not left there, and whither she followed him, to assist in a pursuit which she knew went for nothing.

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MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON, VOL. II.

The publication of this work, *bona fide*, has not yet taken place; but we are enabled by the aid of the *Athenaeum* to quote a page.

The volume commences with the following powerful review of Lord Byron's mind and fortune at the time he left England:—

“The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth ten times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated (if,



indeed, they had ever been his) the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasures which he

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felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself. "Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps, irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him,—furnished as his mind was with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate reaction which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever lively present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius,—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were everywhere heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give him a still bolder and loftier range of its powers.

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"But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out of his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage and its results, —without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is indeed worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him that his fancy, which had long been idle, again arose upon the wing,—both the Siege of Corinth and Parisina having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit may be collected from several passages of his letters, at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict:—'It is odd,' he says, 'but agitation or contest of any



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kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time." "This buoyancy it was—this irrepressible spring of mind,—that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence, that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire." "The route which he now took, through Flanders and by the Rhine, is best traced in his own matchless verses, which leave a portion of their glory on all that they touch, and lend to scenes, already clothed with immortality by nature and by history, the no less durable associations of undying song."

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SELDEN,

Towards the close of his life, was so thoroughly convinced of the superior value of the Holy Scriptures, as to declare that the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, afforded him more solid satisfaction than all he had ever read.

H.B.A.

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FULL-BOTTOMED WIGS.

The full-bottomed wigs which unfortunately envelope and cloud some of the most distinguished portraits of former days, were in fashion during the reigns of our William and Mary. Lord Bolingbroke was one of the first that tied them up, with which the queen was much offended, and said to a by-stander, "he would soon come to court in his night-cap." Soon after, tie wigs, instead of being an undress, became the high court dress.

H.B.A.

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A WINDOW THE CAUSE OF A WAR.

When the Palace of Trianon was building for Louis XIV. at the end of Versailles' Park, that monarch went to inspect it, accompanied by Louvois, secretary of war, and superintendent of the building. Whilst walking arm in arm with him, he remarked that one of the windows was out of shape, and smaller than the rest—this Louvois denied, and asserted that he could not perceive the least difference. Louis XIV. having had it measured, and finding that he had judged rightly, treated Louvois in a contumelious manner before his whole court. This conduct so incensed the minister, that when he arrived home he was heard to say, that he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favourites: he was as good as his word, for by his insolence and haughtiness he insulted the other powers, and occasioned the bloody war of 1688.



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In 1306, Bruce having taken shelter in the Isle of Arran, sent a trusty person into Carrick, to learn how his vassals stood affected to his cause; with instructions, that, if he found them disposed to assist him he should make a signal at a time appointed, by lighting a fire on an eminence near the Castle of Turnbury. The messenger found the English in possession of Carrick, the people dispirited, and none ready to take arms; he therefore did not make the signal. But a fire being made about noon on the appointed spot, (possibly by accident) both Bruce and the messenger saw it. The former with his associates put to sea to join his supposed party; the latter to prevent his coming. They met before Bruce reached the shore, when the messenger acquainted Bruce with the unpromising state of his affairs, and advised him to go back; but he obeying the dictates of despair and valour, resolved to persevere; and attacking the English, carelessly cantoned in the neighbourhood of Turnbury, put a number of them to the sword, and pillaged their quarters. Percy, from the castle, heard the uproar, yet did not sally forth against them, not knowing their strength. Bruce with his followers not exceeding three hundred in number, remained for some days near Turnbury; but succours having arrived from the neighbouring garrisons, he was obliged to seek safety in the mountainous parts of Carrick.

C.D.

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“WILLIE WASTLE.”

When Oliver Cromwell was at Haddington, he sent a summons to the governor of Hume Castle, ordering him to surrender. The governor answered,

“That he, Willie Wastle, stood firm in his castle,
That all the dogs of his town should not drive Willie Wastle down.”

This anecdote gave rise to the amusement of Willie Wastle among children.

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When the Irish Union was effected in 1801, the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, was the reigning *toast*. Being one evening in a convivial party, he jocularly said that by the Union he had lost his *bread and butter*. “Ah, my dear sir,” replied a friend, “never mind, for it is amply made up to you in *toasts*.”

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CURIOUS LEGACY.

By Samuel Hawkins, Esq. to White Chapel Parish, 1804, bequeathing L300. for performing Divine Service for ever, in the said parish church.

Two guineas to be paid to Curate or Rector, for preaching a sermon on New Year's Day, from a text mentioned in his will. To Parish Clerk 10s. 6d. to sing 100th Psalm, old version, same day. To organist 10s. 6d. for playing tune to same. To Sexton 10s. 6d. if he attend the same; and to master and mistress of the free-school, each 10s. 6d. for attending the charity children at the same time and place; and to the Trustees of the school three guineas for refreshments, and to supply as many quartern loaves to be distributed to such poor as shall attend divine service on that day. The overplus, if any, to be given in bread to the poor of the parish that the trustees may consider proper objects of relief.



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JAC-CO.

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WIT AND JOKES.

Selden says, "Nature must be the ground work of wit and art, otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jack-pudding's work.

"Wit must grow like fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon black thorns; they are there for awhile, but they come to nothing.

"Women ought not to know their own wit, because they will be showing it, and so spoil it; like a child that will constantly be showing its fine new coat, till at length it all bedaubs it with its pah hands.

"Fine wits destroy themselves with their own plots in meddling with great affairs of state. They commonly do as the ape, that saw the gunner put bullets in the cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too; at last he puts himself into the piece, and so both ape and bullet were shot away together."

"The jokes, bon-mots, the little adventures, which may do very well (says Chesterfield) in one company will seem flat and tedious when related in another—they are often ill-timed, and prefaced thus: 'I will tell you an excellent thing.' This raises expectations, which when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool."

P.T.W.

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FAT FOLKS.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called *Wool-Sack*, *Bed Presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; Harry, a *Starveling*, an *Eel's-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*.

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