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Yours truly
George Cayley

Engraved by J. P. Anderson from a drawing by the artist.

THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION :

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL PAPERS ;
HISTORICAL NARRATIVES ; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS ; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ;
TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS ; SKETCHES AND TALES ; ANECDOTES ;

SELECT EXTRACTS
FROM
NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS ;
POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ;
THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS ;
DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,
ETC.

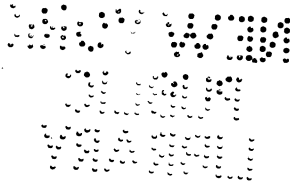
NEW SERIES.

VOL. III.

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MEMOIR OF SIR GEORGE CAYLEY BART.

At a time when many expect balloons are about to traverse the air with regularly-appointed destinations, as ships pass over the ocean, a notice of the Honourable Baronet, who may almost be called the father of English aerostation, cannot be other than acceptable to our readers. Though difficulties and delays have occurred in rendering it applicable to the ordinary affairs of life, the same might once have been said of steam. Sixty or seventy years elapsed after the art of navigating ships by steam was known, before the discovery was turned to account. More than that period has not passed since balloons were invented. On one of the early spectators of an aerial ascent inquiring "What is the good of it?" the pertinent rejoinder of Dr Franklin was, "What is the good of a new-born infant?" Aerostation has now, we presume, got through its infancy, and though we do not expect to see Mr Henson go backwards and forwards to China almost as regularly and as rapidly as the omnibuses go backwards and forwards to Paddington, we look for more important results than have yet been realised.

The subject of this notice was born December 27, 1773. He is the sixth Baronet since the creation of the title, April 26, 1661.

It is understood the Cayleys were a family of some importance as far back as the reign of King John. Colins, in his 'Precedents,' denominates Sir Thomas Cayley "Baron of Buckenham, in the county of Norfolk." He was summoned, in the eighth year of King Edward the Second, to present himself with horse and armour to march against the Scots. He held the Castle of Buckenham by the tenure of performing the office of butler at the King's coronation, and was possessed of demesne lands at Wymondham, Babingle, and Walfersen, in that county where the family remained till they came to Brompton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the seat of the present Baronet.

In the year 1795, Sir George Cayley married Sarah, only daughter of the Rev. George Walker, F.R.S., and President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by whom he has a numerous family. A fine manly portrait of his son, Digby Cayley, Esq. appears in the exhibition of the present season.

Having been educated under the care of Mr Morgan (nephew of the late Dr Price), the tutor of Hackney College, Sir George, during the early stages of the French Revolution, proved himself warmly attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty. He took an active part in the meetings of the county, and was, during many years, the President of the York Whig Club. Friendly as he was to the cause of civil liberty, he does not seem to have been carried away by the spirit of the times into any unconstitutional proceeding. On the country being threatened with invasion, Sir George, in the spirit of a true Englishman, prepared to repel the foreigner; and we find him acting as lieutenant-colonel, and commanding a corps of five hundred volunteers, when Bonaparte threatened to cross the channel with his legions.

When Mr John Marshall of Leeds became a candidate for Yorkshire, he being the first mercantile man that had ever aspired to hold that distinguished position, Sir George was requested to nominate him, which he did in a speech conceived in a spirit of liberality, commensurate with the occasion, and which Mr Marshall's parliamentary conduct fully justified.

The public efforts of Sir George had ever been mainly directed towards a reform in Parliament; and when, in the tide of events, the Reform Bill was at length carried, though too far advanced in life to undertake any arduous Parliamentary duty, he was immediately returned as one of the members for the borough of Scarborough. Though Sir George seems thus to have taken part in politics as a matter of duty, the prevailing bias of his mind evidently led him to indulge in philosophical pursuits.

Several papers of his, on various subjects, are to be found in Nicholson's 'Chemical Journal,' and in the early numbers of the 'Philosophical Magazine.' He also sent many communications to the 'Mechanics' Magazine.'

Aerostation, or, as he always calls it, "Aerial Navigation," has been the favourite mechanical object of his pursuit, and the investigation, both practical and theoretical, which has been bestowed upon it, and published at times within the last thirty years collectively, amounts to nearly all that is within the range of sound knowledge, connected with this most interesting though difficult mechanical problem.

The great attention which the subject now commands has led us to its investigation.

The subject of "Aerial Navigation," to adopt the language of Sir George, naturally divides itself into two heads: first, when mechanical force alone both sustains the weight and propels the machine forward; and secondly, when the buoyant principle of the balloon upholds the

SIR GEORGE CAYLEY.

weight, and mechanical force is only employed to propel it. Both modes he has fully investigated, and has made many experiments on a scale of three hundred square feet of canvas. On the first of these principles, which proved that considerable weight could be suspended in the air with perfect steadiness of flight and complete steerage in any required direction, but the want of any propelling power within the necessary limits as to weight confined these machines to an oblique descent, and they were necessarily laid aside till some better first-mover than the steam-engine (of that date at least when his experiments commenced,) should be discovered. The application of such a new power would immediately realize the desideratum. With respect to the balloon, Sir George has shown the proper scale of magnitude, without which that principle of aerial navigation is useless, and that, even with our present steam-engines, when applied to balloons of the proper form and magnitude, such a degree of velocity has been attained as may eventually be improved into a most valuable means of rapid communication, unchecked, as in all other modes of conveyance, by the intervention of seas or mountains.

Our limits forbid us to go further into minute details on the numerous subjects on which Sir George has written. We may remark, however, an Essay of his on the prevention of railway accidents, which deserves the attention of the managers of all railways.

His liberality in promoting science has not been confined to his own country alone. We believe we are correct in stating that that great vehicle of European knowledge, the 'Bulletin Universelle,' conducted by his friend, the late Baron de Ferussac, was almost indebted to the worthy Baronet for its existence, from his furnishing to the Baron, by loan, the original fund, on which he commenced composing with many other literary men, that laborious work.

Sir George is, we believe, an honorary member of several philosophical societies. He is President of the York Mechanical Institution, and Chairman of the Royal Polytechnic Institution. He is also an Associate of the Society of Civil Engineers.

P R E F A C E.

ANOTHER half-year has closed, and another volume of *THE MIRROR* is complete.

We look back with high satisfaction on the powerful additional support which it has received in the course of the last six months. The modesty of some of our friends has withheld names which would at once command eager attention. Happily the merit of their contributions was such that it required not a signature to give them currency. The aid we were promised at the commencement of the year, has not been withheld, and our correspondents increasing in number, we are assured will put forth additional strength, and with those peculiarities which have caused this publication to be favourably known in every civilized country, fresh features of interest, will give it yet stronger claims in every circle in which Literature and Science are cherished.

New arrangements can hardly in any case be made, without disturbing old ones. Some confusion must necessarily be created even in carrying out improvements, which will not escape the acute observer. We pray a little forbearance. If any favourite topic have been less attended to than formerly, it may be considered that it is suspended, not discarded. It will constantly be our object to throw into our pages as much variety as possible, and our means of doing this are such as few periodicals extant can command.

Ambitious as we may feel of laying before our readers superior original matter, we shall still make a point of selecting from the most admired publications of the day, passages calculated to please at the moment, and worthy to be preserved. It will be our object unceasingly to present, in addition to what may be called our own,

“ An essence compounded with art
Of the finest and best of all other men’s powers.”

It affords us pleasure to learn the sketches of Noble Families, recently commenced, have been warmly approved. We shall be able as they proceed, in many instances, to furnish from authentic sources, information that cannot but give the whole series, when completed and indexed, more than ordinary value for reference.

While careful to preserve that unsullied character, which has long been recognized as especially distinguishing *THE MIRROR*, the merit of being inoffensive will not limit our aspirations. When necessary, we shall not scruple to attack offenders against taste and good feeling. Not imitating those "assassin scribes" who assail others because abuse is profitable, our censure will be bestowed only where justice demands that it should visit quackery or crime.

It affords us much pleasure to embellish the present volume with a fine Engraving of Sir George Cayley. It is taken from a photographic picture by Beard. We are confident it will be admired as a work of art, and the likeness it presents of that veteran enthusiast in the cause of science, is so striking that it must be truly valuable to his friends, and to that public he has laboured so anxiously through a long and honourable career to serve.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION,

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.]



Original Communications.

ARNOLD DE MELCHTAL.

THE original painting from which this engraving is taken is the production of Mr. Lugardon, a native of Geneva, whose works are extremely popular in his own country, for those which have obtained the greatest success are descriptive of some of the most remarkable features in the history of Switzerland.

In the month of November, 1567, the peaceable and hardy shepherds of Waldstetten, unable to brook any longer the insolence and tyranny which was exercised over them by the haughty minions of Austria, began to think of regaining their ancient liberty. For this purpose a secret meeting was held, consisting of the most intrepid and influential amongst them, and after they had concerted the measures which eventually led to the establishment of their independence, and had sworn to remain faithful to each other, they separated quietly, and returned to their homes. Amongst the foremost of this band of patriots were Jürst, Stauffacher, and Arnold de Melchtal—men who, by the zeal, courage, and uprightiness of intention they displayed in the cause of their suffering countrymen, have secured to themselves some of the brightest pages which adorn the history of their country.

Not long after the separation of this meeting, as Henry Anderhalden de Melchtal and his son Arnold were busily engaged at the plough, which was drawn by two fine oxen, they were visited by a soldier and a party of servants, who told old Melchtal that they had come to take away his oxen, by the orders of Landenberg, the governor of Larnen.

The old man inquired what he had done, that he was to be deprived of his cattle, and begged, before they took them from him, that they would at least allow him to finish his ploughing; but he was pushed rudely aside by the soldier, and told in derision, that if he was desirous of ploughing, he might yoke himself. Arnold de Melchtal, though only armed with a stick, being unable to repress his indignation at the insult offered to his father, rushed on the soldier, and wounded him; and then, in order to escape the vengeance of the governor, fled to a fast-

ness in the mountains, where he lay concealed until the tyranny of the petty despots had goaded his countrymen to resistance. He then issued from his hiding-place, and took a distinguished part in that glorious struggle which wrested Switzerland from the galling yoke of her oppressors.

Lugardon has taken for the subject of the painting, which this engraving represents, the scene where the servants of Landenberg are about to take away the oxen of Melchtal. On the left of the picture the servants are seen unyoking the cattle; on the right are young Melchtal and his mother. The blood of the young man is boiling at the insult offered to his father. He is in the act of rushing on the soldier, and his mother is endeavouring to restrain him. In the centre, the soldier is standing erect, with his dagger drawn, awaiting the onset of the young man. Old Melchtal and his daughter are at the feet of the ruffianly soldier, imploring him to sheath his weapon.

The feelings of the different actors in this scene are portrayed with such earnestness and fidelity, and the incidents have so great an appearance of reality, that our sympathies are immediately enlisted in favour of the victims of lawless tyranny, and our indignation is excited, in a proportionate degree, against the perpetrators of so foul an outrage.

This painting excited general admiration on its first appearance, and so great was the value set on it by the inhabitants of Geneva, that they purchased it by subscription, and placed it in their museum.

Latterly, Geneva has become celebrated for the number and ability of its artists. Amongst the most distinguished of them are Hornung, Diday, and Lugardon. Hornung excels in colouring and execution; Diday is remarkable for the beauty and harmony that he sheds over his pictures of mountain and lake; and Lugardon, full of the glorious achievements of his heroic ancestors, continues to illustrate, with increasing success, the most conspicuous portions of the history of his native land.

More fair than rose at dawning day,
When May her Zephyr seeks,
The blossom of the human May,
The rose on virgin cheeks.]

Bulwer.

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. V. — LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.

READER! in wending your way along Chancery Lane, has the ancient gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn ever attracted your attention? Probably it has not. You have been too deeply engaged—your mind has been too busily employed in ruminating on the probable success of the lawsuit, which could be the only object of your visit to that locality, and you possibly could not afford a glance at the venerable gateway. Yet there it stands, frowning its caution upon the inexperienced, and apparently warning them against treading within the dangerous territory of Themis. Ay—there it stands, in all its grandeur; and there it has stood for the last three centuries—a terrible emblem of the majesty of the law. It is, if I may so express it, an *awful* building; there is something so dark, so dismal, so gloomy, in its appearance—so forbidding, so austere, and, withal, so law-like, in its aspect—that I can well remember it was long the object of my childish awe and terror. It is essentially a *legal* relic: it was erected—not, as a few remains in other inns of court have been, by a chivalrous order of “the knights of old,” and subsequently adopted by the students of the law; no templar ever guarded that stately gateway, no white cross banner streamed forth from its towers—it was erected by the Society of Lincoln's Inn; it is still situated in the very centre of the dark and gloomy chambers of the lawyers; and ever and anon, as we gaze upon the blackened mass, some counsellor, in his powdered wig, and silk “long robe,” sweeps through its avenue, reminding us that we are yet in the neighbourhood of the law.

Lincoln's Inn, on the western side of Chancery Lane, was, as early as the thirteenth century, erected by Henry Lacey, Earl of Lincoln, as his Inn and residence, on the site of a religious house of Dominican monks, who had previously removed to Blackfriars. He, in 1810, induced a society of students of common law to locate themselves in this house, and, dying the same year, the inn has ever since remained in their possession, and they have adopted, from this circumstance, the denomination of “The Society of Lincoln's Inn.” The gatehouse, which is the principal entrance to the society's possessions from Chancery Lane, was erected in 1518. It appears, from the

register of the society, that, in the year 1506, the members “began to make bricks, and to contract with masons for the stonework of the great gatehouse tower.” In this work they were materially assisted by Sir Thomas Lovell, the treasurer of the king's household, who was formerly a member of the society, and at whose sole expense the timber which was used in its construction was “brought by water from Henley-upon-Thames.” But the erection progressed slowly; and Sir Thomas Lovell, in 1518, gave a further grant, to assist the students in their undertaking. But even this pecuniary aid was not sufficient to complete it, and in 1520 a tax was imposed upon the commons of the inn, and a sum of 40*l.* allowed from its treasury, to defray the costs; and in this year it was completed, the expenses of its erection amounting to 153*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*, according to the records of the society. The gateway has since been thoroughly repaired, and its uniformity and venerable appearance in a great measure destroyed, by the introduction of modern windows in place of the ancient casements. Over the gateway, and between the square towers by which it is flanked, are the arms of England, enclosed within a garter bearing the national motto. On the right side of this tablet are the family bearings of the Lincolns, and on the left side, those of Sir Thomas Lovell. Beneath these inscriptions is a label, bearing the date of the erection, “ANNO DOM., 1518.” The style of the gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn is somewhat similar to that of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which formed the subject of the second number of these sketches; but it is destitute of that classic interest which envelops the relic of the White Cross Knights. The one has merely its antiquity to recommend it to our notice, but the other is associated with remembrances that render it even still more interesting. Yet Lincoln's Inn gateway does not appear out of place; it is not an insulated relic, like that of Clerkenwell—the only surviving remnant of a once stately pile; it is in perfect keeping with the buildings which surround it; it is situated in the vicinity of chambers as dismal and gloomy in appearance as itself; and is still devoted to the same purposes as when it was first erected—as the entrance to the possessions of the learned Society of Lincoln's Inn.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

A LEAF FROM MY GRAND-MOTHER'S ALBUM.

A LOVE-LETTER OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

MADAM,—Most worthy of estimation, after long consideration, and much meditation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation; and on your approbation, shall remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if such oblation be worthy of consideration, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization, beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation of

Yours, sans dissimulation,

[ANSWER.]

SIR,—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination, to shew such veneration on so slight a foundation; but after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or sprang from ostentation, to display your education by an odd enumeration of words of the same termination, though of great variation in their respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application to so tedious an occupation deserves commendation; and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification,

I am, without hesitation, yours,

MARY MODERATION.

WILLIAM SHIELD.

On a fine evening in July, a young man with a pensive countenance was walking slowly along the banks of the Tyne, at a short distance from North Shields. The sun had just set, the stars were twinkling in the clear sky, and the gentle murmur of the stream and the rustling of the breeze mingled with the distant noise of the North Sea—all seemed in keeping with the solitary wanderer, who suddenly stopping and raising his head, seemed to listen with the air of one whose attention has been suddenly awakened. The unknown—as we must at present call him—stopped before a boat-builder's, where here and there pieces of timber and scattered tools evinced that the daily labourers had abandoned their avocations at sunset. That which caused the stranger to stop so suddenly, and at once to rivet his at-

ention, was the soft notes of a violin, executed by some master-hand, proceeding from a boat, which apparently had been lately constructed, for it was only fastened to the shore by a rope, and was heaving proudly on the bosom of the water. The man continued to listen attentively to the player, who, after performing a short prelude, began to play a legato movement in which was blended intense feeling with soft and touching expression; then changing the air, he began to imitate the pert reply of a coquette—the despairing accents of a capricious young girl—bursts of laughter in the midst of sighs—and finished with an admirable crescendo full of passion.

The stranger, when the sound had died away, cried, in ecstasy, "Admirable! admirable! is it possible for human hands to produce such sounds from a violin? The player must be in that boat. I must know whether it is a demon, a fairy, or an angel, who could have thus moved me."

So saying, he began to descend a plank, which, by way of a bridge, connected the vessel with the shore. Just as the stranger had reached the middle, the vessel reared its prow, and moved to the extremity of the cord, which was longer than the plank, the end of the latter dropped, and precipitated the man into the water. At the noise made by the fall, a young lad, of about fourteen years of age, sprang from below, and seeing a man struggling in the water, leaped in, and bravely bore him to the land.

"Thank you, young man," said the stranger. "I am doubly thankful for what you have done—you have saved my life; and had it not been for you, I would never have known what I am so anxious to learn."

"What is it that you are so desirous to know?" the lad demanded; "perhaps I shall be able to tell you."

"A few minutes ago, I heard some one play on the violin; I may be mistaken, but I presume that the sound came from the boat. To see the person, and to know him, is my most anxious desire."

"Is that all?—it was I, sir. I was amusing myself a little after the fatigues of the day."

The stranger did not exactly say to the boy that he was telling a lie, but he fixed his eyes upon him, looked at him from head to foot, took his two hands in his, and said,

"What is your name, boy? what are you? and what has brought you here?"

"My name, sir, is William Shield. My father was a poor singing-master, who taught me the violin when I was very young, so that at eight years of age I could play tolerably well. Two years ago my poor father died. I never knew what it was to have a mother, for mine died the day that she gave me birth. Then I was alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, and friendless. But you know we must do something to gain a livelihood, so I applied to a boat-builder to take me as his apprentice, and he accepted me. During the day, I work as hard as I can; in the evening, and sometimes during the middle of the night, I take my violin—my only friend and companion—and I play a little while, thinking of my departed father. I have told you all this, sir; but you must not think that everybody knows it—O no! I keep it from all; and the reason that I tell you is—indeed, I don't know how it is."

"And what piece were you playing to-night?" inquired the stranger, without taking his eyes from the lad.

"It was Corelli's, sir, with a little of my own."

"My good boy, I am only a visitor here—to-morrow I set out for London. You will accompany me, and there——"

"No, sir—oh no, I cannot! You will excuse me for refusing, but I have still a year of my apprenticeship to serve. My master generously received me when I was in distress; and now that I am useful to him, I should like to discharge my duty."

"Good, my noble boy," the stranger said; "follow the dictates of your grateful heart—but promise that in a year from this, you will come to join me in London."

"I will promise, sir; but how am I to find you?"

"Ask for the composer Cramer—he will receive you as his child; then, whatever may be your destiny, never forget that it was he who discovered your genius."

William Shield kept his promise, for no sooner had the year expired, than he went to London to claim the protection of the far-famed composer, whose friendship for him was warm and truly sincere, and through whom young Shield was soon after appointed leader of the orchestra of the Durham theatre. To finish his stu-

dies, he went to Italy, and besides becoming a good composer, he received the patronage of his sovereign. His most esteemed operas are—"The Farmer," "Fontainebleau," "Rosina," and "The Poor Soldier."

William Shield, when success had crowned his laudable endeavours, often reverted to the time of his apprenticeship, and often shed a tear of gratitude when speaking of the goodness of his benefactor, Cramer.

M. K.

Literature.

Self-devotion; or, the History of Katherine Randolph. By the Author of "The Only Daughter."

THIS is the posthumous publication of a highly-gifted young lady, whose tender heart fell, unhappily, a victim to the fire of genius. In our younger days, when reading Byron's never-to-be-forgotten lines on the death of Kirke White, our heart has bled for departed genius, and we thought how strange it was that those who were best qualified to adorn and improve human life should invariably be the earliest objects at which death aims its fell strokes; and now, in perusing this tale of merit and engrossing interest, with style so pure, so vigorous, so full of poetry, we can scarcely suppress a tear at the sad, bitter thought, that one so young, with mind so cultivated, should, like the lily, which the poet describes as being all purity and life at night, destroyed at morn, be swept for ever from us. Space will not allow us to give an outline of the story. Suffice it to say, that it is a tale of domestic life, of great interest, told in natural and flowing language, and full of reflection. The following description pleased us much:—

A HIGHLAND HOME.

"The moon was shedding her mystic and spiritual radiance over a narrow Highland strath of most surpassing beauty; as a solitary horseman turned the abrupt angle of the road which brought him to the entrance of the defile. To those who are already familiar with the sublimity of a Highland moonlight, one breath upon the chords of memory will recall such a scene as I would fain describe: to communicate it to the imagination of those who are ignorant of the reality, all the energies of the writer

may be exercised in vain. It was a small and narrow valley, with a range of glorious mountains on either hand, piled one upon another till their cragged and broken outline seemed to touch the skies, and lent to the beautiful and smiling glen an aspect of even unusual solitude. At one or two points in the short stretch which the vale afforded, the hills seemed to recede from one another, forming small vistas, which, though all were connected with the larger strath by one common circle of mountains, severally revealed a wild hamlet with its knolls, and its pine-trees, its silver stream, and its own peculiar boundary. There is something in these broken glimpses which gives an exquisite variety to a Highland picture; and in this case, without breaking in upon the seclusion or diverting the eye from the nobler prospect before it, the little outshots, as it were, from the vale lent to the whole scene an interest of a peculiarly sweet and touching character. The glen itself was watered by a wandering stream that roamed hither and thither among the meadows, and gave its plaintive music to the night, while the fair and velvet sward was rolled backward to the bases of the hills with never a slope until it joined their very roots; and the shaven fields left ample space for the mysterious shadow of fairy knoll and gnarled wych elm, which here and there the moonlight flung across the glen, till it seemed peopled with wizard shapes. A small and quiet loch lay sleeping under the shadow of two long lines of hills, which fell with a sheer and most graceful outline to its margin—fronting each other in opposing masses of rock and promontory; and lessening and lessening, till they were closed at last by the purple masses of a separate and intersecting range. Near the margin of this loch, where the flat meadow-ground rose undulating into brae and hollow, where the pines were gathered into clumps, and the woods took a richer and more massive umbrage, a handsome and picturesque mansion-house was reared upon the summit of a lawn, that sloped almost imperceptibly to the waters. There was something fanciful in the architecture of the house, with its strange blending of English and Gothic taste, as if the mind that planned it had been whimsical and imaginative in its character; and yet the building was in perfect keeping with the beauty of its site, and

rather confirmed than infringed upon the effect of the noble scenery by which it was surrounded. There were magnificent beeches and black massive plane-trees grouped upon the lawn, yet a certain air of neglect was visible in the rushes that overgrew the sward, and in the breaches of the stone balustrade that ran along the terraced front nearest to the loch. Indeed an atmosphere of desolation brooded over the place, for an unbroken silence enveloped it; and darkened windows, and the absence of all ordinary signs of domestic activity, seemed in very unison with the pale and melancholy light that streamed around. The moon hung like a lamp of heaven in the dark blue vault between the summits of the opposing hills, and flung her white shimmering radiance on the water, while the tall chimneys and the arched and pointed roof of the house were just silvered with the beams that rested on their tips. All around the house besides was wrapt in the glorious shadow of the woods and mountains."

Ainsworth's Magazine.

SHOULD our readers, after the effects of Christmas, experience that *ennui* which is often attendant on gaiety, the perusal of the monthly now under our notice will be found gratifying—for in point of interest and varied story, in judiciousness in the choice of the articles, talent in the writing of them, this part surpasses any of its predecessors. Mr. Ainsworth contrives, with admirable tact, to excite our interest by his vivid descriptions; and his Herne the hunter, the forest demon—his Mabel, all gentleness, whose features, says the author, "are exquisitely moulded, and of a joyous expression; a skin dyed like a peach by the sun, but so as to improve rather than to impair its hue; eyes bright, laughing, and blue as a summer sky; ripe, ruddy lips, and pearly teeth; and hair of a light and glossy brown,"—will render "Windsor Castle" as popular a work as that which stamped Ainsworth as a writer, in which he so admirably brings his descriptive powers into operation by his Turpin's Ride to York. Besides the continuation of "Windsor Castle," we have this month several talented articles, both in prose and verse, not the least of which is the one entitled the "Elliston

Papers," comprising the memoir of "the merriest and cleverest fellow that ever trod the stage," with original letters of many distinguished personages. To give our readers an idea of this fund of anecdote and amusing recital, we extract

THE POOR ACTOR.

"An adventure took place about this time, which, by one particular, was rendered somewhat remarkable. A musical star being in the ascendant, and opera, consequently, the zenith of the 'bills,' Elliston's duties did not call him to the theatre until late in the evening, when he had to play the part of *Don Juan*, for about the fiftieth time. Passing down an obscure street, on his way thither, his ears were suddenly startled by indications of terror and distress, and he discovered, on turning abruptly into a narrow court, the lower part of a house enveloped in flames. The occupiers had escaped unhurt, and most of them, miserably poor, were watching, either in stupid agony or with unavailing cries, the sure destruction of their crazy chattels; while others, attracted to the spot by mere curiosity, looked on the scene only as an exhibition prepared for their special gratification, and every fresh evidence of ruin, but as a *coup de théâtre*, which they welcomed with applause. Amidst the bewildering appeals of the surrounding sufferers, the most heart-rending were those of a middle-aged female, who, running from spot to spot, and threading the crowd without any identical purpose of action, exclaimed—'Poor Jamie! he's gone—he's gone!—no one can help poor daft Jamie!' By the language and manner of the woman, it was clear some one yet remained unrescued, and at the mercy of the element. Elliston instantly pushed forward to the frantic suppliant, and soon understood that, in an upper apartment, some helpless being was still imprisoned, whose awful fate was momentarily expected. A side-door of the house afforded still the possibility of ingress. Of the chance Elliston availed himself—he rushed up the staircase, followed fortunately by a bystander, emboldened by this example, and found himself instantaneously in a wretched attic, where, on a still more wretched pallet, lay extended a poor bed-ridden being, whose state of idiocy seemed roused to a glimmering sense of some proximate danger, but who had

neither power of utterance nor ability of motion.

"Amidst the varied evidences of decay around him, this wreck of humanity—age, idiocy, and infirmity, with their attendant poverty, each in its extreme—powerfully affected him, Lost for a moment to the frightful progress of the element, he stood motionless and appalled. 'Tis useless!' exclaimed the man who had followed him—'he cannot be saved! the stairs are already in flames!' 'He can—he shall!' ejaculated Elliston—'be steady, and we can accomplish it.' Approaching the bed, Elliston raised the poor creature in his arms, and binding about him the tattered remnant of sheet and clothing—as much to disarm his feeble attempts to be free, as for the covering it might afford—carried him to the head of the staircase. The mingling clamour of apprehension and encouragement from the mob below kept his energy at its pitch, but to descend the flight thus encumbered was impossible. The fire was mounting, and suffocation inevitable. With difficulty he had passed to the first landing, where, forcing a side-window, he presented his nearly-rescued charge to the multitude. But the shrieks and struggles of the sufferer—the difficulty of making the crowd understand that they were to assist him from below, all, imperatively, the work of a few seconds—had nearly left them in one common ruin. At length, however, by the aid of his companion, all was accomplished. The living burden was lifted on the sill, lowered by the fragile tackle, and fell, unhurt, into the contrived treillage of the people. The two liberators now effected their own escape—not terrific, indeed, in descent, but within three minutes, the whole interior was in flames.

"Disentangling himself from the embraces of the women (as little besitting *Don Juan* as his escape from fire), Elliston now, like good Launcelot, 'took to his heels and ran,' reaching the theatre just in time to see a substitute *Libertine*, like other ragouts, 'dressed on the shortest notice,' and ready to be served up in his place. An apology had been made to the audience for his absence, but the cause of it was still an interesting mystery. In a few words, he explained to his apologist the event of the evening, who, taking the opportunity of Elliston's dressing, again presented himself before the curtain, and repeated the

slight account he had received with considerable point. 'Don Juan,' he added, 'as announced in the bills, had already descended in a shower of real fire,' but having set his very fate at defiance, he had effected his return, to receive, as he richly deserved, a still warmer sentence at the hands of his judges now present. His welcome, as may be well supposed, was most enthusiastic. Called upon to tell his own story, *Elliston* was as much in his element as *Don Juan*—for he had to make a speech; a faculty which, though in after life he greatly improved, he by no means inconsiderably possessed at this present. The above incident gave such additional attraction to this drama, that it was scarcely out of the bills at any part of the season.

"So much for the adventure itself; but *Elliston*, who, it will be readily believed, took the earliest opportunity of searching out the unhappy patient he had rescued, discovered that he had originally been an actor, and frequently a fellow labourer with the great *Macklin*. Indiscretion; and consequent want of employ, had brought on this state of mental aberration and wretchedness. *Elliston* continued his kindness to him till he died."

Blackwood.

NEED we mention that *Blackwood* abounds in useful and amusing articles this month. Is it ever otherwise? Not the least of which, however, are "Great Britain at the commencement of the year 1843," and "Taste and Music in England." "Two Hours of Mystery" is an amusing story, full of excitement, and abounding in humour. "Aristocracies of London" contains many shrewd remarks, and the simile between the butterfly and the young noble is very happy. A portion of it may please our readers, especially when that portion may pass for an entire.

ARISTOCRACIES OF LONDON LIFE.

"The cumulative or aggregative property of wealth and power; and, in a less degree, of knowledge; also make up in time a consolidation of those elements in the hands of particular classes, which, for our present purpose, we choose to term an aristocracy of birth, wealth, knowledge, or power, as the case may be. The word aristocracy, distinctive of these particular classes, we use in a conven-

tional sense only, and beg leave to protest, in *limine*, against any other acceptation of the term. We use the word because it is popularly comprehensive—the *oi agerai* distinguished from the *oi πολλοι*: "good men," as is the value of goodness in the city; "the great," as they are understood by penmen of fashionable novels; "talented" or "a genius," as we say in the *coteries*; but not a word, mark you, of the abstract value of these signs—their positive significations—good may be bad; great, mean; talented or a genius, ignorant or a puppy. We have nothing to wish that, these are thy terms, our Public; thou art responsible for the use made of them. Thou it is who tellest us that the sun rises and sets, (which it does not,) and talkest of the good and great, without knowing whether they are great and good or not. Our business is to borrow your recognised improprieties of speech only so far as they will assist us in making ourselves understood. When *Archimedes*, or some other gentleman, said that he could unfix the earth had he a point of resistance for his lever, he illustrated, by an hypothesis of physics, the law of the generation of aristocracies. Aristocracies begin by having a leg to stand on, or by getting a finger in the pie. The multitude, on the contrary, never have anything, because they never had anything; they want the *point d'appui*, the springing ground whence to jump above their condition, where, transformed by the gilded rays of wealth or power, discarding their several skins or sloughs, they sport and flutter like lesser insects in the sunny beams of aristocratic life. Indeed, we have often thought that the transformation of the insect tribe was intended, by a wise Omnipotence, as an illustration (for our own benefit) of the rise and progress of the mere aristocracy of fashionable life. The first condition of existence of these diminutive creatures is the egg, or *embryo* state. This the anxious parent attaches firmly to some leaf or bough, capable of affording sufficient sustenance to the future grub, who, in due course, eats his way through the vegetable kingdom upon which he is quartered for no merit or exertion of his own, and where his career is only to be noted by the ravages of his insatiable jaws. After a brief period of lethargy, or *pupa* state, this good-for-nothing creature flutters forth powdered, painted, perfumed, and scorning the dirt from which

he springs, and leading a life of uselessness and vanity, until death, in the shape of an autumnal shower, prostrates himself and his fancy in the dust.

“How beautiful and complete is the analogy between the insect and his brother butterfly of fashionable life. While yet an *embryo*—a worm, he *grubs* his way through a good estate, and not a little ready money. Then, after a long sojourn in the *pupa* or puppy state—longer far than that of any other maggot,—he emerges a perfect butterfly, vain, empty, fluttering, and conceited; idling, flirting, flouncing, philandering, until the summer of his *son* is past, when he dies, and is arrested, and expiates a life of puerile vanity in purgatory, or the Queen's Bench.

“Let the beginning once be made—the point of extreme depression once be got over; the cares of the daily recurring poor necessities of life—shelter, clothing, food, be of no moment; let a man taste, though it be next to nothing, of the delicious luxury of accumulation; let him, with every hoarded shilling, a half-crown, a pound, carry his head higher, smiling in secret at the world and his friends, and the aristocrat of wealth is formed; he is removed forever from the hand-to-mouth family of man, and thenceforth represents his breeches pocket. It is the same with the aristocrat of birth; some fortunate accident—some well-aimed and successful stroke of profuseness, or more rarely of virtue, redeems an individual from the common herd; the rays, mayhap, of royal favour fall upon him, and he begins to bloat; his growth is as the growth of the grain of mustard-seed, and in a little while he overshadoweth the land; Noble and Right Honourable are his posterity to the end of time.

“There is a poor lad sitting biting his nails till he bites them to the quick, wearing out his heart-strings in constrained silence, on the back benches of Westminster Hall; he maketh speeches, eloquent, inwardly, and briefless, mutely bothreth judges, and seduceth innocent juries to his *No*-side: he findeth out mistakes in his learned brethren, and chuckleth secretly therefore: he scratcheth his wig with a pen, and thinketh by what train of circumstantial evidence he shall be able to prove a dinner: he laugheth derisively at the income tax, and the collectors thereof: yet, when he may not have even a ‘little brown’ to fly with,

haply some good angel in mortal shape of a solicitor may bestow on him a brief: rushing home to his chambers in the Temple, he mastereth the points of the case, cogitating *pros* and *cons*: he heareth his own voice in court for the first time: the bottled black-letter of years falleth from his lips, like treacle from a pipkin: he maketh good his points, winneth the verdict and the commendations of the judge: solicitors whisper that ‘there is something in him,’ and clerks express their conviction that he is a ‘trump’: the young man eloquent is rewarded in one hour for the toil, rust, and enforced obscurity of years: he is no longer a common soldier of the bar, he steppeth by right divine forth of the ranks, and becometh a man of mark and likelihood: he is now an aristocrat of the bar—perhaps a Lyndhurst.

Again, behold the future aristocrat of literary life! to-day regard him in a suit of rusty black, a twice-turned stock, and shirt of Isabella colour, and an affecting hat; in and out of every bookseller's in the Row is he, like a dog in a fair; a brown-paper parcel he putteth into your hand, the which, before he openeth, he demands how much cash down you mean to give for it; then, having unfolded the same, giveth you to understand that it is such a work as is not to be seen every day, which you may safely swear to. He journeyeth from the east to the west, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, manuscript in hand; from Leadenhall-street, where Minerva has her press, to the street high Albemarle, which John Murray delighteth to honour, but to no purpose; his name is unknown, and his works are nothing worth. Let him once make a *hit*, as it is termed, and it is no longer hit or missa with him; he getteth a reputation, and he lieth in bed all day; he shaketh the alphabet in a bag, calling it his last new work, and it goeth through three editions in as many days; he lordeth it over ‘the trade,’ and will let nobody have any profit but himself; he turneth up his nose at the man who invites him to a plain dinner, and utterly refuseth evening parties; he holdeth *conversazione*, where he talketh you dead; he driveth a chaise, taketh a whole house, sporteth a wife and a minute tiger; in brief, he is now an aristocrat of letters.

“The materials for growth and preservation of these several aristocracies

about in London, and no where on earth have we the same facilities for the study and investigation of their family likenesses and contrasts, their points of contact and repulsion."

Colburn's New Monthly

Has its attractions this month. Mrs. Trollope plods her way in her usual amusing manner; and chapter xxxiii of her "Barnabys in America" is as rich in pleasing dialogue as any of those which preceded it. "My Grandfather's Dream" is a clever paper; and we may pass the same judgment on the "Widow's Almshouse." The name of the author, however, will speak more in favour of the latter than anything we can say. He who has read "Peter Priggings" will be right willing to devote an hour to the "Widow." "Extracts from 'My Indian Diary,'" by the "Old Forest Ranger," deserves encomium; while "The Advertisement Literature of the Age" evinces discrimination, and lacks not of humour. Let us try the *multum in parvo* system, by reducing the article one-third of its length; but still retaining much that is amusing:—

THE ADVERTISEMENT LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

"The advertisement has long since become an independent department of literature, subject to its own canons of criticism, having its own laws of composition, and conducted by a class of writers, who, though they *may* (we do not assert that they *do*) acknowledge their inferiority to the great historians, poets, or novelists of the day, would nevertheless consider themselves deeply injured were we to hesitate to admit them into the corporation of the '*gens de lettres*.'

"A needy varlet, with his coat out at the elbows, accosted Garrick once upon a time, and to enforce his suit for relief, reminded the great player that they had formerly acted together on the boards of Old Drury. Garrick's memory was at fault, and he begged to know upon what occasion he had had that honour.

"'Don't you recollect,' answered the poor devil, 'when you played *Hamlet*, I used to play the cock!'

"In the same manner, one of our professional advertisement writers may be supposed to address such an author as Sir Edward Bulwer.

"When you wrote the '*Last Days of*

Pompeii,' it was I that pushed it in the — journal.'

"The advertisement writer, however, claims kindred with genius of all sorts, and considers himself entitled to a share in the glory of all undertakings under the sun, from the Thames Tunnel to the manufacture of a razor-strop. In fact, he is to the artist or the shopkeeper what Homer was to Achilles, Tasso to Godfrey, Camoens to Gama, or Milton to Cromwell. Without him, what would his strops avail a Mechi, his XX a Guinness, his pills a Coogle, his Chesterfields a Doudney, his locks a Chubb, or his envelopes a Stocken?

'He knows the Charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can wait their name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.'

"The advertisement literature of the day is therefore always worthy of some notice and record. Once a year, at least, it is well to glance at it, remark such changes as it may have undergone, and illustrate its actual state by a few random examples. Looking back over the registers of the past year, we observe, in the first place, a decline of poetry in the announcements of our merchants and traders. Few London shops appear at present to keep poets. Warren himself rarely treats us to an ode, and this scarcity of verse is the more surprising, when we consider the enormous quantity of the commodity produced by the booksellers; the authors of most which could not more appropriately employ their poetic powers than in singing the praises of spermaceti candles or jet blacking.

"Over-production is indeed nowhere more conspicuous than in the manufacture of rhymes. We trust the opening of the trade with China may afford a vent for this as well as other branches of our native industry, as it certainly will if the people of the celestial empire stand as much in need of *fustian* as of broad-cloth. We could spare 'the central flowery land' a legion of bards; and where could that flowery fraternity—out of work at home—with even the doors of No. 80, Strand, closed against them,—more appropriately seek a *Mecænas* and a meal?

"But if the spirit of song is dead in our trading circles,—if there has been in our shops a *counter*-revolution against the lady muses—we have the satisfaction of perceiving that no decline in prose composition is visible as yet in the same de-

partment. We are not going to quote George Robins; it is sufficiently gratifying to remark, that the powers of this *capital* writer continue unimpaired, and that he still remains the undisputed head of his own department, and the greatest composer of an auction-bill in this or any other country. A few specimens of advertising genius in a lower degree will, however, be not amiss; we shall take them at random from a few newspapers that happen to lie on the table.

"How promptly has the author of the following availed himself of the recent triumphs of the British arms in the east:

"THE CHINESE BAND MARCH,

as performed on the glorious ratification of peace with Great Britain, concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger, with a splendid lithographic frontispiece, containing a distant view of Nankin.'

"The anticipation here is a fine stroke of art, the peace in question not having been ratified up to the last advices from China. It reminds one of the brilliant hit made by Demades in Timon.

"Dem.—Hear, my human Jupiter, the decree I have written concerning thee before the Areopagistes: 'Whereas Timon, a champion and wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympic games —'

"Tim.—But I ne'er saw the Olympic games.

"Dem.—What of that? That makes no matter; thou shalt see them hereafter.*

"The tea-dealers, of course, consider China as their own property. Their organs are particularly eloquent just now. One has the following burst:—

"The trade with Canton being now quite open, the public, who suffered so much by the late speculations, have a right to reap the full benefit of the present depression. *They shall reap it!*'

"This is Demosthenic.

"Another is rather Ciceronian, and expatiates more copiously on the same theme:

"The glorious news from the East is everywhere hailed with delight and gratitude. In consequence of the highly important announcement of peace with China, we take the earliest opportunity of making known to the public—that we have commenced selling all descriptions of tea much cheaper.'

* Timon, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, for the Shaksperean Society.

"Our next specimen is no less than a discovery of a new species of liberty, for which the Chartists and Miss Mary Anne Walker will, of course, be duly grateful:

"Morisonian Prizes for the three best Essays on the *Medical Liberty of the Subject*. For particulars apply to the *Medical Dissenter Office, &c.*'

"We have long had political liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, commercial liberty, and now *medical* liberty is added to the number, so that there is reason to fear that liberty will become a drug!"

Miscellaneous.

SWITZERLAND AND ENGLAND.

To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England (says Chambers, in his *Tour in Switzerland*) would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could, with great ease, be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavourable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little accumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man among them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard, they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occasions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was—"They labour hard, very hard, but they have plenty of food, and they are happy." Now, it is my opinion, that if any man labour hard in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same *practical* results as the Swiss: nay, I go farther, and will aver that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people.

Switzerland is unquestionably the paradise of the working-man, but then it can-

not be called a paradise for any other ; and I doubt if the perfection of the social system, if the ultimate end of creation, is to fix down mankind at peasant and working-man pitch. Both Bowring and Symons are in raptures with the cottage-system of the Swiss artisans ; I own it is most attractive, and, as I have said, is doubtless productive of much happiness. But who prevents English artisans from having equally good houses with the Swiss ? With a money wage of some seven or eight shillings a week, it is said the Swiss operative realizes, by means of his free cottage, bit of ground, and garden, equal to thirty shillings in England. My own conviction is, that fourteen or fifteen shillings would be much nearer the mark ; but, taking it at a larger sum, let us inquire if English workmen may not attain similar advantages. All, perhaps, could not, but I feel assured that every skilled artisan could—that is, every man receiving from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, of whom there is no small number. British operatives are taxed to a monstrous degree ; almost everything they put in their mouths being factitiously raised in price in a manner perfectly shameful. But they possess a freedom known nowhere on the Continent. They can travel from town to town at all times without begging for passports ; they are not called upon for a single day's drill ; in short, their time is their own, and they may do with it as they please. Exercising the same scrupulous-economy as the Swiss, and in the same manner refraining from marriage till prudence sanctioned such a step, I do not see what is to prevent a skilled and regularly-employed British operative from becoming the proprietor of a small house and garden, supposing his taste to lie that way. I know several who have realized this kind of property ; indeed, a large proportion of the humbler class of tradesmen in the Scottish country towns, villages, and hamlets, are the proprietors of the dwellings in which they reside. Now, if some so placed contrive to realize property, why may not others do so ? The answer is, that a vast mass of our working population think of little beyond present enjoyment. Gin, whisky!—what misery is created by these demons every city can bear sorrowful witness ! Cruelly taxed, in the first place, by the state, the lower classes tax themselves still more by their appetites. Scotland spends four

millions of pounds annually on whisky, and what England disburses for gin and porter is on a scale equally magnificent. Throughout the grand rue of Berne, a mile in length, and densely populated, I did not see a single spirit-shop or tavern ; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines. In the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street of Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are one hundred and fifty taverns, shops, or places, of one kind or another, in which spirituous liquors are sold ; and in Rose Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is forty-one. I did not see a drunken person in Switzerland. Sheriff Alison speaks of ten thousand persons being in a state of intoxication every Saturday night in Glasgow.

I take the liberty of alluding to these practices, not for the purpose of depreciating the character of the operative orders, but to shew, at least, one pretty conclusive piece of evidence why they do not generally exhibit the same kind of happy homes as the Swiss. In a word, Bowring and Symons, and, I may add, Laing, seem to lead to the inference, that everything excellent in the Swiss operative and peasants' condition is owing to institutional arrangements ; whereas, without undervaluing these, I ascribe fully more, as already stated, to the temperance, humble desires, and extraordinary economic habits of the people. That the practical advantages enjoyed by Swiss artisans are also, somehow, inferior to those of similar classes in Britain, is evident from the fact that Swiss watch-makers emigrate to England for the sake of better wages than they can realize at home ; and that some thousands of unskilled labourers leave Switzerland annually to better their condition in foreign lands, is, I believe, a fact which admits of no kind of controversy. Let us, then, conclude with this impartial consideration, that if our working population have grievances to complain of, (and I allow these grievances are neither few nor light,) they at the same time enjoy a scope, an outlet for enterprise and skill, a means of enrichment and advancement, which no people in Continental Europe can at all boast of. Switzerland, as has been said, is the paradise of the working-man. It might, with equal justice, be added, that a similar paradise can be

realized in the home of every man who is willing to forego personal indulgence, and make his domestic hearth the principal scene of his pleasures, the sanctuary in which his affections are enshrined.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

It comes, through the wintry night,
A deep and a solemn strain,
Like the voice of the distant torrent's might,
Or the moan of the sleepless main;
But wild is the music of wind-woke strings,
In its far and fitful swell,
And swift as the passing of eagle wings
Is the dying Year's farewell.

It floats o'er the faded fields,
Where the reaper's joy hath been,
With the song of praise which the peasant yields
For the harvests he hath seen;
But the song grows sad on the battle-plain
Of the Brahmin's sun-lit shore,
For it tells of the eyes that look in vain
For the loved that come no more.

It sweeps through the ancient woods,
Through the ruins vast and dim,
By the shadowy paths of the forest floods,
By the desert fountain's brim;
And it wakes the tones which the wilderness
Hath long in her silence shrined,
The echoes of far forgotten days,
That have left no trace behind.

It rings through the crowded marts
Of the old world's wealth and power,
And it winds its way to their weary hearts
In the hush of the dreamy hour;
To the young it speaks of their future springs,
With the breezes blythe and bland,
But it tells the aged of better things
In the far unfading land.

And it tells of the deserts cross'd,
Of the fair forsaken ground,
Of the pleasant streams which the heart hath lost,
And the hidden fountains found;
For it speaks of the rock before us cleft,
When its shadow darkly fell,
And a blessed lesson of hope is left
By the dying Year's farewell. *Athenæum.*

SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

It was a damp and dark evening in November—the wind blew cold, and the rain sprinkled apace. I was hastening through Great Russell Street, to spend an evening with some friends in Bedford Square; when the sobs of a boy, sitting by the side of a decent young woman, on the steps of a door, caught my ear, and in a moment arrested my feet.

"What," said I, "is the matter?"

"Oh, sir!" replied the lad, sobbing still more violently than before, "my father will kill me!"

"What have you done, then, my good fellow?"

"Nothing at all, sir," said the boy, as well as he could speak for crying.

"He must, then," thought I, "be a cruel father;" but this I did not feel necessary to say to his son. "Who is this young woman?"

"Oh, sir! she is my sister."

"And what is the matter with her?"

"She is ruined! she is ruined!" cried the boy.

"Poor girl!" thought I, "well mayest thou husband thy tears, for thy grief is likely to be lasting!"

She sat in a state of silent sorrow; her hand supporting her chin, and her eyes looking up to heaven for the aid which she seemed to despair of finding on earth.

"For God's sake!" said I, taking her gently by the other hand, which she modestly withdrew from mine, "tell me, my good girl, is there no way of yet saving you from utter destruction?"

"None, sir, none," sighed she, giving her head the motion of despair, and wiping the tears that now flowed involuntarily from her eyes.

"My dear," said I, "be comforted, I am myself a father, and will endeavour to reconcile you to yours. Though you have lost that irremediable jewel—your virgin innocence——"

"God forbid! sir," sighed the young woman, with all the firmness of conscious parity.

"What, then, did you mean," cried I, turning to the boy, "by saying that your sister was ruined?"

"So she is, sir," retorted the boy, still sobbing, "for she has lost all her clothes, and can't go to her place."

"And is this all!" said I; "how did she lose them?"

"Why, sir, as I was just now carrying her box to her new place, two men came behind me, and snatching it off my head, ran away with it down Dyot Street. We cried out, "Stop thief!" but one of them came back with a large knife, and threatened to stab my poor sister if we said another word, so I was obliged to hold my tongue, and she fainted away."

"And why do you think your father will be angry with you?"

"Because he is a poor man, and can't afford to buy my sister any new clothes, so she must stay at home on his hands. Besides, my mother begged him to come with us; but he would go to the public-house, and said that I was big enough. So I know very well he'll kill me; for he is very passionate, especially when he's in the wrong."

"That," thought I, "is natural enough with us all. What, my dear," said I, addressing the young woman again, "might be the value of all your clothes?"

"They cost me, sir," replied she, endeavouring hastily to enumerate—"I dare say, near ten pounds."

"That is a great deal of money."

"It is indeed, sir, and I have worked very hard for it these three years."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

I had but one solitary guinea in my pocket. Oh, how I longed to be rich! A thought, however, struck me. "Follow me, both of you," said I; "we will see what can be done."

I knocked at the door, and bidding them sit down in the hall, ran up stairs to my friends. The company were assembled: there were about a dozen persons present.

"I am in haste," said I.

They were all alarmed. "What can be the matter?" was impressed on every countenance.

"I am a bad orator," continued I, "but my feelings have been much affected by those who could speak but little. A decent young woman, going to service, has just had the box which contained her all stolen from her brother's head. The poor girl is ruined unless ten guineas can be raised. I have only one. Who will help me? Come, you shall see what powerful orators they are." And I ordered them to be brought up. "My life for it, your money will not be thrown away."

Every one was affected. The money was raised in an instant; and, with tears of gratitude, they departed, blessing their benefactors.

All of us agreed, on parting, that we had never spent a happier evening. How cheaply is felicity purchased, if men would but carry their money to the right market!

CONTEMPORARY OCCURRENCES OF LIFE.

An infant Roscius makes its first appearance on the world's stage at the precise moment when, on the opposite side of the way, a veteran, who for seventy-six years has acted in that great and complicated drama called "Life," is taking his final leave of the audience—his death-watch accompanied by the tinkling of a young lady's pianoforte, which is faintly heard from a room in the adjoining house!

The wailings of a family suddenly plunged into irretrievable ruin are drowned in the rattle of the carriages which throng to congratulate their next-door neighbours upon their unexpected accession to a fortune.

After a hasty courtship, a happy couple are joined in wedlock for so long as they both shall live, whilst, within the sound of the marriage-bells, an elopement is deliberately contriving!

The hands of the clock indicate the same second of time when Captain St. Orville and Lady Grace, who are "formed for each other," are vowing eternal constancy and affection: when Mr. Johnson and Miss Jones, who, for a similar reason, are similarly occupied; and when Sir Frederick Rowley and his lady (who also were "formed for each other") are, on account of incompatibility of temper and mutual dislike, within a twelvemonth of their happy union, delightedly signing articles of separation—the only act in which they ever had cordially agreed!

Bill Dixon has just given the finishing touch to his love-suit to Sally Green, by declaring that he never could consider a man "as sich" who would dare to raise his hand against a woman. At the same instant Bob Waters, who, before marriage, had used to declare himself "entirely of that 'ere opinion, and no mistake," is beating his wife.—*Phineas Quiddy.*

RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.

THE French ambassador was one day talking to a prince of the imperial house of Russia about the extraordinary dexterity of the Parisian thieves, and relating a variety of anecdotes concerning their feats. The grand-duke expressed his opinion that the Petersburg pickpockets were quite as clever; and to remove all doubt on that point from the

mind of the ambassador, he offered to lay him a wager that, if he would dine with him on the following day, before the removal of the dessert, his watch, ring, and everything else belonging to his toilet that was not firmly fastened to his clothes, should be stolen. His excellency accepted the wager, and the grand-duke immediately despatched a messenger to the director of the police, with a request that he would send him the cleverest and adroitest pickpocket then in custody. He was put into a footman's livery, furnished with the necessary instructions, and promised exemption from punishment and his liberty if he performed his business well. The ambassador mentioned his watch as the article to which the principal attention both of himself and the thief would naturally be directed, and the new servant was ordered to give the grand-duke a sign as soon as he had secured it. The dinner commenced; the first course came and was removed; the Greek, Spanish, and French wines, red and white, glistened in turn in the glasses. The ambassador was particularly careful of his watch; and the grand-duke, observing his caution, smiled sometimes kindly, sometimes half sarcastically. The new footman was always bustling about, mingling among the other servants, changing plates and handing wine. The dinner was drawing towards a conclusion, and the grand-duke was still waiting impatiently for the preconcerted sign from the thief, who, however, seemed to be completely taken up in waiting upon the company. All at once the grand-duke's countenance brightened up, and turning to the ambassador, who was absorbed in conversation with his neighbours, he asked him what o'clock it was. The ambassador clapped his hand triumphantly to his pocket, where a few minutes before he had felt that his watch was safe, and to the amusement of the whole company, but especially of the imperial entertainer, he drew from it a neatly-trimmed turnip. Universal laughter ensued, and the ambassador was somewhat disconcerted. He would have taken a pinch to compose himself, but having felt in all his pockets, he discovered with horror that his gold snuff-box was gone too. The laughter was redoubled. In his embarrassment and mortification he clapped his hand, as he was in the habit of doing, to his finger to turn the beautiful gold seal-ring which he wore upon it—but that also was gone.

In short, he found that he was completely plundered of everything that was not firmly attached to his dress—ring, snuff-box, handkerchief, gloves, toothpick, keys. The performer of this sleight of hand was then brought forward. The grand-duke ordered him to restore the stolen articles, and was not a little surprised to see him produce two watches, and hand one to himself, and the other to the ambassador; two rings, one of which he gave in like manner to the grand-duke, and one to the ambassador; and two snuff-boxes, one for the grand-duke, and the other for the ambassador. The prince now felt in amazement in his pockets, as the ambassador had done before, and found that he had been plundered in the very same manner as the latter. He assured his excellency that he was totally unconscious of the matter, and was going to chide the rogue soundly, but bethought himself, and thanked him for having enabled him in so signal a manner to win his wager. He made him a handsome present, and procured his immediate liberation, admonishing him for the future to apply his talents to more useful purposes.—*Kohl's Russia and the Russians.*

AMUSING CHARACTERISTIC.

I HAVE often spoken of the formalities of German offices. In the mere matter of sending a parcel, which any coach-office in England would forward without delay, if only wrapped in a bit of brown paper, and tied with a string, what difficulties meet you in Germany! A parcel must be wrapped in a certain way. It must have so many seals upon it. Its contents and value must be written outside. If of one weight, must go by one conveyance; if of another, by a second; if of another, by a third. It must, under certain circumstances, be wrapped in an oil-cloth. Failing any one of these formalities, it cannot go. It is returned, or sent from one office to another, till more time is consumed than is necessary to take it to its destination. A title-deed was sent from England for my signature, which was urgently wanted back by return of post. Though signed and sent to the packet-post the same day, under the directions of our German banker, yet so many obstacles arose, that, after several days' delay, we sent it by the omnibus proprietor to the Steam Com-

pany at the Rhine. Two months afterwards, the sender in England wrote, in great distress, to know why the deed was not returned; and on inquiry at the omnibus proprietor's, we found it still lying in his house! The Rhine Company had not dared to take it, because it belonged to the Packet-post department; and the poor man could not tell to whom to return it. He had even advertised it in the little Heidelberg newspaper, which we never see; but though there were only about six English families in the place, and he knew it came from one, it had never occurred to him to send round and inquire. A common hostler, or boots, in England, would have done it in ten minutes. In four months the parcel reached England!!—*Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

The Gatherer.

A Young Citizen.—When I mounted to my seat again, I observed a new parcel lying on the coach roof, which I took to be a rather large fiddle in a brown bag. In the course of a few miles, however, I discovered that it had a glazed cap at one end and a pair of muddy shoes at the other; and further observation demonstrated it to be a small boy in a snuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's, as he lay a-top of the luggage, with his face towards the rain; and except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. At last, on some occasion of our stopping, this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three feet six, and fixing its eyes on me, observed, in piping accents, with a complacent yawn, half quenched in an obliging air of friendly patronage, "Well, now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English afternoon, hey?"—*Dichens's American Notes.*

How to get a Feather Bed.—"In carrying off even the small thing of a feather bed, Jack Tate, the bowld burglar, shewed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards." "Backwards!" said Larry Hogan, "what's that for?" "You'll see by and bye," said Groggins; "he descended backwards, when, suddenly, he heard a door opening, and a faymale voice exclaiming, "Where

are you going with that bed?" "I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am," said Jack, whose backward position favoured his lie; and he began to walk up again. "Come down," said the lady, "we want no beds here, man." "Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself," said Jack, still mounting the stairs. "Come down, I tell you," said the lady, in a great rage, "there's no Mr. Sullivan lives here." "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jack, turning round, and marching off with the bed, fair and aisy. "Well, there was a regular shilloo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes would'nt howld the lady for the rage she was in at being diddled."—*Lover's Handy Andy.*

Education of a German Lady.—The education of a German lady is, to us, a very singular one. It is composed of the two extremes of household usefulness and social ornament. Accomplishments are carefully taught. All that tends to give the ladies *eclat* in the ball-room and in large companies, they are more regularly drilled into even than ours. Music and dancing are indispensable. The French language has long been universal, and English is now becoming so. Their greater intercourse with foreigners keeps in use their French. Music is so much a national enjoyment, that not only young women, but almost all young men, play on the piano, and sing. This is not only a great relief to the monotony of private life, and an elegant and refining enjoyment for the evening circle—especially to weary men, harassed or exhausted by the daily tug of their affairs—but is conducive to the pleasure of those agreeable little parties which abound so much among the Germans, where singing, a dance, and simple games pass away rapidly the hours.—*Howitt's Germany.*

Garrick.—A clergyman once asked Mr. Garrick why a church congregation were seldom moved to tears, when the same people, placed in a theatre, would be worked up to grief by fictitious distress? "The truth," replied Roscius, "is obvious—we repeat a *fiction* as though it were a *truth*, you a *truth* as though it were a *fiction*."—*Dramatic and Musical Review.*

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Original Communications.

WALSINGHAM CHAPEL, NORFOLK.

WALSINGHAM, which formed one lordship, was part of the possessions of the powerful Earls of Clare. It obtained great celebrity for centuries, from the circumstance of a widow lady, Recol-die Faverches, having founded a small chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary. Her son, Sir Geoffrey Faverches, confirmed the endowments, founded a priory for Augustine canons, and erected a conventual church. Erasmus, who was an eye-witness, informs us, that Walsingham was almost entirely maintained by its being

the great resort of travellers, and that foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage, and that kings and queens of England also paid their devoirs to it. He also states, "that the chapel was distinct from the church, and inside of it was a small chapel of wood, on each side of which was a little narrow door, where those who were admitted came with their offerings, and paid their devotions; that it was lighted up with torches, and that the glitter of gold, silver, and jewels, would lead you to suppose it to be the seat of the gods."

could lay their hands on. Soldiers were immediately sent in pursuit of the marauders; but the search proved fruitless, for no one could give any tidings of them. About three months after the attack, in which the warlike qualities of the Don had shone so conspicuously, a messenger arrived at his dwelling with a parcel, containing the exact amount of money that had been so unceremoniously borrowed of him on the occasion referred to; and, a few days after, he received a letter from Don Requana, informing him that Cecilia had just been married, at Paris, to a Polish noble, who had distinguished himself, as a soldier, in the service of both France and Spain. This news made Don Mendez very reserved on the subject of the attack; but, somehow or other, a rumour got abroad in the town of Santander, that the numerous body of Carlists who had pillaged the house of Don Mendez, consisted of only four Polish officers, in the service of Spain, who, finding that the Spanish treasury was too poor to pay them their arrears, had resorted to this rather unjustifiable mode of paying themselves.

FIELD LANE;

OR, THE JEWISH PERSUASION!

A man much used to observation,
Amongst the thriving Jewish nation,
Made a large bet, design'd to shew
How well that crafty people know
When to lie close, and when be craving
To suit their plans for gain or saving!

Said he, "I'll thus my footsteps bend,
Thro' all Field Lane, from end to end;
And simply thus the bet shall be—
That every Jew shall speak to me!
But say the word—the wager lay,
It shall 'come off' this very day!
To-morrow—taking the same track,
Then every Jew shall turn his back!"

The bet agreed, away he goes
Midst all the World's most friendly foes!
His wardrobe somewhat coarse and plain,
He takes a saunter down the Lane!
Instantly all seem'd quite officious,
It was so perfectly delicious
To see a *Stranger*, slow of gait—
Not jogging, at the usual rate!
Whilst each one hoped, amid the din—
"Shure shum of us vil take him in!"

One offers hats, another shoes,
His only plan—all to refuse—
Yet still to keep alive the pother
On one pretension or another!
What to make of him none can tell:
"You vil not puy; den vat you shell?"

One boldly wants to change his suit,
And take a trifleah just to boot!
Till tired at last of useless "barking,"
At last they all set up a-larking!
"We'll pay up all you have complete,
And shend you packing down de street."
All tends to what he most would gain—
A word from each throughout the Lane!
No matter; let them have their whim,—
But ev'ry Jew had spoke to him!

Thus far, at least, his wager gain'd;
The harder portion yet remain'd!
To send them sneaking to their holes,
Instead of flocking out in shoals!
He play'd, howe'er, the sage reflector,
And dressing like a *Tax Collector*,
He, as if bent to fleece or wrong them,
With pen and ink-horn dash'd among them!
The fellow, too, had got the nose
To stare about, from house to house,
As if just thinking, peradventure,
Which he should fix on first to enter!

The ruse succeeded to a hair;
The shops were left completely bare!
The tribe of Levi slunk away—
If but to 'escape for one short day!
Not staying e'en to play the snarler,
Each gets insconced in his back parlour!
As much annoy'd by the offender,
As if they'd seen the Witch of Endor!

Thus ending his advent'rous range,
He shouts "old clothes to shell or change!"
Rousing again the honest folks,
Tho' sere perplex'd to sift the hoax!

His friend stood ling'ring on the fret,
And own'd, he'd fairly won the bet!

Thus Jews still hold but one belief,
Tho' in thriving or in grief!
Jews still will *sell*, whoe'er may sue it,
If Pertinacity will do it!
Or, pay-day coming, make Evasion—
Jews only are of one PERSUASION!

J. M.

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

THE POET.

(From the French of E. de LabedoHera.)

LET us attempt to describe the habits of this singular class of individuals. A hundred years ago La Metromanie attempted it, perhaps succeeded, and, on referring to him, we find that the poet of his day differed in little from the poet of the nineteenth century. Then, as now, he was an unequal, fantastic personage, always dreaming, always absent-minded. It is true that his hair is no longer powdered, but under the now flowing curls the same eccentric ideas take root; no longer an inoffensive sword dangles by his side, yet his gait is not

the less awkward and irregular—rapid as a locomotive engine, or slow as the cart of the waggoner. His dress is no longer surmounted with lace, bedaubed with snuff; but his palpitating breast, in which the fire of genius burns, is still swollen with pride and vanity.

When a schoolboy has scribbled five stanzas, he imagines he possesses both fame and fortune, and hastens to read his production to his friends. He becomes the lion of parties, receives invitations, which he rarely accepts. To leave a stanza unfinished to seek a cravat or a waistcoat; to barter his pen for a brush or a razor; to descend from the heights of Parnassus to the thousand-and-one details of the toilette; to waste precious moments, which should be consecrated to genius, for the gratification of making his bow in a drawing room, or of whispering soft nothings to stiff and affected women, ill become him. No, the poet usually remains at home, which ultimately, if not driven from it by poverty, becomes his seat of bliss. But the garret, unfortunately, has now become his almost invariable abode; and he, unlike Seneca, is ever descanting on the advantages of wealth. Lately, a man of fine feeling and distinguished talent, was so far reduced, as to be compelled to ask five francs for a poem that was to appear in the following day's paper, for by this means he could only procure a dinner. "Call again to-morrow" was the answer he received.

It is invariably the case, that a poet has a great aversion to marriage, not wishing to associate a wife and children with his miserable destiny. Besides, he loves too much the whole sex in general, to attach himself to one woman in particular. To range from flower to flower—to be quickly caught—to be as soon released—to dream of the fair hair of this, the dark ringlets of that; the bright eye of a third, and the melancholy expression of a fourth—to build a romance on the grisette he may meet in the street—on the fair and youthful peasant girl in the fields; such are his joys and pleasures—pleasures free from the thoughts of possession, and which never disturb the happiness of families; pleasures sweeter far than reality, for fancy creates the most charming mistress—graceful, ethereal beings, beautiful as hours, pure as Madonnas. The poet's independent humour, too, would ill

assimilate with the matrimonial yoke. Liberty of thought and action belong to him. At two o'clock he might take a fancy to admire the landscape by moonlight, and quitting his wife and babes, take a ramble in the fields. If a rhyme that he had been long endeavouring to find, should occur to him in the middle of the night, most probably he would get up, exclaiming, "I have got it—I have got it;" and by doing so, awaken an infant whose cries might chase away the long sought for words from his memory, and make him feel as utterly wretched as a fallen angel—a dethroned king—or a martyr at the stake; for there is nothing to which he has a greater horror than being disturbed in his meditations.

Such are the more prominent characteristics of individuals given to rhyming.

Here Labedolliere practically illustrates the diversified poems of the respective poets—elegiac, sacred, classical, light pieces, gloomy, familiar, and romantic—and closes his talented article by inquiring into the causes of the unsuccessfulness of modern poetry. "How comes it that poets, generally, have so little success?" asked I of an old friend, whose vigour of mind was not impaired by age. "Is the form of their poetry defective, or lacks it of harmony, apt metaphor, or sublime expressions?"

"In my youth," our Nestor replied, "I observed the commencement of an operation, indicative of contempt for the past, and bespeaking a complete social revolution. All are endeavouring to solve an unknown problem, and each fancies he beholds in the social body symptoms of an evil, for which there is no cure. In the midst of this agitation, what interest, think you, can be taken in machines, which, like barrel organs, give forth sounds in empty words, and which at all times, in all places, in all seasons, in peace and in war, intrude upon us. Do you not think that a person would be justified in saying to the dunderheads, 'O versifiers, Plato expelled you from the republic, and now that the state requires so many reforms, and so many enlightened and patriotic men to carry them out, there is more reason for passing the sentence of banishment upon you. Are ye the partisans of improvement? Do ye put your shoulders to the wheel in the great cause? No. When called upon for a work of utility, you answer by a rolling-fire of rhyme on

some common-place of thread-bare subject. Held in contempt by the great-minded, you cannot even be classed with buffoons, for the province of hired jesters was to amuse, you only give rise to *ennui*; buffoons succeeded in exciting the laughter of their masters, but when you excite laughter, it is against yourselves."

This sweeping assertion of my witty friend is far from being correct to the letter; but there are many poets who seem striving to justify it.

Literature.

The Military Operations at Cabul; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Afghanistan. By Lieutenant Vincent Eyre.

THIS work, as it touches on late events of stirring interest, and as it contains the earliest authentic accounts of the destruction of the British troops in January, 1842, will command immediate attention. Besides, what will render the work of more value is the fact that the author took an active part in these dreadful events, and, soldier-like, has described them in a straightforward and unaffected manner—censuring where he thought it was due, and commending that which he thought praiseworthy. The work is published in the form of a journal, and is printed by the author's relatives in England, who received it in portions from a friend of Lieutenant Eyre, as sent by the latter gentleman from an Afghan prison. It consists of two important features; the one—remarks on the character and tendency of the military transactions from the outbreak; the other—historical accounts of the incidents that followed. From the latter, we extract a portion relative to poor Macnaughten, whom he exonerates from the error imputed to him, and maintains that Lord Auckland was alone instrumental in bringing about the ill-advised reduction of the annual stipends of the Giljye tribes:—

MACNAUGHTEN'S MURDER.

"In leaving the cantonments, Sir William expressed his disappointment at the paucity of men on the ramparts, and the apparent inertness of the garrison at such a critical moment, saying, 'However, it is all of a piece with the military arrangements throughout the siege.' On his leaving the gate, only sixteen troopers of the body guard were in attendance,

but the remainder shortly afterwards joined, under Lieutenant le Geyt.

"Sir William now, for the first time, explained to the officers who accompanied him the objects of the present conference; and Captain Lawrence was warned to be in readiness to gallop to the Bala Hissar, to prepare the king for the approach of a regiment.

"Apprehensions being expressed of the danger to which the scheme might expose him, in case of treachery on the part of Mahomed Akber, he replied, 'Dangerous it is; but if it succeeds, it is worth all risks. The rebels have not fulfilled even one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them; and if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths, than live the last six weeks over again.'

"Meanwhile, crowds of armed Affghans were observed hovering near the cantonment and about Mahomed Khan's fort, causing misgivings in the minds of all but the envoy himself, whose confidence remained unshaken. On arriving near the bridge, they were met by Mahomed Akber Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan, Dost Mahomed Khan, Khooda Bux Khan, Azad Khan, and other chiefs—amongst whom was the brother of Ame-noollah Khan, whose presence might have been sufficient to convince Sir William that he had been duped.

"The usual civilities having passed, the envoy presented Akber Khan with a valuable Arab horse, which had only that morning been purchased for 3000 rupees. The whole party then sat down near some rising ground, which partially concealed them from cantonments.

"Capt. Lawrence having called attention to the number of inferior followers around them, with a view to their being ordered to a distance, Mahomed Akber exclaimed, 'No, they are all in the secret;' which words had scarcely been uttered, when Sir William and his three companions found themselves suddenly grasped firmly by the hands from behind, whilst their swords and pistols were rudely snatched away by the chiefs and their followers. The three officers were immediately pulled forcibly along, and compelled to mount on horseback, each behind a Giljye chief, escorted by a number of armed retainers, who with difficulty repelled the efforts of a crowd of fanatic Ghazees, who, on seeing the affray, had

rushed to the spot, calling aloud for the blood of the hated infidels, aiming at them desperate blows with their long knives and other weapons, and only deterred from firing by the fear of killing a chief. The unfortunate Envoy was last seen struggling violently with Mahomed Akber, 'consternation and horror depicted on his countenance.'

"On their nearing Mahomed Khan's fort, renewed attempts were made to assassinate the three captive officers by the crowd there assembled. Captain Trevor, who was seated behind Dost Mahomed Khan, unhappily fell to the ground, and was instantly slain. Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie reached the fort in safety, but the latter was much bruised in various parts of his body, and both were greatly exhausted from the excitement they had undergone.

"At the entrance of the fort, a furious cut was aimed at Capt. Mackenzie's head by a ruffian named Moollah Momin, which was warded off by Mahomed Shah Khan, that chief receiving the blow on his own shoulder. Being taken into a small room, they found themselves still in continual jeopardy from repeated assaults of the Ghazees without, who were with the greatest difficulty restrained from shooting them through the window, where the hand of some recent European victim (afterwards ascertained to be that of the envoy himself) was insultingly held up to their view. Throughout this trying scene they received repeated assurances of protection from the Giljye chiefs; but Amenoollah Khan coming in gave vent to a torrent of angry abuse, and even threatened to blow them from a gun. It is deserving of notice, that amidst the congratulations which on all sides met the ear of Mahomed Shah Khan on the events of the day, the solitary voice of an aged Moollah was raised in condemnation of the deed, which he solemnly pronounced to be 'foul,' and calculated to cast a lasting disgrace on the religion of Mahomed. At midnight they were removed to the house of Mahomed Akber Khan. As they passed through the streets of Cabul, notwithstanding the excitement that had prevailed throughout the day, it resembled a city of the dead; nor did they meet a single soul.

"By Akber Khan they were received courteously, and were now informed, for the first time, by Capt. Skinner, of the murder of the Envoy and Capt. Trevor.

That Sir William Macnaughten met his death at the hands of Mahomed Akber himself there can be no reasonable doubt. That chief had pledged himself to his coadjutors to seize the Envoy that day, and bring him into the city, when the chiefs hoped to have been able to dictate their own terms, retaining him as a hostage for their fulfilment. Finding it impossible, from the strenuous resistance Sir William offered, to carry him off alive, and yet determined not to disappoint the public expectation altogether, — influenced also by his tiger passions and the remembrance of his father's wrongs, — Mahomed Akber drew a pistol, the Envoy's own gift a few hours before, and shot him through the body, which was immediately hacked to pieces by the ferocious Ghazees, by whom the dismembered trunk was afterwards carried to the city, and publicly exposed in the Char Chouk, or principal mart. The head was taken to the house of Nuwab Zuman Khan, where it was triumphantly exhibited to Capt. Conolly.

"Such was the cruel fate of Sir Wm. Macnaughten, the accomplished scholar, the distinguished politician, and the representative of Great Britain at the court of Shah Shooja-Ool-Moolk."

Mainzer's Musical Times.

SHORTLY after this excellent periodical forced itself upon public attention, we gave it as our unprejudiced opinion that a life of many years awaited it—that the talent which breathed in every page, and which increased with every number, would soon be appreciated by the public. We have not been mistaken. It has reached a second volume, and, judging from the contents of the number for January, will, in due course of time, reach its twentieth. It opens with a cleverly written address by Mr. Mainzer. "It is now," he says, "eighteen months since we planted our standard, 'Singing for the Million,' upon English ground. Unaided, unpatronised, we have succeeded in making it an object of public attention, in interesting the friends of education—the clergy of all denominations, the scholar, the man of business, and the mechanic." After touching on the success which has crowned his efforts, he speaks thus on the utility and benefits resulting from music:—"In many facto-

ries, we are happy to say, the children now enjoy for the first time, through musical instruction, a pleasure never before dreamt of; and we know many where the Temperance song and the Call to Prayer are constantly in the mouths of the children. In a great number of families in the humblest condition of life, the children unite in the evening round their fathers, and sing our practical exercises and little choruses.

"Music has given a charm to the homes of the poor unknown before; many have been in the habit of seeking comfort and recreation away from their families till they felt the pleasure of this most domestic pastime. But this is not all: in several lunatic asylums the experiment of the effects of music on the minds of the patients has been tried, which has already proved so successful elsewhere. Many unhappy beings, sequestered from society, subdued and broken down by repeated calamities, and exposed to trials under which the mental powers have sunk into imbecility and second childhood, have been soothed, tranquillized, and invigorated by the balmy influence of music. Who can doubt its power, when we see these poor people count the days of the week, and the hours of the day, for the arrival of their teacher? and when we witness the joy and thankfulness with which he is welcomed? If numerous cures have been accomplished and publicly recorded in Paris through our musical instruction, we begin with entire confidence the same work in England."

The second article, "Music and Poetry of the Jews," is talented, and evinces great research; while the life of Malibran—she whose sweet voice has so often wooed us, as it were, from the busy scenes of life—is concise and full of anecdote, illustrative of the generous heart and good disposition of that fair cantatrice. In closing our review, with the intention of taking a peep at the "Musical Times" on a future occasion we extract an anecdote from the life of

MADAME MALIBRAN.

"Madame Malibran possessed in an uncommon degree the affection and esteem of those who knew her; and we speak from our own knowledge, as well as in accordance with the general voice, when we say, that few women have been more richly endowed with the highest

virtues of the female character. Plunged at a tender age into circumstances of deep adversity, her sacrifice to integrity was heroic, and she remained uncorrupted by the prosperity of her latter days. Her feelings retained their primitive warmth—her tastes, their primitive simplicity. Notwithstanding the seductions of her profession, her pleasures lay in the occupations of domestic life, and in acts of generosity. Large as was the revenue which she derived from the exercise of her transcendent talents, it was as worthily employed as well deserved. Perhaps there never was an income earned by the exertions of a public performer—exertions which broke her constitution and brought her to an early grave—of which so large a portion 'wandered, heaven-directed, to the poor.' She was devoid of ostentation, and her beneficent deeds were known to few; but they were of daily occurrence, for they constituted the greatest happiness of her life. Living among the sons and daughters of pleasure, her only luxury was the luxury of doing good; and in the midst of wealth, her only profusion consisted in beneficence. The regret felt by the world for the loss of an admired and cherished artist was unquestionably feeble, compared with the grief with which many a humble family lamented the untimely death of their benefactress."

Miscellaneous.

THE "DR. HORNBOOK" OF BURNS.*

THE leave of absence which Joseph had obtained was now within ten days of its expiry, and as he intended to return to London by land, with the view of seeing as much as possible of the country, he resolved on quitting Elgin on the following morning, in order that he might not be obliged to perform the journey too hurriedly. He started at eight o'clock, and reached Aberdeen at four in the afternoon. There he remained that night, and set out next morning at five o'clock for Glasgow, which city he reached in the evening at eight o'clock. Curiously enough, he met that night, at the house of a friend in which he put up, with an individual who occupies a prominent place in the pages of Burns, and who is, con-

* From "Joseph Jenkins," a new work, by the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c.

sequently, as fairly booked for immortality as the poet himself. The individual to whom we refer is Dr. Hornbook, the hero of the popular poem, entitled "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Hornbook, as most of the readers of Burns are aware, is a fictitious name; the real name of the individual who is gibbeted in that piece of sarcastic writing was John Wilson. To his Christian name, indeed, Burns furnishes a clue, for in one verse he is called "Jock," which every Scotchman knows is synonymous with John. In the course of the evening, Mr. Wilson—who, it may be remarked, died only a few years ago—referred to the sarcastic poem, at the request of the mutual friend of Joseph and himself, under whose hospitable roof they were. Mr. Wilson, though never alluding in promiscuous company, or when in conversation with any stranger, to the fact of his identity with the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, never betrayed a reluctance to refer to it when in the society of any friend in whom he could repose confidence.

The opportunity of hearing anything new on such a subject was too good for Joseph to lose. He and Mr. Wilson entered into conversation together, and he found the latter quite unreserved in his revelations on this point—readily and fully answering any questions which were put to him.

Mr. Wilson mentioned the circumstances connected with his history prior to his acquaintance with Burns. These have never been correctly given by those who have published editions of the poet's works with explanatory notes. Indeed, it may be remarked, that nearly all about to be mentioned is now published for the first time. Mr. Wilson was bred a weaver, in the west of Scotland, and worked at the business for several years. He was a most industrious young man, rising up early and sitting up late, and emphatically eating the bread of carefulness, in order that he might save as much of his earnings as would enable him to pay for a course of education which would qualify him for becoming a presbyterian minister—an object which was with him one of eager and unceasing ambition. With that view he did engage in the necessary preparatory studies; but having become the father of an illegitimate child, all his clerical prospects were blasted. He quitted Glasgow, where he had been studying, and retired to the parish of Tarbolton, in Ayrshire, in which Burns

at that time lived. Being a man of superior talents and extensive information, he and Burns soon became very intimate together. The poet, it ought to be mentioned, was at this time preparing the first edition of his works. He was, consequently, altogether unknown to general fame, though the more discerning of those who saw his manuscript productions, discovered and admired the poetic genius they displayed. None were more hearty in their admiration of the poems of Burns than Mr. Wilson; little imagining at the time that he was destined to be handed down to posterity in them, under the very unenviable circumstances in which he is made to appear.

Mr. Wilson having proceeded so far in his narrative, Joseph inquired whether he knew any cause which could have provoked the splenetic effusion.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "the cause was this. He and I were both members of a Benefit Society, connected with the locality in which we were living. I was treasurer of the society. He was always irregular in his periodical payments, and on one particular occasion had fallen so far in arrears as, in terms of the rules and regulations, to be liable to have his name struck off the roll as a member. I at that"—

"I beg pardon for interrupting you; but *was* his name struck off the roll?" said Joseph.

"No, it was not," returned Mr. Wilson. "I prevented that, by not letting the members generally know the full extent of his short-comings. Just at this particular time, he called on me one night, and asked the loan of a small sum of money. Knowing his careless habits—for he had already begun to give himself up to drink, though not a confirmed drunkard—I refused, adding, or, rather, assigning as the reason, 'You know, Robert, that you are already deeply in arrears to the society, and that I am rendering myself liable for some of the payments you ought to have made, by concealing your deficiencies from the other members.' Stung by the refusal to lend him the money, in conjunction with the circumstance of reminding him of his arrears, he went home and wrote the piece in which I am held up to ridicule."

"And was the effusion published immediately on its being written?" asked Joseph.

"Oh, no: and I must do him the

justice to say, notwithstanding the injury he has done me, that I do not believe he ever intended to publish it. He did not mean it to be known beyond the limits of the parish in which he lived. He, in the first instance, only shewed it to several persons acquainted with us both. At their request, he allowed them to take copies. It thus got into a very general manuscript circulation in the parish. By and by it got into print in the form of a handbill. Thence it found its way into the public journals, until it became universally known. As a further proof that he did not mean it to be published, it was not inserted in the first edition of his poems, which appeared some time after the poem had been written."

"Did it excite a great sensation in the locality in which you both lived?" inquired Joseph.

"It did: it raised a laugh at my expense, as clever ridicule always will at anybody's expense against whom it is levelled. Even those who knew the thing to be wholly unfounded, joined in the general laugh. The result was, that I could scarcely look a friend in the face. I was obliged to leave that part of the country altogether. I returned with my wife and family—for by this time I was married, and had several children—to Glasgow, where I have ever since remained."

"And you think," remarked Joseph, "that your refusal to lend Burns the small sum of money was the sole cause of his penning the bitter piece."

"I am perfectly certain of it; for, until that time, we had been two of the greatest friends in that part of the country: and it was only a few months before, that I received a silver snuff-box from the society to which I have referred, as an expression of the sense the members entertained of my services as treasurer, with a very handsome poetical eulogium, written by Burns himself. He had, besides, made me several small presents, some of which are still in my possession."

"Did you ever meet with him after the publication of the piece?"

"I often accidentally met with him; but we never had any intercourse together after he had written the poem."

"Do you think he ever afterwards regretted writing it?"

"I am sure of it; for he repeatedly wrote to me, expressing the greatest concern that ever he had penned such a piece—saying, he felt he had injured me,

and hoping that, as it was written on the impulse of the moment, and without any view to publication, I would overlook the circumstance, and be again on the same friendly footing with him as before. My answer was, that I did not wish to cherish any unkindly feelings towards him, but that I never could have any intercourse with one who had done me so great an injury."

"Were you," inquired Joseph, "acting as a medical man when Burns wrote the piece?"

"I was not," replied Mr. Wilson, "and never had been in practice at all. I followed the vocation of a schoolmaster. He begins the poem with these words, 'Some books are lies frae end to end,' and so is all he says about me—with the single exception of the reference he makes to my acquaintance with 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' That work had, a short time before, made its appearance; and I, feeling that I understood—as anybody may understand—the greatest part of its contents, merely kept a few of the more common kinds of medicine in my own house, for the benefit of my family. I never visited any patient in the pretended character of a professional man. I never prescribed out of my own house; and was not even in the practice of vending medicines."

Joseph was a good deal surprised at this; for he, in common with his countrymen, thought that the Dr. Hornbook of Burns must have been in the habit of prescribing for persons who were ill. The friend of whose hospitality he and Mr. Wilson were partaking, perceiving an air of incredulity on this point about Joseph's manner, confirmed the statement of Mr. Wilson, as being the assertion of a fact which consisted with his own personal knowledge.

It may be right here to repeat—so many incorrect accounts having been given of Mr. Wilson's history previously to the publication of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," by the editors of Burns—that the accuracy of this information may be relied on. Not less incorrect have the editors been in reference to the way in which he occupied his time on his return to Glasgow. They generally represent him as having engaged, in that city, in mercantile pursuits, and as having acquired a handsome independency. Neither statement is correct. He obtained an official situation in the Gorbals parish of Glasgow, in which he settled, which

he retained until the time of his death. The salary was sufficient to enable him to support his family in respectability, but was not so great as to allow of his saving as much as would make him independent. On one point all the editors of Burns are agreed—and on that point they are correct—namely, that Mr. Wilson was a most worthy man at the time that Burns lampooned him, and that he continued to maintain, ever afterwards, an unblemished character. He was held in the highest esteem in the part of Glasgow in which he lived; and received more than one testimonial of respect from his fellow-parishioners. The author of this work is in a condition to add, that not only was he an excellent member of society, but a most exemplary Christian. He was a decidedly pious man: and there can be no doubt that it was the circumstance of his looking on all the events and incidents of time, all the trials and troubles of life, with the eye of a sincere Christian, that enabled him not only to forgive Burns for the great injury he had done him, but to maintain through life, notwithstanding the mortification he must have experienced, that cheerfulness of manner for which all who were acquainted with him knew that he was remarkable.

No right-minded person can learn these particulars respecting Mr. Wilson, without feeling the deepest pain that so worthy a man should have had his whole existence embittered by the heartless ridicule heaped upon him by one with whom he had been on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom, instead of ever having done any injurious act, he had repeatedly performed offices of friendship. The disposition to indulge in satire is one of the most reprehensible which a man can possess; and, instead of being encouraged by society, it ought to be denounced and put down. This disposition to expose his acquaintances to the jeers and contempt of the world, was a blemish in the character of Burns, which has never been sufficiently held up to public detestation. No intellectual superiority, no genius, however high may be its order, ought to make that author a favourite, who can gratuitously hold up his unoffending fellow-men to the scorn and ridicule of society. He who pens these remarks would not, for all the fame that attaches to the name of Burns, have the reflection of having needlessly wounded

the feelings of his acquaintances. And many of those acquaintances whom Burns has so mercilessly ridiculed, were far worthier men than himself in all that constitutes moral greatness—which is, after all, the only true greatness of mortal beings. The evil of ridicule, when the poisoned shaft is thrown by the hand of a popular author, does not terminate with the life of him against whom it is directed. So far from being interred with his bones, its effects are felt for generations afterwards. Not more than four weeks have elapsed since the author of these volumes met with one of Mr. Wilson's descendants; and he told him that, though he mentioned to him his relationship to the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, he studiously concealed it from those with whom he usually associated; adding, that he lived in a state of constant terror, lest the relationship should be discovered.

MY GRAVE.

BY JOHN RAMSAY, OF ABERDEEN.

FAR from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come;—
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by the streamlet's oozing wave,
Still to the gentle angler dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear.
No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head,
But cowslips here and there be found,
Sweet natives of the hallow'd ground,
Diffusing Nature's incense round!
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his farewell beams,
Brief and pale, as best be seems;
But let the melancholy yew,
Still to the cemetery true,
Defend it from his noontide ray
Debarring visitant so gay;
And when the robin's fitful song
Is hush'd the darkling boughs among,
There let the spirit of the wind
A heaven-rear'd tabernacle find,
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade at twilight dim!
Seldom let foot of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer:
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save word of grace or solemn psalm!
Yet would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an uninviting gloom,
As though there ever brooded near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear;
And, view'd with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunn'd, and scarcely draw
The sidelong glance of passer by,
As haunt of sprite with blasting eye;
Or noted be by some sad token,
Bearing a name, in whispers spoken!

acquired the bad habit of thinking aloud; this procured me some antiseptism, and a multitude of enemies.

WHAT I WAS, AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I was sensible of friendship and of confidence; and I wanted nothing, but to have been born in the golden age, to have stood some chance of being a perfect simpleton—that is, a good man.

RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.—I never was engaged in any affair of marriage or of gossip; I never recommended either a cook or a physician—consequently, I never attempted the life of any man.

MY TASTES.—I was fond of small societies—of a walk in the woods; I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and its setting has often made me melancholy; as for colours, I preferred blue—and in eating, beef and horseradish; in theatricals, comedy and farce; in human beings, an open and expressive countenance; humpbacks of both sexes had a charm for me which I cannot explain.

MY AVERSIONS.—I always had a dislike to fools, scoundrels, and female intriguants, who pretended to virtue. I was disgusted with affectation—puffed painted dolls of both sexes—buted liqueurs, metaphysics, and rhubarb—and entertained a positive alarm at justice and mad dogs.

ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.—I wait for death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama, in which I have played heroes, tyrants, lovers, fathers—everything but valets.

REWARDS FROM HEAVEN.—My supreme blessing in life has been an independence of the three great powers that govern Europe. Rich, averse to business, and indifferent to music, I had nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

MY EPITAPH.—Here is left to repose, with a mind fatigued, a heart exhausted, and a body worn out, an odd fellow (*mieux diable*). Ladies and gentlemen, pass on.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO THE PUBLIC.—Dog, discordant organ of the passions! you who elevate to the clouds, and plunge into the mud—who patronise and calumniate without knowing why! absurd tyrant escaped from the mad-house! extract of subtle poisons and of sweet aromas! representative of the devil, at the court of human nature! fury in the mask of human charity!—public,

whom I feared in my youth, respected at maturity, and despised in my old age! it is to you that I dedicate these memoirs. My good friend, I am at last out of your fangs, for I am dead, and therefore deaf, dumb, and blind; would that you enjoyed the same advantages, for your own repose and that of humanity!

MR. PECKSNIFF & HIS DAUGHTERS.

MR. PECKSNIFF having been comforted internally with some stiff brandy and water, the eldest Miss Pecksniff sat down to make the tea, which was all ready. In the meantime the youngest Miss Pecksniff brought from the kitchen a smoking dish of ham and eggs, and setting the same before her father, took up her station on a low stool at his feet, thereby bringing her eyes on a level with the tea-board.

It must not be inferred from this position of humility that the youngest Miss Pecksniff was so young as to be, as one may say, forced to sit upon a stool, by reason of the shortness of her legs. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool because of her simplicity and innocence, which were very great—very great. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool because she was all girlishness, and playfulness, and wildness, and kittenish buoyancy. She was the most arch, and at the same time the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, that you can possibly imagine. It was her great charm. She was too fresh and guileless, and too full of child-like vivacity, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, to wear combs in her hair, or to turn it up, or to frizzle it, or braid it. She wore it in a crop, a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it that the top row was only one curl. Moderately buxom was her shape, and quite womanly too; but sometimes—yes, sometimes—she even wore a pinafore; and how charming that was! Oh! she was indeed “a gushing thing,” (as a young gentleman has observed in verse in the poet’s corner of a provincial newspaper,) was the youngest Miss Pecksniff!

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man, a grave man, a man of noble sentiments and speech, and he had had her christened Mercy. Mercy! oh, what a charming name for such a pite-souled being as the youngest Miss Pecksniff! Her sister’s name was Charity. There was a good thing! Mercy and Charity!—And

Charity, with her fine strong sense, and her mild, yet not reproachful gravity, was so well nattered, and did so well set off and illustrate her sister! What a pleasant sight was that, the contrast they presented: to see each loved and loving one sympathising with, and devoted to, and leaning on, and yet correcting and counter-checking, and, as it were, antidoting the other! To behold each damsel, in her very admiration of her sister, setting up in business for herself on an entirely different principle, and announcing no connexion with over-the-way, and if the quality of goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favour *me* with a call! And the crowning circumstance of the whole delightful catalogue was, that both the fair creatures were so utterly unconscious of all this! They had no idea of it. They no more thought or dreamed of it than Mr. Pecksniff did. Nature played them off against each other; *they* had no hand in it, the two Miss Pecksniffs.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff; especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man; fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat, (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind,) and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless, before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace: a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free

from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!"—*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.*

PRACTICAL MORALITY OF THE FRENCH.

THE French are, above all nations of the earth, a people of practical wisdom—of practical morality. They make the glory of their great men a household thing, Napoleon is on his death-bed, his eagles flee upon their golden wings to darkness—the trumpet wails in his ear—the last flutter of his heart rises with the muttering drum—and "*tete d'armée!*" is his death-sob. Napoleon is dead. A few minutes—the plaster is poured above the face of imperial clay, and posterity is insured the *vera effigies* of that thunderbolt of a man just as the bolt was spent! Now that face, in its dreadful calmness, is multiplied in silver—in bronze—in marble—in richest metal and in purest stone! And now, to teach a daily lesson to the common mind, that awful countenance, with the weight of death upon it, is sold modelled in—soap! Thus, have we not moral reflections brought to the very fingers' ends of the people? As the mechanic cleanses his palms, and feels his emperor's nose wasting away in his fingers, he thinks of Marengo and Austerlitz! With the imperial face the pickpocket makes his hands clean from last night's work, thinking the while of the rifled halls and galleries of Italy; the butcher, new from his morning's killing, washes his hands with the countenance of the emperor, the while he mouses on *Waterloo*, and whistles the "*Downfall of Paris!*" and the philosopher peeps into the tub, and sees the type and memory of the warrior's deeds in bubbles floating upon dirty water.—*Patch's Letters to his Son.*

Great Courage.—A couple of heroes of Detroit, who were ready to split, lately went over to the Canada side to shoot each other. They exchanged five shots each, but could not hit; so, having exhausted their ammunition, they adjourned *sine die*, but without any signs of dying.

The Gatherer.

Malibran's Mausoleum.—A white marble statue of Madame Malibran has just been placed in the Mausoleum which M. de Beriot had erected in the cemetery of Lœken, to the memory of the celebrated cantatrice. The monument itself is about ten feet long, and nearly as many wide. The interior is circular, and is crowned with a cupola. The door is composed of open work, which allows the statue to be seen towards the other end. The white marble is thrown out from a brownish ground, so that Malibran appears quitting the tomb, and rising towards heaven, where she is about to be received by angels, painted on the cupola. In the centre of the cupola a lamp is placed, which sheds a subdued light over the whole statue. On the front of the pedestal is to be placed a basso relievo, representing the Genius of Music bewailing the loss of this celebrated singer.—*Examiner.*

Highland Mary.—Some time ago a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a monument to Highland Mary, over the spot where repose her ashes in the west churchyard, Greenock. Somewhere about 100*l.* was collected, and a monument, designed and executed by Mr. Mossman, has now been erected over the grave. The inscription on the monument, unless good taste prevent it, is to be the following bald conceit:—"Sacred to genius and love—to Burns and Highland Mary,"—it being considered too common-place and vulgar to inform the stranger that the monument is erected over the ashes of Mary Campbell.—*Scottish Guardian.*

A Silver Mine.—The only mine now worked is situated about a mile and a half to the S.E. of Gümischkhana, beyond the hills which surround the town; but in order to reach it we were obliged to go over the eastern brow or wing of the rocky amphitheatre. These hills, which rise in perpendicular cliffs, consist of limestone, shales, and indurated sandstone, while granitic rocks in a state of decomposition also crop out in several places. Notwithstanding my adventures in the copper-mine of Chalwar, I could not resist the temptation of personally inspecting this one also, which, although not so deep or difficult as the other, is much more dangerous. It was not shafted up

at all, the galleries being only supported by the natural rock. The direction of the principal shaft sloped 20 degrees to the south, but other galleries branched out in all directions, sometimes spreading into capacious chambers, at others passing through low and narrow passages, and either descending perpendicular chasms, or proceeding onwards horizontally. In one of these chambers the wet ground sloped to a vast lake or reservoir of great depth, beyond which I could distinguish, by the light of their lamps, several workmen removing the rocky wall itself for the sake of the ore which it contained. On the whole there appeared to be neither method, order, nor prudence in the manner in which they worked. The best ore is found in lumps or nodules in the middle of the vein, consisting of a soft black clay, which also contains a small quantity of metal. The whole face of the hill near this mine was covered with the remains of old workings and galleries, in which the ore had been exhausted.—*Researches in Asia Minor.*

The Price of a Sensation.—The French papers mention, that "The Princess Jadamierowski, who died some time back in Russia, has left considerable legacies to two actors, one for having made her laugh, and the other weep. The following words are found in her will, in allusion to this matter:—"Having frequented the theatre for three years, and having felt there the only real emotions of my life, I think myself bound to recompense those persons who caused me so much gratification. I therefore bequeath to Karatigun, who has so often made me shed such delicious tears, the sum of 50,000 roubles, (about 200,000 fr.) I also bequeath to a young actor, whose name has slipped my memory, but whom it will be easy, I imagine, to discover in France, as being the person who used to play the *Gamin de Paris* at the Theatre-Michel, the sum of 30,000 roubles, for having so well amused me." The French actor is Laferrière, of the Vaudeville. The testamentary executor, in announcing to him this intelligence, has stated that the heirs-at-law intend to contest the legacy; but that it is believed they will fail.—*Athenæum.*

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The Mirror

OF

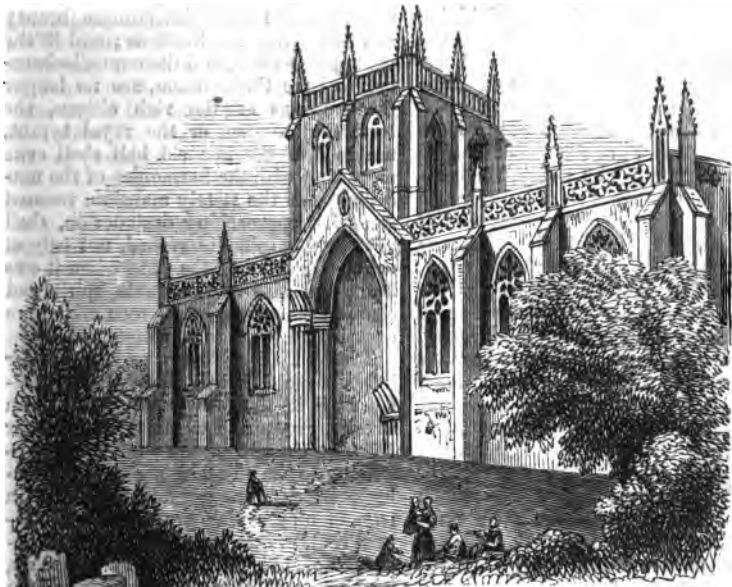
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Original Communications.

MILTON ABBEY, DORSET.

MILTON ABBEY was founded by King Athelstan towards the middle of the tenth century. In point of style it may be properly termed Gothic, for it is neither English, Grecian, nor Roman. The mansion forms four sides of a quadrangle; the apartments are numerous, and many of them are elegant in appearance, and decorated with paintings by ancient artists, the most admired of which are two heads by Raphael and Titian, a sea view by Claude, and the "Feeding of the Israelites" by Bassan. To the south of the house is a fine old room, called the Monk's Hall.

It is conjectured that the abbey church, now a private chapel, was built in the reign of Edward the Second. The interior is kept remarkably clean, and in the chapel are a few ancient and fine monuments. On the south side of the altar are a holy-water bason and three stone seats, with ornamental canopies.

The following inscription caught our observation when passing through the north aisle:—

"Nos autem gloriari oportet in cruce Dñi nostri Jesu Christi.

"Here lyeth Sir John Tregonwell, Knight, Doctor of the Civyle Lawes, and one of the Magisters of Chancerye, who

[No. 1147.

died the XIII day of January, in the yere of our Lord 1545. Of whose soul God have mercy."

The church underwent several important repairs by Mr. Wyatt, during which, however, a fine screen, ornamented with ancient paintings of kings, was unfortunately destroyed.

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. VI.—CROSBY HALL.

BISHOPSGATE-street and green fields!—how unnatural does the connexion of the words appear! Green fields in Bishopsgate-street?—impossible! Old John Stowe must surely have made a great mistake when he wrote about "large fields lying over against Bishopsgate Churchyard," and "on which," he complains, "houses are being built, much pestered with people." Honest, quaint old chronicler! couldst thou be permitted but a single glance at the noisy, paved, bustling Bishopsgate-street of the present day, with its continuous line of houses, reaching—ay, as far as Hackney, how vehemently wouldst thou protest against this increased "great cause of infection."

Scarcely, however, could his sorrow at this encroachment on the meadows of "the suburbs" (to wit, Bishopsgate-street Without) equal the horror with which he would have witnessed the late perversion of one of the proudest mansions whose magnificence he records to the most ignominious purposes. If he would deplore the crowded and noisy state which bewilders the passenger in Bishopsgate-street, how much greater would be his sorrow at the fallen glory of Crosby Hall! Sad transition—from the noble dwelling of royalty and splendour, to the dirty, dusty condition, of a packer's warehouse! The old hall, which, in days gone by, rang with shouts of revelry and joy, has, for years, echoed only the sounds of business; the floors, on which the great, and the rich, and the learned, have so often trodden, have borne the weight of merchandise, and been concealed by the accumulated dust of the greater portion of a century; the fringe, the arras, and the drapery, have been torn ruthlessly away, to make room for the necessary accompaniments of trade; and the beautiful and the antique—the admiration of ages, and the wonder of generations—have given way to the use-

ful but inelegant tools of the packer and the warehouseman. But a change has again come over the history of Crosby Hall—the clouds which have obscured its magnificence so long have passed away, and the sun once more shines through its pointed windows and illumines its vaulted roof. The bales of merchandise have disappeared; and although much of its ancient magnificence is lost, it is now devoted to intellectual purposes, and occupied by those who can admire and respect its antique beauty and interesting recollections; and if the banqueting-room, and the council-chamber, and the throne-room, are no longer the lodgings of the rich citizen, the learned statesman, or the royal tyrant, the roof of the fine old hall shall once more ring with the harmonies of the madrigal—and the stately mansion, rescued from fast approaching destruction, shall yet stand, a splendid record, not only of the architecture of the time when it was built, but also of the noble spirit and classic taste of the gentlemen who have contributed towards its restoration.

Crosby Hall, or Place, or House,—for it has borne each and all of these appellations in its time,—was erected by John Crosby, grocer and woolman, in the year 1466, on the site of some tenements belonging to the adjacent priory of St. Helen's, which were granted to him on a lease of ninety-nine years, "for the annual rent," notes our minute old chronicler, "of 11*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" This mansion, which was at that time the highest in London, "was built," adds Stowe, "of stone and timber, very large and beautiful." The founder was sheriff of London in 1470, and in the next year was knighted by the king, for assisting in the defence of the city against Thomas Fauconbridge and his troop. After being entrusted with an important embassy to the court of France, Sir John Crosby died, in 1475, having survived by but a few years the completion of his mansion. Who was the immediate successor of the knight in the occupation of Crosby Place, does not appear. Shakspeare, when he makes Gloucester appoint an interview with the Lady Anne "at Crosby Place," would lead one to believe that Richard was an inmate of the mansion at the time of his marriage; and Johnson, in his annotations on "King Richard III.," says that this was "a house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the Duke

of Gloucester." That he was a visitor there, a few years subsequent to this, is a well-ascertained fact. Sir Thomas More remarks, that "the protector kept his household at Crosby's Place in Bishops-gate-street;" and it was here that he held the council which encouraged him to pursue the ambitious schemes that he had in contemplation. The next tenant was Bartholomew Read, lord mayor in 1509, who made Crosby Place his mansion-house. Here it is supposed that he gave his inauguration dinner, which surpassed anything of the kind that had previously been known; and here, too, he entertained, in a princely style, the Marquis of Brandenburg and his suite, who were sent on an embassy of condolence from the German court to Henry VII. on the death of his queen and the young prince. From Sir John Rest, lord mayor in 1516, Sir Thomas More, the learned but unfortunate chancellor of Henry VIII., purchased Crosby Place, where he spent his leisure time in study, and frequently entertained the king himself. In 1523, More sold the mansion to Antonio Bonvice, an Italian merchant, one of his most faithful friends, who, in 1547, leased it to William Roper, the husband of More's favourite daughter, Margaret, and William Rastell, her cousin; but the rigour with which Edward VI. put the laws of proscription in force against the Roman Catholics, compelled the inmates of Crosby Place to seek an asylum on the Continent, and in their absence, the mansion and the whole of their estate was confiscated and transferred to Lord D'Arcy of Chule. The subsequent accession of Mary enabled Rastell and Roper to return, and once more take possession of the hall. It is worthy of remark, that Stowe, minute and accurate as he usually is in every particular, has in his account of Crosby Place entirely omitted all mention of the tenancy of the illustrious More and his family, although he has given a list of aldermen and merchants who were, at various times, its inmates. Probably the wary old chronicler had his reasons for thus passing in silence over so important a circumstance in the history of the hall; and a sanatory respect of "the powers that were" might have induced him to "forget" an event which had occurred within his own recollection, although he was enabled to remember circumstances of less importance and of earlier date. The next

tenant was one Peter Crowl, of whom little is known, and who was succeeded by Germaine Cioll, the husband of Sir Thomas Gresham's cousin. It was during the occupancy of Cioll that the princely Gresham, the noblest benefactor the city ever saw, paid frequent visits to the mansion. William Bond, alderman of London, was his successor, and was a considerable enlarger of the hall. Among other things, it is recorded of him that "he builded a high and fair turret, the like of which there was not," but of which not the slightest vestige is now left. Bond died in 1576, and Crosby Place appears then to have been used as an apartment for the special embassies of foreign courts, among which were those of Henry Ramellus, ambassador from the King of Denmark, and subsequently a minister from the King of France. In 1594, Sir John Spencer, generally known as "the rich Spencer," from the fact of his possessing almost a million sterling, purchased Crosby Hall, and used it as his mansion-house, during the year of his mayoralty. It was here that he entertained M. de Rosney, the ambassador of Henry IV. of France, who afterwards received the title of the Duke of Sully, and who describes Crosby Hall as "a very handsome house, situated in a great square." On the death of "the rich Spencer," his mansion fell into the hands of his only daughter and her husband, the Earl of Northampton; and during their tenancy, another interesting event was added to its history. This was, the residence, within its walls, of the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sydney's accomplished and affectionately-loved sister, who lived here for several years. The successor to the earl and his wife was their son Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who enjoyed his magnificent mansion but four years, being killed at Hopton Heath in an encounter with the parliamentary army in 1642. Crosby Hall was then leased to Sir John Langham, sheriff of London, who converted it, as is supposed, into a prison for royalists. Sir Stephen Langham, son and heir of the last proprietor, next became the tenant of Crosby Place; and an alarming fire taking place during his occupancy, threatened the entire destruction of the noble edifice. A portion of it, however,—the hall, the council-chamber, and the throne-room,—was preserved; and on the site of that part which was destroyed

were erected, in 1677, some of the houses which still form Crosby Square. The hall, in 1672, was used as a meeting-house of the Presbyterians, and remained in their possession as late as the year 1768. It was afterwards leased to a packer, who occupied it until 1831; when, on the expiration of his lease, a committee of gentlemen was formed, to restore what was left of this beautiful mansion to its former state. On the 27th June, 1836, the first stone of the restoration was laid by the lord mayor, who presided at a good old English breakfast in the hall. The banners which streamed from the walls on this occasion—the rushes with which the floor was covered—and, though last, not least, the glorious baron of beef which formed the centre dish of the table—enabled the visitor to form some idea of the appearance of the mansion in the elden time, and to picture—faintly, it may be—the ancient magnificence of the lofty hall. The restorations were completed last summer; and in July, a literary society, removed from Salvador House, took possession of Crosby Hall. And long, long may it remain in such good hands!—long may it be preserved from destruction, and, above all, from the possession of a packer; for it was during the last tenancy that it received the most serious injury.

Turning from Bishopsgate Street, through the low archway which leads into Crosby Square, the wall of the fine old mansion is the first object which we encounter. Directly opposite to us is the hall, with its half-dozen windows; on the left is the council-chamber, and above it, the throne-room, each having two windows. In the angle formed by the walls of the hall and the council-chamber is a lofty window, reaching from the ground almost to the roof, which has been repaired and embellished. The interior of the council-chamber—the first apartment which we enter—principally consists of modern decorations, which it is not the purpose of the present article to describe. From this room is the entrance into the great hall. The principal objects which here strike the eye are, the antique and beautiful roof, the richly-ornamented window, the exterior of which has been already noticed, and the minstrels' gallery at the extreme end. The spacious, lofty, and elaborately-worked roof is a splendid specimen

of the style of the period when it was built. In the centre is an aperture, formed, as is generally supposed, to allow the free escape of the smoke; but some antiquaries have imagined, from the fact of there being an old-fashioned chimney and fireplace, nearly facing the grand oriel window, that this louvre was intended for some other purpose. The fireplace is within a pointed arch of great breadth, similar to one in the council-chamber. It is, however, most probable that these chimney-pieces are the work of some more recent period. The grand window of the hall, which has been before alluded to, is upwards of ten feet in width, and about forty high. The summit is ornamented with beautifully-carved foliage, among which is placed the crest of Sir John Crosby—a ram. The minstrels' gallery stands at the southern end of the hall; but its decorations and embellishments are entirely modern. This spacious apartment, which is about fifty-five feet long, twenty-five wide, and forty high, is completely paved with small square stones, arranged diagonally, and remains much in its pristine state. By a flight of stairs, access is obtained to the throne-room, situated above the council-chamber, and of which the splendid ceiling, with its ornaments of oak, is the principal object of attraction.

And this is all that now remains of the once stately mansion of Crosby Hall! There are other ornaments and decorations, it is true—but these, being of modern erection, do not fall under the designation of relics, and consequently, however worthy of notice, cannot, with propriety, be enumerated in the present article. The council-chamber, the hall, the throne-room, and a small antechamber, are the only remains of the ancient edifice, and therefore the only portions which can be included in a notice of the "Relics of London."

ALEX. ANDREWS.

THE WEAVER'S DAUGHTER.

On the first of November last I arrived in Glasgow. I had been ten years absent, the greater portion of which time I had spent in a foreign land. Those feelings which naturally lay siege to the heart on visiting spots endeared by childhood—spots, the seats of boyish frolics, of schoolboy fights,—rent the oblivious cur-

tain which had for some time shrouded my memory, and every turning, every corner, described, more powerfully than words, an eventful circumstance of my younger years.

"Where are now my old school-fellows?" I inwardly asked. Such a one lived in this street—my rival in mischief in that one. I called at the houses where several had resided, but could receive no intelligence, save that — had left a short time back for Paisley, and that most probably he was still there, as he had inherited several houses by the decease of his grandfather, whose property was in that place.

Buoyed up with the hope of seeing an old associate, I secured all the information that could be obtained, joggled cheerfully along the Trongate, traversed the "Broomielaw Brig," looked contemptuously on the railway carriages that transported the "*seven-mile traveller*" for threepence, and determined to conform to my old habit of walking to the "town of sestus."

How changed the road! I proceeded on my way for nearly an hour, without meeting a foot passenger. The twilight was fast approaching when I reached the well-known half-way house. A dismal gloom hung over that once joyous dwelling: it, like the times, had materially changed.

Dreading neither highwayman nor warlock, I continued my route, when suddenly I heard a strange, splashing sound. I stopped, and looked round, but the night had become so dark that it prevented me from discerning an object at three yards' distance. The sound, which did not resemble the footsteps of a human being, was rapidly approaching. I faced about, grasped my stick, and after waiting a few minutes in awe and curiosity, guess my surprise, when a poor girl, about thirteen years of age, barefooted, bare-headed, half running, made her appearance.

"Well, girl," I said, while my heart bled for the half-naked creature, "are you not cold?—are you not afraid to be here in the dark?"

"No," she said, "I'm ne feared nor cold; but my mother——"

"Is she behind?"

"No; but she is alone, and she expected me home at two o'clock."

At that time we came in sight of a small public-house, and judging (influenced a little by curiosity to hear the

child's story) that she was cold, probably hungry, I told her I was going to have a little refreshment, and that if she liked to come in for a few minutes, I would afterwards conduct her safely to Paisley. She consented, on my assuring her that I would only wait a few minutes.

On entering the house, I fixed my looks upon the open and amiable countenance of the poor child, whose fair hair hung in clusters down her almost naked shoulders, and whose bright blue eye lighted up a face on which adversity had begun its destructive operations. I instantly ordered tea, which was promptly served up.

"What is your name, my dear?" I said, while handing her some bread.

"Jessy."

"Well, Jessy, your name is a favourite one of mine. You must now eat. We shall soon be in Paisley."

Jessy replied not; she gazed on the cup, then raised her little hand to wipe the tears which filled her eyes.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Are you ill? Come, there's a good little girl, tell me. You must know I am almost a townsman of yours, and feel interested with everything that belongs to Paisley. Now, do tell me."

"I was thinking of my mother," the little girl said, sobbingly. "Oh! that she had this, instead of me—it would do her good, it would make her well!"

"So young, and yet so thoughtful!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "My good girl, take your tea; your mother shall have plenty to-night."

The countenance of poor Jessy brightened up; she fixed her eyes upon me—who could describe those eyes?—to them a grateful heart had found its way.

Jessy eat sparingly, after which I purchased a bonnet and a pair of shoes of the landlady, who had a daughter about Jessy's age. We continued our journey, during which my young companion, whose confidence I had gained, spoke familiarly with me, and answered freely the questions which I put to her. She had been sent by her widowed mother to an aunt, in Glasgow, who was rich, and from whom she was to borrow five shillings. On arriving at her house, the old lady was out, and the little girl waited anxiously till four o'clock without seeing her. Fearful lest her mother should imagine that something had happened to her, she decided, but with a sad heart, on

leaving, for she knew that her mother, who was ill, depended upon her procuring something for their sustenance. Such was the account which I gleaned from the young girl, and just as it was finished, we entered the new town of Paisley.

"Well, Jessy," I said, "are we far from your house?"

"No, not very far. We live at the Seedhill."

"We shall soon be there," I said, as we quickened our pace. You must lead the way now; I have almost forgotten every thing about Paisley."

Jessy did as I desired her. We went up one street, down another, till we came to Bridge-street, then, pointing to an obscure back house, she said, "This is our house; we live at the top."

"Go on, Jessy," I replied; "I will follow you."

As we ascended the stairs, a door opened, and "Is that you, Jessy?" was demanded by a female, in an anxious tone.

"Yes, mother," Jessy replied.

"Oh, what has kept you, my child! I thought——"

The poor woman, perceiving me, did not complete the sentence, but appeared embarrassed. In a few words I explained what had occurred. She thanked me for my kindness, then said that she was ashamed to receive a gentleman in her present abode. There was only a table and two stools in the room; and, although a cold evening in the middle of November, there was no fire. I felt sad at such an aspect of poverty—pulled out my purse—had much trouble in getting her to accept a sovereign—left—and afterwards learned that she was the widow of a man who was respected by all who knew him—an honest weaver, who, a few years ago, lived happily by the sweat of his brow, and whose death was hurried on by the want of labour, or rather, its consequence, the want of food to sustain those dear to him.

Before remaining a day in Paisley, I found out, unfortunately, that poverty had reached to an appalling height; that the state of business had rendered about one-third of the industrious inhabitants paupers; that not less than eleven thousand individuals were on the *supply*, receiving from the town the value of one penny per day. It is said that something has already been done in London for these poor people; but the inquirer who visits

Paisley will affirm that the contributions made to it, instead of alleviating the distress, are only calculated to prolong life, and to make each individual alive to his sufferings. The honest, the intelligent and independent weaver, once the pride of the place, is now a being of bygone days. The birthplace of Tannahill, of Professor Wilson, of Wilson the ornithologist, and of many other great men, is now becoming the birthplace of paupers. If work could be obtained, the inhabitants, so long characterized for their industry, would soon attain that which they look upon as essential to life—*independence*. It is to be sincerely trusted that Government will, at an early period, take their case into serious consideration.

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

A STORY OF VENDEE.

TOWARDS the latter part of April, in the year 1815, an unusual bustle was observed in an old castle situated on the banks of the Cèbron, within a few leagues of Parthenay. The proprietor of this mansion was an elderly lady, named Marguerite de —, whose husband was beheaded, in 1794, for his loyalty and devotion to the unfortunate Louis. After the death of her husband, Marguerite left the abode of her ancestors, with her infant son, to seek shelter in a foreign land; but before she could accomplish her purpose she was overtaken by a party of republicans, who, finding that she was the widow of a royalist, sent her to Nantes, where she was separated from her child and imprisoned. To add to her sufferings she was informed, after she had been a few days in prison, that her son had, along with several more royalist children, been drowned in the Loire, by the orders of Carrier, a man who was chosen on account of his stern and unrelenting cruelty to put down the royalists in the neighbourhood of Nantes. After six months' confinement, Marguerite effected her escape out of prison, and fled to England, where she remained until the emigrants were recalled by the first consul. She then returned to her native country, carrying along with her her niece, who was at that time only six years old, and took possession once more of her ancestral dwelling on the banks of the Cèbron, where she lived in a very retired manner until the restoration of the Bour-

bons in 1814, when the castle of Marguerite was thronged with the faithful subjects of Louis XVIII., who, in the exuberance of their loyalty, made the old roof ring, as in days of yore, with the shouts of *Vive le Roi*.

After this mark of respect to her rightful sovereign, Marguerite relapsed into her quiet mode of life. She was, however, not allowed to remain long in retirement. The following year the news of Napoleon's arrival in Paris, and of the departure of the Bourbons, caused the Vendéans to fly to arms in the hope of making a stand against the usurper. Their head quarters was fixed at the dwelling of Marguerite which circumstance occasioned the bustle spoken of at the commencement of our narrative.

A strong body of Napoleon's followers was at this time stationed at Parthenay under the command of a gallant young officer named Pierretrouvé. The history of this young man is most remarkable. He was drawn out of the Loire when he was about three years old by an old soldier, who saved him at the imminent risk of his own life, and afterwards adopted him. At the battle of Friedland he was made a drummer-boy and received a wound in the leg which compelled him to sit down; but he continued to beat the charge as coolly as if he had not been hurt. As Napoleon was passing in front of the army, he saw that the lad was wounded, and said to him—

"Go, child, and have your wounds looked to."

"Yes, sire," said the undaunted boy, "after we have gained the victory."

Napoleon desired one of his attendants to look to the lad, and passed on. Three months after, the drummer-boy was sent to a military school in Paris, and remained there until he was sixteen years old. He was then made an officer. At seventeen, he fought in Spain, and two years after, at Smolensk and Moskwa.

The following year he entered the young imperial guard, and distinguished himself by his courage and activity at Lutzen, Dresden, Montmurail, and Brienne. On the abdication of the emperor, he was deprived of his rank, and he retired to a small village not far from the castle of Marguerite. In his rambles through the neighbourhood, he often met that lady and her niece, Claire, and being struck with the beauty of the latter, was desirous of becoming acquainted

with them; but they hearing that he was attached to the usurper, shunned all intercourse with him.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, Pierre was appointed to the command of the troops stationed at Parthenay. Hearing that the royalists had assembled in arms in great numbers at the castle of Marguerite, he went and dislodged them, and took the greater part of them prisoners. Marguerite and Claire fled in disguise to Parthenay, but on their arrival in that town, they were discovered and thrown into prison. About a week after the attack on the castle, Pierre returned to Parthenay; and in looking over the list of unfortunate beings whom the authorities had condemned to be executed, he found the names of Marguerite and Claire. The day appointed for their execution was the 23rd of June.

Early in the morning, on the day of execution, a brutal and excited mob was waiting near the prison to witness the dying agonies of those who were about to suffer. Pierre had tried to prevail on the authorities to spare the lives of the ladies, but finding that his efforts were unsuccessful, he determined to save them at the hazard of his life. Having procured a couple of dresses like those worn by the wives of the peasantry, he went to the prison accompanied by a small party of soldiers, whom he left at the prison door to prevent the mob from following him. When he entered the cell where the ladies were confined, they started back as if an adder had approached them. Pierre addressed them respectfully, and told them that instead of coming to harm them he had come to save them.

"Time presses," said he; "take these clothes and disguise yourselves, and I will conduct you to a secret passage which leads to the forest. It is your only hope now. I have tried every other means to save you."

"And what recompence do you expect for this service?" demanded Marguerite.

"My recompence," replied Pierre, "will consist in the satisfaction I shall feel in knowing that I have contributed to your safety."

"But," said Marguerite, "have you thought of the responsibility you incur, of the rigour of military law and of the fury of the people?"

"Madam," replied Pierre, "I place

the duty I owe to the Emperor before that which I owe to the people; but I think my honour more sacred than the oath that binds me to Napoleon. A soldier of the empire does not war with women; he dies rather than allow their blood to stain his uniform."

"Young man," interrupted Marguerite, "we cannot accept the aid offered to us by a soldier of the usurper. We would deem ourselves dishonoured by it. We appreciate your conduct, but it must not be. Leave us to die!"

"I entreat you, madam, to accept my offer, before it is too late."

He was interrupted by the loud exclamations of the mob, who had beaten back the soldiers that he had stationed at the door of the prison, and were preparing to glut their vengeance in the blood of the royalists. Pierre rushed out of the cell, and exhorted the soldiers not to allow their misguided countrymen to perpetrate so foul an act of cruelty as that which they were bent on. The soldiers placed themselves by the side of their young commander, and favoured by the narrowness of the passage leading to the cell of the ladies, which only permitted the approach of a few of their assailants at a time, they kept them at bay for two hours, at the end of which time they were relieved by a strong detachment of troops, who soon dispersed the mob.

Pierre received three severe wounds in the affray; and when the mob was beaten off, he lay weltering in his blood, unable to move. His wounds were bound up, and he was carried to an hospital. In half an hour after, the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo arrived; the ladies were immediately released, and borne in triumph to the castle. The followers of Napoleon, who had in any way distinguished themselves during the hundred days, were then hunted from place to place like wild beasts. Pierre was immediately marked out; and although his wounds were not yet healed, he was sent to prison, and was soon after sentenced to death. Marguerite and Claire, hearing what had befallen their gallant defender, went directly to the place where he was confined. When they arrived, they found him quite delirious, from a high fever which had been brought on by the neglect of his wounds, and the sorrow he felt for the fate of his master. He kissed from time to time a star of the Legion of Honour, which Napoleon him-

self had given him under the walls of Dresden, and spoke in raptures of the Emperor and the grand army, as he related, in glowing language, their astonishing exploits. The ladies, finding that the fever did not abate, left the prison; the next day they returned, and found him fast asleep, wrapped up in his war cloak: the fever had left him, and he was as pale as death. When he awoke, he was surprised to find two ladies by his side: he bowed politely to them, and as his eyes met those of Claire, he coloured slightly. Marguerite inquired kindly after his health, and spoke to him of his release.

"There is no hope for me," said he, gloomily.

"You are not sure of that," said Marguerite. "Do you think we have forgotten the man who so generously defended us, at the risk even of his own life? The King has granted me the power to save the life of any one of those who are now in this prison under the sentence of death. I need not tell you for whose sake I have solicited this favour. You have only to put your name at the bottom of this petition, and you will be free."

"My life," replied Pierre, "is now a burthen to me. If I were to accept your offer, my place ought to be by the side of my benefactor, on the desolate island to which they have exiled him. Yet there is one condition on which I would accept my life, but it would be idle to think of it—you would believe me mad—I, a soldier, of birth so obscure that I do not know even who or what my parents were. No, lady, I cannot accept your offer unless you accompany it with a gift still more precious—the hand of your niece."

Marguerite turned aside to conceal the disdain she felt at this proposal; and Claire fell on her knees, and besought her aunt to save the life of the young soldier. At this moment an officer presented himself, and told the prisoner that the hour of his execution had arrived.

"Madam," said Pierre, as he was about to follow the officer, "I hope you will pardon my ambition, and accept this silver cross. It is a strange present from a soldier; but I should like to place it in the hands of some one whom I esteem, for it belonged to my mother: it was found on me, when I was quite a child, by an old soldier, who saved me from being drowned in the Loire."

Marguerite took the cross, and, after looking at it attentively, she said, "Have you no recollection of your mother?"

"No, madam," replied Pierre; "I was separated from her at too early an age to remember her."

Marguerite approached him, and looked earnestly in his face. When she withdrew her gaze, she was seized with a fit of trembling which, for a few moments, deprived her of the power of utterance. After she had recovered a little, she took off Pierre's cravat, and having discovered a large red mark on his neck, she exclaimed, "Oh Heaven, 'tis my own son!" She then fell on his neck, and wept aloud. The officer again reminded Pierre that he was waiting for him. This intimation drew a loud shriek from Marguerite. She, however, soon recovered her self-possession, and displayed to the officer the order of the King. As soon as he had read it, he returned it to the lady, and retired, declaring that he had never in his life obeyed the orders of his sovereign with greater pleasure than he did on that occasion.

A few months after this, the friends and retainers of Marguerite were assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Pierre and Claire, and the old castle again became the scene of festivity and rejoicing.

The sorrow of Pierre for the fate of his master became less poignant after this event, though he always spoke of him in terms of admiration and respect, and the hostility of Marguerite and Claire to the usurper gradually diminished as they listened to the surprising adventures of Pierre, who always dwelt largely on the bright parts of the Emperor's character, and softened as much as possible the darker ones.

Literature.

Ten Thousand Things relating to China and the Chinese. By W. B. Langdon.

ANYTHING relating to "the celestial empire" is, at the present moment, eagerly sought after, consequently the "ten thousand things" held out for our inspection by Mr. Langdon immediately secured our attention. We perused them with much pleasure, and feel bound to admit that much useful information and pleasing food for digestion are to be found in the volume. To amuse our fair readers we will extract a story, from which it will be found that the hearts of the "little-

footed ladies" are as susceptible of what is termed "true love" as those of our own clime.

A CHINESE LOVE STORY.

"Chinese stories are full of examples of love that knows no limits. 'There is only one heaven,' said a forlorn maiden, when her parents upbraided her for spending her days in sorrowful libations of salt tears at the tomb of her lover, 'and he was that heaven to me!' The deep well and flowing stream have often borne a melancholy witness to the indissoluble nature of female affection. But the consecrated stories of Chinese antiquity will not, perhaps, furnish a more pleasing specimen of this sort of constancy than the following:—In one of the Dutch settlements among the islands of the Indian archipelago, a gentleman of high standing in the community lost a much-loved wife, which rendered him so melancholy to him, that he forsook it, and endeavoured to pass away the heavy hours of mourning among the solaces of kind friends. Among his acquaintances was the alderman of the Chinese ward, or kampong, who, with the true urbanity of his native country, invited the disconsolate husband to spend the evenings at his house in some of the social games for which China is so distinguished. The host, being childless, had adopted his niece, and had brought her up with all the tenderness and hopes of a fond parent; the visitor often saw the young lady on these occasions, and felt it no more than a matter of good breeding towards the foster-father to notice the object of his esteem. Words of civility were soon exchanged into terms of love, and an accidental acquaintance ripened into a well-founded friendship. As soon as the uncle found what had taken place, he forbade the continuance of these visits, feeling, perhaps, that if his niece and foster-child should marry a foreigner, his name would be put out, and his posterity cut off, or be merged in an alien stock. Difficulties, however, are often but the mere incentives to action; and so the lover forthwith sent a message by one of the young lady's female friends, in which he advised her to make her escape from the uncle's roof. She replied, that for the sake of him she was willing to make any sacrifice, but she dreaded a curse which her offended relatives might invoke upon her, and therefore she could not come. Here an effectual bar was placed in the

way of their union, and the uncle seemed to have gained his point without the possibility of miscarriage. But, alas for all his designs! Missy would neither eat bread nor drink water; and in this resolution she persisted till her friends saw only this alternative—a marriage with the foreigner or the grave, and as the least of the two evils, were compelled to choose the former. There was only one stipulation insisted on and gained by the uncle, which was this—that during the life of himself or the aunt the niece should not quit her foster-home. In compliance with this condition, the husband was obliged to take up his abode in a Chinese dwelling; and here it was that the writer of these remarks had first the pleasure of an interview. In one of our rides he kindly told me this little story of his courtship. At the conclusion of it, I was very anxious to know what sort of a companion he had found her; for, thought I, the ladies who are bred and brought up in such sequestered spots, where they have nothing to think of save the adornment of their own persons, or the little gossip of the neighbourhood, can never indulge a thought about anything beyond their own gratification; so I asked him if she took any interest in his enterprises. He answered, 'Yes, the greatest; there is nothing that can give me either pleasure or pain which escapes her anxiety.'

The Naval Club. By Mr. Barker.

THIS work reflects much credit on the Old Sailor. It consists of various tales illustrative of seafaring life, in which are deeply-stirring incidents, powerfully worked up and effectively told. "Retribution," a sketch of a piracy in the West Indies, is, though detailing the deeds of lawless men, a finished "yarn," and calculated to raise fear and horror, commiseration and sorrow, in the heart of every reader. The story of the loss of Nelson's old ship, the *Agamemnon*, is cleverly told; and when the crew is about to abandon her, the author bares the bosoms of the sailors, and words their feelings in a pathetic strain on taking a last look of the favourite ship of their old commodore. The short stories, as well as those that run over a number of pages, are alike clever. The West Indian scenes are particularly good. We shall confine our extracts to them:

A NEGRO PILOT.

"It was soon after daylight in the morning, that a small sailing-vessel, carrying a pilot's flag, was discovered close to us; and shortly afterwards a Negro came on board to conduct the sloop into the roads. The pilot was naked, except a piece of coarse linen round his loins; and I could not help feeling somewhat awkward at seeing one of my own species moving about in this state, with as much unconcern as if he had been completely dressed. He was a stout elderly man, firm in his step and independent in his manner, and full of life and humour: but judge of my surprise when I was told he was a slave. His first salutation was—'Ha, massa captain! how he do, eh? What news he bring from England? How him Billy Pitt and King George? Port a littly bit, boy.'

"The captain stumped towards him: but no sooner did the Negro hear the dot-and-go-one of the skipper's wooden pin, than he gazed more earnestly at him, and then burst out—'Ky, he Massa Haul, eh?' and holding out his hand—'Me happy for see you, Captain Haul; many long day since me hab de pleasure. Massa Death knock down one leg; t'other 'tan 'tiff, eh? Miss Nancy glad for see you once more; she hab old head now, and—'

"Old Haul-of-Haul seemed to be apprehensive that probably some of his peccadilloes were about to be exposed, and therefore stopped the Negro with—'Weel, Ben, ye're alive, I'm thinking: and now just place me in the auld spot, about twa cables length from the jetty, mon, and we'll crack of langayne after the anchor is gone.'

"'Crack, massa! what he call crack?' replied the Negro: but, catching sight of the purser, who was also an old acquaintance, he gave a significant look, and pointing towards him—'Ah, what hab crack dere, eh? How he do, Massa Purser?—steady littly bit, boy—no run the sloop in de bush. How he do, Massa Nipwig? Where de rum lib now?'

"The good-humoured, unembarrassed manner in which the naked Black addressed the officers, quite delighted me: he had a laugh and a joke for every one, and gave his directions for steering the sloop with all the air of an admiral; nor would he allow even the captain to interfere with his duties. It was certainly a

curious sight to see this unclothed being, without even a covering to his head, standing by the side of Old Haul-of-Haul, arrayed in his full uniform, with a huge regular three-cornered hat fiercely cocked over his left eye, and his hanger suspended to a broad black belt buckled round his waist. His ammunition-leg had received a more than usual polish of beeswax, and there he stood anticipating congratulations on his good fortune.

"It is customary, in conning a ship, for the man at the helm to reply to the commands of the pilot for the purpose of shewing that they are heard and understood; and in difficult navigation this is very essential for the prevention of mistakes. Old Haul, however, had been so accustomed at all times to work his own ship, that he considered no order could be properly executed except it came from himself; and on this account he kept repeating the directions of Ben, but which the latter, who looked upon it as an infringement of his dignity, did not seem to relish. The expression of his features was particularly comical, especially when the steersman responded to the order before the captain could give it utterance; and then he muttered to himself, 'Ky! he no catch 'em dere.'

"'Steady boy, hearee!' cried Ben, addressing the helmsman.

"'Steady!' went the captain, repeating the command.

"'Steady it is!' answered the helmsman.

"'Port a littly bit!' cried Ben.

"'Port a little!'

"'Port it is!' responded the man.

"This went on for some time, till Ben could bear it no longer. 'Starboard, boy!' cried Ben.

"'Starboard!' repeated the captain. Upon which the naked negro stepped up to Old Haul, and taking hold of the gold-laced lappet of his coat, exclaimed, with the utmost gravity—'Tan, Massa, and you please, let one gentleman peak at a time.'

A VIEW OF WEST INDIAN SOCIETY.

"The case stands thus, sir: in former times intimacies between the female slaves and their owners originated a race of Creoles or coloured people, who, capable of enduring all the effects of this infernal climate, are yet softened in the barbarism of their natures by the mixture of European blood in their veins. There

is a great deal in blood, sir—genteel blood, depend upon it. Now, no white man possessing ten grains of common sense would bring a wife with him to the West Indies; for what would she be?—a perpetual burden, which no art could lighten—unfit for all the duties which a female station requires—a helpless being, that would require other hands than her own to dress and sustain her. Mind, young gentleman, do not mistake me; it is the climate that does all this, and therefore is the misfortune of the lady, and not her fault.'

"'But surely this is not always the case,' said I, my thoughts reverting to Mrs. Herbert. 'I think I know one European female in this colony who merits a better opinion: there is the wife of Major Herbert, for instance.'

"'There is no rule without an exception, young gentleman,' returned he. 'Mrs. Herbert is the exception to the rule. But what has her life been?—that which would have made any other heart but the major's ache. She has conquered all her miseries, because she has outlived them; but rely upon it, in nine cases out of ten, my picture is correct. European females are wholly unfit for this cursed country; their sensibilities dwindle into affectation, their delicacy is deadened and destroyed by the constant spectacle of men and women appearing in a state bordering upon nudity, and the baneful effects of climate render them utterly incapable of self-assistance, so that a husband is compelled to procure and maintain additional servants solely for the purpose of waiting on his wife. The settlers found that out in time, and came over unmarried; but as female society is desirable, and in cases of sickness absolutely requisite, the coloured women are resorted to, who undertake all the duties of a wife, but bearing only the title of housekeeper, for the negro taint is an insuperable bar to matrimony; nor is the woman who thus superintends his family arrangements allowed even to sit down in the presence of her master or his guests, and their children are involved in the same degradation. Should sickness come, the coloured woman is the kind, attentive nurse; in household affairs, she is the careful manager; as superintendent of the Negroes, she is well-acquainted with their habits and their wants; and the white man has nothing to wish for but

that polish which is given by the acquirements of education; nor is this at all times wanted, for many of the coloured women are fit society for the superior class of English ladies. Now, as a natural consequence of all this, a vast deal of property in this and other colonies will descend to the coloured generation; and whether they will continue subjects of Great Britain or not, remains to be seen. One thing, however, to my view, is certain—that they never will consent to remain a sort of outcast race, as they are looked upon at present. If they are sent to England to be educated, (and many of the coloured young men have been entered at our Universities,) they are treated as gentlemen, and admitted into the best society; but when they return to the West Indies, they also return to their former position of compulsory debasement. This is a strange anomaly, yet 'tis nevertheless the fact."

Miscellaneous.

A CURIOUS CHARACTER.

"The next day, as I had just sat down to my 'sopa,' my hostess informed me that a man wished to speak to me. 'Admit him,' said I, and he almost instantly made his appearance. He was dressed respectably in the French fashion, and had rather a juvenile look, though I subsequently learned that he was considerably above forty. He was somewhat above the middle stature, and might have been called well made, had it not been for his meagreness, which was rather remarkable. His arms were long and bony, and his whole form conveyed an idea of great activity united with no slight degree of strength: his hair was wiry, but of jetty blackness; his forehead low; his eyes small and grey, expressive of much subtlety and no less malice, strangely relieved by a strong dash of humour; the nose was handsome, but the mouth was immensely wide, and his under jaw projected considerably. A more singular physiognomy I had never seen, and I continued staring at him for some time in silence. 'Who are you?' I at last demanded. 'Domestic, in search of a master,' answered the man, in good French, but in a strange accent. 'I come recommended to you, mi Lor, by Monsieur B.—Myself. Of what nation may you

be? Are you French or Spanish?—*Ma*. God forbid that I should be either, mi Lor, j'ai l'honneur d'être de la nation Grecque, my name is Antonio Buchini, native of Pera the Belle, near to Constantinople.—*Myself*. And what brought you to Spain?—*Buchini*. Mi Lor, je vais vous raconter mon histoire du commencement jusqu'ici: my father was a native of Scaira in Greece, from whence, at an early age, he repaired to Pera, where he served as janitor in the hotels of various ambassadors, by whom he was much respected for his fidelity. Amongst others of these gentlemen, he served him of your own nation: this occurred at the time that there was war between England and the Porte. Monsieur the ambassador had to escape for his life, leaving the greater part of his valuables to the care of my father, who concealed them at his own great risk, and when the dispute was settled, restored them to Monsieur, even to the most inconsiderable trinket. I mention this circumstance to shew you that I am of a family which cherishes principles of honour, and in which confidence may be placed. My father married a daughter of Pera, et moi je suis l'unique fruit de ce mariage. Of my mother I know nothing, as she died shortly after my birth. A family of wealthy Jews took pity on my forlorn condition, and offered to bring me up, to which my father gladly consented; and with them I continued several years, until I was a *beau garçon*; they were very fond of me, and at last offered to adopt me, and at their death to bequeath me all they had, on condition of my becoming a Jew. But I am a Greek, am proud, and have principles of honour. I quitted them, therefore, saying that if ever I allowed myself to be converted, it should be to the faith of the Turks, for they are men, are proud, and have principles of honour like myself. I then returned to my father, who procured me various situations, none of which were to my liking, until I was placed in the house of Monsieur Zea.—*Myself*. You mean, I suppose, Zea Bermudez, who chanced to be at Constantinople. * * I shall not follow the Greek step by step throughout his history, which was rather lengthy: suffice it to say, that he was brought by Zea Bermudez from Constantinople to Spain, where he continued in his service for many years, and from whose house he was expelled for marry-

ing a Guipusocan damsel, who was fille de chambre to Madame Zea; since which time it appeared that he had served an infinity of masters; sometimes as valet, sometimes as cook, but generally in the last capacity. He confessed, however, that he had seldom continued more than three days in the same service, on account of the disputes which were sure to arise in the house almost immediately after his admission, and for which he could assign no other reason than his being a Greek, and having principles of honour. Amongst other persons whom he had served was General Cordova, who he said was a bad paymaster, and was in the habit of maltreating his domestics. 'But he found his match in me,' said Antonio, 'for I was prepared for him; and once, when he drew his sword against me, I pulled out a pistol and pointed it in his face. He grew pale as death, and from that hour treated me with all kinds of condescension. It was only pretence, however, for the affair rankled in his mind; he had determined upon revenge, and on being appointed to the command of the army, he was particularly anxious that I should attend him to the camp. Mais je lui ris au nez, made the sign of the cortamanga—asked for my wages, and left him; and well it was that I did so, for the very domestic whom he took with him he caused to be shot, on a charge of mutiny.' 'I am afraid,' said I, 'that you are of a turbulent disposition, and that the disputes to which you have alluded are solely to be attributed to the badness of your temper.' 'What would you have, Monsieur? Moi, je suis Grec; je suis fier, et j'ai des principes d'honneur. I expect to be treated with a certain consideration, though I confess that my temper is none of the best, and that at times I am tempted to quarrel with the pots and pans in the kitchen. I think, upon the whole, that it will be for your advantage to engage me, and I promise you to be on my guard. There is one thing that pleases me relating to you; you are unmarried. Now, I would rather serve a young unmarried man for love and friendship than a Benedict for fifty dollars per month. Madame is sure to hate me, and so is her waiting woman; and more particularly the latter, because I am a married man. I see that mi Lor is willing to engage me.' * * I asked him his terms, which were extravagant, notwithstanding his *principes d'honneur*. I found,

however, that he was willing to take one half. I had no sooner engaged him, than seizing the tureen of soup, which had by this time become quite cold, he placed it on the top of his fore finger, or rather on the nail thereof, causing it to make various circumvolutions over his head, to my great astonishment, without spilling a drop, then springing with it to the door, he vanished, and in another moment made his appearance with the puchera, which, after a similar bound and flourish, he deposited on the table; then suffering his hands to sink before him, he put one over the other and stood at his ease with half-shut eyes, for all the world as if he had been in my service twenty years. And in this manner Antonio Buchini entered upon his duties."—*Bible in Spain*.

READERS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN GERMANY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large libraries to be found in the large cities and university towns of Germany, and the liberality with which they are opened to the public use, yet in other towns the subscription libraries are generally very inferior to what we have now in our provincial towns, and therefore the facilities for substantial reading amongst the mass of citizens are less. This amongst the lesser tradesmen and mechanics applies with still greater force. The artisan has his library in most English towns, and now makes great use of it. He reads and discusses every point of politics, and acquires thereby a vivacity and activity of mind very striking when compared with his peer in other countries. Thus, in the burgher class in Germany, though we should perhaps find more who would read Schiller and Goethe than of the same class in England who would read Milton and Shakspeare, yet in the Englishman, with a less intellectuality of taste, a far greater mass of political knowledge and vigorous adaptability of mind exists. A survey of the libraries from which the shopkeeping class in England and in Germany derive their respective books would shew a curious contrast. The Englishman of this class has evinced a growing disposition to become a member of a subscription library, even if it were only of the artisan's library. In either of these he reads more and more of travels, of history, of the best fictions, and works of a miscellaneous

character; and he has of late years bought largely of the very cheap reprints of our standard authors, which have been so extensively circulated. Here, the lower we go, the wider becomes the difference between the spread of general information in the two countries. In both, the common circulating library, to use a country phrase, is pretty much of a muchness. It abounds with the worst of trash; but while to the lower class of tradesmen and artisans in England the subscription libraries furnish a large and rational resource, in German towns the circulating library is too much left to be the resource of the lower burgher and mechanic. And what a world of wild and horrific matter is that! With a thin sprinkling of the best authors, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, Herder, &c., what bombastic and horror-breathing titles meet us on all sides! "The Wandering Spirit;" "The Enchanted Dagger;" "The Blood-red Death-torch;" "The Subterranean Blood-doom of Barcelona;" "Drahomeia, with the Serpent-ring, or Nightly Wanderings in the Dungeon of Horror, at Karlstein, near Prague;" "The Ghostly Mother of the Rock of Gutenstein;" "The Flammenritter, or the Death-dance in the Wienerwald;" "The Prophetic Dream-shape;" "The Bandit from Honour, and Misanthrope;" "Rauhenstein, or the Blood-bath in the Hellenen-Thal, near Baden," &c. &c.—*Hawitt's Germany*,

MRS. CHALENOR.

It is only a few short weeks ago that we paid a gentle tribute to a gentle mind, in noticing a little volume of poems by Mrs. Chalenor, whose amiable nature and feelings, as displayed in her writings, interested us much. We lament to say that our praise was wasted on

"the dull, cold ear of death."

She died on the Tuesday previous to our Saturday publication (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1352, p. 859). Of Mrs. Chalenor we have learnt, that, being the eldest girl of a large family, in humble, though respectable, life, she was principally employed in the household work, and nursing the younger children. Her father taught her and them writing and arithmetic in the morning, before going to business; and it was a check given to her copying some Valentines, at sixteen years of age, which gave the first impulse

to her desire to write original verse. At the age of twenty-two she married, and had been four years a widow when she died, Dec. 13th, at the age of thirty-seven, leaving three orphan children to deplore the loss of a mother, who, under more kindly and fostering circumstances, might have shone in a brighter sphere. The annexed lines, written in the excessive suffering of a death-bed, not three weeks from the end of all on earth (Nov. 25th), are to us deeply affecting, as not only shewing how strong the ruling passion must have been, but how noble and sanctifying its direction:

Oh, God Almighty! teach my mind
To meet thy wishes, all resign'd,
And let no murmuring sigh
Rebellious rise against thy will:
Teach me to bear affliction still,
Or teach me how to die,

How many a fair and lovely thing
Dwells on this earth to which we cling,
And binds our mortal part;
Friends whom we love—hopes that we prize,
Ender'd by sweet and kindred ties,
That twine around the heart!

Yet still the flowers that bloom so fair
In this bright world are touch'd by care,
That we may look above,
And strive by hope and faith to gain
A respite from our earthly pain,
Beneath thy sheltering love.

Nov. 25, 1842.

MARY CHALENOR.

Well might we write a homily on this theme—the poetry, the aspirations, the yearnings, the elevated sentiments, the faith, and the hope, of a lowly shop-keeper. But we will leave reflections to those who feel; and conclude by a stanza added to the above (Dec. 27th), by Sarah Reader, the sister of the deceased, which shews that literature and poetry is a family inheritance:

Mute are the lips that breathed that prayer;
The spirit, freed from grief and care,
Has found eternal rest;
The Power which gave that being life
Recalls it from this world of strife
To regions of the blest.

Literary Gazette.

EFFECTS OF DRESS.

THIS morning, at the usual breakfast hour, I left the "vestry" for the house. On the way thither I was met by the major-domo, who, I observed, was very polite indeed—unusually so. He took my hand and led me into the dwelling, where the best hammock was opened for

my reception. I sat down and took a swing. Presently the lady of the mansion, who had arrived "by coach" the previous evening, made her appearance, dropping me one of her sweetest courtesies, and passed out at another door. The children all followed in slow procession, giving me a similar salutation, until, eventually, I was left alone in silent astonishment. During this ceremony the Indians were peeping in at the doors, apparently awaiting their turn; and, sure enough, it came. They approached in single file, to the number of some thirty, and, as they marched past, partially knelt, and made all sorts of obeisances, which were acknowledged with as much form as my inexperienced greatness could command. I was lost in amazement. I began to survey the room in search of a mirror, to see what change had taken place in my person; and the fact stared me in the face. It was my black suit that I had put on in the morning, (not being on fatigue duty to-day,) that had given this first impression of my importance—having heretofore only appeared in my working guise before them. In my future rambles, I shall benefit by my experience in this little affair; and would recommend it to the careful consideration of all who may hereafter travel in these parts. After breakfast I stepped aside, and examined the coat more particularly, to ascertain how long its newly discovered virtues might be expected to abide with it. I was delighted to find that it would probably supply me with all the dignity I should require during my residence in the country.—*Norman's Rambles in Yucatan.*

A HINT TO GARDEN OWNERS.

So long as the fruit is green, it possesses to a certain extent the physiological action of a leaf, and decomposes carbonic acid under the influence of light; but as soon as it begins to ripen, this action ceases, and the fruit is wholly nourished by the sap elaborated by the leaves. Thus the fruit has, in common with the leaves, the power of elaborating sap, and also the power of attracting sap from the surrounding parts. Hence we see, that where a number of fruits are growing together, one or more of them attract the sap or nutriment from all the rest, which in consequence drop off. As the food of the fruit is prepared by the leaves under

the influence of solar light, it follows that the excellence of the fruit will depend chiefly on the excellence of the leaves; and that if the latter are not sufficiently developed, or not duly exposed to the action of the sun's rays, or placed at too great a distance from the fruit, the latter will be diminutive in size, and imperfectly ripened, or may drop off before attaining maturity. Hence the inferiority of fruits which grow on naked branches, or even on branches where there is not a leaf close to the fruit; as in the case of a bunch of grapes, where the leaf immediately above it has been cut off, or in that of a gooseberry, where the leaf immediately above it has been eaten by a caterpillar. Hence it is evident, that the secretions formed by the fruit are principally derived from the matter elaborated in the leaf or leaves next to it; and as the sap of all the leaves is more or less abundant, according to the supply received from the roots, the excellence of fruits depends ultimately on the condition of the roots, and the condition, position, and exposition of the leaves.—*Loudon's Suburban Horticulturist.*

The Gatherer.

Une Nuit de Fête, as danced at Vaux-hall.—First lady and gentleman enter supper box.—Second lady and gentleman advance and join them.—Waiter advances and retires.—The two couple set to at the cold ham.—Round of Punch.—First gentleman pousettes with the waiter, and then retires altogether.—Two ladies get alarmed, and dance off.—Second gentleman has to pay.—Right and left between the waiter and second gentleman.—Second gentleman performs *cavalier seul* in *La Pastorale*, in Battersea fields, forgetting his way home.

Poverty.—Poverty is a great evil in any state of life; but poverty is never felt so severely as by those who have, to use a common phrase, "seen better days." The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable misery: it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the whilom affluent is unendurable: it avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cool look, the averted eye even of a casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the chord at once,

and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of a man. If he is not a maniac, or does not commit suicide, it is owing to "the faith that is in him."—*College Life.*

Pioneers.—Their peculiarity of taste has done much to expedite the rapid settlement of the wilds. They purchase a lot or two of "government lands;" build a log house, fence a dozen acres or so, plough half of them, girdle the trees, and then sell out to a new comer,—one whose less resolute spirit has perhaps quailed a little before the difficulties of the untouched forest. The pioneer is then ready for a new purchase, a new clearing, and a new sale. How his wife and children enjoy themselves meanwhile is matter of little doubt: but this is a trifle for the present; the future—the bright, far-ahead, vague, western future,—is to make up for all. The eager adventurer, unscared by difficulty, undiscouraged by disappointment, still "chases airy good," contenting himself with mere existence *en attendant*, forgetting that only to-day is his own.—*Forest Life.*

"*Old Mortality.*"—The only occupation of the old man was wandering about the country, repairing the tomb-stones of the Covenanters, travelling from one church-yard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till he was found dead one day by the road side. His family experienced a singular variety of fortune. One of his sons went to America, and settled at Baltimore; where he made a large fortune. He had a son who married an American lady, and the latter out-living her husband, became Marchioness of Wellesley! His daughter was married to Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him, wedded Monsieur Serruier, the French Consul at Baltimore. What would Old Mortality have said, as he pored among the neglected grave-stones in Scotland, had he foreseen that the widow of his grandson was to become an English Marchioness, sister-in-law to the Duke of Wellington, and his grand-daughter Queen of Westphalia and sister-in-law of Napoleon!—*Inverness Courier.*

Origin of the Black Doll.—A Sign at Rag-shops.—This sign originated with a person who kept a shop for toys and rags in Norton Folgate, about eighty years ago. An old woman brought him a

large bundle for sale, but desired it might remain unopened till she called again to see it weighed. Several weeks elapsed without her appearing, which induced the master of the shop to open the bundle, when he found a black doll, neatly dressed, with a pair of gold earrings appended. This he hung up over the door, for the purpose of being owned by the woman who left it. Shortly after this, she called, and presented the doll to the shopkeeper, as a mark of gratitude for his having by this means enabled her to find out her bundle. The story having gained circulation, this figure has been generally used by dealers in rags ever since.

Turn about's fair play.—At Walton, near Chesterfield, the other day, as a farmer was in the act of devouring an apple-pudding, made by the servant-maid, he suddenly discovered that he had something in his mouth more difficult of mastication than boiled apple: it turned out to be the head of a mouse, which had been boiled with the pudding. The girl, for her mischievous propensities, was chastised with the end of a rope. On the following day, the master went to his dinner, as usual, and asked what she had cooked? She told him "to look in the pot." He did so, and saw nothing but the rope's end! "I had it for dinner yesterday," said the girl, "and it's only fair you should have it to-day."

A "fortunately simple process."—To destroy worms is fortunately a very simple process; for such is the tenderness of their skin, that watering them with any caustic or bitter liquid deprives them of life in a few minutes. The cheapest caustic liquid is lime-water; which is made by dissolving quicklime, at the rate of half a pound of lime to twelve pints of water, and letting it stand a few minutes to clear. Before pouring it on the soil from a watering-pot with a rose on, the worm-casts ought to be removed; and the effects of the water will soon become obvious, by the worms rising to the surface, writhing about there, and in a few minutes dying. To hasten their death, some more lime-water should be poured on them after they come to the surface.

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Original Communications.

PEMBROKE CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE.

WALEs, the true "land of the mountain and the flood," the very Switzerland of Great Britain, abounds with so many picturesque strongholds, that the artist is almost bewildered with the number of subjects that rival each other in wild and romantic beauty, so many spots rich in historical and traditionary lore claiming the illustration of his magic pencil. Chief amongst these castellated competitors for notice appears the present object of our sketch—Pembroke Castle, which has continued, above seven hundred years, to inspire veneration and wonder in the hearts of every spectator. Besides being the

finest in the principality, as well on account of its gigantic size as from the durability of the materials of which it is composed, the ruthless hand of time has preserved, from the latter circumstance, many parts in almost their primitive condition; and thus, whilst it redoubles the interest felt in visiting the castle, it lessens the feeling of danger that involuntarily comes over the mind when standing within the crumbling boundaries of a feudal fortress.

The most considerable of these remains is a conical tower, of a circular form, and of the most remarkable dimensions; but neither this nor the gateway is visible from the river, whence this view has been

taken. The chief features here delineated are the chapel, and the natural cavern beneath the same, which stands formidably out in the foreground as an object that rivets the attention of the traveller by the apparent air of mystery that hangs around the precincts.

The precise date of the castle's erection is not known, but it was evidently a Norman edifice; and old Lambard, the historian, says, "thatte when Kynge John didde make his expedition into Irelande, and didde compelle them to putt on there the English yoke, he didde prepare vastly for his travaile at the lustie castle of Pembroke." From this passage we may conclude that it was built about the time of Henry I. Much occurs in history respecting this castle in succeeding ages, among which, as not the least important, we may notice the birth of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII., who was, as the writers of the time observe, the stalwart leader of the great strife that arose upon the question whether of the two roses, the red or the white, should have the uppermost place in the garland.

Pembroke Castle is magnificent even in its present dilapidated state. It occupies an elevated position on a rocky point of land at the west end of the town, where its walls and towers rise majestically from the shores of the two branches into which the creek is divided by the promontory. The view of the castle, as seen from the water, is inexpressibly grand, and is not surpassed by any other in the kingdom. Leland thus describes the edifice as it existed in the turbulent reign of "bluff King Hal." The "castel," he says, "standith harde bye the waul on a harde rokke, and is exceeding large and strong, being double warded. In the outer warde I saw the chaumbre where Kynge Henry VII. was born, in knowledge whereof a chymney is now made with the armes and badges of Kynge Henry the VII. In the botom of the great stronge ronde tower in the inner ward is a marvelous vault, called the Hogan. The toppe of this round tower is gathered with a roof of stone almost in common, the top whereof is koverid with a flat milestone." This building must then have contained some elegant apartments, for their remains are plainly visible even now. There is on the north of this tower a long range of apartments which seem of more recent erection, or to have

been modernized by the later owners of the place. A staircase leading from this part of the castle communicates with "the marvelous vault called the Hogan," of which Leland speaks. This is a large cavern in the rock opening upon the water, and extending a great way under the buildings. Its length is computed at about seventy-seven feet, and the width is about fifty-seven feet, the roof being at the same time very lofty, particularly about the centre. A large doorway has been made by having the entrance nearly walled up, but it has scarcely altered its external appearance. The name of this cavern has elicited much conjecture. It is commonly called the Wogan; but the word Hogan, as will appear from the above, was likewise common. It is, doubtless, a corruption of the word *ogou*, which, in the old British dialect, signified a cave. The uses of this great cave or vault are not known, though it is said once to have had a spring which supplied the garrison with water; since then it appears to have been chiefly employed as a military storehouse.

Pembroke Castle was a place of great strength in ancient times; indeed, so late as the seventeenth century we find it holding out bravely against the forces of the parliament. Major-General Langhorne, on his first defection from the parliament, had, in conjunction with Colonels Powell and Poyer, seized on this fortress, and made it their head quarters, and the rendezvous for the assembling of his partisans. Here, after his overthrow at the battle of the Fagans, he retired with his friends, but was quickly followed by Cromwell, who, on the 21st of May, 1648, arrived under the walls, and commenced his operations for the reduction of the place. Notwithstanding, however, the vigour with which he prosecuted the siege, the garrison, though reduced to great extremities for want of food, defended themselves with great firmness, till Cromwell found means to cut off their supply of water. All further resistance appearing useless, they surrendered at discretion. Langhorne, Powell, and Poyel, were afterwards tried for high treason, and found guilty, when sentence of death had been passed upon them. Cromwell consented that only one should be executed, and sent orders that they should themselves determine by lot which of them should die. The fatal paper was left blank; on the other two was written "life by God."

The papers were drawn by a child, conformably to an agreement between the prisoners, and the lot fell on Poyer, who was shot in Covent Garden, on the 25th of April, 1649, in the presence of a vast mob, who had assembled on the site of the present market to witness such an extraordinary execution. It has been stated that, from a peculiarly-formed table of ancient manufacture still exhibited here, the distinguishing title of "Pembroke" has been given to all such articles of domestic furniture that have been made since in a similar manner; but this is an assertion which we do not pledge ourselves to be relied upon. E. L. B.

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. VII.—THE CHARTREUX.

It has been remarked that London, up to the period of the Reformation, contained a larger number of religious houses and conventual establishments than any other city in the empire. The Black, the Grey, and the White, Friars—the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John—monks of every order and of every denomination, Dominicans, Benedictines, and Carthusians—monks of the Cross and monks of the sword—all had their "hospitals" in London. But the rigour with which Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and religious houses throughout the country not only caused the dissolution of these communities, but generally, also, the demolition of their houses. Not a vestige was to be spared—not a stone to stand—not a trace to be left; and it is to some oversight only that we are indebted for the preservation of those few relics of London's monasteries which still remain. The most considerable of these relics are those of the Chartreux, a monastery of Carthusian monks, situated to the left of St. John's-street, Clerkenwell, and now corruptly called the Charter-House.

The Chartreux was founded in the year 1331 by Sir Walter Manny, the valiant knight whose achievements are so fully recorded by Froissart. The site had previously been consecrated as a cemetery, in which the victims of the plague of 1348 were interred; and "in consideration," says Stowe, "of the number of Christian people here buried," ("above one hundred thousand," he afterwards adds,) "it was considered an appropriate situation for a religious esta-

blishment." Accordingly, Sir Walter founded the Priory, designating it "The Salutation of the Mother of God," and endowing it with several liberal grants of land in the neighbourhood. It consisted of twenty-four monks, of whom John Lustote was the first prior, and derived its name of the Chartreux from the Carthusian order of monks having been originally established at Chartreux, in France. In 1372, the founder died, and was buried in the chapel of the monastery. The house continued in possession of the monks until the general suppression of such establishments by Henry VIII., who persecuted with unceasing and peculiar cruelty this little band of recluses. The prior Houghton was, in 1535, executed at Tyburn, and a quarter of his body placed over the gate of the monastery, while the monks were confined in cells within the cloisters, where many of them perished from cold and hunger; and the remaining few abjuring their religion, this famous priory was suppressed, after an existence of scarcely two centuries, the value at the time of the suppression being estimated at 642*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* In 1542, the house was converted into a repository for the king's hunting apparatus—the same purposes for which St. John's gate was subsequently used,—and occupied by John Brydges, yeoman, and Thomas Ball, groom of the king's holes and tents. Sir Edward North obtained the house by a grant of the king, dated in 1545, and here entertained Queen Elizabeth for a considerable time; and after he had received the title of Lord North, he was again honoured with a visit from the queen, who, in 1561, spent four days at the mansion. The next tenant was his son, the second Lord North, who sold the property, in 1565, to Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, for the sum of 2500*l.* But scarcely had the scheming duke restored and enlarged the building, before his clandestine correspondence and meditated union with Mary Queen of Scots, were discovered; and he was, in 1569, committed to the Tower, from whence he was suffered to return home in the custody of Sir Henry Nevil, on the plague breaking out in the eastern quarter of the town. But being detected in a fresh correspondence with the Queen of Scots, he was, in 1572, executed on Tower Hill, and his estates, and among them the Chartreux, or, as it was then

called, Howard House, forfeited to the crown. Shortly after his death, however, the queen restored the mansion to his fourth son, Thomas, Lord Howard, in whose possession it remained for upwards of thirty years. In 1603, James I. held his court here for four days, when the proprietor received the title of Earl of Suffolk, and upwards of eighty gentlemen were knighted. Eight years after this, and on the 9th of May, 1611, the earl sold the Charter-House for 13,000*l.* to Sir Thomas Sutton, a wealthy merchant, who removed thither the school and hospital which he had founded at Hallingbury, in Essex, two years before; appointing the Rev. John Hutton, vicar of Littlebury, in the same county, the first master of his new institution. But the charter of incorporation was scarcely obtained, and the establishment was not yet completed, when Sir Thomas died, on the 12th of December, 1611. In the second year after his death, the hospital was opened; and, in 1616, the remains of the benevolent founder, which had been deposited in Christchurch, were buried in a vault within the chapel, and an elaborate and costly monument erected to his memory.

The most interesting portion of the Charter-House is the Evidence-room, on the northern side of the pile, in which are deposited the records of the foundation, and with them the original charter of Sir Walter Manny. This room is carefully preserved, no person being allowed access to it but in the presence of the master, the receiver, and the registrar. The ceiling, according to Mr. Malcolm's description, is magnificently ribbed, and in the centre is a stone on which is carved a large rose, enclosing the initials, "J.H.S." (*Jesus hominum Salvator*). Opposite to the chapel, a short passage leads into the cloisters (still so called), in the back wall of which one or two of the ancient entrances to the cells are yet remaining. Several remains of the original wall may be seen near the refectory; and the turret of the chapel is supported by a strong buttress, which, with the fragment of a tower, still standing at the basement, is evidently a portion of the ancient monastery. All the other apartments and buildings are of comparatively modern erection, having been added either during its occupation as a private mansion, or since its use as a public school.

The Charter-House has now reverted to purposes very similar to those for which it was originally founded; and as we see the aged pensioners strolling about the grounds attached to the hospital, they remind us forcibly of the days when, five centuries ago, the four-and-twenty devotees retired from the world, and dispensed from those venerable walls charity and comfort to their fellow-creatures. The same substantial food is cooked in the refectory for distribution among the poor; and we can scarcely suppress a wish that the officer who now presides over the institution as master might exchange his title for that of prior, and thus the Charter-House hospital of the present day be rendered as similar in its constitution, as it is in many of its purposes, to the Chartreux hospital of the fourteenth century.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

RAILWAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WE "FLY BY NIGHT;" OR A JOURNEY
TO BIRMINGHAM PER MAIL TRAIN.

EUSTON STATION.—It is now too late to draw contrasts between the old and new modes of travelling. The subject has been exhausted in all its Protean forms. We have exchanged the *patter* of the horses' feet for the *clatter* of the train, therefore let us look at things as they are, and not as they were. You find *first-class* clerks in pea-coats, who care not a *rush* for the *rush* of passengers, or where they are going. Their business is solely to take money and deliver the *check* which is to *accelerate* your progress. The first proof you meet with of the march of intellect is a display of evening papers—the "Sun," the "Globe," the former enlightening you whilst passing over the latter. Next, the platform and the promenade, where "those evening belles" are heard in such sweet converse with their partners, until another *bell* interferes to order off the train; and lo! in how short a time does London's splashy streets, its fogs, its brilliant parties, theatres, and *lions*, all recede, "and leave not a rack behind."

We are now on our journey—look out, and what do you see? *Nothing!* Look around the carriage, and what do you see? Three or four sleeping partners! What is to be done? Take your pencil, and sketch.

The scene is now *Watford*. Pleasant reminiscences arise of a sojourn there last summer; but one might as well, now, be a thousand miles from the splendid parks of Essex, Clarendon, or Westminster—all are in the shade. The letter-bags are exchanged for a *hogshead* or two of water, and we proceed to the Tunnel.

WOLVERTON.—This is the half-way house; and here the attendants, instead of giving a stanza from the opening duet in "Paul and Virginia"—"Do not delay"—tell you that ten minutes' delay is allowed; and then what a general arousing of slumbering souls takes place towards a temporary* refectory, where you can obtain—what does the reader think?—*hot elder wine out of a tea-kettle and Banbury cakes*. To be sure, the accommodations are temporary, but the Birmingham Railway, with its six millions sterling of capital, might allow its passengers to treat themselves, after a ride of between fifty and sixty miles, with something better than trash, only fit for children. The subject induces a peevish feeling, which, it not being the object of this sketch to exhibit as we proceed, cares not to "Arise as in the elder time, warm."†

It occupies about six minutes to pass through the famous Kilsby Tunnel, two miles in length, which has cost upwards of 600,000*l.*; but where and what is the tunnel? An increased clatter of the wheels of the engine and carriages tells you that the sound is more reverberated than it was just before; and if you look out, you see the bricks of which the tunnel is built ruled into lines and become a moving panorama. How many thousands of muscles of men and horses have been from daylight to evening, for many dreary months, set in motion, to bore this immense tube out of the solid earth! and how has the *ingenuity* of engineers been taxed to accomplish the work by the shortest possible cut! Why, the vaunted "galleries" of Napoleon on the Simplon are fools to it, albeit *Nap.* was no *sleepy* personage.

KILSBY STATION.—"Passengers for Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham!"

* It is but justice to observe that this sketch was written before the present "refreshment rooms" were built, and that the accommodations at Wolverton, although savouring strongly of monopoly in some respects, are, as a Frenchman would say, negatively, "not bad."

cries the guard of a coach. "How many have you?" inquires some interested party.—"Six outsiders and one in."—"Now, sir, this way!"—"Where's my luggage?"—"All safe, sir,—up the steps to the right!"—"Where's your bill?—any parcels?"—"Precious cold night!"—"But we can have a cigar *now*." Away they go once more—the "six out and one in"—by the "Commercial" to the midland counties, congratulating themselves on having escaped from the train.

RUGBY, 2 A.M.—The schoolmaster, no doubt, asleep (even if *abroad*), and all the scholars happy. The head master has laid his *head* upon the pillow, and is, perhaps, dreaming of giving the rod to some refractory tail. Guess what you see of Rugby—green fields.

"'Tis as the general pulse of life stood still."

COVENTRY.—Arrived here without being *sent*. The abode of ribbon-men and Peeping Tom. To Birmingham eighteen miles. Just begin to find out that we have exercised ourselves with mundane affairs long enough; and whilst thinking what sort of a bed we shall get at the end of our journey, a sudden burst of light announces the arrival at the Birmingham station, and eighteen miles have been passed over before you could say "God bless us!" Again, in the busy world at midnight, coachmen, cads, omnibuses, and even *horses*, once more appear upon the scene, dragged out of their warm stables to wait for a train which in this case was fully an hour beyond its time; and it would be well to understand why *seven hours* should be necessary to travel 112 miles—*only sixteen miles an hour!* But, to be sure, ten minutes' "delay" was allowed on the road to *drink elder wine out of a tea-kettle*.

MERCATOR.

Literature.

Rutland Papers. Original Documents illustrative of the Courts and Times of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., selected from the private archives of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, &c. &c. &c. By William Jerdan, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Real Academia de la Historia of Spain, &c.

THESE documents, recently published by the Camden Society, have been edited by Mr. Jerdan, assisted by Mr. J. Bruce and

Mr. T. Wright. It is a collection of great interest, and the editor has well performed his task by directing attention to many of the items, which are most worthy of notice. Wishing to give our readers a curious *morceau*, we abstain from lengthened commentary, and select, as that which is most likely to gratify the curiosity of the London world, the "Remembraunces for my Lorde Mayre of London," in 1622, on the occasion of the Emperor Charles the Fifth paying a state visit to Henry the Eighth. It will amuse our readers to find not only that the fare of the foreign guests was different from that which the Emperor of Germany would find if he came to England in 1843, but the localities in which he and his great lords would be lodged are considerably removed from those which received their courtly ancestors. In those days the Cockney, who glories in the name of London, will see that Paternoster-row, Ivy-lane, and Warwick-lane, were something, before the upstarts Regent-street, Pall-mall, and Piccadilly, were built or thought of. "My Lorde Mayre," in the paper we have mentioned, is duly remembered.

"Fyrst to assign iiij bakers within the citie of London to serue the noblemen belongyng to themperor that be lodged in the chanons howses of Paules and ther aboutes, and oder places within the Citie.

"Item, to assign the Kynges wax chaundeler to serue them of torches, quarryers, prelettes, and sisus.

"Item, to assign a tallowe chaundeler for white lightes.

"Item, to assign iiij bochers for seruyng of oxen, shepe, calves, hogges of gresse, fleches of bacon, marybones, and such oder as shalbe called for.

"Item, to assigne ij fyshemoungers for prouision of lynes to be redy waterd, pykes, tenches, bremes, caluer salmon, and such oder deyntes of the freshe water.

"Item, to appouynt ij fyshemoungers for prouision of see fysshe.

"Item, to appouynt iiij pulters to serue for the said persons of all maner pultry.

"Item, to prouide into euery lodegyng woode, coole, russhes, strawe, and suche oder necessaries.

"Item, yt ys requyset that there may be alwayes ij carpenters in aredynes to furnysshe euery place with suche thynges as shalbe thought good, as cupbords, formes, bordes, trestles, bedestedes, with oder necessaries wher lak shalbe.

"Item, to see euery lodegyng furnished with pewter dyashes [and] saucers as shalbe thought sufficient.

"Item, to furnyssh euery howse with all maner kechyn stuf, yf there be anny lake of such lyke within anny of the said houses, as broches of dyuerse awortes, potts and panes, ladles, skemers, grydyrons, with suche oder stuf as shalbe named by the officers of the said noble-men.

"Item, appouynt ij men to serue for all maner of sawces for eury lodegyng.

"Item, to appouynt ij tallowe chaundelers to serue for all maner of sawces.*

"Item, to warne evry oner of the house to putt all thier stuf of householde in euery office agaynest there commyng, to be in aredynes.

"Item, the Kynges grocers to be appouynted to serue for all maner of spices.

Mothers and Daughters: a Comedy. By Robert Bell, Esq., author of "Marriage," a Comedy; &c.

THIS play was acted at Covent Garden Theatre for the first time on Tuesday, and received throughout with shouts of applause. The writer has greatly improved on his former successful effort. Most of the genteel comedies of modern date have presented us with elegant tapestry, too quiet to please. Here we have vigorous, well-directed satire, striking incidents, and an ingenious plot. We must spare further remarks at the present moment to make room for an extract. *Mabel Trevor*, the heroine of the play, a humble companion to *Lady Manifold*—treated with cruelty by her patroness—has gained the affections of *Sandford*, who is warned by his uncle, on whom he is depending, against a love-match. The subjoined scene, which concludes the third act, and which made a powerful impression on the audience, will explain the rest.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Lady Manifold's. A window at the back, opening upon a conservatory. Emily seated in the conservatory. Lady Manifold standing at the window.

Lady Manifold. I tell you, my love, you don't understand it. His lordship's

* These two directions for the supply of sawces are printed as they stand in the MS.

attentions to Mabel were quite remarkable. You know, my dear, I couldn't suffer such a scandal to go forward in my house.

Emily Manifold. I'm sure I don't care what attentions he shows her.

Lady Manifold (coming forward). That's your simplicity. You have no business not to care about anything his lordship does. Mercy, love! what will become of you when you're married if you don't know when to care, and when not to care.

Emily Manifold. I suppose I'll learn, as you did.

Lady Manifold. Then the sooner you begin the better. I tell you that his lordship was most marked in his attentions to Mabel.

Emily Manifold. And I tell you I don't care whether he was or not.

Lady Manifold. But I tell you, you ought to care.

Emily Manifold. But I tell you I can't care. I'm trying to care as fast as I can, but I can't.

Lady Manifold (aside). She hasn't the least notion of being jealous. I'll make another experiment. (*To Emily.*) Emily, love,—look at me, dear, and put away that stupid book; you're not reading now, you know. Emily, I'll send Mabel out of the house.

Emily Manifold. Well, you may if you like, but I don't see the good of it.

Lady Manifold. It will prevent Lord Merlin from having any opportunity of seeing her.

Emily Manifold. I think, ma, it will give him opportunity of seeing her.

Lady Manifold. How, my innocent?

Emily Manifold. Because if he wants to see her, he can follow her wherever she goes, and you can't prevent him; but if you keep her in the house, she can't see him without your permission.

Lady Manifold. That's very true. I'll forbid her to see him.

Emily Manifold. I'm sure, ma, I wouldn't.

Lady Manifold. Why, love?

Emily Manifold. Because it will make her think too much of him. I'm sure if any one were to say to me that I shouldn't see Captain—(*checking herself*)—any one, I'd never be happy till I saw them.

Lady Manifold (aside). What an union of sagacity and guilelessness! (*To Emily.*) Well, love, I'll take your advice, (*ringing the bell;*) I'll only just tell her that she

must not—(*Enter Servant*)—desire Miss Trevor to come here—(*Exit Servant*)—that she must not make herself too prominent when we have company.

Enter Mabel.

Mabel Trevor. You wished to see me, madam.

Lady Manifold. Yes, Mabel, I wished to say a few words to you about your manners in public.

Mabel Trevor. Madam!

Lady Manifold. You know, Mabel, that when I took you into my house—I have no wish to hurt your feelings, and you must not let your pride be in the way of your interest—you know the situation it was understood you were to fill.

Mabel Trevor. I do, madam. You were kind enough to say that, knowing my family, you would not exact any menial offices at my hands.

Lady Manifold. And have I?

Mabel Trevor. Oh! no, madam. I have not been put to any menial services.

Lady Manifold. But, you mean, you have been treated as a menial.

Mabel Trevor. I have not complained, madam.

Lady Manifold. Really, I have no desire to enter into an argument with you, Mabel; my object in sending for you was simply to remind you, that when I have company in this house, I expect you will not forget your position. You talked and laughed so much with Lord Merlin (*Emily checks her*) and other gentlemen last night, that positively one might almost suppose you were my daughter's sister or cousin, instead of a dependant.

Mabel Trevor. Did I laugh and talk? Oh! madam, you have made some strange mistake. But I beg pardon—I am a dependant—I may not always be one!

Lady Manifold. You are too proud, Mabel. Your spirit is above your place. You get up such a catalogue of grievances in your face, that a stranger might actually suppose you were treated with the coarsest cruelty.

Mabel Trevor. No, madam, with the most refined.

Lady Manifold. Pray reserve your smart answers for your inferiors, Miss Trevor. I must beg that you will not forget yourself again while you are in my house.

Mabel Trevor. Indeed, I try, madam, to do as you desire me—but you crush me with the weight of your protection

Whatever I do is wrong—and then the distance between us—it chills me.

Lady Manifold. Distance! Perhaps you expect to be placed on a level with Miss Manifold, who has been brought up with such expense and care? Distance!* Let me hear no more such observations.

Mabel Trevor. I am silent, madam.

Lady Manifold. I wish you would learn to be silent before company. "What will Lord Merlin think of the decorum of my house after last night? I, who am so particular about the conduct of young people?"

Mabel Trevor. Lord Merlin? Decorum? Last night? You are bound, madam, in common justice, to explain the calumny you point at me. Were I even humbler than I am, you ought not, you shall not, whisper away my character.

Lady Manifold. Character! Who ever thought of your character? I really didn't imagine such an idea ever entered your head. Mercy upon us! but things are surely taking a strange turn, when our very pensioners must threaten us with their characters!"*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Gregory Plump and Capt. Montague are in the library, my lady, and they desired me to say that they have just come from Lord Merlin's.

Lady Manifold. We shall be with them presently. (*Exit Servant.*) Come, my love. I dare say his lordship will be here to look at your horse. Miss Trevor, we shall not trouble you to appear in the drawing-room this evening. Come, my love. What a sweet colour you have, child! (*Exit with Emily, patting her on the cheek.*)

Mabel Trevor. The insolence of power!—the abuse of rank and fortune! I should sink under this, or die in the struggle to redeem myself from it, but for the new life, and the new love of life with which I am inspired. What a change a few hours have made in my destiny! I am no longer desolate, looking out in despair upon a living world, in which nothing lives for me. I am no longer alone. Thank God for that! Robert—I love even the echo of his name. He—he will protect me. I am strong in his strength—in his pure and high and ennobling love. He will protect me!—(*Enter Sandford, hastily, with a disturbed air.*)—Ah! I am so glad to see you!

* Omitted in the representation.

Sandford. My dear Mabel!

Mabel Trevor. I was thinking of you at that moment.

Sandford. Indeed! and I—Mabel—I was thinking of you!

Mabel Trevor. Are you ill?

Sandford. Ill!—No.

Mabel Trevor. You are very pale.

Sandford. So my uncle says—nothing!—I couldn't sleep last night!—but, Mabel, your hand trembles—has anything happened?

Mabel Trevor. Oh! perhaps I oughtn't to tell you.

Sandford. I must know—concealments between us, Mabel, are dangerous.

Mabel Trevor. There shall be none. Lady Manifold has just been reminding me that I am a dependant upon her bounty. She has hinted something about my laughing and talking last night—it seems I was in great spirits! You can answer for the cause if it were so!

Sandford. Well?

Mabel Trevor. Well!—it hurt me—wounded me, that I should be accused of levity—that's all. But then I remembered that I was no longer unprotected! and I thought how proudly you would vindicate me, and—(*perceiving gradually that he has turned from her, she drops her voice.*) You are ill?

Sandford (shuddering). No—no—upon my honour!

Mabel Trevor. Honour! What is the matter?—Tell me—I have a right to know—a right to—right? My heart dies in the word—that I should have need to use it!

Sandford. Come—come, Mabel; you are agitated. Perhaps you misunderstood her ladyship.

Mabel Trevor. Is it possible? That you, who only last night were so full of indignation at her cruelty, which I have borne so long without a murmur, should tell me, now that she has added insult to oppression, that I have misunderstood her!

Sandford. Mabel, for Heaven's sake, be calm.

Mabel Trevor. Calm! I am—I am—I am stone.

Sandford. What is this? What have I said? Wretched, wretched Sandford!

Mabel Trevor. Wretched, indeed, if you repent what you have done.

Sandford. Repent—no—I love you with my whole being.

Mabel Trevor. You do not. If you

did, and heard that I had been wronged, or that but a breath of slander, however distant, however faint, had fallen upon me, you would have answered it with a look of lightning. You do not love me!

Sandford. Oh! Mabel, if you knew the tortures I suffer—recollect your own words—the circumstances you described—

Mabel Trevor. I see it now. The truth breaks upon me.

Sandford. To what horrid issue will this lead?

Mabel Trevor. You have reconsidered:—why hesitate? Take courage, speak. I am again defenceless!

Sandford. No—no—I will protect you. Why should conventional laws restrain our love?

Mabel Trevor. Have my senses forsook their office? Speak again.

Sandford. Mabel, hear me! Like yourself, I am a dependant. I have no fortune of my own. My whole expectations hang upon my uncle. With one word he could consign me to destitution.

Mabel Trevor. You must not offend your uncle.

Sandford. I dare not—he was kind to me when I had no other friend in the world. But he has different notions of marriage—of high connexions—fortune—there is my misery. If we could conceal our attachment from him, we might be happy—

Mabel Trevor. Conceal? It is ended for ever—what have we to conceal?

Sandford. You must not speak thus. I will never marry. He will be content with that. I'm sure he will. I will devote my life to you, Mabel—(*rushes forward to take her hand.*)

Mabel Trevor. Do not touch me. My hand shrinks from you, as my soul does. Had you the wealth of England and its noblest titles, and poured them out at my feet, I would scorn them, as I scorn you now! Oh! how have I been deceived! 'Tis over. I explained to you my situation—I warned you against the inequality of our circumstances—you overruled my feeble reason—you wrung from me the secret of my woman's heart. You have broken that heart! a heart that loved and trusted you. I cannot disguise the bitterness of this trial. But even at this moment of agony, that broken heart, in the depth of its purity, revolts from

you. Begone! We never, never meet again.

[*Exit. Sandford.* Villain—villain! where shall I hide my disgrace! [*Rushes out.*]

Miscellaneous.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR'S first lecture before the Royal Agricultural Society presents many valuable hints, expressed with great felicity. We copy, for the gratification of our readers, a most able abstract of the discourse, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*:—

“Vegetables effect many chemical changes in the food they take up, animals few. Gluten and albumen are the nutrient principles of plants, and in chemical composition they are identical with the albumen of the white of an egg, of the muscle of an ox, or the blood of a sheep. The albumen of blood, of muscle, and of an egg, differ in physical, but not in chemical characters. The composition of these substances, as analyzed by various chemists from the animal and vegetable kingdom, as seen in the following table, prove their identity.

	Gluten. Bousingault.	Caséin. Scheerer.	Albumen. Jones.	Ox blood. Playfair.	Ox flesh. Playfair.
Carbon	54.2	54.1	5.5	54.19	54.12
Hydrogen	7.5	7.1	7.	7.5	7.89
Nitrogen	1.4	15.6	15.7	15.73	15.71
Oxygen	24.4	23.2	32.1	23.59	21.56

These analyses do not differ more than the analysis of the same substance. Plants, in fact, contain within them the flesh of animals, and all the animal organization does in nutrition is to put this flesh in the right place. But animals take up with their food other constituents of plants, which contain no nitrogen; such are starch, sugar, gum, &c. These are not nutritive principles; they do not assist in making the flesh; and when animals are fed on these alone, they die. But animals possess a certain degree of heat, and their bodies have generally a temperature above that of the atmosphere—about a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Whence comes this heat? From the burning of the sugar, starch, gum, &c. The air that animals expire is

carbonic acid, the very gas that is produced by the burning of wood or charcoal in a fire. Charcoal is carbon, and animals take in daily a large quantity in their food. It is the burning or combustion of this in the body that produces animal heat. In hot countries animals on this account take less carbon. The food of the East Indian contains only about twelve per cent. of carbon, whilst that of the Greenlander contains seventy. The taste of the Greenlander, who drinks train-oil and eats tallow-candles, might be pitied; but it is necessary to his healthy existence. Another reason for animals acquiring carbonaceous food in cold climates is, that the air is more condensed, and the same measure contains a greater quantity of oxygen, that gas being the agent which, by uniting with the carbon, and forming carbonic acid, gives out the heat. Strong exercise also demands a large supply of carbonaceous food, on account of the oxygen taken in during the hard breathing thus produced. Oxygen, when once taken into the system, never escapes uncombined, and would destroy the whole fabric of the body unless a fresh supply of material was given. Clothes, by keeping in animal heat, render less carbonaceous food necessary to keep the body up to its proper temperature. The following table exhibits the principles of food necessary for the two great processes—nutrition and respiration:—

Elements of Nutrition.	Elements of Respiration.
Vegetable Fibrine	Fat
„ Albumen	Starch
„ Casein	Gum
Animal Flesh	Sugar
„ Blood	Wine
	Spirits
	Beer

If it were not for some power within the animal fabric, it would soon become a prey to the chemical action of oxygen. The force that withstands this action is vitality—a principal independent of the mind, and which constantly opposes the destructive chemical laws to which the body is subject. Disease is the temporary ascendancy of the chemical over the vital force. Death is its victory. A dead body exposed to the action of oxygen is soon resolved into its primitive elements—carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, in the form of carbonic acid, ammonia, and water; and these are the elements from which plants again prepare materials for

the living body. These remarks will explain many facts known to the agriculturist, and will assist him in insuring more certainly many of the objects of his labours. It is well known that cattle do not fatten so well in cold weather as in hot. The reason is this:—The fat is a highly-carbonized substance, formed by the animal from its carbonaceous food. In cold weather, the carbon in this food is consumed in keeping up the heat of the animal, which is at that season more rapidly carried off. This is illustrated in an experiment made by Lord Ducie at Whitfield. One hundred sheep were placed in a shed, and ate 20 lbs. of Swedes each per day; another hundred were placed in the open air, and ate 25 lbs. of Swedes per day—yet at the end of a certain period the sheep which were protected, although they had a fifth less food, weighed 3 lbs. a head more than the unprotected sheep. The reason is obvious: the exposed sheep had their carbonaceous food consumed in keeping up their animal heat. Warmth is thus seen to be an equivalent for food. This is also illustrated by the fact, that two hives of bees do not consume so much honey when together as when separate, on account of the warmth being greater; and they have less occasion for the honey, which is their fuel. Cattle, for the same reason, thrive much better kept warm than when exposed to the cold. The cause of animals getting fat is, that they take in more carbonaceous food than they require for producing animal heat; the consequence is, that it is deposited in the cellular tissue in the form of fat. Fat is an unnatural production, and its accumulation is not necessary for health of the body. When stored up, however, it will serve the body for keeping up its animal heat, and by this means its life, till it is all consumed. An instance is related of a fat pig kept without food for 160 days, having been kept alive by its fat. Another element necessary in the fattening of animals is motion or exercise. Every action of the body—nay, every thought, is attended with chemical change; a portion of the deposited tissues are thus being constantly consumed. On this account, when animals are fattened, they are kept quiet. The cruel practice of fattening geese by nailing their feet to the floor, and of cooping pigeons and chickens before they are killed, arises

from a knowledge of this fact. When prizes were given by our agricultural societies for fat, and not for symmetry, animals were strictly prevented from taking any exercise. Mr. Childers found that sheep which were kept warm and quiet, fattened much faster than those that were allowed the open air and action. It is very difficult to fatten sheep and oxen in July, on account of the flies, which, stinging, keep them in a state of constant motion. The Cornish miners, on account of the laborious nature of their occupations, consume more food than labourers with lighter work. During the late riots in Lancashire, the unemployed operatives found out that exercise and cold made them hungry; accordingly, they kept quiet in bed, and heaped upon themselves all the covering they could find. Englishmen in the East Indies are obliged to take a great deal of exercise, because they eat and drink highly-carbonised foods; and the heat of the climate not allowing the escape of much heat from the body, they are obliged to take in by exercise oxygen, in order to destroy the carbon which would otherwise accumulate, and produce liver disease. In the Scotch prisons, the quantity of food given to the prisoners is regulated by the work on which they are engaged, the hardest workers having the most food. The flesh of the stag becoming putrid shortly after its death, arises from the quantity of oxygen which it takes into its system during the hard breathing of the chase. A hunted hare, for the same reason, is as tender as one that has been kept for a fortnight after being shot. The reason is the same. In both cases the action of the oxygen on the flesh produces approaching decomposition—in the one, quickly; in the other, slowly. Bacon, on the same principle, was at one time rendered more delicate by whipping the pig to death. Epileptic fits produce great emaciation, on account of the violent action to which they expose the body. Lord Ducie has performed some experiments highly illustrative of the foregoing general principles, and which also indicated what might be expected from their application to the practice of grazing. First Experiment. Five sheep were fed in the open air between the 21st of November and the 1st of December; they consumed 90 lbs. of food per day, the temperature of the atmosphere being about 44 degrees. At the end of this time they weighed 2 lbs.

less than when first exposed.—2nd Experiment. Five sheep were placed under a shed and allowed to run about, at a temperature of 49 degrees; they consumed at first 82 lbs. of food per day—then 70 lbs.—and at the end of the time had increased in weight 23 lbs.—3rd Experiment. Five sheep were placed in the same shed as in last experiment, but not allowed to take any exercise; they ate at first 64 lbs. of food per day—then 58 lbs.—and increased in weight 30 lbs.—4th Experiment. Five sheep were kept quiet and covered, and in the dark; they ate 35 lbs. a day, and were increased 8 lbs. These experiments prove the influence of warmth and motion on the fattening of cattle.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE LANDED INTEREST OF SPAIN.

WITHOUT entering the arena of politics, we may glance at the important question now on the tapis relative to the corn laws. After the partial experiment which has been made of abandoning the protection formerly deemed indispensable to the English farmer, the following information as to the state of Spain, published in the *Foreign Review* in 1829, may have a present interest to those whose well-being is likely to be most affected by the ultimate decision:—

With the exception of Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia, corn is conveyed on the backs of mules and asses, or in small carts drawn by oxen. The provinces now mentioned import the greater part of their supplies by sea, being too distant from the exporting provinces to admit of importation in the ordinary way. The difference of price ought, one should think, to be in proportion to the distance, and the difficulty of the road. It may be remarked, however, that the quality of wheat varies so greatly, that in some markets it is quoted on the same day at 18s. and 34s. a quarter. This circumstance renders it impossible to trace the effect of contiguity to market in the monthly quotations of prices given in the Madrid Gazette. The rate of carriage is also subject to perpetual change from the greater or lesser quantity of goods, and the prospect of a return load. Under ordinary circumstances, it may be calculated at from 7s. to 9s. an English quarter, for a distance of 25 leagues, or

100 English miles. Seville is almost the only shipping port for the exportation of the surplus produce of the kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, and Estremadura. Cordova, however, yields but little. It is from the country south and east of Seville that the finest grain is procured; and were these immense and fruitful plains properly cultivated, the produce might supply all Spain. But the population is so scanty, and possesses so little industry, that the price of wheat is there generally above the average of the other agricultural districts. In proportion as prices advance at Seville, supplies come from a greater distance, from the plains of Badajos, and even from Truxillo and Caceres. Estramadura occasionally finds an outlet for its surplus produce in Portugal, the price of wheat being usually much higher in that country; but its free introduction is prevented.

The kingdoms of Old Castile and Leon are the granaries of Spain. They have their outlets in the north by various ports from Gijon to St. Sebastian, the principal being Santander and Bilbao. The provinces of Burgos and Palencia are the nearest points from which these ports get any considerable supply; the distance being from 130 to 140 English miles from each. The elevated and rich *campos*, which extend from Logrono to Burgos, and thence on each side of the Arlanza and Pisuerga, and along the Canrion and numerous other streams which water the provinces of Palencia, Valladolid and Zamora, yield immense quantities of wheat; and farther to the west and on the south side of the Douro, the provinces of Toro and Salamanca may be considered as forming a portion of the richest wheat-country in Spain. The crop is often so abundant for a series of years, that the produce of the fields at a distance from the villages is sometimes allowed to rot on the ground, the expense of conveying it home being considered beyond its value! It was calculated, that the accumulated surplus of four or five successive years of good crops in the *silos* and granaries of these plains, amounted, at the close of the harvest of 1828, to 6 millions of fanegas, or 1½ million Winchester quarters. The ordinary cost of carriage does not exceed that already mentioned—viz., 7s. or 8s. a quarter for every 100 miles, but the means of transport are so defective and badly organized, that when any ex-

traordinary demand for exportation takes place, the rates advance enormously. Thus in September, 1828, the usual price was 7s. or 8s., but in consequence of extensive demands from England and France, it rose two months after to 14s. and 16s. per quarter.

The roads from Medina del Campo, and Rio Seco, Valladolid, &c., to the ports are pretty good, but from Salamanca and Samora they are hardly practicable for loaded carts. The ox-carts carry each from 30 to 32 fanegas, or 6½ quarters, a stout mule 2½ fanegas, or half a quarter. There are a few waggons employed, which carry from 90 to 100 fanegas, (18 or 20 quarters) but their number is inconsiderable. Taking Burgos and Palencia as the two central points whence the shipping ports have to draw their supplies, the average distance is about 135 English miles. In order to deliver 100,000 quarters monthly, in these ports, 5000 carts, with two oxen each, would be required; making the journey in 8½ working days, including all delays for loading, discharging, and weighing, as well as for repairs, (the carts having wooden wheels only, and subject to continual accidents,) at six quarters each 90,000
and 5000 mules making four
journeys per month, with half
a quarter each 10,000

Total per month 100,000

To keep Palencia and Burgos constantly supplied, at least an equal number of carts and mules would be necessary to bring the grain from the more distant places; and it may well be questioned whether such a number of carts, oxen, and mules, could be procured in the whole of the adjoining provinces, even allowing that every other kind of commerce were abandoned for the time. Perhaps, by a very great effort, 50,000 or 60,000 quarters might be delivered monthly in the ports of Gijon, Bilbao, and Santander; but when we allow for the carriers required to conduct the other business of the country, it will be seen that even this would demand more exertion than could under ordinary circumstances be accomplished. And in confirmation of what has now been stated, it may be mentioned, that during last January, when the greatest activity prevailed in the conveyance of wheat on aç-

count of the exports to England, about 3000 fanegas were daily delivered in Bilbao from the interior, being at the rate of about 18,000 quarters a month, working on Sundays.

The *Arrieros* (carriers, or muleteers) have long been accustomed to travel only on certain roads, and hardly any reward will tempt them to go out of their beat. On this account corn from the interior has usually to be loaded and unloaded three or four times before it reaches its destination. The honesty of the carriers and muleteers is put to the proof every day, and it is but justice to say, that goods entrusted to them are very rarely lost; though between distant places packages frequently pass through the hands of six or eight different carriers, without any receipt or road bill. The carriers are also the travelling merchants of the country, supplying the markets of the interior with every kind of produce in demand. In Spain there are no extensive corn merchants, as in England and other countries, whose operations, being conducted on a large scale, tend to equalize prices throughout the country, and from one season to another. The *Arrieros* engross this branch of commerce, contenting themselves with a moderate remuneration for the mules and servants employed. The merchants in the seaports speculate only on exportation to other countries, rarely on sales in the interior.

PRODROMUS.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, tired of heroic deeds celebrated in shallow verses, the idea was conceived of blending poetry and romance, and thus producing epics of common life.

Theodorus Prodrumus, who made use of this vehicle for insinuating a romance, lived in the first half of the twelfth century. Gaulmin says that he was a Russian by birth, but he passed the greater part of his life in Constantinople. He lived by his pen; but although he possessed considerable erudition and industry, he did not live very well. In his farewell to the Byzantines, on the occasion of his quitting Constantinople to follow the Archbishop of Trebizond, he talks of leaving a city where his literary labours had met with no reward. Prodrumus was a monk, and after his profession took

the name of Hilarion. "I write not like such," said he, speaking at one time of authors distinguished by elegance of style, "I am altogether illiterate, and one of those poor monks who possess nothing." He took good care, however, that this humble language should deceive nobody into a belief of its truth; as will be seen by the following passage, which is preserved by Chardon de la Rochette. It is translated from his diatribe against a person who had accused him of heresy on account of his excessive attachment to letters; and this, apparently, must have been written after he had become the "poor and illiterate monk."

"I am not," says he, "of low extraction; many people might envy me my birth. If I do not enjoy great strength of body, I at least exhibit no deformity. I have received lessons from the best masters; I have learnt grammar; I have studied rhetoric—not that which is vomited by your cold Simocateses and their imitators, but the rhetoric of Aristides and Plato. Were I not afraid of being accused of presumption, I would add that there is nothing in the philosophy of Aristotle, in the sublime conceptions of Plato, in the theory of numbers, or in geometry, of which I am ignorant. I have composed so many discourses, that it would be difficult to ascertain their number. I speak with fluency; but I have one defect which I will not attempt to dissemble—it is, that my tongue stutters, and sometimes repeats the syllable. Some people correctly imagine that this is occasioned by the difficulty it finds in following my fertile imagination; it hesitates, as if uncertain on what to fix; whereas, when reading the works of another, it experiences no embarrassment at all. If I can judge of myself, however, my tone, notwithstanding this defect, does not come off worst in dialectic discussions; on the contrary, it seems to hurl a thunderbolt against my opponents—or if by any chance it should hang back, my hand comes to its support, and my pen finishes the business."

VOLTAIRE AND DENON.

In the year 1775 M. Denon visited Geneva, and was naturally desirous to be admitted to Ferney; he accordingly addressed a letter to the philosopher, was immediately invited to supper, and was

of course kindly received, and entertained with hospitality. The young stranger made an ill return for the courteous familiarity of his venerable host, and proved himself an ungrateful guest, by the misapplication of that remarkable talent for drawing by which he was distinguished at an early age; he made a caricature of Voltaire, which was engraved and circulated in Paris. The subject of the drawing was much annoyed at the impertinent and unpardonable violation of the sanctity of social intercourse, and these letters contain his expostulations and complaints, which are conveyed with so much mildness, and such gentleman-like forbearance, that they give a very favourable impression of the disposition of Voltaire; but the tone, however subdued, shews how deeply the sensitive old man felt the insult. "*Je ne sais pourquoi vous m'avez dessiné en singe estropié, avec une tête penchée et une épaule quatre fois plus haute que l'autre.*" It would not be easy to give a reason for making such a representation that would be satisfactory to a man of honour. If such was in truth the appearance of Voltaire at that time, on that very account ought Demon to have abstained from the treacherous outrage.

GIULIO CORTESE.

GIULIO CESARE CORTESE, an admired Italian writer, both of verse and prose, was born at Naples, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, of gentle lineage. He repaired early in life to the court of Ferdinand de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, where he became a favourite, and soon enlisted among the votaries of the Tuscan muse. Having fallen in love with a maid of honour, of princely blood, he constituted himself her knight, but omitting first to ascertain her inclinations. "He followed her," says the commentator on his works, "wherever she went: persecuting her with sonnets and madrigals." The lady was haughty, and slighted the poor swain; who, one day finding her alone near a window in a gallery of the palace, made her a declaration entreating her to be *courtesan* to her poor Cortese. She resented his presumption, as warmly as Miss Coutts could do the persevering attentions of the accomplished Mr. Dunn, and was moving hastily away, when the

lover in despair seized her by the arms to detain her, but she, nought perplexed, freed herself, and taking off one of her high-heeled slippers, gave him a sound drubbing for his pains. After this, Cortese bid adieu to the court and to Florence, and returned to his native country; and, partly to revenge himself, he conceived the idea of writing a satirical poem, but, instead of court damsel, he took for his heroines the *vajasse*, or menial female servants of tradespeople of his own city. He wrote his poem in *ottava rima*, and completed it in five cantos, styling it *La Vajasside*. It was published in 1604, and went through sixteen editions in the course of the fourteen years that followed.

"*La Vajasside*" is a low burlesque poem, describing chiefly the greivelling and profligate habits of the Neapolitan populace, and as such we deem it untranslatable. As a picture of low life in those times, it contains some humorous and curious sketches. Action, properly speaking, there is none, unless we call by that name a sort of petticoat conspiracy entered into by the *vajasse*, in order to oblige their masters to consent to their marrying, and give them the customary dowry. One couple is married in the first canto, and in the second the bride is put to bed; on which occasion we have a description of the Genethliac mysteries, after having been initiated into those of Hymen in the preceding canto. Another marriage follows in canto three, and here we have an amusing account of a low Neapolitan wedding, with all its finery and trappings, and its more substantial provisions, especially in culinary stock, of which these people are seldom forgetful. In the *trousseau* of the bride we find the following articles enumerated: a kettle, a spit, a saucepan, a tripod, a bucket, a washing-tub, a broom, a platter, and a basket full of wooden spoons, a distaff and spindle, and plenty of hemp and flax. The bride was dressed in a gown of yellow stuff, her face painted or rouged,—for this vile custom seems to have been of old established among all classes at Naples; she wore glass ear-rings, and a mantilla in the Spanish fashion. A large company of relatives and friends assembled in the square of the district to witness the game of the gander, usual on such occasions. The poor bird's neck being well rubbed with soap, the young men

try to twist it and pull it off. Meantime a pickpocket steals a silk bag from one of the fair spectators, but instead of money finds it filled with apples, chestnuts, and a piece of sausage. At last, in the fourth canto, the principal couple, Ciallo and Carmosina, obtain the master's consent to their wedding, and we have a third marriage described; but certain sorceries of a wanton, who asserted prior claims to the bridegroom, have the effect of retarding the happiness of the married couple, until at last, by the assistance of Mico Passaro, a bravo and bully notorious in those times, the charm is broken, and matters end to the satisfaction of all parties. The language is congenial to such themes, and admirably calculated for the meridian of the Lavinaro and Puerto, the St. Giles and the Wapping of Naples.

LOVE.

(Translated from part of the Song of Spring, a Sicilian Anacreontic, by Meli.)

A MAIDEN fair that never love's fire knows,
Nor feels the gentle tumults of the heart,
Is like a lifeless, painted, waxen rose,
That ne'er does bloom, or balmy scent impart;
Its leaves expand not, nor its charms unfold,
Thus art thou, Phillis, listless, mute, and cold;
Feels not thy breast love's sweet and hurried throes,
Nor melts thy soul in flames, or sinks in thrilling woes?

But the dear glance of those deluding eyes
Betrays the silent secret of thy breast,
The warmth within the vivid ray supplies,
And in the tender look Love stands confest;
Perhaps the name alone awakes thy fears,
And wounds thy chaste and unpolluted ears;—
But lawful Love unfolds resistless charms
When pure affection's flame congenial bosoms warms.

From Heaven descending, Love itself first came,
Escaping from the blissful skies above:
Its charms its great original proclaim,
(For Heaven's first pow'r, like that of earth,
is Love.)
In its bright course it kindled Sun and Moon,
And earth and ocean felt the blissful boon;—
A secret joy lurks in the sigh sincere,
And conscious rapture in the sadly-pleasing tear.

When once the blissful sense of mutual love,
Shall reign triumphant in thy bosom's throne,
No longer will thy wav'ring fancies rove,
Nor any other lord save Love will own:
The past is gone; for that 'tis vain to weep,
The present moment prompts up joys to reap;
The lengthening shade, the rose's transient bloom,
The flight of time betray,—and our eventful doom.

As blissful Love its genial ray expands,
Relenting nature feels its sovereign sway,
The herbs and flow'rs that overspread the lands,
The teeming fields and smiling meads look gay—
Then, Phillis, dear, with nature sympathise,
Let Love inspire thy breast and melt thine eyes;
The present hour enjoy, as that alone
Belongs to thee and me; the past is dead and gone.

LUCIAN.

THIS Greek romancer is supposed to have lived in the time of Trajan and after; born in the year 135. He was intended to be a sculptor, but renouncing the arts at an early age, he left his native country, Syria, or perhaps Assyria, and repaired to Greece. At Antioch he studied rhetoric, which he taught afterwards in Gaul; but in the sequel, giving himself up to philosophy, he resided at Athens. Rejecting all the then fashionable systems, his aim was originality; but from his sneering throughout his writings at the dogma of the immortality of the soul, it is thought that he had some leaning to Epicureanism. In his old age he held an honourable employment in Egypt; some say the government of a part of the province, and others the post of registrar in a superior tribunal. As to his death, Suidas informs us that he was torn to pieces by dogs, in punishment of the furious zeal with which he opposed Christianity; but the story is very doubtful. His works were read, as M. Letronne informs us, by the very Christians themselves, who pardoned his want of true religion for the sake of his satires on paganism.

The Gatherer.

The Toad and the Monkey.—In Madrid, a newspaper is published under the title of "The Toad and the Monkey," and self-described to be "A Journal of offensive, revolutionary, and disgusting,—edited by a brutal society, and addressed to brutes."

Sepoy Superstition.—In the course of the late operations in Afghanistan, a remarkable effect of ferocious superstition was often witnessed. The Sepoys in the English service applied fire to the dead bodies of the enemy, that "the curse of a burnt father" might fall on their surviving offspring!

Hints to an Indolent Congregation.—“I like to see,” said the Rev. Henry Hughes, in the course of a very able sermon, preached at the church in Gordon Square, last Sunday morning—“I like to see a congregation with their Bibles in their hands, referring from time to time to the chapters to which their attention has been drawn, that they may not get into the habit of saying, thus says this pastor and thus says another pastor, but that they may know the truth, and say, ‘This is the word of God.’”

Remarkable Stream.—At the bottom of a wood belonging to W. Turton, Esq., of Knowlton, in Flintshire, is a rill of water which empties itself into the river Dee, and when a person strides across it, he is in the kingdom of England, the principality of Wales, in the provinces of Canterbury and York, and the dioceses of Chester, Lichfield, and Coventry, in the counties of Flint and Salop, and in two townships.

Royal Marriages.—In France it was an ancient usage when royal personages married, for nobles and others about the court to carry soups and wines to the bed of the bride and bridegroom several times in the course of the night. Henry V., on his marriage with Catherine, refused to interfere with this custom, in order to ingratiate himself with the French.

The lines on the buried leg of the Marquis of Anglesea are well known. A work called “*Quatre Mois en les Pays Bas*,” published in Paris, gives the following as the real inscription placed over the *detachment*:—“*Ci est enterrée la jambe de l'illustre, brave, patient, et vaillant Comte d'Uxbridge, lieutenant général de S. M. Britannique, commandant en chef la cavalerie des alliés, blessé, le 18 Juin, 1815, à la memorable bataille de Waterloo, qui, par son héroïsme a concouru au triomphe de la cause du genre humain, glorieusement déceidée par l'éclatante victoire dudit jour.*” And he says the following epigram has been added by some *bel esprit*:—

“Lorsque viendra le jour des morts,
Que j'aurai de chemin à faire,
Pour aller rejoindre mon corps
Qui doit m'attendre en Angleterre!”

“A weary day must needs be mine
When judgment-day shall come,
And I must march from hence to join
My corps that lies at home.”

When “The Conqueror” was lost, Abchurch, the only survivor of her unfortunate crew, had for some time one of Mrs. Thompson's children, a little girl, in his arms. The unfortunate mother had disappeared. “Where is manama?” inquired the child. “She is gone to Heaven,” the sailor replied. “And are we going to England?” the poor innocent asked. That moment a wave burst over her, and she rejoined her parent in the deep.

From the Gazetteer, Monday, May 9, 1774.—We are informed that on Tuesday last a tomb was opened in one of the chapels in Westminster Abby, in the presence of the dean, wherein was found the intire corps of King Edward the First, in his royal robes of silver and gold tissue, and a crimson one over that. The jewels that were about him appeared very bright. He held a scepter and dove in one hand, and a scepter and cross in the other, which measured between four and five feet long. They lifted up the crown from his head, and his skull appeared bare. His face and hands seemed perfectly whole. He measured six feet two inches. He died on the 7th July, 1307, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The above was mentioned in a book called “*Rymer's Fœdera*,” at the request of the Society of Antiquarians.

Profits of Receivers of Stolen Goods.—It was in the Court of Common Council in January, 1836, that there was then a boy, eleven years of age, in Newgate, who had stolen a watch worth 50*l.*; for which he got from the receiver no more than eighteenpence! This, however, was under the mark; but in a common way, thieves, it was stated, obtain but one sixth of the value of the property so disposed of. It would thence seem that robbers are in their turn most mercilessly robbed.

On a Late Present being returned.

Though snarlers may the Premier joke,—
Would they their ladies like to see
Accept from any one a cloak
Who seem'd determined to make “free?”

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The Mirror

OF

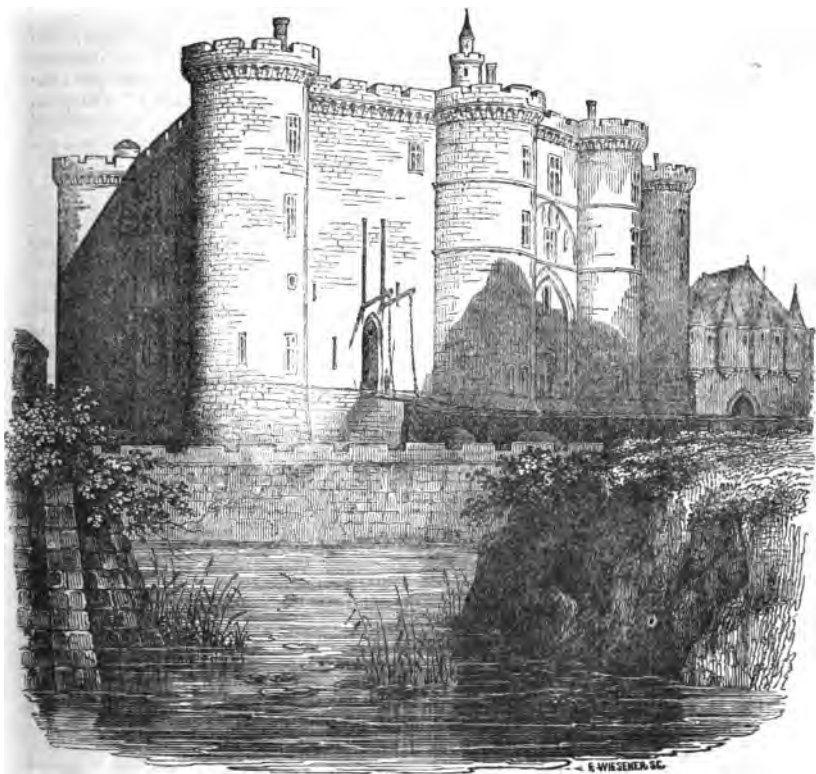
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 5.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

THE BASTILE.

A gloomy celebrity belongs to this edifice. It was built in 1369, and for centuries received within its walls the victims of heartless despotism. Here was known the extremity of human misery; here those whose courage or patriotism rendered them obnoxious to tyranny, found a living grave.

VOL. XXI.

To describe the horrors of which it was the scene, would fill volumes. The Man in the Iron Mask was among the unfortunates consigned to its cold bosom. That unhappy person is said to have been the twin brother of Louis the Fourteenth. Some modern soothsayer, having predicted to Louis the Thirteenth that, if his consort should bring forth twins, a civil war would be the consequence, the *paternal* monarch ordered the birth of the second prince to be kept a profound secret, and

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caused him to be brought up in the country, as the illegitimate son of a nobleman. When Louis the Fourteenth ascended the throne, the young man was said to have given some indications of a knowledge of his Royal parentage, upon which his brother, in the spirit of "the first-born Cain," or worse, ordered him to be confined in the Bastille and to wear night and day an iron mask, to guard against the possibility of his being recognised. The stern command was duly obeyed, and in this melancholy state the prisoner passed his days. Many who had the misfortune to offend the king or his mistresses, were at different periods torn from their families, and without any form of trial doomed to hopeless captivity in the Bastille. The building was assaulted, taken, and totally destroyed by the populace at the commencement of the French Revolution, on the 14th July, 1789.

SPIDER-SILK.

IN strolling through the Polytechnic Institution, a day or two ago, our attention was called to the beautiful machinery there employed in carding and spinning cotton. This sight, a rare one in London, led us into a train of thought upon the thousand ingenious contrivances of our race for the protection and ornament of the human body. From the hour when the first dwellers upon earth, with their own unskilful hands, interlaced the yielding fibres of the fig-leaf, to the present day, all the kingdoms of nature have been ransacked; and from the animal, the vegetable, and even from the mineral world, have the materials of clothing been obtained. The covering of fig-leaves soon gave way to the greater protection afforded by the skins of animals, slain in sacrifice, and for food. Then the garment of wool, white as the drifted snow, or dyed with the purple of Tyre, succeeded the covering of skins. Then the gay plumage of the Eastern bird led its thousand colours; and the bivalved *pinnæ* (a species of shellfish), on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, threw forth its many threaded *byssus* to be woven into garments;—and the shield, the scabbard, and the gauntlet of the warrior—the *calceus* of the senator, with its distinguishing half-moon, and the *calceolus* of the maiden, were all obtained from the animal creation.

The vegetable world has also largely contributed to our comfort and convenience in a thousand shapes:—in the painted mat of the Pacific Islander, the "fine linen" of the delicate Asiatic, and the gorgeous cottons of the English loom.

Nor must we forget that to the mineral world we owe the "fine gold" with which the garments, especially of bygone days, were richly embroidered. Nor must we forget the panoply of steel in which our warriors once clothed themselves, or the modern robes manufactured from glass, or the mineral *asbestos*.

In speaking of the various articles of clothing obtained from the animal creation, we omitted to mention two fabrics; first, the production of the silk-worm; secondly, the thread of the short-legged spider.

With the first our readers are well acquainted, but many will read now, for the first time, the fact that articles of clothing, resembling in their appearance, texture, and strength, the finest silk, have been made from the web of the domestic spider. No doubt most persons have observed, at certain seasons of the year, especially in August and September, small silken bags in the corners of windows, and other partially concealed localities, in our houses and outhouses. These are the bags in which the spider deposits its eggs, in fact it is the *cocoon* of that little creature; the filaments forming this mass being much stronger, and more glossy than those which form the usual web. They vary somewhat in colour; some having a greyish, others a brownish appearance, but can be bleached as well as silk itself. About a hundred years ago, a French gentleman, M. Bon, presented to the Royal Academy of Paris, and to the Royal Society of London, both gloves and stockings which had been manufactured out of spider's silk; and so enthusiastically did he assert its superiority, both in appearance and strength, over common silk, that the French Academy deputed a well-known naturalist, M. Reaumur, to investigate the matter. After instituting a series of comparative experiments, the following objections were urged by M. Reaumur. First, the natural fierceness of the spider: for when congregated together, for re-production, the little creatures waged an incessant and exterminating war upon each other, and the larger eat up the smaller. M. Reaumur distributed four or five thousand into companies of fifty each, in different cells, and the result just mentioned always followed. Secondly, he found that, on the whole, the silk was inferior in lustre and strength to that of the silk-worm. Thirdly, the silk, instead of being wound off the cocoon, as the silk-worm's is, must necessarily be carded. This is a serious obstacle.

There were many other objections raised in those days,—some of which were very absurd. Thus it was asserted that the web of the spider was poisonous, even when applied to the sound skin. But this

is erroneous, for the web has long been employed as a styptic in hemorrhage, and as an internal remedy (now exploded) in spasmodic affections. In fact, M. Bon was so convinced of the healing virtues of the spider's web, that from it he formed an ammoniacal spirit, which he dispensed under the name of "Montpellier Drops."

There are objections, however, worthy of notice. The first is, the expense of feeding the community of working spiders. We must remember that we can not put them off, as we do the silk-worm, with a mulberry leaf for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The spider is carnivorous, and must have his well-fed house-fly, and his dainty "blue-bottle" The trouble and cost of collecting a sufficient number of these delicacies, would interfere very much with the successful issue of the undertaking. The second objection is one of some moment. Some naturalists have denied that the domestic spider is venomous; but we are quite certain that the bite produces even more irritation than the sting of the nettle. This is a fact known to all spider-tamers; and we have ourselves frequently been bitten in our experiments, and have found the parts very much inflamed and swollen.

It seems almost a pity that this little creature cannot be usefully employed in spinning for us; for we find, from M. Bon's experiments, that the nests afford more silk, in proportion, than the silk cocoons. Thus, thirteen ounces of spider's nests produced four ounces of pure silk, two ounces of which were sufficient to make a pair of stockings; whereas stockings made of common silk weighed seven or eight ounces! "Seven or eight ounces of silk in one pair of stockings!" exclaims a reader; "ah, that was only the case in the good old times"—*loquitur vetulus*—"ere the country was deluged with the flimsy knick-knackeries of modern manufacture, and cotton velvets were made to look like silk."

Gentle reader, join not in the outcry against the discoveries of modern ingenuity, or the mighty improvements resulting from perfected machinery. It is too common for old women of both sexes, to teach as a sacred truth, that nothing in the present day is good; "the times are out of joint," say they; "mankind is degenerate, and talent died with the last generation."

Hoc monstrant vetule pueris poscentibus assem,
Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha et Beta puellæ.

JUVENAL.

The Greatest Navigators.—Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators? Because they are continually crossing the line from pole to pole.—*Punch.*

IMPROVED MODE OF APPLYING AMALGAM TO ELECTRICAL MACHINES.

PROFESSOR BACHHOFFNER, in his varied experiments with the immense machine belonging to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, having had occasion frequently to regret the loss of time, as well as the inconvenience attendant upon the old mode of applying the amalgam, turned his attention to the subject, and with most gratifying success.

In the old mode of amalgamating, it was necessary to remove the rubber entirely from the plate, an operation attended with much trouble and delay, and in many cases, from failure, interrupting continuity of an experiment, and the progress of a lecture. Not only did this occur, but the contact of the amalgam with the cushion itself destroyed its elasticity, and prevented that close contact with the plate upon the excellency of which a rubber depends.

The improvement pointed out by the Professor, whose experience and scientific acumen as a lecturer particularly fit him for such discoveries, is at once easy, simple, and economical. A piece of coarse brown paper, a little longer than the rubber, is to be well dried, and upon that a small quantity of amalgam is to be spread, barely sufficient to cover the paper, which, during the operation of spreading, must be kept on a rough surface, or it becomes too smooth for the purpose. The paper is then placed between the rubber and the glass, and the necessary power applied. Each paper will last at least a week, even under the constant friction applied to the immense machine with which Professor Bachhoffner experiments. The improvement is valuable; first, from the facility it gives for renewing the amalgam (and at a very trifling cost, as compared with the old mode) even during a lecture; and secondly, because of the increase of power this method supplies.

"A POINT OF LAW."

A. owed B. thirty pounds, and ran
To pay him like an honest man:
B. took the shining cash at once,
But thought A. paying it a dunce,
And he declared, in merry vein,
He'd make the noodle pay again,
Because he quite distinctly saw
That he could raise "a point of law."

A scamping lawyer (you must know
This was a long long while ago)
The matter kindly took in hand,
And very honourably plann'd
A scheme to make poor B. pay twice.
In substance this was his advice:

‘ We’ll have more money from his job—
Let blockheads on the highway rob ;
We will not peril blood or bones,
But get some twelve or thirteen drones,
Affecting oaths to hold in awe,
To help us with ‘ a point of law.’ ”

And now in conscious virtue bold
In court great Fumblewig behold :
The case is called, defendant A.,
Lord Fumblewig declares, must pay.
’Twas then A.’s son, a foolish youth,
Who weakly guessed the court-sought truth,
“ It has been paid ! ” exclaimed aloud ;
The judge frowned like a thunder-cloud,
And fain had crack’d the stripling’s napper,
For having thus let loose his clapper.
“ You show,” said he, “ far too much zeal,
(The wretch could for a father feel !)
Such wickedness no man e’er saw,
You don’t regard ‘ a point of law.’ ”

Now, with that dignity sublime
Which cheers the good, but withers crime,
He tells the jury, “ They will see
They ought to find for plaintiff B. ;
Injustice may indeed be done,
But they must take things as they run :
I, gentlemen, you must infer,
Sit justice to administer,
And, therefore, in directing you
A vile and flagrant wrong to do
Am authorized to play Bashaw,
And stand up for ‘ a point of law.’ ”

But here a saucy juror spoke—
“ Dread Fumblewig, you surely joke ;
Do you deem us a set of fools,
Thus to be made a trickster’s tools ?
When quite as plain to us the case,
As nose in your amusing face,
(Which I, *sub rosa*,* will maintain
Is most terrifically plain.)
Can it, I say, to us belong
To crush the right—uphold the wrong ?
Tell me, if I must understand
This is the law of Britain’s land ;
But let me add, such it’s behest,
Against it firmly I protest,
And by the oath I took to God,
I dare not his chastising rod
In righteous vengeance on us draw,
By heeding such ‘ a point of law.’ ”

His eyes here mighty Fumblewig
Turned up, just like a dying pig :—
“ You must,” he cried, “ take law from me,
And find accordingly for B.
Of being robbed, should he complain,
He may approach a judge again ;
But though he lack a bone to gnaw,
We, must uphold ‘ a point of law.’ ”

The jurymen retired, and they
Decided for defendant A. ;
In trickery they nothing saw
To consecrate “ a point of law.”

Then Wisdom spoke, a little sour,
“ Your verdict cannot stand an hour :

Teach roguery law courts to shun,
And all the land will be undone.
What if A. fairly paid the gold,
Am I for that, pray, to be told
In Court of Justice he shall be
Assisted who mistakes his plea ?
What’s ‘ Magna Charta ? ’ Empty wights !
And what the glorious Bill of Rights,
If these to filching in the dark
Restrict the cunning hungry shark ?
Are there among us who descry
That law is for society ?
I say, and hear my words with awe,
Society was made for law.
Let the accomplished creeping quirk
Boldly pursue his dirty work ;
The lying scamp may live in mirth,
The honest man be crushed to earth ;
But never, while he’s worth a straw,
Be spared where there’s ‘ a point of law.’ ”

LYNX.

Literature.

The Pictorial History of France. Orr and Co.

THIS is one of those books which is likely to receive but imperfect justice at the Reviewer’s hands. Its length makes it difficult for them to go through the whole of it at once, and the many calls on their attention almost render it impossible for them to take it up periodically, as it issues from the press, in monthly parts, so as to have a clear and connected view of its varied merits. We have, however, laboured to make ourselves acquainted with so much of it as has already appeared, and propose attending to it hereafter, as we think it is that which our readers will agree may be advantageously recalled to their recollection again and again.

Considering how interesting the annals of France must always be to Englishmen, we cannot but feel surprise that no more perfect history of our great rival in peace or war has been produced than any we have as yet seen. Independent of its political importance, it presents a series of wild and extraordinary events, which no imaginary incidents of an oriental romance can surpass. The heroes and heroines of its pages, in their stormy career, exhibit all that can inspire awe, move pity, or command admiration. Its early history is in no common degree striking, and the picture exhibited by the varying customs and habits of a great nation advancing, like the Israelites of old, through a *Red sea*—a sea of blood, from savage wildness to high refinement, is full of the richest materials for reflection. The statesman, the philosopher, and the painter of men and manners may read it with equal advantage. The early part of the work is by Mr Bussey, and it is creditable to his acknowledged talents. We extract

* Nosey (qv).

from his narrative of the severities to which the Knights Templars were subjected:—

“Every one was loaded with chains, and reduced to the most meagre and unpalatable diet; and when it was found that sufficient evidence could not be procured voluntarily to convict the assumed culprits, an inquisition was organised, and empowered to apply the most horrible tortures to extort confession. In Paris alone, thirty-six knights died upon the rack, maintaining their innocence to the last; while others, less able to endure agony, confessed to crimes which our reason convinces us could never have been perpetrated. Even those, however, who were entrapped into criminal admissions under torment, recanted in their dungeons, and nothing remained of trustworthy testimony, save the unimportant and well-known facts that the Templars were generally addicted to pride, avarice, and licentiousness of various kinds—vices, from which the king was no more exempt than these his persecuted subjects. As a specimen of the kinds of confession elicited, it may be noticed that Bernard du Gué, one of those who subsequently retracted, exhibited to his judges, while his feet were being exposed to the action of a scorching fire, two bones which had been magically extracted from his heel; and Americ de Villiers, while under excruciating suffering, exclaimed in the presence of his tormentors, that he had personally assisted at the death of our Saviour. Some others admitted that the devil was frequently present and presided at their secret orgies, making his appearance among them at times in shape of a tom cat.

“This persecution lasted for more than four years, when the council of Vienna decreed, and the Pope [on the 22nd March, 1312] confirmed the entire abolition of the order. The extent of misery inflicted by these unnatural proceedings may be estimated from the fact, that, at Senlis, not less than nine knights were consigned to the flames; and that fifty-four perished together at the stake [12th May, 1310] in Paris—all protesting their innocence of the offences with which they stood accused. ‘We have the failings of men,’ said the sufferers; ‘but to have been guilty of the wickedness imputed to us, we must have been incarnate fiends.’”

From the monthly part just issued, and which completes the first volume, we subjoin a portion of the retrospection:—

“Looking back from this epoch, we cannot perceive that, from the accession of Philippe de Valois, great improvements were made in science, except so far as regards the art of war. In connexion with sieges and battles, and generally with the

work of destruction, the advances witnessed in the course of a century and a quarter, were certainly of no common order. The fashioning an army in the form of a wedge, and entrenching the archers behind iron pointed palisades, were masterly contrivances; they led to great results, and were long the boast of the victorious English. Eventually they were over-matched by the science of the French. The perfection to which artillery was brought by the two Bureaux compelled a change in military tactics—a close approximation to modern warfare. Possessing great superiority in this arm, the French soon expelled their English invaders. Policy, however, did more than artillery. The prince who fled in dismay from Agincourt, gained more lasting triumphs for his country by the prudence which he subsequently exerted, than had ever been realised by the renowned conquerors of Cregy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. We cannot, indeed, while following the progress of arms, discover any strong evidence of the march of enlightened ideas. To say nothing of the extravagance of the claims advanced by Edward and Henry to the French throne, we in vain ask, when unexpected success was theirs, what benefit did England derive from it? It is humiliating to see that Edward III promised himself no greater reward for the splendid horrors of Cregy, than securing Calais as an English possession, that he might with the greater facility enter, at any future period, on a new career of devastation and bloodshed.

“We would, however, willingly suppose that refinement, and with it a degree of humanity, previously unknown, was the sequel to a series of battles. The noble generosity with which the Black Prince consoled his royal captives, and the boundless hospitality which awaited him at Windsor, as well as the high-minded tone in which Henry V soothed his illustrious prisoners, command our unqualified admiration. But the pleasure we feel in contemplating this pleasing picture is interrupted by the dismal butcheries, which the same great captains sanctioned, where less distinguished individuals were in their power; and they were no longer on a stage inviting the world’s applause. To the knight who personally fought with him, and beneath whose sword he had nearly fallen, the English king exhibited great courtesy and generosity; but he was with infinite difficulty kept from hanging the brave devoted citizens of Calais, who had fought for their sovereign, as he expected his subjects to do for him. Like exceptions may be taken to the conduct of Edward the Black Prince and Henry V. Irregularly great, if on one occasion they were enlightened and magnanimous, on

others they were mean and blood-thirsty. These, it is true, were English commanders, but their actions belong less to their country than to their age. The deeds of blood, the renewals of amity, in the everlasting struggles between the potentates of France, Navarre, and Burgundy, present nothing to indicate a general amelioration; and the exploits and fate of the Marceles and the Ardevilles bear out this view of the subject. We find the people sensible of oppression, ready to follow any influential demagogue who offered to be their leader. Extravagant admiration was followed by cold desertion or brutal violence, and the idol of one day was commonly selected to be the victim of the next. They were sensible of pain; they rose in vengeance against wrong, but fickle and essentially ignorant, they knew not how to seek the right. Always restless, they laboured for change rather than for reform. They were easily excited, and soon appeared or subdued.

"The national character of France appears to little advantage in the scenes to which we allude. Meantly crouching to a foreign enemy, the King of England was greeted with the cry of 'Noel' in Paris, and the greatest affection was expressed for the monarch they hated. The English were repeatedly invited to take a part in their quarrels, and alternately counted as protectors, and massacred or execrated as tyrants.

"Both in France and England superstition flourished as vigorously as ever. Edward III, during a storm, vowed to Heaven that he would put an end to the evils which he had brought on France, but thought little of his vow when the thunder had ceased. The French became bold as lions, the English timid as sheep, when the Pucelle appeared, sustained by 'her voices.' Accident made her the prisoner of the English; and then the frantic bigotry, common to both countries, made a horrible sacrifice of the guiltless enthusiast. It was not the wrath, nor the policy of Bedford, mean and hateful as that might be, which doomed the unhappy Jeanne to expiate her virtue at the stake, the learning and piety of France assisted in the atrocious murder. Gelu and Gerson were written to in the first instance on the subject of her inspiration. The former returned an elaborate treatise in reply, showing that her mission might be from God. Gerson does not appear to have denied it; yet neither he nor the other profound theologian had a word to urge in behalf of a suffering captive; and the university of Paris, influenced no doubt by Gerson, ignominiously laboured with fatal success to seal her doom.

"Nor was it only in this instance that superstition was in the ascendant, and its

shameless votaries triumphant over humanity. When Richmond seized the Sieur de Giac, it was not enough to accuse him of crimes against the state, but he was convicted of selling one of his hands to the devil! Such senseless cruelty, preposterous as hateful, forbid us to think that mental cultivation had made great advances among the people at large, as no personal rancour which might dispose a captain or statesman to destroy an enemy, would lead him voluntarily to appear ridiculous, as well as wicked. The charge preferred, though the accuser might not believe it, was one that he expected others would believe.

"In the habits of the people no striking alteration can be remarked. Literature, in the midst of the convulsions of the times, continued its onward course. The great English reformer, Wickliffe, gave to the world a translation of the bible, and the importance of his labours was soon acknowledged in every country in Europe. The clergy took the alarm in England, France, and Germany, and would fain have dealt with him as a heretic. Supported by John of Gaunt, it was his good fortune to pass through life unharmed. Not so his immediate followers. The doings of the council of Constance present a tale of mournful interest, in which we find all that was recognised as pious, learned and great, differing and at variance on many points, unanimous in the resolution to shed the blood of unhappy men, the devout John Huss, and the ardent Jerome of Prague, whose only crime was a sincere desire to enlighten their fellow men. The struggle of reason they hoped to put down for ever by the fires of persecution.

"The real offence of those martyrs was their joining with the noble-minded English reformer, Lord Cobham, to condemn the sordid and dissolute lives of the priests. That alone was the cause of their being pursued with such unrelenting hate. The bishops of that day held that the church of Christ would be in danger if its ministers were compelled to lead a decent life."

This history is not exactly a translation, but is founded on the Pictorial History of France by Burettil, and the fine engravings of the French work, to the number of four hundred, will illustrate it when completed. Of these many are very superior works of art. The eminent artists, Mr Newenham, Mr Lucas, and Mr Brown, better known as *Phiz*, among other judges, have pronounced on them a warm eulogium. The beautiful engraving of the Bastille which adorns our present number is one of them. We may possibly take a future opportunity of bringing other specimens before the readers of the *Mirror* to justify the character we have given of this spirited publication.

Italy. Classical, Historical, and Picturesque.

By W. Brockedon, F.R.S., &c. Duncan and Malcolm, London; and Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

THIS beautiful work has now proceeded to the thirteenth number; and whether we look to the choice of the subjects, by far the greater part of which are altogether new to the public, though representations of scenes of the highest interest; or to the admirable way in which they are engraved, the work is almost without a rival in the illustrated publications of this or any other country. The plates are upon a scale which enables the engravers to do justice to their subjects; and that the most eminent are engaged on the work is shown by the frequent recurrence of the names of Brandard, Cousens, and Willmore. Works of this class are too frequently looked upon as mere books of prints, and the text is often passed over; but we can assure our readers that the research which has been made for the information which the accompanying text communicates, and the interest of the matter given in illustration of the engravings, will be found infinitely more important and valuable than the usual character of this class of literature, and adds to the reputation of the artist and author, combined in the same talented individual.

We have learned that the work will extend to twenty parts, and that those which are to follow will contain many fine subjects, long promised by Stanfield, Harding, Prout, Leitch, &c., which are now in the hands of the engravers.

Miscellaneous.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE food of cattle is of two kinds—azotised and unazotised—with or without nitrogen. The following table gives the analysis of various kinds of food of cattle in their fresh state :—

lbs.	Water.	Organic Matters.	Ashes.
100 Peas - -	16	80½	3½
„ Beans - -	14	82½	3½
„ Lentils - -	18	81	3
„ Oats - -	18	79	3
„ Oatmeal - -	9	89	2
„ Barley Meal -	15½	82½	2
„ Hay - -	16	76½	7½
„ Wheat Straw -	18	79	3
„ Turnips - -	89	10	1
„ Swedes - -	35	14	1
„ Mangel-wurzel	89	10	1
„ White Carrot -	87	12	1
„ Potatoes - -	72	27	1
„ Red Beet - -	89	10	1
„ Linseed Cake -	17	75½	7½
„ Bran - -	14½	80½	5

A glance at this table would enable a person to estimate the value of the articles as diet. Thus every 100 tons of turnips contain 90 tons of water. But the value of the inorganic and organic matters which these foods contain differ. Thus Mr Rham states that 100 lbs. of hay are equal to 339 lbs. of mangel-wurzel. It would be seen by the table that that quantity of hay contained 76 lbs. of organic matter, whilst the mangel-wurzel contained only 34 lbs. One result of feeding animals on foods containing much water is, that the water abstracts from the animal a large quantity of heat for the purpose of bringing it up to the temperature of the body, and in this way a loss of material took place. The mode proposed by Sir Humphrey Davy of ascertaining the nutritive properties of plants by mechanically separating the gluten, is unsusceptible of accuracy. The more accurate way is to ascertain the quantity of nitrogen, which being multiplied by 6-2, will give the quantity of albumen contained in any given specimen of food. The following is a table of the equivalent value of several kinds of food, with reference to the formation of muscle and fat; the albumen indicating the muscle-forming principle; the unazotised matters indicating the fat-forming principle :—

lbs.	Albumen.	Unazotised matter.
100 Flesh - -	25	0
„ Blood - -	20	0
„ Peas - -	29	51½
„ Beans - -	31	52
„ Lentils - -	33	48
„ Potatoes - -	2	24½
„ Oats - -	10½	68
„ Barley Meal -	14	68
„ Hay - -	8	68½
„ Turnips - -	1	9
„ Carrots - -	2	10
„ Red Beet - -	1½	8½

The analyses in this table are partly the result of Dr Playfair and Boussingault's analysis, and partly Dr Playfair's own analysis. The albumen series indicate the flesh-forming principles, and the unazotised series indicate the fat-forming principles. By comparing this table with the former, it will at once be seen which foods contain not only the greatest quantity of organic matter, but what proportion of this organic matter is nutritive and which is fattening; or that which furnishes living tissue and that which furnishes combustible material. In cold weather those foods should be given which contain the larger proportion of unazotised matters, in order to sustain the heat of the body. Thus it will be seen that potatoes are good for fattening, but bad for fleshening. Linseed cake contains a great deal of fattening matter, and but little nutritive matter; hence, barley-meal, which contains a good deal of albumen,

may be advantageously mixed with it. Dumas, a French chemist, states that the principle of fat exists in vegetables, as in hay and maize, and that, like albumen, it is deposited in the tissues unchanged. But Liebig regards fat as transformed sugar, starch, gum, &c., which has undergone a change in the process of digestion. This is why linseed cake is fattening: all the oil is squeezed out of the seed, but the seed-coat, which contains a great deal of gum and the starch of the seed, is left, and these are fattening principles. The oxygen introduced by respiration into the lungs is destined for the destruction of carbonaceous matter, but there is a provision made for taking it into the stomach with the food, and this is done by the saliva. The saliva is always full of bubbles, which are air-bubbles, which carry the oxygen of the atmosphere into the stomach with the food. The object of rumination in animals is the more perfect mixing of the food with the oxygen of the air. This is why chaff should not be cut so short for ruminating as for non-ruminating animals, as the shorter the chaff is the less it is ruminated, and the less oxygen it gets. Chaff is cut one inch for the ox, half an inch for the sheep, and a quarter for the horse. Some might, in consequence of this, suppose that cutting food is, then, of little use; but when it is considered that rumination is a strong exercise, or that an animal will not be eating more food that is ruminating, it will easily be seen how cutting facilitates fattening. In order that food may be properly ruminated, it requires a certain amount of consistency and bulk: hence all watery foods, as turnips and mangel-wurzel, should be mixed with straw. The opinion is very correct, that an animal "cannot chew its food without straw." An important inorganic constituent of the food is salt; it is a chloride of sodium. Whilst the chlorine goes to form the gastric juice, which is so important an agent in digestion, the soda goes to form the bile, which is a compound of soda. The bile is, in fact, a secondary combination, by which the carbonaceous matter is brought in contact with the oxygen, in order to be burnt. It is thus that common salt becomes so important and necessary an article of diet. In the series of changes by which the oxygen of the air is brought in contact with the carbonaceous matters in the body, iron plays an important part, and is hence one of the necessary ingredients of animal food. There are two oxides of iron, the peroxide and the protoxide; the first containing a large quantity of oxygen, the second a smaller quantity; the first, on being introduced into the blood, gives up a portion of its oxygen to the carbonaceous material of the bile,

carbonic acid and protoxide of iron being formed; these two unite, forming a carbonate of the protoxide of iron, which, on being carried to the lungs, gives off its carbonic acid, and the protoxide of iron absorbing the oxygen brought into the lungs by respiration, forms again a peroxide, which again goes into the circulation, and, meeting with carbonaceous matters of the bile, unites with them and produces again and again the same series of changes. The small quantity, then, of inorganic ingredients in the food performs very important functions; and in the abstract of them, animals would die.

THE HISTORY OF A PLAY.

The fate of the new comedy noticed in our last, so far as it can be present known, is rather singular. Designed originally for the Haymarket, and the principal character written for one actor, it was not acted there, because Mr Farren did not approve of *Lord Merlin*. That gentleman might be justified in declining a part to which he could not do justice, but there is nothing in the role that another performer might not have undertaken with advantage to the theatre. When *John Bull* was in rehearsal, Munden refused to be the representative of *Sir Simon Rochdale*, but Mr Blanchard took it, and the play ran thirty or forty nights. In this case, because Mr Farren would not be in the caste, *Mothers and Daughters* were obliged to seek their fortune elsewhere. At Covent Garden it was represented, and if frequent laughter and repeated shouts of applause go for anything, the triumph of the author was complete. But when the curtain fell, instead of being announced for the next night, it was given out for Saturday. This notice was repeated on the following day in the bills, with the addition, that "the successful new comedy would be performed three times a-week till further notice." The announcement was continued till the close of the week. On Saturday, it was not represented, and other plays were underlined for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. It is thus dealt with as if it had been an absolute failure. Such a sequel to success our "young remembrance cannot parallel." It is the object of all managers to gratify the town with novelty, but this is a novelty which was neither expected nor desired, and one which at present is very imperfectly understood. We hope some explanation will be given, that it may not be supposed the writer of a play of great merit, when he has been honoured with the unequivocal favour of an audience, will find the laurels he has gained barren, and be taught, like Dr Johnson, to regard success or failure with rigid indifference.



THE ARMOUR.

SONS OF SOVEREIGN.



PRINCE OF WALES.



NEPHEW OF SOVEREIGN.



The Royal ensigns armorial are, quarterly first *gules*, three lions passant gardant, in pale *or*, for the arms of England impaled with those of Scotland, which are *or*, a lion rampant within a double treasure counterflory, *gules*; azure and Irish harp or stringed argent for Ireland. Above the whole, a helmet suitable to her Majesty's royal dignity, upon the same a rich mantle of cloth, doubled ermine, adorned with an imperial crown, surmounted by a lion passant gardant, or crowned with the like for the crest. Supporters, on the dexter side, a lion rampant gardant, *or* crowned as the former; on the sinister side a unicorn, argent, armed, crined and ungued, or gorged with a collar of crosses patee and *fleurs de lis*, a chain thereto affixed, passing between his forelegs and reflexed over his back, *or*, both standing on a compartment, whence issue two royal badges of her Majesty's chief dominions; namely, a red rose for England, and a thistle for Scotland; and on the compartment an escroll with this motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*.

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ATTENTION has lately been drawn to the genealogy of the Queen, who is proved by one of our contemporaries to be the representative of Woden. Without going quite so far back, the following tables will we believe be found correct. The dates mark the commencement of each reign.

ANGLO-SAXON DESCENT.

A. D.

800. Egbert, founder of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy.

- 836. Ethelwulf. (His four sons in succession, 856 Ethelbald, 860 Ethelbert, 866 Ethelred, and)
- 871. Alfred the Great.
- 901. Edward the Elder. (925 his eldest son, Athelstane.)
- 941. Edmund I. (946 his brother Edred, 955 Edmund's son, Edwy.)
- 959. Edgar. (975 his son Edward, the Martyr.)
- 978. Ethelred II. (The Danish line, 1013 Sweyn, 1014 Canute.)
- 1016. Edmund II., surnamed Ironside. Edward, designated the Outlaw. Margaret, married Malcolm III., King of Scotland.

It was by the union of Margaret with Malcolm Canmore, after the death of her

brother Edgar Atheling without issue, that the Saxon was joined to the Scottish line, which can be traced back to Kenneth Mac Alpin, or Kenneth II. From this descent proceeded as set forth below.

SCOTTISH DESCENT.

843. Kenneth MacAlpin, styled Kenneth II.
 863. Constantine II. (882 his brother Aodh or Hugh, and same year Grig, a northern chief, followed by Eoch, Kenneth's grandson by a daughter.)
 893. Donald IV. (904 Constantine III., son of Hugh.)
 944. Malcolm I. (853 Indulf, son of Constantine III.)
 961. Duff. (965 Culen, son of Indulf, 970 Kenneth III., brother of Duff, 994 Constantine IV., son of Culen.)
 994. Kenneth IV., styled the Grim. (1004 Malcolm, a Moray chief, usually overlooked or confounded with his successor, Malcolm II.)
 1029. Malcolm II., whose daughter, Bethoc, married Crinan, styled Abbot of Dunkeld, perhaps a Pictish chief.
 1033. Duncan. (1040 Macbeth, Thane of Moray.)
 1057. Malcolm III., surnamed Canmore.
 1124. David I.
 Henry, Crown Prince of Scotland.
 David, Earl of Huntingdon.
 Isabella, married Bruce of Annandale.
 Robert Bruce, claimant with Baliol.
 Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick by marriage.
 1306. Robert I., the Conqueror at Bannockburn. (1329 his son David II.)
 Marjory, married Walter the High Steward.
 1370. Robert II., the first of the Stuart line.
 1390. Robert III.
 1406. James I.
 1437. James II.
 1460. James III.
 1488. James IV. married Margaret of England.
 1513. James V.
 1542. Mary, usually styled Queen of Scots.
 1567. James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.
- It now remains for us to add the Norman descent of the Queen.
1066. William I., styled the Conqueror. (1087 his second son William II., surnamed Rufus.)
 1100. Henry I. (1135 his nephew Stephen.) Matilda married Geoffrey of Anjou.
 1154. Henry II., the first of the Plantagenets. (1189 Richard I., his eldest surviving son.)
 1199. John.
 1216. Henry III.
 1272. Edward I.
 1307. Edward II.
 1327. Edward III. (1377 his grandson Richard II. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, as representing the elder line.
 Philippa, married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
 Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
 Ann Mortimer married Richard, Earl of Cambridge.
 Richard, Duke of York.
 1461. Edward IV., the first of the House of York.
 Elizabeth, married Henry VII.
 Edward III. His younger line was represented by
 John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
 John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.
 John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.
 Margaret, married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.
 1485. Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, married Elizabeth of York.
 Margaret, married James IV. of Scotland.
 James V. of Scotland.
 Mary, Queen of Scots.

1603. James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, first of the Stuarts on the English throne.
 Elizabeth married Frederick, Elector Palatine.
 Sophia married Ernest, Elector of Hanover.
 1714. George I., the first of the Hanoverian line.
 1727. George II.
 Frederick, Prince of Wales.
 1760. George III. (His sons, 1820 George IV., and 1830 William IV.)
 Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III.

1837. VICTORIA, her present Majesty.

In tracing back the history of the human race, so far as the same can be attempted, inquiry in the case of many great houses, as in that of all great nations, is not abandoned, till it is lost in fabulous legends. The illustrious family which has now for nearly a hundred and thirty years been seated on the throne of these realms, appears in the well authenticated records of many ages. A crowd of splendid names adorn it, but, at length we arrive at a most fanciful story which gives the supposed origin of their famous appellation.

There is in it so much of the ludicrous, that we can hardly venture to relate it, in connection with the true history of the august ancestors of our Sovereign, but however wanting in dignity, it is too singular to be passed over. We give it copied from an old writer, exactly as it was published in 1714 immediately after the accession of George the First, and as it appears in the library of the British Museum. We must however observe, the quaintness of this style is in fine keeping with the matter. "I come now," says our author, "to speak of the original of the Guelphian family, the famous ancestors of the House of Lunenburg, Dukes at the same time of Bavaria and Saxony, of which they are the sole remainder. This family is derived from one Guelphus, whence the name proceeded. The son of Isenberdus, Earl of Altouff in Swabia, whose wife, called *Jermintrudis*, having accused a poor woman in her neighbourhood of adultery, and caused her to be grievously punished, for having twelve children at a birth, was afterwards herself delivered of a like number, and all of them sons.

Her husband being absent at the time of her delivery, she commanded the nurse to destroy eleven of them, fearing it seems the like stain and punishment, as by her instigation was inflicted on the poor woman. The nurse going to perform this inhuman and wicked command, was met by the old Earl, then just returning home in "a providential minute;" who asked her what she had in her apron; she made answer "whelps;" he desired to see them; she denied him. Angry at this refusal he opened her apron, and there found eleven of his own sons, pretty sweet babes and of most promising countenances.

"Examining the matter, he discovered

the Truth, and enjoining the old Trot to be secret in it, he put the children out to Nurse. Six years being expired, the Earl invited to a Feast most of his own and his Lady's kindred; and cloathing the young Boys all alike, presented them to their mother, who, by the number of them, suspecting the matter, with great Contrition confessed her offence, and was pardoned by the good old Earl, and afterwards she carefully educated her Children, whom the old Earl commanded to be called Guelphs, aluding to the Whelps or Puppies, which the Nurse told him she had in her Apron. From the eldest of these Guelphs or Guelps succeeded that Henry Guelph, son of Robert Earl of Altorff; whom Conrad II. made Duke of Bavaria; many of whose Posterity enjoyed that Dukedom, increased at last by the addition of the Dukedom of Saxony, in the Person of Duke Henry, surnamed "the Proud," father to Henry, called "the Lion," and grandfather of Henry and William, the first Dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

"It was from the Guelphs sprung the two Brothers, who maintained the two Factions in Italy which lasted from Pope Gregory VII., called "Hildebrand," to the time of Adrian IV. in the year 1154; for one of the Brothers, named Guelpho, stood for the Pope, the other, named Gibellano, declared for the Emperor. The Quarrel spreading and continuing for many Years, the two Parties were called Guelfs and Gibbelins, and at last became the Wonder and Amazement of the World, insomuch that some are of opinion that the Fiction of Elfs and Goblins, wherewith we used to Fright Young Children, was derived from hence; and whenever there were any Disputes for some Years after, wherein any parties engaged themselves in the Pope's Faction, they were called, by way of distinction, Guelphs, which appellations were much the same as *Whig* and *Tory* at this Day in Great Britain."

The writer then sets forth the succession of the family of Guelph, sons of Robert, Earl of Suabia, as Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, Brunswick, and Lunenburg, down to George, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg, then King of Great Britain, he having succeeded to the throne August 1st, 1714. They are thus enumerated.

I. Henry Guelph, son of Robert, Earl of Altorff; made Duke of Bavaria by the Emperor Conrade.

II. Guelpho, son of Henry Guelph, or Henry V. of Bavaria.

III. Welpho III., made Duke by the Emperor Henry IV.

IV. Welpho IV. son to Welpho III.

V. Henry VIII., surnamed the Proud, brother of Guelpho IV. by the marriage of Gertrude, daughter of Lotharius, the second Duke of Saxony also.

DUKES OF SAXONY.

1125. The same Henry Guelph, surnamed "the Proud," created by Lotharius Duke Elector of Saxony.

1139. Henry the Second, surnamed "the Lion," Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, son of Henry "the Proud," by his first wife Walldis, the daughter of Duke Magnus, added to this estate the countries of Mecklenburg and Lunenburg, which he conquered from the Solaaes, becoming by that means so great, that neglecting his duty to the Emperor Frederick, surnamed "Barbarosa," and siding with the Pope against him, he was by him publicly proscribed, his neighbouring Princes armed against him, and by their joint forces routed of all his estates, every one laying hold of that which lay nearest to him; by means whereof this great estate being parcelled and divided into many parts, the title of the Duke Elector of Saxony was given by the said Emperor Bernard Anhalt, son of Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg: so that he became the last Duke of Saxony of that name, and first of Brunswick.

BRUNSWICK.

1195. Henry, first Earl after Duke of Brunswick.

LUNENBURG.

William, first Earl after Duke of Lunenburg.

1213. Otho, son of William, Duke of Lunenburg, after the death of Henry, Duke of Brunswick, also.

BRUNSWICK.

1254. Albert, son of Otho.
1279. Albert II., son of Albert.
1318. Otho II., son of Albert.

LUNENBURG.

1252. John, son of Otho.
1261. Otho II., son of John.
1330. Otho III., son of Otho.

1334. Magnus, son of Albert II., on the falling of the other house enjoyed both Dukedoms.

1368. Magnus II., son of Magnus I.

1373. Henry, son of Magnus II.

BRUNSWICK.

1417. William, son of Henry.
1482. William II., son of William.
1503. Henry II., son of William II.
1514. Henry III., son of Henry II.
1568. Julius, son of Henry III.
1589. Henry IV., son of Julius, who married the Lady Elizabeth, sister to Ann, Queen of England, who was a daughter of Denmark. Frederick Ulrich, son of Elizabeth of Denmark and of Henry Julius.

LUNENBURG.

Bernard, brother of Magnus.
1434. Frederick II., son of Bernard.
1478. Otho III., son of Frederick.
1514. Henry III., son of Otho III.
1532. Otho III., son of Henry III.
Ernest, the brother of Otho, succeeded in his brother's lifetime, surrendering his estate for an annual pension.
1546. Henry IV., son of Ernest.
1590. Ernest II., son of Henry IV.
1628. Wolfgangus, the brother of Henry IV., and uncle of Ernest II. Duke of Lunenburg.

1634. Augustus, son of Henry, Duke of Lunenburg, succeeded on the death of Frederick Alredt, and the failure of the house of Brunswick in line, in this kingdom.

Ernest Augustus, son of Augustus the First, Bishop of Osnaburg, afterwards Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg, upon the renunciation of his elder brother, John Frederick, who turned Roman Catholic some time before he died, the eldest brother of all being the late Duke of Cell or Zell. The Emperor Leopold created the said Er-

nest Augustus an Elector of the Empire in 1692. He married the Princess Sophia, sister to Charles Lodowick. Rupert and Edward, all of them the immediate issues of the late Lady Elizabeth, daughter to King James the First of England, &c., by Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and King of Bohemia; by the Princess Sophia he had several sons and but one daughter, the eldest, George Lewis, born May 28th, 1660; Christian, born September 29th, 1671; Ernest Augustus, born September 17th, 1674; Sophia Char-

lotta was born October 1669, and married to Frederick, late King of Prussia, in 1684.

George Lewis, the present Duke Elector of Brunswick, now King of Great Britain, married November 1st, 1682, to his first cousin, the Princess Sophia Dorothea, only daughter and heiress to the Duke of Cele, by whom he had one son and one daughter; the son is now his Royal Highness George Augustus Prince of Wales, &c., the daughter is called Dorothea Sophia, married to the then Prince Royal, at this time King of Prussia, of Brandenburg, &c.



PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

AMONG the recent ornaments to our metropolis, Messrs Marks and Co.'s "London Carriage Repository," Langham place, is worthy of particular attention. It was established in 1789, and has, during the past year, been entirely rebuilt. The original structure, which was designed by Mr Nash, was considered handsome, but the elevation was lower than the adjoining houses. The new erection is a lofty façade, with a frontage of 105 feet, and consists of four private houses combined into one uniform design, the division of the building within being indicated only by that number of entrance doors. The elevation is of a striking character, and consists of a ground floor and mezzanine (or a range of low apartments between the principal first and second floors) within arcades, whose arches have ornamented mouldings, and spring from pilasters; above these are two series of windows, the principal floor and the chamber over it, above which are attic sleeping rooms that do not show themselves externally, the roof being concealed by the cornice and pierced parapet. The elevation is divided horizontally into three compartments by a slight break in the centre, which below forms the entrance to the "Repository," and has over that a single triple window, and on the level of the cham-

ber floor an open loggia of three arches. Each of the lateral divisions has four windows, and two entrances below. Though the façade is thus divided, the cornice is continued uninterruptedly from end to end, whereby the whole is united on the upper line of the building. The interior of the "Repository," from its lightness and elegance, particularly attracted our observation. After passing through the lofty entrance, the floor of which is ornamented by a tessellated pavement, a spacious area presents itself surrounded with extensive and ornamental galleries, supported by iron columns. The arrangement of light is judicious, and the end designed (that of exposing every carriage to the spectator's view), fully effected. "The London Carriage Repository" must be seen in order to be appreciated; but we doubt not that during the approaching season it will be a favourite place of fashionable resort, and the public spirit evinced by its proprietor meet with an ample reward.

A MERCHANT SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN the 'Stirling Saga,' published by the Icelandic Literary Society, among other interesting matter, we find a curious picture of what a merchant should be, written by

an Icelandic sage about the year 1190. It is a father who is addressing his son on the course he ought to pursue; and some of his hints, though seven hundred and fifty years old, if acted upon, would do no harm to some merchants that we could point to in the year 1843. The paternal sage thus discourses:—

“A great philosopher has said, ‘To fear God the Almighty is the beginning of wisdom,’ and shall he not be feared as an enemy but also as a friend, according to the answer of the Son of God to him who asked his council, ‘Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength.’ And though God is to be loved above all, so is he also to be feared when a man feels in himself a tendency to evil, for such desires must be controlled by the fear of God, whether or not we are influenced by the fear of man; and he who has learned this, and acts upon it, possesses the truest wisdom and the highest bliss.

“But you must well understand,” he continues, “the distinction between the true merchant and the self-styled merchants, who carry on dishonest practices both in buying and selling. The true merchant is one who exposes himself to many dangers—now on the sea, now in heathenish lands—and almost always among unknown people. He must seriously consider whither he ought to direct his thoughts, in order that his affairs may be prosperous. The ocean should witness his docile promptitude and persevering gentleness—wherever he tarries, in commercial towns especially, he should exhibit modesty and meekness, and win the kind affections of all people. He must have no noisy or troublesome companions—he must rise early—he must attend the morning mass at church, and seek the favour of Heaven by psalms and prayers. After thy night’s repose go forth to thy business. If the scene is new to thee, then is thy special prudence needful, and thou must study the manners and habits of the merchants, those who have the most honourable name and fame. Take care that thy wares, whether thou buy or sell, be honest and undamaged, and thorough be thy examination before thy bargains are closed. Seek witnesses to all thy contracts—discreet and honourable witnesses. Settle thy bargains, if that may be, before thy morning or mid-day meal, and, having settled them, prepare thy board with white linen, wholesome food, and comfortable drink. Keep a good table if thou art able, and when thy meal is over, take a short rest, or a pleasant walk, in order to keep thy spirits cheerful. Inform thyself as to the business that other merchants are doing, what new merchandise is arrived which thou mayest be desirous of buying. Returned home, examine and

take good charge of thy purchases, and see that they are not subject to loss or damage while under thy roof. If thy wares get injured, and it is necessary for thee to get rid of them, show the defects openly and honestly, and make the best bargain thou art able, lest thou be deemed a cheat. Set a fair price upon thy goods, not higher than is just, and thou wilt not be deemed a higgler (*mángari*, literally monger), and let not thy wares remain long on hand, as it is merchant-like to be active in selling and in buying, and in making many profits, and devote thy hours of leisure to study. Learn knowledge from books, and especially law books. In these last inform thyself thoroughly, and while thou art a merchant there is none of them so important to thee as the *Bjarkeij* law.* For when thou art well acquainted with the laws, not only wilt thou protect thyself against injustice from others, but secure thyself against illegal dealings towards them. But though thou art called upon especially to study the laws of other countries, thou must not forget to become acquainted with their manners and usages, and specially in the places where thou makest thy abode. And if thy knowledge is to be perfect, thou must study all languages, especially the Latin and Welsh (Provençal), which are the most widely spoken, yet must thou not forget thy mother-tongue.

“Accustom thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by over-exertion. Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of soul. Be kind and gay—equable, not changeable. Avoid evil speaking, and give good counsel to him who will accept it. Seek the company of the best men. Keep thy tongue carefully, it may honour, it may also condemn thee. If thou wax angry, speak little, and that little not vehemently. Men would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering, and other foolish prate. There are other things to be avoided like the fiend himself, as fulness, *i. e.* excess, gaming, dice, wagers, and other excesses. These are the roots of many more evils, and, unless great care is taken, will hand thee over to great shame and sin.

“When thy capital amounts to a considerable sum, divide it into three parts. Invest one-third with honest and able merchants, who abide in the best trading places; the other two-thirds divide in different plans, and employ in commercial journeys,

* The *Bjarkeij* law is the ancient commercial and maritime code of north-western Europe.

for thus it is not likely that in any case all thy fortune should be sacrificed. But if thou hast amassed very large stores of wealth, then employ two-thirds of it in the purchase of land, the safest of all possessions both for thyself and thy family; and thus, if it please thee, thou canst employ the other third in thy wonted trade; but when thou art satisfied, when thou hast seen the manners of foreign lands, and undertaken many voyages and trading journeys, thou mayst withdraw. Yet remember all thou hast seen both of good and evil, the evil that thou mayst avoid it, the good to profit by it, not alone for thy own benefit, but for the benefit of all who will be counselled by thee."

Some of the meek London merchants, if they were to buy back all the passionate words they utter with gold, would not very soon find it convenient to divide their capital into three parts. Conscious of this, how happy it would be if one and all, acting on the advice of the northern Solomon, would "keep their tongues from cursing, slandering, and other foolish prate."

LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE MR DRUMMOND.

THE assassination of Mr Drummond is an event which shocks the general observer of human affairs, almost as much as the intimate friends of the ill-fated gentleman. It now seems beyond all doubt the object of the assassin was to murder Sir Robert Peel. From the situation held by Mr Drummond—not prominent, but far from unimportant—he might reasonably have hoped to escape those perils which are

"To men remote from power but rarely known;"

but chance has ruled it otherwise, and the comparatively unknown Secretary falls instead of the far-famed statesman.

There was something deeply interesting, and we had almost said consoling, in the last moments of the sufferer. He bore the course of his indisposition with great fortitude, and almost denied that he was conscious of pain; difficulty of breathing was that of which he most complained. On Monday evening, at half-past six, a change was observed which satisfied his medical attendants that all hope of recovery must be abandoned; and the restrictions previously imposed were in consequence withdrawn. On Wednesday evening no pulse could be felt, and he then inquired, with a bland smile, "If all hope were past?" Mr Guthrie replied, that for him hope in this world was no more, and he must wholly trust in God. "Well," replied the dying man, "I have endeavoured to live honestly, doing as much good as I could, and I place

my hope in God's mercy for my redemption." Then turning to his sister, whose affectionate attentions had been unremitting, he said, "We have lived long and happily together, and in departing, my only regret is leaving you." He afterwards inquired how long he might expect to live, and being told "an hour or two," he said, "Well, the sooner the better; I feel no pain. That ugly French word *malaise* most fully expresses my burden." Shortly after he said, "Will it be wrong for a man in my situation to ask for a glass of wine and water?" It was handed to him, he drank, and in a few moments from that time, he serenely breathed his last.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ROUND- DOWN CLIFF BY GUNPOWDER AT DOVER LAST WEEK.

THREE different galleries, and three different shafts connected with them, were constructed in the cliff. The length of the galleries or passages was about 300 feet. At the bottom of each shaft was a chamber, eleven feet long, five feet high, and four feet six inches wide. In each of the eastern and western chambers 5,500 lb. of gunpowder were placed, and in the centre chamber 7,500 lb., making in the whole 18,000 lb. The gunpowder was in bags, placed in boxes. Loose powder was sprinkled over the bags, of which the mouths were opened, and the bursting charges were in the centre of the main charges. The distance of the charges from the face of the cliff was from 60 to 70 feet. It was calculated that the powder, before it could find a vent, must move 100,000 yards of chalk.

The following preparations were made to ignite this enormous quantity of powder:—At the back of the cliff a wooden shed was constructed, in which three electric batteries were erected. Each battery consisted of 18 Daniells' cylinders, and two common batteries of 20 plates each. To these batteries were attached wires which communicated at the end of the charge by means of a very fine wire of platina, which the electric fluid, as it passed over it, made red-hot, to fire the powder. The wires, covered with ropes, were spread upon the grass to the top of the cliff, and then falling over it were carried to the eastern, the centre, and the western chamber. Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Royal Engineers, had the command of the three batteries, and it was arranged that when he fired the centre, Mr Hodges and Mr Wright should simultaneously fire the eastern and western batteries. The wires were each 1,000 feet in length, and it was ascertained by experiment that the electric

fluid will fire powder at a distance of 2,300 feet of wire.

At nine o'clock on Thursday morning a red flag was hoisted directly over the spot selected for the explosion. The wires were then tested by the galvanometer, the batteries were charged, and every arrangement was completed for firing them.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the directors of the company, accompanied by Mr Cubitt, the engineer, proceeded through the new tunnel to the Abbott's Cliff Tunnel, where they inspected the works now in construction. Among the number present were Sir John Herschell, General Pasley, Col. Rice Jones, Mr Rice, M.P., Professor Sedgwick and Airy, the Rev. Dr Cope, Principal of Addiscombe; and others.

It was arranged that the explosion should take place at two o'clock. Exactly at twenty-six minutes past two a low, faint, indistinct, indescribable moaning subterranean rumble was heard, and immediately afterwards the bottom of the cliff began to swell out, and then almost simultaneously about 500 feet in breadth of the summit began gradually, but rapidly, to sink, the earth on which the marquee was placed trembling sensibly under the shock. There was no roaring explosion, no bursting out of fire, no violent and crashing splitting of rocks, and, comparatively speaking, very little smoke; for a proceeding of mighty and irrepressible force, it had little or nothing of appearance. The rock seemed as if it had exchanged its solid for a fluid nature, for it glided like a stream into the sea, a distance of about 100 yards, filling up several large pools of water which had been left by the receding tide. As the chalk, which crumbled into fragments, flowed into the sea without splash or noise, it discoloured the water around with a dark, thick, inky looking fluid; and when the sinking mass reached its resting-place, a dark brown colour was seen on different parts of it, which had not been carried off the land. The time occupied by the descent was about four or five minutes. The first exclamation which burst from every lip was—"Splendid, beautiful!" the next were isolated cheers, followed up by three times three general cheers, and then by one cheer more.

As a proof of the easy, graceful, and swimming style with which Round-Down Cliff, under the gentle force and irresistible influence of Plutus and Pluto combined, curtsied down to meet the reluctant embraces of astonished Neptune, the flagstaff, which was standing on the summit of the cliff before the explosion took place, remained afterwards standing and uninjured on the fallen debris.—*Times*, Friday, 27th January.

DIVINE WORSHIP IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE following is from a private letter just received by a gentleman at Windsor from the Rev. W. C. Cotton, chaplain to Dr Selwyn, the Bishop of New Zealand, dated "Waimate, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, August 18, 1842 :—

"I read prayers for the first time in Maowri (the native language) last Sunday, and got on pretty well. I shall soon have to preach in the same tongue, for the clergyman who has the charge of this place is going to a new station.

"The church is large, and built of wood. There were between 200 and 300 present yesterday. The dress of some of the ladies is rather curious. Fancy a fat old woman, with a coal-scuttle bonnet on her head, her face inside very much tattooed, with a bright scarlet shawl, a very fanciful printed gown, white cotton stockings, and showy sandals. This was a great chieftainess.

"The way in which the Maowries make the responses is singular: they all keep exactly together, so that their voices resemble a heavy surf heard at a distance. They will, I dare say, chant well some day when they are taught, but at present their singing is the most extraordinary and outrageous thing you can possibly imagine: they scream out at the very top of their voices, and in some of their tunes, when they go down from one note to a lower one, they make a most extraordinary slur, just like the sound produced from the violin on running the hand up. A great chief, called William Showe, who acts as leader in Waimate church, got down so low when singing a solo, that all that was heard was an indistinct grumbling, just like what comes from a grinding organ when a mischievous rascal has flattened a bar of two of the pegs. The grinder goes on turn, turn, wondering where in the world the sound has got to. Just so was William Showe's organ.

"I must say the blackies are very civil. I am in no great danger of being eaten, for they are all Christians here, and know the Prayer-book well, although I have to inform you that an old Pagan chief, called Terains, whom I saw on the river, made a meal off some of his enemies the other day."

"*Dun Him*."—The phrase "*Dun him*" is said to have originated in the success of a bailiff named John Dun, who lived at Lincoln in the time of Henry VII, and who was so successful in recovering debts, that when any one was backward in paying, it became a common question. "Why do you not *Dun him*?"

The Gatherr.

Bonaparte's Campaigning Library.—Bonaparte considered that he ought to be provided with a travelling library, as well as a moveable academy of sciences, for such was the body of savans that accompanied his army, and made out a list of the books he wished to take with him. Under the head of *politics* we find the Old and New Testament, the Coran, and the Vedam. Bonaparte never could spell, and his penmanship was as bad as his orthography. It was a riddle to make out this list of books—Duguesclin was written *Duceeling*, and Ossian was shadowed forth under the word *Ocean*.

Charlemagne's Cross the Cross of Victory.—On very solemn occasions the Emperor Charlemagne used a cross made out of the wood of that on which the Saviour suffered on Mount Calvary, to render victory more certain, more solemn, and binding any compact in which he was concerned. This is, perhaps, still in existence. It was carefully preserved by many of the kings of France. In 1468, when peace was made between Louis XI and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, Phillip de Comines says it was produced: his words are, "The true cross which Charlemagne was wont to use, called the Cross of Victory, taken out of the King's cabinet, the peace was sworn."

The Pacha of Egypt.—A letter, dated Alexandria, December 24th, says, "Egypt has become a mere corn and cotton field, and nothing more. The Pacha is in the Delta, or at Cairo, or in Upper Egypt, superintending his farms." This imputes a reform in himself surpassing in merit all the previous reforms which he is said to have accomplished.

Capeluche.—The French, for a proud and high-spirited people, have had strange popular leaders in their time. Passing over the furies of the revolution of 1793, we find in earlier periods of their history the butchers and the carpenters alternately gave law to Paris, which gave law to all France. In 1418, the great hero of a movement which then took place was Capeluche, the common executioner, who beheaded his prisoners in the public streets. The Duke of Burgundy (*John sans peur*) did not disdain to smile on this ruffian, and took him by the hand in the presence of a mob of citizens. He had, however, the good judgment to give Capeluche shortly after, a taste of his own art, for having got rid of the main body of the mal-contented, he made his valet cut off the head of the headsmen in the Halli of Paris.

A Cure for Hemorrhage.—Dr Negrier of Angiers in France, having cut himself under the nose while shaving, could not stop the bleeding which ensued, till he happened accidentally to lift up both his arms, when it immediately ceased. By subsequent experiments he most completely satisfied himself that this effect was produced by the action described.

The King of the French has sent Mr Moon a valuable ring, set with a brilliant, and a gold pencil case, which he has had the honour to submit to her Majesty and Prince Albert.

The late Lord Rolle coming to his West India property in 1838, emancipated all his slaves, 272 in number, in addition to which he gave them in shares the whole of the cultivated land, stock, and agricultural implements.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An extra Half-Sheet is given this week with *THE MIRROR*, without any additional charge, in compliance with a wish expressed by many Subscribers to avail themselves of the large circulation which this Publication enjoys in respectable families. Care has been taken that the advertisements shall not intrude on the miscellaneous matter. In the present number we have commenced a series of papers on the Origin of Royal and Noble Families, which, when completed, will be valuable as a work of reference, and as containing a series of most curious and interesting facts connected with the ancestry of the gentry of England. The present number will be found to contain articles of importance from new contributors, whose powerful assistance will enrich the future volumes of *THE MIRROR*.

"Enquirer" is informed it has never been our practice, nor would it always be an easy task, to reply to every communication which we receive. In future we hope to attend to our correspondents more closely. Questions on scientific subjects, the answers to which are likely to interest the public, will receive special attention.

"The principle in law by which robbery can be perpetrated with impunity," a "Theban" may discuss and expose. The facts can be described, but personality must be avoided.

The poems by "P. P. P." and "Fanny" are respectfully declined. They evince much purity and feeling, but want finish and power.

The origin of the Shaftesbury Family is intended for next week.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

BYLAND ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

BYLAND ABBEY is one of those relics of antiquity which remind us of departed greatness, and awaken curiosity not to be gratified. The names of many distinguished characters who once peopled this stately building, are doubtless

were wont to assemble. Such is the character of human greatness. However distinguished the warrior, the statesman, or the sage, his day of glory is limited to a brief span, and not only must he pass away, but even his memory, which in some exulting moments he flattered himself would prove immortal, also fades.

"Gone; glittering through the dream of things that were;"

"Bound to the earth he lifts his eyes to Heaven,"

at least are rarely heard of in connexion with that pile where once they

but, alas for the truth! is soon "no more seen," and then forgotten.

THE ANEMOMETER.

THE Anemometer, which is seen at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent street, is a meteorological instrument for self-registering the wind, as to its direction and force, and the rain, as to its quantity fallen on a given area in a certain time. A clock is attached to the apparatus to mark the time any of these changes take place; pencils are placed acting from this instrument, and marking upon a sheet of paper, which is divided into squares sufficient for the twenty-four hours, one square moving each hour: this part of the arrangement is placed in the building; on the outside may be seen a large vane to mark the direction of the wind, and underneath the point of it a pressure plate of a foot square to give the force with which it blows; there is also a rain-water gauge, three inches in diameter, by which the depth fallen is registered.

On the Thursday morning preceding that of the Friday which proved so fatal to the crew and passengers of the *Conqueror* and other vessels, the wind was due East, and remained so until a quarter past eight, A.M. It then took a N.W. direction, and at night the direction was N.W. by S. But the change taking place here was not very unusual, nor was there a pressure of more than half a pound upon the foot. Considerable rain fell during the day, and the mercury in the barometer sunk most unusually.*

At one o'clock on Friday morning the wind took the direction W. and by S.; and from two o'clock until noon, the mean was S.E. and by W. The pressure upon the foot was 6 lbs. The amount of rain which fell was, at ten, A.M., .25, or one quarter inch. After twelve o'clock noon, on Friday, the variations of the tempest can scarcely be followed; it veered through every point of the compass, and but for the Anemometer, its wild career would be unrecorded, except in its fatal and heart-rending results.

It is highly probable that we felt the effects of the storm in a much smaller degree than the inhabitants of many other towns did, especially Liverpool; we give this opinion, because the greatest pressure did not exceed, during the latter part of the day, 5 lbs. upon the foot, a comparatively small exertion of force. This may account for the few accidents which took place in London on the 13th instant.

On the 20th December, 1837, the pressure of the wind, at twelve o'clock noon, rose to 22 lbs. on the foot.

	* Flint glass barometer.	inches.
Wednesday, the 11th, at 9, A.M.	.	29,114
Thursday	.	28,738
Friday, the day of the storm	.	28,354

On the 16th February, 1838, we had a violent storm from the East. The maximum force was 19 lbs. on the foot.

On March 20th, 1838, we had a tempest, exerting a pressure of 23 lbs.

In the calamitous storm, which passed over these islands on the 7th of January, 1839, the force exerted by the wind was, at one time, 30 lbs. on the square foot.

From these comparative statements, it will be evident that, in the metropolis, the tempest was not unusually severe. However, we must not measure the mean intensity of any storm by its force in one locality. A careful analysis of the records obtained by Mr Osler, led that gentleman to conclude that the storm on the 6th and 7th January, 1839, was a rotary one, moving forward at the rate of about thirty to thirty-five miles per hour. The tendency of this eddy, or whirling of the air, would of course be to produce a vacuum in the centres, and a strong current upwards. The greatest intensity of this storm was across Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The theoretical view of the storm was deduced from a careful examination of the records of the anemometers, at the places referred to above, and has been singularly borne out by the evidence which has been collected from various parts of the country.

Mr Osler has been commissioned to place an anemometer, of the best construction, for the use of merchants, on our New Royal Exchange.

To show the power of the wind over a ship when taken by a sudden gust, we need only mention the force exerted upon the main-sail of a first-rate, that has canvas spread to an extent of surface of 4,704 superficial feet; taking the late storm at 6 lbs. would give a pressure upon it of 28,224 lbs.—and the storm of 7th January, 1839, at the 30 lbs. we get the enormous pressure of 141,120 lbs.—under such circumstances, no wonder we read of “her sails being torn to ribands.”

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. VIII. — THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

ALL praise be to the gentlemen of the law, for they are the true lovers of antiquity, and preservers of its relics! Who can look upon the old oaken doors of their chambers or the red-bricked walls of their inns, without admiring the scrupulous care with which they have been preserved?—Who can wade through the heaps of musty records, in their old English phrases and their old English characters, without glorying in the preservation of their ancient pages from destruction? But, if the gentlemen of the Law, as a body, deserve our thanks, to the gentlemen of the

Temple they are peculiarly due, for the liberality and taste with which they have re-decorated and restored the Temple Church.

Passenger! turn aside, for a moment, from the busy thoroughfare of Fleet street,—disentangle yourself from the living mass,—and in Inner Temple lane you will find the Church of St Mary the Virgin,—the only surviving, but majestic memorial of the grandeur, the wealth, and the piety of the celebrated military order of the Knights Templars. Pass beneath that elaborately-embellished Norman gateway, and you are in the "Round Church"—with but four exceptions, the only remaining specimen in England of one of the most curious and ancient styles of ecclesiastical architecture. Mark the groined arch, the rich cornice, the fluted column;—mark, too, yonder grim effigies, dressed in their coats of mail, as if ready to defend the honoured dust which lies beneath. Remember that all this beautiful and intricate work was executed seven centuries ago, when the arts were yet in their infancy and the power of machinery but limited;—and then say, does not its magnificence, its grandeur, and its beauty astonish and surprise you?

It was in the year 1185 that the Knights Templars of London completed "the round" of their church, and Heraclius, the patriarch of Jerusalem, being then, by a fortunate accident, in England, was prevailed upon to consecrate it, and the church was accordingly dedicated to "the Holy Virgin." But the grandeur and the wealth of the Templars producing their natural consequences, rivalry and jealousy, and exciting the envy and cupidity of those sovereigns who had before been the loudest in their professions of friendship and devotion, caused their fall and entire dispersion in 1311. All their valuable possessions throughout Christendom were forfeited, and their Temple in London granted by Edward II. to the Earl of Pembroke, from whom, in the next reign, it again reverted to the King, who conferred it on the rival order of St John of Jerusalem. In the time of Edward III, the Temple was granted to a Society of Students of the Common Law, in whose possession it still remains. The church was repaired in 1682, and again in 1811, but the most thorough and perfect restoration was completed in the early part of the present winter, at the expense and under the auspices of the Societies of the Inner and the Middle Temple.

How interesting are the reflections which crowd upon our mind as we look upon this ancient pile, and review the associations which it suggests. The warlike, the brave, and the pious of the middle ages have worshipped on the spot where we now worship,—their ashes slumber peacefully

beneath our feet,—and though its former possessors were hunted down and persecuted,—though centuries have passed away since the martial Templars were dispersed and despoiled,—the Temple Church yet stands, its walls yet echo the sound of prayers, and from it still ascends the hymn of thanksgiving. Proud and wealthy as they were—vain and rejoicing in their strength,—where are the Knights Templars now?—the work of their erection—the walls which they had reared, have survived them, and the haughty warriors are indebted to this last relic for a memorial of their fame.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

ROYAL AND PARLIAMENTARY TELEGRAPH.

WE are enabled this week to make a communication interesting to men of science, curious and most important in itself. Mr Cook, the joint patentee with Professor Wheatstone, of the Voltaic Telegraph, has been commissioned to lay down a line from the Paddington station of the Great Western Railway to Windsor Castle, and carry it thence to the Parliament Houses and Buckingham Palace. The effect of this will be, that on important occasions, when the Sovereign may be at Windsor, any intelligence of extraordinary interest can be transmitted to her Majesty in a second—nay, in less time. The voltaic electricity which governs the motion of the telegraph travels at the rate of two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in a second! This has been proved by the delicate instrument invented by Professor Wheatstone. The new and most singular arrangement will be of great value in connexion with the public service. When Cabinet Councils sit on momentous questions, her Majesty can be acquainted with the result of their deliberations as instantaneously as if she were present. When the Queen presides over the meetings of her Ministers in person at Windsor, it not unfrequently happens [that information on a particular subject may be required from the departments in London; and hitherto, when this has been the case, it of course became necessary to send an express to town to obtain what was called for, before the business could satisfactorily proceed. Now it, in most cases, will be procured while the Council is sitting, and indeed in the course of four or five minutes, which before would have caused a delay of as many hours. This will not only be of use on great occasions, but in a common way its everyday value will be considerable. During the session of Parliament, for instance, on every question of interest her Majesty can learn the division, or the progress made in a debate, one moment after the House has

divided, or any particular orator has risen to speak or resumed his seat. Thus a more rapid communication between the Sovereign and her Ministers for the time being will be established than has ever been known or thought of before. How desirable this is, seeing the immense accumulation of business which the course of events has produced in this great nation, need not here be descanted upon. We can

scarcely anticipate that it will be undervalued by any one. Those who hold that second thoughts are best, will surely admit that the first cannot be dismissed too soon by correct information; and this scientific contrivance largely contributing to the rapid dispatch of public affairs, must tend to the further aggrandizement and well-being of the country.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

As it is the object of this work to blend as much instruction, with amusement, as possible, we intend taking up a series of the most interesting subjects, which are in operation within this great metropolis. Among the many hundreds of thousands of visitors who have seen those beautiful optical illusions, the "Dissolving Views," at

the "Royal Polytechnic Institution," how few are acquainted with the arrangements of the apparatus and the simplicity with which its manipulation is conducted. We will, however, endeavour to enlighten the reader by a brief explanation. The light employed in their exhibition is what is termed the oxy-hydrogen light, and consists simply of a stream of the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, passing through a jet (*fig. 1, a*)

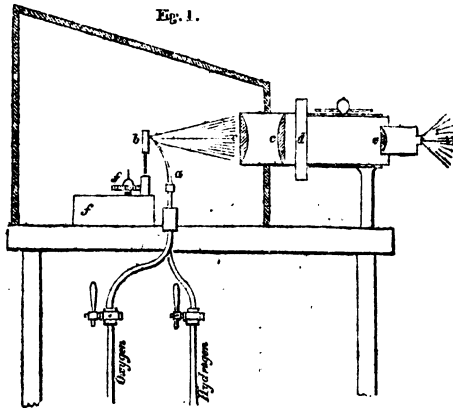


Fig. 1.

on to a cylinder of lime (*b*), which cylinder revolves by a clock movement (*ff*), the two gases being mixed exactly in the same proportions as the component parts of water, viz., two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen. These two gases, as they play from the jet, are ignited, and the flame is allowed to fall on the cylinder of lime; the heat given off by them is very great, combustion of the lime is the consequence, and the beautiful light (which is only a very brilliant spec on the lime) is the well-known result. The rays are now collected by a large lens (or two plano-convex lenses, as seen in the diagram (*c*) called condensers, and is thence refracted through the picture *d* (which is painted on glass)* intended for representation

through another lens (*e*) called the object-glass, from which it is transmitted on to the disc, for the view of the spectator. The operation of dissolving is conducted in the following manner:—In front of the two lanterns (for be it understood that two are necessarily made use of) is placed a standard (*fig. 2, a*) within which is

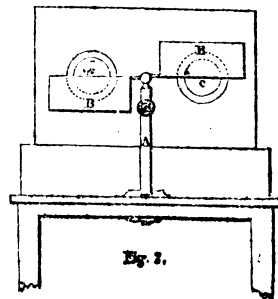


Fig. 2.

* Your glasses should be painted with transparent colours, as those of the ordinary magic lantern. Canada Balsam diluted, or thinned with turpentine, is a good vehicle to mix your colours with. The bladder colours will do, if properly selected, for ordinary purposes.

a rack for a pinion to act upon, which enables the operator to elevate or depress a portion of the apparatus called the fans (bb); these fans being placed (as seen in the diagram) in such a position that when one of them is in the act of passing over the orifice of one lantern (c), the other surface should pass away from the other lantern, so that when the two fans are in a straight line, with the centre of the two object-glasses, the picture has that beautiful indistinct appearance of the change of subject, which creates so much delight and wonder, each picture at this time having only half its proper modicum of illumination, consequently only an indistinct image of each is seen on the disc indeed it is simply like a person opening gradually first one eye and closing the other, and so on alternately; and as "Tom Cooke" facetiously remarked, when the *modus operandi* was explained to him—"then you do it like winking."

Let us now caution our young philosophers who might feel disposed to amuse themselves with an exhibition of this kind, that serious accidents might arise from in-

attention to the following facts, viz.: they must be careful that the gases in passing through the pipes from the two gasometers are conducted through a wire gauze chamber or rather a proper oxy-hydrogen blow pipe (which must be prepared on purpose), for should the oxygen gas regurgitate into the hydrogen pipe, an explosive mixture of the gases would be the consequence, and a serious accident might ensue. This apparatus is also used for illustrating the interesting lecture on the heavenly systems, which will take place during the usual season, on the commencement of which we shall give a further notice.

In places where it is difficult to obtain an apparatus of the kind described, two common magic lanterns may be used for a room when the disc is not more than eight feet in diameter, with the ordinary lamp-light; let the lanterns be both alike, and place them close together, and in such a manner as both shall give their rays upon the same field of the disc; you have only then to make a fan, as shown in the diagram, and your apparatus is complete.



Three bulls passant, sable armed or crest on a chapeau, gules turned up ermine, a bull passant sable ducally gorged or to be placed under the arms of Shaftesbury.

ORIGIN OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SHAFTESBURY.

BIOGRAPHY claims few more remarkable characters than Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. His father was Sir John Cooper, Bart., of Rickbarn, in the county of Southampton. His mother was Anne, daughter and sole heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley, of Winborn, from whom he inherited an estate of 8,000*l.* per annum. He was born at Winborn, July 22, 1621, and educated under the eye of his parents. At an early period he exhibited so much talent that extraordinary things were looked for from him, and the expectations indulged, were not disappointed in the sequel. When but ten years of age, his father died. At the age of fifteen he became a fellow-commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, under the tuition of the cele-

brated Dr Prideaux, who was then rector. He remained at the University only two years, but when he left he had obtained a character for great assiduity and extraordinary genius. He went to Lincoln's Inn to study the law, and at the age of nineteen became member of Parliament for Tewkesbury, in the year 1640. When the civil war broke out he took his stand on the side of the King. He was friendly to peace, and thought concessions ought to be made on both sides. Had his opinion prevailed, much confusion and bloodshed might have been spared to the nation. He is said, by Mr Locke, to have submitted to the King, at Oxford, a plan for treating with the Parliamentary garrisons. His advice was not followed, and he in consequence became an object of suspicion with the Royalists. Disgusted at this, he was

induced to consult his own safety by joining the Parliament cause, who received him most gladly. He raised troops in Dorsetshire, and, in 1644, rendered the party whose cause he had espoused some important services. The Royalists still looked up to him with hope, and he was engaged in private negotiations between the King and Denzil Lord Hollis, at the treaty of Uxbridge, for which he was afterwards called to a severe account in Parliament. After the battle of Naseby he attempted to abate the exorbitant power of Parliament. To effect this he encouraged the "Club-men," a body of malcontents, in several counties so called, to take up arms, and declare themselves a third party, and to insist on an arrangement which would restore them to the benefits of superseded law, and the protection of the Constitution. The plan was countenanced by some of the Parliamentarians, but disapproved of by Cromwell, who attacked the "Club-men," killed many, and dispersed the rest. The scheme, in consequence, failed, but Cooper does not appear to have suffered from it, and shortly after we find him serving the office of high sheriff for the county of Wiltshire. He afterwards became a member of the convention which succeeded the Long Parliament. In 1654 he was again a member in the House of Commons, and here the part he acted was singular and extraordinary.

A man thrown into such various situations must necessarily have many enemies. Such was the fate of Sir Anthony Cooper. He had, however, the consolation of being zealously vindicated by admiring friends, and though various reverses befel him, the result was not so tragical for him as for others who had pursued the same ambitious course. The truth was, he knew how to temper his ardour with patience, and to wait for that "tide in the affairs of men" which a greater than he had told "leads on to fortune" if taken at the proper moment. While Oliver Cromwell ruled the land he did not make himself sufficiently obnoxious to the Protector, to bring ruin on himself without advantage to the absent King, but, says his admiring biographer,

"With what admirable polity did he influence and manage the councils he was concerned in during the interregnum, towards his Majesty's interest? with what exquisite subtlety did he turn all the channels of their councils to swell this stream? And how unweariedly did he tug at the helm of state, till he had brought his great master safe into the desired port?"

Though he did not disdain to consult prudence, he would not tamely acquiesce in all the wrongs done to the people, under the profaned name of liberty. In 1656 it was tyrannically ordered by Cromwell

that those who were chosen by the people to present them should not be allowed to sit in Parliament without a certificate from the Government. A copy of the form of this remarkable document we subjoin.

"Comt. Bucks. These are to certify that — is returned by Indenture to serve in this present Parliament for the said County, and approved by his Highness Council. September 17th, 1656. Nath. Taylor, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery."

This was of course the subject of great complaint, and though Cromwell was then in the zenith of his power, Sir Anthony did not hesitate to join in a very determined remonstrance against his unconstitutional proceedings. In this the Lord Protector was not spared. The remonstrance says—

"We believe the rumour is now gone through the nation, that armed men employed by the L. P. have prevented the free meeting and sitting of the intended Parliament, and have forcibly shut out of doors such members as he and his council supposed would not be frightened or flattered to betray their country, and give up their religion, lives, and estates to be at his will, to serve his lawless ambition. But we fear that the slavery, rapines, oppressions, cruelties, murders, and confusions that are comprehended in this horrid fact, are not so sensibly discerned, or so much laid to heart as the case requires; and we doubt not, but as the common practice of the man hath been, the name of God, and religion, and formal fasts and prayers will be made use of to colour over the blackness of the fact. We do therefore, in faithfulness to God and our country, hereby remonstrate."

It afterwards proceeds to describe the doings of the Protector and his brother State Reformers in still more bitter language. It declares—

"They now render the people such fools or beasts, as know not who are fit to be trusted by them with their lives, estates, and families. But he and his council that daily devour their estates and liberties, will judge who are fit to counsel and advise about laws to preserve their estates and liberties. Thus doth he now openly assume a power to pack an assembly of his confidants, parasites, and confederates, and to call them a Parliament, that he may from thence pretend that the people have consented to become his slaves, and to have their persons and estates at his discretion. And if the people shall tamely submit to such a power, who can doubt but he may pack such a number as will obey all his commands, and consent to his taking what part of our estates he pleaseth, and to impose what yokes he thinks fit to make us draw in."

It adds of Oliver Cromwell :—

"But now he hath assumed an absolute arbitrary sovereignty (as if he came down from the throne of God) to create in himself and his confederates such powers and authorities as must not be under the cognizance of the people's Parliaments. His proclamations he declares shall be binding laws to Parliaments themselves; he takes upon him to be above the whole body of the people of England, and to judge and censure the whole body, and every member of it, by no other rule or law than his pleasure, as if he were their absolute lord, and had bought all the people of England for his slaves."

He was constantly in communication with the Royal party, and while careful to avoid giving offence to the ruling powers, "his house was a sanctuary for distressed Royalists." This transpired to his prejudice in 1659, and he was accused of "keeping intelligence with the King," and of having raised troops in conjunction with Sir George Booth to restore Charles the Second, though at that time Sir Anthony was a commissioner of the army and a member of Parliament; he was imprisoned, and had some difficulty in relieving his character from the stain of loyalty!

But a brighter scene now opened for him, and he had the honour of contributing to the peaceful triumph of General Monk. By Charles he was named a member of the Privy Council, and placed, says his biographer, "above his Majesty's royal brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and even General Monk himself, whom his Majesty used to call his political father," and about three days before the coronation he was created Baron Ashley of Wimbourn, St Giles's, and Lord Cooper of Paulett.

In 1672 he was advanced in the Peerage, and was made Earl of Shaftesbury.

He filled some of the highest offices of the State with credit, and in the year last named became Lord High Chancellor of England. In this situation his merits were unequal, but there is much to challenge admiration. A speech addressed by him to Baron Thurland, in 1673, deserves to be

honourably quoted. After strongly insisting on maintaining the King's prerogative, he manifested a most commendable and manly anxiety to save the subject from oppression. The exactions of the harpies of the Court at that period, rapacious and hateful as they have been proved at a more recent date, no doubt richly deserved the sharp rebuke conveyed in the following wise and humane suggestion :—

"There is another thing I have observed in this court, which I shall mind you of, which is, when the court hearkens too much to the clerks and officers of it, and are too apt to send out process, when the money may be raised by other ways more easy to the people. I do not say that the King's duty should be lost, or that the strictest course should not be taken, rather than that be; but when you consider how much the officers of this court and the under-sheriffs get by process upon small sums, more than the King's duty comes to; and upon what sort of people this falls, to wit, the farmer, husbandman, and clothier, in the country, that is generally the collector, constable, and tythingman, and so disturbs the industrious part of the nation, you will think it fit to make that the last way when no other will serve."

We cannot refrain from adding the conclusion of the same speech. It pretty clearly tells that the judges of that period were, in his opinion, a little too anxious to "prepare for a rainy day." The pithy exhortation which he gives them to live in a manner consistent with the dignity of the situations which they filled cannot but amuse. He says—

"In the last place let me recommend to you - so to manage the King's justice and revenue, as the King may have most profit, and the subject least vexation. Raking for old debts, the number of informations, projects upon concealments, I could not find in the eleven years' experience I have had in this court, ever to advantage the Crown; but such proceedings have for the most part delivered up the King's good subjects into the hands of the worst of men."

(To be continued.)



APOLEON BONAPARTE for nearly half a century has been a most conspicuous character in the history of Europe. After the numerous histories written of him, it might be supposed that little relating to him remained to be made known; there is, however, reason to believe that public attention will be attracted in a most extraordinary way to what is yet to be told and exhibited before many weeks are passed.

It is known that a Bonapartean museum is to be established, in which numerous autographs, connected with all the most remarkable periods of his history, portraits, busts, and a vast variety of rare objects will appear. (The proprie-

tor, a gentleman of fortune, has devoted a number of years to those researches after them, and expended many thousands of pounds to obtain them. The result of his labours has been to give him a much higher opinion of Bonaparte's genius, valour, and humanity, than he had at their commencement, and admiration has been raised to enthusiasm. He believes the evidence which he can bring forward will prove to any impartial inquirer, not only that Bonaparte was one of the greatest soldiers, but that he was one of the best of men.

During the war it was the business of many writers in this country to collect and magnify everything relating to Napoleon that could inflame the public mind against him. The charges preferred by Sir Robert Wilson, which implicated him in the murder of Kleber, and the poisoning of his troops at Jaffa, caused many to regard him with horror. It has been stated Sir Robert afterwards regretted writing on this subject as he had done. His French biographers treat the former charge with great disdain. That he accelerated the death of some of his troops who were in a hopeless state, that they might not fall into the hands of a barbarous enemy, has been justified as an act of mercy.

Bourrienne has recorded many noble and generous actions which, if he is to be depended upon, were performed by Napoleon. One of these we are about to quote, in which Bonaparte, it will be remarked, speaks from his secretary more opportunities for showing mercy to the unfortunate. Bourrienne writes:

"I had escaped for a few moments to meet Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On entering I found the First Consul in the cabinet, surprised to find himself alone, as I was not in the habit of quitting it without his knowledge. 'Where have you

been then?' said he. 'I have just been to see a relation of mine, who has a petition to lay before you.' 'What is it about?' I told him of the melancholy situation of M. Defeu (an *émigré* who had been taken with arms in his hands). His first answer was terrible. 'No pity,' cried he, 'for the *émigrés*; he who fights against his country is a child that wishes to murder his mother.' The first burst of wrath passed over, I began again; I represented M. Defeu's youth, and the good effect it would have. 'Well,' said he, 'write, "The First Consul orders that the sentence of M. Defeu be suspended."' He signed this laconic order, which I sent off instantly to General Ferino. I informed my cousin of it, and was easy as to the consequences of the affair. The next morning I had scarcely entered the First Consul's chamber before he said, 'Well, Bourrienne! you say nothing more of your M. Defeu: are you satisfied?' 'General! I cannot find terms in which to express my gratitude.' 'Ah! bah!—But I do not like to do things by halves; write to Ferino, that I desire M. Defeu may be set at liberty immediately. I am making an ingrate—well! so much the worse for him. Always apply to me in matters of this kind; when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to do otherwise.'"

'The History of Napoleon,' from the French of Laurent de l'Ardeche, now publishing by Messrs Willoughby and Co., furnishes many noble traits; but one anecdote, illustrated by the clever sketch which appears in this number, shows a kindly feeling, apart from theatrical display, to which Bonaparte was somewhat addicted, towards offending British tars, that claims our warmest praise. We give it as it appears in the work we have named.

"During the sojourn of Bonaparte at



the camp of Boulogne, two English sailors, prisoners at Verdun, escaped and reached Boulogne, where they constructed a little boat, without any other tools than their knives, out of some pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, in order to attempt to cross over to England in this frail bark, which one man could easily have carried on his back. Their labour being finished, the two sailors put to sea, and endeavoured to reach an English frigate, which was cruising in sight of the coast. They had scarcely set out, when the custom-house officers perceived them. Being shortly seized and conveyed back to port, they were led before the Emperor, who had demanded to see them, as well as their small vessel, in consequence of the sensation which their daring attempt had made throughout the camp. 'Is it really true,' asked the Emperor, 'that you could have thought of crossing the sea in that?'—'Ah! sire,' said they, 'if you doubt it, give us permission, and you shall see us depart.'—'I will do so willingly; you are bold, enterprising men; I admire courage wherever it is found; but I do not wish you to expose your lives; you are free; and more, I will have you conducted on board an English ship. You will mention in London, the esteem in which I hold brave men, even though they be my enemies.' These two men, who would have been shot as spies if the Emperor had not had them brought before him, obtained not only their liberty; Napoleon gave them also several pieces of gold. Later, he was fond of relating this fact to his companions in exile at St Helena."

Literature.

Russia: St Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkoff, Riya, Odessa, the German Provinces on the Baltic, the Steppes, the Crimea, and the Interior of the Empire. By J. G. Kohl. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE Russian empire is as yet but imperfectly known in England. Much to gratify rational curiosity is yet to be told. This work will afford the reader no small gratification. M. Kohl gives vivid pictures of the people. We hasten to quote a portion of what he tells of the higher classes. They, it seems, call their *canaille tshornoi narod*, which means literally, black people; but as *tshornoi* is often used synonymously with *dirty*, the expression may be taken to mean "dirty people;" in short, "the unwashed," and to this comprehensive class are considered to belong the peasantry, particularly when they make their appearance in the towns, the street rabble, beggars, and the common labourers.—An individual belonging to the *tshornoi narod* is called a *mushiki*,

In all uncivilized countries drinking to excess prevails. It is well known that, during the reign of Catherine the Great, drunkenness was universal in Russia. To such an extent was this odious and pernicious vice carried even in the best society, that it is recorded, at a party where the Empress was present, a written notice was put up that no lady could enter in a state of intoxication. M. Kohl says of Russia at the present moment—

"In the countless booths and drinking-houses in St Petersburg in the year 1827, brandy and other liquors were sold to the amount of eight millions of rubles; in 1833 to eight millions and a half. That gives for every inhabitant, women and children included, twenty rubles yearly for brandy, or about two and a quarter pailfuls. If we exclude the children, foreigners, persons of rank, and the sick, we may form an idea, what immoderate toppers there must remain amongst the adults of the *tshornoi narod*! The government is endeavouring to bring beer more into use, and thereby diminish the consumption of brandy. It is therefore consolatory to hear that beer is now better made and much more drunk in St Petersburg than formerly. In 1827 the amount consumed in beer and mead was forty-two thousand rubles; in 1832 seven hundred and sixty thousand rubles. In the last four years the consumption of brandy in St Petersburg increased in the following ratio:—100, 105, 110, 115, somewhat less than the increase of the population; the consumption of beer as 1, 3, 6, 11. The finer kinds of brandy and liquors show the greatest increase; a proof that the taste is more refined, and that the amateurs must be on the increase among the upper classes."

The picture furnished of the Russian character generally is, however, rather agreeable.

"Any other nation in the bonds of Russian despotism and serfdom, among whom such roguery and cheating were in practice, who were fettered in such a darkness of ignorance and superstition, and so plunged in sensual excess, would be the most detestable and unbearable people on the face of the earth. The Russians, on the contrary, with all their faults and sufferings, are very tolerably agreeable, gay, and contented. Their roguery scarcely shows amiss in them, their slavery they bear with as much ease as Atlas bore the weight of the globe, and out of their brandy-casks they swallow the deepest potations even with a grace. A disease in an otherwise healthy body manifests itself by the most decisive symptoms, while in a thoroughly corrupted system the evil will glide through all parts of the body without coming to an explosion, because one evil struggles with and counter-

acts the other ; so in Russia those manifold evils are not seen in the full light of day as in other lands. The whole is veiled by a murky atmosphere, through which the right and the wrong cannot be clearly discerned. Everything is compromised,—smoothed over ; no sickness is brought into a strong light, or compelled to a palpable revelation. With us the boys in the street shout after a drunken man, and pelt him with dirt and hard names, which raises a disturbance immediately. This is never the case in Russia, and a stranger might, from the absence of drunken squabbles and noise, be led to conclude that they were a sober people, till he observed that the absence of all attention to the fact is the cause of his mistake. To his no small astonishment he will see two, three, or four people, apparently in full possession of their reason, walking together ; suddenly the whole party will reel and stagger, and one or the other measure his length in the mire, where he lies unnoticed, unless by his brother or a police-officer.

“Our German drunkards are coarse, noisy, and obtrusive ; intoxication makes an Italian or a Spaniard gloomy and revengeful, and an Englishman brutal ; but the Russians, the more the pity, in the highest degree humorous and cheerful. In the first stage of drunkenness the Russians begin to gossip and tell stories, sing and fall into each other's arms ; at a more advanced stage even enemies embrace, abjuring all hostility amidst a thousand protestations of eternal friendship ; then all strangers present are most cordially greeted, kissed, and caressed, let them be of what age or rank they may. It is all ‘little father,’ ‘little mother,’ ‘little brother,’ ‘little grandmother ;’ and if their friendliness be not returned with a like warmth, then it is ‘Ah, little father, you are not angry that we are tipsy ? Ah, it's very true, we're all tipsy together ! Ah, it is abominable ! Pray forgive us—punish us—beat us.’ Then ensue new caresses ; they embrace your knees, kiss your feet, and entreat you to forgive their obtrusiveness.

“It is curious enough, however, that even in drunkenness a Russian's native cunning never forsakes him ; it is very difficult to move him, be he ever so drunk, to any baseness not to his advantage. The deeper a Russian drinks the more does the whole world appear to him *couleur de rose*, till at last his raptures break forth in a stream of song ; and, stretched upon his sledge talking to himself and all good spirits, he returns at length to his own home, whither his wiser horse has found his way unguided.”

Now for the ladies :—

“Since the Emperor Nicholas has introduced the old Russian costume for ladies

at his court (the gentlemen keep their uniforms), there is no other court in the world that presents so splendid an appearance on gala days. The chief garment is the sarafan, a wide open robe without sleeves ; underneath is worn a full long-sleeved gown. The sarafan itself is generally made of velvet, richly embroidered with gold, of different colours, and varying in the embroidery according to the rank of the lady. The under-dress is lighter in colour, generally of silk, and the long sleeves clasped at the wrist with gold bands. The hair is braided smooth, and adorned with the kokoshnik, a kind of diadem, crescent-shaped, with the points turned towards the back. This kokoshnik, richly set with pearls and precious stones, and from the back of which descends a long veil, gives every lady the air of a queen.”

On the subject of the Arts we read—

“The most celebrated artists of the St Petersburg Academy are Brülöff, Orlowsky, and Tolstoy.

“Orlowsky has devoted himself to cabinet paintings, the subjects from Russian life, which will long continue to afford abundant materials where the artist knows how to choose them. Orlowsky, the Russian Horace Vernet, is particularly famous for his horses, which he has studied in the Steppes. One of his best, and best-known pictures, is his ‘Courier.’ A Russian troika is carried on at full speed by three wild horses. The animals themselves are all fire and spirit, from nostril to the extremity of every hair ; the carriage rushes on over stock and stone through a whirlwind of dust ; the bearded courier sits upright as a dart upon his seat, firmly grasping the reins, and securely guiding the steeds, who fly onwards as if borne on the wings of the wind.

“Tolstoy is known as a sculptor ; his subjects modelled in wax are executed with the greatest precision and taste. The campaign of 1812 has been illustrated by him in a series of bas-reliefs.

“Brülöff is the most celebrated of the three, yet he has only produced one absolutely original picture, the ‘Destruction of Pompeii.’”

Ainsworth's Magazine.

‘WINDSOR CASTLE’ is continued, and illustrated with twelve engravings, embracing the varieties of curious, interesting, and beautiful. The ‘Introduction to Mr O'Connell,’ is a brisk “Much ado about Nothing.” In the ‘Town Life of the Restoration,’ Mr Bell, the author of ‘Marriage,’ and ‘Mothers and Daughters,’ comes forward. He is somewhat redundant in his poetical quotations, but this proves him thoroughly imbued with the

subject to which he has now turned his able pen. His pictures of the Strand when it was a bleak, rugged highway, and of Pallmall, when it was a stretch of neglected pasture ground, called St James's fields, are correct and striking; and as this Essay is marked Part I, we find in it goodly promises that the Parts which are to follow will be rich in information, and rare amusement. There are other articles of merit which we cannot particularise; but we are desirous of extracting 'Recollections of an Execution in China,' as valuable at this moment, from the insight it affords us of the manners, civilization, and humanity of our new friends.

"Soon was heard a loud hum, appearing to proceed from a distant part of the town: gradually it neared, and might be recognised as the clamour of loud voices, and the trampling of hurrying feet. In a few moments thousands rushed in through every avenue of the square; and in an incredibly short space of time, the large area was filled with a mass of people of almost every nation. Here and there were small clusters of English or American seamen, standing almost a head and shoulders above the under-sized Chinese and Portuguese; here, was a white turban—there, the showy head-dress of the Lascars, with their fine but savage eyes, peering like balls of fire from the mass by which they were surrounded. Not a sound was to be heard, except an occasional shuffling among the sailors, who seemed inclined to jostle aside the foreigners, that they might themselves obtain as favourable a view as possible. Presently was heard the monotonous rattling of a drum, and almost at the same time the mournful procession appeared, escorted by a few mandarins of inferior rank (and amongst them the one whom the culprit had wounded, and who carried his arm in a sling), accompanied by about twenty or thirty official servants. These pressed forward, the crowd eagerly making way for them, and ranged themselves around the table, the mandarins standing at each end. Lastly came the criminal, guarded by two well-armed Chinese soldiers, and looking as unconcerned as if he were going to his dinner! But his countenance soon changed; and on perceiving the instrument he trembled excessively, shuddered, and turned deadly pale: indeed he seemed as if, until that moment, he had not thought of the death to which he was doomed, and then the dread of it came upon him in excess. He was conducted to the head of the table, and immediately four of the officials, who proved to be the executioner and his three assistants, stepped forward and received him from the soldiers. His hands, which were tied behind his back by the wrists, were then

unbound, and in no very gentle manner he was lifted, or rather thrown, upon the table.

"The chief executioner now called aloud, inquiring whether any of the sufferer's friends wished a final interview. Immediately I felt a shock in the crowd behind me, and there rushed forward a man who, I afterwards understood, was the brother of the unhappy wretch; he was much troubled, but quickly produced about a dozen pieces of circular paper, about the size of shillings, covered with tin-foil. These he gave his brother, and then proceeded by means of steel, flint, and touch-paper, to obtain a light, which he held, that the prisoner might burn his paper antidotes against suffering in the other world. He did so; lighting one after the other until they were consumed: there were eleven of them. The brother then embraced him for the last time, and directly afterwards, setting up a loud, wailing cry, and covering his face with his hands, rushed amongst the crowd.

"The executioner now called again; and, as he said, for the last time, making the same inquiry. No one answered; and the culprit was then placed in the position in which he was to suffer. He was now dreadfully affected, and seemed almost dead with fright. The rope at the head of the table was then placed over his neck—his face being upward; the rope at the foot was placed over his ankles, and his hands were bound to the staples I have mentioned, by the wrists. Each of the executioners produced a handle like that of a grindstone, and fixing it on the spindle of the roller, stood awaiting the signal to commence their horrid operations. It was given by the wounded mandarin; and the rope over the neck was soon drawn tight. Still they turned—tighter and tighter it became: the sufferer's face grew black and livid—his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets—the blood spouted from his eyes and nostrils—his tongue protruded from his mouth, and was much swollen—his hands, too, were swollen almost to bursting—his ankles were broken, and his feet almost separated from the legs by the cruel cord. They wound the handles with extreme slowness, evidently anxious to protract the poor wretch's sufferings.

"During this time neither of the mandarins had spoken, or in any way interfered; and on looking at them at this juncture, I perceived on the countenance of him who had been wounded by Sam-se, a most diabolically malignant smile. As his foe's pain increased, so evidently did his pleasure. He seemed to drink in unutterable gratification in thus beholding the ignominious death and agonizing sufferings of the poor culprit. And in this man—this

mandarin, was fully developed the despicable character of the Chinese as a nation; diabolically revengeful, dishonourably crafty, and despairingly brave.

"The sufferer was now writhing in a dreadful agony. He raised his head, knocking it violently on the table; but on repeating this action two or three times, one of the executioners seized his hair, and held his head to the table. At this time a drizzling shower fell, and for a few moments the executioners suspended the turning. The rain, which visibly refreshed Sam-se, threw an indescribable gloom over the multitude, who had until now remained in awful silence; but now, when the prisoner's sufferings were thus inhumanly protracted, loud threatening murmurs arose, which caused a mandarin to command the resumption of the labour of death. It was now plain that the dreadful scene was about to close, for the sufferer was apparently insensible. After a turn or two more he heaved two or three short gasps, and all was over.

"On a signal from one of the mandarins the turning ceased, and immediately the rope was removed from the neck, showing the head almost severed from the body. The interval between the first and last signal was nineteen minutes! Such is their barbarous protraction of a culprit's sufferings."

Cold Water Cure, with Directions for its Self-application, and a full Account of the Cures performed by its Discoverer, Vincent Priessnitz. Strange, Paternoster row; E. Smith, Wellington street, Strand.

It is announced that the fourth thousand of this work is now on sale; we may, therefore, conclude that the public have not thrown cold water on the German peasant doctor. The statements here submitted we cannot vouch for, but they are most important if true; and the subject is one of sufficient moment to deserve the best attention of the faculty. Whatever exaggeration they may suspect on the part of the cold water cure discoverer, all that is advanced cannot be false; and the prevailing system of medicine in this country is not so perfect as to make improvement appear altogether impossible.

The Hand Book of Water Colours. By W. Winsor and H. C. Newton. Tilt and Bogue, Fleet street.

Nor for the public generally, but for water-colour painters, including of course those who wish to become such, is this little work designed. The writers have given much attention to the nature of the pigments or materials from which the artist

must draw his tints, and it will be likely to save the painter or amateur an infinity of experiments, by at once showing him the path to the result he looks for.

— Dr Southey, it may be said, is no more of this world. His lady, formerly the celebrated Caroline Bowles, in a letter to a friend, gives a deeply affecting account of the present situation of the poet of "Thalaba." He has been wholly deaf for the last two years; and all that his accomplished and affectionate wife can flatter herself with in regard to him is, that he appears to know her.

"Fair promised sunbeams of terrestrial bliss;
Health, gallant hopes, and are ye sunk to this!"

— Mr Braham has returned from America, and is again in the field as a vocalist. From the time he reached the age of fifty, certain papers have been pleased to amuse themselves with magnifying his years. They have now succeeded in bringing them up to seventy or eighty, and are likely soon to reach a hundred. The lovers of song will perhaps be consoled to know that Mr Braham originally came out at the Royalty, as a boy, in 1789, being then nine or ten years of age. He must therefore now be about sixty-four.

Miscellaneous.

GHOSTS.

It is astonishing how little we hear of ghosts now-a-days, at least in London. The provinces, we believe, are not exactly in the same situation. Spectres, like popular plays and exhibitions, having had their day (night, perhaps, we ought to say, speaking of shadows of the departed) in the capital, are withdrawn for the amusement of those who reside in the country. Even there, however, they seem to have almost had their run, as many months have elapsed since the last well-attested supernatural visitation was recorded.

Yet there were periods when any remarkable tragedy was almost invariably followed by startling apparitions, and for centuries this was believed generally to occur when the victim or victims who had fallen had not been duly interred in consecrated ground. Such a persuasion in the middle ages, it has been insinuated by some modern writers, originated in the interested representations of the clergy, who, in favouring such ideas, had a view to their own benefit. It is, however, in proof that a like feeling prevailed at a much earlier date than that supposed; if not in favour of consecrated ground, at least in favour of consecrating fire.

Suetonius Tranquillus, as translated by Philemon Holland, in describing the end of

Caius Cæsar Caligula, A. U. C. 794, offers the following authentic narration:—

“Upon the ninth day before the Kalends of Februarie about one of the clocke after noone: Doubting with himselfe, whether he should rise to dinner or no? (for that his stomacke was yet rawe and weake upon a surfait of meate taken the day before), at last by the peaswasion of his friends hee went forth. Now, when as in the very cloisture through which hee was to passe certaine boyes of noble birth sent for out of Asia (to sing Himnes, and to skirmish martially upon the Stage) were preparing themselves, he stood still and staid there to view and encourage them. And but that the leader and chiefetaine of that crew, said, He was very cold, hee would have returned and presently exhibited that shew. But what befell after this, is reported two manner of waies. Some say, that as he spake unto the said boyes, Chærea came behind his back, and with a drawing blow grievously wounded his neck with the edge of his sword, giving him these words before, *Hoc age*, i. “Mind this:” Whereupon, Cornelius Sabinus, another of the Conspiratours, encountered him a-front, and ranne him through in the brest. Others write, that Sabinus, after the multitude about him was avoided by the Centurions (who were privie to the Conspiracie) called for a watch-word, as the manner is of souldiers, and when Caius gave him the word, Jupiter, Chærea cryed out alowde, *Acciperatum*, i. “Here take it sure:” and with that, as he looked behind him, with one slash, cut his chaw quite thorough: Also as he lay on the ground and drawing up his limmes together cry:d still, That he was yet alive, the rest of their complices with thirtie wounds dispatched and made an end of him. For this mot, *Repete*, i. “Strike againe,” was the signal of them all. At the very first noise and outcrie, his lictor-bearers came running to helpe, with their lictor-staves: Soone after, the Germans that were the squires of his bodie came in, and as they slew some of the murderers, so they killed certaine Senatours also that were meere innocent.

“He lived 29 yeares, and ruled the Empire three yeares, 18 moneths and 8 dayes. His dead corps was conveyed secretly into the Lamian hortyards, where being scorched onely, or halfe burnt in a tumultuary and hasty funerall fire, covered it was with a few turfs of earth lightly cast over it: but afterwards, by his sisters now returned out of exile, taken up, burnt to ashes and entered. It is for certain known and reputed, that before this Complement was performed, the keepers of those hortyards were troubled with the walking of spirits and ghosts: and in that very house wherein he was murdred there passed not

a night without some terror or fearfull object, until the very house it selfe was consumed with fire. There dyed together with him, both his Wife Cæsonia, stabbed with a sword by a Centurion, and also a daughter of his, whose braines were dashed out against a wall.”

Hence it is perfectly evident that the dead of antiquity were supposed to be quite as restless while their mortal remains were unburnt, as the more modern dead could be, of not being committed to consecrated ground. By whom the belief was first entertained it is not easy to prove; but it is quite certain that Christian ministers had nothing to do with the impostor.

German men are either writers of poetry and romance, or of strictly scientific and philosophical matters, and such things as female writers of first-rate eminence are extremely rare. A Caroline Pichler, a Grafin Hahn-Hahn, a Bettina von Arnim, a daughter of Tieck translating Shakspeare, are rare exceptions. In fact, literary ladies are looked upon as a sort of pretty monsters: and, accordingly, such a series of fine-minded and noble-minded and glorious women as adorn the world of English literature, do not, and cannot, exist in Germany. — *Rural and Domestic Life in Germany.*

HOW TO MAKE A LORD MAYOR.

TAKE some thousands of guineas, with a quantity of India Bonds, Bank Stock, Railway or Mining Shares, a calf's head, turtle soup, champagne, old port, and a loving cup; cover these with a scarlet cloak, and secure the same with a golden chain; mix altogether till they form one mass in which none of the ingredients can be distinctly marked but the scarlet cloak, the golden chain, and the hue of the red port. Place the whole on a bench to settle, under the care of a Marshal; add a little wisdom and wit, or if these are not handy, a few slices of Mr Hobler and essence of Tom Hains will do as well. Half-a-dozen penny-a-liners must then be thrown in, and the preparation will be immediately fit for use.

HOW MR TITE CAME TO BUILD THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

'Twas asked, who should erect this pile,
When Lambert Jones, the City wight,
Thinking of something else the while,
Exclaimed, “the ablest, Blow mel Tite!”

WOOD PAVEMENT.

Sir Peter Laurie, it is understood,
Has awful things of the new pavement said;
Contending there is mischief dire in wood.
How could so hard a thought approach his head!

GARDENING HINTS.

To Kill Insects for the Cabinet.—For such Coleoptera, Dermaptera, Orthoptera, Hemiptera, and Homoptera, as have not bright colours, the readiest way is to shake them out of the boxes into which they have been collected, into a cup of boiling water; then lay them upon blotting-paper, to absorb the moisture. For gay-coloured species of these orders, and such Hymenoptera and Diptera as will allow of the ordinary mode of setting by means of a pin passed through them, plunge the box, if of tin, into the boiling water, or hold them to a fire for a few moments without removing the lids. All the Lepidoptera, except the small Tortricidæ and Tineidæ, and all the Neuroptera, Trichoptera, the larger Hymenoptera, and Diptera, and indeed any insect, may be most expeditiously killed, by piercing the under side of the thorax of the specimen with a pointed quill dipped in a saturated solution of oxalic acid. To kill minute Lepidoptera, which are collected into separate pill-boxes, elevate the lid of each box a little, and pile the boxes thus partially opened under a large tumbler or bell-glass, and burn a brimstone match underneath. Such minute Hymenoptera and Diptera as are mounted on pieces of card-board for the cabinet should be thrown into boiling water, as directed for the majority of the Coleoptera, &c.; judgment ought to be used in placing different genera into one bottle or box, or he may find, after a hard day's collecting, that a Cicindela or Crabro has industriously converted his collection of insects into one of mere legs and wings. In using spirits of wine and corrosive sublimate to kill mites, &c., the loss or change of every bright colour will be the result. The safe plan is to bake the infected insect for a few minutes in a slow oven or in a tin-box.

Egyptian Silk.—There is a plant very common on the banks of the Nile, both in Upper Egypt and Nubia, and at Dongola. The silk is manufactured into cords and other substances of domestic use. It usually grows four or five feet high, has largish leaves, which generally have the appearance of being sprinkled with white powder, and bears star-shaped purple flowers, with white eyes, about the size of Auriculas. The pod, when green, has the appearance of a large green peach, but is quite empty with the exception of a small core containing the seeds (enveloped in the silk), which is attached to the skin by small fibres. It is called by the Arabs "Oshour." [This is the *Asclepias* (now called *Calotropis gigantea*, which Forskahl tells us is called by the Arabs "Oshar." It is too tender to live out of

a greenhouse in this country. The silky substance surrounding the seeds is of beautiful texture.]

Cabul.—Several ancient writers describe the Macedonians, under Alexander, to have been thrown into an extacy of delight at the discovery of ivy at Nisa (which is generally believed to be the Cabul country), where alone it was to be found in the East. The Silphium, spoken of by Arrian, has been conjectured by the late lamented Sir A. Burnes to be the *Assafetida* which abounds about Cabul; and from him we learn that grapes are there so plentiful as to be given to the cattle for three months of the year. This circumstance is a strong corroboration of the identity of Cabul with Nisa, the birth-place and favoured spot of Bacchus.

—When the peaches and apricots are just ready to open their blossoms, you must be ready too with a wash of lime, soot, sulphur, and soft soap, to paint them all over. The later this is done the better. For the other trees on the wall, or in the orchard, six weeks hence will be time enough to wash them; but for any of those on which you have noticed any red spider for the last season or two, you must mix a portion of sulphur with the soot and lime.

—Let not another day pass without uncovering half-hardy plants that have been so thickly covered in anticipation of a hard winter. Let there be no delicacy at all about this matter; strip them all; and if you find that any of the shoots or eyes have made a blanched growth, cut them off, and leave the plants quite exposed; but keep the coverings at hand, to be put on whenever the thermometer falls four or five degrees below freezing. If you hear anything about "sudden changes," say they are very dangerous on paper, but harmless in the open air, this mild season. —*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Nitrate of Soda.—The rate at which this has been successfully applied to strawberries is 3 oz. to the square yard. The proper season for using it is when the plants are just beginning to grow.

Verbenas.—If Verbenas are wanted for blooming in pots, they should be kept regularly shifted into pots of a larger size as they require it, and should be grown either in a pit or greenhouse, where they receive the full benefit of the sun and air. Any tree, rich soil will suit them.

Gravel Walks.—The best method of extirpating grass which springs up from beneath a gravel walk, and spreads over its surface, is to break up the walk and pick out carefully all the under-ground runners which may be met with. Where it is not desirable to disturb the walk, the best way is to spread salt in considerable

quantities over its whole surface; and if after the first application it is found that portions of the grass still exist, let another coating of salt be applied, which will effectually destroy it. Care must be taken, however, if the walk is edged with Box, that the salt does not come in contact with it, otherwise it will destroy the edging also.

Tulips.—Tulip-beds require to be protected from frost, rain, and snow. If they are covered in mild, open weather, the plants will become drawn, and will consequently flower weakly.

The Gatherr.

Woollett the Engraver.—Miss Elizabeth Sophia Woollett, the daughter of the celebrated engraver of that name, is now, at the age of seventy, among the applicants to the National Benevolent Institution for relief. Mr Woollett died in 1785. In 1817 the family were driven by necessity to make over to Messrs Hurst and Robinson, publishers, all Mr Woollett's plates and prints, for the consideration of an annuity for two lives. In six years the firm of Hurst failed; and the only surviving daughter, reduced to penury, and in broken health, depends upon the success of her present application for support. The friends of art will surely do something for the unfortunate lady. When such a suppliant appears "Can pity plead in vain?"

A Chinese Lady's Nails.—Before the evacuation of Ningpo, a report was brought one morning to Mr Gutzlaff, that the head of his Chinese police had disappeared, as also one of his wives, while the other lay murdered in the house. Mr Gutzlaff and myself proceeded to inspect the house. We found the woman on the floor with her throat cut. She had been dead some hours. I observed what appeared thin brown slips of bamboo loosely fastened round her wrists, and remarked to Mr Gutzlaff how singular it was that they should have found it necessary to bind her. But he exclaimed, "*Those are her nails.*" It appears that fine ladies are in the habit when going to bed of softening their nails in warm water, and then winding them round their wrists to prevent their being injured.—*The Last Year in China.*

An Ancient Death-bed.—In sickness, among the Greeks, branches of rhamn and laurel were hung over the door, the former to keep away evil spirits, and the latter to propitiate the god of physic. Some of the hair of the dying person was cut off, and sacrificed to the infernal deities; his friends took leave of him with kisses and embraces; and evil spirits and phantoms were driven from his pillow at

the moment of departure, by the sound of brass kettles.

State Policy.—"It is a pity," said Fouché in confidence to Bourrienne, "that Napoleon's wife does not die; for sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear children. His brothers are revoltingly incapable; his death will be a signal of dissolution, and the Bourbon party will return."

Castilian Wisdom.—During the reign of Charles the Second, of Spain, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Manganares navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon. The Council of Castile took this proposal into consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced the singular decision, "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as he has not done it, it is plain he did not think it proper that it should be done."

French Wife-selling.—A letter from Poitiers states that a curious trial is to take place there, in consequence of the husband of a woman, of the arrondissement of Niort, having sold his wife to a neighbour for 110*l.* and five sheep. The money and the sheep were duly delivered; but, when the purchaser went for his new acquisition, he found that she had taken to flight, and gone home to her friends.

The Press in Europe.—There are published in Europe 1,720 daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly journals.

Small Change.—The smallest coin in circulation in China is of the value of a hundred-thousandth part of six shillings, and bears (in Chinese) the inscription, "Reason's glory's circulating medium;" it is round, with a square hole in its centre. Our forthcoming half-farthings will be something by the side of this portion of the Chinese circulating medium.

Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.—When Nicholas Clifford and Anthony Shirley, to whom Henry IV had given the order of St Michael, for services in the war, had returned, the Queen sent them to prison, and commanded them to return the order. She thought, that, as a virtuous woman ought to look on none but her husband, so a subject ought not to cast his eyes on any other sovereign than him God hath set over him. "I will not," said she, "have my sheep marked with a strange brand; nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd."

Extraordinary Horse-driving.—A week or two back a Mr Hughes undertook, at Cork, to drive thirteen in hand. The animals were harnessed to a small coach, and he drove them with as much ease and preci-

sion as if he had only been occupied with a tandem.

Spartan Ladies.—Among the Spartans, the females had games of their own, at which they appeared naked, to contend in running, wrestling, throwing quoits, and shooting darts. They also danced and sung naked at the solemn feasts and sacrifices, while the young men stood round them; and all this, we are told, without offence to true modesty.

The Good Old Times.—In ancient Greece the state was tasked, so to speak, with the duty of amusing the citizens. All Greece crowded to the Olympic games, to hear Herodotus read his history. At Athens, the funds of the theatre were provided before those of the fleet; and the affairs of the republic, after being settled in assemblies, where every free man took a part in the discussion, were regularly dramatised into a comedy by Aristophanes. Religious festivals, gymnastic sports, political deliberations, meetings of the academy, orators, rhetoricians, philosophers, all followed each other in uninterrupted succession, and kept the citizens always animated, and always in a crowd.

Price of Bread in France.—Bread of the first quality in Paris is 30 cents. per kilogramme, about 5½d. per 4lb. English, and the price of bread in London at the full-priced bakers being 7½d. per 4lb. loaf, it follows that bread is 46½ per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

Robespierre a Lover of the Fine Arts.—During the rage for changing everything, which characterised the French Republic, it was decided by the government that the national costume should be altered; and M. Denon, who, so that he might be permitted to engrave, was always ready to work for angel or devil, was employed about the intended transmutation of the coat of the Frenchman into the Roman toga. He was summoned, M. Coupin writes, by the Committee of Public Safety, to report the progress of the work on which he was employed; twelve o'clock at night was the time appointed. He arrived at the precise hour, but the committee was sitting with closed doors, to discuss, as he was told, matters of importance, and M. Denon was obliged to wait. Two hours passed, during which he heard occasionally loud bursts of laughter, that afforded a strange contrast to the kind of business with which the committee was commonly engaged, and proved that their conversation was not so serious as he had been informed. At last Robespierre came out, and unexpectedly entered the room where M. Denon was sitting. On perceiving a stranger, the savage countenance of the tribune contracted, and as-

sumed an expression of terror, mingled with anger. He asked the unhappy artist who he was, and what he was doing there at that hour? M. Denon thought he was a lost man: he told his name, however, and answered that he came in obedience to the summons he had received, and was waiting until he should be called. Robespierre immediately softened; he conducted M. Denon into the chamber, passed part of the remainder of the night in chatting with him, and during the whole of their conversation endeavoured to convince him that he was a lover of the fine arts, and had the tastes and manners of a man who had seen good society.

Chinese Proverbs.—"Man perishes in the pursuit of wealth, as a bird meets with destruction in search of its food."—"Those who respect themselves will be honourable; but he who thinks lightly of himself, will be held cheap by the world."—"Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle."—"In making a candle we seek for light, in reading a book we seek for reason; light to illuminate a dark chamber; reason to enlighten man's heart."

A Chinese Maiden.—"There is only one heaven," said a forlorn maiden, when her parents upbraided her for spending her days in sorrowful libations of salt tears at the tomb of her lover;—"and he was that heaven to me!"

Paris Academy of Sciences, Jan. 24.—A paper was read on the respiratory functions of the human species at the different periods of life, and according to sex, by M. Bourgerie. M. Bourgerie deduces from his experiments that the respiration of a healthy man of thirty years of age is equal in strength to that of two weak men, or two strong or four weak women, or two boys of fifteen, or four boys of seven, or four old men of eighty-five.

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[VOL. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

THE OPENING OF 1806.

As any nation more fond of glory
as any nation more fond of glory
ance. The tremendous price she
for it dwells not in her memory,
is as ready as ever to run a new

Season frowns on War's unequal game,
Thousands bleed to raise a single name."

graving above, for which we are
to 'The History of Napoleon,'

L.

published by Willoughby and Co., of which
some numbers corrected and improved
are before us, is a portion of the grand
spectacle prepared for the gratification
of the Parisians on New Year's Day, 1806, but
which we cannot at present further notice.
The year which then closed had been fruitful
of glory to both France and England. Eng-
land had gained the great victory of Tra-
falgar, but had lost Nelson. France, though
humbled on the sea, had been eminently
successful on land. On the 1st of Decem-

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[No. 1151

ber the combined armies of Austria and Russia met, "The Child and Champion of Jacobinism," as he was called by Pitt. He marked an error which they had committed, and predicted that before another sun should set, they would be in his power. The battle was fought on the 2nd. It presented on each side a display of most obstinate valour. At one time the Russians, under the Emperor Alexander and General Kutusoff, compelled the French to give way, but the timely arrival of Rapp, with a fresh body of cavalry, turned the tide of battle, and victory declared for France. Fifteen thousand men were left on the field, and twenty thousand more made prisoners. Soult drove a large division of the Russian army on a smooth space, covered with snow, which he knew to be a frozen lake. Then, instead of firing at the men, his cannon-halls were turned upon the ice, which, after some time, gave way, and the retreating army—men, horses, and guns—were involved "in one prodigious ruin." The result of this was, Prussia was compelled to abandon the neutrality she had till then professed, and declare for the victor; the Russians were permitted to return to their own country, and Austria, on the 26th of the same month, was compelled to accept of a peace, which took from her three millions of subjects and 1,600,000l. of annual revenue. These great achievements filled all France with joy, and the disaster of Trafalgar was forgotten. It was thereupon resolved "to give to the hero, who, by the prodigies he had performed, rendered eulogy impossible, a testimony of admiration, love, and gratitude, which should remain imperishable as his glory."

In consequence of this resolution, "On the 1st January, 1806, fifty-four flags given to the senate by the Emperor were conveyed to the Luxemburg by the tribunate in a body, followed by the authorities, with military music and a part of the garrison of Paris. The arch-chancellor and all the ministers were present at this sitting. The senate, presided over by the grand elector, signalized the reception of the glorious present which was about to decorate their palace, by decreeing, in the name of the French people :

"1st. That a triumphal monument should be consecrated to Napoleon the Great.

"2nd. That the senate in a body should go before his imperial and royal Majesty, and present him with the homage of the admiration, of the gratitude, and of the love of the French people.

"3d. That the letter of the Emperor to the senate, dated from Elchingen, the 26th Vendemiaire, year fourteen, should be engraved on marble tablets, and placed in the hall where the sittings of the senate were held.

"4th. That at the foot of this letter, should likewise be engraved the following:

"The forty flags, and fourteen others, added to the first by his majesty, have been brought to the senate by the Tribunate in a body, and deposited in this hall, on Wednesday the 1st January, 1806."

Did our limits admit; it would be desirable to trace the consequences of this magnificent scene. It would be found pregnant with the bitterest, most humiliating mortification for France. In 1814 they saw all their trophies triumphantly claimed by those they had been accustomed to vanquish.

In vain did the newly restored king intercede and call upon his allies to spare the treasures so dear to France. The sternly appropriate answer was, "By the chance of war they became yours—the chance of war now restores them to the nations you formerly plundered." Were this properly borne in mind, young France would be less eager to pursue the idol glory, in itself so deceitful and evanescent; in its results so often, in the history of all nations, the source of deep regret and inexpressible affliction.

ORIGINAL PAPERS ON SCIENCE.

The present age is fraught with discoveries which, if not so important to the public weal, are, in a scientific point of view, almost as interesting as at any period since the rescue of science from the absurd dogmas of the ancients by the Baconian system of philosophy.

There is, perhaps, no department of science from which so many interesting effects have been produced as that relating to the class of agents termed imponderable, viz., light, heat, and electricity. Their influence in almost every phenomenon of organized life is now being gradually developed, and the extraordinary connexion existing between them in all their operations appears to be fast leading the way to the solution of the long-sought problem, viz., whether we are to consider light, heat, and electricity as subtle and highly attenuated matter, emanating from the excited body, or the undulations of the often-quoted but unknown ether; or whether they are mere properties of matter more or less common to all bodies. Notwithstanding the high position of science at the present time, and the extensive research displayed by its numerous votaries, we are entirely at a loss to assign causes, except hypothetically. We have, it is true, an accumulation of facts, seeming to require only the keystone of the arch at once to raise the superstructure of a theory consonant with the economy and harmony of nature.

The effects produced by one or other of these agents, or perhaps, conjointly, of the whole, in arresting at one time, and promoting at others, the mutual action of inorganic bodies upon each other, has, within these few years, led to the discovery of many interesting results. In reference to light, the almost magical effects produced by its presence on certain chemically prepared surfaces, as in the photogenic, daguerreotype, calotype, and chrysotype processes, and more recently the thermotype or scototype. From the latter we may be almost led to infer that light exists, like heat, in two distinct states, the one sensible; the other latent, or perhaps the whole may be referable to certain electrical effects produced by its presence; for if magnetism is due to the dynamic action of electricity, and the experiments of Morichini and Mrs Sommerville be correct, light may be employed in lieu of electricity in producing magnetism. If, then, we adopt the well-known axiom of not assigning a new cause for an effect, when a previous one will suffice, *ergo*, light and electricity are the same, or that the former is capable of eliciting the latter.

Many are inclined to consider that light, heat, and electricity are produced by the same cause under different modifications. Electricity appears (if not) identical with the former,—to be so intimately associated with them, that it is almost impossible to have the one in a state of activity without eliciting the other.

The effects produced by these agents in modifying and controlling the more obvious effects of matter, either chemically or mechanically, have given rise to several ingenious and valuable processes, the details of which will form the subject of a series of papers, in which the effects of light and electricity, and the applications arising from their actions, will be fully explained.

In our present article we shall endeavour to show the mode of applying electricity as a moving power for clocks.

BAIN AND BARWISE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CLOCKS.

The inventor of this and other important applications* of electro-dynamic action (Mr Bain) was, by the assistance of Mr Barwise, the eminent chronometer maker, of St Martin's lane, enabled, in the month of Jan. 1841, to obtain a patent for his invention, and although up to the present moment little has been done in the way of their general introduction, yet the time may probably arrive when every public clock in this metropolis, if not "throughout England," will by this unerring mode be made to indicate the same time with

the one grand regulator placed, we will suppose, in the centre of London.

The merest tyro in electrical science is aware that if a current of voltaic electricity be made to circulate in a spiral direction round a bar of iron, that during its flow the two ends of the bar exhibit the usual effects of the permanent magnet, and, therefore, have a tendency to attract masses of iron or steel in their immediate vicinities; and furthermore, that this action ceases the instant the electric current is withdrawn, but which effect may be renewed as often as the current circulates.

This simple contrivance constitutes the moving power in the electro-magnetic clock, and as the electric current in its passage to the bar of iron may be made to pass through several miles of wire, and to act at the same time upon other bars of iron placed within and forming part of the circuit, it follows that several distant effects may, from the rapidity with which the electric current circulates, be produced at the same instant.

A clock is simply an instrument so contrived to mark, by the position of the hand upon the dial-plate, how many times a vibrating body, called the pendulum, passes to and fro in a given portion of time, and as the grand division of time is deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies, we will assume it to be from the sun being on the meridian to-day, and its return to it on the morrow, embracing a portion of time called the solar day. Now, a vibrating body in London, whose length is 39.139 inches, would make 86,400 such vibrations in the 24 hours, or 60 every minute.* Such a clock is said to mark mean time, and the vibrations made by the pendulum are termed isochronous, because equal spaces are described in equal times.

The pendulum is therefore the most important part of the clock, and if we could always insure its maintaining the same absolute length† for the latitude for which it was adjusted, then the difficulty would cease and all the clocks in the same latitude would indicate the same actual instant of time. This desirable end can only be obtained by employing the compensating pendulum, which from its costly nature is beyond the reach of the many. To remove this difficulty is the object of the present invention, for any system of clocks upon this principle would be synchronous in their action.

Two clocks of this description have been

* This supposes the sun's motion to be equable, but the clock and the sun only agree four times a year.

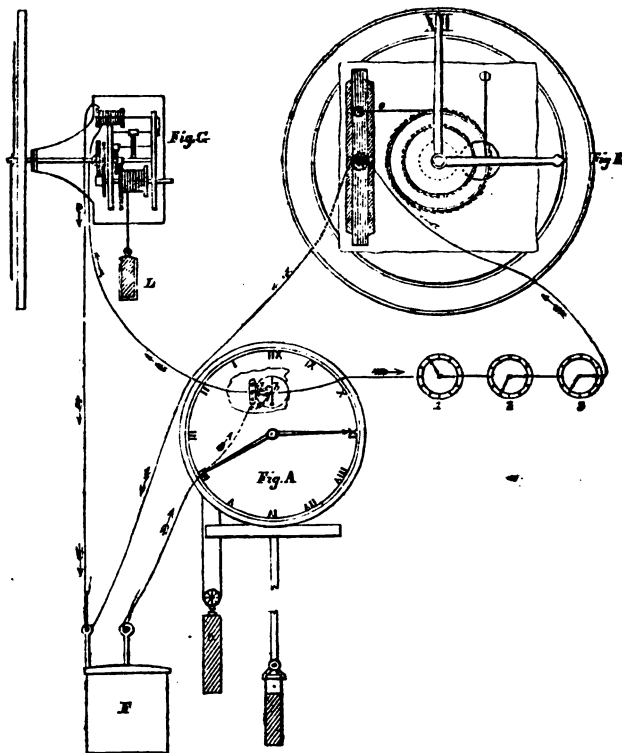
† Every variation of temperature causes a corresponding elongation or contraction of the pendulum rod.

* Electro-magnetic printing telegraph, electro-magnetic deep-sea lead, &c. &c.

in action for some months past at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, one a large illuminated turret clock on the façade in Regent street, the other a bracket clock in the reading room of the Polytechnic Association in Cavendish square, the two being worked by the same power.

An explanation of the accompanying diagram will enable the reader to understand the mode of supplying the electrical current, and the mechanism employed.

Fig. A, is the one regulating clock provided with a compensating pendulum, and may therefore be considered as making



constantly the same number of vibrations in a given time. B is the point round which the seconds hand of the clock revolves, carrying at the same time a small projecting pin, C; from the position of D and C it is evident that once in every revolution, or every sixty vibrations or seconds, C and D must touch each other, and in touching they complete the circuit of wire commencing at the galvanic battery F, passing to the large clock G, round the smaller one K, returning back to the battery as shown by the direction of the arrows; through this wire, when C and D touch, the electricity of the battery passes. This flow of the current can only exist during the short interval that C and D are in contact, and as this occurs but once in each minute, so the clocks G and K are affected but once during that time.

The large clock is very similar in its general construction to any ordinary clock, saving the pendulum and the parts connected, which in these clocks is no longer necessary; in its stead we have an electromagnet, which is a bar of iron, around which passes a portion of the circuit wire, and on the electricity being let on by the contact of C and D, the bar of iron becoming magnetic, and by its attractive power pulls forward a piece of iron I, which at the same instant detaches a stop, allowing the weight K (by its gravity and the cord wound round the barrel) to descend, as in the ordinary clock, moving the train of wheels, and consequently the hand through one minute on the dial plate, the whole is then inactive until the electric current again circulates for the instant through the wire.

The smaller clock (fig. K) is somewhat differently constructed, the electricity in this is made to deflect a coil of wire placed over a permanent magnet; this causes the stop O to move the large wheel, and by the usual train the hands are made to mark the minutes and hours simultaneously with the regulator A, and the large clock G. Figures 1, 2, 3 indicate the positions of other clocks worked by the same battery, which may amount to several thousands.

B.

Fuller's Earth.—This formation, curious in a geological point of view, from the few places it is found in, is a soft, greyish-brown marl, generally with a greenish cast. The largest known deposit in the world is near Reigate, in Surrey, on the out crop of the green-sand formation. The present price obtained in London for it is 1*l.* per ton. Its component parts are—silic, 51·8; alumine, 25·0; lime, 3·3; magnesia, 0·7; oxide of iron, 3·7; water, 15·5; total, 100 parts. It is also occasionally found in Hampshire and Bedfordshire, on the green-sand out crop.

HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

Two eccentric characters, long known at Nottingham, have lately "shuffled off this mortal coil." A passing notice of their peculiarities will not be unacceptable to those who like to contemplate the varieties of life, habits, and character, presented by our race.

"The Old General" was a character well known to every resident in Nottingham. His name was Benjamin Mayo. The *Nottingham Review* says, "He was humble and idiotic, but universally esteemed; esteemed, not on account of moral worth or the ordinary qualifications which ensure the regard of others,—but through certain recollections treasured up in the breast from youth upwards.

"The glory of 'Ben' was always at its meridian on Middleton Monday. To the school-boys in the town it has invariably been almost a general holiday; and though the 'General' was great on all occasions, he was especially so then, for, compared to him, the mayor, the coroner, and the municipal authorities, were subordinate officers in the estimation of the youthful tribes. Previous to the Middleton jury commencing the annual survey of the liberties of the town, away trotted the 'General,' with several hundreds of boys at his heels, to secure the sacred and inviolable right of a holiday. Two or three urchins, with shining, morning faces, led the way to their own schoolmaster, who, in violation of 'the orders of the day,' was seated amidst the few children whose parents refused to grant a holiday, and therefore dared not to 'play truant.' Some 'devoted Decius'

in miniature, would then venture in, on the forlorn hope of procuring liberty for the rest. Down would drop books, pens, and pencils, to the cry of 'Out, out, out!' The commander-in-chief would arrive, amidst the cheers of his enthusiastic and devoted troops, would take up his position opposite to the door, and command the onset. The advanced guard would assail the portal with redoubled blows of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and old rope-ends, knotted into *tommies*, and the main body of the belligerents would throw mud. Ere long, not unfrequently a random stone would break some window; a second and perhaps a third crash would succeed; the master sallies out to seize the culprit, his sentinels are overpowered, the invaders rush in, the besieged are unmercifully belaboured till the capitulation is completed, but no sooner do they join the 'liberating army,' than a shout of triumph is raised, and the place is abandoned. The aide-de-camps would then report to the 'General,' what other fortresses held out, and the nearest of them would be attacked in the same way. It often happened that a parley was demanded, and the 'General' shamelessly received a bribe to desist. Alas! that one so devoted to the cause of liberty should have been so easily corrupted—twopence would induce the commander-in-chief to withdraw, with his faithful followers, of fickle principle, and leave the anxious garrison to the uncontrolled power of its wily governor.

"By eleven o'clock, the 'General,' with his forces, would have drawn up in front of the Castle lodge, and have demanded admittance into the Castle yard—a summons always evaded by the distribution of a quantity of cakes, buns, and gingerbread. On the General's word of command, the precious sweets were thrown, one by one, over the gate, and the confusion of an universal scramble ensued. After the whole was distributed, the popularity of the General rapidly waned; hundreds were reduced to scores, and scores to ones—at noon he generally was

'Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed.'

In memory, however, of his departed greatness, he never deigned to work for the rest of the day.

"Before the approach of Middleton Monday, fifty times a day the important question would be put to the General, 'When will be Middleton Monday?' Once he replied, 'I don't know yet, the mayor hasn't ax'd me what day'll suit me.' On the following Saturday he answered, 'The mayor sent his respects to know if I'd let it be Middleton Monday next week; and I sent my respects, and I'd come.'

"His vestment generally consisted of the 'hoddin grey' uniform of the pauper, bu

latterly, when in public, he wore a scarlet coat, with military epaulettes; his shirt collar was usually unbuttoned, and displayed his copper-coloured bosom.

"Like other military gentlemen, the 'General' was a favourite with the ladies, inasmuch as he was known equally to high and low, and made promises to all indiscriminately (who pleased him) that he would marry them 'next Sunday morning'; at the same time, he was accustomed to caution the favoured fair not to be later than half-past seven, 'for fear somebody else should get him.'

"Of the many anecdotes related of the 'General,' the following authentic ones will display the union of shrewdness and simplicity common to persons of the order of intelligence which he possessed.—On a certain occasion, when public attention was directed towards the late Duke of York, one evening, in the twilight, Ben began, 'Here's the grand and noble speech as the Duke of York made yesterday.' A person, who had heard nothing of such a speech, immediately purchased one, and on approaching a window, found himself possessed of a piece of blank paper. 'General,' said he, 'here's nothing on it.' 'No, sir, the Duke of York said ~~nowt~~.'—Being set, at the workhouse, to turn a wheel, he did so properly enough for about half an hour, but becoming tired, he immediately began to turn backwards, nor could he be persuaded to the contrary.—He was once observed to run about the streets, shouting in a breathless manner, 'They've got me in, dead! They've got me in, dead!'—at the same time pointing with his finger to a particular passage in a newspaper he held, stating the General was dead, meaning some personage in the army.—A blockhead tried to make him quarrel with an idiot lad, as they were employed in sweeping the street together; 'Oh!' said he, 'he is a poor soft lad, and beneath my notice.' There is a strong instance of his dislike of work: having been set to weed part of a garden, he performed the task by pulling up all the flowers and herbs, and leaving the weeds growing.—He once found a sixpence, and ran up the street shouting 'Who's lost a sixpence, who's lost a sixpence?' 'It's mine, General,' said one. 'But had your's a hole in it?' 'Yes,' said he. 'But this hasn't,' rejoined the General, and away he ran."

An accidental fall in the workhouse, a fortnight back, caused his death, and the coroner's inquest found accordingly.

The *Nottingham Review* adds, to "the account of the fall of the General," that a London merchant, with all the interest that belongs to early associations, has sent a subscription of a guinea to perpetuate Ben Mayo's memory. This suggestion seems likely to be acted upon. The Lon-

don merchant was probably in the *glens* line, and is animated by gratitude, as well as "the interest which belongs to early association," in wishing to perpetuate the window-breaker's memory, of course by a stone.

The other oddity deceased was a person named William Asher, aged sixty-six years, who fell while wheeling coals; and never spoke more. Knowing he could get a barrow load of coal a halfpenny cheaper two miles off than he could in his own village, he went all that distance with the barrow, but, on returning, the exertion was too much for a man of his years, and he fell upon the snow and shortly after died, about the 15th or 20th of last month. It had been known to the neighbours for some time, that "Old Billy Asher" had saved money, and was possessed of landed property. His father had kept an inn at the house Asher lived in, which belonged to deceased, with two or three cottages, and about twelve acres of land. But it was well known he must have accumulated money, from receiving rents and spending none,—and, as he lived by himself, and would allow scarcely any one to come into the house, on any pretence, they were very glad to have an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. The body was conveyed to his house, and ere it was well cold, the neighbours commenced a search for his valuables, but could find nothing. The nearest relations applied to Mr Samuel Maples, solicitor, of this town, and he proceeded to inspect the premises. He searched every room, leaving no hole or corner unmolested, and the result was, the finding property, which had escaped the throng. In a beam in a low cellar, artfully grooved out, he found a beautiful large silver tankard; in the mouth of a malt mill, adjoining his house, he found a silver watch; crammed in a hole, under the house cupboard shelf was a sovereign, wrapped in a bit of rag, in the bedstead, which the villagers had forgotten to pull from the wall, he found two 5*l.* notes, a ring, silver spoons, a great quantity of pewter plate, two receipts from Wright's bank for 750*l.* and 615*l.*, several pounds weight of farthings, and a great variety of other property. On the dresser of the lower room, where he slept ever since an attempt to rob his house some time ago, was chalked the figure of a key, and "Look among the rushes" beside it. There was a quantity of rushes on the stairs, and amongst these rushes was found a key which unlocked the top room, in which was a chest filled with deeds, papers, &c. relating to his property. It is a proof how little he allowed any one to come into his house, that no one knew he was in the habit of chalking thus on the dresser, but it appears he wished the key to be found

if he died suddenly in bed, or while out, which has been the case.

In a number of drawers, which were un-locked, were vast quantities of written slips of paper, memorandums, bills, &c., which fully proved the eccentricity of his character. One of these was a memorandum of having paid a bill of *one halfpenny* to a Mr Freeman, for putting twenty-eight nails in one shoe, and so many in the other as it required, mentioning the number. Another was a memorandum that he had promised Mr ——— some keep, when he bought the last hay of him (Asher). A third was a memorandum of three men being seen in his yard on such a night, no doubt intending to steal. A fourth was, that his rope in the hay-weighers weighed eight ounces, showing himself particular to even an ounce. A fifth was a snatch of poetry. A sixth was a promise of some person to give him an equivalent in the next bargain they had together, for something he had lost. Books of accounts (from the year 1784), receipts for petty bills in copper, and numerous other writings filled up the drawers. He had a list by him of what each drawer contained, even an old tooth-brush without any hairs, a bit of soap, &c., being put down. He mended his own clothes, cooked his own victuals, and did all the household work.

Every house that he let he took a list of the broken panes before letting and after letting, and had even counted the number of holes in the malt-kiln floor, which were put down on paper as 84,240, with the day they were counted. But the greatest proof of his desire to get money was in his hay dealings; by keeping hay for a long time, some years ago, he made 600*l.* profit in one year, owing to a scarcity, and deeming that such times would come again, he kept his stacks till his death, and could not be prevailed upon to sell them. He had one or two more than ten years old, and the coachmen as they passed, years ago, would point out old Billy Asher's stacks by the road side, and relate their age and the character of their owner, to the passengers.

Nearly the whole of the deceased's writings were on the backs of old printed handbills and placards, to save the expense of buying paper, and his way of making almanacks was most ingenious. He wrote in the margin of an old book the days and dates they fell on, making each page serve for one month, and this he carried on for thirty years, to save the expense of almanacks. One book had five years in it, and he had even got as far as April, 1843, in constructing his last, when death closed his career.

People often told him he was rich, and threatened to come and rob him, in joke, but he always denied that he had any

money, saying he was poor, and not worth robbing. Everything he had in his house had particular marks on them, and these marks he copied on to slips of paper, so that he might swear to them when recovered. Every tin pan, kettle, stool, &c. was marked and enrolled in his documents. He was wont to put down even the loss of a nail off his field gate, and the date it was taken. One of his bills was—"Paid 2*d.* for mending my spectacles—twenty days after, they came in two very easily."

It is said his property altogether is worth about three thousand pounds.

ORIGIN OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SHAFTESBURY—(concluded.)

Lord Shaftesbury actively promoted the declaration for liberty of conscience. It is generally believed that he had no part in the negotiation with Louis XIV, the object of which was to make Charles the French King's pensioner. He favoured the Dutch war, and is said to have advised the issuing of writs for the election of members of Parliament during a recess, and to have used the influence of the Crown to procure returns in favour of the Court.

He had filled the situation of Lord Chancellor a year, when he opposed the principles which had then been adopted by the Stuart family. This brought upon him the hatred of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who had the ear of the King. The consequence was, in November 1673, his Majesty sent for his lordship to Whitehall, and took from him the Great Seal. At the same time he was dismissed from the post of under-treasurer to the Exchequer, which place was conferred on Sir John Duncombe in the afternoon of the same day. The Earl was visited by Prince Rupert and other distinguished personages, when they gave honourable testimonials of their admiration of his upright conduct in the high situation which he had lately filled. He bore this reverse with great equanimity, and is said to have lost none of his cheerfulness on the occasion.

The changes which he had seen having thrown him into the ranks of opposite factions, he was viewed as a restless intriguer, nor was it remembered that from the first he had laboured for peace, to give others security as well as himself. He was represented to be hostile to the King, but the truth was, he was in advance of the age, and clearly saw those peculiarities in the successor of Charles, which, at a future day caused the nation to throw him off for ever. He sought to avoid the evils which he dreaded from the accession of James, Duke of York, and therefore wished the Duke of Monmouth to be declared next in succession. To accomplish this object he

was said to be ready to run all risks. A pamphlet of the time gives the following anecdote of him :—

“The Earl of Shaftesbury, having received, or pretended to receive a letter in an unknown hand, bustled away to court, ‘as fast as his legs, man, and stick would carry him.’ The Duke of Monmouth, who was supposed to be privy to the search, being asked by the Lord Chamberlain what this great affair was, answered, with a modest air of self-denial, that it was something concerning himself, in which Lord S., as usual, took a deeper interest than he desired. Meantime Shaftesbury, applying for admittance to the King’s presence, was told by the lord in waiting (Feverham), that as he heard he had business of importance, he would conduct him to his Majesty. ‘The busy Earl told him he was willing to be conducted by so honest a man as his lordship, drolling, and thinking himself guilty of a shrewd irony.’ Being introduced, he produced his letter; and the plan, for securing the peace and religion of the nation, turned out to be a proposal for settling the crown upon the Duke of Monmouth. The King said, he wondered that, after so many declarations on the contrary, he should still be pressed on that subject; adding, that he was none of those that grew more timorous with age, but that, rather, he grew more resolute the nearer he approached the grave. Upon the earl’s expressing himself mightily concerned to hear such a word, the King said, he might assure himself that he was as careful of his own preservation as any of those persons could be who affected so much concern for his personal safety, but that he would much sooner lose his life than alter the true succession to the crown, which was repugnant both to law and conscience. ‘For that matter,’ replied the Earl, ‘let us alone, we will make a law for it.’ To which the King replied, ‘if this is your conscience, my lord, it is not mine, and much as I regard my life, I don’t think it of sufficient value, after fifty, to be preserved with the forfeiture of my honour, conscience, and the laws of the land.’”

However anxious his lordship might be to alter the succession, it is not probable that he would speak so lightly of the law in presence of his sovereign, that sovereign whom he had offended by his not very unconstitutional declaration that a prerogative for fifteen months was equal to a dissolution.

His conduct having rendered him obnoxious to all who sided with the Duke of York, on the 16th February, 1676, he was sent to the Tower by order of the House of Lords, for an alleged contempt. The Earl of Salisbury and Lord Wharton were committed at the same time. He held the

proceedings to be illegal, and on the 27th and 29th of January, 1677, he caused himself to be brought on the return of an *alias habeas corpus*, directed to the constable of the Tower, when his counsel prayed that the return might be filed. The Friday following was appointed for debating the sufficiency thereof, and his lordship was remanded till that day. On the Friday he appeared and spoke for it, but his arguments proved of no avail. The judges decided against him, and he was sent back to the Tower. In the following month he made his submission to their Lordships, and petitioned to be released, but his petition was rejected. He made a more submissive appeal, which being considered, their Lordships resolved that it was a breach of the privileges of that House, for any lord committed by the House to bring an Habeas Corpus in any inferior court, to free himself from that imprisonment during the session of Parliament. The Earl was in consequence brought from the Tower, and kneeling at the bar, heard the resolution which the House had adopted read. His lordship acquiesced in the resolution, and apologised for the error into which he had fallen, and asked pardon of their Lordships. This satisfied the House; they addressed the King in his behalf, who ordered his lordship to be discharged.

As a friend to civil and religious liberty he had distinguished himself, and especially by the exertions which he made to pass the Habeas Corpus Act. He promoted, if he did not originate, the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. To him is imputed the Papist plot in 1678, which, if it were not a scheme of his own, received at the time his most strenuous support, and led to the overthrow of Lord Danby’s administration.

The Earl was now named President of the Privy Council, and pursued those accused of being parties to the plot with severity. He in consequence became an object of hatred with parties who favoured the accused. Lady Powis was said to have offered one Dangerfield 500*l.* to accomplish his assassination, and actually to have paid 20*l.* on account, but accident prevented the execution of the deed. His biographer writes:—

“One day Dame Cellier demanded of him whether he had dispatched the aforesaid earl, and he replying that he could have no opportunity to come at him; ‘Give me the poniard,’ says she, ‘you shall see what a woman can do for the Catholic cause.’ And accordingly, by the instigation of the devil, and a hellish rage, which the Papists miscall a holy zeal, she addressed herself to the execution of that execrable design. She makes a

visit to the earl, under pretence of paying her thanks for favours obtained through his means; but the consecrated dagger still lurked under the skirt of her gown, ready to have expressed her gratitude by opening the veins of this Protestant peer's heart. He had no reason to be over fond of the conversation of such cattle, and therefore in short time she was dismissed without having an opportunity of putting her felonious and treacherous design in execution."

He was applied to by a man who said he could make important discoveries relating to the Popish plot, and the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, provided that he might be requited with a free pardon. The man being taken before the Privy Council, instead of giving the expected information, accused his lordship of endeavouring to suborn him. His lordship, on this information, appears to have been apprehended on the 2nd July, 1681, and after an examination by the King in council, committed to the Tower. There he remained four months, though he took every legal means to get himself brought to trial or admitted to bail, according to the principles of the Habeas Corpus Act. On the 24th of October a bill was presented to the grand jury in the Old Bailey against his lordship for high treason, but the witnesses brought against him were so infamous that no credit could be given to the evidence they offered. The bill was thrown out, and the defeat of his enemies was a subject of great rejoicing among the people. A medal was struck on the occasion in honour of his triumph. This produced a bitter satirical poem from the pen of Dry-

den, who had previously attacked him in his 'Absolom and Achitophel.' In this celebrated performance his lordship was assailed in very good company; but the poet paid a tribute to the importance of the noble Earl by the measureless rancour of his verses. He declares "his name to be to all succeeding ages curst," and describes him to be

"A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied;
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave, what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son."

Hateful, however, as Dryden makes him appear, in conclusion he eulogises his merit as a lawyer, and says of his lordship—

"Yet, fame deserv'd, no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge."

Such praise could not be other than merited.

After the Earl regained his liberty, his health and spirits declined. He had, up to that period, resided in Thanet house, Aldersgate street, but was now induced to visit Holland, in the hope of regaining his strength. He proceeded thither in November, 1682, and in the following January died at Amsterdam. His body was embalmed, brought to England, and buried with his ancestors at Wimborne, St Giles's. His lordship had been three times married. An only son survived him, who succeeded to his title.



The arms of the Earl of Munster are those of King William the Fourth (without the escutcheon of the arch treasury of the H. R. empire, and without the crown of Hanover), debruised by a bar sinister azure, charged with three anchors or. Crest on a chapeau gules doubled ermine, a lion statant gardant, crowned with a ducal coronet crest or, and gorged with a collar azure charged with three anchors or.

GEORGE, EARL OF MUNSTER,
Born January 29, 1794, was the eldest son of King William the Fourth by the celebrated actress, Mrs Jordan. He was named

after George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, who always regarded him as his protégé. He was educated at Dr Moore's school, at Sunbury, and at the Royal Mili-

tary College, Marlow. On reaching the age of thirteen he was appointed Cornet in the Prince of Wales's regiment of Hussars. In 1808 he served with his regiment in the Peninsula, where he greatly distinguished himself at Fuentes Onoreas, but being wounded and his horse houghed under him, he was made prisoner. He, however, noticed that several French hussars fell dead around him, and without being hit, he also fell, and remained on the ground apparently lifeless, till, in the confusion which ensued, he found an opportunity for getting away. He was promoted on his return to England, but in 1814 he was again at the seat of war, and was severely wounded at Toulouse in leading a charge against the enemy's cavalry.

Having exchanged from the 10th Hussars into the 20th Light Dragoons, in January, 1815, he sailed for India, where he became Aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings. At the conclusion of the peace with Scinde he was selected to carry home overland the despatches, and reached England in June, 1818. In March, 1822, he was appointed to a troop in the 14th Light Dragoons, and in 1824 to an unattached Lieutenant-Colonelcy. On the 12th of May, 1830, he was raised to the Peerage by the titles above-mentioned; his surviving brothers and sisters (not already of higher rank) at the same time receiving the precedence of the younger children of a Marquis. The title of Earl of Munster had been borne by his Royal father when Duke of Clarence, and was generally used as his travelling name on the Continent.

In the brevet which followed the birth of the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Munster received the rank of Major-General, November 23, 1841. He was appointed to command the troops in the western district of England, and was to have commenced his residence in garrison at Plymouth on the 15th of last April, but unhappily his health declined, and his reason failed. In the month of March his medical attendants pronounced his sanity to be seriously affected. Their report was too well borne out, for shortly after their opinion had been declared his Lordship, being left alone, put an end to his life with a pistol. He was buried in the parish church of Hampton, March 31, 1842.

The Earl married October 18, 1819, Mary Wyndham, a daughter of the late Earl of Egmont, and sister to Col. Wyndham, M.P. for West Sussex. He had issue by that lady, who survives him, three sons and three daughters. William George, now Earl of Munster, was born in 1824.

The late Earl was elected President of the Royal Asiatic Society in May, 1841. He was a patron of literature, wrote many

important papers, and took a leading part in founding the "Oriental Translation Fund."

ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN the volumes just published of this monarch's life we find the following:—

COMMONERS NOT GOOD OFFICERS.—"I know not how it is," said the king one day at table, "that commoners are not good for much as officers, even though I enable them."—"Begging your majesty's pardon," replied one of the company, "we have in the army the brave Colonel R., who could prove the very reverse." The king appeared to bethink himself, repeated the colonel's name several times, and at length said: "But I'll tell you what; I know better than you; Colonel R. is of an old noble family." This was not the case; but here we see with what pertinacity the king would defend a position which he had once taken up.

A CHEAT SCREENED.—In August, 1761, when the king had taken post with his army in the vicinity of Schweidnitz, orders were given to throw up a redoubt in the churchyard of the village of Jauer-nick; and a great number of men belonging to different regiments were sent to work at it, under the superintendance of one officer. In turning up the earth the men found an old pot. Pulling it out very carelessly, they broke it at the top, and perceived that it contained money. They were ready to seize it, when the officer drove them away, and took charge of the pot himself, saying that the money which was in it should be fairly divided among them when they were relieved. The men were content. The pot was deposited in the church porch. The officer retired, pulled off his stockings, put on his boots over his bare feet, poured the money out of the pot unobserved, put his stockings at the bottom of it, and covered them with a small quantity of the pieces of coin. As soon as the men were relieved they demanded the pot of the officer, who immediately produced it, poured out the money, and showed them that so far from containing nothing else, it was partly filled with old rags. The soldiers loudly declared that they were cheated, which provoked the officer to threaten them with his cart. Just at that moment the king arrived to inspect the redoubt. He inquired what was the matter, the soldiers related the whole affair, and the king desired to see the money and the rags in question. An old grenadier had the latter in his hand. "Your majesty," said he, "these are not old rags, but a pair of worsted stockings, with

a name upon them." At the same time he showed them to the king, who distinctly perceived the name with which they were marked. The king ordered the officer to be called, and asked what was his name. The officer mentioned the same that was on the stockings. "Well, then," said his majesty, "it is clear that the money belongs to you. Your ancestors must have buried it here. There is the name upon the stocking as fresh as if it was only just put into the pot. I'll tell you what, my lads," said he, turning to the soldiers, "let the officer keep his money; I will have the pot filled with two-groschen pieces, and these shall be equally divided among all that are here. Are you satisfied?"—"O yes, your majesty," was the unanimous reply: and well they might be, for the coins in the pot were old, small, and partly copper. By this expedient the king extricated the officer from the dilemma in which he had involved himself, and left him mute and covered with shame.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—On one occasion, when the king had been displeased with an officer, and was about to strike him with his cane, the officer escaped at full gallop, the king pursued him in vain. The officer requested his dismissal from his commander, "The gallant General W.," who entreated a short delay. In the mean time, the king had that day a large company to dinner. The conversation turned on the manoeuvre. Frederick ascribed the success of the second experiment to the admirable direction which the general's regiment had given to the whole, and bestowed the highest praise both upon it and its commander. The general was of course highly gratified, but observed, with his usual fearlessness, "That capital manoeuvre deprives my regiment of its best officer."—"How so?" asked the king eagerly. "Lieutenant M., whom your majesty promoted from private hussar to officer on the field of battle, after the affair of Burkersdorf, solicits his dismissal." The general paused. Frederick was silent for some moments. He then asked—"Is the lieutenant really such an excellent officer?"—"I know not one who surpasses him."—"Why does he desire his dismissal?" The general explained the cause in the most unreserved manner. The king said no more, and a new subject of conversation was presently started. The troops were to manoeuvre again on the following morning. The regiments were drawn up, and M. was in front of his division when the king approached. "Is not your name M.?" inquired Frederick. The lieutenant replied in the affirmative. "Hark you, my son," resumed the king, with his peculiar benignity, "you are captain. I would have told you so yesterday, but could not over-

take you. You're like the very devil." With these words he passed on.

A PEASANT & MATCH FOR A KING.—During the circulation of the base money, a great quantity of which consisted of pieces of six pfennings, the soldiers, the workmen, part of the salaries of the civil and military officers, were paid in this money, but it was not received at the royal treasury. One day, as Frederick was passing the door of a baker, he saw him disputing with a countryman. He inquired the reason, and was told that the baker insisted on paying the man for his corn in six pfennig pieces, which the countryman refused to take. Frederick stepped up to the man. "Why will you not take the money?" he asked. The peasant, looking hard at the king, peevishly replied: "Wouldst thou take it thyself?" The king said no more, but passed on.

FREDERICK'S TREATMENT OF CONDEMNED CRIMINALS.—If Frederick wished capital punishment to be inflicted without unnecessary torture, he was equally solicitous that its effects should not be weakened. He could not overlook the mischief likely to result from the officious zeal of certain clergymen for the conversion of criminals under sentence of death; from the self-complacent commendations of the process by which men who all their lives had been steeped, body and soul, in crime, were suddenly transformed, as it was blazoned abroad, under the operation of divine grace, into patterns of piety and heirs of assured salvation; and from the practice of accompanying malefactors, as it were in triumphal procession, to the place of execution. The baneful effects of such exhibitions on the imagination of unenlightened persons must be self-evident. The king, therefore, ordered that criminals should be conducted to execution unattended by clergymen and without the singing of hymns. The wisdom of this innovation, which at first incurred severe censure, and was ascribed to the irreligious spirit of the king, was in the sequel universally acknowledged.

CLERICAL TRICKERY.—Nothing excited in the king greater indignation than religious frauds. On one of his journeys in Silesia, he was informed, before he reached Breslau, that the Capuchins were selling agnus deis at six kreutzers each to the credulous country people, as a specific against a disease then prevailing among the cattle in that province. They were directed to mix them up with the fodder of the beasts, which would be sure to recover. Indignant at this imposition, the king sent, on the very same evening that he arrived at Breslau, for the three superiors of the Capuchin convent there, and received them with one of his most withering looks, and

this apostrophe: "Ah, you Shakers, how dare you presume to sell to the country people for a trifle that which in your religion is accounted the most venerable and the most sacred? Nay, more—you sell it to be eaten by cattle! Along with this impiety you have the effrontery to assure the bigoted peasants that this representation of your God is an infallible remedy for the distemper among the cattle. Shakers you, are ye not afraid that all the world will set you down for the miserable hypocrites ye really are? But what do you do with the money, you who want for nothing, but are abundantly supplied with alms for your support by your credulous people?—buy ribbons, perhaps, for your concubines?" Here one of the Capuchins would have spoken, probably to rebut the charge, but Frederick, with flashing eyes, cried, "Silence! If it is not you, it is your religious, or rather the irreligious and impious monks under your authority. They do it, I know. If you know it, you are guilty; if you know it not, you are equally so. I ought to put a stop to the public scandal by punishing you, but this time I will spare you. But, beware! Depend upon it you shall be narrowly watched; and woe betide you if anything of the kind should happen again! I would have all your beards shaved off. Now march!" Trembling beneath the lightnings of the king's eye and the thunder of this harangue, the Capuchins retired, and they were prudent enough not to repeat the offence.

A SINGULAR EQUIVOQUE.—When his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, was at Berlin, Frederick one day made a present to Count Schwerin, his grand equerry, of a snuff-box, on the lid of which was painted an ass. No sooner had the count quitted the king than he sent his valet to Berlin with the box, and directions to get the ass taken off, and the king's portrait put in its place. Next day, at dinner, the count affected to leave his box carelessly on the table, and the king, who wished to amuse the duchess at the expense of the grand equerry, spoke of the box which he had given to him. The duchess asked to see it. The box was handed to her; she opened it, and exclaimed, "Bless me, what a likeness! the resemblance is perfect! Upon my word, brother, this is one of the best portraits of you I have ever seen." The king was quite disconcerted, and thought that the joke was carried too far. The duchess handed the box to her next neighbour, and it was passed from one to another round the table, every one joining in admiration of the resemblance. The king knew not what to think of the matter, till the box, coming at length under his inspection, he discovered the trick, and joined in the laugh.

HARD NAMES.—An old nobleman once solicited permission, in compliance with the will of a lady who had left him a large fortune, to add her name to his own. "The man has a name already," replied Frederick; "what does he want with two?" General Zarembo had a long Polish name. The king had heard of it, and one day said to him:—"What is your proper name, Zarembo?" The general repeated it at full length.—"Why," exclaimed Frederick, "the devil himself has not got such a name!"—"No, your majesty," replied Zarembo drily, "but then he does not belong to my family."

ART UNIONS.

When Imbecility assumes the pen,
To school the morals and the acts of men,
And in the language of an age of cant,
Pretends with generous zeal for art to pant;
Can Honesty the drivelling fool exempt,
From censure, though he merit but contempt?

What can that fussy poor old lady know,
Who prates of "Lottery" and of "Little-go?"
What if from triflers or from sots we win,
Crowns that would else be spent on cards or gin,

To buy a picture? Shall we understand
Such outlay needs must "sadden all the land,"
If thus a painting or a print we call,
To deck what else would be a dreary wall,
Can this make humble men from honour start,
Offend the taste or vitiate the heart?

Hence then the rubbish that an honest
scheme

Denounces as a sordid trickster's dream!
To make a market for the artist's work
Might shock a savage or outrage a Turk,
Not Englishmen, who boast refinement
known,

Even from the lonely cottage to the throne.
The useful project cleverly devised,
Howe'er by mean hypocrisy despised,
Shall still, though ridiculed by critic lout,
Be nobly patronized and carried out.
While the defeated slanderer, standing by,
Deplores the failure of his weekly lie,

Condemning lotteries some art-unions wish
Identified with former pranks of Bish.
But mark this variance, those who urge them
make

No paltry gain from th' adventurer's stake,
All that he offers in the cause of trade,
Is honourably to the artist paid.
Unfortunately, he something still may choose;
"Heads" he may win, but "tails" he cannot
lose;

Hence with the folly that would laud the dead,
But yet withhold from living genius bread.
Those who such "Little-goes" would fain en-
thral,

Wish painters of the day "no go" as all.
Let then art-unions' friends feel not ashamed
Because they're Little-goes or lotteries named.
"That which we call a Rose," and deem a treat,
"By any other name would smell as sweet."

RICHARD CARLILE.

MR CARLILE, the well known writer, died on Friday last. It will be remembered he some twenty years ago made himself very conspicuous by publishing the works of Paine. Being prosecuted for doing so, in Court he put the obnoxious works in as part of his defence, and Judge and Jury had to listen to the reading of the whole, which occupied many hours. The fatigue was enormous to the Court, as however vigorous his mind, Carlile was anything but an animated reader. He was convicted and suffered a long imprisonment. At one period he exhibited uncouth effigies representing a Bishop and the Devil in his windows in Fleet street. Latterly his opinions seemed to have undergone some change, and he treated the Scriptures with respect before denied. He had the misfortune to be associated with a person called the Rev. Robert Taylor and a crowd of female lecturers and free-thinking spouters. With Taylor he had a dreadful quarrel, in which the former received a blow. He gave the following account of it in verse—we must not say poetry—in a little publication called 'The Scourge.'

BOBBY THE JESTER'S VAGARIES.

TUNE—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Oh! what a row there's been of late,
Betwixt two public men so great,
Carlile has broken Taylor's pate,

The pate of Bobby the Jester.

Though *always crackt*, the reverend Bob,
Had ne'er before a broken nob;
He roar'd just like a blubbering boy,
Amusing all the people nigh;
His "*darling wife*," in all her charms,
He press'd within his trembling arms,
And planted on her lips, in swarms,

The kisses of Bobby the Jester.

He goes on to tell that Taylor resorted to a police office, and incidentally mentions that his reverend friend had married a charmer of sixty-two.

There he harangued about his "*love*!"

His "*dear*!" his "*sweet*!" his "*turtle dove*!"

Said, when she saw his ear had bled,

She on her bosom nurs'd his head,—

Kiss'd from his cheek the dropping tear,

Declared she thought he'd die with fear,

And she no little Bobs could rear—

For want of Bobby the Jester.

"Come, come," exclaim'd the magistrate,

"No silly nonsense here relate,

"But tell us of your broken pate,

"You silly Bobby the Jester."

At this Bob bristled up in wrath,

Snatch'd up the book to take an oath;—

"But hold awhile," defendant cried,

"Your love of truth shall now be tried;

"Full well 'tis known to every friend,

"An oath your conscience cannot bind,

"Unless you've lately chang'd your mind."

"I have!" said Bobby the Jester.

His oath being ta'en, without delay,

He said all that he had to say,

Defendant had three pounds to pay,

For thrashing Bobby the Jester.

This specimen will suffice to prove that Carlile was not a very powerful satirist, at least in rhyme. He is represented to have been latterly in moderate circumstances, and to have died applauding himself for struggles made in the cause of truth. His body, by his own request, was made the subject of an anatomical lecture by Mr Grainger, on Tuesday.

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. IX.—THE TOWER.

AVAUNT, gloomy spectres! away, dismal apparitions! the days of the Richards and the Edwards are gone, and the Tower of London is no longer a prison of state. Its dungeons are thrown open, its cells are empty; the gaoler and the torturer have long since left it; the drawbridge is down, the gates stand back, the portcullis is raised, and the Tower has passed from a prison to a garrison. Yet, as I look upon those gloomy walls, and whisper with a shudder of awe and terror, "that is the Bloody Tower," "that is the Traitor's gate," these terrible appellations conjure up gory skeletons, and my imagination roams back to the days of yore. As I look upon those rugged walls, fancy can picture the attacks which they have withstood; a glance at the heavy and nail-studded doors is accompanied by the reflection that those massive portals have often closed upon some unhappy prisoner, separating him for ever from the world and hope; the narrow windows remind me of the captives whose hearts were, perhaps, for a moment cheered by the ray of sunshine that struggled through their apertures. Reflection goes thus far—fancy succeeds; and then, methinks, I can see the hapless infants struggling in the murderous grasp of their uncle's minions; I can see, "in my mind's eye," the glittering axe falling upon the snowy neck of the discarded Anne, or the pious Jane; I can picture such scenes and such horrors as make my blood run cold and cause me to start with terror at the visions I have conjured up. And then, perchance, a hissing steam-boat passes down the river, and destroys my dismal but interesting speculations, reminding me that the captive has long ceased to pine, and blood to flow, within the Tower.

A city within a city is the Tower of London, with its streets and lanes, its taverns and its shops;—and only such a city, in extent at least, once was that of which it now forms but a portion. A dismal place,

too, is the Tower; its walls are so sombre and so gloomy,—they tell such tales of blood and horror,—they speak so intelligibly of murder and captivity, that all the ghost stories of our childish years are at once brought to our recollection. It is a wide field for the imagination of the poet or the novelist to roam in, for every inch of ground reminds us of a tragedy—a real tragedy, as many of the actors know full well to their pain and cost; every stone suggests a tale of horror, and the history of some deed of darkness clings to every fragment. Here a wretched prisoner has beguiled his time in tracing characters upon the wall—there a young life, budding forth in hope and promise, has been abruptly closed by the hand of the executioner; this dungeon was the prison of persecuted innocence—that spot the lowly grave of towering ambition. A long history of tyranny, cruelty, and murder do those same gloomy walls record; scenes of bloodshed have they witnessed sufficient to make them, stone as they are, tremble to their foundations; and now they stand frowning as angrily as when they echoed the shrieks of the tortured or the moans of the captive. But their gloominess is out of place, for they, of all the neighbourhood, are the only vestiges of the barbarity of the middle ages—all around them belongs to our more civilised and christian times. Where is the rack? where are the thumb-screws?—where the scaffold?—all—all have vanished, let us hope, for ever, and implements of peace and industry occupy the rooms that once were filled with implements of torture. It is true, swords and pistols, bayonets and muskets, still remain, but they are to be used in honourable warfare, not in midnight murder. Frown as ye will, then, gloomy walls,—threaten as ye may, dark cells, none who enter the Tower now need fear you; none pass through those heavy gates, prisoners today, to be corpses to-morrow;—the Tower is a garrison, not a prison!

Whether the Tower of London owes its foundation to Julius Cæsar or to William the Conqueror, antiquaries have been unable to decide. William Fitzstephen, who wrote only a century after the Norman invasion, makes no allusion to its origin, but merely remarks that “the Palatine Tower, on the east of the city, is a fortress of great size and strength,” the mortar which cements the walls “being tempered with the blood of beasts.” Stukely, and some of the more enthusiastic of London’s antiquaries, have attempted to show that the Romans were the founders of the Tower, but the accurate and matter-of-fact John Stowe, at once denounces these surmises as having “none assured ground,” and therefore proceeds, on “more

grounded authority,” to trace the history of the fortress to the time of the Norman Conqueror, who, in 1078, erected “the Great White Tower.” His successors, William Rufus and Henry the First, added to the work, and in the reign of the latter monarch it was appropriated to the purposes of a state prison, the Bishop of Durham being the first prisoner who was confined there. In 1190, the Tower was surrounded by a ditch “and an outward wall of stone,” when Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, defended it against John during the crusade and absence of Richard the First. From the time of Stephen till the reign of Charles the Second, the Tower was frequently used as a royal palace and a retreat for the monarch during any popular commotions.

To trace the history of the Tower from the period when it first became an edifice of importance—terrible importance, indeed—would be a task of too great magnitude to suit my present purpose; an outline of the more interesting events which render its name so famous is all that can be attempted. Neither would such a work be in strict accordance with the plan which has been laid down on entering upon these sketches. History tells us of kings who have been murdered, of prisoners who have been confined, of combats which have been fought, of charters which have been signed within the Tower; but it is in a few cases only that it points out the spot where these occurrences have taken place. The present notice has to do with the local, not the general history of the fortress, and in describing the more important of its relics which are left, it would be as improper as unnecessary to allude to such portions as are now no longer standing. Pass we, therefore, over the general history of the Tower to the particular history of its relics; and first, of the “great square White Tower,” the most ancient and the most conspicuous building in the fortress. Stowe fixes the date of its erection in the year 1078, but in 1090 it was so “sore shaken by tempest of wind” as to require considerable repairs in the reigns of William the Second and Henry the First; and, with these repairs, it has been enabled to brave the attacks of time, and yet remains firm and untottering; the strongest though the oldest portion of the Tower. The ancient and magnificent Norman chapel within the White Tower is, perhaps, the most perfect of its chambers; it was first used as the private chapel of the Court in the thirteenth century, but has now been converted—perhaps the word perverted would be more appropriate—into a depository for legal records. Another very interesting relic in the White Tower is the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh—a small,

dark, and gloomy cell, in which he was confined for thirteen years; and where he wrote his 'History of the World.' From this room he was led forth to the scaffold, and thus was his miserable captivity terminated. On various parts of the walls of this Tower may still be discerned the inscriptions which the hapless captives traced; all bewailing their dismal fate, many expressive of the wildest despair, a few of the calmest resignation. Here, too, it was that the young princes, Edward the Fifth and his brother the Duke of York, are supposed to have been murdered by their uncle's orders—a supposition which the discovery of human bones behind the wall of the adjoining gateway, has tended much to strengthen.

The Beauchamp Tower has also fearful associations coupled with its name. It was first used as a prison in 1397. The rude inscriptions which literally cover the walls of this Tower, tell harrowing tales of misery, but of all the memorials which remain, none are so interesting, none suggest such melancholy reflections as the word "IANE," rudely carved upon the wall, most probably by the distracted husband of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, the most amiable and the most innocent captive that ever pined within the Tower. Pined, did I say? no! the pious Lady Jane repined not, but submitted cheerfully to her fate; her cultivated mind was capable of feeling and appreciating the consolations of religion, and she laid her head upon the block calmly and with resignation, beseeching forgiveness for her murderers. Poor Queen Jane! of all the legends which are connected with the Tower—dismal and gloomy as most of them are—there is none so interesting, so painfully interesting, as thine, Queen, indeed, of thy sex and pattern of womanhood! Long live thy memory in connexion with everything that is pious, amiable, and lovely; long live the memory of thy charity, thy piety, and thy beauty!

The Bloody Tower (ominous and dismal name that it is!) Corande's Tower, the Broad Arrow, and Robin the Devil's Towers, the Salt Tower and the Bell Tower, the Martin Tower, the Watergate and the Byward Towers, all have been prisons in their time; in each and all have the victims to jealousy, to revenge, to avarice, or to fear, lingered day by day, until they were brought to welcome even the painful death prepared for them.

The unhappy wife of the brutal Henry, the unfortunate but bigoted Mary, Queen of Scots, the "good Queen Bess" and her hapless Essex, have sighed within these dreary Towers, throwing into the shade the thousands of obscure captives who have left their sad memorials upon the

walls. The mangled remains of many of these unhappy prisoners were buried as stealthily as they had been murdered, beneath the pavement of their cells, and the little chapel of St Peter contains the dust of many more.

The stoutest hearts have quailed, and the most buoyant spirits given way, as the heavy portcullis of the Traitor's Gate descended, an impassable barrier between them and liberty. Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Jane—both were denied their rightful titles during their lifetime—passed through that dismal portal, never to return into the world; a brutal husband murdered the former, his sanguinary daughter, the latter; and the crowds of less celebrated prisoners who have been dragged up the same stone steps to captivity, torture, and to death, are unrecorded. But the fearful tragedies which are known, the dreadful histories which have been handed down, are sufficient to make us shudder as we read them, and to look upon the Tower as the most dismal, the most terrible, and yet the most interesting of London's relics.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

The Gatherer.

Charity Extraordinary.—It has been stated in the papers that Mr Carpenter Smith, of Southwark, as reported, a benevolent gentleman, after buying an annuity of 500*l.* for himself, has resolved to devote the remainder of his property, about 200,000*l.*, to the building of forty almshouses, the inmates of which are to receive 12*s.* a week each. Supposing this statement to be strictly correct, after securing the endowment proposed, nearly 198,000*l.* will remain to be laid out in building, which ought to produce something rather handsome in the almshouse way!

Steinle.—The celebrated painter, Steinle, has just finished his designs for the frescoes he is about to execute in the Cathedral of Cologne.

Statesmanship.—When the King of the Netherlands, in 1821, wished to make a difference between the duties paid by foreign ships (chiefly English) in the ports of Holland and those paid by his own subjects, he very gracefully accomplished his object by granting a bounty to the latter.

Chinese Conjurers.—Extraordinary ingenuity, in a work recently published, is ascribed to the Chinese jugglers. Two of them entered a company in the drawing room of a foreign resident at Canton. One handed to the other a large china basin. This, after a few flourishes above his head, and being turned upside down to convince

the spectators that it was empty, the exhibitor suddenly allowed to fall, but caught it before it reached the floor. This movement brought him into a position resting upon his heels, the basin being now hidden from view by the folds of his garments. In that attitude he remained for a few seconds, with hands extended, but in no way touching the basin. With a sudden spring he stood upright, and displayed to the astonished spectators the basin filled to the brim with pure clear water, and two gold fishes swimming in it.

The Theodosian Code.—The celebrated collection of edicts and rescripts known as the Code of Theodosius, contains those of sixteen Emperors, and dates from 312 to 438, thus extending over a hundred and twenty-six years. It opens with the first Christian Emperor.

Paganini.—The Bishop of Nice—so the continental journals inform us—has foolishly denied permission for the entrance of Paganini's remains into consecrated ground. The body, embalmed, is lying in state, in a house appropriated to the purpose, while the affair is under discussion at Rome.

German Justice.—In the olden time, he who killed another's dog was to hang the slain animal up by the tail, the nose just touching the ground, and then to cover him with wheat, so that not a hair could be seen; and the heap of wheat was the compensation due to the owner.

The Cause of Earthquakes.—The Edda, an ancient Icelandic record, ascribes earthquakes to the terrible Loki, the Satan of Scandinavian mythology; a similar power is attributed to the warlike movements of his son Yormungandar or Midgardsorm, the monstrous sea-serpent that girdles the world, and holds his tail in his mouth to make a sphere-encircling belt.

Chateaux en Espagne.—It was stated, at the late meeting of the proprietors of the Northern and Eastern Railway Company, that the following were the results of the traffic on the line as compared with the original estimates:—Ponder's End passenger traffic, estimated at 191*l.*, produced only 48*l.* per week. Edmonton passenger traffic, estimated at 361*l.* per week, actually produced only 17*l.* 10*s.*

No Little-go.—The other week the Woodhouse bellman, Yorkshire, announced a raffle for a woman, at a shilling per head! —*Nottingham Review.*

Miracles.—The Rev. T. Foley, of Youghal, has published an account of a series of miracles now in operation at a convent in that town, which promise to equal the Alpine miracles witnessed and described by Lord Shrewsbury. He states that there is a young nun in the convent, a relative of his own, on whose hands, feet,

and side are depicted the wounds of the Saviour; and that at the communion blood is seen to flow from those apparent wounds. He adds that many witnesses will verify the miracle upon oath.—*Fudge.*

Worms and Corrosive Sublimates.—Mix one ounce of corrosive sublimate in forty gallons of water and sprinkle the liquid on the grass, and it will be found instantaneously most fatal to the reptiles whose destruction is necessary.

Anecdote of Mr Canning.—In January, 1826, Sir Charles Bagot, ambassador at the Hague, received, while attending the King's court, a despatch in cypher. He had not with him the key of the cypher, and he was in a state of great anxiety during the interval occupied in procuring it. The following is a literal copy of this important communication:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much: With equal advantage the French are content, So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.

Twenty per cent.,

Twenty per cent.,

Nous frapperous Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING."

—A comedy from the pen of Martinez de la Rosa, formerly one of the Queen Regent's ministers, has been performed at Madrid with great applause. It is called 'The Spaniard in Venice.'

—Dr Bailey, who is now under sentence of transportation for life, and whose case exhibits the blackest depravity that ever sullied the name of a minister of religion, when Dr Dillon had committed himself, was most bitter against him and all who commiserated his distress. In his opinion those who attempted to comfort a fallen man were deeply culpable. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy."

—On Monday a Mr Gregory offered to act *Hamlet* at Covent Garden Theatre. Bills were posted in the principal streets, significantly addressed to "The Gentlemen of London," stating the new performer to be "Mr Gregory, the Editor of the 'Satirist.'" At night he was violently opposed. He was not listened to at all, and the play did not proceed beyond the second act.

ON SEEING A SERVICE OF PLATE PROPOSED TO BE GIVEN TO THE PURCHASER OF A NEWSPAPER!

The liberals who this plate prepare,
Have very well their work begun;
The ewer and tongs are wrought with care,
The Spoons will all be nicely done.

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Original Communications.

THE LAST DAYS OF POPE BONIFACE VIII.

MUCH of the dreary strife, and many of the startling crimes which swell the history of the middle ages, grew out of the arrogant pretensions of the bishops of Rome. They claimed to exercise a controlling power over all the kings of Christendom. The success of the experiment made on the wretched, English tyrant

John, was through the succeeding century often proudly held up *in terrorem* to refractory princes; and their priest-ridden subjects could not but shudder at the awful consequences which their fathers reported to them resulted from a papal interdict being laid on an offending nation. Hence the Popes were emboldened, in furtherance of their own sordid views, to interfere with the internal arrangements of every kingdom, and it was often done in a manner which set at naught the authority of the king, and

[No. 1152.

at the same time injured his finances. Out of these circumstances the most fearful discord arose. The Pope was used by the monarchs of that time to forward every evil design they formed, and to relieve them from any oath they might have sworn, when its observance became inconvenient; but when they touched the patronage and profits of the king, he usually appealed to his Parliament or Barons to resist such interference as unlawful, and not to be endured.

Pope Boniface the Eighth, when more than fourscore years of age, was ambitious of filling the holy seat with vigour. He thought proper to nominate certain parties to bishoprics in France, as a matter of right, without troubling himself to obtain the king's consent. Philippe the Fourth, indignant at this proceeding, resolved to make head against the haughty representative of St Peter; and accordingly, on the occasion of one Bernard Saissetti, a creature of his own, being made bishop of Pamiers by Boniface, Philippe caused the new prelate to be arrested in the night, and sent him to prison under a charge of treason, heresy, and blasphemy. The rest of the story, the remarkable struggle between the king and the Pope, we copy from 'The Pictorial History of France,' to which we lately called the attention of our readers. The animated representation of the strange affront put upon the proud Pontiff is one of the admirable engravings (four hundred in number) which illustrate that interesting work.

"Boniface remonstrated against this outrage and violence in a bull known in history by its opening words 'Ausculat, fili,' in which he asserted his power 'over nations and kingdoms, to root out and pull down, to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant,' and concluded by informing Philippe that he had summoned all the superior clergy of France to an assembly at Rome on the 1st of the following November, in order to deliberate on the remedies for such abuses as those of which the king had been guilty. Philippe, by no means intimidated by this measure, convoked a full and early assembly of the three estates of his kingdom, to decide upon the conduct of him whom the orthodox, up to that time, had been in the habit of deeming infallible. This [10th April, 1303] was the first meeting of a Parliament, properly so called, in France. It was held in the church of Notre Dame de Paris, in separate chambers—each order deliberating apart, and all being dissolved at the close of a single day. In these assemblages the question at issue between the king and the Pope at once became a national one. The chambers unanimously approved and applauded the conduct of

the king, and resolved to maintain the honour of the crown and the nation from foreign insult or domination; and to mark their decision more conclusively, they concurred with the sovereign in prohibiting the clergy from attending the Pope's summons to Rome. The papal bull was burned as publicly as possible—the act being proclaimed with trumpets through the streets of Paris, after having been read and explained to the wondering people. The Pope, alarmed at these novel and bold proceedings, sought instantly to avert their consequences by soothing explanations; but Philippe would not now be turned aside from his course. He summoned a convocation of the Gallican prelates, in which by the mouth of William de Nogaret, his chancellor, he represented the occupier of St Peter's chair as the father of lies and an evil-doer; and he demanded the seizure of this pseudo-pope, and his imprisonment until he could be brought before a legitimate tribunal to receive the punishment due to his numerous crimes.

"Boniface now declared that the French king was excommunicated, and cited him by his confessor to appear in the papal court at Rome within three months, to make submission and atonement for his contumacy. Philippe, however, caused the bearers of this missive to be waylaid and imprisoned; and published a formal accusation of the Pope, in which that venerable father was charged with the grossest and most absurd crimes. A war of documents ensued, in which the king, the pontiff, the barons, the cardinals, the people and the priesthood all took part, in a manner which certainly threatened to produce a premature dissolution of the unity of the Catholic church. While this unseemly quarrel, however, seemed to be growing interminable in its complexities, the daring of a few men opened a shorter path to its end than could have been anticipated.

"William of Nogaret associating to him Sciarra Colonna, a noble Roman, who, having been driven from his native city by Boniface, and subjected to various hardships, had found refuge in Paris, passed, with a train of three hundred horsemen, and a much larger body of picked infantry, secretly into Italy, with the intention of surprising the Pope at his summer residence in his native town of Anagni, and repeating upon his person the outrage that had been practised upon the Bishop of Pamiers. Boniface, it was known, had prepared another bull maintaining that 'as vicar of Jesus Christ he had power to govern kings with a rod of iron, and to dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel;' and he had appointed the 8th of September, 1303, the anniversary

of the nativity of the Virgin, for its promulgation. It was so arranged, therefore, that the attack should be made on the 7th, and accordingly at about seven in the morning of that day, Nogaret and Colonna with their supporters, bearing the banners of France, rushed into Anagni, shouting 'Success to the King of France—Death to Pope Boniface!' The papal palace was captured after a feeble resistance, and the cardinals and personal attendants of the Pontiff fled for their lives. Boniface, however, seeing that no means of retreat for himself had been left open, prepared to sustain with becoming dignity the last outrage his enemies could inflict. 'Since I am betrayed,' he cried, 'as my Saviour was betrayed, I will at least die as befits a Pope.' He then clothed himself in his official vestments, with the mantle of St Peter on his shoulders, the crown of Constantine on his head, and the keys and cross in his hands; and seated himself in the pontifical throne. Sciarra Colonna was the first who penetrated to his presence; and he, when he beheld the venerable form and composed bearing of the old man, who had attained his eighty-sixth year, seemed suddenly to relent in his fiercer purpose, and his revenge did not prompt him to more than verbal insult. Nogaret followed, and approaching the Pope with some external show of respect, informed him that he must at once prepare himself to be present at the council, forthwith to be summoned on the subject of his misconduct. The Pope replied firmly to his captor—'William of Nogaret, from thee and such as thee—a heretic and the son of a line of heretics, who have atoned for their errors in the flames—I can patiently endure any indignity.

"The Condottieri engaged in this enterprise, then dragged the Pope from his throne, and conveying him into the street, mounted him upon a lean horse without saddle or bridle, with his head to the animal's tail, and thus conducted him in a sort of pilgrimage through the town. He was then consigned prisoner to one of the chambers of his palace and placed under guard; while the body of his captors dispersed themselves through the splendid apartments in eager pursuit of plunder. Three days were thus occupied; but at the end of that time the aggressors found a resistance they seem never to have calculated upon. The people of Anagni, by whom the pontiff appears to have been beloved, having recovered from the panic of their first surprise, and discovered the weakness of the assailing force, took arms in behalf of their fellow-townsmen and spiritual father, and falling upon the French while still indulging in the licence of the sack, drove Nogaret and Colonna from their quarters,

and either expelled or massacred the whole of their followers.

"But though they were thus enabled to restore the aged Boniface to freedom, they could not heal his wounded honour. Rendered furious by the disgrace of his captivity, he hastened from Anagni to Rome, breathing vows and threats of vengeance. The violence of his passion, however, speedily overpowered his reason, and he sunk at once into abject imbecility. His eyes were haggard, his mouth white with foam, and he gnashed his teeth in silence. He passed the day without nourishment and the night without repose; and refused to allow any attendant to enter his chamber to offer him food or consolation. After an interval, his domestics burst into his apartment, and there beheld his body stretched on the bed stiff and cold. The staff which he had carried bore the marks of his teeth, and was covered with foam. His white locks were stained with blood—produced probably by some violence of the French soldiers—and his head was so closely wrapped in the counterpane that he was believed to have anticipated his end by violence and suffocation [11th October, 1303]."

THE SHIRTLESS HAPPY MAN.

From the German of Langbein.

East on his couch, oppress'd with grief and pain,
A monarch lay, nor thought to rise again;
No help he found in powder, draught, or pill,
So sad his case,—it mock'd the doctors' skill;
On him a fierce disease was seen to sport,
Which baffled both the council and the court.

The scenes of pleasure were no longer gay,
Their doors were clos'd, and fiddles ceas'd to play;

A decent sorrow in the halls was seen,
And sad regret was stamp'd on ev'ry mien;
From Paris too, 'tis confidently said,
They order'd mourning as for one that's dead.

The royal jester, faithful to his post,
Was there, but seem'd as tho' his tongue
were lost;

E'en he, who chatter'd at no common rate,
As ever like a starling he would prate,
'Midst doctors, like a ninny, silent stood,
Or some rude satyr in his saddest mood.

But suddenly the jester silence broke,—
Fair speech unlock'd his lips, and thus he
spoke:—

"Ye big-wigg'd fellows useful are indeed
"To those in health, who never med'cine need,
"But, spite of Greek and Latin, they must fall
"Whom ghastly Death commands,—who
summons all."

"E'en now before your wondering eyes you
see

"His powerful grasp,—he spares not majesty;
"To seize your potent king he's not afraid,—
"Your vain attempts he scorns, and mocks
your aid:

"Begone! I know a warrior of renown
 "Prepared to fight, and drive him from th
 town."

"Not one of you with him compar'd can be,
 "So great his power,—a noted wizard he;
 "Able to cast out wicked sprites he's found,
 "And thus he's known to all the country
 round;
 "His words are true, his prophecies are sure,
 "And he has wrought full many a wond'rous
 cure."

"'Tis arrant nonsense all. What knows a
 fool!"
 Exclaim'd a Doctor of the learned school;
 "Hold! silence," said the king, "attend to
 me,

"He is my faithful servant known to be.
 "Now John my jester, ne'er the doctors heed,
 "Be off, and bring thy sorcerer with speed!"

Hard by a neighb'ring fence that clos'd a
 wood,

In humble guise, the sorcerer's cottage stood;
 And tho' the wizard tott'ring was, and lame,
 He hand in hand with John the jester came;
 Advanc'd in years, like Nestor he appear'd,
 And show'd, like him, a flowing silver beard.

The king with hearty welcome—in distress
 And feeble voice, exclaim'd, "You're come to
 bless!

"Hail, worthy prophet, surely such are you,
 "Now freely speak your mind, and tell me
 true,

"Must I on you for added years depend,
 "Or from my throne into the grave descend?"

"I cannot speak at once," replied the sage,
 "As I must with the glitt'ring stars engage;
 "In solemn silence I am bound to ask
 "You rolling orbs, ere I perform the task;
 "But, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
 "The truth will I declare,—to live or die."

Then went the wizard on his own affairs,
 And left awhile the monarch to his cares;
 But, on the morrow, back the sorcerer came,
 The truth, as he had promised, to proclaim;
 He bore a book of riddles in his hand,
 Which none on earth, but him, could under-
 stand.

"My lord," said he, "Death stands in dread
 array,

"And fiercely seeks to take your life away;
 "Yet, in a twinkling, health you may secure,
 "If anyhow you can a shirt procure,—
 "A shirt of mortal, it must here be shown,
 "Who never aught but happiness has known."

The courtiers laughed;—a whisper went
 around,

"Was e'er before so great a madman found!"
 The anxious monarch differ'd from the rest,
 And thus he his prime minister address'd,—
 "To you alone the task belongs, Count Stirt,—
 "The only man are you to get the shirt!

"But prithee why so thoughtful and so pale
 "You boast, e'en now, your services avail
 "My kingdom to enrich,—and thro' the land
 "Is surely seen full many a happy band;
 "If then so many there are known to be,
 "One you will find, if only one, for me!"

Thus said the king,—the statesman left the
 place

With downcast looks, as in a hopeless case;
 Straight to his study he repair'd, and there
 In silent sadness, mourned the whole affair;
 Ten grey-goose quills were cut in haste, and
 then

This proclamation issued from his pen.

"Be't known to all that Death, with eager
 strife,

"His power exerts to rob us of our life;
 "But still a prophet says, in language plain,
 "Anon we should at once our health regain,
 "If wrapp'd within a shirt, it can be shown,
 "Of one who naught but happiness has
 known.

"To such as know nor pain nor grief we send,
 "Requiring them such garment straight to
 lend;

"How coarse we heed not, it must here be
 told,—

"The rightful owner shall be paid in gold;
 "And more than this, whate'er his station, he
 "To highest honours shall promoted be."

Scarce had this proclamation issued been,
 Or scarcely dry, but thro' the town 'twas seen;
 On ev'ry house and wall 'twas plac'd with
 speed,
 And folks with outstretch'd necks were there
 to read;

All said, or seem'd to say, they had excuse,
 As nothing of the kind they could produce.

(To be continued.)

STEAM ELECTRICITY.

In the month of October, 1840, Mr Arm-
 strong communicated to Professor Faraday
 the following:—"A few days ago I was
 informed that a very extraordinary electri-
 cal phenomenon connected with the influx
 of steam from the safety valve of a steam-
 engine boiler had been observed at Seghill,
 about six miles from Newcastle," and he
 added, "without further preface I shall
 proceed to narrate what I saw on the spot.
 —There is nothing remarkable in the con-
 struction of the boiler, which is supported
 upon masonry in the usual way;" and he
 states, "that the steam issued from a fis-
 sure between the boiler and its connexion
 with the body of the safety-valve, caus'd
 by the packing having given way. On
 placing one hand in the jet of steam, and
 the other upon the boiler, a spark of elec-
 tricity was seen, and a considerable shock
 felt." This was first noticed by the engi-
 neer. Mr Armstrong, possessing a mind
 of great research, did not let this simple
 fact lie idle, but, from a series of scientific
 and laborious experiments, has laid before
 the world a discovery of great importance.
 He made a further communication to the
 scientific world in the following November,
 the substance of which is, that he obtained
 sparks varying from a quarter of an inch
 to an inch in length from all the boilers
 he had tried experiments upon, and that

he afterwards, in conjunction with Mr Nicholson, the engineer, tried experiments on the locomotive boiler, and obtained, from the steam blowing off, abundance of electricity. He says, "In trying the steam in the first instance by standing on an insulated stool (that is, a stool with glass legs), and holding in one hand a light iron rod immediately above the safety-valve, while the steam was freely escaping, and then advancing the other hand towards any conducting body, sparks of about one inch in length were obtained, but it was soon observed that by elevating the rod in the steam the electricity was increased, and the maximum effect was not obtained until the end of the rod was raised five or six feet above the valve, at which point the length of the sparks occasionally reached two inches. In 1841 Mr Pattinson and Mr Armstrong made a joint communication to the world, calculated to afford the explanation of the phenomenon of Cramlington—see *Philo. Mag.* vol. xviii, p. 100.

Mr Armstrong about this time constructed a boiler of three feet six inches in length, with cylindrical ends, and one foot nine inches in diameter, resting on an ordinary iron framing, and the whole was supported on four glass legs. On trying the experiments he raised the steam to a pressure of 70 lbs. on the inch, and ejected the steam from a small orifice of one-tenth of an inch in diameter; there is no limitation to the number of orifices, so that more are not made than the boiler will well supply, and each orifice will give off the same quantity of electricity from the steam. The result he announced was, that from his small boiler he made a comparison with that of a plate electrical machine of three feet in diameter. The effect of this was as follows on a half-gallon Leyden jar:—

Number of spontaneous discharges of the jar per minute from the plate machine	-	-	-	29
Ditto from the boiler	-	-	-	220

being an increase in favour of the boiler of nearly 10 to 1.

Proceeding in his experiments, Mr Armstrong has obtained sparks of a foot in length from his small boiler. One of about the size alluded to has been made for Mr Addams, the celebrated lecturer on experimental philosophy, which will be soon exhibited and lectured upon at the Royal Institution. The Polytechnic Institution, foremost on all occasions to promote the cultivation of science, without regard to expense, have ordered one for their Institution of the magnificent size of six feet by three, and it is now being made, with every improvement, under the direction of Mr Armstrong. It is presumed that it will be of 20 times the enormous power of the colossal electrical machine they have at

present. Thus it will be seen that the mighty agent, steam, is brought to bear in science as well as in power. As soon as any important result is obtained, it will be given immediately in the columns of the 'Mirror.' When matters so interesting and important are on the *tapis* we shall not be found sleeping.

INSECTS GENERATED BY GALVANISM.

THE ACARUS GALVANICUS, OR ACARUS CROSSII.

It was discovered some years ago that certain insects, a new species of Acari, had been called into existence incidentally, by some electric experiments of Mr Crosse. These experiments have been of late successfully repeated by Mr Weekes. Mr Crosse has long been occupied in producing, artificially, various mineral substances, essentially the same as those elaborated by nature. With the conviction that electric agency was the secret instrument in the hand of nature, he was led to operate upon earthy solutions by slow voltaic action, continued without remission for weeks. He was endeavouring to obtain crystals of silica, and had prepared the following solution:—the powder of black flint, having been exposed to a red heat, was quenched in water, and then mixed with three times its weight of carbonate of potassa: after the mixture had been submitted to a furnace heat for a quarter of an hour, it was reduced to powder and dissolved in warm water. This solution, by means of a strip of flannel hanging over the edge of the basin in which it was placed, was allowed to fall in drops upon a piece of red oxide of iron, obtained from Mount Vesuvius — that mineral being chosen for no other reason than its porosity. On either side of the iron-stone rested two platinum wires, proceeding from a voltaic battery of nineteen pairs of five-inch plates excited with common water. On the fourteenth day after the commencement of the experiment Mr Crosse observed, by means of a lens, a few small whitish excrescences of nipples projecting from about the middle of the electrified stone, and near the spot on which the fluid was dropping; on the eighteenth day these excrescences enlarged, and seven or eight long filaments made their appearance on each; on the twenty-second day these appearances became more distinct; and on the twenty-sixth each figure assumed the form of a perfect insect, standing erect on a few bristles, which formed its tail. Till then Mr Crosse was not aware of the nature of the objects he had been daily contemplating: he had no notion that anything other than an incipient mineral

formation was before him; but when, on the twenty-eighth day, he perceived these little creatures move their legs, his astonishment was beyond measure great. He detached some of them from their birth-place with the point of a needle, but they invariably died, which compelled him to wait a few days, when they separated themselves, and moved to and fro at pleasure. In the course of a few weeks about a hundred made their appearance, and of these only five or six were born on the south side of the stone, the creatures having an instinctive antipathy to light, always avoiding it when possible. From among the specimens transmitted to eminent physiologists, one was presented to the French Academy, by Mr Robertson, and was carefully examined by M. Turpin, who pronounced it to be a new species of the *Acarus* race. *Acarus* (from the Greek *ἀκαρπής*, *indivisible*) is the generic name of those creatures popularly designated mites; their characteristics, according to Latreille, being a body very soft, or without a scaly crust, and forked palpi or feelers, either concealed or very short. The species discovered by Mr Crosse, and on that account designated *Crossii*, or, from its locale, *Galvanici*, differs from the cheese-mite and the meal-mite, by the absence of the false corselet, and of the two longest and most slender joints, which precede the tarsus or terminal joint; it also differs in having its body shorter, of a more oval form, and more bent, and in having its back covered with long and numerous hairs. It is said more nearly to resemble the *Acarus dimidiatus* of Hermann, but to differ in wanting the short hairs which cover the surface of the eight limbs of the latter.

Mr. Turpin conceived "that the means which Mr Crosse has employed, even supposing them in this case indispensable to the appearance of the animal, have only been simply stimulants, which, like those that excite and favour the germination of a grain of wheat, have hastened the hatching of the eggs, similar to those contained in the female individual sent by Mr Crosse himself;—eggs which were laid or brought on the surface of the Vesuvian stones used in the experiment." That the success of the experiment, however, was in no degree due to the presence of the Vesuvian stone, was an early opinion of Mr Crosse, which has since been amply confirmed. The most simple solution which occurred to him was, "that they arose from ova deposited by insects floating in the atmosphere, and that they might possibly be hatched by the electric action." But it was difficult to imagine how an ovum could shoot out filaments, which eventually became bristles, nor could he, at any time,

detect the remains of a shell. He next imagined that they might have originated from the water, but no traces of them could be found in the cells of a water-battery, furnished from the same source. He now placed a piece of brick in a solution of silicate potassa, which was electrolyzed by a battery of sixty-three two-inch pairs. After many months, the insects appeared on the wet outside of the glass vessel containing the solution, and on the edge of the fluid within, and finally they spread about the whole surface of the table on which the apparatus stood, instinctively hiding themselves wherever they could find shelter. The table was closely examined with a lens, but nowhere on it could be discovered the whitish exorescence indicative of their incipient state. A piece of clay-slate was operated upon in a similar solution by a battery of twenty two-inch pairs; similar insects in their incipient state were observed forming around the edge of the fluid within the jar, which, when perfect, crawled about the inner surface of the paper cover of the jar with the greatest activity.

ORIGINAL PAPERS ON SCIENCE.

NO. II.—PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

THE origin of this most interesting and important process, must unquestionably be traced to the accidental discovery made by the alchemists of the compound now called chloride of silver, and the powerful action of the solar ray in changing it from white to black. But it does not appear that any attempts were made by them either to investigate the cause or to apply the effect.

In the year 1802, Sir H. Davy and Mr Wedgwood made a series of experiments, and which may be considered as the first systematic inquiry in the art now denominated Photography; these gentlemen could not succeed in permanently fixing the pictures they obtained, and seem to have given up the task as hopeless.

From this date nothing appears to have been done in furtherance of this art until 1814, when M. Niepce, the elder, of Chalons, on the Soane, turned his attention to the production of pictures by the agency of light, and which process he termed Heliography. Although the effects he obtained were most interesting and extraordinary, still the tedious nature of the process, and length of time requisite to produce the results, could only render the Heliographic pictures objects of curiosity without any practical utility. Subsequently M. Niepce and M. Daguerre, who, like the former, had been engaged for some time on this subject, agreed to prosecute their researches together, and the result of their labours was the discovery of the beautiful

process, absurdly named the Daguerreotype. This was made public in the month of July, 1839, but not until Daguerre and Niepce had each obtained from the chambers a pension for themselves and widows for life, and Daguerre, in addition, had secured to himself an exclusive patent for this country—apparently in direct contradiction to the stipulation of M. Arago, that it was to be thrown open to all the world.*

The process of Daguerre's was totally different from any attempt hitherto made, and the result altogether so extraordinary and unexpected, that it appears impossible that anything like inductive reasoning could have led to the results which it is more than probable were accidentally obtained.

The enthusiasm with which this discovery was taken up by all parties soon led the way for many improvements upon Daguerre's original process. One of the first attempts, and which with Daguerre was certainly not very successful, was that of portraits from life; the length of time necessary for the sitter to be fixed without even moving a muscle, rendered it not only exceedingly irksome, but almost impossible to perform.

Mr Woolcott, of America, was enabled greatly to diminish the length of time requisite in the process, by employing a camera, having a concave mirror or speculum, as shown in fig. 2,† which admitted of more light being thrown upon the prepared plate than by the camera, fig. 1, as employed by Daguerre.

And so successful was he in taking portraits by this mode, that a Mr Johnson was induced to bring the plan over to this country, but the difference in the two climates made a considerable alteration in the utility of the improvement. In this stage of the proceedings Mr Beard, the present patentee, embarked a considerable sum in attempts to improve the process, so that by diminishing the time, to make it available for taking miniatures from life Mr Goddard having the management of the experimental room fitted up by Mr Beard in Holborn, after some months' la-

bour succeeded in obtaining a compound, which appeared fully to answer the required end. Mr Beard then made arrangements with the directors of the Polytechnic Institution for the hire of one portion of the building in Cavendish square; Mr Beard opened the first establishment for taking miniatures by light, termed by him Photographic portraits. The extraordinary success which attended their first introduction, and the utter impossibility of executing at one establishment the numerous commissions, led him with considerable spirit and apparently regardless of expense, to open two other establishments in the metropolis, one in King William street, City, and the other in Parliament street, Westminster, together with several others in the provinces.

These portraits are produced only upon surfaces of silver, and great care is necessary, not only in the quality of the silver, but in the mode of finishing the surface, which must be brought to the highest possible degree of polish, for upon this much of the excellency of the picture depends.* In rendering the plate sensitive to the influence of light, Daguerre employed the vapour of pure iodine, and if time is not an object, it is certainly equal to any of the more sensitive compounds. The compound alluded to above, as discovered by Mr Goddard, was, I believe, one of the chlorides of iodine; since then bromine has been added by other experimentalists. The former preparation is readily obtained by passing perfectly dry chlorine gas over pure and dry iodine; the two combine and form a mixture, which even in this country is so sensitive, that when applied to the plate, a very few seconds during sun light is generally sufficient, and seldom more than a minute, when the operation is practicable—for there are many days in this country, more particularly in the metropolis, in which it is useless to make the attempt from the smoke and fog.

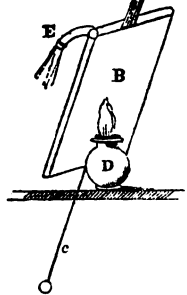
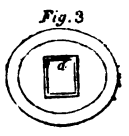
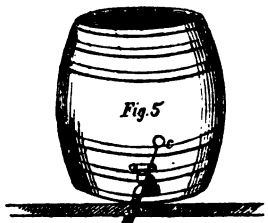
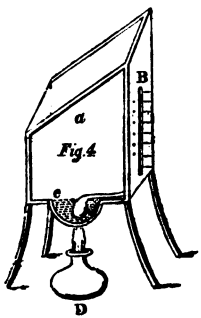
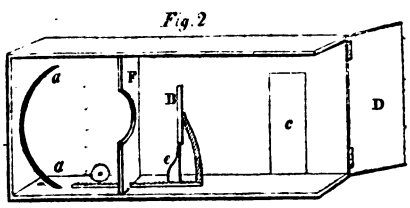
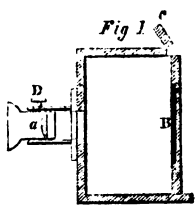
In taking a portrait, the sitter is arranged opposite the camera, and the proper focus obtained; the plate being previously polished is placed in the frame (fig. 3), which acts as a cover to the earthenware vessel holding the sensitive compound; the plate, with the silver surface downwards, is then

* The writer of this article, in mentioning this circumstance to a native of France, obtained a very different meaning to the expression of Arago, "*tout le monde*." "Ho!" said the Parisian, "that is a very common expression in France, but when employed it refers simply to the French as a nation!!!"

† A A is the mirror, B a stop or diaphragm for correcting the aberration; C is a small door, which is sometimes convenient in watching the state of the process; D the door at which the plate is introduced for taking the portrait.

* The mode at present employed in making the plates is as follows:—Two similar blocks of copper have each a plate of silver soldered on the surface, the silver being then brought to a fine polish; the two silver surfaces are placed together, and extended under the rollers in the usual manner; this mode of rolling removes much of the labour formerly attendant upon polishing the plates.

THE MIRROR.



exposed to the vapour evolved ; this combines with the silver and causes the latter to assume a deep golden colour, almost approaching to brown ; when this is obtained the plate is transferred to the camera (fig. 1 or 2) ; in the latter it is placed before the mirror and retained in its position by the spring E ; in the former it is attached to a board and introduced at the back of the box as at B ; in this position the plate receives the image formed by the light reflecting from the sitter, and then undergoes that mysterious change produced by the action of the light on those parts only of the plate on which the light had been allowed to fall, the effects being in proportion to the amount or intensity of what are termed the chemical rays ; the plate, on being withdrawn from the camera, should not exhibit the slightest trace of a picture ; if any should be detected, it proves that the plate was exposed for too long a time to the influence of the light, and the beauty of the picture is much diminished. The plate is now to be placed in the mercury box, fig. 4, at the bottom of which is fixed an iron pan C, containing the mercury, the plate sliding into a groove on the lid of the box, as shown at E, the mercury being heated

to 140° (Fahr.), the volatised mercury adheres only to those parts of the plate on which the light had previously acted. When the picture is fully brought out, it must be removed from the mercury box, and placed into a basin of distilled water, from thence into one holding boiling salt and water, or a cold solution of the hydrosulphate of soda. Either of these will remove the sensitive compound from the plate, which is then transferred back to the distilled water, and finally placed on a wire frame C C, fig. 5, and introduced into the washing apparatus, fig. 5. A is a vessel of distilled water, which permits of the water flowing into the zinc or copper trough B, and passing off at the spout E. The flow of water is then turned off, and the spirit lamp A applied, which boiling the water in B, admits of the plate, by the heat thus given, when slowly withdrawn from the bath, driving off in vapour the adhering water, thus preventing the spotting so frequently observed in pouring the water simply over the plate, as recommended by Daguerre. It then only remains to place the picture in a frame and glass, and the process is completed.



Arms. Sa on a cross engrailed between four eagles displayed, or, five lions passant, gardant of the field. *Crest.* A demi-heraldic tiger, salient sa, armed ducally, gorged and tufted or. *Supporters.* Two heraldic tigers sa, ducally gorged, tufted, maned, and tusked or. *Motto.* Per il suo contrario.

ORIGIN OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ANGLESEA.

William Paget, Serjeant at Mace of the city of London in the time of Henry the Seventh, left, with other children, a son named after himself. At the proper age William commenced his education under the celebrated Lily, in St Paul's school. He was afterwards sent to Cambridge, and entered the family of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. His connexion with the prelate introduced him to public business, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth he was sent to France on a somewhat curious mission, namely, to ascertain the sentiments of learned theologians there, on the subject of the king's divorce from Queen Katherine, which was then contemplated. That he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of Henry is clear, from his being afterwards employed in various delicate and important negotiations. He rose very high in King Henry's favour, who made him Secretary of State, and knighted him. In his latter days he named him one of his executors, appointed him a member of the Council to his successor, and bequeathed him the sum of 300*l*. Sir William Paget acted with the Protector Somerset. He was elected a Knight of the Garter on the 14th February, 1546-7, and summoned to Parliament as Baron Paget of Beaudesert, county of Stafford, January 23, 1552. When Somerset was disgraced, the fortunes of Sir William Paget also gave way: the insignia of the Garter was taken from him, he was committed to the Tower, and ordered to pay a fine of 6,000*l*. This was, however, soon remitted, and he received a pardon for all offences against the crown, and of course was liberated. His opinions seem to have been flexible, for when Mary ascended the throne he espoused her cause, and obtained a seat in the Privy Council; his honours were restored, and several grants were made in his favour by the Queen, and he was appointed Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. On her death, in 1558,

he, from choice, withdrew from public affairs. Elizabeth, according to Camden, though he was not numbered among her servants, "retained an affection and value for him, though he was a strict zealot of the Roman Catholic church." He died about five years afterwards, and was succeeded by his eldest son Henry.

The Pagets which successively inherited the honours gained by the first William Paget, acted, in many instances, a distinguished part in the public business of the periods in which they lived. Henry, the seventh Lord Paget, who had been created Baron Burton, of Burton, County Stafford, 1712, in his father's life-time, was advanced to the Earldom of Uxbridge, October 19, 1714. In 1769, the Earldom of Uxbridge and Barony of Uxbridge became extinct, but the Barony of Paget being in fee, devolved upon the eldest surviving son of the deceased Caroline Paget, daughter of Brigadier-General Thomas Paget, who was son to William, the fifth Earl. The lady had married Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart., of Placenywd, son and successor of Sir Edward Bayly. The son of the above-named Caroline Paget was Henry Bayly, Esq., who thereupon assumed the surname and arms of Paget alone. His lordship was created Earl of Uxbridge, May 19, 1774, and died March 13, 1812. At that date the present Marquis of Anglesey succeeded to the Earldom. His lordship was born May 17, 1768, and obtained the Marquisate by creation, June 23, 1815. The noble Marquis was twice married; first, July 25, 1795, to Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey, who died in 1835. His lordship's second consort was Lady Charlotte Cadagon, daughter of the first Earl of Cadagon. Eight children were the offspring of the former, and six of the latter union. The public services of the noble Marquis, both in war and in peace, are too numerous to be here detailed, and too generally known to need description. He served through the Peninsula war with great distinction, and he contributed largely to the memorable triumph of Waterloo, in which, at the close of the battle, he received a wound in the knee which rendered amputation of the limb necessary.

THE LOST LEG.

(From the German of Tschokke.)

In the autumn of the year 1782, Lewis Thevenet, a surgeon at Calais, received a written invitation from an unknown individual, to come on the following morning to his country-house, which was situated on the Paris road, and to bring with him the necessary instruments for the amputation of a limb. Monsieur Thevenet was, at that time, acknowledged to be one of the most skilful men in the profession, and indeed it was no unusual thing for him to be sent for to England by those who wished to profit from his skill.

He had long been in the army, and his appearance and manners were somewhat harsh, but yet no one could help loving him, on account of his kind-heartedness and good-nature.

He was somewhat put about upon the receipt of this anonymous epistle. The time, the hour, the place, all were specified with the greatest nicety, but, as already mentioned, the letter was without a signature. "Well," thought he to himself, "some of our wags want to play me a trick, I suppose!"—So he made up his mind not to go.

Three days later the invitation was repeated, but much more pressingly, informing him, that at nine o'clock on the following morning a carriage would be sent to fetch him.

The next day, as the clock was striking nine, a neat open carriage appeared at his door. The doctor made no further ado, but entered it.

As he was getting in, he said to the coachman, "To whom are you going to take me?"

He replied in English, "'Tis no concern of mine."

"So, so! an Englishman, I perceive. You are certainly a great clown," said Thevenet.

The coach moved on, and at length stopped before the door of a country house. "To whom am I going? Who lives here? Who is sick here?" exclaimed Thevenet to the coachman before he got out. The son of the whip gave him a similar reply to the one obtained before.

A young man, about eight-and-twenty, received him at the door of the house, and conducted him up-stairs into a large and handsome room. The stranger was an Englishman. The doctor addressed him in his native tongue, and was replied to in the most affable manner.

"You have sent for me, sir," said the surgeon!

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir, for coming," said the Englishman. "Pray make yourself quite at home. Here is coffee, chocolate, wine, or anything you

choose to partake of, before commencing the operation."

"I should first, sir, like to see the patient, and examine the injury, to ascertain whether amputation is necessary or not."

The stranger replied, "I have the greatest confidence in you. I beg you will listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas, which I intend for you as payment for the operation: but I shall not confine myself to that small remuneration, provided you are successful in your labour. If, however, you refuse to comply with my wish, here is a heavily-loaded pistol. You are in my power, and, by heavens! I will shoot you."

"Sir, I fear not your pistol. Tell me what you want with me? Come to the point at once, without all this prefacing! What am I to do here?"

"You must take my right leg off."

"Why, sir, you are insane."

"Do not let that concern you, M. Thevenet."

"Why, what has that beautiful leg done?"

"Nothing! Have you made up your mind to take it off?"

"Sir, you are a total stranger to me. Let me have proofs of the soundness of your mind."

"Doctor, once for all, do you choose to comply with my request or not?"

"As soon, sir, as you can give me a sufficient reason for suffering yourself to be rendered a cripple for life."

"At present I must observe silence upon this point. Perhaps in a year hence the secret may out. But I'll bet, doctor, ay, and to any amount too, that you yourself will acknowledge, at the expiration of twelve months, that my motives for getting rid of this leg were of the noblest kind."

"I'll undertake nothing, sir, unless you inform me of your name, residence, family, and profession."

"You shall know all that by-and-bye. At present I can say nothing. I beg, however, you will regard me as a man of honour."

"A man of honour, sir, does not threaten his medical man with pistols. I have duties to perform, even towards you, as a stranger. I will not cripple you without an absolute necessity be shown. If you wish to become the assassin of the innocent father of a family, why then, sir, here I am, shoot me."

"No, M. Thevenet, I will not be your murderer," said the Briton, seizing his pistol, "nevertheless I will force you to amputate my limb. What you will not do to oblige me, nor for the sake of reward, nor out of fear for your life, you certainly will out of compassion."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I will shatter my leg to pieces before your eyes with this pistol, and that immediately."

The Englishman sat himself down, took his pistol and held the mouth of it just above his knee. M. Thevenet ran to him to turn it aside. "Do not stir an inch, doctor, or I will pull the trigger. Give me a final answer to my only question: are you willing unnecessarily to lengthen out and increase my sufferings?"

"My dear sir, you are mad. However, I will comply. I will take your leg off."

Everything necessary for the operation was placed in order. The young man lighted his pipe and swore it should not go out from the first incision made in his leg to its final dressing. He kept his word. The leg presently lay on the floor. The Englishman was still smoking his pipe.

M. Thevenet performed the operation in a very skilful manner, and the patient soon recovered from the effects of it. He generously rewarded his surgeon, to whom he became daily more attached. He expressed his gratitude to him with tears of joy, and returned to England the happiest of mortals, with his wooden stump. About eighteen months after the departure of the Englishman, M. Thevenet received a letter from him, the contents of which were as follow:—

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you receive, in testimony of my grateful feelings towards you, a draft upon Monsieur Pauchaud, banker, at Paris, for the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas. You have rendered me the happiest of human beings, by depriving me of a leg which stood in the way of my earthly felicity.

"Excellent man! Learn now the reason of my foolish whim, as you were pleased to call it. You thought proper to assert that no reasonable motive could be advanced for crippling myself for life. I offered to lay you a wager about it. It was fortunate for you that you did not accept it. After my second return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with the most accomplished of women in the person of Emily Harley. I adored her. Her fortune and family connexions were evident to my relations: to me, only her beauty and her all-accomplished mind. I mingled with a host of her admirers. Ah! my dearest Thevenet, I was happy enough to be the most miserable of my rivals; she loved me—me above all the rest—she did not conceal it, and, on that very account rejected me. In vain did I seek to obtain her hand; in vain did her parents; her friends even interceded for me. She remained immovable. It was long before I could ascertain the cause of her unwillingness to go to the altar with me, though

she confessed her sincere love. One of her sisters at length divulged the secret. Miss Harley was a prodigy of beauty, but she had but one leg, and on this account she feared to become my partner for life. She trembled at the idea that I might think lightly of her for it.

"My resolution was taken in an instant. I resolved to become like her. Thanks to you, dearest Thevenet, I am now so.

"I returned to London with my wooden leg. It had already been noised abroad that through a fall from my horse I had broken my leg, and was under the necessity of having it taken off; indeed I had already written to England to the same effect. When Emily saw me for the first time after my return, she instantly fainted. For a long time she was inconsolable,—but she became my wife. It was not till the day after the wedding that I made her acquainted with the sacrifice I had made to obtain the object of my wishes. This served but to increase her affection for me. O noble Thevenet, if I had ten legs to lose, I would suffer the loss of them all without moving a muscle, for my dearest Emily.

"As long as I live I shall feel grateful to you. Come and pay us a visit in London, form an acquaintance with my amiable partner, and then tell me if you are still of the same opinion, and if you think I am a fool!

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES TEMPLE."

M. Thevenet often told the above anecdote to his friends, joined in many a hearty laugh over it, and generally concluded by saying, "He is a fool after all!"

The following is a copy of his answer:—

"Sir,—I am obliged to you for your very kind present. Such I consider it, for I can by no means call it payment for my insignificant services.

"I wish you much happiness upon your marriage with the fair Briton. The loss of a leg is a great, a very great sacrifice, for a beautiful, virtuous, and amiable wife, yet, perhaps, not too great, if in the end we are not deceived. Adam obtained possession of his wife through the loss of a rib, other men have obtained their object with the loss of their heads.

"But allow me, my dear sir, after taking everything into consideration, to adhere to my old opinion. Perhaps, I grant it, for the present, you are in the right: yours is now the paradise of the matrimonial honey-moon. But my opinion is the right one, depend upon it, but with this difference; my opinion, like every other truth which we reluctantly receive, is slow in ripening.

"Now, my dear sir, mind what I am about to say: I am afraid that in the course of a couple of years you will begin

to repent having your leg taken off above the knee. You will think it might as well have been below the knee. In three years you will feel convinced that the loss of the foot would have been quite enough. In four years you will say, ah! I wish I had only consented to have parted from my great toe; in five years you will think the little toe would have been quite enough as a sacrifice; and in six years you will be prepared to confess to me that the paring of your toe-nails would have been quite sufficient.

"I say all this without the slightest prejudice to your beloved partner. Women can preserve their beauty and their virtue much longer than men can their opinions. In my youthful years I would have sacrificed my life for the sake of my beloved, but not the loss of a limb; the former I should never have repented of, but the latter all the days of my life. For if I had done it, I should ever say to myself, Thevenet, you were a fool. In so saying allow me to have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant,
"G. THEVENET."

In the year 1793, during the Reign of Terror, M. Thevenet, who had been brought into suspicion with the aristocracy by a young surgeon, fled to London to escape the knife of the all-destroying guillotine.

In order to pass away his time he inquired after Sir Charles Temple. He soon found him, and was graciously received. In a well-stuffed, easy arm-chair, before a rousing fire, with his wine beside him on the table, and surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent gentleman; he could scarcely rise from his chair, he was so lusty. "Bless my stars! M. Thevenet; welcome, thrice welcome," exclaimed the stout gentleman, who was no other person than Sir Charles himself. "What, is it really you, doctor? Excuse my getting up, but this cursed wooden leg of mine is always in the way. Perhaps, friend, you have come to see whether your opinion is ripe yet?"

"I am come rather, sir, as a refugee, to seek protection."

"Come, then, and welcome; you shall live along with me, for indeed and in truth you are a wise man. Had it not been for this most unfortunate wooden leg of mine, M. Thevenet, which has rendered me useless for all active service, I might this very day have been Admiral of the Blue. Here I sit, reading the papers to see how things are going on, and curse myself black and blue because I cannot mix myself up with them. Do, doctor, come and comfort me."

"Your dear partner will be better able to console you than I can."

"Not she, indeed. Her wooden leg hin-

ders her from dancing, and so she gives herself up to card-playing and to talking scandal. Indeed there is no agreeing with her; but, however, she is a good wife."

"Why, then, it appears I have been in the right all along."

"Yes, perfectly so, dear Thevenet, but do not let us talk about it now. I have done a very foolish action. If I had but my leg again, I would not give up the paring of a single nail! Between you and me, I have been a fool, but keep this confession to yourself. "T. H. N."

THE CHINESE, THEIR RELIGION AND LANGUAGE.

So little has hitherto been known of China, that everything connected with their habits and manners is read and listened to with eagerness. Of their religion and language we have much before us that is curious. Sketches of both will entertain.

BOODHISM.

The principal religion of China is Buddhism or Boodhism, which also prevails over Birmah, Siam, Ceylon, Japan, and Cochin-China. The founder of this religion is said to have been a son of the King of Benares, who flourished about 600 years B.C., and that he had, in various ages, ten incarnations. The Boodhists do not believe in a First Cause; they think matter eternal; that every portion of animated existence has its own rise, tendency, and destiny, *in itself*; that the condition of creatures on earth is regulated by works of merit and demerit; that works of merit raise us to happiness and the world to prosperity; while those of vice and demerit degenerate the world, until the universe itself is dissolved. They suppose a superior deity, raised to that rank by his merit; but he is not Governor of the World. To the present period they assign five deities, four of whom have already appeared, the last being *Gandama* or *Boodh*, whose pre-eminence continues 5,000 years, 2,384 of which are gone by. At the end of his 5,000 years another saint will obtain the supremacy. Six hundred millions of human souls are said to be canonized with each deity, but Boodh took only 24,000 of his company to heaven with him. The lowest estate is hell—the next, souls in the forms of brutes; and both these are states of punishment. The state above is probationary—that of MAN; and still above degrees of honour and happiness, up to deities, and demi-gods to which man, if found worthy, ascends; or, on the contrary, goes into the lower states of punishment. The Boodhists believe there are four superior heavens; below these, twelve other heavens, with six other inferior heavens. After these comes the Earth; then the world of snakes; then

thirty-two chief hells, and one hundred and twenty hells of lesser torment. The Buddhists believe that persons who obtain a knowledge of things past, present, and to come, have the power of rendering themselves invisible, and are absorbed into the Deity. Those who perform works of merit become great among men, and are received into some of the heavens, in all of which the enjoyments are sensual. But those who do evil, go into a hell proportioned to their crimes. They believe that at the end of a "Kulpu,"—a length of time too great for human calculation—the universe will be destroyed. Five commands are delivered to common Buddhists,—not to destroy animal life; to avoid theft, adultery, falsehood, and the use of spirituous liquors. Other commands, restraining dress, luxury, &c., are given to the higher classes. They all consider their adoration as paid to a being or beings of exalted merit—not to a Creator. Priests worship daily in the temples, and are forbidden to marry. Many of the Chinese consider the Grand Lama as the highest priest on earth. This *pontifex maximus* resides in Thibet, and the Tartar population of China pay him homage.

To us the Chinese seem barbarous. It need not be told that they return the compliment, and with ominous interest. Their intolerable arrogance, and the contemptuous outrage they thought they might venture on with impunity, were the proximate causes of the chastisement they have received from British arms. With all the apparent defects, however, the system of China has admirers. Teen-ke-shee, one of its philosophers, thus exultingly felicitates himself on the circumstance of his being a son of the Celestial Empire:—

"I felicitate myself that I was born in China! It constantly occurs to me, what if I had been born beyond the sea, in some remote part of the earth, where the cold freezes, or the heat scorches; where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, lie in holes of the earth, are far removed from the converting maxims of the ancient kings, and are ignorant of the domestic relations. Though born as one of the generation of men, I should not have been different from a beast. But how happily I have been born in China! I have a house to live in, have drink and food, and commodious furniture. I have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly the highest felicity is mine."

"The Chinese language," D'Israeli says, "is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about three hundred and thirty words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the

returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult," says Mr Astle, "for an European to understand as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French e." In fact, they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different tones which they give them, that the same character, differently accented, signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months' residence at Peking, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father—God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone, or with others: in a word, with the Chinese, the same word is substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase: the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words: they told me *chou* signifies a *book*; so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now, I was to recollect *chou* was a *book* or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing; *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be accustomed; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain; but this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European is the pronunciation; every word may be pronounced in five different tones, yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it.

These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave anything of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone you must pass immediately to an even one: from a whistling note to an inward one: sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate: sometimes it must be guttural, and always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public; and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that of the ten parts of the sermon (as the Chinese express themselves), they hardly understood three. Fortunately the Chinese are wonderfully patient, and are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of it."

MESMERISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A Mr Spencer T. Hall has lately been entertaining a select party at Barker-gate Chapel, Nottingham. Some little interruption was given to the performance by a Mr Noyes, who would not be quiet. A very fine exhibition was at last presented.

A man named Wilmot, a file-cutter, of Sheffield, a favourite, came forward, and in one minute was mesmerised.

Mr Hall expressed his willingness to touch any bump required, in order that a manifestation might follow. (Applause.)

Mr Goodacre assured the lecturer that all which had been said on his side of the house, by Mr Noyes, himself, and those around him, was simply with a view to elicit truth.

A voice—I tell you what, you respectables, I wish you would hold your noise a bit. (Laughter.)

Wilmot was capital; he sung, and stamped, and spouted. On the organ of elocution being touched, up he sprung, and accompanied with theatrical attitude, he spoke from beginning to end, not omitting gesture and various movements of the hand and head, the well-known piece

"Sad stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight."

And when he came to the passage, "They run, they run," he stepped forward so far and so hastily, though held by Mr Hall, as nearly to step off the platform. Occasionally he made a sudden stop, owing to the pressure on the organ ceasing, but on its being resumed, he invariably commenced at the place he had left off at, and proceeded without faltering or mistake to the end, in a tone that might have been heard outside the chapel.

Mr Noyes remarked, this was too good. (Uproar.)

Mr Goodacre said the circumstances reminded him of the tale of the stone lion on Northumberland house. One day, a wag declared that he saw the lion wag its tail, and very soon afterwards the Strand was crowded by hundreds who worked their imagination to believe that they also really saw the phenomenon, and that the lion actually wagged its tail! (Laughter.)

Mr Hall then touched the largely developed organ of adoration, when down went Wilmot on his knees, with an effect upon the audience almost equal to an electric shock. (Enthusiastic applause.)

A voice—Now, what do you think of your lion's tail? (Tremendous laughter.)

THE ACTRESS NUN.

Mrs Wood, formerly Miss Paton, the singer, has retired into a convent in Yorkshire. Report gave out that this was in consequence of ill-usage from Mr Wood, but the lady has written a letter declaring her husband to have been always most kind and indulgent. On a former occasion there were rumours abroad that unkindness from another had caused the attachment which sprung up between her and Mr Wood, and the following verses, supposed to have reference to it, appeared in one of the journals:—

THE SLIGHTED ONE.

I sought not wealth—I sought not fame—

Before unloosed the maiden zone;
Nor did I ask to bear his name,

I gave up all for love alone:
The world's reflections I could bear,

My gold spent unrepining see,
Such matters were not worth my care,
For he was all the world to me.

But when inconstant, harsh, and cold,

He learned my fondness to despise,
'Twas then that Grief to Reason told

How vast had been my sacrifice.
May's glory fell on hill and glade,

And flowers embellished every tree;
But this bright scene, alas! was made
A cheerless wilderness to me.

What then remained?—To bear the smart?

To groan in uncomplaining woe?
And suffer with a throbbing heart

Th' averted eye, the taunt, or blow;
No, from this bosom, warm and true,

His dearly-cherished image torn,
I resolutely from me threw,

And threw it with a woman's scorn.

The world must judge me as it may,

But ere you call me fickle one,
Prudes of severest virtue say,

"O, tell me what would you have done?"
When bounteous love wakes grovelling spite,

Such baseness, ere we press the sod,
Nature commands us to requite,

And Nature's voice is that of God.

The Gasherr.

New Invention.—On Wednesday, Mr Longbottom, the Secretary of the Polytechnic Institution, submitted for public exhibition an instrument for displaying opaque objects by the oxyhydrogen light, a desideratum long looked for in the scientific world. The pictures produced by the Daguerreotype, Photographic, and Calotype arts, busts, drawings, paintings, &c. &c., can be viewed under the magnifying power of this instrument.

Alcohol.—An experiment has been made at the Theatre of Montpellier, of a new principle of lighting—from alcohol. It is important to the vine-growing districts of France, as a fresh vent for their produce. The light is stated to be of dazzling brightness, and without either odour or smoke.

Bees.—At the Entomological Society a paper was lately read by the president, Mr Newport, proving that bees are enabled to distinguish their own hives by the sight only, not by their peculiar scent or the sounds created by their inmates.

National Taste in Building.—A military people delight in pavilions; in the Tuileries the line of tents is terminated with two, distinguished by the name of Pavilions de Flore and Marsan. A maritime people delight in their ships: the English apartments convey the idea of "between decks," and the larger buildings are often like the man-of-war hulk laid up in ordinary. In Russia the palaces have the air of barracks; vast and forlorn, they remind the spectator of the plains of Siberia. In Egypt, the Troglodite excavation was revealed in the temple palace; in Greece, the log house in the temple structure; in China, still the tent, in its simplest form.

Hardening of Matter.—Not more does the strong limbs of the ostrich differ from the soft yolk where it was matured than does the full-grown plant from the speck generally out of which it is elaborately formed by the inscrutable powers of nature. Wonderful is the process in either case! In the one we have a gigantic framework of hard bones derived from a little fluid and delicate membrane; in the other, we have timber still harder and more enduring, the beginning of which was a speck of gum.

Matrimony in Ancient Times.—The Spartan marriages took place by stealth and in the silence of night. When matters were arranged by means of the female friend who acted as the match-maker, the lover stole into the chamber of his mistress, and the union was completed. No signs appeared in his conduct of what had taken place; he lived in public as usual; and if he was seen at any time stealing towards the habitation of his mistress-

wife, he was exposed to the rude raillery and laconic jests of his comrades. The inventions, the stratagems, the escapes, the doubts, hopes and fears—the thousand feelings and adventures of forbidden love—continued to the last to lend their stimulus and charm to this romantic union.

Couch-Grass.—It is not generally known that this pest (*Triticum repens*), may be easily got rid of by trenching. If care be taken to bury all the roots at least six inches deep, they will never again reach the surface. It is a much cheaper and more effectual method, even in field-culture, than the tedious and imperfect one of ploughing, scarifying, and harrowing.

Lusor.
The Sexton and his Wife.—A provincial paper mentions that a few days ago, at Laverstocke, Wilts, died John Hayter, at the age of 73. Some years ago his wife died, and he being clerk of the parish, dug his wife's grave, officiated as clerk at her funeral, covered her over with earth and *made her fast* when service was over. After that he ordered his own coffin, which he kept in his house, until the same solemn ceremony was performed for him. What the rural Editor means by "*made her fast*" is involved in some doubt; there was nothing very remarkable in making a dead woman *fast*! Could he indeed have made her *quick*, John Hayter would have been a clever fellow.

Kite-flying.—The Chinese are said to exceed all other nations in kite-flying. As a nation their superiority in this respect may be unquestionable, but it is believed there are individuals in the city of London who would beat the best *kite-flyer* in the Celestial Empire.

St Marylebone Bank for Savings, No. 6 Welbeck street.—It appears, from the several Reports read to the meeting last week, to have made a satisfactory progress, no less than 2,386 new deposits having been made in the last year. 13,349 deposit accounts remained open on the 20th of November last, of which no less than 8,536 held balances averaging less than 4l. 10s. 2d. each. More than 285,382l. was at that time invested with the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. This amount has since risen to 293,982l., and is still rapidly on the advance. This proves that the working classes are willing, and happily, in many cases, able to save.

Eccentric Charitable Bequest.—Bequest to awaken Sleepers, and whip Dogs out of Church.—Amongst other directions mentioned in the deed of feoffment, 23rd August, 1659, whereby Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, granted certain premises to John Sanders, and others, viz. cottages or buildings, over and adjoining the churchyard

and churchyard gates of the parish church of Claverley, is to place in some room of the said cottages, and to pay yearly the sum of 8s. to a poor man of that parish who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverley during divine service.

Capital Punishments.—The executions in New South Wales in the year 1830 exceeded the whole number of executions in England and Wales in the same year; which, taking the proportion of the populations of the countries, it was calculated, made capital punishments upwards of three hundred and twenty-five times as frequent as in the mother country. What proportion would they bear to those inflicted under our present life-sparing system?

The late Gales.—Upon reference to Lloyd's books and other authentic documents, it appears that the number of vessels lost during the hurricane of the 13th ult. was about 180, and that the number of persons who perished with them 453. On the coast of England 154 vessels were wrecked, and 190 lives lost; on the coast of Ireland, five vessels, with 104 lives; on the coast of Scotland, 17 vessels, with 39 lives; and on the coast of France four vessels and 100 lives. The value of the vessels and cargoes have been roughly estimated at 585,000*l.* On the three following days after the 13th, numerous other wrecks occurred, to the extent of nearly 60, the losses on which were upwards of 240,000*l.*; this, with the others, making a total of 825,000*l.*

Boz and the Americans.—The following passages form part of a commentary on "Notes on America," by Mr Ritchie, said to be "one of the oldest and most amiable and kind-hearted of American editors, who speaks as follows:—'We have read the work with disappointment, regret, much disgust, and we must add, some indignation. We expected from Mr Dickens's talent, and the professions of gratitude he evinced, a much better production—more just in its views of American society—more liberal in its temper—more worthy of him and of ourselves. We had admired many of his works—and, we confess, liked the man. But the present production will lose him friends in America. It will nearly cut off the whole region of the south, once his most ardent admirers, from the circle of his readers.'"

Cicero and Cæsar.—Cicero had nineteen villas, and it was in one of these that Cæsar honoured him with a morning call, and paid him the very high compliment of taking a vomit in order that he might do justice to his lunch. In another he delighted to ornament his library with Greek paintings and sculptures, which his friend Herodius Atticus was collecting for him.

Goethe, Scott, and Byron.—Goethe did not enthusiastically admire Scott's novels; he seemed to think that he could easily have manufactured plenty like them, had he been desirous of money-making. He usually spoke of Lord Byron with great affection.

—Mr Gregory declares the opposition given to him when he came forward as *Hamlet*, was got up by blacklegs and others who had fallen under the lash of the 'Satirist.' He censures Bartley with bitterness for stopping the performance, declares the malcontents would soon have been put down, and claims a new trial.

PETER AND "THE POULTRY."

A fib when Simon Peter told

The poultry shocked at speech untrue;

To shame the base apostle bold,

Thrice, one brave Cock, against him crew.

A modern Peter tells a bounce,

Would make a horse or donkey start;

But no Cock dare the sin denounce,

"The Poultry" seems to take his part.

'Tis fit the public to acquaint

What gives Sir Peter his excuse:

The poultry then attacked a saint,

"The Poultry" now supports a goose.—*Lynx.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S. A.'s Poem we are obliged to divide. The conclusion will appear in our next.

We are obliged to the Gentleman who dates from Fleet street for his hints, and intend to avail ourselves of his friendly offer.

The verses on "Spring," with lines on "A Summer Evening," "True Happiness," "The Immortality of the Soul," and the "Epitaph on the Grey Mare," are declined, with thanks.

A. L. next week.

"Common Sense" we really do not understand.

"Points of Law" originally appeared in 'The Mirror.' The 'Penny Satirist' is not the only publication that has quoted it without acknowledgment.

An Old Stager we are inclined to think right in saying there is something ludicrous in the announcement of the benefit of a theatrical proprietor, lessee, or manager, as for his benefit the doors are presumed to open every night. Mr Macready, without caring to go against the stream, has made a very great satirical hit at the practice, by announcing for his benefit "Much Ado about Nothing."

Reviews of Books intended for our present number are unavoidably postponed till next week.

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Original Communications.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY AT ROEHAMPTON.

THE little village of Roehampton was on Monday last the scene of unusual excitement; of excitement vastly different from that which disturbed it a year ago. Then, the crime of murder filled all with consternation—now, the completion of a new temple of worship in honour of the Deity filled every heart with pious thankfulness. The beautiful little edifice we are about to describe is no common ornament to the place, and the gratitude of the humble inhabitants is especially due to those who

have so bountifully come forward to relieve their spiritual wants. Not only is a commodious chapel erected, but the greater portion of it, including many of the best seats, are given up free to the poorer parishioners.

The Chapel, dedicated in honour of the Holy Trinity, stands upon the site of an ancient Chapel, which it appears was erected in the time of Charles the First, and consecrated by Archbishop Laud. Owing to the dilapidated condition of that building, and its insufficient accommodation for the present neighbourhood, the inhabitants determined upon the erection of a new place of worship, and selected the

design of B. Ferrey, Esq., architect, as most appropriate. The Chapel is designed in the early English style of architecture, its form is a simple parallelogram internally, though it has rather a cruciform appearance outside, owing to the vestry and porch being placed opposite each other in the second compartment from the west end. The Chapel is divided into five bays (longitudinal) by bold water tabled buttresses, and each bay is lighted by lancet windows, arranged in couplets. The east end has a triplet of lancet windows, over which is a large rose window. The west end is surmounted by a simple double bell turret, containing two bells. The general design of the building is very simple, but is rendered effective by the use of Kentish rag stone, with which the whole Chapel is faced, except the ornamental dressings, which are executed in Bath stone. This produces a solid and ancient effect, and it is much to be hoped that in these days of church building, common brick facing will no longer be tolerated. It is in vain that we expect our churches to look like churches of old (however respectable in design) until they are clothed in the same material. We do not mean by this expression that churches should all have fair hewn stone surfaces,* it is only the wish for stone of any kind, such as may be most easily and cheaply procured, in preference to brick. The interior is remarkable for height and effect, produced by the formation of the chief timbers of the roof. The rose window in the east gable is filled with rich stained glass, by Wailes, of Newcastle, and was given by J. H. Bowden, Esq. The reredos,† consisting of seven trefoiled arches, or purbeck marble shafts, is highly enriched by painting and gilding. The Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and Creed, occupy the three central compartments, written in black letter, and illuminated initials upon a draperied ground. The altar is of Painswick stone, decorated by quatrefoils, filled in with purple velvet. The carpet and the sacrarium, or space within the altar rails, was worked and presented to the Chapel by Mrs Poulett Thompson. The font, of elaborate workmanship, was given by Miss Edkins. The seats throughout are executed in deal, but with wainscot ends and carved finials. The ground on which the Chapel stands was partly presented by B. Gosling, Esq., who also contributed to the fund. Among the chief contributors may be mentioned Lady Dover, Mrs Poulett Thompson, the Marquis of Bristol, Lord Longdale, Vice-

Chancellor Bruce, J. H. Oughton, Esq., J. W. Bowden, Esq., Sir C. Ogle, the Hon. L. Melville, A. Robarts, Esq., Sir G. Larpent, D. B. Chapman, Esq., B. Gosling, Esq., and T. Beaumont, Esq. The Chapel is fenced from the high road by a dwarf stone wall, with deep moulded coping and a stone arching.

The Archbishop of Canterbury arrived at half-past ten o'clock on Monday last at the residence of J. H. Oughton, Esq., and robed, receiving his clergy, amounting to nearly forty in number, who came to be present at the ceremony. They proceeded then to the Chapel, situate at the corner of Mr Gosling's ground. Sir H. Jenner Fust read the consecration deed, and the venerable Archbishop consecrated the Chapel. Prayers were read by Dr Beiber, and the sermon, by order of the Archbishop, was preached by the Rev. C. Robinson.

The whole ceremony, deeply impressive, was listened to with the most profound attention, though the pomp and ostentation in which Archbishop Laud indulged two centuries ago, perhaps, on this very spot, was not witnessed. How that unfortunate Prelate thought it prudent and becoming to act on such an occasion may be seen from the account handed down to us of the consecration of St Catherine's church, as collected from Rushworth, White Locke, Welwood, and Franklyn, by Hume.

"On the bishop's approach to the west door of the church, a loud voice cried, 'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in!' Immediately the doors of the church flew open, and the bishop entered. Falling on his knees, with eyes elevated and arms expanded, he uttered these words: 'This place is holy: the ground is holy: in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy.'

"Going towards the chancel, he several times took up from the floor some of the dust, and threw it in the air. When he approached, with his attendants, near to the communion-table, he bowed frequently towards it; and on their return, they went round the church, repeating, as they marched along, some of the psalms; and then said a form of prayer, which concluded with these words: 'We consecrate this church, and separate it unto thee as holy ground, not to be profaned any more to common uses.'

"After this the bishop, standing near the communion-table, solemnly pronounced many imprecations on such as should afterwards pollute that holy place by musters of soldiers, or keeping in it profane law-courts, or carrying burdens through it. On the conclusion of every curse, he bowed towards the east, and cried, 'Let all the people say, Amen.'

* The stone used is small pieces about the size of ordinary road paving stones, such as are adopted for the facing of Windsor Castle.

† Screen at the back of the altar.

"The imprecations being all so piously finished, there were poured out a number of blessings on such as had any hand in framing and building that sacred and beautiful edifice, and on such as had given, or should hereafter give to it, any chalices, plate, ornaments, or utensils. At every benediction, he in like manner bowed towards the east, and cried, 'Let all the people say, Amen.'

"The sermon followed; after which, the bishop consecrated and administered the sacrament in the following manner:—As he approached the communion-table, he made many low reverences; and coming up to that part of the table where the bread and wine lay, he bowed seven times: after the reading of many prayers, he approached the sacramental elements, and gently lifted up the corner of the napkin in which the bread was placed: when he beheld the bread, he suddenly let fall the napkin, flew back a step or two, bowed three several times towards the bread; then he drew nigh again, opened the napkin, and bowed as before. Next, he laid his hand on the cup, which had a cover on it, and was filled with wine: he let go the cup, fell back, and bowed thrice towards it: he approached again; and, lifting up the cover, peeped into the cup: seeing the wine, he let fall the cover, started back, and bowed as before: then he received the sacrament, and gave it to others; and many prayers being said, the solemnity of the consecration ended: the walls, and floor, and roof of the fabric were then supposed to be sufficiently holy."

After the service on Monday the parties already named, with Lady Lascelles, Lady Bruce, the Hon. Miss Ponsonbys, Mrs Talbot, and about two hundred and fifty gentry residing for the most part in the neighbourhood, returned to the mansion of J. H. Oughton, Esq. There a splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette* was provided, and everything that taste could suggest, and unsparing liberality supply, set before the venerable Prelate and the honoured guests who accompanied him. The lady of Mr Oughton was led into the banqueting room by the Archbishop, and while the entertainment was strictly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the flow of champagne was not restricted, though it did not pass the bounds of temperance. Many objects of interest in connexion with the business of the day, want of room precludes us from noticing; but we must not forget to remark in conclusion, that the rich carpets and cushions of the altar, worked by the fair hands of Mrs Poulett Thompson, assisted by the ladies of the hamlet, were the theme of warm admiration, and greatly assisted the fine and memorable effect of the whole spectacle.

THE CONVICT'S WIDOW.*

We passed through many a dreary day,
Our means were scanty, hard our lot;
With difficulty paid our way,
But comfort sometimes cheer'd our cot.
For midst those scenes of anxious strife,
We still had hope in ONE above;
And wanting other joys in life,
'Twas mine to boast a husband's love.

We hoped for better times, when lo!
In that our day of utmost need
Was heard the cry of frantic woe;
Some fiend had done a murderous deed!
And circumstances made it seem
My spouse another's blood had spilt:
It seems a wild terrific dream!
On him was thrown the load of guilt!

The charge he solemnly denied,
And called to witness the most High;
The Judge and Jury both decide
Against him—he is doom'd to die.
And few indeed the hours were then
The Convict might retain his breath;
"But fewer," cried reflecting men,
"His victim had to meet his death."

"O that an angel might declare,"
He sighed, "whose was indeed the crime!"
But he was check'd, and told "in prayer
To make the best use of his time."
And thus admonished he was borne
Back "to the place from whence he
came;"

Thence on the Monday to be torn
To meet a dreadful death of shame.

I saw him in the Castle hold,
And I besought him to repent;
And yet within me something told
He was—he must be innocent.
Ah! at that thought my brain grows hot!
Reflecting how his heart I wrung;
While earnestly I prayed him not
To die with falsehood on his tongue.

The day arrived, the dreadful day,
When he existence must resign;
And I applied myself to pray
That his last moment might be mine.
I rushed among the giddy crew,
That seem'd impatiently to wait
The sufferer coming to their view,
A dreadful deed to expiate.

"Why seek," you ask, "this awful sight?
Why brave the rabble's crush and roar?"
Because that moment lost, I might
Behold my husband's face no more;

* Our correspondent's poem is, of course, partly imaginary; but one of those mournful revelations, which from time to time remind man what a weak and erring creature he is, has recently been made. A wretched being has passed to his account, and dying, confessed that he was the murderer of two females twenty-six years ago, for which crime four innocent men were executed. The mind shudders to contemplate the guilt accumulated on one miserable conscience; and a natural eagerness is felt to recal the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Because, I mention it with awe,
When ceased his agonizing throes—
The terrible behest of law
Denied his form the grave's repose.

Upon the scaffold he appears—
His step is firm, though pale his cheek,
A thousand murmurs fill my ears,
And now the doomed attempts to speak.
And now to Heaven he lifts his eyes,
"Though countless my transgressions be,"
He cried, "of that for which I die,
God knows that I am wholly free."

He fell, and the beholders there,
The gentlest,—many a deep sigh fetch,
That he should in his last despair
Have perished such a hardened wretch.
And I and mine as on time ran,
Were named where suit we might prefer,
The wife of "the unhappy man,"
"The children of that murderer."

Weary and sad has been my road,
Through poverty and chilling scorn;
But on my desolate abode,
Gleams now one ray of radiant morn;
And Heaven at length has proof supplied
That he for whom I still must sigh—
An unoffending victim died:
Passed guiltless to eternity.

I bless the Eternal's holy name,
That ere the grave on me has closed,
He to redeem my husband's fame,
Has mercifully interposed.
Yet must I mourn in life's decline,
My children slighted or despised;
They, harder still their fate than mine,
Were with their father sacrificed.

Heaven in its goodness will make clear
No doubt in its appointed time;
Why sorrows such as mine are here
Descend on those who know no crime.
But hearts that feel how hard our fate,
How sad our pilgrimage below,
Will pitying strive to mitigate
An aged helpless mourner's woe. A.

The following details are from the newspapers of the time :—

"On Monday, September 7th, the Pendleton murderers, W. Holden and the three Ashcrofts, one of whom is the father, the other the brother, and the second the son, were executed. They were tried on the preceding Friday, and after a trial of twelve hours, the jury found them guilty. The evidence was wholly circumstantial. They were tried for the murder of a Mrs Ramsden and Hannah Partington, the servants of Mr Littlewood, of Pendleton, near Monmouth. It was proved that they got into the house between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of April 26th, and that after robbing it and carrying away some plate, linen, and a considerable quantity of bank notes and gold, they murdered (as it is supposed), with a butcher's cleaver and the kitchen poker, the unfortunate domestics above named. The robbery and murder were committed in mid-day, in a populous

village, and within two miles of Manchester.

"The jury found them guilty without even retiring from their box, and the Lord Chief Baron instantly pronounced sentence, and they were taken from the bar making clamorous appeals to Heaven. The three Ashcrofts were creditable looking men, apparently much above the ordinary condition. They severally addressed the Judge.

"James Ashcroft said, 'This is murdering us in cold blood. God will reveal this injustice. I pray earnestly that he would now send two angels to declare, upon that table, who committed the murder. We are all innocent, we will declare so to the last.'

"Daniel Ashcroft invoked God, and protested his innocence.

"James Ashcroft, the younger, said, 'If I must suffer for a crime I never committed, I implore your Honour to look in mercy on my poor wife and children.'

"The wife was in court, and at this moment, unable to contain her feelings, she shrieked aloud and was carried out in a fainting state.

"William Holden, pointing up, said 'There is a God who knows that we are innocent, and who will make up for this.'

"The Judge exerted himself to put a stop to these speeches, but Daniel Ashcroft told the Chief Baron that he hoped God would not let the wrong done to them always remain unknown; and James Ashcroft said he should meet a higher Judge with a conscience clear of this guilt.

"The executions took place on the following Monday. At a quarter past twelve the door leading from the chapel to the scaffold opened, and William Holden, a strong-built, middle-sized man, was brought forth, pinioned both at the wrists and elbows. Before the cap was put on his head, he turned round to the immense multitude of spectators, and with a firm and loud voice said, 'I am innocent of the crime for which I am to suffer as the child unborn. May God take away all my sins, as I am innocent of this murder.' The cap was then drawn over his face and the rope tied round his neck. Daniel Ashcroft was stationed next to him. He spoke to this effect, with frequent repetition of the same observations. 'I am glad to see so many persons looking on as I see, to testify to them that we are all ignorant of this crime. I do protest to you all, before God, as I am now going, I trust, to glory, I would not for the whole world die with a lie in my mouth. Every one that sees me is as guilty as I am. We are all perfectly innocent. I would not say so if we had any connexion in any way with the concern. May God bless the town of Manchester. I know that many have thirsted for our blood, but they have sorer hearts than we have. May God find out the true murder-

ers, and may you see them suffer in this place, and hear their confession of their guilt.' Holden exclaimed, 'I can only answer for myself, I am innocent.' James Ashcroft the younger, who had been brought out in the mean time, and on whom the cap and rope had been put, cried out, 'We are all innocent. May the grace of God be with you now and for ever. Amen.' James Ashcroft the elder, a tall, thin, grey-headed man, came out last. He advanced in front of his son, kissed him, and then took his place by his side. He said nothing. They joined the clergyman in repeating the Lord's prayer aloud. David Ashcroft continued praying, 'Lord, take away my sins, and save my soul, for the merits of Jesus Christ.' Holden repeated the same expression. All four then began to sing, David Ashcroft repeating line after line as they sung—

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and—'

The drop fell, the voices ceased, and they were soon no more. Many of the spectators were in tears."

[It perhaps ought to be added, since the confession above mentioned was made, it has been authoritatively stated that the sufferers, though not guilty of murder, were notoriously men of bad character.]

FALSE REPORTS AND FURIOUS SERMONS IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Among the means used to inflame the public mind against the unfortunate Charles the First, false reports are mentioned in the pamphlets written after the Restoration, to have been in constant requisition. One of them, called 'A Seasonable Memorial,' offers amusing specimens of them. A sample is added:—

"We must not forget the design upon the life of Mr Pim, by a *Plague Plaister*, that was wrapt up in a letter and sent him, which letter he put in his pocket for evidence, though he threw away the plaister. And there was another discovery that came as wonderfully to light: a tailor, in a ditch in Finsbury fields, overheard two men talking of a plot upon the life of my Lord Say, and some other eminent members of both Houses; and so the design never took effect."

Upon Twelfth-night, 1641, the City was alarmed at midnight with a report of 1,500 horse that designed to surprise the City: "whereupon a matter of 5,000 men were presently in arms, and the women at work in the streets, with joyn't stools, *empty mash*, and other lumber, to interrupt their passage."

The same writer contends that the pulpits laboured strenuously to bring about the murder of the King; and in proof of this the following quotations are given:

From a sermon preached before the House of Commons, Nov. 5, 1644, by a minister named Herle:—"Do justice to the greatest; Saul's sons are not spared; no, nor may Agag or Benhadad, though themselves kings. Zimri and Cozbi (the princes of the people) must be pursued into their tents. That is the way to consecrate yourselves to God."

From Strickland's sermon, preached on the same day, the subjoined sentences are copied:

"The execution of judgment is the Lord's word; and they shall be cursed that do it negligently. And cursed shall they be that keep back their sword in this cause. You know the story of God's message unto Ahab, for letting Benhadad go upon composition."

An extract from Cockayn's sermon, preached before the House of Commons Nov. 29, 1648, is thus introduced:

"But now you shall hear the MURDER of his most sacred Majesty press'd more particularly in these words:—'Think not to save yourselves by an unrighteous saving of them who are the Lord's and the people's known enemies, you may not imagine to obtain the favour of those against whom you will not do justice. For certainly, if you act not like Gods in this particular, against men truly obnoxious to justice, they will be like Devils against you.' Observe that place, 1 Kings, 22, 31, compared with chap. 20. It is said in chap. 20, that the King of Syria came against Israel, and by the mighty power of God, he and his army were overthrown, and the King was taken prisoner. Now the mind of God was (which he then discovered only by that present Providence), that justice should have been executed upon him, but it was not. Whereupon the Prophet comes with ashes upon his face, and waited for the King of Israel in the way where he should return; and as the King pass'd by he cry'd unto him, 'Thus saith the Lord, because thou hast let go a man whom I appointed for destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life.' Now see how the King of Syria, after this, answers Ahab's love: about three years after Israel and Syria engaged in a new war, and the King of Syria gives command unto his soldiers, that they should fight neither against small nor great, but against the King of Israel. Benhadad's life was once in Ahab's hand, and he ventured God's displeasure to let him go. But see how Benhadad rewards him for it: Fight neither against small nor great, but against the King of Israel. Honourable and worthy,

if God do not lead you to do justice upon those that have been great actors in shedding innocent blood, never to think to gain their love by sparing of them; for they will, if opportunity be ever offered, return again upon you; and then they will not fight against the poor and mean ones, but against those who have been the fountain of that authority and power which have been improved against them."

Brocke's sermon before the House of Commons, Dec. 26, 1648, offers these reflections:

"Have you not sins enow of your own, but will ye wrap yourselves up in this treachery, murder, blood, cruelty, and tyranny of others?"—P. 17.—"Set some of those grand malefactors a mourning (that have caused the kingdom to mourn so many years in garments rolled in blood) by the execution of justice."—P. 19.

THE SHIRTLESS HAPPY MAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

They heavy losses mourn'd with many a sigh,
Well-knowing they could not the court supply;

Each knew, howe'er he tried, and knew with grief,

No shirt had he, or none to give relief;
Thus many an anxious day and night was spent,

But, after all, not e'en a rag was sent.

"Plague on't," exclaim'd the minister, "I fear
The world will shortly see some mischief here;

"Out with my coach!"—From door to door
he drove,

And as he went, right earnestly he strove
Such men to find, as were suppos'd to be
From pain exempt, and free from misery.

The worldly rich he sought, or such as roll'd,

As wish'd their ever-craving hearts, in gold;
These tried in vain, he straightway sought
the great,

Who dreamt they merited a heav'nly state,
So good they thought themselves,—but, luck-
less there,

He went to many a newly-married pair.

"Dear friends," said he, "the court, with much
surprise,

Has learned the fact,—from you we've no
supplies;

"And surely 'tis a most astounding thing

"That you his majesty no shirt can bring;

"If you are not estranged to grief and care,

"And all the ills of life, what mortals are!"

Both sexes redd'n'd as they heard the tale,
While very many, wonder-struck, turn'd pale;

On each a hard and heavy burden lay,
All had their cares, but what, they fear'd to
say;

They to the Count their chests had rather
show

Than he the secrets of their hearts should
know.

Then shirts were brought, too num'rous to
be told,

A load too bulky for the coach to hold;
Shirt upon shirt throughout the palace lay,
And heaps of flaxen garments lin'd the way;
Each shirt, in haste, the monarch tried, but
still

With all his care and eagerness,—was ill.

"I thought as much!" exclaim'd the fool,
"and then

"With all respect to these our learned men,
"None but a goose, I say, would seek to find

"True bliss among the rich of human kind,
"For theirs is Folly's circle, fill'd with pride,
"A round of mimicry,—a mere outside!"

"That's true!" the King replied, "and say
I can

"My jester John speaks like an honest man,
"Away, Count Stirt, nor ever let me see

"Your face again, till you have brought to
me

"What much is needed; quickly go your
round,

"And seek till you the healing shirt have
found!"

Stirt at the jester cast an evil look,—

"You wretched knave!" said he, and then
he took

A nobleman of note, to suit his case,
And off they started on their wild-geese

chase;

Four tedious weeks they wander'd up and
down

By various ways, thro' many a country town.

While seated in the vehicle were they,
A trumpet-blowing herald led the way,

And, as he rode, he questions put to all
In ev'ry town or village—great and small—

"Is there a man among you who can show
"He's free from sorrow?" all responded,
"No."

"All this is useless," said the Count, "'tis
plain,

"We'll go no farther—coachman, turn again!
"The jester April fools of us has made,

"Full well I know—for jesting is his trade;
"Folks dread our purpose—while we fairly
state,

"A rise of taxes, or an extra rate."

"You're right," exclaim'd the noble, "so
think I,

"Black bread and sausage let's no longer try;
"For courtiers 'tis too coarse, I'm well aware,

"Methinks we've had enough of humble
fare;

"'Tis useless all,—I verily believe

"This crazy wizard would the King deceive."

And now return'd these nobles of renown
With stately pace, towards the imperial
town;

'Mong other by-ways then they made their
round

In quest of Fortune's star,—and there they
found

Full many a man 'midst happiness and joy,
But none who pleasure drank without alloy.

One morning, journeying at the break of day,
As thro' a verdant vale they made their way.

There in a thicket, as they pass'd along,
Hard by the way-side path they heard a
song;

Such loud and lively notes were heard to
flow

In cheerful language—as you'll see below :

"Hurrah, hurrah!" a man was heard to sing,
"Who's blest as I,—I'm happier than a king!
"For Mammon's sons, true happiness denied,
"Their gold I spurn,—their riches I deride!
"Hurrah, hurrah! I've riches in myself,—
"I've peace and joy, and scorn their boasted
pelf!"

They stopp'd the coach, alighted, pass'd
along

With hasty steps, attracted by the song;
Still moving on, the songster they descried—
A rustic swain at breakfast they espied,
Who from his little pot of porridge ate;—
His joyous looks bespoke a happy state.

With what delight he fed on homely food!
His sparkling eyes evinc'd a merry mood,—
And, what could ne'er be thought an evil
there,

Close at his elbow sat a damsel fair;
In form as graceful as the beauteous vine,
Her eyes the diamond's lustre far outshine.

He play'd, and kiss'd, and dealt in harmless
fun,
The grave beholders thought their task was
done;

"Pon honour," cried the Count, "'tis plain
to me

"He feeds on dainty food,—a glutton he!
"His humble fare with kisses he can spice,—
"What epicurean dish was e'er so nice!"

They nearer drew,—transported with the
sight,—

"What! friend," said one, "so soon an ap-
petite?

"So well indeed you fare, to me 'tis plain
"A stranger you to sorrow, care, and pain:
"If naught deceive me, confident am I
"In happy Fortune's peaceful lap you lie!"

"'Tis here I sit," the honest rustic said,
"My arms and hands procure me daily
bread;

"I've her I love,—and tell me, sir, beside,
"Where I can find so beautiful a bride?
"Does she but smile, or signs of love evince,
"I would not change my fortune with a
prince!"

"Our King, alas! to fever lies a prey,"
Exclaim'd the Count, "and easily you may
"(So says a sage and able sorcerer) save
"A wise and worthy monarch from the
grave:

"His life to save no other shirt will do
"Than that you wear—the very man are
you!"

"A shirt from me?" exclaimed th' astonish'd
Guy,

"To serve your Excellence no power have I;
"I'm truly happy—I've my fill of bliss—
"No worldly cares have I,—I've all but this,
"Yet shirt, or whole or ragged, I have
none—

"To aid you I'm unable—I have done."

"Alas!" exclaim'd the Count,—and here
turn'd pale,

"No shirt the happiest man,—how sad the
tale!

"This is indeed a most unlucky case—
" 'Twill all the kingdom shock, and me dis-
grace!"

Back with the doleful news the statesman
hied,

And, just as he return'd, the monarch died.

T. S. A.

MIRROR LEVITIES.

ON MRS HONEY BEING FINED FOR ACTING
AT THE LIVER THEATRE.

Tears that ought almost to swell a river,
Are shed for thee, an unhappy start:
The late complaint about the *Liver*
Has almost broken Honey's heart.

ON MR NEWPORT'S EXPERIMENTS ON BEES.

First of his name! For evermore
His praise let poets join to sing,
Who makes, it ne'er was done before,
New-port exhibit the *Bee's* wing,

*The Italian Poetess and the English Ar-
chitect.*—The Academy of Saint Cecilia, at
Rome, has admitted as one of its honorary
members the Italian poetess, Rosa Taddèi:
and our countryman, Mr Barry, the archi-
tect, has been elected a member of the
Academy of St Luke. He is, it is stated,
the only English member. The following
celebration of his advancement has been
privately circulated:

"Barry, whose talents all revere,
Who very rarely met rebukes,
His friends are now concerned to hear,
Was lately taken to *St Luke's*."

— "*Much ado about Nothing*, and *The
Thumping Legacy* for Macready's benefit,"
exclaimed Bunn, on reading the rival les-
see's bill of fare. "It is very remarkable,
but they were the very performances with
which he formerly closed at Drury-lane
theatre for my benefit."

Duelling in Bavaria.—The practice of
duelling among the students at Munich
has risen to such a pitch, that the King of
Bavaria has given notice on the "Black
Board" of the University, that in case of
death in these combats, besides the punish-
ments now in force against the survivor,
the corpse of his antagonist must be buried
in a hurried way at an early hour, with no
decoration of garlands, no mourning pro-
cession, and no oration either of a priest
or fellow-student over the grave.

— The library of the late M. Huzard,
Inspector-General of Veterinary Schools,
is to be brought to the hammer. It con-
tains 40,000 volumes, on matters connected
with the veterinary art.

— It has never rained, during the me-
mory of man, at Moscow in December or
January.



Arms. A fesse embattled gu, therefrom issuing in chief a dexter arm embowed in armour ppr, garnished or, encircled by a wreath of laurel; the hand supporting the French invincible standard in bend sinister, also ppr in base, a chev indented gu between three boars' heads, erased az. *Crest.* A bee ppr, and over it the motto "Vive et vivat." *Supporters.* Two greyhounds, per fesse ar, and or, collared and lined, charged on the shoulder with a thistle ppr.

ORIGIN OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ABERCROMBY.

DESCENDED from an ancient Scotch family, Ralph Abercromby was born in 1738. On the 23d of May, 1756, he commenced his military career as a cornet in the 2nd Dragoons; and making gradual progress in his profession, on the 3rd of November, 1781, he was appointed colonel of the 103d Foot, and major-general in 1796. He served on the Continent, under the Duke of York, in the war which followed the French Revolution. He commanded the Guards on their retreat from Derwentor to Ochensaal, in the winter of 1794-5. In the latter year he succeeded Sir C. Grey as commander-in-chief, in the West Indies, where he captured, within the space of two years, Demerara, Essequibo, St Lucia, St Vincent, and Trinidad. For these services he was requited with the red ribbon, on his return to Europe, in 1797, and the command of the Scotch Greys. He was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general, and entrusted with the governments of the Isle of Wight, Fort George, and Fort Augustus. He was subsequently commander-in-chief in Ireland. There his services were of vast importance. The result of his labours, however, was not what he had hoped they would prove; and he, in consequence, resigned his command. In 1801, Sir Ralph was appointed to command the army dispatched from this country to expel the French from Egypt.

The gallantry for which he had been long conspicuous was eminently displayed in the expedition to Egypt. He had to contend with an enemy very superior in numbers, and with an inhospitable climate. The ophthalmia raged in his army and greatly abated its efficiency. To triumph under such circumstances required patience as well as valour. He was wanting in neither, and eventually, had the glory of gaining a complete victory over the French. The battle of Alexandria, fought March the 21st, 1801, commenced at half-past three in the morning and was over by ten. Sir

Ralph died of the wound which he had received, but continued actively engaged in the performance of his duty, though the blood was seen trickling from his clothes. Growing faint he was put into a hammock and conveyed in a boat on board Lord Keith's ship. After much suffering, which he endured with great fortitude, he expired on the 28th of March.

The following tribute to his memory is from the pen of Lieutenant General Hutchinson, afterwards Earl of Donoughmore, who succeeded him in the command:—

"Head Quarters Camp, four miles from Alexandria, April 3, 1801.

"We have sustained an irreparable loss in the person of our never-to-be sufficiently lamented Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was wounded in the action, and died 28th of March. I believe he was wounded early, but concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field, giving his orders with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to lament over one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation for those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, and will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

From 1774 Sir Ralph represented the county of Kinross in the House till 1780.

In grateful remembrance of his many services, his son (Lord Abercromby, recently deceased) was raised to the Peerage May 28th, 1801, by the title of Baron Abercromby of Aboukir and Tulliebody. His other son, late Speaker of the House of Commons, has also been raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord Dumfermline.

Fig. 1.

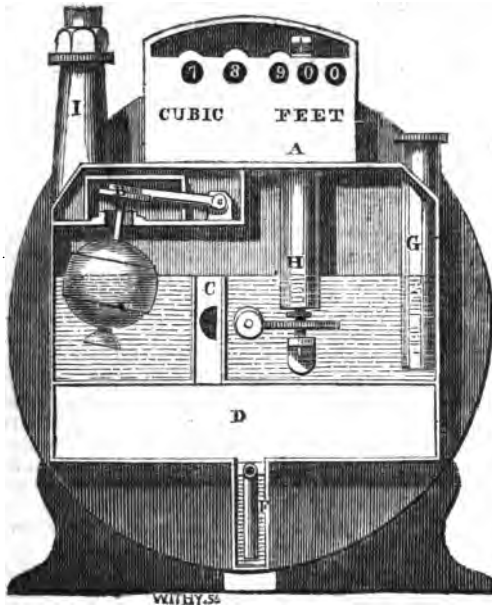
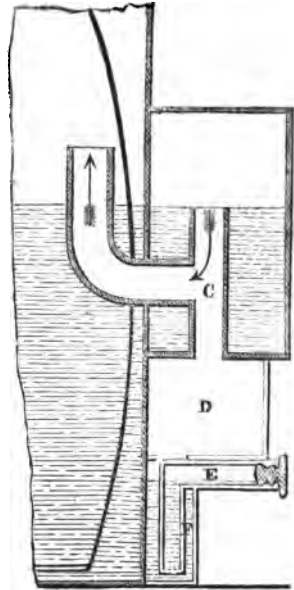


Fig. 2.



EDGE'S IMPROVED GAS-METER.

PATENT GRANTED NOV. 1842.

Fig. 1.—Section of the front of the meter.
Fig. 2.—Side section of the meter.

A represents the patent index, which enables the inspector and the consumer to ascertain the quantity of gas used, with ease and certainty. The figures revolve instead of the hands (as in the old meter), and, as only the figure required on each plate can be seen at a time, no mistake can arise; B represents the patent lever valve, the object of which is to prevent the numerous complaints of the consumers, and the very heavy losses to the companies, by the lodgment of the old valve, consequent on the corrosion of the grade wires; this lodgment can rarely, if ever, be proved by ocular demonstration, as the slightest movement will cause the valve to fall into its seat—but still it is proved daily, and beyond all question, by a diminished registration; and it is not the less objectionable, as an evil, for being a secret and invisible one. Every gas company in existence may be appealed to in proof of the disputes which occur with the consumers, in consequence of a variable registration. The consumer refers to one or more quarters when the meter has, in truth, registered less than it ought to have done (owing to this lodgment of the valve), and he insists, whenever the real quantity used is shown, that it then errs, that it has

got out of order, and has become a false and deceptive instrument. The lever valve completely and effectually remedies this; it also indicates a deficiency of water much earlier than the old valve, and the shield protects it at once from any sudden rush of pressure, and the arts of the dishonest consumer; it may, in fact, be considered perfect in its action, and unassailable on every point. C represents the patent syphon, and D the waste water chamber—the value of which two improvements cannot be over-estimated, for, in the first place, they remove the only dangerous part of the meter—viz., the outlet from the syphon pipe, which is now sealed off; in the second place, they prevent the fraudulent abstraction of the water, to the serious injury of the company; and, thirdly, they prevent the accumulation of the water, by which the consumer is deprived of his full measure. The top of the syphon pipe being placed on a line with the water level, every surplus drop must fall into it; and as the passage of the gas will be entirely stopped before the water fills the syphon, it is evident that the action of the meter must entirely cease before there can be the slightest excess in the meter itself—consequently, it serves as a protector alike to the consumer and the company. It will be observed, that there is only one outlet screw instead of two, as in the common meter, and the removal of this screw, E, will at once show whether

the stoppage arises from the closing of the valve, or from the accumulation of water in the syphon pipe, and will lessen the occurrence of mistakes by persons not thoroughly acquainted with the old system.—*Mining Journal*.

THE RAIN GAUGE.

This is an instrument constructed for the purpose of indicating the amount of rain which may fall at any given place. It is usually a tin or copper vessel exposing an area of a square foot. The rain, as it falls into the box, is made to act upon a train of wheels somewhat similar to the gas-meter, and the quantity in 1-100th of an inch is registered by a hand upon a dial plate. There are several modifications of the instrument, but it is seldom that any two register the same amount of rain, even if placed within a few yards of each other, except there be little or no wind at the time. Another still greater source of error is the difference of altitude, for it is found that by placing the rain gauge at different heights the results will be different, and the quantity of rain indicated by the instrument will be in an inverse ratio to the altitude; much diversity of opinion prevails as to the cause of this singular result. By many electricity is conceived as the acting cause: thus it is supposed, when two clouds oppositely electrified come within the sphere of mutual attraction they will rush together, and the electricity will be equally diffused throughout the whole mass of cloud, the particles of watering vapour common to each cloud will then unite themselves into drops, and by their weight, descending to the earth, a shower will be produced; as this rain descends through the atmosphere, the latter being but feebly charged with electricity, the drops will be constantly discharging their electricity, and therefore increase by coalition, and consequently a much larger quantity of rain will fall in a given space near the surface of the earth than at any altitude above.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

Animal Life in the Blood of a Dog.—On the presence of *entozoaries* in the blood of a dog, MM. Gruby and Delafond's paper reported the discovery of animal life in the blood of a dog. There has hitherto been no authenticated case of such phenomenon in warm-blooded animals, excepting birds. The presence of animal life in the blood of cold-blooded animals, particularly frogs, is common.

Cure of Cancer.—On the use of Arsenic as an external application for the cure of Cancer, M. Mance states that, in most of the cases in which it has been tried, mixed

with ointment, for the cure of cancer, either radical cures have been effected, or the extension of the disease has been checked. The secretions, says M. Mance, for some days after the administration of the remedy, give proofs of the presence of the arsenic, but none of the injurious effects of the poison are manifested in the system.

Gold Mines in Russia.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a paper was read on the discovery of a mass of native gold, weighing 36 kilogrammes (about 80 English pounds), on the eastern side of the Oural. This enormous mass, double the size of any hitherto discovered, was found a few feet beneath the surface. M. de Humboldt, who made the communication to the Academy, added, that such is the prodigious increase of washed gold in Russia, and especially in Siberia, to the east of the southern chain of the Oural, that the total produce in the year 1842 amounted to 16,000 kilogrammes, of which Siberia alone furnishes 7,800 kilogrammes.

Black Marble Chimney-pieces.—The bituminous carbonate, or black marble of Derbyshire, takes a very high polish, and is wrought into chimney-pieces and a great variety of useful and ornamental articles, which are often embellished by figures, the manner of producing which is as follows:—The subject is sketched upon the marble, and those parts intended to retain the polish are covered with a varnish which will resist acid; when the varnish is dry the article is immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid and water. This decomposes those parts of the marble uncovered, and when sufficiently corroded, it is washed in clean water, and the varnish removed with spirits of turpentine; the corroded parts will be of a lighter colour, and without polish, producing a pleasing contrast.

Eudiometer.—This instrument is of valuable application in the mines, for ascertaining the purity of the air. By it could be discovered, in any part of the workings, not only the quantity of oxygen, but also the per centage of carburetted hydrogen or other gases, without which their proportion and state of dilution by atmospheric air from ventilation, and the consequent safety of the mine, is mere guess work. This instrument is indispensable in every well-regulated colliery.

—Several men of science have died in a scientific manner. Haller, the poet, philosopher, and physician, beheld his end approach with the utmost composure. He kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and almost instantly expired.

RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. X.—ST BARTHOLOMEW'S,

The stranger who, now-a-days, visits Smithfield on a market day will, doubtless, be too intent on the preservation of life and limb amidst the constant bustle and confusion, and too anxious to escape from the mud and dirt of the busy scene, to allow himself to be led a few paces from his path to look on at the remains of the famous priory of St Bartholomew; nor is the shouting of drovers, the roaring of bulls, or the bleating of sheep in entire accordance with the calm reflections which a view of an ancient ruin usually suggests. Yet there may be some whose ardour for antiquarian research would induce them to consider a visit even to such a place as Smithfield amply repaid by an examination of the relics that lie behind it, and to such—if such there be—I would more particularly dedicate the present paper.

The priory of St Bartholomew was founded by one Rahere, a courtier of King Henry I, in the year 1102, the spot on which it was erected being "a right unclean and filthy marsh used as a public laystall, on which offenders against the law were executed." On such a soil it appeared almost a hopeless task to raise a foundation, but the zeal of the pious Rahere triumphed over every difficulty, and, by dint of ingenious devices, he obtained the assistance of the inhabitants, and subsequently even the countenance of the King himself. Rahere was the first Prior, and continued at the head of the canons until his death, twenty-two years afterwards, when he was succeeded by Thomas of St Osyth, who enjoyed the prelacy for thirty years. Henry II granted to this Priory the privilege of holding annually a fair at Whitsuntide, which, although now rapidly becoming obsolete, is still known to us as Bartholomew Fair. Bolton was the last Prior, when the monastery was suppressed by Henry VIII, the annual value then being 653*l*. 15*s*. In 1544 the Priory was granted to Sir Richard Rich, Knight, and although, in the reign of Mary, the Black Friars were allowed to take possession of it and use it as their convent, the subsequent accession of Elizabeth compelled them to abandon it, and it was afterwards appropriated to other purposes.

The most conspicuous relic of the Priory is the beautiful gateway on the eastern side of Smithfield, with its ribbed arch, its mouldings, and its ornaments. This gateway leads to the church, a portion of which, especially the tower, is of more modern erection than the Priory. The southern wall of the churchyard, which forms the side wall of a tavern, is evidently a fragment of the original structure, and, con-

nected with it, a large chamber, now divided into several smaller rooms, the arched ceiling of which, with its shield and cornice, has a very antique appearance. Beneath this tavern there is a cellar—also a portion of the Priory. In the wall of a smith's workshop, adjoining, several arches may be traced, and in a narrow court we find, on one side, five arches, while opposite to them is a single arch;—this was the eastern cloister. At the end, and crossing from the east to the west side, is a broad arch, supposed to be also original, and beyond that, closed in by a brick wall, a considerable portion of the cloister, with the groined roof and noble arches, still remains. Nearer to Bartholomew close is the Refectory, now a tobacco manufactory, the carved oaken roof of which is a magnificent specimen of the grand style of the structure. Beneath this hall is a beautiful and very perfect crypt, with a double row of aisles. The Prior's house, now occupied by a fringe-manufacturer, is situated at the eastern end of Middlesex passage, the walls are of immense thickness; on the staircase is a pointed arch, and, in the wall beside it, an alcove. The dormitory of the canons is at the top of the house, where also are still remaining three arches with fluted capitals and square pillars. On the exterior of the church of St Bartholomew, and at the end of Middlesex passage, are the remains of the south transept—the wall and a handsome arch, which may still be faintly traced. The interior of the church, and more particularly the choir, is almost entirely original. At the north-eastern corner of the latter portion is the tomb of the founder, on which a full-length effigy of Rahere is reclining. The monument was restored at the expense of Prior Bolton, and is still in a very excellent state of preservation. The tomb bears the inscription, "*Hic jacet Raherus, primus canonicus et primus prior istius ecclesie.*" (Here lies Rahere, the first canon and first prior of this church.)

Peace be to his ashes!

ALEX. ANDREWS.

A TROUBADOUR'S STRAIN—NOT OF LOVE.

It is generally assumed that the song of a troubadour must, as a matter of course, be a love ditty. Such is not in accordance with history. They not only sung the charms of ladies "bright and fair," but they were the satirists, the privileged censors, who deemed it their proper office to vindicate public morals, and to chastise those who offended by gross misconduct. In the middle ages the French clergy, by their dissolute conduct, as well as by their rapacity, made themselves very hateful in

the eyes of "those of the common sort." They were not spared by the wandering minstrel, but were in many cases visited with much severity. M. Capefigue gives the following as a troubadour's strain, addressed to an offending son of the Church:

"Ah, false minister! traitor! liar! perjurer! debauchée! Thou committest every day so many public disorders, that the world is thrown by them into trouble and confusion. Saint Peter had never rents, nor castles, nor chateaux, nor domains; never did he excommunicate or curse. Let it not be thought that I censure all priests. Among them there are good men, but the greater part refuse to give up for Christ their splendid attire and their dazzling plate. They have no ardour but for the delights of love—know no other God. I find but too many people in the church who shine but from their worldly magnificence, and who scruple not to marry a nephew to the female they have had for a madam! If the Holy Spirit would listen to my vows I would break thy pride, O Rome! in which all the perfidy of the Greeks is collected. I know she will wish me evil for the attack I make on the false and the ignorant, who are the cause of the decline in morals and religion."

Literature.

The Tuft Hunter. By Lord William Lennox. 3 vols.

THERE have been instances of memory passing itself off for imagination, and worthy individuals have given to the world, as their own original thoughts, the ideas which they recollected from reading the works of others. Of such things we have heard, and some specimens of the confusion consequent upon them we have seen. A few years ago a drama was brought out at one of the theatres as an original performance, which, under another title, had been acted almost *verbatim* forty or fifty years before. The book before us is a good deal in that way, but instead of being a revival of some connected whole, it is a hash of parts of a hundred other things. What the object of Lord William can have been, we are at a loss to decide. If he meant it as a quiz on the plagiarists of the day, he might quite as efficiently have effected his object without writing these volumes. Can his memory have played him such a jade's trick, that he fancied he was putting on paper something that might pass for his own, when he handed the following passage to the printer?

"The coroner's inquest being justly considered as one of the most important and

valuable institutions of our country, its functions in the provinces are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of the community! The rich and the intelligent have always influence enough to evade its duties, so that the 'coroner's quest law' generally devolves upon some dozen dunder-headed boobies, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow implicitly their leader, the foreman; who as implicitly follows his leader, the coroner; the latter personage being usually a perfect Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions, which enable him to decide between Accidental Death, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, Justifiable Homicide, and Felo de se. Whether Mr Quillet, the official functionary of Ravensbrook, belonged to this class, will be seen by the proceedings."

Could he, we say, have imagined that he had anything to do with the authorship of what we have quoted, while the following passages from Hood's 'Tynley Hall' were before his eyes?

"The coroner's inquest, involving an inquiry into the cause of any sudden termination of life, is justly considered as one of our most important and valuable institutions, and accordingly its functions are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of our community. The rich and the intelligent have influence or tact enough to elude its duties, so that the inquisition generally devolves on some dozen of logger-headed individuals, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow, as implicitly as a flock of sheep, the lead of their foreman, whose opinion goes in the wake of the coroner's, like a boat in tow of a ship. The latter personage himself is sometimes little better than a Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions, which enable him to direct the random records of Visitations of God, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, and Felo de se. Whether the official functionary of ——— belonged to this class will be seen by the evidence," &c.

This cannot be called "plagiarism." There is no attempt at disguise. It is wholesale appropriation. Numerous instances of the same sort of repetition, equally gross and preposterous, occur; and the effect of the whole is so ridiculous (we say nothing of the unfairness of thus dealing with what is not his own), and the cases so numerous and so obvious, that had the compiler not been a Lord, we can scarcely believe any London publisher would have brought out "The Tuft Hunter."

Chronicles of the Careworn; or Walks and Wanderings. By Edward West. Cunningham and Mortimer.

If a benevolent motive can entitle a book to favour, the author of 'The Careworn' ought not to appeal to the public in vain. He seems sincerely anxious that the hand of mercy should be stretched out to aid the unfortunate. Nine weekly numbers have now appeared, and in these the writer exhibits a series of scenes in which the misery of the indigent is powerfully depicted. That his selections are always the best that might be made, we dare not assert, but to those who are not inclined to hear or read—"with a disdainful smile," not "the short and simple," but the long and complicated "annals of the poor," they will present much to interest and gratify curiosity. His colouring sometimes verges on extravagance, but too many of his pictures, we fear, are founded on reality. We wish he may be able to offer some plan by which the general mass of distress can be abated. But where is the man that can do this? In the present state of society it is but too probable that charity the most ardent and exalted can suggest nothing which, if attempted to be carried out, would not interfere with some existing interests and provoke fierce oppositions. Year after year passes, and those who languish in penury sigh for relief in vain. In great attempts we are told "it is glorious even to fail," and Mr West, if he cannot accomplish the object he avows to be his, adds one to the number of pitying philanthropists who have tried to benefit their fellow creatures and failed. Some of his scenes are of a very startling character. We can only find room for a brief extract. It presents to us a poor dress maker, exhausted by the slavery to which she is doomed, unable to rise from her slumber in time to escape from her dwelling, which is on fire. Her story is thus concluded:—

"Even in her every-day life this poor tired girl had been working her own winding sheet: for scanty food, late hours, and hard labour, are sufficient to crush the vigour and ruin the energy even of blithesome sixteen. But more rapidly was her death now drawing nigh, and yet from the same sad causes; for intense fatigue had induced the death-like stupor which nothing could disturb. 'Strange,' said some strong man who was a spectator of this scene, 'strange that a girl can sleep in that way, for I myself could not do so after I had partaken of very different fare to that which she is likely to get.' It was not strange. For this strong man, in the maturity of his powers, had never worked as that thin weak girl had toiled and striven for her daily bread; and therefore he had never known what it is to be thus weighed down by and crushed under the burden of exertion.

"The fire continued to spread. The people besought the firemen to ascend by a ladder, but they refused. 'It was as much as their lives were worth. The house was about to fall, and it would bury them under the ruins, as well as the female they were trying to save.'

"One ornament—and one only—graced the poor girl's apartment: by her side was placed a common-looking bottle, which contained a flower—a solitary and blighted rosebud.

"Her dress now caught the flame, and all the little apparatus of her trade, helped to form, alas! with what a truthful emblem,—her funeral pile! It would be worse than useless to describe such a harrowing spectacle in detail. The element which had conquered brick and mortar, and triumphed over wood and iron, had but an easy task in mastering a small quantity of poor flesh and blood. The belles would have their finery; but she whose repose was sacrificed for its manufacture now entered on a sleep which could never be interrupted by the anxieties of a ball room!"

Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in his book just published on voyages round the world, states in reference to the Feejee Islands:—

"Cannibalism to a frightful degree still prevails amongst this people, and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnished warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery, by eating their valorous enemy. Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Banga, nor did Phillips. These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compound. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in my tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with in his own house, and solely attended by his own dependent, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly, and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy, and taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking that his lips were sympathetically in motion, and that I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening."

A Genealogical Tree, &c., of the Royal Family of England. Compiled by John James Yates. Bell and Wood, Fleet street.

"*Mulum in Parvo*" seems hardly the proper description of the vast sheet now before us, but if we look at the immense time and labour which it has cost, as well as the time and labour it is likely to save the student who may henceforth possess it, much, very much information we find within comparatively, very narrow limits, for a small price. The several dynasties are indicated by colours, so that the eye can pass at a glance through the long line of those who "the reins of empire held," and find, without opening a book, the prominent events in each monarch's life, from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria. A summary is given of the duration of the several Royal Houses, which appears to have been as follows:—

Norman line, from 1066 to 1135—	69 yrs.
Blois - - - 1135 to 1154—	19 "
Plantagenet - - 1154 to 1399—	245 "
Lancaster, or Red } 1399 to 1461—	63 "
Rose - - - - - }	
York, or White Rose 1461 to 1485—	24 "
Tudor - - - 1485 to 1603—	118 "
Stuart - - - 1603 to 1688—	85 "
Orange - - - 1689 to 1714—	25 "
Hanover - - - 1714 - - -	128 "

GARDENING HINTS.

Flower Garden.—Rosary may have the spring-dressing, and as much rotten cow-manure as can be got for the purpose. As to pruning roses, the later they are pruned the later they will flower, and *vice versa*. Walks and grass require great attention from this time. All the perennial tribes of herbaceous plants may now be divided and arranged for the season.

Kitchen Garden.—Parsley requires the longest time to vegetate; the seed should therefore be one of the first sown. The earliest and the red cabbages may be sown on a warm border; also some more radish and lettuce-seeds. All these early-sown seeds in the open ground require to be protected from birds by throwing a piece of net over the beds: hardly anything will frighten them so early as this, when their food is scarce.

The Gatherer.

Literary Industry.—Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas sixteen different ways, and the version he preferred was the last; and Petrarch made forty-four alterations of a single verse. The existing manuscripts of Rousseau display as many erasures as those of Ariosto or Petrarch. The memoir

of Gibbon was composed seven or nine times, and after all was left unfinished; and Buffon tells us that he wrote his *Epoques de la Nature* eighteen times before it satisfied his taste.—*D'Israeli*.

Paris.—A spirited translation of a paper by Jules Janin, in the *Liverpool Standard*, gives the following animated picture in little:—Paris is full of such contrasts. Seek you for crimes? we will furnish you with proofs. Seek you for virtues? Paris contains them. Within its walls the gayest and saddest images, prayers and blasphemies, the gibbet and flowers, present themselves without ceasing before us. This is not a city; it is a whole world. On the days of disturbance, when it disgorges itself from every isolated crossway, the rest of the city goes to the opera, without questioning how much blood runs down the gutters. On the day of the Revolution of July, when the cannon thundered—when the pavements were torn up—two men, in grey caps, met each other under the arches of Pont Neuf. The water was clear and limpid as any stream that has not been disturbed for three days; the arch of the bridge threw a favourable shadow upon the head of one of these men; both of them held a fishing line in hand. To see these two men thus happy and calm, and completely occupied with their innocent passion, who would have said that around their heads the most august and illustrious throne in the empire was about being broken into a thousand burning particles?

Greek Priests.—The priests are the worst part of the population, so ignorant, that they often read prayers for rain when they are directed to pray for fine weather; many of them, in fact, cannot read, but merely learn the service by heart; so contemned, that often, when convicted of theft, they may be seen, two or three working in chains on the roads, with their sacerdotal robes about them; so poor that many of them are forced to work as bricklayers.—*Sketches of Corfu*.

Superstitions of the Church.—The Middle Age church was wholly founded on superstitious associations. According to *more Romano* it was enough that the plan described the cross, the universal symbol, "in hoc vince." But according to *more Germano*, the Saviour himself was to be figured; the choir, therefore, was inclined to the south, to signify, that "he bowed his head and gave up the ghost" (John, c. xx, v. 34); and there are few cathedrals in which this deflection is not remarkable. The nave represents the body, and the side, which "one of the soldiers pierced" (John xix. 34), considered to be the south as the region of the heart, is occupied at Wells by a chantry, at Winchester with the

chapel of William of Wyckham, and is constantly the pulpit from which the faithful were reminded "to look on him whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii, 10): who "was wounded for our transgressions" (Isa. liii, 5). For the same reason the south was considered the most holy: the Old Testament was represented on that side, while the New Testament, and the local or national Hagiology, was placed to the north. The same superstition still gives value to the south side of the churchyard for burial. At the head of the cross was the chapel of the Virgin, at the Fountain of Intercession with her son. At the foot, the west end, was the "Parvis," that happy station from which the devout might contemplate the glory of the fabric, which was chiefly illustrated in this front, and from whence they might scan the great sculptured picture, the calendar for unlearned men, as illustrative of Christian doctrine and of the temporal history of the church under its princes and its prelates. Three great niches leading into the church, the centre one often above forty feet wide, were adorned with the statues of the apostles and holy men, who "marshal us the way that we should go;" in front the genealogy of Christ, the Final Judgment, the History of the Patriarchs, &c.

City Wall.—Almost the last portion of the Old City Wall is threatened with destruction. A petition for its removal has been presented to the Common Council by the members of the Metropolitan Churches Fund. The portion of the City Wall thus threatened is situate at the back of the houses on the eastern side of Trinity square, at the back of Postern row.

Metropolitan Improvements.—From a letter in the hands of the secretary from Sir Robert Peel, it appears that the new Commission had commenced its labours by inquiring into the expediency of an ordnance survey and map of London upon the largest scale, and it was understood that the Commission was now engaged in considering the various plans proposed for an embankment of the Thames. Mr Martin, the painter, states, that for fourteen years he had been engaged in promoting the two-fold object of throwing open the banks of the Thames, and of converting the contents of the sewers, now flowing into the river, to agricultural uses. Mr W. E. Hickson observes, that some idea of the pecuniary value of the liquid manure, now permitted to be lost, might be formed from the fact, that in Paris a new contract had recently been signed, by which the contractor agreed to give the city 22,000*l.* per annum for the cesspools of Paris.

Stalactites are found suspended from the roof of caverns in limestone rocks, and are formed by water passing slowly through

the crevices in the rock, and carrying minute particles of lime, part of which is deposited in pendant masses; as these increase, by fresh deposition, gravitation is constantly drawing them to a point at the lower part, like icicles. A larger portion is deposited on the floors of the cavern, and forms strata; this is called *stalagmite*, was known under the name of *alabaster* by the ancients, and may be seen worked into vases by the Romans and Egyptians. In the late Sir John Soane's museum there is a magnificent sarcophagus, which was brought by Belzoni from Egypt.

The Owl.—The owl is one of the gardeners' and foresters' best friends, annually ridding them of legions of their foes. In some parts of Europe, however, this most sensible bird is kept in families, like a cat, whom he equals in patience, and (if possible) surpasses in alertness. It is a well-known fact that wherever the barn-owl has been killed off, field-mice have increased enormously. They peel, and of course destroy, the young hollies and other trees in new plantations.

The King of Prussia and the Press.—It is rumoured that the King of Prussia must have been bitten, during his trip to Petersburg, by the Emperor, or some other rabid oppressor of the press, and that the *virus* is now beginning to work in the kingly constitution. Blow follows blow, stroke upon stroke: last week it was the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*—this, it is the *Rheinische Zeitung*, at Cologne, which his Majesty hunts down.—*Weekly Journal.*

Desperation and Despair.—It was stated by Lord Stanley, in Parliament, that the Tartars engaged in the last battle fought in China with the British, expecting no humanity from the conquerors, collected their valuable effects into one vast pile, in which they at once consumed their property, their wives, their children, and themselves.

Cattle.—The depasturing of sheep on cow pastures communicates a nauseous and unsavoury taste to the butter and cheese produced therefrom.—*Celsus.*

Disease in Sheep, &c.—The contagious disorder which has now for nearly four years attacked the cattle and sheep brought to market, has this year returned with redoubled violence. On every market-day Smithfield market and all the leading lines of intercourse from it are crowded with sheep, incapable of walking. The principal effects on the sheep are shown upon the hoof, where inflammation and subsequent supuration takes place, and the hoof is at last thrown off.

— A new newspaper has been published in Paris at a very low price, supported by the Republican and Carlist party. It is called *The Nation*.

Sculpture.—The sculptor's art affords the noblest ornaments to the architect. By his aid, the expression which he has been labouring to give by other associations, and which before was mute, or scarcely audible, becomes *parlant*. Sculpture may be called the voice of Architecture.

Princess Metternich.—Travellers speak much of the beauty, affability, and kindness of heart of the Princess Metternich. She is a great patroness of the fine arts. "She has established" says the Marquis of Londonderry, "a rule of asking every distinguished stranger who visits her for his portrait, to be painted by one of the eminent artists who inhabit Vienna: of these, M. Draffin is the favourite. No one, of course, can refuse so flattering a request from a beautiful woman; and the princess has on her table three large folio books, containing portraits of the most renowned or interesting characters in Europe who have passed through Vienna since her marriage."

—The librarian of the convent of Santa Croce at Rome has just edited, from a manuscript of the 11th century which he has discovered in the library committed to his care, the work, of which the first six books only were known, *Aponii Libri XII in Canticum Canticorum*.

—A gallery of contemporaries celebrated in German art and literature is to be established at Berlin. The king reserves to himself the right of naming the persons. His first choice has fallen on Schelling, whose portrait is to be painted by M. de Begas.

—The author of *The Deserted College* says, "Between foreign education and absenteeism, and their natural consequences, drunkenness and agitation, no less than seven millions of capital is worse than lost to the prosperity of Ireland annually. Besides this, as much money is expended on armies of military and police, on poor houses and poor schools, as would establish railroad or canal communication between most of our principal towns. Oh! that Irishmen would duly appreciate the privileges of their birthright."

—A panorama of the city of Edinburgh and the surrounding country, from drawings made during her Majesty's visit last autumn, prepared by Mr Burford, is now open in Leicester square. It presents all the most prominent objects of Auld Reekie with admirable force and astonishing effect.

—*L'Espérance* of Nancy speaks in high terms of an allegorical figure of Winter in clay, which has been deposited in the museum of that city, and is the work of a young peasant named Giorne Viard, about twenty years of age.

—Frederick Adelung, author of several dictionaries of Asiatic languages, and of the *Bibliotheca Glottica*, which embraces all known idioms, died lately at St Petersburg, aged 74. He was director of the Asiatic Academy, and son of a linguist no less celebrated than himself.

—M. Court has recently returned to Paris, from Copenhagen, where he painted the portraits of the King and Queen, and of the Princess Augusta of Hesse Cassel, their niece, and niece of the Duchess of Cambridge. His Majesty conferred on M. Court, as a mark of his satisfaction, the cup of the Danebrog Order.

—The King of the French has sent the sum of 500 francs to Mlle Puget, the niece of the celebrated sculptor.

—The periodical *La France Littéraire*, which has had great success in art and literature, is about to enter on the field of politics.

—The University of Paris has just lost, at the age of 84, one of its oldest professors, in M. l'Etendart, honorary inspector of the Academy of Paris.

—The Duchess of Parma and Archduchess of Austria, Maria Louisa, has employed the Chevalier Foschi to copy in aquatint, and afterwards to engrave in steel, the frescos of Correggio in the cathedral and other churches of Parma.

—The annual statement of accounts of the Provident Institution Bank for Savings, established at St Martin's place, shows the increase of accounts in the last year to 1,053, making the total number 32,500. The sum due to the depositors is 1,162,500 2s. 11d.

—Richard Wagner, a pupil of Meyerbeer, and author of the opera of *Rienzi*, has been appointed Master of the Chapel to the King of Saxony, in the room of the late M. Morlacchi.

The Louvre Salon will open from the 13th of March to the 15th of May. It is expected that 5,000 works will be sent; engravings and lithographs are admitted.

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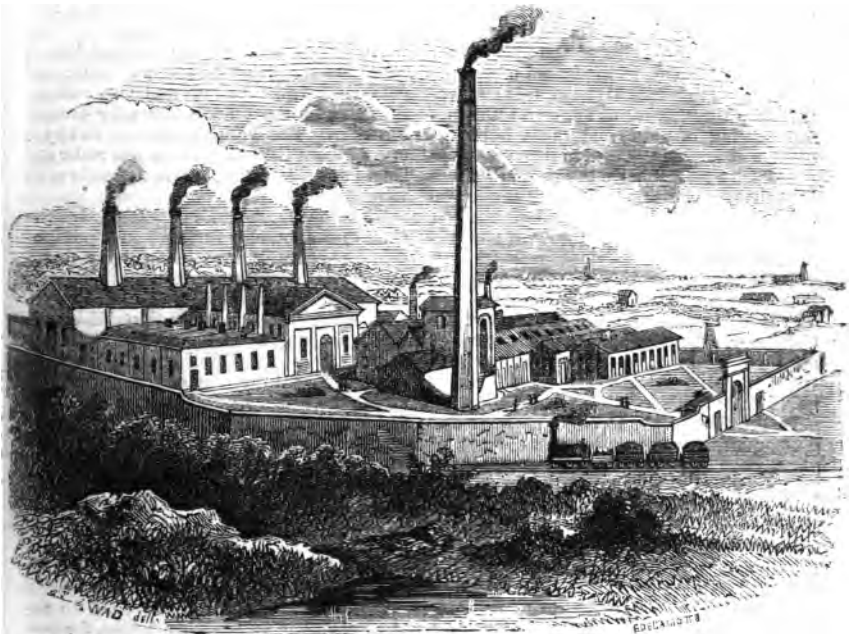
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 10.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1843.

[Vol. I 1843.]



Original Communications.

THE UNION PLATE-GLASS COMPANY'S WORKS, AT ST HELEN'S, NEAR MANCHESTER.

THE Plate Company's establishment at Pocket Nook, near St Helen's (Manchester), are among the finest objects of curiosity in the kingdom. On their eastern side we have the St Helen's railway; on the western, the Sankey navigations, and a vast supply of water is derived by the works from a subterraneous river named "Roaming Meg."

The art of glass making, now brought to such high perfection, is one that must be regarded with great interest, whether we contemplate its beauty, its utility, or its antiquity. It was known at a very early period of the history of mankind. In Tyre, when that famous city was among the great

of the earth, its glass houses were pointed out to the wonder of admiring strangers. Fires of great intensity, kindled for other purposes it has been supposed, gave the first idea of the vitrifying process. According to Pliny, some merchants having been carried by a storm to the mouth of the river Belus, landed there, and made a fire on the sands to cook their food, on a spot where the herb kali grew in great abundance, and the salts of this plant, on its being reduced to ashes, incorporated with the sand, or with stones fit for vitrification, produced glass. Be this as it may, it is clear that the ancient Egyptians possessed the important art. Among the tombs at Thebes there have been discovered small pieces of glass of a turquoise colour, which exactly resemble the heads and figures on their earthenware. White, yellow, and green glass have occasionally been found, but these, it is true, may have

been made by the subsequent conquerors of Egypt; we mean the Greeks and Romans. The glass houses of Alexandria were celebrated, and from these the Romans are said to have obtained their glass. Strabo writes that a glass maker told him the coloured glass was partly composed of a peculiar kind of earth found only in Egypt. The Egyptian priests presented the Emperor Adrian with glass cups sparkling with a variety of colours, which he so prized that he would only permit them to be used on great and state festivals. Glass entered into the Mosaic decorations of the Romans. Several specimens have been found among the ruins of the villa of the Emperor Tiberius, in the island of Capri.

In Nero's time liberal encouragement was given by that luxurious tyrant to the manufacturing of glass, and great improvement was made in it. So highly was glass that bore a resemblance to crystal then valued, that Nero is said to have given, for two cups of moderate dimensions, with handles, 6,000 sesteria, or nearly 50,000*l.* of our present money!

In Westminster Abbey some specimens like those named may be seen. They are on the sides of the tomb of Edward the Confessor. They are flat, and a quarter of an inch thick. The upper surface is a white transparent glass, with a layer of gold leaf beneath.

In the time of the Druids the process of glass making was well known. Rings of glass were found in the ruins of those places which were supposed to have been their temples. Popular superstition gave to these objects a strange origin. They were reported to be formed by snakes joining their heads together and hissing, by means of which a ring was formed round the head of one of them, which the rest, by continually hissing, were supposed to blow at till it came off at the tail, when it hardened and remained in the state in which it was found. Such rings were called Glain Neidyr. The lucky finder of one of these was to prosper in all his undertakings. Glain, perhaps it should be mentioned, means pure or holy, and Neidyr, a snake.

"The first English glass house," a modern writer on the subject says, for the manufacture of fine flint glass, was that of the Savoy and Crutched friars, established somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century. It appears, however, that the English manufactures were for a considerable time much inferior to the Venetian, for in 1635, nearly a hundred years later, Sir Robert Mansell obtained a monopoly for importing the fine Venetian flint drinking glasses. The art of making these was not brought to perfection till the reign of William the Third. Since then the art of glass making has

made a rapid progress, and the glass works of England indisputably excel, at the present moment, those of any other country.

The area upon which the magnificent works at St Helen's are erected, exceeds eight statute acres, bounded on the easterly side by the Sankey canal, and on the south westerly, by a branch line from the Liverpool and Manchester railway, securing thereby the utmost possible economy and facility of communication with all parts of the kingdom. Within fifty yards of the northerly end of the works are coal pits, which furnish ample supplies of the best fuel at the lowest possible rates.

The main building, or casting hall, is near 260 feet long by 156 feet wide, and comprises two founding and two refining furnaces, four pot arches, twenty annealing kilns. The casting table is 17 feet by 9, and 6 inches thick, and, with the roller and frame on which it moves, is upwards of 20 tons.

There are four founding pots used at one time in the foundry furnace, each pot containing generally one ton of gauged fluxed metal. Pots holding one ton and a quarter each have been used, but a ton is the general size. The present establishment, with one founding and one refining furnace at work, yields weekly from 5,000 to 6,000 feet superficial measure of plate glass.

The machinery department embraces a lifting engine of eight-horse power, to supply water of a superior quality; the condensing water and water for general purposes being procured from the canal.

An engine made by Boulton and Watt controls the polishing and grinding machines, as well as the clay, emery, and plaster mills, with a power equivalent to 200 horses.

The other buildings subservient to general purposes embrace salthouse, for preparing the alkali; sand-washing rooms; store and mixing rooms; pot, clay, and brick rooms; gashouse, &c.; ochre and plaster ovens; smithy; joiner's shop; warehouse, and silvering room; all of which are so arranged as to be the most advantageous and economical in the application of manual labour.

Much merit is due to the superior manner in which the work of each department is not only controlled, but registered; and the efficient manner in which the board of directors and manager are furnished with the results of every department daily and weekly; thereby giving the best security for producing the article with the least possible amount of waste.

England is not indebted to the excise laws for any improvement in the manufacture of plate glass. Experiments are only permitted by especial licence, and even then under the eye of an officer, generally as obnoxious as intrusive. The manufac-

turer is required to hold a stock which, during the processes, absorbs 20,000*l.* of duty alone. The export of no plates but what are perfect is permitted. Plates in the rough-ground or part-finished state, much required in tropical climes, are wholly excluded; and thus the article most desirable, most economical, and certainly the most elegant, in the glass manufacture, by excessive duty, is restricted from becoming what it ought to, and doubtless would become—a staple manufacture. It is to be regretted that such obstacles should be thrown in the way of ingenuity and enterprise where so much capital has been risked in a cause which, rightly viewed, is that of the public.

[This subject will be resumed, and a view of part of the interior of these wonderful works given, in our next, or in the following number, together with a complete description of the improved mode in which the manufactory of glass is carried on by the Company.]

THE LAY OF THE LAST HANGMAN.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

THE court sat long, the wind was cold,
The hangman was nor sick nor old,
But saddened cheek appeared to say
That he had known a better day.
The cat, his sole remaining joy,
He sometimes laid on orphan boy,
(But Justice, little now in vogue,
He seldom touched a full-grown rogue).
The last of all the Jacks was he,
Who thought of Newgate's ancient tree.
For, well a day! their date was fled,
His throttling brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected, wished his bones
Reposed with theirs, near Davy Jones.
No more on lofty platform borne,
He bustled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
At county goals a welcome guest.
A rustic group he round him got
To show how tied the fatal knot.
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A lady filled the Georges' throne.
The canters of that maudlin time
Had called his useful art a crime.
A wandering idler, scorned and poor,
He toddled now from door to door,
And sometimes begged a glass of gin
Where once he ordered goes within.

He passed where Newgate's line of walls
Leads on toward Smithfield's pens and stalls,
He gazed upon the Debtors' door,
And wished Mr Naughten's trial o'er—
When suddenly, O sound of fear!
"Not Guilty!" murmured in his ear.
His eyes in sad amazement close
As solemnly he blows his nose,
And while St Sepalchre's chimas rang,
Twas thus the latest hangman sung:—

As varlet who another slays,
This moral land so largely pays,
And saves from future sadness;
Each prudent rogue will go to school
To learn how he should play the fool,
Or on occasion madness.

Since now, when human blood is spilt,
We all infer from monstrous guilt
A wretch has lost his senses;
Law's finisher expects no pelf,
He may as well go hang himself,
Each crime its own defence is.

For me, I shall pull bolt no more,
The drop is but a useless store
And beam to hang upon;
To rope, to cap, and dying knell,
Ah me! farewell—a long farewell,
"Jack's occupation's gone."

his
JACK F KETCH,
mark.

ORIGINAL PAPERS ON SCIENCE.

NO. III.—ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING.

It is now little more than three years ago since Mr Spencer called the attention of the scientific world to the wonderful effects produced, and the faithful agent we possess, in the galvanic battery, in a paper read by him before the Liverpool Society in September, 1839, 'On a new process of working in metals by Galvanism.' The same was afterwards brought before a London audience by Professor Bachhoffner at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, who styled the process the Electrotype. A result so important, so easily obtained, and withal so truly accurate, could not fail in obtaining myriads of experimentalists, and, as a necessary consequence, many important improvements upon Mr Spencer's original communication, not the least valuable of which is that of Electro-Plating and Gilding, a patent for which was granted to Messrs Elkington, of Birmingham, in March, 1840.

This process is an improved mode of coating, covering, or plating certain metals with silver or gold, by the use of a solution of gold or silver, and by the electro-chemical agency of the voltaic current. The solutions employed by the patentees are the auro or argento cyanides of potassium, which are readily prepared even by those unacquainted with chemical manipulation. The following simple plan of operation will furnish them in sufficient purity:

Take about two ounces of the salt called prussiate of potass* and dissolve it in distilled or rain water, to this add about two drachms of the oxide of gold or silver, and boil the mixture for not less than an hour, then filter through blotting paper; the clear liquid passing through the filter is then ready for use.

* Obtained at any druggist's.

In the employment of this compound some little care is necessary on the part of the operator, as it is a very deadly poison; in the first place, never immerse the hands or fingers unnecessarily into it, or hold the mouth over it so as to inhale the vapour given off.

The article to be plated or gilt must first be made chemically clean, and then immersed in the solution, together with a thin plate of gold or silver accordingly as the one or other solution is employed;† in the silver solution the mere immersion is sufficient to throw down upon its surface a thin but uniform coating of the metal, but when thus filmed no further deposition of silver will take place; in this condition, if a current of voltaic electricity from a battery of two or three pairs of plates be made to flow through the solution from the silver plate to the object to be plated, any extent of silver may be deposited, and at the same time a corresponding quantity of silver will be dissolved from the plate transmitting the electricity.

The value of the gilding process is much enhanced as tending in a great measure, if not entirely, to supersede the present unwholesome process of water-gilding, when from the fumes of the mercury given off during the process, the duration of life of those employed is most cruelly curtailed, besides while living establishing a train of diseases too lamentable to enumerate. By the above process of plating, &c. a desideratum long required, viz. that of replating articles once silvered, when the latter is partially worn off, is most readily obtained, as the patentees, at their establishment in Moorgate, do at a comparatively trifling cost replat, so as to restore the article to its original condition.

B.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—‘On the Nerves,’ by James Stark, M.D.—The author states the structure and composition of the nerves consist of a congeries of membranous tubes, cylindrical in their form, placed parallel to one another, and united into fasciculi of various sizes; but that neither these fasciculi nor the individual tubes are enveloped by any filamentous tissue; that these tubular membranes are composed of extremely minute filaments, placed in a strictly longitudinal direction, in exact parallelism with each other, and that the matter which fills the tubes is of an oily nature, and remaining of a fluid consistency during the life of the animal, or while it retains its natural temperament. As oily substances are well known to be non-con-

ductors of electricity, and as the nerves have been shown by the experiments of Bischoff to be among the worst possible conductors of this agent, the author contends that the nervous agency can be neither electricity nor galvanism, nor any property related to those powers; and conceives that the phenomena are best explained on the hypothesis of undulations or vibrations propagated along the course of the tubes which compose the nerves, by the medium of the oily globules they contain.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the anniversary meeting the Wollaston medals were presented to MM. Dufrenoy and Elie de Beaumont, distinguished geologists of France, for their maps of the French dominions. Sir Henry de la Beche expressed the great gratification it afforded him to receive the medals on behalf of his distinguished friends MM. Dufrenoy and Elie de Beaumont. It would be superfluous in an assembly of geologists such as the present to advert to the labours of such men: they were known and fully appreciated by the geological world.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—A communication from Dr Balfour was read, announcing the discovery of the principle *Theine* in Paraguay tea, the leaves of the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, as observed by Dr Stenhouse. The infusion of these leaves forms the beverage of a large portion of the inhabitants of South America. The plant is found to contain the same active azotized principle as the tea of China, which chemical analysis has also found in coffee.—A communication from Professor Croft, of Toronto, ‘On the manufacture of Sugar from the stalks of Indian Corn’ (*Zea mays*). By plucking off the ears of corn from the stalks, as they begin to form, the saccharine matter is greatly increased, and the juice comes to contain three times more sugar than that of the maple, and equals, or exceeds the juice of the ordinary sugar-cane, as raised in the United States. By experiments it appears that one acre of maize yields 1,000 pounds of sugar. This crop has also the advantage that it comes to maturity in from seventy to ninety days, while the sugar-cane requires eighteen months, and is precarious.

L’ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES, PARIS.—A report was read relative to a Memoir by M. Alcide d’Arbigny, entitled ‘Fossil Shells of Columbia, collected by M. Boussingault;’ from which it appears that, while all local recollections have passed from the mind of the philosopher, who collected the shells between 1821 and 1833, the geologist, who has never visited the spot, has been able to determine that the strata, whence these shells came, correspond to the great formation of the strata of Europe; and, more-

† By this mode of proceeding the solution is always retained at its original strength.

over, to the most ancient of the four divisions into which this formation is subdivided. This is considered by the committee, who give in the report, as a veritable triumph of zoological characteristics as applied to geology.

NEW METHOD OF INCREASING THE SENSITIVENESS OF DAGUERRETYPE PLATES, BY M. BERRARD.—The plate is prepared in the ordinary method of Daguerre,* and is then exposed for half a minute to the action of chloride mixed with common air in a proportion that it may be inhaled without a painful sensation; on placing it in a dark room having an aperture into a light apartment, about the size of the plate, the short time employed in removing and replacing a screen before the aperture is time sufficient to produce the image, and the picture is completed in the usual way by the fumes of mercury, and washing with the hyposulphate of soda. The author states that the light and shadows are more distinct by this process than any other method now in use; the proportion of chloride required is *very small*, and excess must be carefully avoided, and the light must be carefully kept away from the plate during the operation. — *Bibl. Univ.*

THE CASES OF BELLINGHAM AND M'NAUGHTEN.

WHEN Mr Perceval was assassinated by Bellingham, many things were stated which are strongly recalled by a recent melancholy event. It was proved that Bellingham had been watching in the gallery of the House of Commons for some time, in order to make himself acquainted with the person of the individual on whom he proposed to pour his vengeance, and Lord Leveson Gower was the party he was most anxious to attack. Against Mr Perceval, personally, he had nothing to say. He had been in Russia, his speculations proved unfortunate, and his miscarriages he charged on the government or those who represented it. The deed of blood was perpetrated in broad daylight, and in a public place where escape was impossible. On his trial, insanity was urged on his behalf (not by him), and his counsel wished the trial to be postponed to afford time for witnesses to be brought from a distance. The watching, the shooting one man for another, the public manner in which the crime was committed, the complaint against the government party, the plea of insanity, and the application for postponement, have all been repeated in the case of M'Naughten. Bellingham's

case, however, differed from his in this, that the crime was committed on a Monday afternoon, on the Friday next following was tried, and on the ensuing Monday suffered the execution of his sentence.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

THE following deeply interesting tale is taken from one of a series of articles called 'Female Portraits,' which appeared in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' Though necessarily abridged, the powerful language of the original is carefully preserved in the most striking passages.

It was on a Christmas eve, about the year 17—, when the inmates of a secluded farm-house, situated at the head of an ocean creek, on the shores of the wild district between the counties of Galway and Mayo, had been for some hours retired to rest, that the slumbers of the farmer, a stout, weather-beaten carle of fifty, were disturbed by the light hand of his favourite daughter Aileen, applied with gentle violence to his shoulder.

"Father dear!" whispered the beautiful apparition, "awake! awake! It's an hour since the cry of drowning men on Innismoran came moaning on my ear above the roar of the gale, and now, when there's a bit of a lull, we must help them, else they'll all be dead before morning."

"Help them, Aileen mavourneen!" repeated the old man, whom a few moments had sufficed to rouse to his long familiar duty; "sure we'd try to do it any how, only bad luck to the day, God forgive me (crossing himself), that I should say so of this blessed Christmas eve. Who's to help them, and the boat oar at the mainland, and the boys up at the station."

"I can steer, father, and row a bit, too, for want of better; and sure you and I are all the crew the little boat that's left can want or hold, if we've men to bring off from Innismoran."

"I'll soon launch the skiff, and put old Mike, for want o' better, at the helm; but for you to risk your life and go with us, it's out of the question entirely."

"Not go, father! and why should I stay behind? D'ye think 'tis for nothing the boys call me the mermaid? and have ye forgot how the soldier officer from England, Moriarty's colonel (a bright blush crossing her cheek at the name), stared at the sight when he saw me in the corragh, fishing alone, miles out in the bay."

"Ah! but Aileen, that was in smooth water and summer, and not in a winter's night that would daunt the stoutest heart!"

It were needless to say which prevailed in a contest, an Irish one especially, between the energy of youth on the one hand,

* In the last Monthly Part we gave the diagram and explanation of the process as at present used.

and paternal caution on the other. The effort was made and with success, but poor Aileen nearly fell a sacrifice to her exertions in the cause of humanity.

The skiff, steered instinctively through the intricacies of a well-known channel, even by old Mike, whose services had been indispensable to give scope to his master's exertions at the oar, was seen by Aileen's anxious nurse (who had awoke too late to oppose her darling's departure) to rise, as she opened the island, on the tops of mountain waves, and sink as suddenly into their hollows. She gained, however, after tremendous efforts, redoubled by the sight and feeble cheers of the six human beings cowering on their hourly narrowing vantage-ground, the lee side of the rock, to which, leaping ashore with the agility of a veteran cragsman, the father of Aileen succeeded in making her fast. But while he was surrounded and half drowned by the shivering soldiers, who seemed tempted to welcome as an angel from heaven their gallant deliverer, the boat, yielding to the tremendous suction by which larger craft are often resistlessly swept away, was forcibly drawn from the rock, lifted a moment on the crest of a mountain billow, and then, in the very sight of the distracted father, capsized and hid from view.

A moment of heart-rending suspense elapsed ere the floating drapery of his daughter showed the "stout swimmer in his agony" where to plunge to the rescue. Old Mike had been permitted, at his earnest entreaty, to act as live lumber. A swimmer of unparalleled skill, it was astonishing with what poodle instinct the old, blind fisherman struck out, to the precise spot of his darling's disappearance; or how manfully, when she rose to the surface, he supported her till aid more powerful, in the shape of her father, came to his relief. The rope remaining fast to the rocks, the boat was soon righted, and the dripping Aileen lifted insensible into it, while, as the interval between successive waves permitted, the six shipwrecked soldiers—their commander, according to the British officers' immemorial usage, being the last to quit the scene of danger—cautiously stepped into their frail conveyance.

The transport containing a detachment of men whom Colonel Sydenham was accompanying from America, had been blown, by tremendous westerly hurricanes, on the dangerous point of Achill head, where she had almost immediately gone to pieces. A boat was set adrift from her just as she parted, by some of the more provident of the crew; but, weakened by their previous exertions, they were unable to profit by their own foresight, and the skiff was instantly filled by half a dozen

of the most robust among the veterans—the simultaneous cry among whom, even amid the care of their own safety, was for that of their gallant colonel. Almost in spite of himself he was forced into the boat (which his gigantic proportions, by the by, had well nigh swamped at the outset), a piece of devotion in his rude followers which, during that long night of despair, when their boat having been stove in the very act of touching the rock, there seemed nothing before them but inevitable destruction, their brave commander repaid by the pious eloquence of his counsels, and the animating influence of his example.

The boat had urged its way through comparatively smooth water for a mile or more ere rescuers or rescued woke to the realities of their situation.

When Colonel Sydenham, with the character and disposition already described, became aware that it was to a woman—a young and beautiful one, too—that, under Providence, his rescue from inevitable destruction was due, and that his life had nearly been ransomed at the price of her own—his old spirit of enthusiasm and romance was up in a moment; and never did votary in the isle of saints more devotedly worship the image of some heavenly benefactress than the warm-hearted soldier felt inclined to do his long inanimate deliverer. It was on his costly pelisse of American sables (thrown into the ship's boat after him by the thoughtful kindness of an attached domestic), that the corpse-like form of the fair girl reposed; while, kneeling at her feet, he chafed, with eager solicitude, each small cold hand, and gazed wildly on the still symmetry of the up-turned features, round which the hood of her country's national cloak half closed its shroud-like folds.

The rescue from the waters had not been witnessed in vain from Letrewel (the name of the island farm whose inmates had so gallantly achieved it). Huge turf fires blazed in room and kitchen—a warm bed awaited the half resuscitated victim of the catastrophe, whilst food and steaming jugs of whiskey punch were there to revive the hearts of the sufferers from the wreck. Old Oonagh, Aileen's nurse—who, happily for herself, had slept through the storm—had woke just in time to see her foster-child drawn dripping from her native waves; and to add to thanksgiving for her safety, the most active and judicious exertions for her recovery.

They were successful. The cheek of Aileen bloomed once more, and her blue eyes laughed on all around. But scarcely had Uncle Guy witnessed even for a day what sunshine the opening of those glad eyes could shed upon a joyous household, ere old Oonagh's leech-craft was again in requi-

sition ; and from the seeds which had been lurking in him ere he left the vessel, gave her in the tall soldier gentleman a patient of almost infantine weakness. For the few hours, however, that consciousness remained, his eyes sought the hovering form of a far younger and gentler nurse ; and the last exercise of not very coherent speech was to pour out a passionate flood of enthusiastic admiration and gratitude to his fair rescuer, and a faint hope of life to testify its sincerity and extent.

And how did this unlooked-for, and, to one in her station, overwhelming declaration, from a man of Colonel Sydenham's rank, and with personal advantages to boot, which ladies of high degree had proved to be irresistible, fall on the ear of the Connaught farmer's daughter ?

It would be unpardonably traducing Aileen to say that she felt the slightest temptation to share the brilliant lot, one glimpse of which had been made to flash before her, ere a cloud—possibly a fatal one—settled down on her gallant admirer. And why was she thus callous to so bewitching a prospect ? Simply because, already in heart if not in rite a soldier's bride, not all the colonels and field-marshal in his Britannic majesty's service could have seduced her faithful heart into one moment's forgetfulness of her cousin and betrothed—Corporal Moriarty Carroll, of the — regiment of foot.

It was happily just at that oblivious stage of Colonel Guy Sydenham's fever, when even the power of discriminating between his two very opposite female nurses had for the present left him, that the long-expected sailing orders for the — regiment obliged Moriarty Carroll to claim, however unseasonably, his plighted bride.—Letrewel was, under present circumstances, no house for a wedding, an Irish one especially, even could the bridegroom have so far deserted his colours, or could the few relatives most interested have been there assembled.

But even Aileen had reasons for deciding—and when she did so, her father, as a matter of course, acquiesced—that as the mountain could not go to Mahomet, the programme should be reversed ; and that her father should escort her to the house of her maternal grandmother at Westport ; the vicinity of which to the bridegroom's head-quarters at Castlebar, made it the most convenient scene for the nuptials.

There resided under that roof, besides the venerably lady, another near and dear one, on whom Aileen's thoughts had scarcely for a moment, even in the midst of her own bridal prospects, ceased of late to run—her twin-sister Evelyn. She had been yielded almost in infancy by a

widowed father to his wife's English mother, partly in compassion for her utter desolation, and still more, perhaps, in deference to that superiority in birth and breeding, from which he could not but anticipate advantages to his girl such as the rude shores of Mayo could never afford.

Mrs Evelyn, kind hearted and independent, had fixed her abode in the nearest town to Letrewel where the means of education might be procurable, on condition of having resigned to her charge the elder of the two little creatures, on whom their poor mother, in fond anticipation of possible reconciliation, had bestowed her maternal family name of Evelyn.

Broken in heart and in fortunes—for, since his wife's death especially, matters had gone backward at the farm—Maurice—had contentedly made a sacrifice so much for his elder and gentler child's advantage ; feeling only enough of natural selfishness to clasp the closer to his widowed breast the laughing, playful elf, whose somewhat hardier roses (though, *apart*, the children were wholly undistinguishable) seemed to bespeak her formed to brave a ruder clime.

The bitterest part of the business had been the severing two beings who, for the first six years of their lives, had been almost as little apart from each other as the Siamese brothers.

Both had felt it acutely ; but at length, in the evidently congenial soil into which she had been transplanted, the gentle Evelyn seemed to find her natural element ; and without losing a touch of nature and warmth of her heart, which revealed at times her rustic birth and kindred to her unsophisticated sister, she became to that sister, when they occasionally met, an object no longer of childish love alone, but of youthful admiration.

It was not merely her reading with the pretty English accent, that alone sounds like gentility in the untutored Irish ear—or her fluent reading of the "hardest" book—her sweet singing of more than a simple Irish ballad—which made the younger sister at sixteen or seventeen gaze up at her elder as some being of a higher and brighter order. It was the nameless distinction in air, and manner, and bearing which had sufficed to develope Evelyn Clare.

Aileen formed the idea of achieving, by the substitution of a far superior *fac simile* of herself as the object of Colonel Sydenham's romantic devotion, the realization of the day-dreams in which her fancy had long vaguely revelled.

This likeness was still as perfect as when in infancy old Oonagh had been fain to sew fast the bit of green ribbon, denoting

seniority, which it was in those days rare sport for Aileen to transfer from her sister's arm to her own. The same locks of luxuriant amber waved over the same fair-freckled skin—though exposure to summer suns in the *corragh* would, at that season, lend now, as in infancy, a hardier cast to the roses of Aileen's cheek—while eye-lashes of a somewhat deeper hue lent a corresponding richness to that of her elder sister.

But the plan which, before quitting the home of her childhood, Aileen had committed to the shrewd ear and helping hand of her doating and approving nurse, and in which on the morning of the day that was to see her at once a wife and an exile, she tearfully extorted the connivance of her more scrupulous father, could not, she felt, be breathed, with even a chance of success, to its peculiarly sensitive object. From even a throne, if attained by deceit, would revolt, she well knew, every feeling of that pure and pensive mind.

(To be continued.)

MIRROR LEVITIES.

THE NEW WAY OF GOING TO MARKET.

A TRUE MILE-END STORY.

Scene.—A Butcher's Shop. Boy watching without.

Diddler. That leg of mutton's rather nice, But tell me, younker, what's the price?

Boy. "Tis seven."

Diddler. That's too much I'm afraid; I'll take it in and get it weighed.

[*Enters shop with meat in his hand.*

When you're at leisure, by and by, This mutton in your scale just try; I purchased it there—by the gate, And think they've done me in the weight.

Butcher. Do you suppose me such a lout, To bowl another tradesman out? Such trick I'm not disposed to play, So vanish! take your meat away.

Diddler. Your conduct, sir, is rather queer.

[*Exit, taking the mutton with him.*

Butcher. Boy, where's the joint that hung up here?

Boy. Yy, that's the leg vot caused the row! And vich you sent away just now.

THE PAYING ACTOR.

ON MR PAUMIER'S APPEARANCE IN THE COMEDY OF 'LOVE.'

SHREWD critics sneer at Paumier's acting whim,

And run him down as cat would chase a mouse;

But let them name an actor beside him,

Who brings, this season, money to the house. I only wish his equals I could see

In those who think themselves so much above—

This of all others is the man for me, Who nobly pays that he may "play for 'Love.'"

A. BUNN.

ON THE STORM RAISED AGAINST LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

WHAT a racket the Temple of Somnath creates;

The friends of the Government join in the roar;

And hint, if my Lord is so partial to gates, 'Twere proper of India to show him the door.

A 'COURT GAZETTE' MOTIVE FOR INSOLVENCY.

YOUNG Smithfield Hill, says it was only in sport

He got as he did, rather deeply in debt:

He wished to approximate City and Court, By bringing the Court to the 'London Gazette.'

Never Satisfied.—An oaf of a juror, who concurred in a late ridiculous verdict, has indulged in the following lament:—"Last week everybody was in tears because four innocent men had suffered. Now all is regret that a murderer has escaped! I wonder what the public want!"

Phil. Stone.—Great, in one sense, is Mr Phillip Stone from the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, now property-man at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford street. His account of the close of his engagement at the former establishment is rich. It runs thus:—"Mr Macready says to me (I wish I may die if it is not true), one night when he played *Macbeth*, 'Give me my dagger!' I said, as I handed it to him, 'Ah! sir, this dagger used to be used by a clever man, the late Mr Kean.' 'Indeed,' said Mr Macready, then speaking to somebody else, 'find this little gentleman another home.'"

—"Why," said Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, "is Lord Ellenborough, carrying off the sandal-wood gates, only like all his predecessors?" "Because every Governor-General sent out there from England, must necessarily go to the *Hinges*."

Hair and Wiggs' Conflagration.—A quarter of a century ago, the premises of Messrs Hair and Wiggs, at Bankside, were burnt down. The event produced a punning address to the destroying element, which concluded with the following apostrophe:—

Why, O thou fiend—*Last Sunday's Fire*, On both these partners fell thine ire?

Was it their virtues rare?

Was it that "loving as Ball's pigs,"

Hair thou could'st only hurt in *Wiggs*,

Wiggs but by singing *Hair*?

—M. Bonjean has concluded, from experiments, that arsenious acid is as much a poison to sheep as to other animals; and that, in the event of their surviving a dose, they are not fit for food under eight or ten days at least.



Arms. Barry of ten, ar and az; over all six escutcheons sa; three, two, and one each, charged with a lion rampant, of the first a crescent for difference. *Crest.* Six arrows in saltier or, barbed and flighted ar, girt together with a belt gu, buckled and garnished gold, over the arrows a morion cap p pr. *Supporters.* Two lions ermine. *Motto.* *Sero sed serio.* "Late but in earnest."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SALISBURY.

THE celebrated Lord Burleigh, the great minister to whom the fame of Elizabeth is mainly ascribed, may be regarded as the true founder of the Salisbury family. Robert Cecil, his second son, was the first Earl of Salisbury. He was a man of great understanding, but in person he was only moderately favoured by nature. He was deformed; and so feeble in constitution, that in his earlier years it was not thought prudent to send him to a public school; and he received the first rudiments of his education from a tutor, at home, under the immediate superintendence of an anxious and gifted mother. He was born in the year 1550; and as he approached maturity, was placed at St John's College, Cambridge, to complete his education. But his principal instruction, that which shaped his course as a statesman, and gave him importance in the councils of the nation, he received from his father, who wished his son to shine in a career which he himself had successfully pursued. He is first mentioned as being with the Earl of Derby, the English Ambassador at the Court of France. In 1596, he was named Secretary of State with Sir Francis Walsingham; and when that minister died, he became principal Secretary, which post he retained, till it became his own turn to quit the world. Between him and the unfortunate Earl of Essex much ill blood existed. Besides the high situation which has been mentioned, other offices of great emolument were held by him. This probably excited the envy of many of his contemporaries. He was accused of being disposed to grasp everything; and in some instances he was bitterly opposed by Essex. On the trial of that nobleman in 1600, a most remarkable scene occurred in which he acted a part. It was declared by the

Earl that he could prove, from Sir Robert Cecil's own mouth, that he, speaking to one of his fellow councillors, had said, "None in the world but the Infanta of Spain had a right to the crown of England."

The course Sir Robert took upon this occasion was a most determined one. He presented himself to the court on the instant, and humbly prayed to be allowed to speak to the Earl, which being conceded, he addressed him in these words:—

"The difference between you and me is great; for I speak in the person of an honest man, and you, my lord, in the person of a traitor: so well I know, you have wit at will. The pre-eminence hath been yours, but I have innocence, truth of conscience, and honesty, to defend me against the scandal of slanderous tongues, and aspiring hearts; and I protest before God, I have loved your person, and justified your virtues: and I appeal to God and the queen, that I told her majesty your afflictions would make you a fit servant for her. And had not I seen your ambitious affections inclined to usurpation, I could have gone on my knees to her majesty to have done you good; but you have a sheep's garment in show, and in appearance are humble and religious: but God be thanked, we know you, for indeed your religion appears by Blunt, Davis, and Tresham, your chiefest councillors for the present; and by promising liberty of conscience hereafter. I stand for loyalty, which I never lost; you stand for treachery, where-with your heart is possessed: and you charge me with high things, wherein I defy you to the uttermost. You, my good lords, counsellors of state, have had many conferences, and I do confess I have said the King of Scots is a competitor, and the King of Spain a competitor, and you I have said are a competitor: you would depose the queen, you would be king of England, and call a parliament. Ah, my lord, were it but your own case, the loss had been the less; but you have drawn a number of noble persons and gentle-

men of birth and quality into your net of rebellion, and their bloods will cry vengeance against you. For my part, I vow to God I wish my soul was in heaven, and my body at rest, so this had never been.

"*Essex.* Ah Mr Secretary, I thank God for my humbling; that you, in the rust of your bravery, came to make your oration against me here this day.

"*Cecil.* My lord, I humbly thank God that you did not take me for a fit companion for you and your humours; for if you had, you would have drawn me to betray my sovereign, as you have done: but I would have you name the counsellor you speak of; name him, name him, name him if you dare, if you dare, I defy you; name him if you dare.

"*Essex.* Here stands an honourable person (meaning the Earl of Southampton) that knows I speak no fables; he heard it as well as I.

"*Cecil.* Then, my Lord of Southampton, I adjure you by the duty you owe to God, loyalty and allegiance you owe to your sovereign, by all tokens of true Christianity, and by the ancient friendship and acquaintance once between us, that you name the counsellor.

"*Southampton.* Mr Secretary, if you will needs have me name the counsellor, it was Mr Comptroller.

"Whereupon the Secretary, falling down upon his knees, said, I thank God for this day; and upon his knee desired the Lord High Steward that a gentleman of the privy chamber (or one that might have access to the Queen), might go and humbly entreat her Highness to command Mr Comptroller to come before his grace.

[Hereupon the Lord High Steward, calling Mr Knevet, a gentleman of her Majesty's privy chamber, said unto him, Go, Mr Knevet, unto her Majesty, and let her understand Mr Secretary's demand.]

"*Cecil.* Mr Knevet, you shall have free access unto her Majesty; tell her that I vow before the God of Heaven, that if she refuse to send Mr Comptroller, whereby I may clear myself of these open scandals, I will rather die at her foot (as her subject and vassal), than live to do her any more service in this honourable degree, wherein her Highness employs me. And withal, let me adjure you Mr Knevet, that you do not acquaint Mr Comptroller with the cause why you come for him.

"Mr Knevet went, and not long after returned with Mr Comptroller, to whom the Lord High Steward repeated the cause why he was sent for, and desired him to satisfy the lords whether Mr Secretary did use any such speech in his hearing, or to his knowledge.

"*Mr Comptroller.* I remember that once, in Mr Secretary's company, there was a book read that treated of such matters; but I never did hear Mr Secretary use any such words, or to that effect.

"Whereupon Mr Secretary thanked God, that though the earl stood there as a traitor, yet he was found an honest man, and a faithful subject; withal saying, I beseech God to forgive you for this open wrong done unto

me, as I do openly pronounce I forgive you from the bottom of my heart.

"*Essex.* And I, Mr Secretary, do clearly and freely forgive you with all my soul; because I mean to die in charity."

His refutation of the charge was deemed perfectly satisfactory.

The correspondence of Sir Robert with foreign courts was most extensive. By means of this he had credit for defeating many conspiracies that were formed against Queen Elizabeth. He was steadfast in her interest, but did not omit to cultivate the favour of James. With him he secretly communicated from time to time, on the best means of securing his peaceful succession. These services, on the death of Elizabeth, were duly acknowledged by the new monarch, who made him his prime minister, and advanced him to the peerage. He created him Baron of Essenden in 1603, Viscount Cranborne in the following year, and Earl of Salisbury in 1605, when he was appointed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and admitted to the order of the Garter, Notwithstanding the accusation of Essex, he was most hostile to the Spanish interests; and his zeal in the cause of Protestantism was such, that he was called the "Puritan." James found him so useful, though it was believed that he had no great personal regard for him, that he was chosen in 1608 to succeed the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl of Dorset. The King's extravagance caused him to have recourse to measures which were complained of as arbitrary, to furnish his royal master with the means he required. His measures, however, had generally for their object the public good, and he was deemed the ablest minister of James. Strict application to business in all probability shortened his life. He died at Marlborough of a decline in 1612, and was buried at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, which seat he had obtained from the crown in exchange for his estate of Theobalds, near Cheshunt. His enemies charged him with being insincere and avaricious; but his talents were confessedly great, and his temper and his manners mild and courteous. He met death with great fortitude. The recollection of the past did not seem to heighten the terrors of the parting hour. "Ease and pleasure," said he, "quake to hear of death, but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved." He wrote a book against the Papists, and among other things some Notes on Dr Dee's Reformations of the Calendar.

The honour of a Marquisate was conferred August 18, 1789. His present Lordship, by patent of confirmation, took the name of Gascoigne in 1842, and quartered the arms in the second place.

Reviews.

Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions.

Edited by Jacob Bell. No. IX.

WE approach this publication with awe. "Throw physic to the dogs," cry the readers of the lively *Mirror*, "and save us from a work entirely devoted to medicine!" It cannot be denied that, in this ably-conducted publication, there is much that will interest the profession exclusively; but there are, at the same time, some things in it so useful, and some so curious, that even common readers may peruse it with advantage. The article on "The Competition in the Drug Trade," presents a clear and powerful exhibition of the principles on which commerce and its endless fluctuations must always depend.

"The sale of articles below the natural price is much more common, and although this might, at first sight, appear to be a public advantage, the indirect tendency of the practice is no less injurious than the opposite extreme. The primary effect of competition is a reduction of prices, as every merchant or vendor of a commodity finds it necessary to reduce his profits to meet the state of the market; and when there are many persons anxious to sell, each endeavours to secure to himself a preference by offering the greatest possible advantage to his customers. So long as this is done without violating the correct principles of fair remuneration, the public derive benefit from the competition. But it often happens that, in individual transactions, general principles are overlooked, and the causes which lead to this result require to be considered more in detail. It is obvious that the inducement to embark in any particular line of business is in proportion to the existing demand for the commodity in question; and that, so long as this demand continues to increase, the number of aspirants to a share of the profits increases likewise. Nor does competition stop at this point, as the success of one man in any department frequently induces a hundred to follow in his wake, each hoping to derive the same benefit. A reaction is the inevitable consequence. The market is overstocked, and the profit being divided among a larger number of persons than it is calculated to support, a variety of expedients are resorted to by each individual for the purpose of gaining an advantage over the rest. A prominent feature in this struggle is a reduction in prices, and this is often carried to an extent which involves the parties in heavy loss or absolute ruin. Many sacrifices are made by merchants, in cases of emergency, when a disappointment in the sale of goods places their credit in jeopardy, and pressing demands for ready money oblige them to sell at any price which happens to be

offered. These occurrences impair the stability of the market; purchasers take advantage of the necessities of vendors, who follow the example of each other, until the calculations of profit on the principles of fair remuneration are forgotten in the eagerness to do business on any terms. Sometimes the competition between two or three individuals is carried to such an extent, that the ultimate result is dependent on the length of their respective purses; those who have the smallest capital being ruined, while the successful competitor finds himself, with reduced capital, master of a trade which no longer affords a living profit."

The account of "The Summer-Plant-Winter Worm," by Dr Pereira, is a most singular paper. This worm is a caterpillar, out of whose neck a vegetable (fungus or mushroom) grows. It is much valued in China; it is found in China and in New Zealand.

"Thunberg states that it is reputed to possess cordial virtues. According to Du Halde, its properties are considered to be similar to those of *ging sing*. It strengthens and renovates the powers of the system which have been reduced either by over-exertion or long sickness. The physicians of the Emperor of China stated that they used it only at the palace on account of its scarcity. Black, old, and rotten specimens cost four times their weight of silver.

"The mode of employing it is very curious. The belly of a duck is to be stuffed with five drachms of the insect-fungus, and the bird roasted by a slow fire. When done, take out the insect-fungus, the virtue of which will have passed into the duck's flesh. The latter is to be eaten twice a day for eight or ten days."

Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, an American Refugee, &c. &c. By G. A. Ward. Wiley and Putnam.

THERE is no law, and there ought to be no law, against a gentleman of small capacity and in an obscure situation, making notes of things which he may deem remarkable, and wish to remember. He has a right to do this; he has a right to be as minute and as insipid as he pleases. But when he is "gathered to his fathers," it is hardly to be endured that another shall give his flimsy scraps to the world, as if they were worth reading. The evil, however, is one that is likely to carry its appropriate punishment with it; and this it is more than probable Mr Ward, or Messrs Wiley and Putnam, would find out for themselves, if no kind friend took the trouble to bring it to their notice.

At the period when Mr Curwen came to England, there were men and things occupying public attention, and would have furnished matter which some pens would

have rendered deeply interesting. But poor Mr Curwen had no talent for description. A slight feeble entry, to recal to a jog-trot plodder a few of the affairs that had come under his observation, was all he seems to have aimed at. This was well enough; but was it necessary for his Editor to publish such a trashy memorandum as this?

Attended the Exhibition in Piccadilly of Society of Artists of Great Britain; was really surprised at the meanness of the portraits; nothing appeared to my eye well executed but some fruit-pieces and a few miniatures in crayons and water colours. From hence Mr Silsbee and myself adjourned to Mr Joseph Green's; we drank tea and passed a pleasant hour. Stopped by the way at Ely Palace, so called, on Holborn hill, now sold and pulling down to build two rows of houses. There are yet standing the chapel and hall in the old Gothic taste."

Or such a hackneyed, ill-told anecdote as the following?

"Dr Barton, dean of Bristol and rector of St Andrew's, Holborn, who was, according to British mode of expression, dark, meaning stone-blind, being of a humorous disposition and great self-command, having a mind to entertain himself, invited four eminent persons in the same desolate condition as he was, to a dinner, none other being present but the servants. These were Sir John Fielding, of as eminent a character in the juridical line as perhaps any man in the civilized world; Mr Stanley, the well-known musician, and others whose names I forget. After partaking of a joyous feast, they took a humorous leave and departed."

Yet these are not unfavourable specimens. They are well enough, penned for the satisfaction of the writer, but the absurdity of publishing them must strike every reader. It is not that his pages are deficient in impudence, or kept down by overweening good nature, but there is uniformly a want of point. This will be clearly seen in the subjoined notices of poor old George the Third, with which we take leave of this twaddling affair. In other hands the facts he mentioned would be important:

"Called on Mr Heard at Herald's office; there learned, in a conversation with a Mr Webb, of seeming great political knowledge, that at the time the House of Commons left the late administration in a minority, or in other words, refused to support Lord North's measures, the king took it to heart, and resented it so far as to declare he would leave them (as he expressed it) to themselves, and go over to Hanover, from whence his family came,

and proceeded so far as to order the administration to provide two yachts to transport himself there; whereupon the queen interfered, and remonstrated against such a desperate measure, so fatal to her and his family, as well as his own personal interest. Others, too, represented the distressful condition to which the nation would be reduced by the absence and want of royal authority, though it seemed to little effect, so sadly chagrined and provoked was he. Lord Rockingham also joined the remonstrants, and showed the necessity of a change of men and measures, with no better success;—so naturally obstinate and pertinaciously bent was he on his favourite plan of subjugating his (here called) rebellious subjects in America, and bringing them to his feet, till he was told that as sure as he set his foot out of the kingdom, the parliament would declare the crown abdicated and the throne vacant, nor would he ever be permitted to re-enter the kingdom again,—which argument, it seems, brought him to a more cool and juster sight of the folly of such a step, and the absolute necessity of stooping to a compliance with the requisitions of the public. * * On the first court day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterwards with as much seeming cordiality and openness, as if they had been in his favour, and in his most intimate conceits; so seemingly satisfied and so serene was the royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto. At the same time coming up to Mr Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and laudable behaviour in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a want of health, advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health; all this with the same apparent sincerity, as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices, though all the world knows there was not a man in the three kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin. The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words:—"To have heard the king, one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health."

Ainsworth's Magazine, for March.

THE number for the present month opens with some very stirring scenes in continuation of "Windsor Castle." We cannot enumerate all the varieties which follow, but they present something to hit every taste.—The Elliston Papers go on, and some readers will think them too minute. "Town Life at the Restoration" is continued. It is a fine subject, old enough to interest from age, and not so remote that it cannot be distinctly traced; Mr Bell handles it with his wonted skill. The Railroad Adventure is a very clever paper. As yet railroads have not been worn out in the service of Romance. The essay to which we direct attention is divided into three chapters or parts, No. I shows a gentleman in what the Americans would call "a fix," at a distance of a hundred miles from London, having lost his purse, and being unable to prosecute his journey to see a dying relative. He meets with incivility from the railway officials, and in this distress a young lady offers him the loan of a sovereign, which he accepts. The young lady is going to reside with some rich relatives.—In this situation we find her in Part II, when an eccentric gentleman leaves her 10,000*l*. Part III supplies the conclusion.

"On a morning in early May, Mary Marston commenced her journey, by railway, to the metropolis. But though a few months older than when we introduced her to the reader—though her worldly knowledge was somewhat increased, and her purse extremely well lined—it was not considered proper, expedient, or safe, for her to travel, as she had done before, unprotected. Accordingly, an old dependent of the family, whose office was something between nurse and housekeeper, was deputed as her attendant to London, where she had other near relatives to receive her. We do not attempt to account for this different arrangement, we but state the fact, and shall only observe that on this occasion she wore a remarkably pretty bonnet, one indeed which was quite the *chef-d'œuvre* of a country milliner. A strange coincidence, however, occurred, for she was handed into the carriage by the very same gentleman to whom she had lent the sovereign on the former occasion, and who it appeared was returning to town by the very same train as herself. Indeed he took his seat as before, exactly opposite to her; but after a smile of recognition had passed between them, Mary observed an expression half-mirthful, half-scornful, pass over his face, as old Nurse entered the carriage; but it was evidently not occasioned by patrician distaste at the prospect of a plebeian fellow-traveller, for he paid the respect due to age, and assisted her in with care and attention. It was somewhat re-

markable that no attempt was made to admit any other passengers into the vacant seats of the carriage our travellers occupied. What passed on the journey has therefore never been clearly ascertained, for old Nurse pleads guilty to having fallen asleep, and the other parties, to this day, refuse to give any account of their conversation.

"About a month after this event, Matilda Lawford received a long letter from her cousin Mary. It treated of divers matters; and towards the end, just on a corner of the paper, communicated the fact that she, the writer, was engaged to be married, of course to the handsomest, cleverest, and most delightful person in Europe. She added, however, that he was not rich, being yet 'struggling upwards at the bar,' and expressed in touching language her thankfulness to Providence, for that fortune which would always relieve them from the pressure of poverty. The postscript, however, contained the pith of the letter. It ran thus:—'I may as well tell you at once what you must know sooner or later—don't quiz me!—but Mr Raymond is the stranger who sent me the beautiful bouquet, and the white and silver purse. He managed to procure an introduction to uncle William, who knew him very well by report, and has visited here constantly since I came to London!'

"One surprise, however, was to mount on another; for the next morning's post brought a short and almost incoherent letter from Mary. From it enough was gathered to contradict some of the assertions contained in the former epistle, for it stated that though Mr Raymond had been for some years 'struggling at the bar,' he was no longer a poor man, but sole heir—after the payment of a few eccentric legacies—to the immense wealth of Sir Digby Randle, who it appeared was his mother's elder and half-brother. 'Slandrous tongues had poisoned truth,' and they had been for years separated; but on a sick-bed the heart of the kind old man yearned for his only relative, and when they met, and the past was explained, the pent-up feelings of Sir Digby gushed forth, and he seemed anxious only to live long enough to make amends for past neglect by granting, almost forestalling, every wish of his nephew. What induced him to leave Mary Marston a legacy, or how Digby Raymond discovered the precise hour of her return to London, and how he contrived that the remaining seats in the carriage should be unoccupied, we pretend not to determine; but we know 'love or money' can perform wonders. Why he passed himself off as still 'a struggling barrister,' is another affair; but it was just the conduct that might have been expected from a man who

having found a heart which poverty had failed to render suspicious and selfish, and knowing its priceless value, was inclined once more to test it; but—by the opposite ordeal.”

PRODUCTIVE POWER OF THE SILK WORM.

It has been carefully ascertained that this useful insect gives fifteen parts out of the hundred of the weight of the mulberry leaves it consumes to the cocoon of silk it spins, and that the average weight of each cocoon is two and a half grains, which gives a length of thread averaging from 750 to 1,160 feet; this difference, of course, arising from its variation of thickness. One pound of cocoons will yield in the usual way one ounce of eggs; and one ounce of seed eggs will produce eight pounds of cocoons. There are three kinds of raw silks—organzine, tram, and flosso; the first is used for the warp of silk goods, and is of the best quality, and usually contains from six to eight filaments in one thread, and is twisted in the spinning very considerably; the tram is made from inferior silk, and consists of ten or more filaments, slightly twisted together. Silk is a very hygrometric substance, and will absorb 10 per cent. of moisture; this property causes fraudulent dealers to weight silks offered for sale.

There are two species of silk worm reared at present; one that casts its skin three times, which is a small worm common to Lombardy; the other is the worm originally bred in Europe, and moults four times; this second worm lives from thirty-five to thirty-seven days, and increases 30,000 times the weight of the egg it was produced from.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

THE “life of plants” is charcoal. In propagating plants, cuttings root freely in it; but if they are not removed into other soil directly after they have rooted, the roots will almost invariably die off. Whether this is from the great supply of carbonic acid, formed by the carbon of the charcoal combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and causing the roots to perish in the midst of plenty, I will not pretend to say; but such a result is not improbable, as we know that a plant is soon killed by supplying it constantly with strong liquid manure. “Common wood charcoal,” observes Liebig (2nd Edit., p. 63), “by virtue merely of its ordinary well-known properties, can completely replace vegetable mould or humus, and as it is the “most indifferent and unchangeable substance known,” it must be an excellent thing to use in permanent potting of plants; because, if the soil is sufficiently porous to admit the atmospheric air

amongst it, it must form a perpetual manure, though it is difficult to imagine how adding carbon to carbon, as must be the case in adding charcoal to peat-earth, can exercise any beneficial influence.

THE LITHOTINT PROCESS OF HULLMANDEL.

THE drawing having been finished by the artist on the stone with lithographic ink mixed with water to produce the various shades, is covered with gum water, and weak nitric acid, to fix it; after waiting a sufficient time to dry, a solution of resin and spirits of wine is poured over the stone, and as this ground contracts by drying, it cracks into millions of reticulations, which can only be discovered by the use of a microscope; very strong acid is then poured over the aquatint coating, which, entering all the fissures, produces the same effect on the stone as the granulations of the chalk by the ordinary process. The resin protects the drawing everywhere but in the cracks, and having remained a sufficient time to act on the unprotected parts of the drawing, the ground is washed off, and all appearance of the subject on the stone vanishes, until, ink being applied by a roller in the ordinary way, it is reproduced, and ready for taking off the required number of impressions, which in some cases have extended to the number of 2,000.

CHINESE ARMS.

THE spears of the Chinese nation are of all kinds, sizes, and shapes; and which, in coming to close quarters, we found that they inflicted most horrid wounds; the favourite pattern of them is a long broad blade. They also use pikes, and a species of straight scythe, with a handle very short in proportion to the length of the blade. Their bows and arrows are alike, whether borne by mandarin or private, the only difference being in the material; the quiver of the soldier is lashed tight on his back, and, for the convenience of carriage, is generally square. The Tartars and Chinese troops use bows of different sizes and strength; the Tartars use a peculiar kind of cross-bow, throwing three arrows. The bow is made of elastic wood, covered with horn on the outside, and its strength varies from eighty pounds to one hundred weight; the string is made of silk and flax, strongly spun together, with three joints to allow of its being put away in smaller space, and to prevent it from cutting. In shooting the arrow, the string is held behind an agate or jade-stone ring, worn on the right thumb, the first joint of which is bent forward, and the string is confined, till the arrow is let fly by the middle joint of the fore-finger. The

double sword is a weapon of a very remarkable and singular construction. The blades are carried in the same sheath, and necessarily the inner side of both is quite flat, while the opposite one is triangular. A soldier, with a sword in each hand, advances to the front, goes through a variety of extraordinary gestures, all the while uttering strange cries, varied by terms of the greatest opprobrium he can lavish on the enemy. One or two of these military mountebanks having been picked off by our men, they did not latterly exhibit their accomplishments so often. The uniform of the soldiers is very much a matter of fancy; the jacket is generally made of a light blue cloth turned up with red, or else a red jacket bordered with white; the tunic or under garment reaches down to the knees, and is generally blue. The name of the regiment to which the bearer belongs is written on the back and on the breast, with some terror-inspiring word, such as "Robust," "Tiger-hearted," &c. One particular corps has a tiger's face instead of the name, and the dress is striped, and made to resemble a tiger as much as possible.—*Mackenzie's Second Campaign in China.*

The Gaiety.

Artists should be Diffident.—Leonardo considered it a good sign, if an artist was dissatisfied with his productions, because it showed that his conceptions went beyond his present ability, which longer study would increase; and, on the contrary, that being satisfied, at once proved the work to be too profound for his comprehension.

The Ruling Influences.—A late traveller remarks, that you never hear two persons in America conversing, without also hearing the word "dollar." The authoress of 'Sketches of Corfu' says, "I never listened to the conversation of two Greeks, for five minutes, without hearing the words 'oboli,' and 'currants.' So you may imagine to what an extent their minds are cultivated.

Fair Sex in Spain.—The Spanish ladies are wholly uneducated, and pass their time principally in eating and dressing. They consider corpulency to be no disparagement to their beauty, and they sometimes take so much exercise as to walk the length of one of the very dirty streets, in evening dress, with very tight black satin shoes. If they would eat less, and adhere to their national costume, nothing could be prettier or more graceful than their general appearance, shrouded under the black mantilla."—*Lady Grosvenor.*

Baying the Moon.—A publican in the United States, named Moon, whose politics

had made him obnoxious to some of his neighbours, waggishly put up a sign which represented the moon, with a human face, looking down on a group of puppies, that appeared to be furiously barking at it, with the following epigraph beneath:—

Poor little dogs, why bark ye so,
When I'm so high, and you're so low?

Art, even in the most adverse times, when Greece was disturbed by various foreign irruptions, but more particularly by the check given to its prosperity by the Dorian Invasion, was still supported by religion; and although slow in its progress, it was never, as with their literature, wholly interrupted. Their statues, at earlier periods of art, were usually of wood or clay, or in what is called Toreutic Art. Pausanias mentions having seen at Lacedæmon a statue in brass by Gitiadas, whom some antiquaries place at 750 B.C.; and another by Learchus, of Rhegium, said to be the oldest existing in that material. They were of *hammered work*, and rivetted, and, most probably, were—so called—*Dædalian Art*. The colossal head of Hercules in the British Museum, with crisped locks of hair, is of the same style. This head has, however, other peculiarities than those common to art of its supposed age, in the double marking to the eyelids.

The Modern Greeks.—In the war for Greek freedom, the women, before going to battle, concealed their children—some in the caverns of Tupa, and some were fastened to the trunks of trees. Scorched by the heat of the sun, sick from hunger and thirst, the little wretches cried aloud so piercingly, that their cries reached their mothers, who seemed inclined to return, but Bozzaris retained them. "Women," he said, "while the battle lasts, all tenderness must be banished; God will hear their innocent cries." When the battle was over they came to their children, and found them lifeless."—*Sketches of Corfu.*

Mars' Hill.—In 1840, the captain of a merchant-brig came up from the Piræus to Athens, and called upon the Rev. Mr Hill, the well-known American Church of England missionary, who, aided by his wife, has conferred an invaluable benefit upon this country, in the establishment of schools, and the promotion of education. He found him at home, and said: "Sir, I understand you are a clergyman, and would you consent to accompany me to Mars' Hill?" to which Mr Hill willingly assented. When arrived there, the captain asked him whether this was the identical spot from which St Paul preached, and Mr H. said he had no reason to doubt it. The man then took a Bible from his pocket, read the seventeenth chapter of the Acts, which refers to the place, closed it, and wished Mr H. good morning, who

suggested to him that now being under the Acropolis, and close to the famous Parthenon, this was an occasion not to be missed of seeing these celebrated places, which he would with pleasure show to him. The man thanked him, but said his object was now accomplished, and that seeing anything else might distract his feelings from the impressions he had just received;—and so he returned to his ship.—*Lady Grosvenor.*

Lace-makers of Nottingham.—It appears that the number of the machines, which was 1,312 in 1836, has since then a good deal diminished, and that the trade is passing into the hands of the larger manufacturers. This arises from the enormous sacrifice which the rapid changes of pattern and the necessary improvements demand. So rapid are these fluctuations, that a machine, which cost 1,000*l.*, has been sold in a short time for 4*5*! and in 1833 and 1834, five or six hundred of the old slow machines were broken up, and sold for old iron. Their prices vary from 250*l.* to 1,000*l.* The short life of these costly machines renders it necessary to get the utmost possible produce from them while they last; and hence the hours of work are extremely long. The majority of these machines are still worked by hand. The total value of the lace produced in 1835, was found to be 2,212,000*l.* About 1,800 bobbins have to be threaded for every machine. It will scarcely be credited that this operation is performed by children as young as three or four years old.

Cairo and its Vicinity.—Extract from a letter written by a gentleman who has lately joined Dr Lepsius:—"On Sunday morning we visited the Great Pyramid. The prospect was indeed unique, and can scarcely be described. On the one side the rich valley of the Nile, on the other the dead and barren wilderness, and near us the burial places, over which 5,000 years have passed without being able to efface them. We suffer more from cold than heat. Cairo is thoroughly eastern, and we may fully realize here all that we have read in the 'Arabian Nights.' It is, indeed, a city of wonders, with its narrow, closely-packed houses, covered with strange, fantastic carving, its gigantic mosques, its slender-arrowy minarets, and its rich suburbs crowded with palm groves, broad-leaved bananas, cypresses, and all the rich vegetation of the Nile, its noisy, half-naked, muscular Arab and Egyptian population, varied now and then by the solemn Turk, riding on his finely caparisoned ass or stately camel. In the evening a magician paid us a visit, who exhibited Lord Nelson with his one arm, an exceedingly good likeness, in a mirror of ink. The whole, however, was a most ridiculous exhibition.

Among others, he gave us a representation of the present Prince of Wales in *black trousers, and with enormous moustachios!*"

Oysters.—One oyster brings forth many thousands; the young or spawn of them are increased in numberless quantities between May and August, yearly, in which time none are taken or marketed; that season is called their sickness, in which they are not fit to be eaten. The spawn or brood oysters are not subject to destruction, as the eggs and fry of many other sorts of fish are: nor are they bait or food to any other fish; nor are they marketed for consumption if taken, till of due size, but laid again in the fisheries to grow.

— Mendelssohn has made another addition to the store of concert music, by the recent production, at Leipsic, of a grand cantata, 'The First Walpurgis Night.' This was enthusiastically welcomed, some of the pieces receiving a double *encore*.

— At Leamington, Mr Braham gave two entertainments, and was received in a most rapturous manner. His willingness to respond to the very frequent *encores*, however arduous might be the task, has made a lasting impression on his hearers and friends. His *Deeper and deeper still* was as thrilling as ever, and in our opinion the masterpiece of the whole. "All who have listened to the "melody of former years" that flowed from his lips, hailed his appearance with the most unbounded delight, and were lost in amazement to witness his extraordinary skill. It must also be admitted by all who heard Braham for the first time on this occasion, that there is not a living English singer able to compete with him, either in pathos, aptness of expression, or electrical effect. Mr Charles Braham, his son and pupil, was warmly received; his style is entirely free from ornament—his voice flexible and of good quality—these advantages will assuredly, in a short time, place him upon the list of our most popular favourites.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. T. takes too mournful a view of the ravages made by consumption. A picture intended to be affecting must be drawn with careful reference to truth and probability.

Interior of Rochampton Chapel next week.

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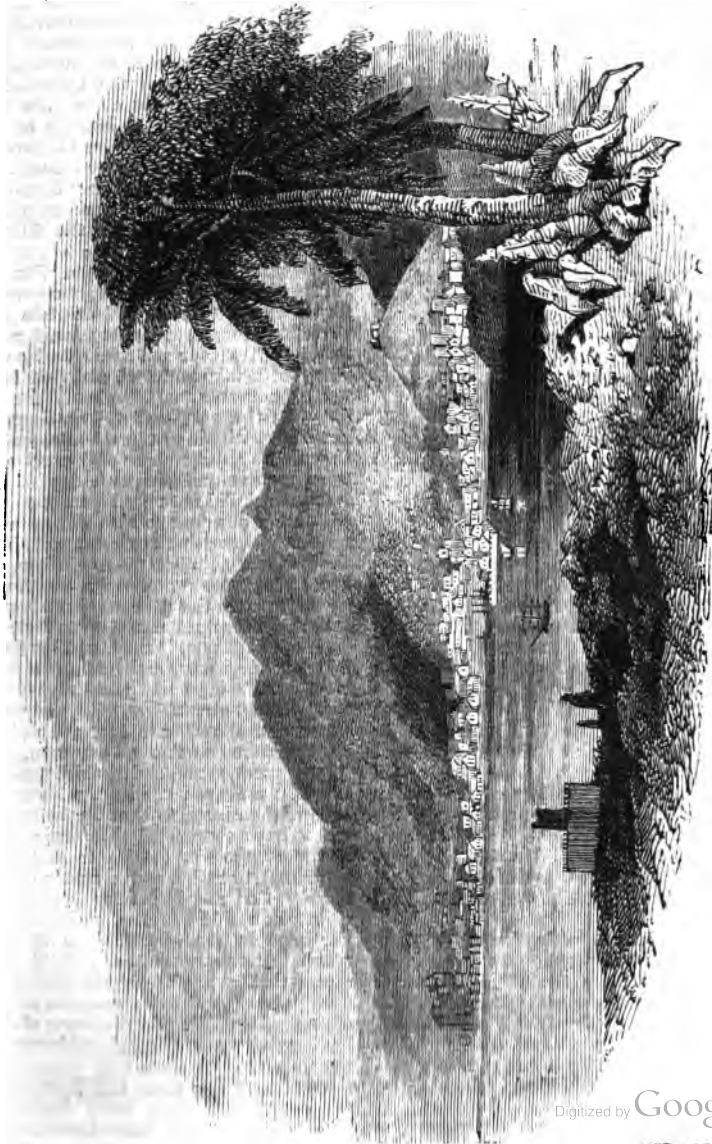
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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1843.

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ISLAND OF ST THOMAS.

Original Communications.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKES.

ATTENTION has lately, we regret to learn, been called, in more than one instance, to some of those terrible throes of nature which are among the visitations of hot climates. St Thomas's, of which we give a fine engraving from the 'Illustrated Weekly Times,' is one of the places which has sustained the shock of an earthquake. It was experienced at the same moment at St Kitt's and St Thomas's. The shock occurred on the 14th of last month, and, though sufficiently alarming, was happily accompanied by but little loss of human life. It was felt about ten in the morning, and was over in about two minutes; but such was the effect produced within that brief period, that all business was instantly at a stand; some ran to the sea shore, as if to fly from the dangers of *terra firma* (if dry land might then be so called) to the world of waters, and as soon as they had a little recovered from the shock, thanks were offered to Divine Providence at the several places of worship, that the peril was no more. The destruction of property was very great, not less, according to some accounts, than 100,000.

At Guadaloupe, on the 8th of the same month, an earthquake occurred. The French Governor-General, Goubeyere, writing on the 9th, gives the following mournful picture of the calamity which had fallen on the place:—

"Pointe-à-Pitre, Feb. 9, 3 o'clock.

"Pointe-à-Pitre is entirely destroyed. What was spared by the earthquake has since perished by fire, which burst out a few minutes after the houses fell. I am writing in the midst of the ruins of this unfortunate city, in presence of a population without food and without asylum, in the midst of the wounded, of whom the number is considerable (it is said from 1,500 to 1,800!). The dead are still under the ruins, and their number is calculated at several thousands. The fire is still raging. All the quarters of the colony have suffered. The town of Moule has been destroyed, and 30 persons are dead. The small towns of St Frances, St Anne, Port Louis, Bertrand, and St Rose, have been overturned, and in all there are dead and wounded."

A correspondent writing from Martinique says—"The first person who has arrived at Fort Royal from the afflicted island is an old retired captain, aged 72, who escaped as by a miracle. He was buried in the ruins, and there remained for more than an hour. He states that, at the moment after the shock, fires broke out, and consumed much that it had spared. In this additional calamity the hospital was included; such of the patients as were

able made their escape, but many were burnt alive with the building. No calculation can yet be made of the number of the killed, but it is estimated at one-third of the population. Among the killed are two distinguished advocates, M. Borne de Grand Pré and M. Cardeose."

Another writes, "Women and young girls may be seen with two or three limbs fractured. The scene is a hundred times more horrible than a field of battle."

It is perhaps not generally known that in former times the Bermudas had so fearful a name for storms and earthquakes that sailors dared not to approach them. They avoided the coast as an enchanted land, and when, from the shipwreck of Sir Thomas Gates and others, one ship's crew ventured there, the landing of these individuals was called "The Discovery of the Bermudas or the Sommer Islands." A very curious account of this "discovery" was published in 1613 by one of the adventurers, which opens in the following Robinson-Crusoe-like strain:—

"Being in the ship called the 'Sea Venture' with Sir Thomas Gates, our governor, Sir George Sommers, and Captain Newport, three most worthy, honoured gentlemen (whose valour and fortitude the world must needs take notice of, and that in the most honourable designes) bound for Virginia, in the height of thirty degrees of northerly latitude or thereabouts, we were taken with a most sharp and cruel storm upon the five-and-twentieth day of July, 1609, which did not only separate us from the rest of our fleet (which were eight in number), but with the violent working of the seas, our ship became so shaken, torn, and leaky, that she received so much water as covered two tire of hogsheads above the ballast, that our men stood up to their middles with buckets, baricos, and kettles, to baile out the water, and continued pumping for three days and three nights together without any intermission, and yet the water seemed rather to increase than diminish, insomuch that all our men, being utterly spent, tyred, and disabled for longer labour, were even resolved, without any hope of their lives, to shut by the hatches, and to have committed themselves to the mercy of the sea (which is said to be merciless), or rather to the mercy of their mighty God and Redeemer (whose mercies exceed all his works), seeing no help nor hope in the apprehension of man's reason that any mother's child could escape that inevitable danger which every man had proposed and digested to himself, of present sinking. So that some of them having some good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetched them and drank one to the other, taking their last leave one of the other until their more joyful and happy meeting in a more blessed world, when it pleased God, out of his most gra-

cious and merciful Providence, so to direct and guide our ship (being left to the mercy of the sea) for her most advantage, that Sir George Sommers, setting upon the poepe of the ship (where he sate three dayes and nights together without meales, meat, and little or no sleep) coursing the ship to keep her as upright as he could (for otherwise she must instantly have foundered) most wishedly and happily desiered land."

The writer proceeds to give the sequel of their adventures. He and his companions landed to the number of a hundred and fifty, on the 28th of July, 1609. He speaks in the most glowing terms of all he saw on shore. According to him a perfect Paradise had been discovered instead of that land of horrors which it had been supposed existed there. Every scene he found fair—the climate healthful, and the abundance of fish, flesh, and fowls so great, that there was nothing left to be desired. Soon after this incident other adventurers visited the Bermudas, and the islands were formally colonized in 1612.

GAUDRI THE NORMAN.

THE disorders of the middle ages present many extraordinary scenes. Of these not the least interesting and remarkable is the history of Gaudri, the Norman bishop. M. Capéfigue has furnished a very striking epitome of the facts. It is in substance as follows:—

From ancient records it appears that the town of Laon was under the temporal government of the prelate who held its see. It had no police, and was constantly the scene of the greatest disorders. The nobles and their followers treated with cruelty and injustice the burghers; the burghers oppressed the peasants and serfs; taxes were levied by the strongest, and property was not respected. In 1106 the bishop had been got possession of, by dint of money, by one Gaudri, a Norman, who frequented the altar but little, and was mightily given to horses, dogs, and falcons. To these unseemly pursuits he joined the greatest cruelty of character. Among his followers was one of those black slaves brought by the barons on their return from a crusade. He had been one of the instruments of the bishop's cruelties on the burghers; in the bishop's palace he had torn out the eyes of one inhabitant of the town, and by his orders had assassinated another in the metropolitan church. The burghers were naturally exasperated, and conspired to establish a *commune*. Gaudri was at that time in England with the Norman king. The burghers addressed propositions to the nobles and the chapter of the church,

offering to purchase their municipal liberties. Deeds were drawn up, and considerable sums of money paid. On his return from England, Gaudri himself confirmed them, "because he had a great want of money." But the bishop had soon squandered, in horses, dogs, and gambling, the money of the burghers, and he found that the duties payable by the town, and fixed by the municipal charter, were not enough to satisfy his wants. He resolved, therefore, to abolish the *commune*, and persuaded the nobles, and even King Louis VI, to second his designs. The king came to Laon on Holy Thursday, A.D. 1112; the next day it was published by sound of trumpet that the *commune* was dissolved, and that the burghers should no longer retain their banner, their town-house, and their belfry. This news created great confusion; all the shops and hostelries were immediately shut, and the burghers took arms. Forty of them took a mutual oath to kill the bishop and all the nobles who had threatened the existence of the rising *commune*. The conspiracy got wind, and Gaudri was informed of it. His friends beseeched him not to go out on the day of the Easter procession. He treated their prudent advice with levity and contempt. "For shame!" said he, "I die by the hands of such folks! If John, my black, were to amuse himself by pulling the nose of the stoutest among them, he durst not even grumble." However, he caused himself to be surrounded in the procession by his knights and servants, who wore arms under their robes. Whilst the procession was winding down one of the streets, the mob began to cry "*Commune! Commune!*" but owing to some want of understanding among themselves, this time the project of the conspirators fell to the ground. On Easter Thursday, while the bishop, in complete security, was conversing with an archdeacon named Gauhier, the cry of "*Commune!*" was again heard. At this signal numbers of burghers, armed with lances and bows, clubs and axes, surrounded the episcopal palace. The nobles who ran to its succour were massacred, and the citizens by main force entered the palace, crying, "Where is the traitor of a bishop, the scoundrel?" Gaudri had hid himself in a vat, where he would not have been found but for the treachery of a servant. One Thergand, a serf of the church of St Vincent, who was the ringleader of the insurrection, having taken off the cover of the tun, struck it with his club, crying out, "Is there anybody within?" The trembling bishop answered, "Ah! it is an unhappy prisoner." "Oh, it is you, then, master fox," said the serf of St Vincent's, "that have hidden yourself in this tun?" Saying these words, he dragged the

bishop by the hair out of his hiding place: the poor Gaudri prayed and supplicated, promising on the Gospel to abdicate the bishopric, and leave the country for ever. But his prayers were not listened to; and the serf gave him a blow on the head with his two-edged axe. The second blow finished him. The burghers cut off his little finger, in order to take his rich pastoral ring; his body was dragged into the street; and every one that passed threw mud and stones upon it.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE.

MR JACOB BELL, intending to write a few pages to introduce the 'Pharmaceutical Journal' to the profession, was led on step by step till he had written a goodly pamphlet of more than a hundred. It is now given to the world as a separate publication. Besides being a valuable record of many things of great importance to the medical world, but of modern date, he has gone back to former times, and produced, in aid of his general plan, an abundance of rare and entertaining matter. We give a few specimens.

DOCTORS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

The first act of parliament relating to the medical profession was passed in the year 1511, and is entitled 'An Act for the appointing of Physicians and Surgeons.' The preamble is worded thus:—"Forasmuch as the science and cunning of Physick and Surgery (to the perfect knowledge of which be requisite both great learning and ripe experience), is daily within this realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no manner of insight in the same, nor in any other kind of learning; some also can read no letters on the book, so far forth that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomedly take upon them great cures, and things of great difficulty, in the which they partly use sorcery and witchcraft, partly apply such medicines unto the disease as be very noxious, and nothing meet therefore, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the King's liege people; most especially of them that cannot discern the uncunning from the cunning. Be it therefore (to the surety and comfort of all manner of people) by the authority of this present Parliament enacted, That no person within the city of London, nor within seven miles of the same, take upon him to exercise and occupy as a Physician or Surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London, or by the Dean of St Paul's, for

the time being, calling to him or them four Doctors of Physic, and for Surgery, other expert persons in that faculty."

In the year 1518, Thomas Linacre, the physician of Henry the Eighth, proposed the establishment of a College of Physicians, which was accomplished on the 23rd of September of that year. The powers of this body were extended in the year 1540: the physicians were exonerated from the necessity of attendance on juries and parochial offices, and were empowered to enter the houses of apothecaries in London, "to search, view, and see the apothecary-ware, drugs, and stuffs," and to destroy such as they found corrupt or unfit for use. In the same year the barbers and surgeons were united into one company, but the surgeons were prohibited from shaving, and the barbers were restricted from performing any surgical operations, except drawing teeth. The physicians, however, were allowed to practise surgery.

CHOICE RECIPE.

Culpeper says, that "The head of a cole black cat being burnt to ashes in a new pot, and some of the ashes blown into the eye every day, helps such as have a skin growing over their sight. If there happen any inflammation, moisten an oak leaf in water and lay it over the eye."

AN OLD FASHIONED LAMP.

A house and shop, with a laboratory, were built on the Bedford estate, in the year 1706, by Ambrose Godfrey Hanckwitz, who had carried on business as a chemist in the neighbourhood since 1680. He was a maker of phosphorus and other chemicals, which were rare at that period; and which he sold in different parts of the country during his travels. His laboratory was a fashionable resort in the afternoon, on certain occasions, when he performed popular experiments for the amusement of his friends. It opened with glass doors into a garden, which extended as far as the Strand, but which is now built upon. Four curious old prints of the laboratory in its former state, are in the possession of its present proprietors, Messrs Godfrey and Cooke, of Southampton street, Covent garden, also a portrait of Ambrose Godfrey Hanckwitz, engraved by George Vertue (1718), which he distributed among his customers as a keepsake.

FINE ARTS.

GRACE is everywhere conspicuous in the works of the ancients, as might be expected, from their assiduous study of form. Nothing can be more simple, easy, and natural than the positions of most of their statues. We see no affected contrasts—no attempts at what is emphatic-

cally called *attitude*—no waste of effort. And when graceful *movement* was required, as in their dancing or floating nymphs, nothing can be more beautifully expressed. The most frequent examples of grace among the moderns are to be met with in the works of Raffaello, Ludovico Carracci, Parmegiano, and Correggio, though both the latter, by attempting to carry it too far, occasionally fell into affectation, than which it has not a more irreconcilable foe. Flaxman and Stothard, in our own country, may be held up safely, and exultingly, to the student, as possessing this fascinating quality in its greatest purity. In treating of *forms*, next to the human figure, the theory of *drapery* demands attention, and here again we are deeply indebted to the antique. The ancients, who employed drapery to decorate, and not conceal, the human figure, have, in their sculpture, left us most excellent examples of various kinds, in motion and at rest (some large and ample in its folds and texture, some of extreme delicacy). The student should carefully investigate these, for although painting does not, perhaps, always require the same degree of precision and definition, yet he may gain from the antique, better than from any other source, an insight into the principles on which it should be adjusted; and by reference to nature, and to the demands of his own art, obtain a knowledge of its true theory.—Howard's *Lectures on Painting*.

COLOURING PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

M. ARAGO has presented to the Academy of Sciences some of the above pictures, by M. Lechi. The colouring is effected by depositing successive uniform layers of colour on each part of the picture, the overplus quantity of which is removed by passing the plate through hot water. What remains of the colour, after this ablation, does not in the least injure the appearance or alter the form of the image: the effect is different from that obtained by colouring an image upon paper, in which, if a uniform colour be put on those parts where the tone of colour is the same, it will always be seen that the shadows have at first been black. In the specimens presented by M. Lechi, the shadows, on the contrary, seem to result from the application of several layers of the same colour. Thus, it seems, that those parts of the picture which were at first black, retain, after being washed, a larger portion of colouring matter than the lighter parts.

Ancient Science.—According to Pliny, a bridge of iron, prepared in a way that rendered it proof against the action of the weather, formerly connected the shores of the Euphrates.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

(Continued).

To confirm into rational attachment a mere transient fancy, Evelyn had but to inhabit for a while the same house with the susceptible soldier; and to bring this about, Aileen had only to hint at her father's desolate condition, and the fatigues likely to devolve from the stranger's protracted illness on their old faithful nurse. All of deception which the nature of either sister would permit the one to practise, was a request, urged with what seemed an excess either of modesty or caution, that the subject of the rescue from the wreck should, if alluded to by the patient, be studiously waived and avoided, and the invalid decidedly prevented from expatiating on a topic to the excitement of which his illness was, perhaps, chiefly due. Nor was the unsuspecting Evelyn at all aware of the importance attached by the soldier to the share in that rescue of her almost amphibious sister, still less of the sentiments to which gratitude on *that score* had already given birth; and, therefore, the more disposed to yield to Aileen's parting entreaties, that the poor sick gentleman might not, if possible, discover (at least till restored to health) the change in his youthful attendant.

All this seemed natural enough, and was easily and lightly promised: Evelyn engaging to sit down "as if she had never been away," on the low stool, in the as yet only half-conscious invalid's sick room—and let him talk as wildly as he chose, without interruption (save on the matter of the wreck) to his, alas! absent "Aileen." "And you'll let old Oonagh call you so, sister dear, just to beguile her into thinking it's her darling that's away; and for my father, you know, he never could frame his lips to the name that sounds, after all, only like English for Aileen; so, you'll just be Aileen to them all, till the gentleman's better, and spring comes round."

Into all these fond arrangements, the affectionate daughter and sister unconsciously entered. She was quite young, and, maugre her town-breeding, quite merry enough to enjoy the metamorphosis; and when her father seeing, for the first time, her snooded hair peeping forth in its natural luxuriance from beneath the hood of the graceful national cloak, snatched her to his heart, and exclaimed, "my own, my own blessed Aileen!" the kind girl felt as if she never till then had known the inestimable value of a parent's love.

Colonel Sydenham, had he even been more alive than, alas! his weakness yet permitted, to surrounding objects, must have been gifted with divination, had he guessed that the fairy creature, sitting on the low stool aforesaid, and humming, *sotto voce*, snatches of Aileen's old favourite

ballads, was another, and not the same with the object of his scarcely remembered declaration.

But if he gazed with unaltered, though undefined feelings, on the lovely form that now hovered around his pillow—in the reciprocal interest inspired, there was, ere long, a mighty difference. To the pre-occupied heart, and fancy of Aileen, the sick stranger had only been the object of a pity and sympathy, not altogether unmix'd with awe; and almost the only sensation awakened by his passionate burst of romantic gratitude, was thankfulness that she had already a bridegroom of her own age and station, with as fine a martial figure as the gallant officer before her, and a face on which no sabre-cuts had as yet stamped their heroic legend.

But in the fancy of Evelyn, again, whose limited studies, assisted by her grandmother's reminiscences of a long life of adventure, were pretty much confined to the military portion of the library of her half-medical, half-martial grandfather, the ideas of scars and glory were indissolubly identified. Though instinctively shrinking from so doing, as the mere inhabitant of a "barrack," she had long sighed to "follow a soldier" through the stirring scenes which yet lived in Mrs Evelyn's remembrance. And though looking up, ere long, as expression gradually re-illumined his commanding features, to Colonel Sydenham, with a respectful admiration, little short of her untutored sister's—she felt that thus to look up through life, to one her superior in rank, and age, and endowments, was the lot which, of all this earth could afford, seemed sweetest and most enviable.

To the subject of his love, Colonel Sydenham, sobered and subdued as he was to a more rational frame of mind by sickness and reflection, again reverted. He had not, however, altogether forgotten its hasty avowal, under the blended excitement of gratitude and incipient fever; but while, as regarded himself, the transient fancy he felt was daily assuming a higher and far different character, he resolved to be guided in urging a suit—to the ineligibility of which he was now not wholly blind—by the degree of reciprocal feeling which its former announcement should seem to have awakened in the breast of the lovely preserver of his life.

Of the extent and depth of this sentiment he could not long remain ignorant, and it gratified him the more from the scrupulous care, so opposite to village coquetry, with which it was veiled from his notice by one whose heart, he little dreamt he was as yet, in spite of her utmost efforts, "winning, unwooded."

It was not long thus; for the Colonel, whose eyes had not, of late, been silent, spoke, and spoke eloquently. And though

he did preface his declaration with expressions of gratitude, which, even while mis-interpreting them as relating to his recovery from illness, Evelyn would conscientiously shrink from appropriating. Yet, as he was too delicate either to tender his hand as the price of his rescue, or to allude to any former hasty step which might bear that interpretation, there was nothing to induce her to imagine that the regard, of which she had witnessed, with trembling hope, the gradual growth, or the words, every tone of which was music to her soul, had ever been previously directed to—may, were even still addressed to another.

Ere conviction was at length forced upon Evelyn, that it was the preserver of his life from shipwreck whom Guy not only imagined he was rewarding with rank and station—but had half succeeded in inducing his family, in that capacity, to tolerate—the heart of the poor girl was so inextricably won—her every feeling so indissolubly bound up with the hope of living, if not dying for him, for whom her sister had been privileged to peril life; that it was not in human, perhaps—certainly not in female nature to disclaim the character.

Once his, when the devotedness of years should have rivetted her claims on his indulgence, and reconciled him at least to the exchange, she trusted to being endowed with strength to make the confession that the Aileen of his gratitude, and the Evelyn of his love, were, alas! different beings.

To make a long tale short, Colonel Sydenham, dubbed, for the twentieth time in his life, on the same score, a Quixote by his own relations, and indemnified for their scorn by the well-nigh idolatrous respect of those of his bride, was united for life to Evelyn Clare, just three months after her sister's very different wedding, and just in time to obey a similar hasty summons to rejoin the head-quarters of his regiment in England.

Evelyn's first pang—one, too, the memory of which haunted her through many a year of conscious duplicity—arose from the remark made by her husband on the fears, which it never occurred to her ingenious nature to suppress (could she even have done so), on encountering a storm on their passage to England. "Never, till now, my Evelyn," whispered the adoring bridegroom, "did I know to what an exertion of heroism my preservation on that awful night was due? For yourself, I see you can tremble like a woman; but for others, you could dare when man would have hesitated!"

How truly did Evelyn, on hearing these words, experience that to plunge, in his behalf, amid the foaming waters around, would require a less effort of courage than to say the one word which might for ever open between them a gulf more terrible still. All she could do, was to shrink from

the subject with such manifest and unfeigned reluctance—grounded, he supposed, on the remembered horrors of the scene—that Sydenham, in compassion, never recurred to it himself, and exacted of his friends a similar forbearance.

For many succeeding, and, on the whole, happy years, Evelyn followed her husband to the scenes of his military employment, with brief intervals of feverish solicitude for his safety, when compelled, by necessity, to separate from him. It was then that the remembrance of her usurped place in his affections rose like a knell from the very depths of memory; while a remnant of superstition, from which no Irish cottage maiden was ever, perhaps, entirely free, made her regard the denial of a child, to bless their union, or cheer the painful period of absence with its smiles, in the light of a chastisement for past dissimulation.

About Aileen she omitted no opportunity of obtaining intelligence; though inquiries, rendered indirect by conscious duplicity, could throw little light, beyond the bare fact of her existence, on the vicissitudes of a common soldier's lot. Once, however, even after her father's death had robbed her of that channel of intercourse—she had heard directly from her sister, whose caution in wording and addressing her communication, showed her to be the same generous being as when she first planned a sister's elevation.

Years rolled on, some ten or twelve, perhaps, from their marriage, the latter part of them ungladdened by any recent tidings of Aileen, when Sir Guy Sydenham, knight (and knighthood for military merit was then a badge of distinction rarely accorded), was appointed, in further reward of his long services, Governor of an Island in the West Indies.

The arrival of Sir Guy and Lady Sydenham took place late in the year; and, willing as ever to please or be pleased, the gay and gallant governor fixed for the inauguration dinner and ball which were to win him golden opinions from his new subjects, on the, to him, ever-dear anniversary of Christmas Eve. Lady Sydenham, attired by his munificence in the fresh gifts which on that day never failed to weigh down the breast on which they glittered, had endured, as best she might, the previous part of the entertainment and the rapturous reply, fraught to her with painful though delicate allusions, made by her still adoring husband, when his wife's health was, as a matter of course, proposed. Under the acclamations elicited by his speech, its object, or rather its victim, contrived to escape, and gladly turned, to breathe freely and relieve her overburdened heart, from the illuminated and heated banquet-hall into the cool moonlit verandah running round every tropical residence.

The government house had been fitted up for, and but recently ceded by, Spanish authorities; and there was much in its arrangements of Moorish rather than Spanish attention to shade and coolness. In front of the slightly-raised balcony where Evelyn stood, lay a fountain designedly resembling a natural rocky basin, from whose interstices towered lofty shoots of the umbrageous plaitain tree, from amid the broad glittering leaves of which rose a perpetual jet of crystal sparkling water, whose perennial moisture served to refresh, nay almost to nourish, the living carpet of gay flowers, which, in devices of almost Turkish intricacy, clothed the elsewhere arid ground, and loaded the evening air with well-nigh overpowering fragrance. Beyond this delicious foreground, from the elevated platform on which the court-house stood—a slope all studded with plaitain residences, each embosomed in its separate grove of tall and stately trees—served by its dark outline to set off the more distinctly the calm expanse of sea then stretched beyond and sleeping beneath the unclouded beams of a tropical full moon—formed with the vast Atlantic of Evelyn's early reminiscences a contrast as complete as did her present agitated feelings with the calm of night around her.

The day was the first of the Christmas holidays, when the immemorial licence afforded to the slaves, and the degree in which it was improved for the purposes of sport and enjoyment, bore equal testimony to the kindness of their calumniated masters, and to the unconquerable buoyancy of the negro character. Drums and horns, and shouts more discordant than either, came as yet softened by distance on the ear; while, at intervals, the more mellow strains of bands of female singers seemed to say that there was "music" in the voices, if not the "souls," of some of the joyous Africans.

It was while insensibly withdrawn from her own sad thoughts by the magic and novelty of the scene, that Evelyn's attention was attracted by two figures, which, emerging from a path leading up from the harbour, stole silently round the corner of the house towards the verandah. Her first emotion was that of slight alarm, which gave way on perceiving that one of them at least was apparently a woman, and on hearing, as she bent over the balustrade to reconnoitre, a whispered entreaty from a negro voice that "Missus, please stand still and hark a minute." Her next idea was, that the muffled-up figure might be the jack-pudding which each of the negro crafts at that festive season vie with each other in disguising, come as spokesman of the rest to obtain some favour, through her, from the governor.

(To be concluded in our next.)



Arms. Arg. two bars, dancettée, sa. *Crest.* A pair of wings, erect, ar, charged with two bars, dancettée, as in the arms. *Supporters.* Two griffins, wings expanded, or. *Motto.* *Malo mori quam fedari.* "I had rather die than be debased."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ATHLONE.

THE founder of the Athlone family was Godart de Ginkell, commander-in-chief of the army of King William III. He served in the Irish campaign of 1691, and distinguished himself by intrepidity, presence of mind, and superior skill.

The siege of Athlone was that which most recommended him to the favour of his royal master. He advanced against it in June, 1691. The enemy resisted with great determination and some success. On the 30th it was debated whether the siege should not be raised. The decision of a council of war being in favour of continuing the operations, Major-Generals Talmaash, Mackay, and others, having offered to cross the river and attack the enemy, the detachment drawn out the day before was brought down at the usual hour of relieving the guards, that the enemy might not suspect anything extraordinary. All being ready the signal was given, and "Captain Sandys and two lieutenants led the first party of sixty grenadiers, all in armour, and twenty a-breast, seconded by another good body of foot, and with an unparalleled resolution took the ford that was a little to the left of the bridge, against a bastion of the enemies; the stream being very rapid, and the passage exceedingly difficult by reason of some great stones that were in the river; at the same time the English great and small shot began to play from the works and batteries upon those of the enemy on the other side, who fired again like hail upon those that passed the river; but at length the latter most gallantly forced their way through all the fire and smoke of the enemy, and having gained the opposite bank, the rest laid planks over the broken part of the bridge, while others were preparing the pontoons, whereby the English passed over so fast, that in less than half an hour they became masters of the town, and possessed themselves of the works that remained entire towards the enemy's camp. The Irish were so astonished at the suddenness of the attack and resolution of the English, that they quickly abandoned the

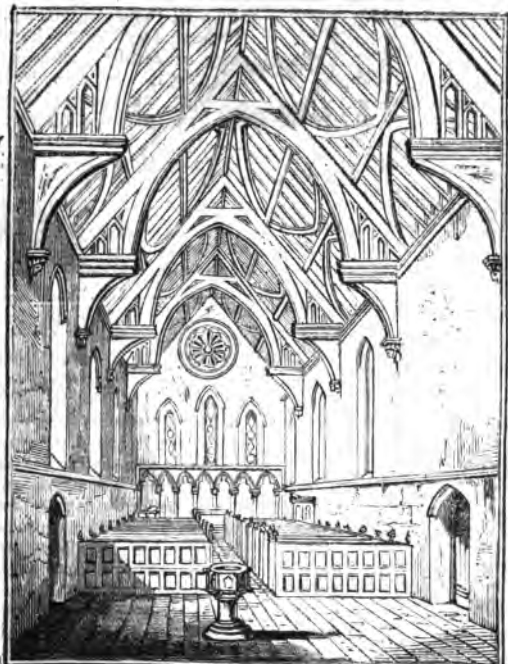
place and fled to the army, though not without considerable loss. The besiegers had not above fifty men killed in this considerable action, where they found now more obstruction from the rubbish and stuff beaten down by their cannon, than from the enemy, which made the soldiers curse and swear bitterly, and gave occasion to that excellent person, Major-General Mackay, to tell them 'they had more reason to fall down upon their knees and thank God for the victory, and that they were brave men, and the best of men if they would swear less.'

A diary of the events which occurred during the progress of the siege is extant; two passages from it are sufficiently remarkable to extract.

"The 23rd. This day, about ten in the morning, our tin boats, or pontoons, arrived in the camp. Some of our soldiers, going among the enemy's dead, and several for plunder, heard a voice crying '*boire, boire,*' that is, in English, 'drink, drink,' and making towards the place, they found it to be a French Lieutenant-Colonel, who having his back broke, and being wounded in several other places, had lain there ever since the late action on the 20th.

"The 24th. About seven this evening one of the grenadiers belonging to the Lord Lisburn's regiment perceived a colour of the enemy's floating on the river, just under one of the arches of the bridge. He immediately stripped and swam thither, and though, I believe, above a hundred shot were made at him, yet the fellow brought it off flying, and presented it to the general, who generously rewarded him with five guineas."

Ginkell was raised to the peerage March 4, 1692, as Baron of Aghrim and Earl of Athlone, and at the same time he received a grant of 26,000 acres of land, the confiscated estate of William Dougate, Earl of Limerick. This grant was, however, subsequently reversed by Parliament, and the Earl then returned to his native country, where, as a soldier, he again distinguished himself. He died February 11, 1720, and was succeeded by his son.



THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

We this week submit to our readers a correct architectural view of the interior of the new chapel at Roehampton, of which we gave the exterior in our last number but one. Some idea may be formed of its elegance from the pictorial representation above. It will be found well worthy of a visit.

In this edifice a remarkable instance is presented of the varying views of individuals, and a pleasant instance is furnished of the amicable way in which a truly Christian spirit can adjust differences. Of the seats taken by the superior classes who worship here, some are inclosed in pews; while others, approaching the primitive usage, are left open. The eye will be struck by some irregularity which is the result; but the feelings of good-will which allow all to exercise their own judgment, demand approval, and are worthy of imitation. The temple of the Deity is not the place in which worldly fancies ought to provoke adverse feelings. Here they exhibit variety, but all is harmony.

No difference exists between the style of the pews or seats of the wealthy and those of their poorer brethren, excepting

that of a carpet or hassock, which the taste of the owners may supply. We cannot conclude without mentioning the labours of the reverend incumbent, Dr Beiber, who is a German by birth, and who has willingly brought upon himself a task of great labour. At nine o'clock every morning throughout the year he is to be found administering spiritual comfort to those who may wish to attend the chapel, without claiming any increase of stipend, but solely actuated by the pious feeling of his holy calling. In the view (which is in outline) to show more particularly the architectural ornaments, it is impossible to give the beautiful effect produced by the trefoiled arches at the back of the altar, which are highly enriched by painting and gilding, after the manner of the ancient churches.

Egyptian Skill.—The ancient Egyptians are believed to have possessed means of transporting huge masses which are unknown at the present day. How else, it is asked, were they able to move masses of rock above 800 tons in weight across 140 miles of desert country, which they accomplished?

MIRROR LEVITIES.

LEGAL OPINIONS.

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

Talfourd declares Art-Unions all,
Must come within the Lottery Act;
Which poor subscribers will enthral;
Kelly and Clark deny that fact.

'Tis ever thus the sons of law
Our views confound of wrong and right,
And make us inferences draw,
That white is black, and black is white.

A BROAD HINT.

Let him whose vanity requires consoling
Through sneers well earned by fooleries
in print:

No more for "eye in a fine frenzy rolling"
Mistake a sinister misleading squint.

TUFT HUNTER.

ON THE CLOSING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE
TWO NIGHTS IN EACH WEEK BEFORE
EASTER.

With Drury's actors, it is said,
Brief labour wakes great discontent;
However little they are paid,
They never wish to have much Lent.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

L'ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES.—M. Dumas read a report on the memoir of M. Le Dr Donné, 'On the constitution of Blood, and on the effects of injecting milk into the Vessels.' The author traces in blood: 1st, the well-known red globules; 2nd, large white globules, endowed with distinct properties; 3rd, globules of chyle, which are easily recognised. Believing the latter to be analogous to milk, he has injected milk into the veins of animals, all of whom have borne it without inconvenience, except the horse, to whom it has been fatal. After a few days the milk is associated with the blood. The question to be solved is this; must this complete assimilation between the globules of chyle and those of milk be accepted?

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—In a recent discussion upon Mr Clay's process of making malleable iron at one process from hematite ore, it was shown that, of the twenty-five thousand tons of steel made annually in this country, not more than two thousand five hundred tons were made from the best quality of Swedish iron; the rest being made from inferior charcoal iron (from Russia and Germany, or from English iron), which was not well calculated for converting. It was therefore desirable to encourage Mr Clay's process.

'A Description of the Roofs over Buckingham Palace, covered with Lord Stanhope's Composition,' by Mr. Hogg,

was lately read. The composition, consisting of tar, chalk, and sand, boiled and well incorporated, was introduced by Mr Nash for covering the fire-proof arched roofs, carried by cast-iron beams over the palace; it has also been used at the Pavilion, at Carlton Terraces, at East Cowes Castle, and many other places; it has been often laid on wooden joists. Slates or tiles are embedded in it while fluid, and thus is formed a perfectly water proof roof, very durable, demanding few repairs, and possessing many advantages over metal roofs. The cost varied from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* 18*s.* per square.

Reviews.

Mechanical Philosophy and its Application to the Arts. By William B. Carpenter, M.D. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

"SCIENCE is too dry for me," is the exclamation of many an intelligent but unreflecting man. Let him open this book, and he will be likely to find that, in taking up such an idea, he has mistaken science and mistaken himself. In the varieties of information which this 'Cyclopaedia' contains he will find, we venture to say, a fund of rational amusement. Repetitions of several of the terms used to explain the experiments and discoveries which it describes are unavoidable, and these may weary some impatient readers. It should, however, be remembered that such a work, to be enjoyed, is not to be run through in a morning or an evening. To enjoy it the reader must think. Let him do this, and the dryness against which he is disposed to protest will not be felt. We add an extract, which if the wonderful—if that which though true is more astonishing than any of the extravagance found in the 'Arabian Nights,' or other fairy tales, can amuse, we think will be read with avidity. It may, perhaps, not be impertinent to remark, that as the substantive dimensions of mind have not yet been ascertained, it is not certain that the small beings, of which two millions of millions may be contained in one cubic inch of sand, are incapable of some degree of reflection. Acuteness of perception does not depend upon bulk, and we know not where, after what we see, to set bounds in imagination to the wonders which the Almighty can perform. Dr Carpenter says there are

"Animalcules possessing a complex internal structure, having the power of imbibing and digesting food, of moving with great rapidity, and (as it would seem from their actions) of enjoying life during the brief span allotted to them, which are far smaller than the minutest particles of blood. The minutest kind of these are

termed *Monads*; they present the appearance of little points of jelly, in active movement; and no distinct structure can be traced in them. When they are put into water, however, in which a little indigo or carmine has been rubbed, coloured spots are soon distinguishable in their bodies, arising from the filling of interior cavities with the minutest particles of the colouring substance. Now the whole monad is from 1-18,000th to 1-24,000th part of an inch in diameter. In the smaller ones as many as four, and in the larger ones as many as six, of these spots could be seen; not occupying above half the diameter of the animal; the diameter of each spot, therefore, could not be more than 1-144,000th part of an inch. From the roundness of these spots there must be several particles in each; if we only assume three, we obtain proof that there must be particles of the colouring substance diffused through the water of no more than 1-432,000th part of an inch in diameter. Further, in the larger animals of similar structure, it is seen that the spots are separated by membranous partitions of not greater thickness than one-twentieth of the diameter of the spot; and this would make the thickness of the partitions no more than 1-2,880,000th of an inch in the monads of smaller size. Again, in the larger species, the active movements may be distinctly seen to be due to the vibration of delicate hair-like filaments, termed *cilia*; though these cilia cannot be distinguished in the smallest monads, yet, as the movements are evidently the same, they must doubtless exist in them; and they cannot have a greater diameter than 1-450,000th of an inch. If the same calculations were extended to the young animals, or to species too small to be discerned, except under the most favourable circumstances, the minuteness of the particles of whose existence we should then have evidence would be found to be still more inconceivable.

“Again, there is found at Bilin, in Germany, a deposit of siliceous (flinty) character, which occupies a surface of great extent (probably the site of an ancient lake), and forms slaty layers of fourteen feet in thickness. This bed supplies the *tripoli* used by artisans in metal for polishing their work, and also the fine sand employed to form moulds for casting small articles in Berlin iron. For these purposes its consumption in Berlin alone is not less than from 50 to 60 cwt. yearly. It is almost entirely composed of the sheaths or coverings of a kind of animalcule, which has the power of separating flinty matter from the water in which it dwells, and of producing out of this a sort of case analogous to the shell of a crab or lobster. The length of one of these is

about the 1-9,500th of an inch; and it is hence calculated, that about 23 millions of them are contained in a cubic line of the sand, and 41,000 millions in a cubic inch. As a cubic inch weighs 220 grains, about 187 millions would be contained in a grain weight of this sand.

“The minuteness of these is yet surpassed by that of the animalcules of the iron-ochre, a yellowish-brown substance found in certain marshes. These are only about 1-12,000th of an inch in diameter; so that a cubic line would thus contain 1,000 millions of them, and a cubic inch nearly two million millions. Yet these animalcules must have each had a fabric composed of a number of parts, whose size would be small in comparison to that of its whole body. There seems, therefore, no limit whatever to the subdivision of material particles in the natural growth of animal bodies.”

— — —

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Madame C. de la B. Part II.

SEVERAL of the pictures here furnished are vigorously painted, but sometimes the writer wastes herself on details which can only interest those connected with the individuals described. There is an air of spinning out which is found wearisome. The following sketch of a ball is good. It took place at San Augustin:—

“There were people of all classes; *modistes* and carpenters, shop-boys, tailors, hatters, and hosiers, mingled with all the *haut ton* of Mexico. Every shop-boy considered himself entitled to dance with every lady; and no lady considered herself as having a right to refuse him, and then to dance with another person. The Senora de —, a most high-bred and dignified person, danced with a stable-boy in a jacket and without gloves, and he appeared particularly gratified at the extraordinary opportunity thus afforded him of holding her white gloves in his brown paws!”

We must not omit the costumes.

“The general dress of the company consisted of a single blanket, gracefully disposed in folds about the person; so as to show various glimpses of a bronze skin. To this some added a pair of Mexican pantaloons, and some a shirt of a doubtful colour. There were many with large hats, most of which had crowns or parts of crowns, but all affording free entrance to the fresh air. Generally speaking, however, the head was uncovered, or covered only with its native thatching of long, bushy, tangled black hair. This might be out of compliment to the ladies, of whom there were several, and who ought in politeness to have been mentioned first.

"Nothing could be simpler than their costume, consisting, of a very dirty and extremely torn chemise, with short sleeves, a shorter petticoat, and a pair of shoes, generally of dirty satin: also a reboso, and the long hair hanging down as Eve's golden locks may have done in Paradise."

We subjoin a very piquant story of the Viceroy Revillagigedo:—

"A lady of fortune, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a small sum of money. Don — being her *compadre*, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. He agreed, and the bargain was concluded without any written document, the lady depositing her jewels and receiving the sum. At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her *compadre's* house to repay the money, and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to his astonished *compadre*, that as to the jewels, he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place. The Senora, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the vice-king, hoping for justice from this Western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained. She was instantly received by Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances. 'Had you no witnesses?' said the count. 'None,' replied she. 'Did no servant pass in or out during the transaction?' 'No one.' The viceroy reflected a moment. 'Does your *compadre* smoke?' 'No, sir,' said the lady, astonished at this irrelevant question, and perhaps the more so, as the count's aversion to smoking was so well known that none of his smoking subjects ventured to approach him without having taken every precaution to deaden any odour of the fragrant weed which might lurk about their clothes or person. 'Does he take snuff?' said the viceroy. 'Yes, your Excellency,' said his visitor, who probably feared that for once his Excellency's wits were wool-gathering. 'That is sufficient,' said the viceroy; 'retire into the adjoining chamber and keep quiet—your jewels shall be restored.' His Excellency then despatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself. 'I have sent for you,' said the viceroy, 'that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the state.' The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy; while the viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profes-

sion. Suddenly the viceroy put his hand first in one pocket, then in the other, with the air of a man who has mislaid something. 'Ah!' said he, 'my snuff-box. Excuse me for a moment while I go to fetch it from the next room.' 'Sir!' said the merchant, 'permit me to have the honour of offering my box to your Excellency.' His Excellency received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till pretending some business he went out, and calling an officer, desired him to take that snuff-box to the merchant's house, asking his wife as from him, by that token, to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there. The viceroy returned to the apartment where he had left his flattered guest, and remained in conversation with him until the officer returned, and requesting private speech of the viceroy, delivered to him a jewel-case which he had received from the merchant's wife. Revillagigedo then returned to his fair complainant, and under pretence of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where amongst many objects of value, the jewel-case stood open. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward in joy and amazement. The viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest. 'Now,' said he, 'before going further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Senorade —?' 'Intimately, sir—she is my *compadre*.' 'Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a date?' 'I did.' 'Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?' 'Never,' said the merchant, vehemently. 'The money was lent without any security; merely an act of friendship, and she has invented a story concerning some jewels, which has not the slightest foundation.' In vain the viceroy begged him to reflect, and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant with oaths persisted in his denial. The viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel-case in his hand; at which unexpected apparition the astonished merchant changed colour, and entirely lost his presence of mind. The viceroy ordered him from his presence with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him, the next morning, eight hundred dollars with five hundred more; which he did, and which were, by the viceroy's order, distributed amongst the hospitals. His Excellency is said to have added a severe reprimand to the lady for having made a bargain without writing."

Treatise on the Pot-Culture of the Grape.
By John Mearns. W. S. Orr & Co.

THIS little book is one which, to practical men, may prove of considerable service. It is written in a plain, straightforward manner, and is on a subject which Mr Mearns considers to have been somewhat neglected, although deserving careful attention from its importance, and from the medicinal properties of the vine. "The amateur," he says, "will be furnished with a delightful source of instructive amusement. A single vine in a large pot, or grown as a dwarf standard, in the manner practised in the vineyards in the north of France, generally produces from three to nine bunches." But Mr Loudon observes, "That by superior management in gardens in England, the number of bunches is prodigiously increased, and that one plant of the red Hamburg sort, in the vineery of the Royal gardens at Hampton Court, has produced 2,200 bunches, averaging one pound each, or in all, nearly one ton." We can hardly add anything more calculated to recommend this little book to the notice of those who are engaged in horticultural pursuits.

The subjoined extract will show that the writer has been most diligent.

"The varieties are exceedingly numerous; partly from the antiquity of the vine, it having, as Professor Martyn remarks, been cultivated from the time of Noah; partly from the influence of soil and climate in changing the qualities of grapes, there being hardly two vineyards in France or Italy where the sorts, though originally the same, remain long precisely alike; but chiefly, as far as respects this country at least, from the facility with which new sorts are procured from seed. Tusser, in 1560, mentions only 'white and red' grapes. Parkinson, who was more of a horticulturist, gives, in 1627, a list of twenty-three sorts, including the white muscadine, which, he says, was 'very great, sweet, and firm; some of the bunches have weighed six pounds, and some of the berries half an ounce.' Ray, in 1688, enumerates many sorts as then most in request. Rea, in 1702, gives most of those in Ray's list, and adds five more sorts, recommending the red, white, and the d'Arbois, or royal muscadine, the Frontignans, and the blood-red, as the fittest sorts for England. The best vines, he says, were then on the walls of the physic garden at Oxford.

"Switzer, in 1717, says, 'It is to Lord Capel and Sir William Temple that we are owing that collection of good grapes now so plenty in England; the latter,' he says 'brought over the Chasselas, Parsley-leaved, and Frontignan; and also the Amboyna, Burgundy, black Muscat, and grizzly Frontignan; all highly approved,

and distributed amongst the nurserymen, as well as the nobility and gentry. The best grapes,' he tells us, 'were grown at Twickenham, Isleworth, and Richmond.' Speechley, from 1760 to 1790, excelled in the culture of the vine at Welbeck. The natural soil there and the low damp situation, is perhaps the worst for vines in the kingdom, and therefore requiring the most judicious management.

"The most valuable modern additions to the varieties of grapes in this country have been procured by sowing the seeds of sorts ripened in this country. That excellent grape, the red Hamburg, was raised from seed, about a century ago, by Warner, of Rotherhithe, already mentioned. Miller in the same way produced the variety of the black cluster, which bears his name. Speechley produced various new sorts, which have now a place in the catalogues of nurserymen. Williams of Pitmaston, Braddock of Thames Ditton, and, above all, the late president of the Horticultural Society, have raised several excellent varieties of the Sweetwater, Chasselas, and Hamburg grape. The great attention paid to natural history by such as go abroad has also contributed to the number of grapes. New sorts have been sent from Spain, Italy, and the East Indies, and many from France; so that the lists of British nurserymen exceed two hundred and fifty names. In France, during the consulship, in 1801, the celebrated chemist, Chaptal, when minister of the interior, ordered a specimen of every known variety of the grape to be collected from the different departments where the vine is grown, and planted in the nursery of the Luxembourg garden, with a view to ascertain their respective merits. Though this assortment was never completed, the number collected amounted to upwards of three hundred distinct varieties."

Spring Flowers. By Thomas William Newton. Haselden.

THE cry has been so long kept up that poetry will not sell, that we feel well disposed to applaud the intrepidity which ventures on a new collection of poems. We find 'Spring Flowers' an agreeable little volume, giving evidence of an amiable and cultivated mind. Mr Newton writes elegantly, but at times he negligently allows a crowd of monosyllables to come together, which impair the effect of his verses. Experience will give him greater facility, and be likely to add force and pungency to harmony.

EPITAPH ON A TIPLING LADY.

Her clay beneath this marble lies,
Whose soul we trust ascends the skies,
She doubtless, for her *taste* and *merits*,
Is happy,—in the world of *spirits*.

PAINTING IN ST SULPICE.

From 'L'Univers' (Paris.)

At St Sulpice, M. Heim has just painted, in encaustic, the Chapel of the Lost Souls of Purgatory, two walls and a little cupola with its arches. The titles inscribed beneath the two large lateral compositions are—under that on the left, "Religion encourages the Christian to suffer in this life that he may escape the pains of Purgatory;" under that on the right, "Prayer for the dead obtains the deliverance of the souls which suffer in Purgatory." The subject is eminently Catholic. The artist must undergo the reproach of having constantly aimed at melodrama, at phantasmagoria. The first scene passes round a large bed, with a Gothic head-board, surmounted by an Italian Madonna. At the head of the bed a lamp sheds its sombre light; at the side of the dying person tapers burn; lastly, the rays of the moon penetrate by an open window, and the glory of the heavens replaces the ceiling of the chamber. From all these effects, thus wretchedly accumulated, there result only embarrassment, confusion, and fatigue, as well to the artist as to the spectator. The sick person, exhausted by suffering, is half raised from his couch, and appears expressly placed to serve for some anatomical study. A kneeling monk sustains the dying man on the right. On the left stands a female, very ugly, her head surmounted by a flame like those used by our republican artists to adorn the spirits of liberty and equality. Behind this wofully allegorical personage, two religious persons, carrying lighted tapers, enter, and a monk, prostrate near the bed, prays fervently. The family of the dying man occupies the fore part of the composition. In the first place, a woman on her knees, whom grief has not prevented from wearing a rose-coloured robe and a green spencer, finds sufficient strength to show a face, English and blonde, which makes a grimace rather than weeps.

The composition of the second picture is no better, but it is more obscure. On the first plane steps descend into a gaping pit; around are mattocks, unburied bones, a cross. At the back of the picture, on the left, Death, a frightful skeleton, is seated, covered with a cloak, a scythe in his hand; behind him flicker flames, over which an exterminating angel hovers. Before the cross persons are ranged in a semicircle, praying. A little frizzled angel bears the fearful keys. Another angel, larger, without wings, clothed in white, casts looks of pity on the suppliants: of all the celestial spirits of the Chapel of Purgatory this is the only one that has any fitness. The angels of M. Heim are distinguished by gaiety; the sight of human misery moves them but

little, and they give themselves up in full paradise to very un-Christian gymnastics. Such is the extravagance of the composition of the clever artist M. Heim.

HOW TO CORRECT ERROR.

A pamphlet was published in 1713, entitled 'Mr Asgill's Apology for an Omission in his late Publication,' which opened in the following quaint manner:—

"Without offence to the law, I hope I may tell a piece of an old story of a Welch Judg: Who being to condemn a prisoner convict of a capital crime, gave this sentence upon him:

"Look you!—you Prisoner at the Bar!

"Your Country have found you guilty.

"And the Sentence of the Law is

"That you go from hence to the place from whence you came,

"And from thence to a place of execution:

"And so I wish mercy to your soul."

"Upon which the Gaoler was carrying away the Prisoner,

"But a Justice of the Peace next the Judg whispered him:

"Your Lordship hath omitted a material part of the sentence. That when he comes to the place of execution he is to be hanged."

"And well remembered," said the Judg.

"And on that calls out,

"Hark ye, you Gaoler! bring that fellow back again."

"Then said, 'Look you, friend, you must be hanged too.'

"Now since my late publication I have met with this reproof from some of my readers:

"'Tis true you have added to your postscript the special oath of abjuration as a memorandum against perjury;

"But you have omitted a material act of Parliament, that makes the same offence High Treason too."

"And well remembered" (said I).

"And tho' I can't recal my Publication,

"I'll send this threepenny messenger after it."

"Hark ye, you honest men! that intend to forswear yourselves,

"I am no Judg, nor have any commission to pronounce sentence;

"But if you'll consult your Alphabet you'll find

"That Treason, and the Triangle near Paddington, both begin with the same letter.

[The Triangle was the popular name for the gallows which stood permanently at Tyburn, where the Edgeware road turns off to Paddington, and had three sides or beams from which culprits were suspended.]

"You know what I mean: A word to the wise."

The Cuckoo.

Medical Practice in Norway.—In the 'Christiansand Post' of Monday, September 5, 1842, there is an article reflecting in strong terms upon the proceedings of the "State Physician" of that town, towards a British gentleman travelling in Norway during the last summer. It appears that Mr Houston, a London surgeon, when conversing with some friends in the Britannia Hotel, at Christiansand, about the numerous and successful operations for the cure of strabismus, &c. &c. &c., which he had recently performed in the northern counties of Scotland, was overheard by the landlord, who afterwards joined in the conversation, and requested Mr Houston to see a young person, in whom he took a great interest, and who was much disfigured by obliquity of vision. Mr Houston consented, operated, and effected a perfect cure. The patient's friends from an exuberance of gratitude and astonishment at the operation for squint, previously unknown, or at least unpractised in the place, talked much of the various cures, the report extended, and, as usual, received additional embellishments in its progress, so that in a few days the Britannia Hotel was besieged by persons suffering from diseases of the eye. Mr Houston's levees increased daily in number, which attracted the attention of the "State Physician," and he determining to take advantage of some law which had been introduced into their code, prohibiting "foreigners, &c.," not having the sanction of the constituted authorities, from practising, intimated this law to Mr Houston through the medium of the police, and he, rather than give offence, immediately ceased to practise, and declined to see any of his patients. To Mr Houston's great surprise several of the parties for whom he had prescribed in Norway followed him to London, so that the prohibition has only had effect in preventing the poorer classes from following a similar course, which clearly shows that the prohibitions of any country only effect the most necessitous,—the parties who ought rather to be the objects of especial care.—*Army and Navy Register and Woolwich Gazette.*

Lichen on Fruit Trees.—When fruit trees are infested with lichens and moss, the health of the trees is impaired, and the fruit also. The application of lime water, prepared in the following way, will effectually displace the lichen:—A common water-barrel, placed on a wheelbarrow, and filled as full of water as a person can conveniently wheel it. Put in plenty of quicklime, but it should not be so thick as to

prevent its being applied with a syringe, having a coarse rose. It is best to use it as soon as made. One person should stir it while another syringes the trees: by this means a portion of the lime is carried with the water, and adheres both to the wall and trees. This mode of destroying lichen is nothing new, but it may not be generally known. I last year tried the experiment on two plum trees, and to my great satisfaction the lichens were quite destroyed. They now present a healthy appearance, and the bark is quite clean. It is an almost invariable practice to wash garden-pots thoroughly after the plants have been turned out of them, before they are made use of again; many of which are covered with a green vegetable production. If, after being washed, the pots are dipped into strong, clear lime-water, it will quite destroy this substance. As the present is a good time for applying it to trees, no time should be lost where they are attacked by this pest.—*G. G. Watson, Vicarage, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.*

An Army of Children.—As children naturally imitate the actions and manners of the adults about them, when the crusades were the theme of every tongue they often wished to become pilgrims and knights errant. In the year 1212 many thousands of boys and girls abandoned their homes, not only in France, but in Germany and Italy, giving out that they were bent upon delivering the Holy Land. The eldest were not more than eighteen. It was in vain that their parents attempted to restrain them. They watched opportunities of escape, and got away by making holes in the walls; and sallied forth from the paternal mansion with as much joy as as if they had been going to a festival. The fate of these unhappy children, as may be supposed, was most unfortunate; they were entrapped in numbers by merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles, who were at that time engaged in the infamous traffic of supplying the seraglios of the East with children. A great many were shipped in the Mediterranean ports, and many died of hunger and fatigue in the long journeys to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves, but for which their strength was utterly inadequate.

Blackwall Railway.—The fare by the second train was raised last year from fourpence to sixpence. The traffic in consequence fell off to the extent of forty-one per cent. A return to the former charges is about to take place. The Greenwich Railway folks will do something of the kind, unless they mean to give seven-eighths of their traffic to the steam boats.

Arithmography.—An approach to universal language is contemplated by scientific

men. Some idea may be given of it in few words. Suppose an English dictionary to be taken, and the leading words to be numbered off in order, and then the same numbers to be placed against the corresponding words in the dictionary of any other language; it is obvious that a similar number will represent, in each case, a similar idea; this is the basis of the plan.

Narcotic.—'On the *Cannabis Indica*,' the Indian hemp; from which it appears this plant is possessed of extraordinary powers, as a sedative, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic remedy. The resin collected from it is in general use, as an intoxicating agent, all over the East, and from the furthest confines of India to Algiers. The intoxication, which is of the most cheerful kind, lasts about three hours, when sleep supervenes; it is not followed by nausea or sickness, nor by any symptom, save slight giddiness, worth recording. The subsequent effects are depression of spirits, and relaxation of the muscles in a remarkable degree.

Are Art-Unions Legal? — Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is of opinion that Art-Unions are illegal. Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C., and Mr. Clarke, having been applied to by the Directors of the Polytechnic Union for their opinion, go the other way. They say a scheme like that submitted to them does not appear ever to have been contemplated by the Legislature—certainly has never been prohibited by it in terms. If three men, each of whom was unable to purchase a certain picture, should agree together to subscribe the amount required for its purchase, and should further agree that, when purchased, they would determine by lot which of them should become the possessor of the picture, or which of them should obtain the credit of presenting it to a public institution, they might do so without incurring any of the penalties directed against those who infringe the provisions of the Lottery Acts. It makes no difference, in principle, that the subscribers, instead of three men are thirty thousand, nor that the purchase, instead of being confined to one picture, is made to extend to hundreds; it is the absence of the conflicting interests of schemers and of the public, and therefore the absence of any necessity for legislative protection, that renders the statutes inapplicable.

Exhaustion of Land.—Land, dead and inert as it is, admits of no exhaustion or weariness. Robbed it may have been of some one element (phosphate of lime for example), by the crops raised having been year after year carried off the ground, till there remains no more of that element in the land, and another crop would starve and pine for want of it. Polluted the land may have become by matter thrown off

from the roots of the crop which has been so injudiciously repeated, till the same species of plant can no longer live in it. But this is all that is known of what is called exhaustion.

Debating in the Dark.—Formerly it was a common thing in Parliament, when a member wished to get rid of a subject before the House, to move "that the candles should be lighted." The effect of this was curious. In some cases the question was debated through the night, and carried in the affirmative after daylight had returned, and then, and not till then when they were not wanted, the messengers proceeded to light the candles.

How to save Letter-Writing. — On one occasion Bonaparte hit upon a notable scheme for relieving himself from the fatigue of answering letters. "Open only the letters," said he to Bourrienne, "that come by the couriers extraordinary, and leave all the rest in the basket for twenty days." It happened (his secretary adds) as Bonaparte had anticipated, when the letters were at last read; as four-fifths of them had been answered by events.

Domenico Curadi.—A series of memoirs of ancient artists (with portraits), of the Italian school, has been commenced in the ILLUSTRATED POLYTECHNIC REVIEW. The last published is Domenico Curadi, called by his countrymen, for his skill in making garlands, the Ghirlandajo. It was one of Curadi's pupils who originally discovered the talent of Michael Angelo.

—The celebrated Theodore Colocotroni died about the 17th of last month. He had just married his youngest son, and it seems the delight of having settled his children brought on a fit of apoplexy. He had been to the ball at the palace, and was unusually gay. He returned home in very high spirits; a few hours after he was found a corpse in his bed. He was interred with all due honours, being a Lieutenant-General, and Vice-President of the Council of State. The funeral sermon was preached by Economos; and P. Scoutzo, the poet, pronounced a funeral oration at the grave.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must decline inserting communications from correspondents, however respectable, which only express a compliment in a dozen verses, which press would convey in two or three lines.

T. S. A.'s questions we are not at this moment able to answer. He must allow us to hint that he could employ his pen better than in rendering vivid sentiment and pointless epigrams from the Welsh.

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The Mirror

OF

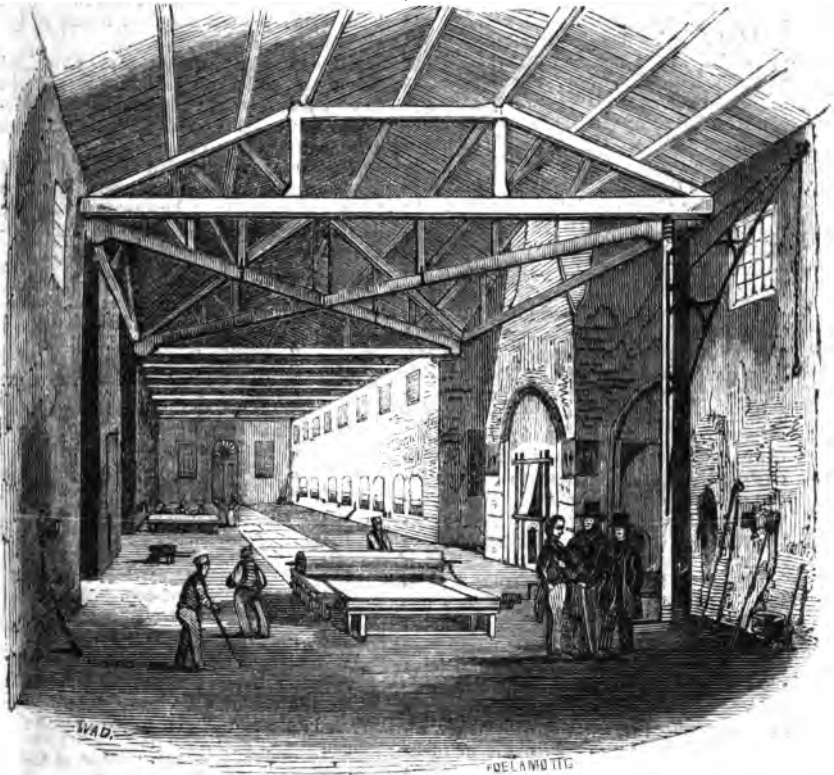
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 12.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1843.

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Original Communications.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

THE engraving represents the casting hall, 260 feet long by 156 wide, with the iron bed and roller, which weighs upwards of 20 tons, upon which the glass is rolled into a sheet; the range of annealing furnaces are seen on each side, and the pot arches in the centre. The whole of the building, of which we refer our readers to No. 11, is the work of R. Lane, Esq., architect. The manufacture of glass being the subject of the present paper, we shall commence.

In reducing ores of iron, an art by-the-by of great antiquity, a mass of impurity is

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formed by the chemical union of the silica of the mineral and the lime used as flux, and which impurity is termed "slag." Our readers, who may have been in the neighbourhood of iron furnaces, may have seen heaps of it lying about, having a purple colour and semi-transparent appearance. This "slag" is in fact an impure glass, not unlike the material of which the black wine and porter bottles are now made. From an examination of this substance no doubt sprang the art of glass-making.

We are quite aware that Pliny gives a different account of its origin, tracing its accidental discovery to Phœnician mariners who were wrecked at the mouth of the

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Belus, and who, having kindled a fire upon the sand and employed lumps of *natron* to support the cooking apparatus, found masses of glass after their meal, owing to the union of the *silica* of the sand with the alkali in the *natron*. This account is doubtless fabulous.

Glass is a **SALT**, being composed entirely of metallic compounds. This may appear strange to those who have never considered the subject, but we must not forget that so abundantly are metals distributed throughout the globe, that we can scarcely breathe without inhaling metallic vapours, or drink even of the pure spring without imbibing metallic solutions; nay, the condiment most common at the table—we mean salt—is a metallic compound, being a chloride of the metal sodium. Glass, then, is as much a metallic compound as rock salt itself. In order to form this useful material certain articles are essentially necessary. In the first place, we must have the compound called *silica*, an oxide of the metal *silicium*—and an alkali—either potassa or soda being generally used.

An intense temperature being applied, the *silica* and soda or potassa unite, and a silicate of the alkali is formed. This glass, however, is so extremely infusible, that it is unfitted for general purposes; and we are obliged to add oxide of lead in the form of *litharge*, or *minium*, to make it more fusible, dense, transparent, and refractive; it also enables the glass to bear more easily sudden changes of temperature. The disadvantages, however, accruing from the employment of lead are sufficiently great to render it desirable to dispense with it if possible. Thus glass containing lead is soft and easily scratched; it is also unequal in its density, and therefore unfitted for optical purposes.

Boracic acid and borax are sometimes used as fluxes in glass-making, but being expensive they are employed principally in the manufacture of the artificial gems.

Arsenic, nitrate potash, oxide of manganese, &c., are employed as decolourising agents; however, an excess of arsenic renders the glass opaque, and the addition of too much manganese produces an unpleasant puce tint. This tint is removed by stirring the molten metal with a pole of wood. In manufacturing plate glass lime is sometimes substituted for oxide of lead. It, however, when added incautiously, affects its transparency. The mixture of these various materials constitutes a compound called *frit*, which is now ready for the glass furnace. The pots in which the frit is melted are made of Stourbridge clay, and, by careful preparation, are enabled to bear with impunity a very high and continued temperature. There are generally six pots in each furnace, which are en-

tirely closed, except at a small orifice on the side, opening into a recess formed by the alternate projections of the masonry and the flues, in which recess the workmen stand. The fuel employed is coal. The furnace is a reverberatory one, so constructed as to allow the flame to play round each pot.

The frit is introduced into the pot through the side openings just mentioned, and after the application of heat for some time it becomes first pasty, and then fuses. The whole process requires about forty-eight hours.

After the glass has been cast or moulded it has next to be annealed, that is, suffered to cool very slowly, or it would be too brittle for use,—flying to pieces with the least change of temperature.

The exact composition of the different kinds of glass is scarcely known. With the following ingredients, however, a very fair sample of each kind may be manufactured:—

FLINT GLASS.	Specific gravity about 3.2.
120 parts of fine clear white sand.	
40 " purified pearlsh.	
35 " litharge.	
18 " nitre.	

A small quantity of black oxide of manganese

CROWN GLASS, or best window glass.	
200 parts of soda.	
300 " fine sand.	
33 " lime.	
250 " ground fragments of glass.	

GREEN BOTTLE-GLASS.

100 parts of sand.	
30 " coarse kelp.	
160 " lixiviated earth of wood-ashes.	
30 " fresh wood-ash.	
80 " brick clay.	
100 " fragments of glass.	

PLATE GLASS was invented in 1688, by Abraham Thevart, and was first made in Paris. It contains no lead. The following proportions will give a good result:

300 pounds of fine sand.	
200 " soda.	
30 " lime.	
2 " manganese.	
3 ounces cobalt azure.	
300 pounds cullet, or broken glass.	

We have already, in a preceding article, called the attention of our readers to the pure plate glass, manufactured more especially at the **POCKET NOOK WORKS**, St Helen's, near Liverpool. The great superiority in this case depends undoubtedly upon the purity of the materials manufactured for this purpose on the spot, as much as on the peculiar formula employed by the company.*

* Samples of the glass may be seen at the Company's warehouse, Windmill street, Haymarket.

We shall now refer for a moment to the colouring agents found in glass.

The metals then employed as colouring materials are, 1st. *Gold*. The purple of cassius imparts a fine ruby tint. 2nd. *Silver*. Oxide, or sulphate of silver, gives a yellow colour. 3rd. *Iron*. The oxides of iron produce blue, green, yellow, and brown, depending upon the state of oxidization and quantity. 4th. *Copper*. The oxides of copper give a rich green; they also produce a red, which, when mixed with a small proportion of tartar, tends partially to reduce the oxide. 5th. *Antimony* imparts a rich yellow. 6th. *Manganese*. The black oxide of this metal, in large quantities, forms a black glass; in smaller quantities, various shades of purple. 7th. *Cobalt*, in the state of oxide, gives beautiful blues of various shades; and with the yellow of antimony or lead it produces green. 8th. *Chrome* produces fine greens and reds, depending on its state of oxidization.

White enamel is merely glass rendered more or less milky or opaque by the addition of oxide of tin; it forms the basis of many of the coloured enamels, which are tinged with the metallic oxides. Directions for the preparation of several good enamel colours are given by Mr Wynn, in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' 1817, and 'Philosophical Magazine,' li.

LOUIS XI. AND THE CONSTABLE DE ST POL.

THE crafty and cruel Louis the Eleventh is not wholly unknown to the generality of English readers, but the following passages from the last number of 'The Pictorial History of France,' furnish so striking a picture of the heartless course of his policy, that we do not hesitate to transcribe it. St Pol was an ambitious unscrupulous schemer. Louis had resolved to destroy him, but for a time wished to be thought his friend.

"Louis, when dictating a letter to him, in the presence of Lord Howard and the *Seur de Contay*, told the constable that, 'to terminate his grand operations, he had occasion for a good head like his.' At this point he interrupted himself, and turning to the Englishman and the Burgundian, said, 'You understand me, I say I want his head, I have no occasion for his body.' On the day of the truce of Soleure, Louis presented himself at the gates of St Quentin, and immediately ordered away the officers of the count, with their wives and children. St Pol had anticipated the blow, and had already taken refuge at Mons, in Hainault, where he hoped to find safety. But there Cerisais, with Gaucourt and St Pierre, soon arrived, with the truce of Soleure in their hands; to claim him as an

enemy to the king. The count, whom Charles had already caused to be guarded in his hotel, wrote to the duke, 'his much honoured and great lord,' recommending himself to him as a poor relation, and recalling to mind the recollections of the day of Montlbery. 'Tell him,' exclaimed Charles the Rash, 'that in writing this letter he has wasted his paper, and lost all hope.' Nevertheless, Charles hesitated some time before he could resolve to give him up. He was then entering on the conquest of Lorraine, and Louis had sent to him on the frontier five hundred lances. The king feared that the province once conquered, the constable would escape; the duke feared for his conquest if he first released the pledge he held. Such was the confidence they had in each other! At length, Lorraine being half reduced, Charles gave orders that in eight days the constable should be delivered over to the king. Three hours after the end of the eighth day a counter order was received, but it was too late. The gates of the Bastille closed on the count on the 27th of November; on the 19th of December his trial was terminated; and John de Popincourt, the second president of the parliament, read to him the sentence, which doomed him to be decapitated in the Place de Grève for high treason. He did not expect such severity, and appeared greatly surprised at his impending fate. He, however, said nothing that could be construed into a mark of weakness. 'God be praised!' was his exclamation, 'but this is a very hard decree! I pray him to grant me grace to know him well in this awful day.' Afterwards, turning to M. de St Pierre, he said, 'Ah! Monsieur de St Pierre, it is not this which you have hitherto promised me.' At three o'clock in the afternoon he left the Hotel de Ville and ascended the scaffold. He fell on his knees before the church of Notre Dame, and was for a long time engaged in prayer, kissing, from time to time, with marks of strong devotion, a cross, which a cordelier who attended him presented. He raised himself at length, and a man called Little John, the son of Henry Cousin, the executioner in cases of treason, approached to bind his hands. This he submitted to with great resignation; and turning to the chancellor and the other lords who were on the scaffold, begged of them to pray for his soul. To the populace he addressed the same request, and then knelt on a small square cushion, on which the city arms appeared. While they were bandaging his eyes, he repeated additional prayers, spoke to his confessor, and kissed the cross. Little John, then taking a sword which was handed to him by his father, at one blow brought down the head of the constable.

His body fell at the same moment. The executioner took the head, which he plunged into a sieve of water, and then held it up to the spectators assembled, who were supposed to exceed two hundred thousand in number.

"Thus fell the Count de St Pol. We pause for one moment to give the subsequent extraordinary story of those ministers of justice, Henry Cousin, and his son, Petit Jean, or Little John. One Oudin du Bust, a carpenter, having claimed some money owing to him on a deed by Little John, received his debt, but was left to bear the expenses of the bond. To revenge himself, he prevailed on some disorderly young men, Du Houlx, a sergeant at Mace, John du Foing, a plumber, and Regnault Goris, a silversmith, to assist in gratifying his bloodthirsty rage. The four conspirators having waylaid Little John, meeting him at the corner of the rue des Grenelles, Du Houlx took him by the arm in a friendly way, and told him to fear nothing from the others. Goris then approached, and struck Little John on the head a severe blow with a stone. He staggered; Du Houlx let go his arm; and Du Foing thrust a javelin into his body. He fell dead on the spot; and Oudin then cut off his legs. The assassins fled, and took sanctuary. It was decided that, as the murder had been pre-concerted, they were not entitled to claim the privilege. They were doomed to die, and all four suffered on the gallows of Paris, being hanged in a row by Henry Cousin, the father of the young man they had murdered."

THE ART OF WEAVING.

WEAVING, as it is termed by manufacturers, is the art of combining or crossing threads, and interweaving them with one another on different planes, so as to form a cloth. There are many cloths and other fabrics made by merely uniting or combining one thread by looping, as is seen in stockings; other methods of forming a cloth are made (viz. the articles of bobbinet and lace) by machines quite different to the loom, called warp and stocking frames or machines, of which we shall speak in another paper. The stocking is composed of one continuous thread, made in loops; but, in weaving, the cloth is made of distinct threads—the one called the warp or weft, which runs lengthwise of the piece of cloth; and the other, the woof or weft, which crosses the warp at right angles. To be easily understood, let us explain the most simple mode of weaving common calicoes or Irish linen. Every other thread of the warp is put through a part of the apparatus of the loom, called the harness, which is a series of threads strained be-

tween thin bars of wood or iron, of width and number sufficient to suit the piece of cloth. These threads have in their centre an eye made in the thread, and sometimes of metal or glass—when of the latter materials, they are called mails. For the weaving of the simple fabrics alluded to, two of these harnesses are required; and it is evident that, when every other thread of the warp is passed through one harness, and the other harness is placed immediately behind it, having the remaining threads passed through it, that if one harness is raised up, one-half of the warp is carried with it; and in passing the shuttle through with the weft, it will lay it between the divided warp. At this period, another part of the loom is brought into action, called the batten or lay, the service of which is to batten up the last weft close to that previously laid in. The batten is placed in the front of the loom, and has a swinging motion, on two centres, along the line of threads called the warp. To this is attached a slay or reed, which, to make its form more familiar to the reader, has the appearance of a fine comb, having the teeth held together at the top and bottom. These are made of flatted wire—finer or coarser, according to the quantity of cloth desired. The warp threads pass through the spaces of this comb-like structure; the whole of the width of the cloth to be woven; therefore, when it strikes the weft, it lays it close to the side of that previously woven. At the moment the weft is driven home, the opposite harness is risen, and that previously up falls. This action crosses the weft, which circumstance keeps the weft firm in its place, and the shuttle passes back again through the opening made. This operation goes on until the whole piece of cloth is fabricated.

The art of weaving is of earlier date than spinning; for we see, in the savage nations, a cloth made from rushes and stalks of plants. The art of making linen was communicated by the Egyptians of Palestine, and other Eastern nations, to the Europeans. It seems probable that the Gauls learned the art from the Greeks; and from them it came to Great Britain: yet it is stated, on the authority of Julius Cæsar, that, when he conquered Britain, the art of weaving was unknown here. In the reign of Richard I, the woollen manufactures became a subject of legislation; and a law was made, A.D. 1197, regulating the sale and fabrication of cloth. Edward III gave great encouragement, by the most wise and judicious offers of reward to foreigners who were well versed in the art of weaving, to come and settle in England: and in the year 1331 two weavers came and settled in York, and, by their superior skill, and communicating their knowledge to

others, made a great improvement in the art. Many Flemish and Dutch weavers came over to this country between two and three centuries since; and their old looms are to be now seen at work in Spitalfields.

The art of weaving did not arrive at its height of perfection until the invention of Jacquard, whose singular event in life we cannot do better than extract from Dr Ure's 'Philosophy of Manufactures:—

"The history of the introduction of the Jacquard-loom is a most instructive lesson on the advantage of free intercourse and rivalry between different countries. The inventor of that beautiful mechanism was originally an obscure straw-hat manufacturer, who had never turned his mind to automatic mechanics, till he had an opportunity by the peace of Amiens of seeing in an English newspaper the offer of a reward by our Society of Arts, to any man who should weave a net by machinery. He forthwith roused his dormant faculties and produced a net by mechanism; but not finding the means of encouragement in the state of his country, he threw it aside for some time, and eventually gave it to a friend, as a matter of little moment. The net, however, got by some means into the hands of the public authorities, and was sent to Paris. After a considerable period, when Jacquard had ceased to think of his invention, the prefect of the department sent for him, and said, 'You have directed your attention to the making of net by machinery?' He did not immediately recollect it, but the net being produced recalled everything to his mind. On being desired by the prefect to make the machine which had led to that result, Jacquard asked three weeks' time for the purpose. He then returned with it, and requested the prefect to strike with his foot on a part of the machine, whereby a mesh was added to the net. On its being sent to Paris, an order was issued for the arrest of its constructor, by Napoleon, in his usual sudden and arbitrary way. He was placed immediately in charge of a *gendarme*, and was not allowed to go to his house to provide himself with necessaries for his journey. Arrived in the metropolis, he was placed in the *Conservatoire des Arts*, and required to make the machine there in the presence of inspectors; an order with which he accordingly complied.

"On his being presented to Bonaparte and Carnot, the former addressed him with an air of incredulity, in the following coarse language:—'Are you the man who pretend to do what Almighty God cannot do, to tie a knot in a stretched string?' He then produced a machine, and exhibited its mode of operation. He was afterwards

called upon to examine a loom on which from 20,000 to 30,000 francs had been expended for making fabrics for Bonaparte's use. He undertook to do, by a simple mechanism, what had been attempted in vain by a very complicated one; and taking as his pattern a model machine of Vaucanson, he produced the famous Jacquard-loom. He returned to his native town, rewarded with a pension of 1,000 crowns; but experienced the utmost difficulty to introduce his machine among the silk-weavers, and was three times exposed to imminent danger of assassination. The *Conseil des Prud'hommes*, who are the official conservators of the trade of Lyons, broke up his loom in the public place, sold the iron and wood for old materials, and denounced him as an object of universal hatred and ignominy. Nor was it till the French people were beginning to feel the force of foreign competition that they had recourse to this admirable aid of their countryman; since which time they have found it to be the only real protection and prop of their trade."

The bar-loom was a Swiss invention brought into the neighbourhood of St Etienne by two brothers. They were persecuted for their pains by the ribbon-weavers of the old school, and driven forth into the extremity of misery. The last of them died not long ago in an hospital, a victim of neglect and annoyance. Of late years, however, this loom has become a favourite mechanism, and is in almost universal use among the weavers of the very district where it was long an object of execration.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS. — A paper by Mr Simms, 'On the Application of Horse Power to raising Water,' gave the results arrived at from the use of nearly a hundred horses, working during stated periods daily, at eleven shafts drawing water by barrels with "gin rolls," from an average depth of 104 feet. The length of time during which horses were employed enabled Mr Simms to make extensive experiments, which were carefully tabulated, with all the attendant circumstances, and the result appeared to be, that rejecting all forced work, horses working constantly for three hours raised 32,943 pounds one foot high in a minute; while, if they were forced to work constantly for six hours, they could only raise 24,360 pounds one foot high in a minute. These results differ materially from the data which have been hitherto received, inasmuch as the eight hour experiments of Boulton and Watt

give 38,000 lbs.; Tredgold, 27,500 lbs.; Sauvour, 34,020 lbs.; and Desagulier, 44,000 lbs. Mr Simms found, that if the horses were worked either a longer time or at a greater speed, they soon died, but that with an average speed, and frequent relays, they bore their work well.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Mr Blashfield described the new material for tessellated pavements. Three years ago Mr Prosser discovered that by subjecting a mixture of pulverized felspar and fine clay to a strong pressure between steel dies, the powder was compressed into about one-fourth of its bulk, and became a compact body, much harder and considerably less porous than the common porcelain. The first application of this discovery was to the manufacture of buttons, which are more durable and less expensive than those in ordinary use. When removed from the press, the tesserae are placed in an oven to undergo the process of baking. These tesserae will bear a pressure of forty tons, and have been put to the most severe test in respect to the effect of frost on them, having been immersed in boiling water and then exposed to a temperature of thirty-two degrees. They may also be exposed to a considerable degree of heat, so that flues may be constructed below the tessellated pavements thus formed without causing any injury to them. Blue and green colouring is effected by metallic oxides in the process of baking, but other colours are mixed up before being submitted to pressure. Compact and durable bricks are also made by a similar process, but subjected, of course, to a much greater pressure, which is effected by the use of the hydraulic press. Slabs of elaborate design, and inlaid with coloured devices, suitable for chimney-pieces, &c., are also made by this process, being submitted to a pressure of 250 tons before baking. The subject was illustrated by specimens; and several tesserae were made by the machine and distributed among the company.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A voltaic pile recently adopted in Germany, the invention of M. Reiset, was exhibited. There are several glass vases, containing diluted nitric acid, in which floats a cylinder of coal. In this cylinder is placed a vase of porous earth, containing sulphuric acid, which has in it a rolled leaf of amalgamated zinc, each leaf being in communication, by a metallic conductor, with the diaphragm of the adjacent vase of coal. The coal cylinders are made of a mixture of bituminous coal and coke, calcined in a mould, and then passed under a lathe, and damped with sugared water, and again calcined. The pile exhibited was composed of forty elements. All the experiments performed with it were satisfactory. The

intensity of the current is great, and the expenditure of zinc is small.—MM. Gruby and Delafonde communicated a discovery they had made of worms circulating in the blood of an apparently healthy dog. They were found in blood from all parts. Their size is far less than that of the blood discs. Four or five were found in each drop of blood, or about 100,000 in the entire mass. The blood of seventy or eighty dogs had been examined without success before this case; and that of fifteen others had since been examined in vain.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A paper was read by Mr Higgs, on the progressive rise of the river Thames, as indicated by the necessity for constantly increasing the height of the Thames marsh walls, and by the fact of old causeways, &c., found below the present level of high water in the river, and by other collateral evidence.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—The Secretary read a Review of the Buddhistical and Jain literature of India, being a continuation of a paper on the Literature of India generally, by Dr Stevenson. The Buddhists and Jains have many features in common. Both use a language not Sanscrit, but closely allied to it, and vie with the Brahmans in their extravagant pretensions to antiquity; though it is fully recognised, that in India at least, the Brahmical religion is more ancient than that of Buddha. It is true, that the Buddha who appeared in the sixth century before the Christian era, represented himself as a successor of others who had preached the same doctrines for many ages before; but the Brahmical traditions contained in the Puranas show the origin of this assumption. Buddhistical works are now principally found in Nepal or Ceylon; the former in Sanscrit or Tibetan, the latter in Pali.—A short extract was read from the Dulva, a Thibetan work on Buddha Philosophy. The Mahawanso, translated by the Hon. Mr Turnour, is a valuable historical document, though it requires much pruning of silly fables, and may be suspected as to matters occurring before the sixth century B. C.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mrs Lawrence exhibited a handsome specimen of *Columnnea scandens*, its light-green foliage drooping gracefully around the pot, and each shoot bearing at its extremity large light crimson flowers; *Oncidium bistium*, with a small, chocolate-spotted perianth, and a large, bright yellow labellum; *Brassavola glauca*, in excellent health, which appeared to be owing to its being grown in earth instead of upon a block of wood.—From Sir G. Beaumont, Bart., a fair specimen of the Queen Pine, weighing 3 lbs. 10 oz., sent for the purpose of showing that fruit of this variety may be well swelled in winter; if kept at a low temperature;

the plant from which the present fruit was cut having been grown in a house never higher than from fifty to fifty-five degrees by night, and from sixty to sixty-five degrees by day, unless under powerful sunshine.

Then take not this chair! let no mortal
profane it,
Who friendship with art or with song
cannot claim;
Oh! worthy alone is that man to retain it,
Who "Roscoe" can cherish, in mem'ry
and name.

COLOURING DAGUERRETYPE PICTURES.

MR BEARD has succeeded in making very great improvements in the art of colouring Daguerreotypes. Some very beautiful specimens of groups and portraits were shown at the Polytechnic Institution at a private view on Wednesday. So perfect, indeed, were some of the subjects as to the detail in colour, that they appeared nearly as sharp as is seen in the Camera. The coloured portraits are very little more cost than those originally taken. There is also a great improvement made in the mode of manipulation, so much so as to insure the sitter a portrait at each sitting.

STANZAS.

Suggested by seeing a Chair, constructed from a beam of the House, at Liverpool, in which Roscoe the Poet was born; now in the possession of T. Mayer, Esq., Liverpool.

BY JAMES STONEHOUSE.

This chair, that the hand of skill, science, and taste,

Has laboured with sculpture so fair to adorn,

Was once a broad timber, which strongly embraced

The house where a poet most hallowed was born.

Beneath it he gambolled in life's early morning,

And frolicked the time of his childhood away;

Then heedless of knowledge, all discipline scorned,

He dwelt—till his talents burst forth into day.

'Twas there that the soul caught some glimpses of glory,

Perchance the first touch to his harp the bard gave;

And the wish was engendered of living in story

As waking the world to the wrongs of the slave.

Then little he thought, from its deepest recesses,

His genius was destined to drag to the light

The learning that Italy richly possesses,
Where fiction and fact both in beauty unite.

RAILWAYS.—The returns of traffic for the week on the principal lines are as follow:—Northern and Eastern, 1,159*l*.; Greenwich, 684*l*.; Eastern Counties, 832*l*.; Croydon, 204*l*.; Liverpool and Manchester, 3,685*l*.; Brighton, 2,196*l*.; Grand Junction, 7,007*l*.; York and North Midland, 1,359*l*.; Blackwall, 463*l*.; Great North of England, 1,103*l*.; Manchester and Leeds, 4,060*l*.; Midland Counties, 2,076*l*.; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1,682*l*.; Birmingham and Gloucester, 1,520*l*.; Birmingham and Derby, 1,142*l*.; North Midland, 3,376*l*.; South Western, 4,203*l*.; Great Western, 10,517*l*.; London and Birmingham, 12,969*l*.; South Eastern and Dover, 1,295*l*.; Manchester and Birmingham, 2,253*l*.—The final official inspection of the new portion of the Eastern Counties Railway, from Brentwood to Colchester, was made on the 8th instant, by Major-General Pasley, the Inspector-General of railways, accompanied by the directors and engineer of the line. On the following day the first cargo of live stock was transmitted from Colchester to Smithfield, and it is understood that the whole line will be opened for passenger traffic on Monday next.—Casting up the weekly amount taken by the railways as above (which are few in comparison to the whole laid down in Great Britain) we find they give 63,705*l*. or the enormous sum of 3,912,660*l*. annually; to this must be added the cost of travelling to and from the stations by omnibuses and other conveyances. All the coaching in the united kingdom could not possibly have produced such a circulation of money in the same space of time, or have employed a tithe of the people necessary to uphold a railroad in all its branches of engineers, drivers, police, labourers, &c.

Human Decay.—At St Thomas's Hospital, on Wednesday evening, a conversation was given, at which Dr George Gregory read some observations 'On the Laws which govern the Mode and Rate of Decay in the Human Frame.' In an able discourse, rich in varied information, he showed that the same Mighty Power which presided over the formation of man to mould him into symmetry, had with equal indulgence provided means for the extinction of life, to save him in ordinary cases from the pain of dying from total exhaustion; which, when it did occur, too frequently exemplified the words of the poet that—

"Protracted life is but protracted woe."



Arms. On a fesse sa., a castle triple-towered, ar. *Crest.* A tower ar. from the battlements, a chaplet of laurel ppr. *Supporters.* Dexter, a lion ar. murally crowned or, gorged with a wreath of oak, fructed, ppr.; sinister, a horse ar. bridled and saddled ppr., murally gorged gu. *Motto.* "Avancez." Advance.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HILL.

THE residence of this noble family in the county of Salop has been traced back to the time of Henry III. Formerly the name, instead of Hill, was spelt Hull. One of the family, named Humphrey, lived in the reign of Henry V. From him the present family have descended; but he to whom future generations may be expected to look back with most reverence and admiration is its late wearer, the Baron recently deceased, who placed it on the proud roll of the nobles of England.

Rówland Hill entered the army in 1790, by joining the 38th Regiment. His promotion was rapid. He was in the unfortunate expedition to Toulon, and was sent home with despatches from Sir David Dundas when that place was evacuated. He served under Abercromby in Egypt, with the 90th Regiment. In the battle of Alexandria he was wounded rather seriously by a spent ball. On the 1st of Jan. in the following year he was promoted to a Brevet-Colonelcy, and with the rank of Brigadier-General was appointed to the Irish staff. On being made a Major-General he was placed upon Lord Cathcart's staff, on the occasion of his expedition to Hanover.

The great scene of his glory was the Peninsula, for which he sailed from Cork in 1808. He was in the battles of Rolicca and Vimiera, fought by Sir Arthur Wellesley; and he commanded a corps under Sir John Moore during his retreat, and the reserve at Corunna. When Sir Arthur returned to Portugal, General Hill accompanied him; and in the passage of the Douro, May 12, 1809, on Sir Edward Paget being wounded, succeeded to his command. He successfully withstood superior numbers till additional forces came to his assistance, and compelled Soult to retreat.

At Talavera he was wounded, and the manner in which he repulsed the most determined attacks of the enemy greatly added to his reputation. His surprise of

Arrayo de Molinas was a masterly operation. It was deemed a singular coincidence that in that affair a battalion of the 34th French Regiment was attacked and taken by a wing of the English 34th. In destroying the bridge of boats at Almaraz, by which Marshal Marmont had secured the passage of the Tagus, he was next conspicuous for his activity, valour, and success. On the Nive, in the battle of December 13, 1813, he was greatly distinguished. Soult was here again his opponent, and was compelled to retire, with the loss of two pieces of artillery. Lord Wellington, who arrived on the spot immediately after the action, congratulated the victor on the triumph, by the exclamation, "Hill, the day's your own." In numerous other instances he nobly sustained the character of the British army.

In requital of his services he received the Grand Cross of the Bath, the government of Blackness Castle, the Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword, the freedom of the city of London, and the government of Hull. He closed his useful career as Commander-in-Chief, where his unceasing attention to the efficiency of the army commanded the esteem and admiration of all parties. His death is so recent that here it is unnecessary to recal the feelings which it inspired among all classes in the service. He was raised to the Peerage, May 17, 1814, as Baron Hill. A second patent was granted to his Lordship, January 16, 1814, conferring a similar distinction, with the additional designation of Hardwicke, and in remainder to the male issue of his deceased brother.

Teignmouth.—The religious sect which sprung up a few years since in Devonshire, under the name of the "Plymouth Brethren," have established a branch chapel in this town. Lord Congleton preached in it on Sunday last, and it already numbers a very large congregation.

Reviews.

Heathen Mythology Illustrated. Willoughby and Co.

This is a very pretty and a very useful book. The march of literature renders some knowledge of classic story necessary to those who do not pretend to be scholars, and here much information of the ancient gods, goddesses, and heroes is furnished in unaffected, intelligible language, and impressed on the mind by nearly two hundred engravings. Such a work must be acceptable to old or young. The child who is too young to read will be amused with the lively pictorial representations which almost every page exhibits. Some of the embellishments are of a superior order. The Bacchantes are presented to us in the accompanying spirited group (A), the freshness and the animation of which must strike every one. The specimens which follow, representing Amphitrite and her Dolphin (B), and the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto (C), will give some idea of the varied entertainment here prepared for them.

It is, however, but justice to say that if the embellishments, so profusely supplied, were withdrawn, the publication before us would still be valuable. The stories of the Heathen Mythology are told with clearness and delicacy, and with admirable tact the compiler has enriched his pages with apposite quotations from the works of our most approved English bards. Vast industry in this respect has been exercised. He might almost be allowed to boast, in the words of Dr Johnson, that "He has made a Commodore - Anson - voyage round the whole world of English poetry," for hardly one poet of acknowledged eminence has escaped being made a contributor to this volume, which in fact is, besides being what it is considered, a new collection of "elegant extracts." The votaries of the Muses will



THE BACCHANTES. (A)



AMPHITRITE AND HER DOLPHIN. (B)



ABDUCTION OF PROSERPINE BY PLUTO. (C)

find a rich treat in the modern beauties which follow in the train of venerable antiquity. We believe the plan on which it has been done is novel, but it is one that well deserves to be imitated, and for those who wish to add to their classic stores of knowledge in the pleasantest way possible, the 'Heathen Mythology' may be fairly commended as a treasure which would be cheaply purchased at three or four times its price.

Letters on South America; comprising Travels on the Banks of the Paraná and Rio de la Plata.

This work is a history of twenty-five years' residence in the regions which pour their waters into the *Rio de la Plata*. We shall content ourselves with taking a few entertaining extracts. In the year 1815, when one of the authors landed at Paraná with merchandise, the disturbed state of the country made it doubtful whether he should realize a farthing, or be a sacrifice himself, when an unexpected visitor appeared.

"Sitting one evening under the corridor of my house, there came up to my very chair, on horseback, a tall, raw-boned, ferocious looking man, in Gaucho attire, with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, pending from a besmeared belt of half-tanned leather, red whiskers and mustachios, hair uncombed of the same colour, matted with perspiration, and powdered with dust. His face was not only burnt almost to blackness by the sun, but it was blistered to the eyes; while large pieces of shrivelled skin stood ready to fall from his parched lips. He wore a pair of plain ear-rings, a foraging cap, a tattered poncho, blue jacket with tarnished red facings, a large knife in a leathern sheath, a pair of potro boots, and rusty iron spurs, with rowels an inch and a half in diameter. His horse was a noble animal, and sweated profusely. His gored sides were panting, his nostrils distended; he champed his enormous bit, tossing his head till he foamed at the mouth, and besprinkled both his own body and that of his master with froth."

This man turned out to be an Irishman, long resident in the country, and was afterwards the chief instrument of our author's success.

The method resorted to by the South Americans for killing the wild cattle is curious.

"For shelter during the night they invariably took to the woods, and the 'mantanza,' or slaughter of them took place there during the summer months, and by moonlight. When the night was clear—and it was seldom otherwise—a number of men, varying according to the quantity of cattle collected, or hides wanted, put on a

sort of front armour of hide, so as to enable them to scramble in among the thorny trees without lacerating their bodies. The woods consist almost exclusively of mimosas, including many varieties of the thorny acacia. When the men got in among the trees where the cattle were reposing, they crawled on their knees and hands among the sleeping tenants of the woods; and armed with sharp knives, they stuck them in the throats, left them to bleed to death, and returned in the morning to flay them. These men carried, also, a kind of hide shield, to defend them in the event of an attack from any of the roused bulls, should they suddenly turn round upon them. There was a picturesque barbarity in the operation; but it was comparatively easy work to that of slaughtering the wild horses,—the noble and unrestrained, but nevertheless doomed tenants of their native forests. At the time of our sojourn in Corrientes, these wild horses and mares had so overrun the country, that it was not uncommon to find particular herds of them of five to ten thousand in number."

Speaking of the value of the hides of horses.

"The dried hide became more valuable than the animal itself, for there was to add to the original cost all the expense of slaughter, curing the hide, carting, &c. For a great proportion of ourrs in Corrientes and Goya, we paid one dollar to ten rials the *pesada*, a weight of thirty-five pounds, equal to about three halfpence per pound. Three months afterwards they were sold in Buenos Ayres at about fivepence halfpenny per pound; and perhaps six months after that they were sold in Liverpool and London at from ninepence to twopence per pound, to the tanners. Supposing one hide with another to give twenty shillings, it then produced exactly ten times the amount which the South American country gentleman received for the whole animal on his estate. I have still in my possession a contract which I made in Goya, with an estanciero, for twenty thousand wild horses, to be taken on his estate at the price of a *medio* each; that is to say, threepence for each live horse or mare. The slaughter of them cost threepence a head more; the staking and cleaning the hides, once more, threepence; and lastly, a like sum for the carting to Goya, making the whole cost one shilling for each skin. Of this contract ten thousand animals were delivered; the skins were packed in bales, and sold in Buenos Ayres at six rials or three shillings each, and they sold ultimately in England for seven or eight shillings; that is, the skins sold for about 2,800 to 3,000 per cent. on the first cost of the horse from which the skin was taken. Such is the accumulative value sometimes

of the produce which is taken from the hands of the grower in one country before it gets into the hands of the consumer in another."

The author gives a curious picture of the Pampa Indians, as to their food.

"You might fancy yourself in the Pampas, see assembled in a large yard, not unlike a knacker's, the tattered and half-naked Indians of the Pampas; two mares they have just killed for dinner, which they are cutting up with more avidity than precision. They live almost entirely on mare's flesh, a dainty which they prefer to all others. Now comes the maté, the cigar, and best of all, the raw spirits, which they never leave until finished; they then wrap themselves in their poncho, each with his better half, if he have one, round a blazing fire in winter, and in the summer under the light of the moon."

A SISTER'S LOVE.

(Continued).

But various, antic, and extraordinary as are the habiliments with which Africa, America, and even Europe are laid under contribution to supply on the occasion, it would have puzzled the most original "John Cance" of them all to don a garment at once so strange and so familiar to the eye of Evelyn as that in which she presently saw the female stranger to be enveloped. No sooner was she within the precincts of the verandah, than dropping the hood of the Irish cloak, at sight of which alone Evelyn's heart had fluttered almost to bursting—Aileen, thin, pale, and altered in all save warmth of affection, stood as a ghost from the grave before her bewildered sister!

Unlike in external fortunes and outward semblance as the once undistinguishable twins of Letrewel had become, they were still one in warmth of heart and feeling; and again it was the affectionate Evelyn's eager inquiries about her sister's envied children.

"It is well with the children," sobbed out the mother, whose pride they had so lately been; "they are all, save one, with God. But their father—Moriarty!"—and here sobs checked the utterance of Aileen, and she in return fell, in a bitterness of grief which knew no respect of persons, on the jewelled neck of her scarcely less agitated sister.

"Aileen mavourneen!" cried the latter fondly—"what means this distress? Is your husband ill, or in danger, or"—half shuddering as led on by silence to rise in the climax of misfortune—"he is not dead?"

"Not dead! no, not yet—if grief and

shame haven't killed him since we parted—but a dead man, Evelyn dear, after three days are over, if you, that seemed like a blessed angel, when I heard as in a dream that God had sent you and your's to nigh me in my sorrow, don't stretch forth a helping hand to me and mine!"

"God forbid we should do otherwise, Aileen," replied her gentle sister, "when it's so much we both have owed to you in other days."

"You can save his life," gasped out the poor wife convulsively; "you and none but you on earth have power to do it; and you'll not let him die, Evelyn dear, even if to free him from death, he (meaning Sir Guy) must know that ye have and had a sister!"

"Oh! no, no! God forbid I should be so selfish and hard-hearted!" faltered the trembling Evelyn; though, at the bare thought of the compulsory avowal which the promise involved, she felt lowered in the dust beneath the suppliant before her. "But how can his knowing do Moriarty good?"

"Because he nor no soldier officer that ever knew and did his duty will pardon a man condemned for murder, unless"—and the modest Aileen hesitated—"unless she that bids him do it has good right to ask that same."

"And that you have, if ever woman had!" exclaimed the conscious Evelyn. But—did you—could you say, Moriarty was a murderer?"

"God forbid I should say so, and pardon them that did! The blood he shed—and, God knows, in trying to save life—lies at another's door; and yet, sister dear, men that never saw the thing happen, nor knew the nature of the creature, that he wouldn't hurt a fly, have brought him in guilty; and die he must"—a strong shiver crossed her frame as she spoke—"on Thursday, if your blessed General doesn't rescue him out of their hands."

The tale which, by broken interrogatories, Evelyn extorted in equally disjointed fragments from her sister, was a sad, but in those days of licence and favouritism, a less uncommon instance than could now occur of the force of prejudice when combined with power.

Sergeant Carroll's regiment had but recently landed after dreadful hardships and fever, whose ravages had well nigh swept his humble hearth, from the coast of Africa, on an adjoining island to that of which Sir Guy was governor. A young commanding officer, whom interest, then all-powerful, had enabled to escape the African duty, finding it impossible to evade the West Indian, had joined with the worst possible grace a corps to the

individuals of which, as well as their general habits, he was necessarily a stranger. Had he been amenable, under those circumstances, to advice, the unanimous voice of officers and men pointed out poor Carroll to fill the just-vacated situation of sergeant-major, for which his good conduct, mild temper, and general popularity eminently qualified him. But that very unanimity of recommendation assumed, to a foolish, head-strong *ignoramus* (for such the new major was) the air of dictation. A low-lived sycophant was petulantly raised over the head of poor Moriarty, to the disgust of the whole regiment, and no doubt to his own secret disappointment.

Poor Carroll, nevertheless, all Irish as he was, bore the double mortification to his person and country like a perfect angel. A lad from the same part of the country took upon him, much to the annoyance of the pacific sergeant, the office of Moriarty's champion. Under the joint influence of cheap liquor, a hot temper, and a broiling sun, this rash lad, in a barrack squabble, had levelled his fire-lock at the obnoxious sergeant-major; Moriarty had interposed (as two persons, the culprit included, but who were both unfortunately his own countrymen, testified) to beat it down. In so doing it had accidentally gone off, and lodged the contents not in the heart but legs of the intended victim, whose death, though it unquestionably followed within a very few days, was far more justly attributable to new rum and a bad habit of body than to the unhappy accident of which Moriarty had been, in averting worse evil, the innocent cause.

The commandant, incensed at the loss of his *protégé*, got up such a case of insubordination, revenge, and *malice prepense*, against poor Moriarty, who had been heard to say, on the deceased's appointment (alluding to his incapacity), that "he doubted if he would be a month sergeant-major," that a tribunal of strangers, hastily assembled from other corps, and mystified by contradictory evidence, leaned, naturally perhaps, to the commanding officer's version, and found a verdict of guilty against poor Carroll.

The military governor of the island, to whom an appeal on behalf of the culprit would certainly have been made, was absent on a cruise for his health. The day fixed for the execution of the sentence was close at hand, and hope was well nigh dead in the bosom of the resigned and manly victim and his agonised wife, when some friendly visitor to the prison regretted that an attempt had not been made to interest in the cause the upright new governor of T—, Sir Guy Sydenham.

Aileen's heart bounded to her lips with renovated hope.

To get at Sir Guy within the given three days was, of course, her first object; and now did the Mermaid of Innismoran's early familiarity with ocean perils come once more to the aid of her womanly devotedness; for the small island of T—, being little frequented (except in crop-time) by anything deserving the name of shipping, the sole means of conveyance its harbour then afforded was a "caiaç," or canoe, hollowed, with Indian simplicity of construction, out of one wild cotton tree, with length of course hugely disproportioned to its scanty breadth, and calculated for coasting purposes alone, yet in which, could a coadjutor be procured, the fearless wife was ready to brave the perils of a ten hours' run across the treacherous Caribbean sea.

A light steady breeze favoured the daring enterprise, and even in less time than had been allotted, Aileen stood under the roof of the arbiter of her husband's fate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA,

IN 1638.

PERE KIRCHER, an eminent scholar, who lived at the beginning of the 17th century, has left an animated description of an earthquake which swallowed up a city, and in a few moments converted the site on which it stood into an offensive pool. The facts he states are so astounding that they cannot but command attention.

"Having hired a boat, in company with four others, we launched from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived the same day at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphemia, in Calabria, where we had some business, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design, for we were obliged to tarry three days at Pelorus on account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and although the sea became more than usually agitated, we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to Etna, I saw it cast forth volumes of smoke of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more-dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very

unusual appearance; they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all Nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at Tropea, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatened dangers of the sea.

“But our triumphs at land were of short duration; for we had scarcely arrived at the Jesuits’ College in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots, driven fiercely forward; the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued; so that the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate on the ground. In the meantime the universal ruin round me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side of me I saw nothing but a scene of ruin, and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I commended myself to God as my last refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, are mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles in the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amid the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety; and running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape; it was all silence, and a gloomy apprehension of impending terrors.

“Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn when we were once more obliged to return to the boat: and in about half an hour we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn at which we had

set up, dashed to the ground, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins.

“In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety on land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizum, a castle midway between Tropea and Euphemia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Strombolo, though at sixty miles’ distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences; it every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake dreadfully, so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

“After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood out, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphemia, which lay within sight. In the meantime, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away: then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was melancholy solitude—a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us, but his senses were quite wrapped up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loathe the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness, but he only pointed to the place of the city like one out of his senses, and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphemia; and as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of 200

miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men scattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers by sea and land."

Kircher we have already mentioned as a well known scholar. It is proper to add that he was devotedly fond of antiquarian lore. "Everything," says his French biographer, "that was ancient, he regarded as divine." Aware of this, some students played off a trick on him which Sir Walter Scott afterwards introduced into his novel of 'The Antiquary.' They traced some fanciful characters on a stone, and concealed it in a place on which they knew it was intended shortly to build. In due time the buried stone was discovered, and submitted to Kircher, who applied himself to ascertain the meaning of the mysterious hieroglyphics which it bore. He laboured with great assiduity, and at last satisfied himself that he had completely succeeded, and furnished a very sublime interpretation to that which had really no meaning at all. On another occasion they brought before him a leaf of Chinese paper, on which were written certain characters, which, though he thought he understood the Chinese language, he could not decipher. They then showed that the characters had been reversed, and, holding it before a glass, he read them without difficulty.

These facts exhibit the character of the man in such a light, that every one must feel to have been in a scene like that above described, must have delighted his classical heart. His narrative will remind many of our readers of the younger Pliny's graphic picture (most likely studiously imitated) of that awful moment when a city was overwhelmed by ashes, instead of being, like Euphemia, immersed in water.

Miscellaneous.

THE PARTHENON.—*Phidias*, to whom was credited the accomplishment of this vast design, employed Callicrates and Ictinus as the architects: Alcámenes, Agoracritus, Colotes, and other artists of equal eminence, were associated with himself in its external decorations: while the statue of the goddess, for the interior, was reserved for his own hands. Of no other work has superiority been assented to with the same degree of unanimity; and certainly of all the known productions in Art, the sculptures of the Parthenon approach nearest to perfection. The great care bestowed upon the execution strikes us with astonishment when it is remembered that, in many in-

stances, more especially in the eagles of the pediment, the greater part of the work must have been totally out of sight; and those portions which could be fully viewed, were, at the nearest point, not less than 190 feet from the spectator. We learn from the authority of several writers, that a custom prevailed of exposing works to public view before they were placed in the situations they were destined to occupy; and the ambition the artist would naturally feel to excel, may be adduced as a sufficient motive for the extreme finish throughout of these statues. But, we may reasonably infer, that a much higher feeling—the sanctity of the edifice, and the glory of being associated with a work proposed to surpass all others in magnificence, and to be raised in honour, not only of the divinity presiding over Athens, but at the same time, the immediate protectress of the Arts themselves—would prevail over every other minor motive to call forth the highest energies of the artist. The form of this temple was hypæthral, or in part open to the sky. It was about 200 feet in length, 100 in breadth, and 58 feet in height to the baseline of the tympanum, and 72 feet to the apex. The height from the ground to the metopes and Panathenæic frieze was about 46 feet. The latter received its light chiefly by reflection, and from between the columns of the peristyle. The entrance was at the east end, a custom, it appears, observed in all Athenian temples, in contradistinction to the Dorian Greeks, who entered at the west, and addressed the Deity with their faces towards the east, as is generally practised, at this time, in Christian communities.—*Westmacot's Lectures.*

PICTORIAL NEWSPAPERS.—The rage for illustration of works has now found its way into the weekly press. The success of the 'London Weekly News' has brought forward many other papers. The 'Illustrated Polytechnic Review' is a paper wanted, in which the illustrations, particularly in matters of machinery or scientific apparatus, must greatly assist elucidation of the subject. The last number is well got up, and very instructive. Among the latest pictorials, one is particularly worthy of notice, 'The Illustrated Weekly Times.' The cuts are most appropriate and happily timed. It might be imagined they are got up by steam, for although a week had not elapsed since the news of the earthquake arrived, they had some beautiful engravings connected with the interesting subject.

CHINA.—From Hong-Kóng we have favourable accounts of the rapid advancement of this; the newest of our colonial possessions. An English weekly newspaper has been regularly published for nearly a year, and the advertisements give a curious insight into the progress and re-

quirements of civilisation in that distant island. Among the announcements are the European comforts of *soap, candles, claret, champagne, an hotel, a solicitor, and the sale of "A Manila horse, an Amoy mare and colt, and an omnibus!"* The following advertisement, announcing the progress of a theatre, may amuse our readers:—*"Advance Hong-Kong!!!—Theatre Royal. Messrs Dutronquoy and Co. have at length the satisfaction of announcing to the nobility, gentry, and clergy of this flourishing and opulent colony, that their theatre is advancing most rapidly towards completion. It is on a most splendid scale, and with the pieces that will be performed, the scenery that will be introduced, and the splendid assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion which they hope to be honoured with, there is no doubt but that the blaze of splendour will dazzle the eyes of all beholders.—VIVAT REGINA!—N.B. The actresses have arrived during the last week—their beauties and talents are only to be surpassed by their spotless virtues."* It would be as well if we could apply the last sentence to our nymphs of the stage.

"THE WISDOM OF THE NATION IS FOOLISHNESS."—In the year 1671, a pamphlet was published under this title against the abuses which were said to have crept in among medical men. As a fair specimen of the charges then made on their hapless patients the following is given:—*"Apothecary's bill for attending Mr Dalby, of Ludgate hill, five days, total amount, 17l. 2s. 10d."*

"The following are the items of medicines for one day:—"

	<i>s. d.</i>
<i>An emulsion</i>	<i>4 6</i>
<i>A mucilage</i>	<i>3 4</i>
<i>Gelly of hartshorn</i>	<i>4 0</i>
<i>Plaster to dress blister</i>	<i>1 0</i>
<i>An emollient</i>	<i>2 6</i>
<i>An ivory pipe armed</i>	<i>1 0</i>
<i>A cordial bolus</i>	<i>2 6</i>
<i>The same again</i>	<i>2 6</i>
<i>A cordial draught</i>	<i>2 4</i>
<i>The same again</i>	<i>2 4</i>
<i>Another bolus</i>	<i>2 6</i>
<i>Another draught</i>	<i>2 4</i>
<i>A glass of cordial spirits</i>	<i>3 6</i>
<i>Blistering plaster to the arms</i>	<i>5 0</i>
<i>The same to the wrists</i>	<i>5 0</i>
<i>Two boluses again</i>	<i>5 0</i>
<i>Two draughts again</i>	<i>4 8</i>
<i>Another emulsion</i>	<i>4 6</i>
<i>Another pearl julep</i>	<i>4 6</i>

MIRROR LEVITES.

The Plum-Bunn Theatre.—Mr Gregory, who was lately so violently opposed when he attempted to perform *Hamlet*, is consoled for that annoyance, if report be true, by a legacy of more than a hundred thousand pounds! Resolute to obtain a hearing on

the stage, he now says, if every existing theatre should be closed against him, he will erect one for himself. The new play-house, if built, as it will rise in consequence of the bequest above-mentioned, and the course pursued by Mr Bunn, it may not be improper to name the "*Plum-Bunn Theatre.*"

ON THE PUBLICATION OF VON WEBER'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS BY THEODORE HELL.

A speech more singular than droll
 Poor Weber made, his cronies tell;
 "By prayer I hope to save my soul,
 The works I leave must go to HELL."

DOG HOUSE LAMB.

"If passed the Dog-Cart Drawing Bill,
 The butchers all the dogs will kill,
 Their customers to cram."
 So Berkeley thinks, folks understand,
 And thus he says to all the land—
 "Mind how you eat house-lamb."

This hint—a searching one, no doubt—
 The butchers all agree to scout;
 They say, "Our hearts can feel—
 We, did we not the charge despise,
 Might as well say, "When Berkeley dies,
 Take care how you eat *real.*"

LYNX.

The Catherer.

Rossini's Art.—This admired composer is accused of perpetually repeating the same ideas of modulation in different shapes, which is described to be revolving and re-revolving within a very narrow sphere. Yet such was the perfection of his efforts so cramped, that when only four-and-twenty years of age, he was hailed as a prodigy by the whole musical world!

Roman History.—Livy, commencing the second half of the first decade of his history, observes that what he had previously related was obscure by reason of antiquity, and resembled objects seen at a great distance. This obscurity he attributes to two circumstances; one, that writing was rare in those times—the other, that the little which was preserved in the commentaries of the Pontifices, and the other public and private monuments, had mostly perished in the conflagration of the city by the Gauls.

Irish Flax Society.—We have received a report of the proceedings of this Society for 1842, from which we collect that the growth of flax in Ireland is becoming of greater importance every year, chiefly through the assistance offered by the friends of the Society. Belgian flax-growers and dressers have been brought over for the purpose of teaching the Irish how to cultivate and prepare it in the manner practised in that country; and

young Irishmen have been sent to Belgium to acquire knowledge on the spot. There is no doubt that flax may be grown as well in this country as in Flanders, and we should expect it to prove, under good management, very remunerating.

Syria.—Intelligence from Beyrout, of the 8th ult., mentions that Bishop Alexander was still there, awaiting the arrival of the imperial firman, authorizing him to proceed with the construction of the Protestant church at Jerusalem. The schismatical Greeks of Lebanon had petitioned Assad Pasha to be allowed to appoint a chief of their own religion. The Catholic Greeks had refused to acknowledge the Maronite Kaimacan.

Lettish Proverbs.—Some of the sayings that fly loose among the inhabitants of the North, called the Lettish people, are rather pointed. A few are transcribed.

"You cannot make soup out of a handsome face."

"To taste the sweet you must eat the bitter."

"Death can take nothing from an empty room."

"Boast of the day till it has come to an end."

"Women have long hair, but short thoughts."

Sufferers at Point à Pitre.—The French Government have lost no time in aiding the sufferers; and the Chamber of Deputies have been called upon to vote 2,500,000 francs. The King of the French has subscribed 20,000 francs; the Queen, 10,000 francs; the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, 3,000 francs; the Duke de Montpensier, 1,000 francs; and Princess Clementine, 1,000 francs; besides which, a strong subscription is going on in the capital and France generally.

Explanation of the Phenomenon of Life.—This world is a stage on which spirits come to act a part, and then withdraw.—*Thibault.*

Natural Magic.—Mr Andrew Coventry in a letter to the agricultural interest of Scotland, mentions that, among the objects which now occupy the scientific world, there is one for converting starch into cane sugar. In France, small beer and brandy are now produced on a great scale from potatoes.

City Improvements.—All the obstructions between the Mansion house and the new Royal Exchange will be cleared away within a fortnight; and the late Sir F. Chantrey's equestrian group of the Duke of Wellington, to be erected by the City in gratitude for his Grace's services, will be opened on the 18th June.

Bonaparte at Cards.—Napoleon loved *vingt-un* because it was rapid in its progress, and because it gave him an opportunity of cheating. He laughed a good deal

at his roguery when he was not found out; and the spirit of the courtier had, even before he became Emperor, made such progress in his suite, that they often voluntarily shut their eyes upon his small generalship. Gain was not his object: at the end of the game he restored his winnings; it was his fortune that he could not bear to frown upon him any more in a game of cards than on a field of battle. Fortune owed him an ace or a ten as she owed him fine weather on the day of an engagement; and if she did not give it, nobody was to see it.

Origin of Steam.—When the Marquis of Worcester was a state prisoner in the Tower, he one day observed, while his meal was preparing, that the cover of the vessel being tight, was, by the expansion of the steam, suddenly forced off, and driven up the chimney. His inventive mind was led on to a train of thought, obscurely exhibited in his 'Century of Inventions,' which were successively wrought out by the meditations of others, and an incident, to which we can hardly make a formal reference without a risible emotion, terminated in the noblest instance of mechanical power.

Love of Art.—The young and classical sculptor who raised the statue of Charles II, in the centre of the late Royal Exchange, was, in the midst of his work, advised by his medical friends to 'desist,' for his exertions had made fatal inroads on his constitution; but he was willing, he said, to die at the foot of his statue. The statue was raised, and the young sculptor, with the shining eye and hectic flush of consumption, beheld it there—returned home—and died!

— The artists have finished the decorations of the superb new saloon in the southern wing of the Hotel de Ville at Paris, which is for the future to be called the Saldn Napoleon.

— There are 11 millions of landowners in France, of whom one-half do not pay more than five francs per annum each in taxes. The average size of the different estates is about 12½ English acres.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The hints of a "Reader and Subscriber since 1838" are taken in good part. Some of them will be attended to, but he is not infallible, and we could show opinions diametrically opposed to his, from those whose judgment he would be likely to deem as much entitled to respectful attention as his own.

An Old Correspondent is thanked for his congratulations and kind offer, but the poetry he has sent will not suit 'The Mirror.'

L. N.'s elegiac stanzas are declined.

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Original Communications.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

THE reign of Philippe the Third of France, surnamed *Le Hardi*, opened under singular circumstances. A series of events occurred, within a very short period, to extend his dominions and his power. The consequence of this was, he indulged in greater splendour than his ancestors could affect, and made it his glory to distinguish his reign by brilliant tournaments and passages at arms.

His father, Saint Louis, died in Africa, in the dominions of the King of Tunis,

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which place he had approached on his way to Jerusalem, having projected a crusade. Philippe, who had accompanied his parent on his expedition, and brought with him, besides the remains of his father, the coffins of his two brothers, John Tristan, and Alphonso of Poictou; those of Jane, who had survived her husband Alphonso but one day, and Thibaut II, King of Navarre. Each of these deaths had given the new king an additional province.

The love of pageantry of Philippe caused the opening of his reign to be marked by splendid processions. He entered his capital May 22nd, 1271, followed by the funeral trains of the victims to the African

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climate, which was then as fatal as it now is to European life. In solemn pomp, the bodies which he had caused to be transported from Tunis were conveyed to St Denis; and the interest of the spectacle was heightened—in the estimation of the beholders—from the part acted on this occasion by the king. He assisted to carry the coffin of his father on his shoulders; and seven small pyramids of stones, erected by his command, long marked the several spots in the fauxbourg St Denis, on which he had halted to take breath while engaged in this pious labour.

That duty performed, the vain-glorious monarch hastened to display, on a grand scale, the vast means placed at his disposal; and his passages at arms, on account of their extraordinary brilliancy, were the delight of France and the talk of all Europe. In those scenes, which the modern taste for reviving the doings of ancient days has not yet recalled, the most distinguished warriors of the time were invited to prove their valour. Regulations were made with respect to the arms that were to be used; and the armour which the combatants were to assume was so carefully arranged, as well as the number of blows which were to be given, that it was presumed life would not be endangered. "Twenty strokes," says one of these chivalrous challengers, "to be given without intermission, and we may if we please seize each other by the body. Should it happen (as I hope it will not) that in the performance of these deeds of arms one of us be wounded, inasmuch that, during the day, he shall be unable to complete the combat with the arms then in use, the adverse party shall not make any account of it, but shall consider it as if nothing had passed."

We cannot but smile at this tenderness, connected with the high-sounding words of defiance which were commonly its accompaniment. Such rencontres, however, were not always so harmless as the reader might be led to suppose. The excitement of the scene was great. Ambition in the principal actors, nobly to distinguish themselves before the high ladies and the proud assemblies which graced them, supplied the place of fury on the field of battle. The morning-star, brought into action by a powerful arm, though intended only to stun or temporarily to disable, would sometimes kill. Such was nearly the case in the "Passage" of which a representation is given at the head of this article.

In the year 1279, Robert de Clermont, a brother of Philippe, received on his casque so severe a blow from a morning-star, or iron mace, that it was said to have shaken his brain out of its place, and it deprived him of his reason for the remainder of his life.

THE LATE DR SOUTHEY, POET LAUREATE.

THIS eminent poet died on the 21st ult., at his residence, Keswick. For some years previous to his decease his intellect was greatly impaired: indeed, at times, he was in a state of complete insanity. His writings will be handed down to posterity among England's standard works. His parentage, of which he used often to speak, was humble. His father was a linendraper, in Wine street, Bristol, where his son Robert was born on the 12th of August, 1774. He was sent to school when six years of age, to Mr Foote, a Baptist minister; and subsequently taught by a Mr Flower, at Corston, near Newton St Loo, and by a Mr William Williams, "a Welshman, from whom little scholarship was to be got," being subsequently placed at Westminster, in 1788, by his maternal uncle, Mr Hill; and at Baliol College, in 1792, with an idea of his entering the church. His tendency towards Socinian opinions made the plan of life chalked out for him altogether distasteful. In that year he published his first poems, in conjunction with Mr Lovell, the friends assuming the names of Moschus and Bion. In the November of the following year, 1795, he married Miss Fricker of Bristol, the sister of Mrs Coleridge. In the winter of the same year, while the author was on his way to Lisbon, 'Joan of Arc' was published.

Dr Southey's life, apart from the books he wrote and the books he collected, may be recorded in small compass. On the decease of Mr Pye, in the year 1813, he was appointed Laureate; received his Doctor's degree in the year 1821; and, about six years ago, contracted a second marriage with Miss Caroline Bowles, one of the most pathetic among contemporary authoresses. His poems are 'Wat Tyler,' 'Joan of Arc,' 'Thalaba,' 'Metrical Tales,' 'Madec,' 'The Curse of Kehama,' 'Carmen Triumphale,' 'Roderick,' 'The Vision of Judgment.' His fugitive pieces, small as is their bulk among Dr Southey's literary performances, suggest the diligence of their writer; for they range between the remote superstitions of Hindoo mythology, the early history of England, France, and the Peninsula.

His prose works comprise translations of the poems of the Cid, of Amadis, and Palmerin of England:—Essays, allowing the 'Letters of Espricella,' 'Sir Thomas More's Colloquies,' and the slighter 'Quixiana,' to bear the name. Histories, among which are 'The Book of the Church,' the 'History of the Peninsular War,' the 'History of the Brazils,' and Biography. Foremost in this last department we must point to the 'Life of Nelson' as one of the most popular and per-

fect specimens of its class, noble in feeling and faultless in style; to the 'Life of Wesley,' the 'Life of Cowper,' the 'Life of Chatterton,' and the 'Life of Kirke White, of Nottingham.'

He was a man of acute sensibility. As he advanced in life, his opinions became very different from what they were at the outset of his career. The amiable feelings manifested in most of his productions, commanded the admiration of those most opposed to him in politics.

The late Lord Byron was one of his fiercest assailants. His 'Vision of Judgment' was a bitter satire on the Doctor, and on the poem which he had published under the same title. His lordship, it need hardly be told, possessed gigantic power, and he "used it like a giant." The portrait drawn of Dr Southey was rancorous, but not a little striking. According to his lordship—

"The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave;

A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which
gave

A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect; which, though rather
grave,

Was by no means so ugly as his case.
But that indeed was hopeless, as may be—
Quite a poetic felony 'de se.'"

He regarded with indifference the ordinary rewards of public men. A baronetcy, when offered, was declined; and he refused the honour of a seat in Parliament. He was an acute critic, and replied to some of the attacks made upon him with great spirit and stinging sarcasm. His benevolence in private life was universally admitted. He was correct in all ordinary affairs, a just man, and a sincere friend. Peace to his manes!

SIGHTS AT WOOLWICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

THE London readers of 'The Mirror' need not be told that at Woolwich there are many sights worth seeing. In whatever direction the loiterer moves he sees something indicative of that attitude of proud defiance which England has so long assumed and maintained.

To the meditative mind it suggests numerous subjects for edifying reflection. Do you lean for a moment against a post, that which gives temporary rest to you, has possibly given eternal repose to thousands. It is an old gun, inserted muzzle downwards in the earth. Could it relate the history of what it has seen or done in "the tented field," or from the side of a man-of-war, how eagerly should we listen to its speech. This post, as it is now, may have been companion to Nelson, Rodney,

Boscawen, or Blake: it may have lingered on Copenhagen, Algiers, or Acre.

I gazed on the trophies of war—the enormous engines of death that now stand in front of the barracks; the dreadful agates which, from hostile fortresses in distant lands, poured destruction on my countrymen, now delight admiring ladies as the ornaments of the peaceful parade.

I entered the Dockyard, and here wonders and wonders were successively presented to my astonished view. The perfect state of preparation in which everything is kept for the equipment of a large army at an hour's notice, commands admiration; while the countless ranges of guns and bullets which cover an immense plain, to those who express any apprehension, as some have done within the last few years, that an enemy might make a descent there, seem to give this answer, "And if a foe should present himself there, could he hope to get back again?"

I passed through the vast apartments filled with stores, which have been too often described to be here more than mentioned, and then I entered the enclosure, within which the prison is found. Here one of the floating castles, which once carried British sailors over the ocean to fight the battles of their country, was seen converted into a lodging-house for five hundred convicts.

It was on Thursday last (the 23rd inst.) that I found myself on the spot above indicated. Turning from the vessel and looking towards the door by which I had gained admittance, "And what," said I, "are those small buildings just within the fence?" pointing to some low cottage-like erections. "The first one," said the friend who accompanied me, "is the deadhouse. It is there the bodies of prisoners who die are carried, preparatory to interment." I approached it, but observing some functionaries of the place enter the adjoining hut to inspect stores which were there, I followed. It gratified my curiosity to see the substantial hammocks and bed clothing provided for the inmates of the prison-ship. "These," said one of the inspectors, "are better than the others you had."

While thus speaking, he turned to a convict who was engaged in folding some of the articles, and directed him to open one of the blankets.

The prisoner seemed disposed to obey with an air of alacrity. He spread the flannel wide, so as to display the stripes introduced as a distinguishing mark, instead of the broad arrow of the crown. He was attired in the dark brown clothing and long oval hat worn by the convicts. His jacket seemed to be quite a new one. His countenance, though not remarkably

prepossessing, was intelligent. He was a man of small size, and without exhibiting hardihood, preserved an air of serenity and smiling resignation. Once or twice his lips quivered, as if he were doubtful whether a reply were not expected to one or two of the brief speeches addressed to him, "but answer made he none."

When we had moved from the spot far enough to be out of hearing, my curiosity was roused; to ask what offence that prisoner had committed.

"A most aggravated forgery," said my friend, "one that would have formerly been visited with death."

"It was viewed the more seriously," he proceeded, "from the education of the man, and the high and enviable position which he held."

"Then who is he?"

"Dr Bailey."

"Can that really be Dr Bailey!" I exclaimed.

"It is."

Yes, in the unhappy being wearing a convict's sombre dress, the fetter on his ankle, I had seen him who, as a distinguished minister of religion, had formerly warned from the pulpit his fellow men against the temptations of life! Yet he, unhappily yielding to their seductive power, was now reduced to sigh—

"Ye cheating vanities,
Where are ye now, and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse!"

Pitying the deep degradation which I had witnessed, I could have wished that justice had abated her stern demand. In a very few days I learned his removal was to take place. He had written to his wife to come to him, but it was doubtful whether he would not depart before she could arrive. Looking at his deplorable state and the melancholy prospect before him, at that moment I felt all the importance of the solemn admonition, "Let him who stands take heed lest he fall." Dr Bailey's case is evidently a bad one, but if the circumstances connected with his former station aggravate his crime, "how fearfully do they enhance its punishment!"

H. H.

March 27, 1843.

PIETY OF JAMES II.

AFTER his expulsion from England, James occupied himself at St Germain with religious exercises. Among the pieces left behind him not the least remarkable is the following:

HOLY DESIRE OF DEATH.

"I am persuaded that the longer I live in this world the more I hazard my eternal salvation, and that I cannot be in safety until my spirit is taken from this corruptible body, and united to thee, O my God!

When, O Lord! will that happy day come in which I may enjoy the beatific vision of the saints, and be associated with them who praise thee, and will everlastingly praise thee? It will be, O my God, in the moment which will please thee; but, Lord, do not delay it, for I know that I am always in danger while I remain in this world, because it is very difficult to make good in practice all that I feel I ought to do as a true Christian."

If all that be told of him is true, it could hardly have been supposed that he would have looked forward to passing to his final account with such cheerful confidence. When Jeffreys was dying in the Tower, he told Dr Scott, the reverend gentleman who attended him at that awful moment, that on the king all the reproach of the blood he had shed ought to be thrown. His words were, "Whatever I did then, I did by express orders, and I have this further to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither."

Jeffreys was a heartless wretch in the prime of life. His accusation of James might be untrue. The latter is not known to have felt any compunctious visitings on the subject of the severity used toward those

"Who ran
To meet the brave, unhappy man,"

his nephew, the Duke of Monmouth, nor did he, when on the eve of his departure, exhibit any fear of death.

CARLISTS AND CHRISTINOS.

THE celebrated general of Don Carlos, Zumalacarrégui, though said by his enemies to be infamously cruel, his friends describe as most humane; but say he found himself compelled to act with firmness because the Christinos presumed too much on his aversion to shed blood. The Count de Via Manuel had become his prisoner, and was treated by him with all kindness and respect. The sternness of the adversary was changed into the bland courtesy of the friend. Nothing could be more perfect than the cordial good-will by which they were severally animated. In this situation of things Zumalacarrégui dispatched a cartel to the Christino commander, Rodil, proposing to exchange Manuel with others who had been captured, for Carlist prisoners of equal importance.

The Count had wished this application to be made: he was desirous of regaining his liberty, and waited with some impatience for the completion of the arrangement which Zumalacarrégui had contemplated. He little suspected how fatal the application would prove to him.

It was in September 1834 that Manuel had fallen into the power of the Carlists, and in consequence of the proposed cartel he was full of hope. The messenger returned, and brought an abrupt and even a sarcastic answer. It was in substance, "That the application made to him might have been spared, as he had no Carlist prisoners to exchange. All that had been taken he had caused to be shot." Why Rodil should have returned such an answer is not very clear; but an exasperating reply, the Carlists declare Zumalacarreui received.

When the messenger brought to him Rodil's message, he was dining. His noble prisoner was sitting with the Chief at table. He read the communication with eagerness, and not without emotion. Having finished it he did not long pause; he handed the unwelcome paper to Manuel. "Read this," said he, "it is in the handwriting of your own commander; read it and blush for Rodil. My duty is simply severe. Remembering how other Carlists have been dealt with, you must admit that I have no alternative. Count, it is necessary that you should prepare to die. These repeated outrages must be answered by retaliation; they are not to be endured. Were I to spare your life my enemies would ascribe forbearance to weakness. Make your peace with heaven without delay." The Count was immediately shot.

Quesada, formerly Captain-General, was a brave but a cruel man. On one occasion a Carlist priest, condemned by his order to be shot, reminded him that eleven years before they had fought side by side in the cause for which he was then to die—legitimacy. "I," said he, "am a parish priest, as I was then; you, then only a colonel, are now Commander-in-Chief. I gained nothing beyond vindicating my principles; you have honour, rank, and wealth."—"I am consistent," replied Quesada; "I fought for my legitimate King then, and now I fight for my legitimate Queen." The priest raised his eyes, solemnly appealing to heaven, and was removed. Quesada was agitated, and seemed absorbed in thought. A volley of muskets roused him from his reverie. The priest, his old companion in arms, had fallen. Quesada's proud distinctions soon passed away, and he was brutally murdered, with circumstances of great cruelty, by an infuriated mob. The fate of the proud general was more deplorable than that of the humble priest.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND COLONIZATION.

A NUMBER of gentlemen have formed themselves into a society, which holds its meetings at Dr Hodgkin's, Lower Brook street,

Grosvenor square, whose object it is to institute inquiries into all subjects connected with Colonization. The peculiarities of the lands to which emigrants are forwarded, the character of the aboriginal inhabitants, and everything that may affect the well-being of those who are, at a future day, to be sent among them, are carefully investigated. On Wednesday there was a very numerous meeting, and an animated conversation was sustained for some hours. The living and the dead of New Zealand were there: the skulls of the several races were submitted to scientific examinations; and a young New Zealand sailor, who has married in this country, was present.

The proceedings throughout were extremely interesting. It was stated that the New Zealanders receive European knowledge with great facility. They make good mechanics, and are progressing in letters. At one school there are no fewer than sixty New Zealand girls in the course of receiving an English education.

Many singular facts were mentioned. One gentleman produced to the company the universal sun-dial, made at Paris in the year 1700, which had been taken out by the unfortunate La Prouse. It had been carefully preserved by the savages where he perished for forty years and was recovered in the state in which it was now exhibited, wholly uninjured.

At a time when the mass of distress existing in this country calls for some measure of general relief, and the bankers and merchants of London are desirous of co-operating with the Government to promote emigration on a large scale, the labours of such a body as the Ethnological Society must prove of immense value; and, in consequence, their proceedings from time to time will be of the greatest importance. It is to New Zealand that attention is particularly directed.

Some interesting facts relating to this newly formed colony are furnished by a recent traveller (Mr Dieffenbach). He mentions that Puakawa, a chief who opposed the sale of Port Nicholson to the Europeans, was shortly after found murdered in the woods, his head cut off and his heart taken out. He was supposed to have been murdered by a member of a tribe who had been forced to withdraw from Port Nicholson. Mr Dieffenbach tells of the people of Wangaunu—

"The natives form the tribe of the Rarawa, and their whole number is about 8,000, including all those who inhabit the valley of the Awaroa. Of all the natives, who are under the influence of the missionaries, this tribe is the most advanced in the arts of civilization. This must be ascribed partly to the endeavours of the missionaries, and partly to the compara-

tive isolation of the natives, resulting from their having been powerful enough to resist the aggressions of E'ongi from the Bay of Islands, and of the neighbouring tribes. The traveller does not meet here with that begging and grasping behaviour which renders the natives on the coast so importunate; on the contrary, they are a quiet, hard-working people, and they have, for a very small payment, cut a road thirty-two miles long through the primitive forest, between Kaitaia and Waimate, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands; they have also cut roads in the neighbourhood of their own village. During my stay I saw them reap wheat, and plough several acres of land, and the missionaries encourage them to exchange their former unwholesome food of decayed maize and potatoes for bread. Several of the natives have one or two head of cattle and horses; and I have every reason to believe that here at least the missionaries will encourage their acquiring them, in order to dispose of the increase of their own stock.

"The village has quite an English appearance; a large church, with a steeple of kauri boards, has been constructed almost entirely by the natives; gardens with roses are before the houses, and at the foot of the hill wheat alternates with vines, with hops, which thrive extremely well, and with various fruit-trees and vegetables: there are also several patches planted with tobacco.

"The government town of Auckland, considering the short time it has existed, has made considerable progress. Its population amounts to more than 2,000. The thing that chiefly recommends the situation of this place for the central town of the northern island, is its easy communication with the coast, both to the north and to the southward. With the western coast, and with the interior, over Manukao and the river Waikato, nothing interrupts the water-communication but two small portages; and even with Cook's Straits relations can be easily established, either by the river Thames, or the Waikato and Waipa, and the river Wanganui. The coast trade particularly is of the greatest importance, as the nature of the country will cause its colonization at many different points at once: and already a great number of small coasting vessels communicate with Auckland. We must not forget that the Thames and the Piako form an extensive agricultural valley, and that, as their natural harbour, Waitemata is preferable to Coromandel Harbour. In short, it appears that there can be no question but that the place has been very judiciously chosen for the site of a town, as commanding a great extent of cultivable land in its neighbourhood, great facility of communication with the coast and the interior

of the northern island, and as being a central point for the most powerful native tribes, the Nga-pui to the northward, the Waikato to the southward, and the Nga-te-hauwa to the eastward, separating them in a military point of view, but uniting them for the purposes of civilization, and commerce."

We have the following account of the boiling springs on the southern shore:—

"The whole of this assemblage of springs covers an extent of about two square miles. Many of them are difficult and dangerous to approach, as the whole arena seems to be only a thin crust over subterranean and volcanic caverns. The surface is hard, white, and thin; below this is a whitish, pumiceous, and friable earth; then is a yellowish earth, containing sulphate of iron or sulphur; then a chalcodony, perfect in some places, in others in process of formation. The whole is about a foot in thickness; and below this is a grey, soft, and generally hot mud. It often happens that this crust breaks in, and dreadful scaldings not unfrequently occur."

Speaking of the ROTU-MAHANA (warm lake) which has a cascade of boiling water falling into it, he says—

"After having crossed a streamlet of a blood-heat, we found ourselves up to our knees in a muddy swamp, without knowing how to proceed, as our native attendants were still far behind. At last they arrived, and led us to a higher piece of ground, where we pitched our tent, as we did not venture, though all our provisions were exhausted, to go any farther, for our two guides, who were well acquainted with the place, said there was a very bad swamp to be passed before we could reach the native settlement, and that it was doubtful whether there were any natives there. They themselves, however, started, and promised to be back early in the morning with a canoe and food. On rising the next morning we found the lake covered with waterfowl, among which were the beautiful porphyrio, ducks, and snipes, and also gulls, which feed upon a small fish that abounds in the lake. Before our guides returned, I had shot a great many of the unwary pukeko, or porphyrio, which proved excellent game. Some natives came in a canoe to fetch us over the lake to their settlement. * * The boiling pond on the top, which was clear and blue, could not be approached, as the concretions at its margin were very thin and fragile. The pond was about ten yards round, and perhaps one hundred feet above the level of the Rotu-Mahana. The water which is discharged into the lake from this pond and from other places, warms its waters to 35° Fahr. above the temperature of the air, that is, to 95°."

WAGES IN SPAIN.

THE article which appeared in the 'Mirror' of the 28th Jan. has caused several inquiries to be addressed to us on the subject of wages in Spain. We are happy to have it in our power to supply the following statement, which was furnished by the same period referred to in the former article, as an approximation of the average rates of labour throughout the year:—

	Sup.	Infr.	Eng. Money.
Farm Labourers - -	7ris.	5½rs.	1s. 5d. and 1s. 3d.
Labourers on the Roads	6	-	1s. 2½d.
Masons and Carpenters	9	6	1s. 10d. & 1s. 2½d.
Woolen Manufactories and Paper ditto in Alcoy - - -	10	6	2s. and 1s. 2½d.
Labourers in Royal Tobacco Factory at Seville, viz. 2,000 men & 2,000 women	10	4	2s. and 10d.
Ditto in the Mines at Adra, about 10,000	6	-	1s. 2½d.
Silk Spinning Factories in Valencia (women) - - -	5	4	1s. and 10d.
Silk Weavers in ditto (men) - - - -	24	5	4s. 10d. and 1s.
Coopers (very scarce)	20	-	4s.
Working hours from 7 in the morning till 10 in the evening.			

The *arrieros* or carriers, divided into the two classes of masters and servants, form the most numerous of the working classes. The servants receive from 3 to 4 reals per day (7½d. to 10d.), and have their expenses paid when on a journey.

The number of working days in the year may be estimated at - - - - -	278
Sundays - - - - -	52
Religious Festivals - - - -	24
Only half-work on 32 demi-ditto - - - -	16
	<hr/> 365

Labouring servants, beset with their masters, receive in town and country from 2½ to 4 reals, or from 6½d. to 10d. per day.

The rates above mentioned are about as high as the average of those paid for similar descriptions of work in England; but when the quantity of work done is taken into account, they are decidedly higher. Piece-work is little known in Spain, because it lays the employer under the necessity of exercising the most unremitting vigilance, in order to secure due care in its execution; and work done by the day may be moderately estimated at from a fourth to a third less than would be performed by English workmen. One hour a-day may be said to be lost in smoking and lighting cigars. Governments at that period had made it a rule in all their establishments, such as the tobacco factories, &c., to engage such workmen only as would undertake to labour every day, Sundays not excepted. There are only five or six holidays allowed; and on festival days mass is performed in the workshops in the morning. Many private mining and manufacturing establishments follow this example, except that they do not enforce working on Sundays. The bishops evince no great reluctance to sanction these innovations.

SONG

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE OPENING OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Sing we the chief with one accord,
To whom all other chiefs must yield,
For while they strive with spear and sword,
He conquers simply with a shield.

Great Brunel his vast work has sped,
Subjecting all things to his will,
And given us under Thames' bed,
"In lowest deep a deeper still."

Though none his merit can deny,
It would be difficult to show
A name so honourably high,
For that which is so very low.

His bosom high may swell with pride,
His fame must spread from shore to shore,
Whose glory is identified
With England's very greatest bore.

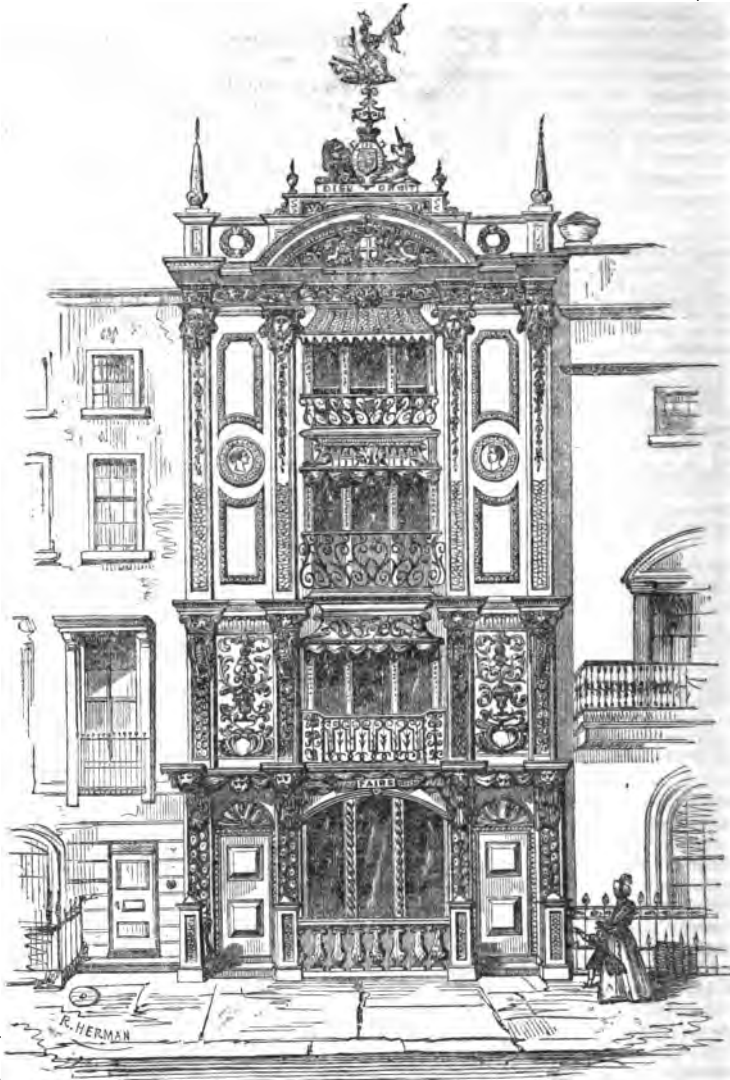
AN OLD FRENCH EPIGRAM.

Peter from sickness dies; you ask
That something of him may be said:
I hasten to perform the task,
"Peter has lived, and Peter's dead."

Extraordinary Catastrophe at Guadeloupe.—A private letter gives a most distressing account of one of the scenes witnessed on the occasion of the late earthquake. The houses are almost wholly built of wood, and when thrown down by the shock, at ten o'clock in the morning, the ordinary breakfast hour, there was a fire in many of them, which, in numerous cases, ignited the fallen materials. In one instance, a mother and her daughter, a child about ten years of age, who were half buried in the ruins of their abode, and unable to move were in such a situation that they could see and hear each other. The child in vain looked to her parent for succour; the mother could not extricate herself. In this painful situation they remained a considerable time, when the wood of the house caught fire. The flames approached the girl; her cries for help were redoubled, but unhappily without effect. The wretched mother was obliged to mark the progress of the devouring element, and to hear the agonizing shrieks of the dying innocent. She herself was snatched from the danger a few moments after the victim had expired. Relief came when it was least welcome.

American Embassy to China.—Congress have voted 400,000 dollars to cover the expense of sending an embassy to China, and Mr Nathan Dunn, the proprietor of the Chinese expedition at Knightsbridge, is to be the envoy.

Export of Bullion.—The gold sent out of this country since 1837, is officially announced to have amounted to 2,082,247 oz.; the silver to 87,555,117.



ORNAMENTAL ARCHITECTURE.

WHAT will posterity think, some two or three centuries hence, when they see the accompanying representation of the place of business of a painter and glazier of the nineteenth century! Will it excite wonder and admiration, or will the march of improvement render such profusely-decorated edifices common among the traders of England?

The building to which we refer stands in Hanover street, Hanover square. It belongs to Mr Fairs: and what it will be when finished, it would, perhaps, be rash to pronounce; for even since the drawing

was taken for 'The Mirror,' some tasteful additions have been made.

It is not, however, to be understood that, because Mr Fairs modestly writes up "painting and glazing" in front of his house, that his attention is confined to those mechanical arts. He is an eminent house decorator, and boasts among his stores some costly objects of great antiquarian worth. Old paintings and ancient stained glass, and the rarest ornaments of bygone palaces, may be seen in his repository; chimney-pieces, elaborately carved, of the time of Queen Elizabeth; and the identical ceiling of the celebrated *Star Chamber*.



Arms. Quarterly; first, gu. on a bend between three cross crosslets, fitchée ar., an escutcheon or, charged with a demi-lion, rampant, pierced through the mouth by an arrow within a double tressure, flory, counter-flory, of the first, for Howard; second, gu. three lions passant, guardant in pale or, in chief a label of three points, ar. for Brotherton; third, chequy or and az. for Warren fourth gu. a lion rampant, ar. armed and tongued, az. for Mowbray; behind the shield two truncheons, or marshal's staves, in saltier, or enamelled at the ends, sa. the insignia of Earl Marshal. *Crest.* On chapeau gu. turned up erm. a lion, statant guardant, his tail extended or, gorged with a ducal coronet ar. *Supporters.* Dexter a lion, sinister, a horse, both ar., the latter holding in his mouth a slip of oak, vent, fructed, ppr. *Motto.* "Sola virtus invicta." Virtue alone is invincible.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF NORFOLK. The noble family of the Howards, claiming, in its long line, many of the highest distinctions in the state, is at the head of the peerage of England. It is next to the blood royal.

Sir William Dugdale, in his baronage, commences with a sort of apology for not tracing the Howards back further than to the time of Edward the First. "There are those," he says, "who will expect that I should ascend much higher in manifesting the greatness and honour of this wide-spreading family." The learned antiquary then proceeds to say that some had supposed that their common ancestor, in the time of the Saxons, had derived his name from an eminent office or command; others (afterwards) from the name of a place. He adds, "And some have not stuck to derive them from the famous Hereward, the chief conductor of those forces which so stoutly defended the Isle of Ely for a time against King William the Conqueror and his army. But to the last I cannot well assent, by reason that Ingulph, then Abbot of Crowland (who was his conductor) affirms that Hereward left no other issue than an heir female, named Turfreda, wife to Hugh de Evernine, Lord of Deping, in *Com Linc.*"

Thus cautiously rejecting what he deemed apocryphal, Dugdale goes on—"I shall therefore satisfy myself (after much fruitless search to satisfy myself, as well as others, on this point) beginning with William Howard, a learned and reverend judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for a great part of King Edward the First's and beginning of King Edward the Second's reign, before whom there are memorials of fines which were levied from xv Joh. Bap. 26 E. I, until crastin S. Joh. Bap. 2, E. II.

"This William had large possessions in Wigenhale, in the north west part of Nor-

folk, as also in divers places thereabouts; became one of the Commissioners of Sewers for the repair of the banks and drains in Middleton, Kingston, and Sechithe, in that part of Norfolk, in 22 E. I, and in 23 of E. I. had summons as and with the rest of the judges of the Court at Westminster, and the King's learned counsel unto the Parliament then held there. So likewise to the Parliament of 25, 28, and 32 E. I, as also of the 1 E. II."

He was succeeded by his son John, and it was a John Howard descended from him that, in the reign of Henry VI, and in that of Edward IV, served in France and in Brittany. In the twelfth of Edward IV he was summoned to Parliament among the barons of the realm. On peace being concluded between England and France, Louis XI gave him a pension of 6,000 crowns, and "bestowed on this Lord Howard, over and above his pension, no less than twenty-four thousand crowns in money and plate in two years." It was a great point in the policy of that crafty monarch to make those about the King of England favourable to his views. Lord Howard was never compromised with his sovereign. In the reign of Richard III he was made Earl Marshal of England, and the same day advanced to the dignity of Duke of Norfolk, on the 28th of June, in the first year of that king's reign. Though Dugdale distinctly states that he took no part in the criminal deeds ascribed to the crook-backed murderous uncle, the Duke of Norfolk served him zealously during the whole of his brief career, and died with him in the battle of Bosworth field, August the 22nd, 1485. His son Thomas, who succeeded to his title, had a short time before been made Earl of Surrey. He was made prisoner in that battle in which his father laid down his life, but was shortly after received into favour by Henry VII, and became one of his Privy Council.

Science.

BAGG'S PATENT PROCESS FOR PRINTING SILKS, CALICO, PAPER, AND OTHER FABRICS BY VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

A FEW remarks on the nature of this new application of electrical science, upon which the art of electrical printing is founded, will be amply sufficient to enable any one with a little perseverance to master the details of the process. By means of this invention, paper, porcelain, calico, and textile fabrics of every kind, may be printed upon in a variety of colours at a single impression, without the application of any pigment or colouring matter.

We therefore propose to speak principally of its application to calico printing.

Before entering into the details of the new plan, let us take a hasty glance at the method at present pursued in the embellishment of cotton goods; and let us begin with an illustrative experiment.

If we dissolve a small quantity of corrosive sublimate in a wine-glass of water, and add to this a little hydriodate of potassa, an immediate change is produced; and the two solutions, which in a separate state were perfectly clear and colourless, are instantly rendered opaque by the formation of a splendid scarlet pigment,—the periodide of mercury, which gradually subsides to the bottom of the glass.

If, in this experiment, we substitute acetate of lead for corrosive sublimate, the precipitate is a rich yellow; and so, by varying the metallic solution and the reagent employed in its precipitation, any desired colour may be obtained. In fact, it is by this means that colours are ordinarily formed for the use of the artist; and, by an elaborate extension of the same principle, the calico printer is enabled to adorn the produce of the loom with his varied and beautiful devices.

The metallic solutions; or mordants, being previously inspissated with starch, gum, pipe-clay, or other appropriate thickener, are deposited in their respective places upon the cloth to be printed, by means of a machine of great cost and complexity.

After the impression is thus given, the cotton is allowed a short time to dry. It is then immersed in the dye-bath, a vessel containing a suitable re-agent. As the decoction penetrates the cloth it encounters the mordants, producing a number of coloured precipitates so closely entangled among its fibres, and incorporated with its substance, as to be perfectly proof against all subsequent washing.

The most important mordants in use are the acetate of alumina, the acetate of

iron, and the protomuriate and permuriate of tin.

The colouring matter of cochineal is fixed by means of tin with the production of a scarlet, and by the addition of alum the scarlet is changed to crimson. A decoction of madder may be substituted for cochineal with but little inferiority in the result. A beautiful yellow is obtained by printing with acetate of lead, and subsequently immersing the cloth in bi-chromate of potassa.

Blue is readily obtained by printing with an iron mordant, and afterwards passing the cloth through an acidulated solution of ferrocyanate of potassa; but indigo is more commonly employed for this purpose.

By diluting the mordants the depth of shade is varied, and by their appropriate admixture compound colours are obtained.

We now proceed to discuss the new application of voltaic electricity to the purpose already stated.

Let it be required to print in two colours, blue and brown. A compound pattern must be formed in such a manner as to present to the substance to receive the impression different metals in different parts of its surface. The metals in this case would be iron and copper, and the mode of printing such a pattern will be readily understood from the following description:—

Upon a smooth plate of metal, in connexion with the negative pole of an active battery, two or three thicknesses of calico are to be placed, having been previously moistened with a mixed mordant of nitrate of soda and ferrocyanate of potassa. On the calico is laid the metallic design. This contact, however, produces no effect until the upper plate is touched with the positive wire; but the moment the electric circuit is thus completed, a decomposition of the interposed solution takes place; hydrogen, potassa, and soda pass to the negative pole, whilst oxygen, with nitric and ferrocyanic acids, are disengaged at the positive pole; where, acting upon the metals thus presented to them, an accurate copy of the design, in its proper colours, is instantaneously produced. The cause of this is obvious; ferrocyanate of iron is blue, and ferrocyanate of copper is brown, and thus the two pigments required are produced wherever the two metals touch the cloth.

The introduction of nitrate of soda into the mordant is for the purpose of facilitating the passage of the electricity, and of preventing the insensitization of insoluble matter upon the metals, which, without this aid, would inevitably take place, and totally check the operation after two or three impressions.

But let us take another example.

To print in red and black, the cloth must be soaked in an aluminous mordant, and the design made of one metal alone—iron. This is touched with the positive pole of the apparatus, as in the instance just given; and, after the current of electricity has passed through the cloth, the latter is to be immersed in a decoction of madder. Wherever the pattern comes in contact with the cloth there will be a black impression developed, whilst the remaining portions will be dyed red.

Discharges may also be produced by this means, or a topical alteration of colour obtained when required.

If a zinc plate be placed upon calico, already dyed with Prussian blue and moistened with nitrate of soda, and lying on the positive pole of a battery, the moment the zinc is touched with the negative wire the blue is changed to a beautiful brown in those parts of the cloth which transmit the electricity; for the alkali no sooner reaches the negative plate than it decomposes the Prussian blue, taking up the acid, and precipitating peroxide of iron.

A great variety of these effects may be obtained. Cloth dyed with indigo, and moistened with a solution of common salt, slightly acidulated with muriatic acid, is bleached by the battery at the positive pole, which, in this case, should be made of platinum.

It must not be forgotten that in conducting these experiments it is necessary to use starch, or some other thickener, with the mordants, as otherwise the colours would run.

In the meantime we would refer those of our readers who may be desirous of obtaining additional information, to the popular and interesting lectures of Professor Bachhoffner,* who has devoted much pains and attention to the details of the invention, which he explains and illustrates in his usual lucid and felicitous manner.

Opening of the Thames Tunnel.—This wonderful undertaking is at length opened for the regular passage of foot passengers. On Saturday last the public were admitted for the first time. A military band led the way, and a procession was formed in which Sir I. Brunel and the directors led the way, in the presence of some 3000 persons. The Lord Mayor, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir Edward Goddington, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr Hawes, M.P., Mr Rosbuck, M.P., Mr Hume, M.P., Mr Warburton, Sir I. Brunel, his son, Mr I. Brunel, Dr H. Wollaston, Mr C. Babbage, Dr Faraday, Messrs Maudslay and

Field, attended on the interesting occasion. The ceremony commenced on the Surrey-side. As the procession moved from the tent a salute was fired from the company's wharf. The "visitors"—such was the order of the programme—were to "follow the directors," but some 2000 had obtained admission to the tunnel before the entrance of the procession, and very heartily cheered it as it descended the shaft with the band playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." The procession, which had a very pleasing effect as it wound round the staircase of the shaft, upon reaching the tunnel proceeded through the eastern arch, ascended the shaft on the Wapping-side, descended, and returned by the western arch to the refreshment tent. The brickwork of the tunnel appeared comparatively free from moisture. It is lighted up with 126 batswing burners from lamp-posts placed in the arches formed in the longitudinal division of the tunnel.

Horticultural Society.—A paper was read upon the Tussac grass, being an extract from a letter, dated October 1, 1842, from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Balkland Islands to Lord Stanley. Some seeds which had been sown in the government garden, in good soil, but different from that in which it grows naturally, seemed to show that it would thrive in any soil, provided it were supplied with moisture. In its native state it succeeds best in spots most exposed to the sea, and in the rankest peat-bogs. So fond are horses and wild cattle of its herbage, that their tracks may be seen extending towards it for several miles from the interior of the country. It is recommended; in cultivating the tussac, to sow the seed just below the surface of ground in patches two feet apart, to be afterwards thinned out as the plants grow six or seven feet high. The herbage should not be grazed, but reaped or cut in bundles: when grazed it is liable to be injured, particularly by pigs, who tear it up to get at the sweet, nut-like roots. The wild west coast of Ireland would, no doubt, be well adapted for its cultivation.

Nitrate of Soda.—In February, 1841, some old worn-out garden roses had this salt applied to them, at the rate of one cwt. per acre. It was sown broad-cast all over the ground, mixed with dry sand. About the end of April, the ground became covered with a greenish appearance. As the dry weather advanced that appearance ceased. The plants became healthy, and of a fine dark green; in the autumn they appeared far more robust than those adjoining: they were also less infested with insects, but this may have arisen from their being in a more healthy state. Dahlias were also tried with nitrate of soda, each plant having about half an ounce

* At the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

given to it, mixed with water. The plants operated upon became like the roses, of a fine dark green, more robust and compact in their growth; flowering more freely and earlier: it had no effect on the colours of the flowers. No further result was obtained when half an ounce more was administered to them. Some verbenas, petúnias, pentstemons, and various other plants, were watered with the nitrate at the rate of three quarters of a pound to the rod, and with the same results; except that they seemed to become exhausted in the autumn sooner than those which were not dressed with the nitrate. If applied in dry weather, and over-head, it acts in the same way as common salt, by destroying the leaves and young shoots. It has been found very effectual for killing slugs. The solution of nitrate of soda is more efficacious than lime-water where it can be applied without touching the foliage.—*Proceedings of the Hort. Soc.*

Large Pear-tree.—About 10 miles north of Vincennes, Indiana, in the United States, there is a remarkable pear-tree, said to have been raised from seed about 35 or 40 years ago, which, at one foot above the ground, measures 10 feet in circumference, and 6½ feet at nine feet above the ground. The diameter of the space covered by the branches is 69 feet. In the year 1834 it yielded 134 bushels of pears; in the year 1839 it produced 80 bushels; and in the year 1840 it produced 140 bushels. The tree is a rapid grower, a constant bearer, and an enormously productive kind. The fruit is about the size of a turkey's egg, rating, as to quality, with the third grade of dessert pears.—*Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.*

To Preserve Eggs.—Take a box or jar of the size required, lay fine salt to the thickness of two inches evenly on the bottom of it, and place the eggs, with the small end downwards, on the salt, so as not to touch each other. Then strew more salt, so as to cover them, shake all gently, and add a layer of eggs and a layer of salt, till the vessel is full. Put it in your cellar, and you will find the eggs good during the whole of next winter.—*Gardener's Chron.*

A SISTER'S LOVE.

(Continued.)

EVELYN turned towards the house in quest of her husband: uncertain whether he might not have quitted the dining hall, she cast an anxious glance into the yet empty ball room, the contrast between which, brilliantly illuminated, arched overhead with stately palm branches, and decorated with a profusion of exotics, which would have beggared the conserva-

tories of half Europe, and the dungeon of which her sister's husband was the doomed inhabitant—smote on her with all the bitterness of life's first stern reality.

When she fled horror-stricken from this scene of ill-timed gaiety, it was to encounter, and in a mood equally discordant, her unconscious husband. His constitutional good spirits, heightened by sober conviviality, and well-earned compliment, the gay and gallant Guy—his noble martial figure as erect as ever, and his step as light and commanding—turned, whistling a lively air, into the verandah in search of his wife, and, as breathless with contending emotions, she fairly ran against him, snatched her tenderly to his heart, with gay and familiar terms of endearment that smote on the guilty recesses of her's like a knell.

Evelyn mustered from despair the courage to say that a petitioner awaited him in the verandah, though, on being questioned as to this unseasonable intruder, she could only falter—"Go, go to her for God's sake, and for her sake grant a pardon to more than one!"

It may be figured more easily than described, with what strange stirring of the heart the gallant veteran saw before him again, after the lapse of twelve long years, the well-remembered Irish cloak, and with what yet greater bewilderment he beheld beneath it the saddened, faded image of her who had flashed before his eyes a moment since in all but youthful beauty.

Strange as it all seemed, ere she could speak one word in a voice whose first tone would have brought conviction, instinct—the unerring instinct of gratitude—told Sir Guy that the preserver of his life stood before him. In one instant, ere he could prevent it, she was at his feet. The first words of the disinterested suppliant were—"Oh! bless ye, Colonel, don't ye be blaming poor Evelyn! 'Twas I deceived ye for the good of both. I had broke rings wid one in my own station months before this day twelve years cast ye on Innismoran; and ere ever ye came out o' that weary fever, I was far enough away wid him beyant the sea."

"I see—I comprehend," got out by degrees the astonished listener, whose powers of comprehension were nevertheless pretty severely taxed by the yet unexplained appearance of his wife's "*doppel gauger*," or "fetch"—"and where is your husband now, Aileen?"

"In the condemned cell of the gaol of T—, Gineral, and that's why I am here entirely; for it's you alone that can save his life, else I'd niver, niver have come to make trouble betwixt you and my own blessed sister. And ye needn't be asking 'may ye do it with a safe conscience?' for

he's as free o' the blood he's condemned for, as your honour's wee nameson Guy, that I've left in the prison beside him to keep away ill thoughts wi' his winning, laughing ways."

"I dare not doubt you," said Sydenham, "though (one of his old smiles passing, over his manly countenance) you have deceived me once already. Even if to blame, your husband has strong claims on my interposition; if innocent, he has a right to command it; so, cheer up, you can have nothing to fear. But there's a culprit nearer at hand, and as dear to us both, whom we must hasten to put out of pain. Come with me to her dressing room, and take the food and rest I am sure you need."

And then it was that while a case of unexpected business formed the apology of the governor to the impatient dancers, and reluctance to appear without him the graceful excuse of his timid lady, confessions and explanations were incoherently poured forth and accepted with a warmth and abandonment of reciprocal feeling, which brought the dream-like visions of Letrewel, and love, and shipwreck, with all the vividness of yesterday before every mind's eye. Once more on a low stool at her forgiving husband's feet, with Aileen's talismanic cloak cast by the instinctive tact of its kind owner over the splendour it eclipsed but to outshine in Sydenham's eyes, Evelyn looked so thoroughly the Hebe of his first fancy, while, at the same time, the far more fitting object of his maturer choice, that his sense how truly the exchange had been "for his good," made him view in the rescuer of his life the artificer also of his happiness.

To stay the execution of Moriarty's sentence, and command a revision of the proceedings against him, seemed to Sir Guy too much an act of justice to be deemed an expression of gratitude; and while the now tranquillised Aileen slept beneath her sister's sheltering roof the long sleep of exhaustion, it was that sister's first act of spontaneous and grateful duty to forego the joy of watching beside her pillow, to show herself in a far different scene on the arm of the proud and delighted governor.

She retired, it may be imagined, early—the more so that Aileen, provided with the necessary documents, was impatient to set out with the dawn, not, it may be believed, in the frail conveyance which had wafted her to —, but in a light swift-sailing schooner, used for communication among the islands, which a less influential person than the governor would have found difficulty in hiring for so short and every-day a trip as that to T—.

The trip, though short, was a proverbially stormy one; and as Evelyn left the ball-room, the ominous sound of the long

roaring swell in the offing awakened misgivings for her courageous sister's safety. To dissuade her from a voyage the main purposes of which could be equally accomplished without hazard to herself, would, to one who knew her less, have seemed easy. But Evelyn felt that even she herself could have deputed no other to be the bearer of life to Moriarty; and when morning came, and with it a frightful gale, the sole feeling in the devoted wife's bosom was the impossibility of getting others to risk life and property in a cause where, in her eyes, both were as nothing.

Sydenham again, though his interest in Moriarty's safety fell little short of her own, felt the deep responsibility of perilling for one life, however precious, those of a whole crew, could he even succeed in bribing or intimidating them to set sail; and the greater part of the last day but one of poor Moriarty's term of existence had rolled away in fruitless efforts to devise an expedient for saving him, when one, a possible though desperate one, occurred to the agonised anxiety of Lady Sydenham.

If it involved, as it undoubtedly did, some risk to her own husband—and that on a point where he was peculiarly susceptible—she felt that thus, and thus alone could he fully discharge his obligations and her own to Aileen. Without communicating to her sister a vague hope which might not be realised, she enjoined her, as she valued her husband's safety, to exert her well-earned influence over the governor to obtain a *carte blanche* for using in his name whatever efforts might yet be practicable to induce any seafaring person on the island to give her a passage; a request which—the only alternative being Aileen's frantic resolution to perish in the attempt in the canoe—he had little difficulty or hesitation in granting.

Furnished with this precious document, Lady Sydenham entrusted to her sister's execution a plan in which official decorum would have prevented her from taking an active part, even were not the natural eloquence of a wife's pleadings far more to be trusted for success than all the influence of rank or station.

In the gaol of T— there lay a young Spanish pirate, of whose fate, notwithstanding some palliating and rather interesting circumstances, there remained not a shadow of a doubt. Here, and here only, was to be found an individual to whom the risk of life could be next to nothing; while, as to that of property, his own little piratical felucca, lying condemned in the harbour, would, Evelyn felt, be cheaply purchased from the captors by the after sacrifice of all the jewels in her possession.

"Manage this matter as you best may, my dear sister," exclaimed the weeping Evelyn (as she enveloped Aileen for the

The Gathert.

accertained expedition in the well-known protecting cloak), "for your own husband's good, and with the least of stain on the honour and integrity of mine. Give this gold freely—it is yours—to secure the escape of the Spaniard, if he consent to do your errand: only, for his soul's sake, and the lives of others, swear him first, by the faith you hold in common, to give up for ever his wild calling, and the means of following a better shall not be withheld."

The sisters exchanged a long mute embrace, and parted—the one well knowing, the other half suspecting, that if successful, they would not meet that night again, perhaps on earth no more. What gold might have failed to achieve, the eloquence of despair and the hope of life combined to accomplish. Pedro Garcia—whose confessor, the interpreter between the parties, facilitated a scheme which held out opportunities of future penitence to one still young—found little difficulty in repossessing himself at midnight of his neglected bark, or rejoining the two concealed survivors of his crew. The tempests which the daring hardihood of guilt had often enabled them to baffle, were braved for once, and under holier auspices, on behalf of innocence; and a few short hours before that fixed for the ignominious fate of Moriarty Carroll, the order for the revision of his sentence and transfer of his person to the neighbouring island was drawn from the bosom of the exulting Aileen.

None, however—such was her exemplary discretion—knew then or since in the colonies, that family connexion had aught to do with Governor Sydenham's righteous interposition—still less with the escape of the pirate, Pedro Garcia, who, warned by past perils and turned from the error of his ways by the eloquence of example in the Carrolls, lived to visit as an honest trader (when making a trip in quest of *baccalao* to Galway) Moriarty and Aileen, then happy possessors, through Sir Guy's munificence, of the farm of Letrewel.

And when, in due course of time, there were two Guy Sydenhams in the army list, and a fine young cornet, the image of Lady S—, was introduced by her husband, on his return from service, as the heir to his honours—(while a second Evelyn replaced to Aileen the babe she had early deplored)—few besides their immediate connexions were ever aware that a nephew's claim was all he possessed—but, oh! how strong were its extent and nature on the love, and pride, and protection of the parents whose name he worthily bore.

The Queen.—Her present Majesty is the only queen regnant of England that ever had a family.

A Prayer Answered.—Lord Herbert, of Cherbury printed his celebrated book called '*De Veritate distinguitur a Revelatione*,' in the year 1624. Before publishing he relates that he sought the immediate assistance of Heaven. He thus expresses himself—"I took my book, '*De Veritate*,' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words—'O! thou eternal God! author of the light that now shines on me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make: I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, '*De Veritate*;' if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud, though yet a gentle noise, came from Heaven, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign demanded."

How to kill Insects instantaneously.—I spent the years of 1829 and 1830 in the south of France, and one day walking under that lovely sky, I was stopped by a large and powerful insect crossing my path, and running as fast as he could go from fear of me (and not without reason), for I took him up, and held him with difficulty in a piece of thick letter-paper. His struggles to free himself astonished me, from the strength of limb that he displayed. I was near the house of a friend who was staying at Thiers, and while walking thither I passed, in one of the vineyards, a labourer, of whom I inquired the name of the insect. He said it was a *taille-pied*, and that it was most destructive to the vines, gnawing through their roots. I took it to the house of my friend and asked if he knew any method of killing insects in a moment; for that, although I was anxious to take him to England as a specimen, I would let him loose rather than he should suffer from a lingering or painful death. My friend said he would kill him in an instant, which he did by dropping two or three drops of ether on his head or back: its death was instantaneous.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The Right of the Bolster.—This singular title was formerly that of a feast to which military commanders on the continent invited their brother officers on the occasion of their marriage.

Criminal Offenders in England and Scotland.—The statistics will be derivable from the systematic series of returns of criminal prosecutions annually presented. The respective returns for England and Scotland for 1841 run thus: in England, the number

of persons committed for trial, or bailed, during the year, is 27,760. This includes the cases where bills were ignored by grand juries, amounting to 2,048; and likewise cases not prosecuted, amounting to 386; leaving 25,326 cases brought to trial. In these, the acquittals by findings of not guilty were 5,018, being 19 and 4-5ths per cent. of the whole number tried. In Scotland, the total number of "offenders" was 3,562. From this number we have to deduct 653, who were discharged before trial; when we have 2,909 actually brought to trial. Of these, the number acquitted was 216, or 7 and 2-5ths per cent. Yet even this small number are not sent forth with a vague and general finding of not guilty, as in England. In 191 cases, the verdict is "not proven"—a declaration of suspicion, which tells the world, that the accused must produce something more than what appeared at his trial before society can receive him as an innocent man.

The Drap Mortuaire.—The dead cloth, used in France for centuries, was a cloth in the form of the coverlid of a bed. From ancient times it was the practice to decorate it with the figure of a cross, which was black when used to cover the corpse of a man, and white when required for that of a woman.

A Burthened Conscience.—In Catholic countries those who do not strictly keep fast days frequently confess to "putting a glass of wine or a chicken on their conscience."

Important Medical Observations.—In his lecture of last week, Dr Gregory remarked that consumption appeared to be the greatest destroyer of mankind. The afflicted often sought for relief by removing to a warm climate, but consumption, he showed, was as prevalent in warm countries as in cold ones. The small pox, cholera, and other diseases of the old world, have not yet appeared in Australia. "The growth of men, animals, and trees," said Dr Gregory, "is a daily miracle." We do not, from its being common, feel all the wonder which it ought to inspire, but it is growth that distinguishes, in a most striking manner, the works of the Almighty from those of man. The steam-engine, and all the noblest creations of science, as they leave the workman's hands, must for ever remain in the same state. It is for the Deity alone to give an object, once formed, the power of growing and of increase.

Food for the Million.—Connected with the Second Report of the Children's Employment Commission, we find the following evidence given by a Mr Peter Law, the landlord of a house called "the Star and Garter," relative to the food of the manufacturing classes:—"The meat they buy is a sort of carrion, quite unfit for human use. There are meat-conners, who ought to seize

all this bad meat, and burn it—but they do not. Does not know why they do not. The bad meat is chiefly that of premature calves, or of cows that have died of some disease, most commonly of diarrhoea. Sheep often drop dead in the fields, from a disease in the head, and are sold to certain butchers, who deal solely in diseased animals. Some of them sell horse-flesh steaks for beef-steaks. Can attest this as a fact: knows where it is still done repeatedly. Fish, which he knows has arrived four days in the town, is bought by certain masters for their apprentices, in order to give them a change, by a treat of fish, as the masters call it. Knows many boys who live upon this diet, who are wretchedly thin."

A Singular Medical Application.— "A cloven fowl," or one cut in halves, and applied while still living to the person of a patient, was formerly recommended by the faculty in certain cases. The physicians of Henry Prince of Wales, son to James the First, caused one to be applied to the dying prince.

Decorations of the New Houses of Parliament.—The cartoons or drawings intended for competition, according to the notices published in April and July, 1842. are to be exhibited in Westminster Hall, whither they are to be sent. The names of the judges appointed to award the premiums will be made known. There has already been expended on the erections 380,483*l* 10*s*. The total amount of Mr Barry's estimate, besides what will be re-required for completing the landing places, making good the pavings, furniture, and fittings, and for decorations by works of art, will reach the sum of 1,016,924*l* 12*s* 9*d*.

Chapels of the Ancient Religious Houses in Newcastle.—The rage for unrestrained modern improvement has recently swept away all that remained of the Nunnery of St Bartholomew, and also of the Grey Friars; the Carmelites or White Friars has been destroyed, and its place occupied by a private residence; the Augustine Friars has been replaced by a surgeon's hall, a kitty, and almshouses; St Michael's (no more) is buried beneath the walls of tenemented dwellings; St James's is destroyed, and a modern street occupies its place; the destruction of Benwell Chapel is appropriately and funereally marked by a few remaining grave-stones; the Maison de Dieu is changed into a fish market and a lawyer's office; Heaton Chapel is, like others, gone; St Mary's, Jesmond, has been sold into private hands, and of it a ruin only remains; St Lawrence Chapel is now a bottle warehouse; St John's, Grindon-chare, a cellar; the Black Friars has been converted into dwellings and halls of meeting for some of the Free Companies; St Anthony's has entirely disappeared; and St Thomas's

Chapel, though named the last, not least in woe, has been replaced by shops, warehouses, and offices. Very nearly the whole of these sacrifices to the god of this world in disparagement of the God who made it, have been made under the sanction and with the aid of the Corporation of Newcastle; and this body is now about to add to the fearful catalogue of desecrations arrayed against it, that of the destruction of the Chapel of St Mary the Virgin.

Natural History of the Dragon.—In Rechelet's French dictionary, published in 1728, the following definition is given with due gravity of the word dragon. "A sort of serpent, of a black red or ashy colour, except underneath. There are some ten, twelve, or fifteen feet in length, or even longer. Many believe that it has no venom, and that it kills by its bite. The common opinion is, that it is a very venomous animal. It is found in the Indies and in Africa. It hisses much, has a quick ear, much vigilance, and endures abstinence a long time. The elephant and the eagle are its enemies. It is said it fears the latter so much that when it hears him on the wing it flies to its cavern. There are winged dragons, some that have only two, and others that have many feet, which are formed like those of the goose. Certain species of them have crests, and others have the aspect of a man's countenance, while others still have that of the hog."

Bees and their Hives.—A correspondent of the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' gives a curious account of a swarm of bees issuing from a hive who were accommodated with a new one, but could not be made to stay in it. There was a hive near from which all the bees had fled, and to this, after resisting several attempts to settle them elsewhere, they were observed on a sudden rushing *pele-mele* into the old unfurnished hive. In a quarter of an hour from thus taking possession, they were observed busily employed in bringing out the dead bees, small fragments of honey-comb, dead insects, and other dirt; and by the middle of the following day a little conical heap of their cleanings appeared on the ground front of the hive; before night, well-loaded labourers were entering to repair the dilapidations and refurbish the empty cells. In the end, this hive was one of the heaviest of the season, after giving out its swarm like an old stock-hive.

Saving Fatalism.—When the French were in Egypt, Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, scherif of Alexandria, was accused and found guilty of treason against the republic of France, to which he had taken the oaths of fidelity. He was condemned to die, or to pay 300,000 francs—an alternative which a wealthy European in similar circumstances would have been happy to

accept from the hand of power. "You are rich," said Bourrienne to him; "make this sacrifice." He replied, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I shall give my piastres for nothing: if I am not to die, why give them?" He carried his fatalism to the gibbet on the 6th of Sept. 1798.

The Vine in Western Australia.—The calcareous soil which is to be met with in the colony of Western Australia has been found adapted to the cultivation of the vine, and an extensive plantation of vineyards has recently been commenced. A society has also been formed for encouraging the culture of the grape, and it is expected that, ere many years have elapsed, wine of superior quality will be imported from the colony. The following extract on the subject is from a private letter lately received from one of the promoters of this speculation:—"I have visited many wine countries, and know of none combining so many advantages for that species of culture as Western Australia. All the European wine countries are subject to occasional falls of rain during the time of the vintage, which completely destroys the 'bouquet' of the wine. We are, however, entirely free from this visitation, the long continuance of our dry weather being such as always to insure a favourable vintage. We already possess nearly 300 varieties of the vine, comprising some of the best sorts of France and Spain. There are at present about twenty acres containing nearly 50,000 vines, systematically planted."

—The *New York Inquirer* of the 20th Feb. contains a list of bankrupts, occupying six columns, printed in small type, and comprising, at the lowest computation, 700 defaulters. This is for New York alone, and is said to display, without exception, the most frightful picture of insolvency ever exhibited.

—The ancient standard of France was white, that colour being chosen as a symbol to represent the frankness and the candour of Frenchmen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Is not Mr Lowe aware that the information he has sent is given in a more convenient form every week in the London journals? The utility of repeating it so long after date does not appear.

If A. A. will send the book from which he has copied several pages we will make extracts from it.

"The Cow and the Calf" is inadmissible.

No letter like that mentioned by Mr Alexander has been lately received. His wish, should such come to hand, will be attended to.

"Richmond in Yorkshire" will be inserted.

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Original Communications.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, ST. PETERSBURG.

THE city of Peter the Great has been so often described, that to go over its history would be tedious. From the taste the Russians have for building, and their love of change, it is, however, always presenting something new. In England, latterly, it has occupied more than one English writer, and from an interesting series of views taken of the public edifices in St. Petersburg, recently brought under our notice, we cannot but concur with those who designate it a city of palaces.

VOL. XII.

Unlike the potentates of China, the despots of Russia have long delighted to engage those distinguished in the arts and sciences in other countries. Arbitrary as the government has always been, it has liberally requited those who obeyed its call. Even the proud and severe Catherine did not object to let her grandchildren gain knowledge from the revolutionist La Harpe. It is recorded of her that, on one occasion, when the preceptor had been discoursing with them on the government of Switzerland after his own fashion, she wrote on some of the exercises, which it might have been supposed could hardly prove agreeable to an absolute monarch,

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the following approving note:—"Monsieur La Harpe, continuez vos leçons de cette sorte; vos sentiments me plaisent beaucoup."

The Hermitage and the Taurian Palace, in other days, were wonderful in their way. For some years the latter has been shorn of its splendour. Half a century ago it was thus described:—"The Taurian Palace consists of but a ground floor, but the body of the building, the wings whereof extend to a prodigious length, has over the portal two stories supported by columns, which are covered at top by a grand cupola. The entrance of the main building leads into an open space, in which, on both sides, lodging rooms project. Through this is the grand entrance into a quadrangular vestibule, surrounded by columns of extraordinary magnitude, and lighted from above by the windows of the second story. A gallery at a considerable height runs round it, for the orchestra, which is also provided with an organ. From this vestibule the spectator proceeds into the grand hall, through a double row of columns. If it be possible by verbal description to excite the impression which the sight of this temple of gigantic architecture produces, it can only be done by the most artless and simple representation. Let the reader then figure to himself a hall upwards of a hundred paces in length, proportionably broad, having the roof supported by a double colonnade of colossal pillars. At about half the height between these pillars are boxes, ornamented with silk curtains and festoons. In the passage formed by the double rows of pillars, hang at stated distances large crystal lustres from London, the lights of which are reflected by a mirror of uncommon size at each end of the room. The room itself has neither ornaments nor furniture, it being only designed for grand entertainments; but in each of the two semicircles that terminate the colonnades, stands a vase of carrara marble, both of which, by their extraordinary magnitude and the excellence of their workmanship, correspond with the grandeur and magnificence of the whole. Now let the reader, with his intellectual compasses, strike out a semicircle from one end of this great colonnade to the other, on the side facing the vestibule by which he entered, and this will inclose the winter garden, of itself an enormous building; the roof of which being too large to support itself without columns, these are made to resemble palm trees. The warmth is kept up by numerous flues in the walls and columns, and by leaden pipes with hot water running in various ramifications under ground beneath the parterres and grass plots. . . . On the death of Prince Potemkin the Empress adopted this as her autumnal palace; for

which purpose the left wing was lengthened by taking in the whole side of a street. In making the necessary alterations fifteen hundred men were employed, who continued their work in the night by the light of torches, that it might be ready for the coming autumn."

If the palaces of Russia are grand, not less remarkable are the temples of religion. St Isaac's church is a magnificent edifice. That of our Lady of Kasan, and the *Ikonnastases*, or Image, astonish all beholders. Here figures of the saints are exhibited in massy silver, said to have been partly contributed by Cossack piety after the war of 1814. The image of the Holy Virgin, removed from Kasan to Moscow, and from Moscow to St Petersburg, is here, and before this Kutusov knelt, in 1812, previous to taking the field, and devoutly prayed, and not in vain, that his might be the happiness to meet in arms the enemy of his country.

The church of the Holy Trinity at the head of this article is selected not as by any means the grandest in St Petersburg, but it will give some idea of the noble buildings there erected in honour of the Deity. "The exterior," says Mr Kohl, "furnishes an example of the singularly fantastic manner in which the Russians decorate their churches. Below the frieze of the indigo-blue cupola, studded with stars, an arabesque composed of flowers and vine leaves runs round the church. Separate wreaths are held by angels in couples, and in the centre, between each couple and the next, is introduced a crown of thorns. But for this painful token of humanity! you might fancy that you had before you the cheerful temple of some Grecian deity."

Half, and the more important half of the churches of St Petersburg, date from the present century.

Italy.—We learn that the sport afforded by Lord Chesterfield's fox-hounds has created a great sensation there: they have had some admirable runs in the Campagna; and almost all the aristocracy of Rome were assembled, either to witness or join in the chase. Lord Chesterfield has presented the pack to the society there, and a large subscription has been raised to keep it up. — *Diario di Roma.*—[This is going to Italy to recruit a fortune à la Chesterfield.

— Mrs Honey died on Sunday, of inflammation. As a fascinating actress and delightful singer, at the Mirror theatres, she will be long remembered by playgoers. She was married at sixteen. Her husband, from whom she was separated, was drowned a few years back; She was only twenty-six years of age.

THE COUNTESS BURITA.

FEMALES, experience has shown, though called "the weaker sex," in trying situations have often exhibited a degree of courage and unflinching resolution which men could not surpass. The Spanish lady whose name is at the head of this article, was one of those bright ornaments of human nature who, with a heart attuned to every gentler sympathy,

"With every beauty to inspire,
Of love the soft and chaste desire,"

could in the moment of danger throw aside all ordinary habits, and brave the cannon's roar in the cause of her suffering countrymen.

It was in 1808 that the French undertook the siege of Zaragoza. They had, in the first instance, expected it to fall an easy conquest, but the fate of the first assailants, all of whom perished, taught them that the Arragonese were fixed to defend their city to the last. The gallant Palafox, then in his thirty-fourth year, commanded. He was nobly supported by the inhabitants, but the enemy accumulated immense means against the city, and so many the cause seemed utterly hopeless. Early in the month of June a powder magazine in the heart of the city blew up, and in a moment reduced one whole street to a heap of ruins. Immediately after this calamity, the French began to bombard the place, and twelve hundred shells and grenades were thrown into the fortress. The attack was directed principally against the gate called the Portillo. A sand-bag battery there was boldly defended by the besieged. During all these proceedings the Countess Burita, a young and beautiful woman, was constantly seen wherever the danger was greatest, cheering every one by the animated zeal she invariably manifested in the cause of her nation. In connexion with this particular attack on the Portillo, a humbler female gained undying fame. Augustina Zaragoza was a fine young woman, then twenty-two years of age, engaged to carry refreshments to the men employed at the battery. On one occasion the destructive fire of the French swept away every man. Those near hesitated for a moment, and shrunk from stepping into the places of the fallen. It was then that Augustina bounded forward, seized a lighted match which had remained in the hands of a dying artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder. At the same instant she sprang on the gun, which she vowed not to quit with life during the siege. She faithfully adhered to her resolution. Her courage rallied around her those who had at first been dismayed, and the battery was again worked with dreadful effect on the exasperated enemy.

The French, resolute to carry their object, pressed the siege more closely than ever; they destroyed the mills which supplied the city with flour, and expected that the place must submit from want of food, or from the failure of ammunition.

But in the midst of these difficulties Palafox converted some corn mills within the city into manufactories of gunpowder. Monks were engaged as workmen; all the sulphur within the walls was secured; the earth of the streets was washed to furnish saltpetre, and charcoal was made of the stalks of hemp. The bombardment being continued on the night of the 2nd of August, the Foundling hospital, which had been made a receptacle for the sick and wounded, caught fire. Dreadful was the horror and confusion which ensued. In this terrible scene of suffering and dreadful apprehension, the Countess Burita and the women of the city, despising every danger, bravely rushed to the assistance of the unfortunate patients, and saved numbers who, but for their generous efforts, must have perished in the flames.

Presuming that the distress which prevailed, must have prepared the besieged for submission, the French commander, having made a breach and entered the city, sent the following brief summons:—

"Head quarters, Santa Engracia.
"Capitulation."

Palafox returned an answer almost as brief, and quite as determined:—

"Head quarters, Zaragoza.
"War to the knife."

The struggle then became most desperate. On each side of the street Cozo, a broad thoroughfare, the French and Spanish batteries were raised. The slaughter was great, and the dead bodies were thrown from the houses into the road. It was feared that the accumulation of putrid matter would destroy the besieged by contagious diseases; but a Spaniard could not attempt the removal of the dead without being shot. Upon this Palafox adopted the expedient of sending French prisoners, with ropes attached to their bodies, into the road, to bring in their fallen countrymen. They were spared while thus occupied by their comrades, and the dreaded evil was averted.

While these startling scenes were in the course of being multiplied, the Countess Burita was everywhere present where the peril was greatest or the necessity for relief most urgent. She had formed a corps of women who acted systematically under her orders, on a plan which she had laid down to assist the wounded and to carry wine and provisions to the soldiers while engaged with the enemy. Young, delicate, and accomplished in whatever could adorn

the boudoir or the drawing room, she acted with all the calmness of an old soldier in the heat of battle. Though shots and shells fell around her, she remained perfectly serene. Her orders were given as coolly as if it had been only a review; and personal danger, so far as might be judged from appearances, never entered her thoughts. Ambitious to relieve others, she had no leisure to fear for herself. That the peril was great, she must however, have been momentarily reminded by the slaughter made of her brave companions. The loss of women during the siege was fully proportionate to that of the men. Their zeal in the cause was such, that they sometimes exposed themselves to the fire of the enemy unnecessarily. Nothing, nothing could subdue the gallant spirit of the Countess. Her efforts were crowned eventually with success. In the night of the 13th of August, many of the buildings in the possession of the French were seen to be in flames; and on the following morning the besieged had the joy of finding that their enemy, in despair, had, under cover of darkness, commenced his retreat.

From that moment all was joy within the dilapidated walls. The most enthusiastic gratitude was expressed for the labours of the noble-minded lady who had acted so heroic a part; and the daring Augustina was not forgotten. Her courage and devotion were requited with a pension from the government, and she wore, as a mark of grateful distinction, a small shield of honour upon the sleeve of her gown, with the inscription "Zaragossa."

QUACKS IN THE TIME OF EDWARD III, MARY, AND ELIZABETH.

In the year 1552, Grig, a poulterer, in Surrey, "taken among the people for a prophet, in curing divers diseases by words and prayers, and saying he would take no money," was set on a scaffold in the town of Croydon, with a paper on his breast, declaring him to be an impostor. He was afterwards set on a pillory in Southwark.

In the reign of Queen Mary, a great number of empirical impostors were prosecuted and punished, not only in London but in other parts of the country; and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, these prosecutions continued, the delinquents being fined various sums from 5*l.* to 20*l.*, and in many cases being imprisoned. Some of these quacks were patronised by persons of rank, who wrote to the President of the College on their behalf. Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State, interceded on behalf of "Margaret Kennix, an outlandish ignorant sorry woman," but the college refused to remit the sentence (1581).

John Boffeat (1583) was liberated from prison on the intercession of a person of quality, upon condition that he would submit to any penalty the college might inflict, if he ever practised again.

Paul Fairfax (1588) was prosecuted for cheating the people by puffing the pretended virtues of a water which he called *Aqua Celestis*. He was fined 5*l.* and imprisoned. The Lord Chamberlain addressed the college on his behalf, but to no purpose.

Paul Buck (1593), having been imprisoned for illegal practice, obtained letters of recommendation from Sir Francis Walsingham, the Lord High Admiral Howard, and Lord Essex.

John Lumkin, a surgeon (1593), being convicted of *mala praxis* on several patients, and being committed to prison, *propter malam praxim, et immodestos mores*, obtained letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dean of Rochester, and was released on bail.—*Bell's Introduction.*

LITERARY PIRATES.

It really seems high time that some determined step should be taken to obtain an international law of copyright. The unceremonious way in which English works are seized upon and reprinted at a low price in America, is most fatal to the interest of British authors. What bookseller can pay a writer a respectable price for his work, if, as in the case of a novel, that which is published here at a guinea and a half, can, in the course of a month, be obtained from America for eighteenpence or two shillings.

The subject has been especially pressed on public attention in consequence of a recent piracy. An American journal announces, with some misgivings as to the honesty of the parties, that Brande's 'Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art,' is now re-publishing in America at a price which precludes the future sale of a single copy of the original edition; for those who pay nothing to authors can, of course, afford to sell cheap. On this volume alone the Messrs Longman expended more than 6,000*l.*, whereof *above half was paid to authors.*

The American editor, while partly censuring what has been done, labours to the utmost to render the nefarious act profitable, by describing the work to be so valuable, that no one acquainted with the alphabet ought to remain without it. For such a notice the holders of the book owe the censor their best thanks, if they had not forwarded to him something more substantial. It is, in fact, an advertisement that stolen goods are to be had greatly below their intrinsic value; and if on such a

hint Jonathan do not run to buy, he has more morality than John Bull would prove himself to possess, under like circumstances.

Messrs Longmans have thought it necessary to notice the circumstance. They fairly expose the wrong, and show the grievance is great; but so far as the work in question is concerned, we are afraid they only make matters worse. There are plenty of Englishmen who will be glad to obtain such a book so much under price; and the temptation thus offered to smuggling will prove irresistible. All the vigilance of our custom-house officers, which in certain recent cases has caused only 1,300,000*l.* to be called for on account of losses sustained from frauds on the revenue! will not suffice to exclude American copies from England. Messrs Longmans were in this unfortunate position,—they were compelled to acquiesce in the wrong, or aggravate the evil by protesting against it.

But the complaints made in England on this subject are met by assertions from the other side of the Atlantic. We are told that the works of Fisher Ames, Buckminster, Hillhouse, Pickering, Sigourney, and Ware, are made equally free with here.

Most of our readers, we suspect, will be of opinion that as yet not much has been done in the way of retaliation. The 'North American Review,' however, comes forward with a formidable list. "Who," it is asked, "in looking over a list of titles, would suppose that 'Quebec and New York, or the Three Beauties,' was the same as 'Burton, or the Sieges;' and 'Cortes, or the Fall of Mexico,' a reprint of 'The Infidel;' that 'The Last Days of Aurelian' is no other than Mr Ware's 'Probus, or Rome in the Third Century;' and 'Montacute' only a new title for 'A New Home;' that Mr Muzzeys's 'Young Maiden' and 'Young Wife' are translated into 'The English Maiden,' and the 'English Wife,' and Mr Sparks's 'Life of Ledyard, the American Traveller,' is only made more attractive as 'The Memoirs of Ledyard, the African Traveller' (anon.); and two volumes of his 'Writings of Washington,' in twelve volumes, are reprinted with the original title, and apparently as if complete? Dr Harris's 'Natural History of the Bible;' Bancroft's Translation of Heeren's Politics of Greece; Mr Everett's Translation of Buttman's Greek Grammar, were all reprinted and sold as English books. Judge Story's 'Law of Bailments,' was 'chopped into fragments,' and appended here and there, by Mr Theobald, in his 'Notes on Sir William Jones.' These are a few specimens—in most of them the *preface*, &c., is sufficiently altered to conceal their origin, and in several the author's name is *suppressed*. One more may be mentioned:—

Mr Neal, of Philadelphia, published, about 1839, a volume, called 'Charcoal Sketches,' with illustrations; his name appended in full. This volume appears *entire*, plates and all, in the *middle* of 'Pic-Nic Papers,' &c., 'edited by C. Dickens, Esq.,' 3 volumes, London, 1841. Mr Neal, no doubt, would have been proud of his company, if his patron had not introduced him as a *nameless* person! 'A volume has been appended' (to make the orthodox *three*), 'from an American source,' says the editor; 'but not a syllable about the name, either of author or book!'

In this it must be confessed that there is something serious. We have not any doubt that there are plenty of mean and dishonest persons in England, as ready to appropriate anything that can be obtained from America, as there are Americans ready to pirate anything published in England. In proportion as this is true, America ought to be anxious to unite with us in putting down the nuisance. Connected with such a state of things, there is no interest that a Government pretending to anything like dignity or probity ought for a moment to protect. The pickpockets or the housebreakers in either country have as good a claim to favour. Whenever it occurs it is a course of simple thieving, which can only be tolerated when it assumes the shape of retaliation, but is most disgraceful to all who favour it, and likely to prove fatal to the best interests of literature, both in England and America. In the latter country, if it be ambitious of a national literature, the evil will be even greater than in England. Dr Channing says of America, "We must lament that, however we surpass other nations in providing elementary instruction, we fall behind many in provision for the liberal training of the intellect for forming great scholars, for communicating that profound knowledge, and that thirst for higher truths, which can alone originate a commanding literature. The truth ought to be known. There is among us much superficial knowledge, but little severe persevering research."

No, nor can it be expected that there ever will be, when, instead of aiming at doing something for themselves, the sons of America are content to appropriate and mangle the literature of England, because it pays.

ROASTING, BAKING, BROILING, AND BOILING.

DR HODGKIN has supplied, in notes on his valuable lectures on 'The Means of promoting and preserving Health,' some useful practical remarks on the effects produced on meat by the various processes of roasting, baking, &c., which the careful

housewife may study with advantage. He says:—

Roasting.—Though this is perhaps, on the whole, the best and most agreeable mode of dressing meat, the predominance of which may be regarded as forming the characteristic of English cooking, it is neither the most certain nor the most economical. The remarks of Dr Kitchener indicate that experience and tact are essential to complete success in roasting meat, yet I apprehend that a little attention to a few principles would simplify and shorten the road to success. Thus, having the meat in the right state for being dressed, judgment must be used, in so placing it before the fire that heat may be properly adapted to the size and shape of the joint, lest a thin part may be scorched and injured, whilst that which is more solid remains undone. It is an equally important point to adapt the fire to the joint; since it would be an injury to the meat, as well as a criminal waste of fuel, to consume as much upon a small piece as would suffice to dress a very large one. At the same time, it would be very false economy to employ too little fire and to spoil the meat, by attempting to dress it with inadequate heat. Good management will therefore not only at all times economize fuel by those contrivances which obtain the most available amount of heat from the same quantity of fuel, and by adapting the size of the fire to the quantity to be dressed, but also by taking care that the fire shall be so supplied that it may be most brisk at the time when the greatest heat and the clearest state are required. The crust which forms on the surface of roasted meat is, as I have already observed, of very important service in retaining the juices of the meat; but it is essential that this crust should not be formed too soon or too quickly, by which the exterior will be wasted, and rendered unpleasant and unwholesome, whilst the interior may remain in an uneatably raw state. The object must be, by the due regulation of the fire and the distance of the meat, to secure the heating of the whole mass, without scorching the surface. This result is no doubt somewhat influenced by the state of the surface of the meat itself. If the meat be wet and moist, it will furnish so much for evaporation, that the formation of the crust will be retarded, and, unless the joint be very large, the whole will be more or less injured. To avoid this error, it cannot be necessary to sacrifice cleanliness, by neglecting so much of abluton, as well as scraping, as a wholesome recollection of the hands, not always the cleanest, through which the meat has passed from the slaughter-house to the dresser, would suggest.

“The principles laid down with respect to

roasting will partly apply to *BROILING*; but in proportion to the thinness of the steak or chop, it is important to secure the early formation of the crust by which the juices of the meat are to be retained; since, if these are allowed to run out, or are slowly evaporated, the meat will be injured in flavour and nutritive properties. In proportion to the greater exposure to the fire is care required that this should be in a proper state at the time at which it is wanted.

“I have little to add to the opinion I have already expressed regarding *BAKING*; except, that the objections to which it is liable may greatly vary in degree, according to the size of the oven, the number of joints dressed in it, and the success of contrivances employed to obviate them: perhaps the most elegant and effectual, and one of the least expensive, is that which consists in the employment of gas, in a close chamber of bright tin. The danger of producing empyreuma is so completely removed, that it is difficult to say whether the process ought not to be regarded as roasting, rather than baking.

Boiling.—Although, in subjecting articles of food to the action of boiling water there is, in ordinary situations, no notable difference in the degree of heat, whether the water boil briskly or merely simmer, the effect produced may be greatly modified by a variety of circumstances. Thus the article to be dressed may be put into cold water, which may be slowly raised to the boiling point, or it may be suddenly plunged in water already arrived at ebullition: it may be boiled in much or little water: it may be boiled for a longer or shorter time: it may be kept in violent agitation, or be allowed to remain almost motionless. Each of these modes have their influence, which it may be desirable to shun, or to take advantage of. Thus immersion in boiling water, or quickly producing the boiling point, by promptly causing the coagulation of whatever is susceptible of this change, is likely to retain juices and other principles which might be extracted when a longer time is allowed for the subject under operation to be brought to the highest temperature. This method must consequently be unfavourable to the richness of the liquor: it may also occasion too great an inequality in the degree of dressing, and be unfavourable to tenderness. Slow boiling, on the contrary, will favour the extraction of whatever boiling water can dissolve, and promote the tenderness and breaking up of the more solid parts. Violent ebullition produces a compound effect, in which the influence of motion, as well as of heat, is concerned; and it may easily happen that whilst the different animal or vegetable principles are softened by heat and mois-

ture, their parts are more or less broken up and disturbed by the movements resulting from this cause. Vegetables lose their forms, and joints become detached, whilst the bones are deprived of their muscles and tendons. The question, whether much or little water should be employed, must be decided by the purpose to be served, by the liquor employed, and by the character of the substance to be dressed."

COMET OR NO COMET.

COMETS, eclipses, and earthquakes have always been regarded by the ignorant and superstitious as omens of good or evil, but more generally the latter, or as a forewarning of Providence prior to some mighty event taking place; comets were, especially, ever considered by such with intense horror, as bringing with them, as a natural consequence, dire diseases, plagues, pestilence, war, and famine. To reason with them upon the folly of entertaining such absurd notions is, in most cases, useless. There are many persons in this wide world who delight in contemplating the horrible, and who seem to gloat over the misery they have created for themselves by so doing. The present appearance of a supposed comet, and the recent shock of an earthquake at Manchester, are ample topics for the lovers of the marvellous, and therefore we shall leave them to make the most of it. But, addressing ourselves to the more sensible portion of the community, we are led to inquire if this luminous streak of light, as seen by our astronomers and others, is really what some suppose it to be, the tail of a comet whisking in his erratic course through our system, or whether it be not an effect well known to astronomers, but seldom seen by us in this climate with such brilliancy as on the occasion when it was mistaken for the tail of a comet, we mean the zodiacal light, which is always at its maximum intensity at this season of the year; it is somewhat similar to the well-known nebulous appearance in the heavens called the milky way; it may be seen in a clear evening soon after sunset, about the months of March, April, and May, and before the rising of the sun at the opposite seasons; it consists of a lenticular-shaped cone of light extending obliquely from the horizon upwards, generally following the course of the sun's equator.

Astronomers are still, in some measure, undecided as to the true cause of this singular effect. That the sun is concerned in its production few dispute, but whether it is owing to some slight nebulosity of its atmosphere, or to electricity probably emitted with the light, is a problem still unsolved. The *semita luminosa*, or zodiacal light, was first noticed by Cassini in 1683, and it is

the opinion of many that the recent appearance in the heavens is simply due to an unusual display of brilliancy, although Herschel, South, and Airy seem to think that they have caught a glimpse of the nucleus of the comet, yet it is, at best, but problematical, for

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

B.

ALLOTMENTS OF LAND TO THE POOR.

THE quantity of land let out to the poor by Lord Lansdowne in the parishes of Colne and Burnhill is 500 acres, in allotments from half an acre to two acres each, the number of tenants being nearly 700. The price is the same as was given by the farmers previous to giving up the land, and varies from 40s. to 60s. per acre. The crops chiefly grown are potatoes, the cabbage tribe, wheat, and barley. A Horticultural Society in Colne has been the means of promoting much good amongst the cottagers by giving prizes annually for vegetables, fruit, and separate prizes for allotment-cultivation.—Sir Henry Bunbury, who is most zealous in the cause, writes thus:—"Five-and-twenty years ago I began to assign some small portions of land (for I had but little at that time) to a few labourers. In every instance I found that the man improved in his circumstances, and as his circumstances became more easy he became more domestic and respectable in his conduct. With this encouragement I gladly seized opportunities of letting pieces of land to cottagers; and afterwards, having a good deal within my power, I extended the practice very widely; nor have I ever seen reason to doubt of its beneficial effects. I am inclined to suspect that gentlemen make the mistake of meddling too much with their allotments as to details. I should say, do not cramp the labourer—let him feel the pleasure of being a free man—stop him when he is going decidedly wrong—give him useful information—and encourage a pride in him as to his crops, and his pigs, and the neatness of his ground."—This is sound sense.

Mr Fox on the Soul.—In one of those interesting conversations by his bed side which preceded the death of Mr Fox, the statesman thus expressed himself on the state of the soul after death. "That it is immortal I am convinced. The existence of the Deity is a proof that spirit exists; why not, therefore, the soul of man? and if such an essence as the soul exists, it may exist for ever. I should have believed in the immortality of the soul though Christianity had never existed, but how it acts separated from the body is beyond my capacity."



Arms. Gu., a lion rampant, within a bordure, engrailed, or. *Crest.* On a chapeau, gu., turned up ermine, a lion statant, or., the tail extended. *Supporters.* Two talbots, ar. *Motto.* 'Prêt d'accomplir.' Ready to accomplish.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SHREWSBURY.

THIS truly old English family can trace its origin to a period considerably anterior to the Norman conquest. The first person of note, however, was Richard de Talbot, of whom we know nothing but the possessions and the name. He is mentioned in Domesday-book as holding nine hides of land from Walter Gifford, Earl of Buckingham. He married the daughter of Gerard de Gournay, by whom he had two sons, Geoffrey, the ancestor of the Talbots of Thornhill and Bashall, in Yorkshire; and Hugh de Talbot, the ancestor of the House of Shrewsbury. The latter was appointed governor of Plessey Castle, in Essex, by his uncle, then in rebellion against Henry the First, having put the King's governor to death. Hugh, eventually became a monk, and retired into the Monastery of Beaubek, in Normandy. One of his descendants, Sir George Talbot, who was charged with being concerned with the Earl of Lancaster in the murder of Piers de Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, received a pardon for his share in the deed, and was summoned to Parliament as a Baron in 1331.

Sir John Talbot, the sixth Baron, was the first Earl. He was Lord Justice of Ireland in 1412, and Lord Lieutenant in 1414. Under the Duke of Bedford's regency he distinguished himself as a warrior. He sustained a severe defeat from the Maid of Orleans in 1429, and was made prisoner at the battle of Patay, and became prisoner to the reputed sorceress, first the scorn and then the terror of the British army. He was soon exchanged for Ambrose de Lore, and subsequent meritorious services caused him to be created Earl of Shrewsbury, May 20, 1441. His lordship was again appointed to the high post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and raised to the peerage of that kingdom, July 17, 1445, by the title of Earl of Waterford. Increasing age did not abate his ardour to serve his country, and in his eightieth year, advancing to the relief of Chastillon, he gave battle

to the French besieging army, July 20, 1553, and received a wound of which he died. He had been engaged in forty battles and skirmishes. Notwithstanding his great age, on the last day of his life he was as active as most men are in the vigour of manhood. From rank to rank he went on a little hackney, animating his men by appropriate exhortations to do their duty. They fought bravely, but the improvements then recently made in the French artillery rendered personal valour comparatively unavailing. A shot from a culverin broke Talbot's thigh. Dunois immediately advanced, and the son of Talbot, defending his fallen father, met with a glorious death. An archer plunged his dagger in the aged soldier's throat, and he expired. The body remained on the field that night, it was stripped, and was so disfigured by wounds, that in the morning it could not be recognised. An aged herald at length approached a corpse supposed to be his, and bending over the remains, he put his finger in the mouth of the dead man, to ascertain, by feeling for a remarkable space left in his gum by a tooth Talbot had lost, if it were really the General. He instantly satisfied himself that it was Talbot. "My poor master," he exclaimed, "it is then really you, God have mercy on your soul. I have for forty years been your herald at arms, and have worn this your coat, which now I restore." He then threw his coat on the remains of the veteran chief, and caused the body to be removed.

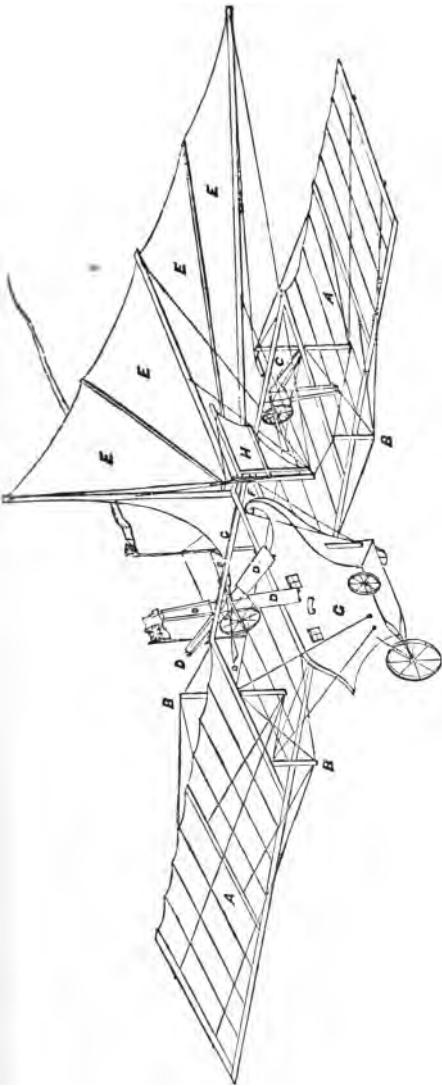
No War with America.—On the other side of the Atlantic there is no apprehension of a rupture with this country on the question of "Right of Visitation and Search." The 'New York Albion' declares it is no new claim set up by England; and justly remarks—"Without it, ships of war, in time of peace, would be useless; and they would sail the ocean, the jest and laughing-stock of pirates, and the contempt of mankind. As well might we establish a police, without the power to arrest criminals."

"When it was announced some time ago, by the ordinary monthly lists of patents granted, that Mr Henson had invented a machine capable of conveying despatches and passengers through the air, the general impression was, that some moody and enthusiastic projector was about to exhibit the produce of *his day dreams*. Our readers may, therefore, be somewhat surprised to learn that this is in truth no visionary scheme, but a design of very scientific conception.

"We proceed to describe the machine, and its mode of flight. Its car, enclosed on all sides, and containing the passengers, managers, burden, and steam-engine, is suspended to the middle of a framework, so constructed, as to combine great strength with extreme lightness, and is covered with any woven texture which is moderately light and close. This main frame or expanded surface, which is 150 feet long by 30 feet wide, serves in the most important respects as wings; yet it is perfectly jointless and without vibratory motion. It advances through the air with one of its long sides foremost and a little elevated. To the middle of the other long side is joined the tail, of 50 feet in length, beneath which is the rudder. These important appendages effectually control the flight as to elevation and direction, and are governed by cords proceeding from the car. Situated at the back edge of the main frame are two sets of vanes or propellers, of 20 feet in diameter, driven by the steam engine.

"The chief peculiarities of this important member of the carriage are the respective constructions of its boiler and condenser. The former consists of hollow inverted truncated cones, arranged above and around the furnace; they are about 50 in number, and large enough to afford 100 square feet of evaporating surface, of which half is exposed to radiating heat. The condenser is an assemblage of small pipes exposed to the stream of air produced by the flight of the machine. It is found to produce a vacuum of from 5lb. to 8lb. to the square inch. The steam is employed in two cylinders, and is cut off at one-fourth of the stroke. Our engineering readers will be able to gather from these particulars, that the steam-engine is of about 20 horse power, supposing the evaporating power of the boiler to be equal, foot for foot, to that of the locomotive steam-engine.

"The area of the sustaining surface will be not less than 4,500 square feet; the weight to be sustained, including the carriage and its total burden, is estimated at 3,000lbs. The load is said to be considerably less per square foot than that of many birds. It may assist the conceptions of our non-mechanical readers, to add that



AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE journals have generally teemed with the highest praise of Mr Henson's invention, and as a text for my remarks, I will make my observations upon the article which appeared in the 'Times' paper, as it seems, on reading it, to be the same in substance as those which have since appeared, and remain uncontradicted by the inventor.

the general appearance of the machine is that of a gigantic bird with stationary wings; that the mechanical principles concerned in its support are strongly exemplified in the case of a kite; and that its progress is maintained by an application of power like that which propels a steam-boat. In the operations of nature, particularly in the flight of birds, will be found many striking illustrations of the principles on which the inventor has proceeded."

In the early part of the above quotation there is a happy allusion to the "day-dreams of the projector," and it need not have been followed up by the addition, we should be "surprised to learn." However, it is not my intention to make any visionary remarks on a matter which is so abundantly visionary in itself. I wish to notice the subject seriously, to prove the folly of such a scheme for progressing through the air.

It is necessary for my argument to produce a scale of the pressure caused by the velocity of the wind, and I take that according to Rouse, which was collected with great care, and proved by facts arising from a considerable number of experiments, and published by the celebrated Smeaton in the 51st vol. of the 'Philosophical Transactions':—

Velocity of the Wind.		Perpendicular force on one square foot in Avoirdupois pounds.	Common appellations of the forces of winds.
Miles in one hour.	Feet in one second.		
1	1.47	.005	Hardly perceptible.
2	2.93	.020	
3	4.40	.044	Just perceptible.
4	5.87	.079	
5	7.33	.123	Gentle pleasant wind.
10	14.67	.492	
15	22.00	1.107	Pleasant gale.
20	29.34	1.968	
25	36.67	3.073	Very brisk.
30	44.01	4.429	
35	51.34	6.027	High wind.
40	58.68	7.873	
45	66.01	9.963	Very high.
50	75.35	12.300	
60	88.02	17.715	A storm or tempest.
80	117.36	31.490	A great storm.
100	146.70	49.200	A hurricane.
			A hurricane that tears up trees, and carries before it buildings, &c.

What I have to say I shall endeavour to present without the aid of algebraic or fractional parts, so as to make what I wish to convey perfectly intelligible to ordinary readers. The area of the wings, or sustaining surface, is about 4,500 square feet, and it is generally stated out of doors that this machine is to progress at a rate of 100 miles an hour. This I must set down as ridiculous. The velocity of the wind, by the above scale, shows that even trees and houses are carried away by its violence; and it matters not whether you pass through the

air at that velocity, or the air passes by you, the result is the same. It is stated that the machine is to be moved by a 20 horse engine, and to be under the control of a manager. That these assertions will not be borne out I can easily prove. Let us suppose the wind is blowing, according to the above scale, at 15 miles per hour (a "pleasant gale," according to the above table), and therefore acting with a power of 1.107 lb., or rather above one pound on the square foot; and we will then assume that the wings or sails of the machine are laid at an angle of 45 degrees* against the wind, and the machine weighing altogether 3,000 lbs., of course we know there would be pressing against the sails of 4,500 feet area, a lifting force of half a pound† to each foot, or 2,250 lbs. We now desire that the machine shall pass through the atmosphere against this wind at a rate of 15 miles per hour, taking it for granted the manager can always keep the sail at the same angle, 45 degrees. We know that we shall then require a force equal to propelling the machine against a calm atmosphere of 30 miles, viz., 15 miles against us, and 15 miles for the power of the machinery to act. When this is accomplished, it will give a lifting force of one pound to the foot, or 4,500 lbs. The horse power necessary to drive this machine through the air is easily calculated. Taking, in the first place, a horse power to be equal to Messrs Bolton and Watt's statement, viz. 32,000 lbs. to be raised one foot high per minute. The principle of this machine may be easily understood: it is that of a kite; for it matters not whether the kite is laid at an angle against the wind, and having the string to hold it, or the kite is propelled through the air by a machine at the same angle. Each will form the resistance necessary to rise it in the air, provided the velocity of the wind, or the power used, is sufficient to act on the surface of the kite to a greater elevating power than its own weight.

We will calculate the power necessary to raise the weight of 3,000 lbs., and to pass it through the atmosphere as above at a rate of 15 miles per hour, and 15 miles of resistance by an opposing wind.

If in one hour you go thirty miles, how far do you go in one minute?—we know the answer is half a mile.

Well, we find we travel half a mile, or 880 yards, per minute, and we will take the statement of the inventor, that his "Aerial Machine," engine, engineers, manager, passengers, &c. &c., only weigh 3,000 lbs.

* I take this angle, not supposing it will ever be used; it is more familiar to most persons, and the argument is just the same as upon one much smaller.

† I take this on the broad principle, not going into decimal parts, which in a matter like this is of no importance, but might confuse the reader.

Our next question is this—what number of horse power will it take to drive and sustain 3,000 lbs., and carry through the air at a velocity of 880 yards, or 2,640 feet, in a minute?

I abstain from giving the figures of the arithmetical calculation, but multiplying the 3,000 lbs. by the number of feet per minute, and dividing it by 32,000 (Watt's calculation of horse power), the result will be that a 247 horse power will be found necessary to travel through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour, taking all for granted that the machinery is perfect and will act. What can the twenty-horse engine do when it requires 247 horse power to propel it thirty miles per hour?

The following is the description of the machine as represented in the engraving, which is given without the canvas, that its structure may be the more clearly understood:—

A, A, the main frame, or wings, composed of the longitudinal pieces, &c., and the bow-like individual frames across them.

B, B, E, B, &c., upright posts, or standards, to the upper and lower ends of which metallic braces, shown by the single lines, are attached, supporting various points in the frame.

C, C, a longitudinal piece, which forms the outer boundary of the space required for the vanes, or propellers.

D, D, D, &c., the vanes, or propellers, mounted on shafts, as shown in the figure, and drawn by steam-engines by means of bands.

E, E, E, E, the tail, turning on a joint at *F*.

G, the car, containing the steam-engine, cargo, conductors, and passengers, in suitable compartments.

H, the rudder.

The covering of the wings and tail is of silk or linen: that of the wings is divided into three lengths for each end, joining each other at the double frames shown: this division facilitates the rapid reefing and spreading of the covering, which is effected by the cords running parallel with the longitudinal pieces, *a, a, a*, &c., of the wings. The tail and rudder are, in like manner, governed by cords proceeding from the car.

It may be as well to mention the action of the bird, with a few remarks upon it. The large pectoral muscles of the bird (viz., the breast), which constitute their great power of using the wings for flight, exceed and outweigh all the other muscles of their body. The same muscle in man is only about one-seventieth part of his other muscles, therefore it is futile at any time for man to attempt to raise himself by his own power acting on machinery. The flying of birds is thus performed: they spring from the ground, and at that moment ex-

pend their wings, and by their vibrating violently and perpendicularly against the air, raise themselves; the tail serves to steady the body, and is expanded and contracted, raised or depressed, at the will of the bird; to balance itself against different currents. The motion of the head to one side or the other serves as a guide to determine its course, by altering the centre of gravitation. They also have the power of using one wing more strongly than the other to make a sudden turn. Birds never fly upwards in a straight line, but form a parabola in ascent and descent in a similar manner to projectiles.

The earliest account of mechanical flying was made by Archytas, in the fourth century before the Christian era, of a wooden pigeon, and of which "Aulus Gellius" (Noctes Atticæ, lib. x, cap. 12), gives a story that it flew by mechanical powers and an *inclosed spirit*. This last sentence is enough. Many other projects have been started, but all have shared the same fate, and a few necks broken in their futile attempts.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—
TEST FOR SOVEREIGNS.—A paper was read by Mr Oldham, of the machine invented by Mr Cotton, the Governor of the Bank of England, for weighing sovereigns. The machine exhibited was made by Mr Napier, and was so delicate that it detected with precision a variation of a twelve thousand two hundred and fiftieth part of the weight of a sovereign. The coins are placed in a tube or hopper, from whence they are carried on to a small platform, which is suspended over a delicately poised beam, to the other end of which is appended the standard Mint weight. On setting the machine at work a sovereign is placed upon the platform, and if it is full weight a small tongue advances and strikes it off into a till appointed to receive it; but if it is light the platform sinks and brings it within the reach of another tongue, at a lower level, which advances at right angles to the former tongue, and pushes the coin into another till. Other coins succeed in rapid rotation, so that the machine can weigh and sort 10,000 sovereigns in six hours, while an expert teller can, at the utmost, only weigh between 3,000 and 4,000 coins by hand scales in the same time, and even then the optic nerve of the eye, by incessant straining, becomes fatigued, and errors occur.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Sir F. Mackenzie presented a statement of his plan for establishing a Model Farm in each county of England and Wales, by public subscription, at an estimated sum of 117,297l.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS HONEY.

SHE falls, she passes to the tomb,
Not in the course of slow decay,
But in the glory of her bloom,
And in the zenith of her day.

"Mark!" such the solemn voice of Fate,
Surveyed the dazzling things of earth,
"How weak the prop—how brief the date
Of beauty and inspiring mirth!"

RURAL SONNET.

By the author of 'Spartacus,' 'The Cathedral Bell,' and other Tragedies.

APRIL.

THE equinoctial gales are lull'd to rest;
The early singing-birds unite their strains;
And timid April, by the sun caress'd,
Now, with her breath of violets, walks the plains;

And, when her lord, as some enamour'd youth,
Dwells on the changeful colours of her brow,

She, like some maid, heart-certain of his truth,
Smiles through her tears for bliss to share his vow.

The days extend—in many-tinted green,
The buds unfurl their foliage; and the trees,
Which, promptest, bloom along the rural scene,

Show, like some dress'd regatta, in the breeze,
The swallows re-appear—and, hour by hour,
Both still, and moving, all mark spring's engendering power.

J. JONES.

Inner Temple, March 23, 1843.

A SMART AFFAIR.

Poor Mrs Sigourney we blame
For shewing such a lack of heart,
She answers—"I have made a name
And that I think is something smart."

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But surely greatest he of all
Must be, who does not dine at all.

RICHMOND IN YORKSHIRE.

"Fuit illium et ingens gloria Teucrorum."

Mark by yon leaf-clad hill with woodlands rude,
Of birch and plane, where ring-doves nurse their brood;
Where the tall pine o'erlooks with haughty head

The rugged banks of Swale's uneven bed;
Based on the bosom of the towering rock
Unscath'd alike by time or tempest's shock,
The gloomy castle's cannon-furrow'd brow
Majestic frowns upon the woods below!

Mark well the massive coronal of wall!
The ivy mantles o'er the sunny hall,
That seems like desolation's trophies spread
Where taper-gleams reveal the lost and dead!
The chapel mark—the bell-tower's cumbrous weight,—

The slanting lattice of th' embattl'd height;
Where waving bannerols told the Norman power,
Now grows untouched "the crimson-tipped flower."

Behold, enshrined in meads of varied hue,
Old Eastby's walls fast fading from the view:
No more from yon grey towers at evening-dim

Resounds the deep'ning chime for vesper hymn,—

When hooded Friars have pass'd its isles along,
And made night echo to their holy song!
For when the weary world to sleep retire
Have thundering anthems shook the fretted choir;

But now, alas! the whistling breezes blow
Their mournful dirge within the vaults below.

Hushed are their chants; and where they loved to dwell,
Sad silence sleeps within her moss-clad cell.

While Memory, doting o'er past power and pride,
In spectral throngs beholds their shadows glide,

Till scared by morning's mantling tinge of grey
The Knight and Friar in vapour pass away;
Yet whispering to the heart, thro' life's short span,

Power is a dream—and but a shadow—man!

Grove lane.

JOHN F.

Reviews.

The Story-Teller.

THIS new periodical, conducted by Mr Bell, whose judgment, talents, and experience eminently qualify him to cater for the public, will, no doubt, attain the object of his ambition by furnishing a comprehensive 'Library of Minor Fictions.' The first number is playfully varied. One of its most striking *morceaux* we extract:—

THE THREE KNOCKS.

A Berkshire Legend.

At the beginning of the last, or close of the preceding century, a very skilful and eminent apothecary and surgeon resided in the outskirts of Newbury, as much beloved for his social qualities as he was valued for his knowledge of his profession. Amongst his patients and acquaintance was an elderly maiden lady of slender fortune, and of a sour and avaricious temper; these qualities were increased by a burden thrown upon her, which, sordid as was her nature, she could not avoid. An improvident brother died insolvent, and a beautiful girl of sixteen, his only child, was

left entirely to the unwilling protection of her aunt. Heartbroken at the loss of her father, harassed by the perpetual peevishness of her aunt, scantily fed, and poorly clad, the poor young creature sank under her change of circumstances, and became seriously ill. The good surgeon was called in, and speedily detected that the malady was mental.

One day, when alone with her, he said—"I see, my dear, what really ails you,—your aunt's treatment is killing you by inches,—I can do nothing for you, unless you will accept such a home as I can give you: if you can overlook the great disproportion in age, I think I could make it a happy home; you should have every comfort in my power to afford you, and at least it will be a happier life than that you lead at present." The young woman gratefully accepted the offer;—they were married, and for two years no persons could have been apparently better suited to each other, though the difference in age was more than thirty years.

At that period the surgeon received a letter from an intimate friend, an eminent physician in London, requesting as a favour that he would receive as a boarder for a few weeks, a young gentleman in whom he felt a particular interest: he described him as one highly talented and informed, who had by great industry and application attained considerable eminence at the bar, but whose health had sunk under the intense labour he had undergone through the winter; that consumptive symptoms had appeared, and nothing was likely to save his life but total rest from business, a change to good air, and the regular superintendence of a skilful medical man; and, knowing the skill and kindness of his friend, the airy situation of his house, and its capability to accommodate an inmate, he ventured to solicit an admittance for his young patient. The request was instantly granted, and the invalid took possession of a good apartment over the usual sitting-room, and received every attention from the surgeon and his wife.

To the latter this shortly became as dangerous as it was interesting; the invalid was attractive in person, and in every way formed to win the affections; he found his young companion (who by her husband's continual absence during his professional employment was continually alone with him) full of natural talent, but wholly uninformed; he took great delight in improving her mind, read and conversed with her, and every day increased their mutual interest in each other. Unhappily the young lawyer had imbibed many dangerous and sceptical opinions,—these he imparted to his pupil, and amongst others the total unbelief of a future state was impressed on her mind by the strong con-

viction he professed to entertain on the subject.

He remained through the summer months, and having much recovered his health, returned to town to resume his profession, leaving his unhappy victim a prey to melancholy, and unable to attend to the duties she had before so cheerfully fulfilled. The husband was grieved at the change, but wholly unsuspecting of the cause.

A few weeks of active employment brought on a return of consumption, and again the surgeon was applied to, and again received the destroyer of his peace, and bestowed every attention on a case which he was soon aware was hopeless. The unhappy young man had also a similar persuasion, and his mind appeared to suffer still more than his frame: doubts and terrors arose, and he continually held conversations with the wife, in which he stated these new impressions, and told her his greatest misery arose from the idea that he had perverted her religious principles, and that he should have to answer for the destruction of her soul as well as his own. But he frequently repeated, "If there be a future state, and a final judgment, and if it be possible for a departed spirit to return to earth, you shall have some warning when I am dead, which may decide your opinion."

A few weeks of great bodily and mental suffering terminated in his death; his unwearied nurse received his last breath, and with it a renewal of the solemn pledge he had before given. Worn down by grief and fatigue, she was unable to follow to the grave, but the good and unsuspecting husband, willing to show every regard to the dead, made the whole of his small establishment attend the burial.

She was left alone in her agony. During the latter part of the invalid's life, when he was seated in the chair by the fireside, a cane was placed across the arm with which he used to summon his watchful friend, when her domestic business took her away for a short time. At that period bells were not in common use; three distinct strokes on the floor gave the signal of her being wanted in the sick room, and it was promptly obeyed. A short time had elapsed after the funeral procession had disappeared, when she was roused from her stupor of grief by hearing in the room above the three strokes of the cane loudly and deliberately given. She started up, looked to the apartment, and on approaching the fireplace saw the cane which she had that very day placed in the corner of the room, leaning against the arm of the chair in the same position it had so long occupied in the life of her lover. When her husband returned from the church she was found cold and insensible, and stretched

on the hearth, on which she had fallen after her conviction that the pledge had been redeemed, the promised warning given. When she recovered her senses she requested to be left alone with her husband, and falling on her knees, confessed everything which had passed, and supplicated his forgiveness: it was granted by the kind-hearted old man, and with expressions of blame to himself for having exposed so young a creature to such a danger. She then requested to see the clergyman, who was a venerable and excellent man; to him also she made a full confession, and expressed the entire change of opinion which had been effected by the warning she had received. Whether her long attendance on a person in confirmed consumption had infected her with the disease, or whether grief and remorse acted fatally on a constitution naturally delicate, cannot now be known, but in little more than three months she sunk into an early grave.

Remarks on Medical Reform. By Sir James Clark. Murray.

We have here, in a second letter addressed to Sir James Graham, an able essay on the present state of medical education and medical practice. It is clearly shown by Sir James Clark, that though much has already been accomplished, much remains to be done. A more efficient control over practitioners, he contends, is wanting. There is no country, he tells us, "where so many irresponsible bodies possess the power of granting degrees in medicine, or of licensing medical practitioners—no two of them agreeing on the amount of instruction and qualifications required." The subject is one of great importance. It necessarily interests all classes. Sir James remarks—

"Upon the skill and judgment of the general practitioners depends mainly the health of the community: because they are, as we have seen, the ordinary attendants of the great body of the people; and the diseases of almost all ranks come under their care at their onset—the period, be it observed, when disease is much more under the control of efficient medical treatment than at any other: upon judicious management during the first few days—it may be hours—of an acute disease, depends very often the result of the case.

"The relation of the apothecary to the surgeon has been no less altered; and, as a consequence of this, the character of the surgeon's practice has undergone a remarkable change.

"Not many years have elapsed (some surgeons now living have, no doubt, witnessed the change) since surgeons of hospitals, and those who have been styled pure surgeons, were alone intrusted with

the treatment of surgical diseases, and with the performance of all operations of any consequence. Patients with local disorders requiring operations were brought from great distances to London and other large towns where operating surgeons were only to be found. At present, on the contrary, general practitioners in the smaller towns, and even in villages over the whole country, are frequently called on to perform the most important operations in surgery, in cases where the patient must lose his life were immediate assistance not procured. A considerable part of the practice of the surgeons, as well as of the physicians, has thus fallen into the hands of the general practitioner; and the result has been that the surgeons, finding themselves deprived of a large share of what they were accustomed to consider their legitimate right, now undertake the treatment of purely medical as well as surgical diseases; differing in their practice from the general practitioners only in not attending to midwifery, and not supplying their patients with medicines.

"From this exposition of the relative position and functions of the three different classes of medical practitioners, it will, I think, be admitted,—First, that the duties of the general practitioner are not the least onerous or important; and, secondly, that the professional duties of the three classes being essentially the same, so ought to be their medical education—up, at least, to that point, which is considered sufficient to qualify for general practice."

The subject is one which demands the best attention of the profession as well as of the public.

Memorials of the Dead.—The floor of the church was interspersed with long patches of cement, which covered graves, and near one of the altars was a box with a glass case, within which were the bones of a woman, the wife of a lively old gentleman whom we were in the habit of seeing every day. They were clean and bright, as if polished, with the skull and cross-bones in front, the legs and arms laid on the bottom, and the ribs disposed regularly in order, one above the other, as in life, having been so arranged by the husband himself; a strange attention, as it seemed, to a deceased wife. At the side of the case was a black board, containing a poetical inscription (in Spanish). * * The widowed husband wrote several stanzas more, but could not get them on the black board; and made copies for private distribution, one of which is in my hands. Near this were the bones of a brother of our friend the cura of Ticul and those of a child, and in the choir of the church, in the embrasure of a large window, were rows of skulls, all labelled on the forehead, and containing startling inscriptions. I took up one, and

staring me in the face were the words, "Soy Pedro Moreno: un Ave Maria y un Padre nuestro por Dios, hermano." "I am Peter Moreno: an Ave Maria and Paternoster for God's sake, brother." Another said, "I am Apolono Balche: a Paternoster and an Ave Maria for God's sake, brother." This was an old school-master of the padrecito, who had died but two years before. The padrecito handed me another, which said, "I am Bartola Arana: a Paternoster," &c. This was the skull of a Spanish lady whom he had known, young and beautiful, but it could not be distinguished from that of the oldest and ugliest Indian woman. "I am Anizetta Bib," was that of a pretty young Indian girl whom he had married, and who died but a year afterwards. I took them all up one by one; the padrecito knew them all; one was young, another old; one rich, another poor; one ugly, and another beautiful; but here they were all alike. Every skull bore the name of its owner, and all begged a prayer. One said, "I am Richard Joseph de la Merced Truxequé and Arana, who died the twenty-ninth of April of the year 1838; I am enjoying the kingdom of God for ever." This was the skull of a child, which, dying without sin, had ascended to heaven, and needed not the prayers of man. In one corner was a mourning box, painted black, with a white border, containing the skull of an uncle of the padrecito. On it was written in Spanish, "In this box is enclosed the skull of Friar Vicente Ortigon, who died in the village of Cuhul in the year 1820. I beseech thee, pious and charitable reader, to intercede with God for his soul, repeating an Ave Maria and a Paternoster, that he may be released from purgatory, if he should be there, and may go to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. Whoever the reader may be, God will reward his charity. Twenty-sixth of July, 1837." The writing bore the name of Juana Hernandez, the mother of the deceased, an old lady then living in the house of the mother of the padrecito.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.*

The Gathert.

The Art of Living.—No experiment on cheap living voluntarily made, perhaps, ever went beyond that made by Dr Franklin. When a journeyman printer, he lived for a fortnight on bread and water; his expense being tenpence a week. At the end of the time he was stout and hearty.

Celebration of Victory.—Thomas Topham, the strong man of Islington, on the 28th of May, 1741, lifted three hogsheds of water weighing one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one pounds. This feat was performed in commemoration of the taking of

Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, in the presence of the Admiral and thousands of spectators.

Mrs Sigourney.—An American lady, of the name of Sigourney, has been lately heard of everywhere, and supposed to be a person of great literary importance, from her being mixed up with the touching description addressed to her by Mrs Southey, of the melancholy situation in which the Doctor then lay. The 'Story-Teller' gives an odd explanation, from which it would appear that the American lady has not acted the most delicate part in the world. We are assured the plain facts are these: "Mrs Sigourney, a perfect stranger, wrote to Mrs Southey to request her correspondence. Mrs Southey, having other subjects to engross her thoughts, declined the honour, but simply and politely answered her inquiries as to Mr Southey's health. All this, of course, was under the recognised seal of private correspondence, which ought to have been considered all the more sacred from the way in which Mrs Sigourney had herself brought it about. "You may judge, then," says the narrator, "of Mrs Southey's astonishment, when she afterwards saw her letter not only printed in the public journals, but interpolated with phrases implying intimacy, and ejaculations of pathos, not one of which she ever penned!"

Antiquities of Gardening; Market Gardeners; Pigs.—In the 'Dictionnaire de Commerce' will be found the account of a singular privilege enjoyed by the common executioner of Paris. All persons who brought vegetables to the public market were compelled to pay him a certain toll. That functionary himself, with assistants, attended to receive the same, and used a novel mode of giving a receipt, by marking the amount with chalk upon the back of the person paying. These tolls were afterwards abolished, the public officer receiving compensation in some other way. Le Grand d'Aussy, writing in 1782, says, "There are yet many people living who can testify to this fact; and I have myself questioned several market gardeners on the subject, not very old men either, who remember having been thus marked in their youth." A similar custom formerly prevailed in Scotland, where the common hangman took toll of meal and coal, &c. in the markets of Dumfries, Edinburgh, and Inverness. Some other curious privileges were also possessed by the French headsman; for instance, when an execution had taken place within the territory belonging to a monastery, the holy brotherhood were compelled, besides other fees, to present him with a pig's head. He attended annually on St Vincent's day, walked first in the procession in honour of that saint, and, after the ceremony, received a pig's head, provided for that pur-

pose by the abbot of St Germain's. During the twelfth century, it was the custom of the inhabitants of Paris to breed pigs which were allowed to roam about the streets during the day-time; thus gaining a scanty living at the public expense, and at the same time creating an insufferable nuisance, which led to the following serious accident: On the 2nd Oct., 1131, as Prince Philippe, son of Louis le Gros, was riding between the Hotel de Ville and the church of St Gervois, a pig ran between the horse's legs, and frightened the animal so much, that the Prince was thrown from his saddle, and his skull fractured so severely that he died the next day. This accident caused certain police regulations regarding pigs to be promulgated. They, however, met with considerable resistance; the monks of St Anthony especially, on account of their patron saint being represented as attended by pigs, claimed to be exempted from the operation of the new laws, and ultimately succeeded in obtaining the privilege of being the only proprietors whose pigs were allowed to roam about the city. The public executioner was appointed to seize any pig found astray which did not belong to the holy fathers; and, upon taking it to the Hôtel Dieu, he exacted a fine of five sous from the owner, or decapitated the animal, reserving the head for his own emolument.

— *Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Anecdote of Lord North.—The contemporaries of Lord North, even while they declared that he ought to be brought to the scaffold, gave him credit for extraordinary command of temper. Once, however, he lost all patience. The occasion was this:—A gentleman who was of the number of his parliamentary supporters having solicited an appointment, obtained it. "I have now," said he, "another favour to ask of your lordship," and he named a second situation which he coveted. "That," said Lord North, "you cannot have: it can only be held by a woman."—"I know it," replied the M.P., "but I want it for my wife. What your lordship has given will suffice for myself, but it will fall short if I have to make out of it an allowance for my wife and children."—"What," inquired his lordship, "do you not live with them then?"—"No," replied the other: "surely you are aware that I am living with Fanny D——."—"I knew no such thing," replied North; "our acquaintance must drop. I regret the appointment I have promised, but my word is passed;" and while he spoke he showed the applicant the door.

Burke a Dramatist.—Burke once mentioned to Mr Fox that he had written a tragedy. "Did you let Garrick see it?" inquired his friend.—"No," replied Burke; "I indeed had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

Modern Missionaries.—A man who is more fond of novelty than of honest labour, or of being always called plain Tom, or Dick, having a good stock of self-conceit, transforms himself into a preacher—he then expects to be styled Mr Thomas, perhaps the REVEREND Mr Thomas, to be excused from work, and to look almost like a gentleman. I fear such motives as these may stimulate some for missionaries, both for at home and abroad.—*John Newton, Rector of St Mary's, Woolnoth.*

Queen Anne hunting.—Swift writes to Stella, on the 7th of August, 1701:—"I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag until four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner."—*Jesse's Houses of Orange and Hanover.*

Don Carlos.—This prince, when Ferdinand the Seventh was dying, refused to give up his right to the crown, and continued after his death to declare that, as it was the gift of Heaven, he dared not abandon it.

Fatal Effects of Dining late.—Among the proximate causes of the death of Louis the Twelfth, a French author mentions that, instead of dining at eight in the morning, as had been his custom, after marrying the beautiful sister of Henry the Eighth, he did not take his dinner till noon!

Portable Gas.—The 'Censeur' of Lyons states that, at one of the late sittings of the Municipal Council, a trial was made of a new portable gas, to which its inventor has given the name of *hydroluminous*. The apparatus is very simple, and applicable to the *smallest candlesticks* as well as to the largest and most splendid candelabra. The light it gives is very fine, and it is so portable that it may be carried about with the commonest hand-candlestick.

— A weak decoction of gall-nuts has been found, by Chansarel, the best antidote in cases of poisoning by mushrooms. The tannin contained in the nuts forms an insoluble combination with the vegetable poison.—*Ann. of Chem.*

— A shock of earthquake was felt in the district of Loerach, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the morning of the 25th ult.

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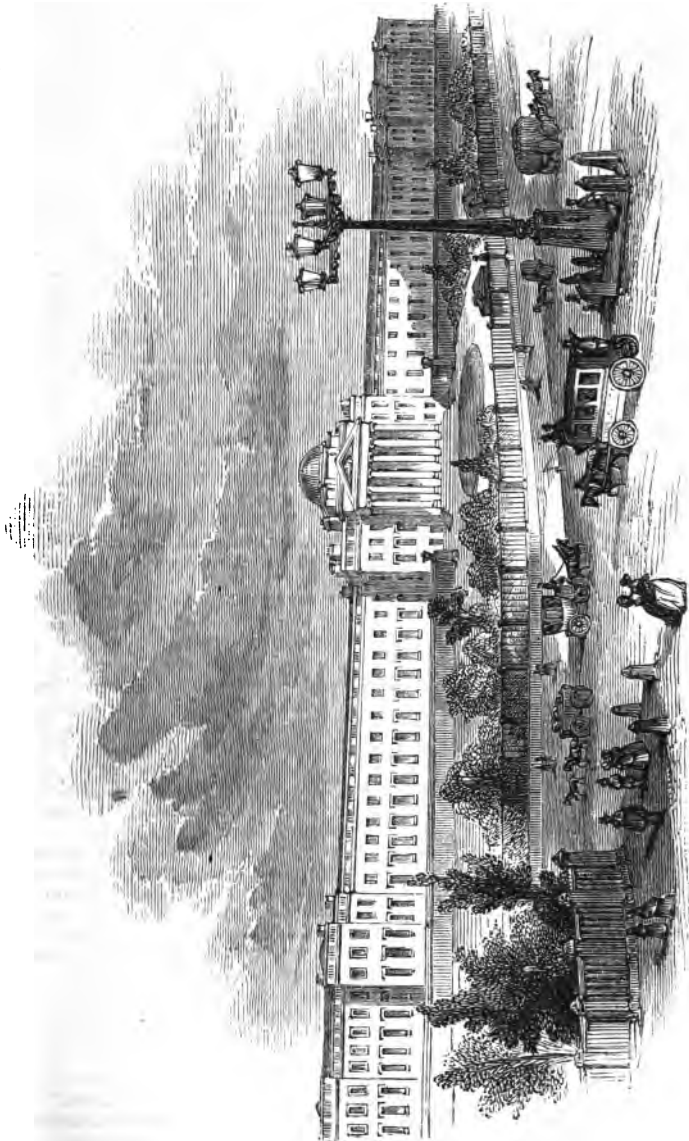
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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1843.

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BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Original Communications.

BETHLEHEM OR BEDLAM
HOSPITAL.

THE importance of placing unhappy lunatics in a house where, while medical skill attempted their restoration to health they might be prevented from injuring others, could never for a moment be called in question. It was early felt to be a matter of great public interest. To this the attention of Henry the Eighth was called. He formed an establishment for the reception and cure of lunatics. The means, however, which he afforded to the city to carry out this design, had been furnished some centuries before his time. Simon Fitzmary, in 1246, willed certain property away to be secured for pious purposes. His object will be seen from passages we are about to quote from the ancient deed of gift, which has been preserved. It opens thus :—

“To all the children of our Mother Holy Church to whom this present writing shall come, *Simon*, the son of Mary, sendeth greeting in our Lord. Whereas, among other things, and before other lands, the high altitude of the Heavenly Councils marvellously wrought by some readier devotion, ought to be more worshipped, of which things the mortal sickness (after the fall of our first father, Adam) hath taken the beginning of this new repairing : therefore, forsooth, it becometh worthy that the place in which the Sonne of God is become man, and hath proceeded from the Virgin increaser and beginner of man's redemption—namely, ought to be with reverence worshipped, and with beneficial portions to be increased. Therefore it is that the said Simon sonne of Mary, having special and singular devotion to the church of the glorious Virgin at Bethlem, where the same Virgin of her brought forth our Saviour incarnate, and lying in the cratch, and with her own milk nourished, and where the same child to us there born, the chivalry of the Heavenly company sung the new hymn ‘Gloria in excelsis Deo.’ The same time the increaser of our health as a King, and his mother a Queen, willed to be worshipped of kings. A new starre going before them as the honour and reverence of the same child and his meek mother : and to the exaltation of my noble Lord King of England, whose wife and child, the aforesaid mother of God and her only Son, have in their keeping and protection ; and to the manifold increase of this city of London in which I was born : and also to the health of my soul, and the souls of my predecessors and successors, my father, mother,” and my friends, and especially for the souls of Guy of Marlow, John Du-

rant, Ralph Ashwey, Maud, Margaret and Dennis, women ; have given, granted, and by ~~this my present charter~~, here have confirmed to God, and to the church of St Mary of Bethlem, all my lands which I have in the parish of St Botolph, Without Bishopsgate, of London ; that is to say, whatsoever I there now have or had, or in time to come may have, in houses, gardens, pools, ponds, ditches, and pits, and all their appurtenances, as they be closed in by their bounds which now extend in length from the King's High street, east, to the great ditch in the west, which is called ‘Deep Ditch,’ and in breadth to the lands of Ralph Downing in the north ; and to the land of the Church of St Botolph in the south.”

The testator proceeds to direct that a Priory shall be formed, the brothers and sisters of which were to wear a star in their copes and mantles of profession. He goes on to direct that a church shall be built “as soon as our Lord shall enlarge his grace,” and most carefully alienates the property above described ; and the instrument thus concludes : “This (forsooth) gift and confirmation of my deed, and the putting to of my seal for me and my heirs, I have stedfastly made strong this year of our Lord God, a thousand two hundred and forty-seven, the Wednesday after the feast of St Luke the Evangelist, these being witnesses : Peter, the son of Allen, then Mayor of London ; Nicholas Bett, the Sheriff of the same city, and Alderman of the said ward ; Ralph Sparling, Alderman, &c. &c.”

The establishment founded by the Sheriff, was given by King Henry the Eighth to the city. It stood in a lane or street near Bishopsgate Church, which was, till lately, called “Old Bethlehem,” but which is now known as Liverpool street. They formed a Lunatic Hospital there, but some inconvenience being experienced from the situation, it was removed to the south side of Moorfields. A noble building was then erected, which overlooked the four square-enclosed fields, through which roads formerly passed, and which were called “Moorfield's Quarters.” About thirty years ago, it was resolved that another removal should take place, when the present magnificent edifice in St George's Fields was reared. On the Emperor Alexander coming here, after the war in 1814, among other interesting objects, it was reported that his attention was directed to the unfinished New Bedlam, and that, astonished at its magnitude, he jocosely remarked, “the only fault he could find with it was, that it was not sufficiently large.” It has since received vast additions, so that what was uttered in mirth, might stand justified as a grave remark.

At present we have no space to speak of

the internal arrangements, or the treatment of the patients, further than to say, it is believed, to be most judicious and humane. These matters, and the history of some of its inmates, with other matters of interest connected with the subject, it is more than probable, will be dealt with in a future number.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—(No. I.)

DEATH OF JAMES II.

THE character of James II presents some extraordinary varieties. His earlier career was of good promise. A gallant sailor, as Duke of York, he well sustained the honour of the bravest of his race. Subsequently, every one knows, he became a tyrannical, gloomy bigot. In the close of his life, however, the principles which cost him his crown are said to have afforded him the greatest solace, and to have enabled him to quit this scene of strife with perfect resignation.

The 'Histoire de Jacques II,' which was published at Brussels in 1740, gives a very interesting account of the termination of his career. There are some passages in it which have perhaps never yet appeared in an English dress, of which a translation is now offered. The partialities of the writer are obvious, but it would be too much to say these throw a doubt over the general statement. James had been trying the waters of Bourbon by the advice of his physicians, and was thought to have received considerable benefit from them. A spitting of blood which had afflicted him had been relieved, when, on Friday, September 2nd, 1701, having passed the night less quietly than usual, he was taken ill in the chapel, where he went to hear mass. He was carried into his apartment, and remained some time seated on his easy chair, but as it was seen that his strength continued to decrease they begged of him to suffer himself to be carried to his bed, and when the queen came to him, he sunk into her arms without consciousness, and without any pulse being perceptible. "He partially recovered," our author proceeds, "and got comfortably through that day and the following one, but on Sunday, about two in the afternoon, his indisposition became such that his medical attendants began to despair. It was not necessary to announce that his end approached; he knew it himself, and as he had been long familiarised with death, far from being troubled, he looked forward to it with joy. His only care thenceforth was to die well, and not to lose time. He made that day a general confession; scarcely had he finished when he rapidly grew weaker, and was seized with a vomiting of blood, which it

was feared would suffocate him. He, however, in some degree revived, and asked for the viaticum, and turning towards his confessor, 'Holy father,' said he, 'take care that I receive all the sacraments of the church.' His confessors replied that they should soon be administered. The delay, however, which occurred seemed to him long, and the request was repeated.

"He then desired that the Prince of Wales might be called. The prince came. It was a mournful sight that was presented to him when he saw the king covered with blood, and half dead. He ran and embraced him; the king extended his arms, and received him with all the tenderness of a father. He blessed him, and recommended him, above everything, to remain firm to his religious principles and the service of God, whatever might happen, and always to manifest for the queen the respect and submission due to the best of mothers. He reminded him how largely he was indebted to the King of France, and never to forget it. It was not without some violence that they compelled the prince to retire. The king wished to detain him. "Let them leave me my son," he said, "that I may give him my blessing." The prince again approached him, and the king in giving his blessing said to him, "Never separate yourself from the Catholic church; one cannot lose too much for God." After this he permitted him to withdraw. He afterwards ordered that the princess his daughter should be brought to him. He spoke to her nearly in the same words that he had addressed to the Prince of Wales, and gave her his blessing. The princess was disconsolate, and proved by the abundance of her tears the bitter regret which filled her heart.

After the king had taken leave of his children, he caused the Protestant lords and his domestics of the same religion who were present to draw near. He exhorted them severally to embrace the Catholic religion. He assured them that if they followed the advice which he gave them, that they would feel the same consolation which he experienced, when they should be in the state in which at that moment they saw him. He especially made them remark that the testimony which he then gave in favour of the church was that of a dying man. He did not forget the Catholics, he warned them that from first becoming Christians they ought to be careful to make their lives conformable to their faith.

The Curé of Saint Germain entered with the holy sacrament. At the presence of Jesus Christ the king exclaimed with a new sentiment of joy, "There is then my God! the happy moment is arrived." According to custom he inquired if he believed that Jesus Christ was really and

substantially present in the sacred host, to which the king replied, "Yes, I believe: I believe it with all my heart." He pronounced these words with an ardour and so lively an expression of faith, that it affected all present to tears. He communicated, and passed some time conversing silently with God. He had no sooner concluded his prayers than he asked for the extreme unction. They gave it to him. During this time his mind was awake to all the priest did and said.

He thought it his duty publicly to pardon his enemies, and named the Prince of Orange and the Princess of Denmark. He had pardoned them a long time before, and said several times that he thought himself in some respects more obliged to the Prince of Orange than to all the rest of the world, because taking from him three crowns, he had put him in a condition to acquire one infinitely more precious than them all.

The King of England having fulfilled these essential duties now turned his thoughts towards his funeral. He wished that his heart should be carried to the monks of the Visitation de Chaillot, that his body should be buried in the parish church, without any other ceremony than would be used for a private gentleman, and wished that there should be no inscription on his tomb but these four words—"*Hic jacet Jacobus II.*" He had this so much at heart that he often mentioned it, and he charged the Curé of Saint Germain to ask it on his behalf of the King of France. God, no doubt, would approve of his humility, but Louis XIV judged it more fitting that his body should be carried to Paris, and placed in the church of the English Benedictines of the Faubourg St James, where it rests till it shall be transported to England, to be buried at Westminster, in the tomb of his ancestors.

On the evening of Sunday the king in some measure recovered his strength, and had a better night than he had had for some time. On the following day the hemorrhage ceased, and there would have been little uneasiness on his account had the fever not continued. He was calm, never complained of pain, and most strictly obeyed the injunctions of his physicians, and took all the medicines they prescribed, however offensive to his taste, having constantly in his recollection the gall and the vinegar which Jesus Christ had swallowed while on the cross. This he did, not in the hope of being restored to health, but to satisfy the wishes of the queen.

An abatement, which they remarked, in the fever on the eighth day, encouraged a new hope, but on the ninth he fell into a stupor, which appeared to tend to a lethargy, but on the twelfth the fever returned with redoubled violence, his coun-

tenance changed, and it was thought he was about to expire. The queen seeing him in this state remained near his bed in tears. He perceived her, and said, to console her, "Do not affect yourself, madam, I am going to be happy." "It is not you, sir," replied the queen, kissing his hand, "but myself, that I pity." At this moment she was so overwhelmed with grief that she almost fainted. The king remarked it, and desired her to withdraw, which she did.

The King of France, who had not missed inquiring after his health a single day, and who had already been twice to see him, paid him a third visit. He went first to the queen's chamber, and it was there that he declared the resolution which he had formed, in the event of God disposing of her husband, to recognise the Prince of Wales as King of England. The queen immediately caused the young prince to appear, and Louis perceiving him, addressed him thus—"Sir, you are going to lose the king, your father, but you will always find another parent in me. I will watch over you as my own child." The prince, embracing the knees of the king, said he should always feel for his Majesty the same respect as for a father, and that he should never forget what he owed him, and that he would preserve through his life the sentiments of the deepest gratitude. The King of France passed into the chamber of James, and approached his bed. The courtiers offered to withdraw, but Louis remarked that he should be glad for all to hear what he had to say, and he then repeated aloud, addressing himself to the sick king, the declaration he had just made to the queen and the Prince of Wales. It would be difficult to express what was there felt by the Court of England (those about James). They thought no more of appearances. Each was eager to testify his gratitude to the King of France. They threw themselves at his feet, and in accents of mingling consolation and sorrow caused the chamber to resound with their plaudits and their sobbings, so that the voice of the King of England could not be heard.

Besides the princes and lords of France who visited him during his illness, the Pope's nuncio came to express his sense of the loss the church would sustain in his person. The king gave him a cordial welcome, and expressed his joy that he had an opportunity of making before him in this, his extremity, a confession of his faith. He then exclaimed in a firm voice, and with much animation, "I die a son of the Holy Catholic church. Should it please God to restore me to health, I will employ it to serve his church, better than I have hitherto done."

He survived three days after this, re-

taining his senses all the time, and giving additional proofs of his piety. At length, on the 16th of September, at two in the afternoon, he experienced an accession of pain. It was short, and a little after three he gave up his spirit, to go and receive from God himself a kingdom, better than that which men had taken from him. Such was the death of this prince, truly great even before he ascended the throne, but still greater since he had descended from it.

Such was the opinion of the French biographer of James. It has not yet been generally adopted in England.

RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. XI.—ST HELEN'S PRIORY.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in paying a visit to some fragment of antiquity which the progress of modern "improvement" condemns to almost immediate destruction. To reflect that we look upon it for the last time—that we shall be the last of the many generations which have seen it—that it will be closed to the sight and admiration of our children,—these reflections add considerably to the interest which its antiquity and connexion with men and things long gone by, had previously given it, and we feel anxious to secure, ere it vanishes for ever, some memorial of its appearance and its history. It seems to be but following the course of nature, and, as we watch its gradual demolition, we cannot but remember that, in the course of a few more years, other relics will also bow before the hand of Time, and then, what a modern city—how destitute of antiquarian interest—will London have become! Its relics, those remains of ancient times which are yet left to illustrate its early history, are rapidly decreasing; one by one they disappear, making the very few left still more valuable and interesting, from their scarcity. Thirty years have not elapsed since the antiquary had to deplore the destruction of one of his favourite objects, the ancient wall of London, a considerable portion of which formed part of Bethlehem Hospital, which, in 1818, and on the removal of the establishment, was demolished. Destruction has now directed its march to Tower hill, and there a small plot of vacant space has been discovered. Houses must be built, and venerable antiquity must rear its head no longer; the stone covered with the moss of ages, the mortar dried by the winds of centuries, give way, and one of the most considerable remnants of the ancient wall, another of our city relics, will soon have disappeared!

After gazing long and abstractedly on the fated remnant, I left the spot, and,

turning into the Minorities, followed the course of the wall to Houndsditch. But I had now to seek for other relics,—relics which were as surely doomed as that which I had just quitted, but whose destruction, though equally certain, was more gradual. These were the remains of St Helen's Priory. My search was directed underground, in dark cellars and damp vaults, where I could yet occasionally trace a groined arch, the outline of which was so faintly visible as almost to escape my notice.

The priory to which these remains belonged was a house of Benedictine nuns, founded about the year 1212 by William Basing, Dean of St Paul's, and dedicated to St Helen. Among the possessions of this convent we find the ground on which Crosby Hall was erected, which was granted on a lease to Sir John Crosby, by Alice Ashfed, the prioress, in 1466, and some tenements in Mincing, originally Mincheon, lane, which derived its name from the Minchuns, or nuns of St Helen's. The priory was suppressed by Henry VIII on the 25th November, 1538, the value being at that time estimated at 314*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The buildings were then purchased by the Leathersellers' company, who converted them into their almshouses and hall; and the chapel (in which Sir John Crosby, Sir Thomas Gresham, and other distinguished citizens are buried), became a parish church.

Many of the relics of St Helen's were swept away by the erection of the fine open court, called St Helen's place, upon the site of the ancient priory. The interior of the church, however, exhibits much of its original aspect, although all traces of the convent have been effaced from the exterior wall.

Some remarkable particulars of the convent of St Helen, drawn from authentic sources, appear in the tale of 'Other Times, or the Monks of Leadenhall.' A portion of the true cross, the prioress informs a novice, which the Empress Helena had been so fortunate as to discover, was then beneath its roof, which was supposed to be possessed of miraculous virtue. The seal of the convent was in the form of an eye, and on its rim appeared the inscription, "Sigill: Monialium Sancte Elene Londoniarum;" and within, the Empress was represented sustaining the cross in an erect position, her left arm round the shaft, and the three nails which had sustained the hands and feet of Jesus grasped in her hand. On the opposite side a group of devout worshippers was portrayed, who, with bended knees and uplifted eyes and hands, looked towards the expiatory emblem for comfort and salvation. The seal was appended to a parchment, on which

the regulations given by Reginald Kentwode, Dean of St Paul's, to the pious sisterhood, in 1439. Two of these were as follows:—

“That ye, ne noone of youre susteres, use nor haunt any place withinne the priory, thorothe the wich evel suspecyone or sclaunderre mythe aryse, weche places (for certayne causes which move us) we wryte not hereinne in our present injunccyon, but woll notify to your prioress. Nor have no looking nor spectacles owteward thortght the wiche ye mythe falle in worldly dilectacyone.”

“That noone of you speke ne comone with no seculere persone withoute lycense of the prioress; and that there be another of yowre susteres present, assigned by the prioress, to here and recorde the honeste of both partyes in such comynication. And such letters or geftes sent or receyved may turn into honeste and wurchepe, and none into velanye ne disclaundered of yowre honeste and religione.”

From St Helen's place to Crosby square, and at the back of Bishopsgate street, may be discerned the remains of this ancient priory, some in wine cellars underground, others in the walls above it. But the most perfect is situated in Great St Helen's, and is a crypt with a groined roof, which is now occupied by a wine merchant, and is supposed to have belonged to the chapel of the priory. There are several other more obliterated memorials, which have become confused with the remains of Crosby Hall, and it is a rather difficult task to distinguish many of the relics of the priory from those of the mansion. In either case, whether they have been the witnesses of the devotional rigour or the social excesses of the middle ages, they are interesting and worthy of our attention.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

P.S. The author of these sketches wishes to correct an error which occurred in No. IX of the 'Relics of London,' where Mary, Queen of Scots, was inadvertently mentioned among the prisoners who have been confined in the Tower. That unfortunate princess was never there.

HORRORS OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE startling accounts received from Sidney and Hobart Town, and other penal settlements, from time to time, demand the serious consideration of every religious, of every reflecting mind. All honour to that benevolence which laboured, and successfully, to reform our criminal code, so as to render the infliction of death under a judicial sentence no longer an every-day spectacle; but if, in lieu of capital punishment, such severities are now sanctioned as to ordinary minds appear worse than

death itself, it is difficult to exult in the triumph humanity has gained by the alteration in the law.

There certainly was a period when the idle and the disorderly in England received such favourable accounts of the condition of convicts in New South Wales, that transportation was regarded by many with indifference, and perhaps in some cases looked forward to with hope. Such a state of things was not desirable. But to correct this error, inflictions seem latterly to have been sanctioned which fiends would hardly countenance, and which utterly exhaust the powers of mortal endurance. The wretched victims become reckless, and rush into new crimes. It has been proved beyond all doubt, that murders have been perpetrated by desperate wretches to gain that momentary relief which removal for trial and execution might offer. To spare life in England that it may be sacrificed for new atrocities elsewhere, is certainly not what the foes of capital punishment originally contemplated or desired.

An unhappy being was lately tried in this country for returning from transportation. The history he gave of his sufferings made the hearers shudder. It was seen in his case, that no severity could induce the miserable man to submit with resignation, and though often punished, he repeatedly attempted to escape, and at last succeeded. He is now sentenced to be transported for life. It did not appear that he had again offended since his return. The Judge, of course, could only pronounce the sentence of the law. He, however, expressed a hope that what had transpired would serve to dissipate the illusion which had prevailed on the subject of transportation—that it would not be thought lightly of. So far, so good; but every feeling heart must earnestly hope that some consideration will be had for the melancholy case of the sufferer; and that the system will be reformed. When the inflictions of law are such as to be condemned by impartial observers, they lose the dignity of justice, and are execrated as deeds of brutal vengeance. A narrative of a visit to the Australian Colonies, by James Backhouse, lately published, serves but to corroborate former accounts of the account of the sufferers. This writer appears to be a member of the Society of Friends, and religion rather than commerce was the cause of his journeying. The most awful facts to which he refers have been established by a Parliamentary inquiry. Speaking of Macquarie Harbour, he says:—“Out of 85 deaths that occurred here in eleven years, commencing with 1822, only 35 were from natural causes; of the remainder, 27 were drowned, 8 killed accidentally, chiefly by the falling of trees, 3 were shot by the

military, and twelve murdered by their comrades. There is reason to believe that some of these murders were committed for the purpose of obtaining for the murderers, and those who might be called upon as witnesses on their trials, a removal from this place, though at the ultimate cost of the life of the murderers, and without a prospect of liberation on the part of the others! Some of the prisoners who returned hither with us in the "Tamar," had been witnesses in such a case; but they had had the privilege of the change, for a time, to the penitentiary at Hobart Town! These circumstances, with the fact that, within the 11 years, 112 prisoners had eloped from this settlement, proved also that its privations were felt to be very great. Escape from Macquarie Harbour was well known to be a difficult and very hazardous undertaking, and very few who attempted it reached the settled parts of the colony. Out of the 112 who eloped, 82 were supposed to have perished in the bush, and 9 were murdered by their comrades on the journey, for a supply of food. For this purpose, the party proposing to attempt traversing the formidable forest selected a weak-minded man, and persuaded him to accompany them; and when the slender stock of provisions which they had contrived to save from their scanty rations was exhausted, they laid violent hands on their victim. One party, when lately apprehended near the settled districts, had in their possession, along with the flesh of a kangaroo, a portion of that of one of their comrades."

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER IN FORMER TIMES.

MAITLAND says, "It was for a long time a custom on Good Friday, in the afternoon, for some learned man, by appointment of the prelates, to preach a sermon at Paul's Cross, treating of Christ's Passion; and upon the three next Easter holidays, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, other learned men by the like appointment used to preach in the forenoon at the same Spital (St Mary's Hospital, called the Spital), to persuade the articles of Christ's resurrection; and then on Low Sunday, before noon, another learned man at Paul's Cross was to make rehearsal of those former sermons, either commending or reproofing them, as to him (by judgment of the learned divines) was thought convenient; and that done, he was to make a sermon of himself: which in all were five sermons in one. At the sermons so severally preached the mayor, with his brethren the aldermen, were accustomed to be present in their violets at St Paul's on Good Friday, and in their scarlets, both they and their wives, at the Spital in the

holidays; except Wednesday in violet, and the mayor with his brethren on Low Sunday in scarlet at Paul's Cross." The pulpit was broken down in the grand rebellion. Since the Restoration these sermons are continued, by the name of "The Spital Sermons," at St Bride's, with the like solemnity, on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, every year.

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE following Poem by Mr H. W. Longfellow, a much admired American poet, will show that in the United States there are some hearts that can feel for the sorrows of the enslaved:—

The Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail:
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the grey alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and spice
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, grey,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle gay,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile,
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren—the farm is old;"
The thoughtful Planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!



Arms. Quarterly first and fourth, ar., three lozenges, conjoined in fesse gu., within a bordure sa. for Montagu; second and third, or, an eagle displayed vert, beaked and membered, gu. for Monthermer. *Crest.* A griffin's head, coupéd, wings expanded or, gorged with a collar ar., charged with three lozenges gu. *Supporters.* Dexter, an heraldic antelope or, armed, tufted and hooped ar.; sinister, a griffin or, gorged with a collar as the crest. *Motto.* *Disponendo me, non mutando me.* "By regulating me, not changing me."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MANCHESTER.

THE families of Montagu and Manchester spring from the same origin. Thomas Montagu, of Hemington, in the county of Northampton, who married Agnes, daughter of William Dudley, of Clopton, in the same county, is considered to be their common founder. He died September 5, 1517. His second son, Sir Edward Montagu, became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1537. That situation he resigned in 1545, and was then appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, which is called by Fuller "a descent in honour, but an ascent in profit." Sir Edward had previously been Speaker of the House of Commons, and on an occasion experienced all the rudeness of the tyrannical Henry, who, having sent for him in consequence of a bill of subsidies not passing so quickly as he desired, put his hand on his head as Mr Speaker knelt before him, and said, "Get my bill to pass by such a time to-morrow, or at that time this head shall come off." To avert this evil Sir Edward laboured anxiously, and with success. It is not to be supposed, from the violence described, that Sir Edward was an object of particular dislike with the King, who eventually named him one of his sixteen executors, who were to be Regents of the kingdom, and governors of his son. He died in 1557. It was his grandson Henry who was the first Peer. He was Recorder of London in 1603—was one of its representatives in Parliament, and was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in 1620, and Lord Treasurer of the kingdom. On the 19th of September in that year he was raised to the Peerage, as Baron and Viscount, under the title of Baron Montagu, of Kimbolton, and Viscount Mandeville. After the accession of Charles I, February 5, 1626, he was created Earl of Manchester, and subsequently appointed Lord Privy Seal,

which office he held during the remainder of his life. Edward, the second Earl, was summoned to Parliament as Baron Kimbolton during the life of his father. He was engaged in the civil war, and gained a victory over Prince Rupert at Marston Moor. He was, however, opposed to putting Charles to death, and withdrew from Parliament till 1660, when he assisted at the meeting of Peers, who voted for the restoration of Charles the Second. As Speaker of the House of Lords, he congratulated the King on his return to his capital, May, 29, 1660, and concluded an eloquent address in the following words:—

"Great King, give me leave to speak the confidence as well as the desires of the Peers of England: Be you the powerful defender of the true Protestant faith, the just asserter and maintainer of the laws and liberties of your subjects; so shall judgment run down like a river, and justice like a mighty stream; and God, the God of your mercy, who hath so miraculously preserved you, will establish your throne in righteousness and in peace."

His grandson, the fourth Earl, was active in promoting the Revolution of 1688. He gave his country the benefit of his services as ambassador at several foreign courts; and, after the accession of George I, to other distinctions the honour of being raised to the highest rank in the Peerage was added. He was created Duke of Manchester, April 30, 1719.

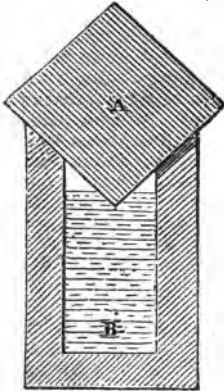
ANTHRACITE COAL.

A furnace for burning anthracite, has been patented by Mr Kymmer. The novelty consists in the immersion of the fire-bars in a trough of water, by which means the bars can never become over-heated, and the water is converted into vapour; which vapour is driven through the fire by a blower or fan attached to the machinery.

A. represents the fire or furnace-bar, and B. a water-trough, the steam passing

through on either side of the bar, a certain portion of the bar being in the water giving heat, from which the steam arises and combines with the blast from the fan, and thus comes into combination with the oxygen produced from the anthracite.

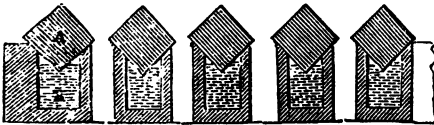
Fig. 1. *End View of Bar and Trough, as applied to Stationary Engines.*



A. Furnace-bar. B. Water-trough.

One of the main features in favour of the process is, the absence of injury being done to the fire-bars, which by being robbed of their heat by the water, are kept comparatively cool. The following diagram will give some idea of the water-troughs, with the position of the fire-bars, showing an end view:

Fig. 2. *End View of Furnace-bars and Water-troughs.*



A. Furnace-bar. B. Water-trough.

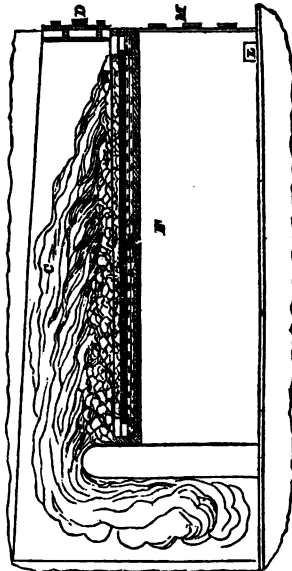
A fan blast is being introduced in the ash-pit, as a substitute for the draught of the chimney, and the continual supply of the vapour or steam to the fire, arising from the water in the trough, as shown in the section, comprehend the principle of the patent. The newly-invented grate, which is a set of troughs kept full of water, and upon which the fire-bars rest, cannot be injured, the water not only protects the bars, but produces a vast body of flame, from the decomposition of the vapour passing through the ignited coal, the elements of water (oxygen and hydrogen) combine with carbon at a high temperature, form the inflammable gases — carbonic oxide and carburetted hydrogen.

This invention appears to have accom-

plished all the desiderata for manufacturing operations, economy of fuel, rapid generation of steam, and the absence of smoke. The use of the fan gives a most complete command over the fire, by shutting off the blast or by turning it on. The plan is applicable to any form of boiler without alteration, the expense of which, indeed, must be trifling, being confined to the fan attached to the engine, with air-pipes to lead to the ash-pit, and a new grate, the cost of which will be amply repaid by the saving in fire-bars alone.

The steam is kept up and generated more freely than with the use of bituminous coal; and it is assumed, on voyages, the saving will be as three of anthracite to five of bituminous coal—effecting economy in the cost and stowage. We have the results furnished us of some experiments made with a twelve-horse power disc engine, which we briefly submit:—1,118 lbs. of water were evaporated by 117 lbs. of anthracite per hour, being 9½ lbs. of water to 1 lb. of fuel, or a cubic foot and a half for each horse power; the dimensions of the fire-grate were 9 superficial feet; the boiler, a plain cylinder (without tube), 23 feet long, 3½ feet in diameter, with 28 lbs. pressure; temperature of water never exceeding 46 degrees.

Fig. 3. *Side View, or Section, of Stationary, or Land Furnace.*



A. Furnace-bar. B. Trough, or receptacle for water. C. Flue of furnace. D. Double furnace-door, with aperture for admission of air. F. Ash-pit. L. Aperture for admission of blast. M. Door of ash-pit.

SAGACITY AND COURAGE OF THE WALRUS.

SOME of the most remarkable facts noted in connexion with natural history are found in Captain Beechey's 'Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery toward the North Pole,' in the ships 'Dorothea' and 'Trent,' under the command of Captain Buchanan, in 1818. The walruses are described to have acted more like human beings than any other animals were ever known to act. These amphibious creatures, molested by a party of sailors while they were on land, where they felt less at home than in the water, burst through their assailants and rushed into the sea. They then boldly turned on their pursuers, and attempted, as it would seem, to destroy or overturn their boat. It was the opinion of the sailors that they had a sort of general, who led them to the attack. He was desperately wounded in the battle or strife which ensued, and then his followers are described to have retreated, carrying off their wounded chief, as the Greeks and Trojans did their disabled heroes. Even this is not all. His supposed offspring was observed to have acted under his protection, and when the senior fell the young one continued the contest alone, and gallantly laid down his life in attempting to revenge his king or parent! The writer says—"Several of the crew managed to effect a landing upon the ice without any alarm being given to the animals; but immediately on the first musket being fired, the affrighted group made such a desperate rush towards the edge of the ice, that they nearly overturned the whole of our party, purposely stationed there to intercept them. The seamen finding this charge more formidable than they expected, were obliged to separate, to allow their opponents to pass through their ranks, and being thus, in their turn, taken by surprise, they suffered them, almost unmolested, to perform their summersets towards the sea. What with their uncertain movements, the extreme toughness of their skin, and the respectful distance at which the men were obliged to keep, to avoid the lashing of the head and tusks of the animals, it was, indeed, no easy task to inflict any serious injury upon them. One, however, was desperately wounded in the head with a ball, and the mate of the brig, being determined, if possible, to secure his prey, resolutely struck his tomahawk into his skull, but the enraged animal, with a twist of its head, sent the weapon whirling in the air, and then lashing his neck, as though he would destroy with his immense tusks everything that came in his way, effected his escape to the water. The seamen followed, and pushed off in their boats; but the walruses finding themselves more at home now than on the ice, in their turn became the assailants, and the affair began

to assume a serious aspect. They rose in great numbers about the boats, snorting with rage and rushing at the boats, and it was with the utmost difficulty they were prevented upsetting or staving them by placing their tusks upon the gunwales, or by striking at them with their heads. It was the opinion of our people, that in this assault the walruses were led on by one animal in particular, a much larger and more formidable beast than any of the others; and they directed their efforts more particularly towards him, but he withstood all the blows of their tomahawks without flinching, and his tough hide resisted the entry of the whale lances, which were unfortunately not very sharp, and soon bent double. The herd was so numerous, and their attacks so incessant, that there was not time to load a musket, which, indeed, was the only effectual mode of seriously injuring them. The purser, fortunately, had his gun loaded, and the whole now being nearly exhausted with chopping and sticking at their assailants, he snatched it up, and thrusting the muzzle down the throat of the leader, fired into his bowels. The wound proved mortal, and the animal fell back amongst his companions, who immediately desisted from the attack, assembled round him, and in a moment quitted the boat, swimming away as hard as they could with their leader, whom they actually bore up with their tusks, and assiduously preserved from sinking. Whether this singular and compassionate conduct, which in all probability was done to prevent suffocation, arose from the sagacity of the animals, it is difficult to say, but there is every probability of it, and the fact must form an interesting trait in the history of the habits of the species. After the discharge of the purser's gun, there remained of all the herd only one little assailant, which the seamen, out of compassion, were unwilling to molest. This young animal had been observed fighting by the side of the leader, and from the protection which was afforded it by its courageous patron, was imagined to be one of its young. The little animal had no tusks, but it swam violently against the boat, and struck her with its head, and indeed would have stove her, had it not been kept off by whale-lances, some of which made deep incisions in its young sides; these, however, had not any immediate effect: the attack was continued, and the enraged little animal, though disfigured with wounds, even crawled upon the ice in pursuit of the seamen, who had relanded there, until one of them put an end to its sufferings."

— Tasso's oak, on the Janiculum at Rome, has been blown down during the last month, and several painters are making drawings of it.

THE STORY-TELLER. No. II.

We find in this number a pleasing variety. Mirth and melancholy are severally attended to with equal care. "Lion, a True Tale of the Lakes," will charm the votaries of the former. It tells of a gentle youth hight Albert Grey, who purchased a dog named Lion. The dog accompanied his somewhat taciturn master in his strolls, and one day the latter, having indulged in a bath, the faithful animal, who had taken charge of his clothes, would not let him resume them when he emerged from the water. The dog did not recognise his master divested of his clothes.

"From the abyss

Lion beholds a white form rise :
 'What dripping forked thing is this ?'
 Growned he in anger and surprise—
 "'Tis not a man—man's stately form
 Consists of linen, silk, or wool—
 "'Tis the lake-fiend, that mid the storm
 Bestrides the roaring water-bull !
 'Off, Satan ! I defy thy power ;
 What seek'st thou ? com'st thou sneaking
 here
 To steal from me, perchance devour,
 The essence of my master dear ?
 —It calls with human voice : how now ?
 It knows my very name ! aroint thee,
 Thou devil-merman, or I vow
 My fangs shall sever and disjoint thee !"

All efforts to appease Lion proved vain, and to increase the embarrassment of Albert, his mistress and his mother were coming that way to meet him. He conceals himself in a ditch, and hears the fond lament of the young lady for her first and only choice, supposing him to be drowned. The alarm is given, and the drags summoned before he gets relief. Relief, however, he gets at last; and Lion, as the cause of the young lady's owning her love, is more than pardoned for the sufferings he had caused his master.

"The Spanish Lover," by Montalvan, is a very different effort. It is a "*Tragedy of Errors*." We will describe it.

At Alcalá, in Spain, Theodore, a youth combining many rare advantages, loved Narcissa, a lady of family and fortune, and "still more celebrated for her virtues and beauty." Her parents, however, selected one Valerio to be her husband. Theodore sought private interviews with Narcissa, and Valerio presented himself on one occasion under such circumstances that he was mistaken for Theodore, and inferences so unfavourable to the lady were drawn from the incident, that the latter was required by her family to marry her. What he was told led Theodore to conclude that Narcissa had compromised herself with another, and in consequence he refused her. Valerio then avowed that he was the party who had been mistaken for the lover, claimed her hand, and became

her husband. She learns how Theodore had been deceived, and he again seeks her. Their love is renewed, and as she hates her husband, Narcissa writes a letter offering to elope with Theodore. He is, however, on a journey, and no notice being taken of her proposal, she conceives herself slighted, and now resolves to make atonement to her husband. He receives her affectionate advances with great kindness, and they become a very happy and very estimable pair. Theodore returns, and is stung with rage at hearing of their felicity, but when he witnesses it, and hears the gay laugh of Narcissa, the demon takes possession of his soul, and he sighs but for revenge, though he had received no wrong. The tale thus concludes :—

"From this time he resolved to watch the motions of Valerio, to dog his footsteps wheresoever he went. Unsatisfied with any common mode of vengeance, he determined to make him feel the terrible destiny that hung over him; and with this view sought means to entrap him into his power. He took his station near where he knew his hated and successful rival was accustomed to pass on his way to his own mansion. Night by night he watched for him (it was not a deed to be perpetrated by day), till he should come by the entrance of the place he had fixed upon as the scene of the terrific catastrophe that was to close the gloomy tragedy of his life. This was a remote and dilapidated building, apart from the more frequented spots, and which he had engaged for his especial purpose. There, disguised and armed, he awaited the favourable moment to dart forth upon his foe, and drag him alive into its fatal precincts. It came, and swift as the winged vengeance of the thunderbolt, he seized upon his prey. Wounding him with a dagger in the neck, he then hurled him over the threshold, thrust a gag into his mouth, and bound him hand and foot with cords. The wound was not mortal, and under threat of instantly despatching him, he compelled Valerio to write an account to his Narcissa, of his having met with a dreadful accident, and beseeching her to hasten to him, but wholly unaccompanied, as she valued his life. This he had conveyed to the lady with the utmost secrecy and despatch; and it was not long before she made her appearance, in extreme agitation and alarm. The door opened, and the features of the indignant Theodore met her startled gaze. She shrieked aloud, and attempted to retreat; but it was too late; firmly grasped by the arm of Theodore, she was hurried forward into the apartment where lay the form of Valerio, pale, wounded, and in bonds. What an object for his fond and distracted wife! She flew towards him; she threw her arms around him; while bitter and

piercing cries attested the agony of her feelings. But Theodore, excited to the utmost pitch of rage and jealousy at the marks of love and tenderness she displayed, lost sight of his previous intentions of inflicting the lingering torments of separation he had prepared for them: he rudely tore the weeping lady from her husband's arms, and after heaping upon her every epithet of scorn, and every indignity he thought could give a fresh pang to the soul of his once-hated rival, he stabbed her before his eyes, and the next instant plunged the weapon still deeper into his own bosom. It would have been an act of mercy first to have freed her husband from the horrors of that sight; but he was left alive, as if by a refinement of the cruellest revenge, in a state of suffering and distraction not to be described. He was thus found by some of the police of the city, early in the ensuing morning; to whom, before breathing his last, he communicated the particulars of this horrid instance of infuriated love, despair, madness, and revenge."

AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.

MR EDITOR,—I received the packet of letters, not reasoning but cavilling at my paper on the "Aerial Steam Carriage." To answer them all would fill your valuable columns, but two or three I wish briefly to notice.

J. H. states, "that a balloon has been known to go 100 miles in one hour:" I will take it for granted that it has done so, or 200 miles if he pleases. He further states, "that when such a light and delicate texture has gone through the air without being torn to pieces, your remark that this aerial carriage will be destroyed by that rate of travelling, must be fallacious." J. H. forgets that when a body is passing along with the current it moves with it, and its motion is steady: let the balloon come to the earth, and be firmly attached with its grapple, and in one minute (with the wind blowing at that rate) there would hardly be a fragment left. As I said in my last, this aerial machine must pass through the air—that is, *against it*—at a rate of 30 miles to support its own weight, and for the reasons there explained.

If you are in a boat, and gently going down with the stream, you hardly feel your motion, indeed, you would not be conscious of it, provided you did not see the banks of the river and trees passing by; just try to stem the current and make as much speed against it as you have going with it. You will then find out the power it takes by the resistance the current gives. Fluids, whether air or water, will readily give way when gently passed through; for instance, you can put your hand gently

into water and hardly find any resistance; strike violently the surface of the water with the open hand, and its resistance is severely felt. Your correspondent S. S., who exclaims, "What nonsense it is to say it will require 247 horse-power to sustain a mere piece of canvas stretched upon the lightest possible materials, with a steam-engine that only is to weigh 600lbs. in the car, when a man will project a slate from him, and, if it takes an angle upwards, it rises of itself." The latter fact is perfectly true. I will, however, answer that part of his statement by telling S. S. he had better go to school again, for he is one of those wisecracks who think a pound of feathers is not equal to a pound of lead. A pound of any material is the same, and if you have to raise it by machinery, whether of feathers or lead, it requires the same power. I should advise S. S. to try this experiment:—let him put on his back 100 cwt. of lead, and take a five-mile walk to give him an appetite for breakfast, and next day 100 cwt. of feathers, and tell in a future number which was the lighter burthen. Now, as to his projection of a slate—S. S. forgets that this piece of slate is projected by the whole power of the man, which, compared to this piece of slate in size, is enormous. But mark the short distance it goes. Had S. S. discovered that he could attach a sustaining power to this piece of slate sufficient to raise it in the air and keep it there, or that the man, by his own power, should have projected this piece of slate with such force as to have carried himself up with it, his argument would have had some weight.

I cannot help noticing G. S., I. K., and Sentag, who I advise to take shares in the undertaking, for I am certain that no reasoning will bring them to their senses.

G—.

HINTS ON GARDENING.

To obtain a brilliant display of flowers throughout the season, cultivate good plants, not a great variety of sorts. At this season the garden should be gay with Polyanthuses, Auriculas, Double Primroses, the lovely little *Omphalodes verna*, Drabas, common Wallflowers, various species of *A'rabis* and *Aubrétia*, and many other Alpine plants; while among shrubs the various kinds of *Ribes* and *Berberis*, with the showy *Magnolia conspicua*, whose pure wax-like and deliciously fragrant flowers render it a treasure. These are plants comparatively common, and easily obtained. What can be more beautiful than a large bed of common garden Anemones? These, when selected and grouped in separate beds, according to their complementary colours, are brilliant objects; yet how rarely do we see them extensively

cultivated. This is a good season to sow them, and biennials of all kinds. The best way to sow the Anemone is to make the soil fine and light, and then mix the seed with a quantity of dry mould; scatter it thinly over the prepared border and cover it with sifted soil from the potting-shed. Seed sown now will produce flowering plants this time next year, and there is an old saying with some truth in it, viz., that if you sow every month you will have Anemones in bloom throughout the year.

Seed of Auriculas and Polyanthus must be sown in pots and transplanted into rich light soil; and those who are partial to Gladioluses could not do better than sow some seed in heat, and transplant them towards the end of May into very rich soil.

PEAS AND BEANS.—Continue a regular succession of these and other crops in the kitchen garden, and, as your time will admit, you may sow Leeks, Caroons, a little Cabbage, Brussels Sprouts, Cauliflower, and Autumn Broccoli seed. Also prick out seedlings of the early-sown crops as they are fit; all these young plants are encouraged by being planted on sheltered borders, and in light rich soil.

ORCHARD.—As yet there is a fair promise that Peaches and Apricots will set well. Continue to disbud them gradually, thinning the buds from the strongest shoots first. The point of a sharp knife should be used for disbudding, in preference to rubbing them off with the finger.

ASPARAGUS.—You will greatly benefit both Seakale and Asparagus beds by watering them with sea-water.

Cucumbers will bear a temperature exceeding 100° by sun-heat, without injury; but it is not advisable to allow the bed to stand above 90° for any length of time. It is rather early to leave off nightly coverings, which should be uncovered early, that the plants may have the benefit of the morning sun. The beds at night should range between 65° and 70°.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR COST.

FROM a calculation made of the cost of Railways in Great Britain, it appears that more than 40,000,000*l.* sterling have been expended on these undertakings! Those which have caused the largest outlay are the following:—

	Miles.	£.
London and Birmingham . . .	112½	5,698,375
Great Western	117½	4,508,160
London and South Western . . .	76½	2,054,386
Grand Junction	82½	1,021,496
London and Brighton	42½	1,800,000
Liverpool and Manchester . . .	30½	1,407,172
Birmingham and Gloucester . .	55	1,320,300
Eastern Counties	18½	1,334,958
Edinburgh and Glasgow	46	1,200,000
Birmingham and Derby	38½	1,030,000

The total expense of the existing rail-

roads, up to a late period, amounts to the enormous sum above-named. For this we have iron roads extending fifteen hundred miles, so that it would seem the cost is 26,000*l.* per mile.

It is thought by many that too much has been paid. That fancy in the engineers or others connected with their construction has proved injurious to the subscribers, and swelled the charges much beyond what they ought to have been. In Belgium there are 350 miles of railroads, which have cost but 14,500*l.* per mile; and in America railroads to the extent of 6,000 miles have been made for 27,000,000*l.* or 4,500*l.* per mile. The cheapness of the land in the United States, as compared with the prices claimed for it here, must in some degree account for this enormous difference.

THE GRAND PROJECTOR'S INVITATION.

O come to the Aërial ship!
To China if you'd take a trip,
Instead of Deal or Dover.
Come you who fain the world would see,
Who are, or who would wish to be
As much as *half seas over*.

Don't heed the snarlers who declare
The scheme must terminate *in air*,
And scorn upon it cast;
For those who think it is no go,
Or that it will at best move slow,
Will find it *stick quite fast*.

The mighty sprawling thing I've planned
In scientific language grand,
Will give me vast renown;
And when I hear the idle sneer—
"It won't go up," I only fear
"It never will go down."

One thing affords me great content;
A bill is now in Parliament,
And 'twas my object still,
What ever else I might pursue,
As men of common sense all knew,
But to *bring in a bill*.

The fact is, those behind the scene
All very well know what I mean,
To this my honour's pinn'd;
It gaping boobies may amaze:
The vessel I don't care to raise,
I want to *raise the wind*. LYNX.

Reviews.

Pictorial History of France. Part XII.
Orr and Co.

THE part of this valuable and important work last published embraces the period between the illness of Louis XI to the death of Julius II. Many of the incidents are very striking. The story of Charles VIII is most remarkable, and it is impossible to read of the weakness, vanity, and valour of the "good little king" without feeling with the Psalmist that man is "fear-

fully and wonderfully made." Some of the events here recorded are sufficiently dramatic. We extract a portion of the grand expedition of Charles.

"At length, on the 31st of December, two hours before the close of day, the French ensigns were seen flying over the gates of Rome on Mount Mario. Charles had carelessly lost twelve days near Bracciano, to occupy a vast forest of lofty trees, filled with porcupines and other savage animals; but, on seeing Rome, his impatience could no longer be restrained, and he immediately ordered that his army should enter by torch light. It proceeded in the same imposing order which had been adopted at Florence. Charles riding on Savoy, in complete armour, treated as most serious this bloodless war, and pleased himself by likening his triumphal entries to the glorious exploits of the most famous conquerors of other days. An insurrection of the Jews, who massacred some Swiss in taverns, and other scenes of dissipation, favoured wonderfully this thirst for exterior domination. Charles set up a gallows at the Champ de Flore, another in the street of the Jews, and he caused some of the seditious to be suspended from them; others were beheaded and thrown into the Tiber. 'In this,' Brantome remarks, 'he made it appear that at Rome, as at Paris, he had at his call high justice, moderate justice, and low justice.' One occasion offered for making a greater show of real force and authority. The majority of the cardinals implored Charles to deliver the church from the infamous family of the Borgia, who seemed to have accumulated from taste all possible vices, and all imaginable crimes; 'but the good little king,' who, at the first rumour of resistance on the part of Alexander VI, had prepared with great parade his batteries before the chateau St Ange, shrunk from the moral responsibility of the convocation of a council. Brignonnet, moved incessantly by his dream of a cardinal's hat, lent himself easily to the offers of the Borgia, and turned aside the blow which had menaced them. In vain Savanarole, who reigned now at Florence, where, from his chair, he had established universal suffrage, and the primitive equality of the evangelical code, wrote to Charles, threatening him with the wrath of God if he did not overturn that prostituted Babylon. His language had no weight with the king of France. Brignonnet was made a cardinal; and Alexander was excused on his placing in the hands of the French three of his strong fortresses, and giving them as a hostage his illegitimate son, Cæsar Borgia, and Zizim, the brother of Bajazet, the Emperor of the Turks. This prince had fled from the cruelty of his brother to the grand master of Rhodes. Bajazet, informed of the step he had taken,

sent to request that the grandmaster would detain him, at the same time offering for his maintenance there the annual sum of 30,000 ducats. Pope Innocent VIII, who then filled the holy seat, knowing of the quarrel between the two brothers, and apprised of the conditions on which the grandmaster protected him, wrote to require him to do all in his power towards effecting the ruin of the Emperor of the Turks; and, in consequence, Zizim was sent by the grandmaster to Rome. Bajazet, thereupon, sent express to the Pope to offer him 40,000 ducats annually, on the condition that he should not suffer his brother to depart. Innocent consented to the proposed arrangement, and his successor, Alexander, received the same pension from Bajazet. Charles, possessed of the secret, regarded the Ottoman prince as a man who could prepare the way for him to effect the conquest of Constantinople, to which his hopes aspired. It was therefore that he demanded Zizim should be given up to him. The Pope subscribed to this condition with reluctance, because it took from him a large yearly income; but Zizim, finding himself in the hands of a king capable of avenging him on his enemy, promised that he would support the meditated enterprise of Charles with all the credit he had with his countrymen. He advised Charles at once to assume the title of Emperor of Constantinople. This council moved Charles to call upon the Pope to give him the crown of the east. Some historians relate that the Pope did not comply but with regret, that he advertised Bajazet of what was intended, and that, corrupted by the sultan, he caused Zizim to be poisoned, that he might the more effectually thwart the views of Charles. La Varroza, the Pope's mistress, was believed to have mixed a baleful poison, much favoured by the Borgia family, called the *Cantarella*, with the Turkish prince's sugar, who, in consequence, expired in the royal tent, a few days after he had been given up."

The present portion of the work is embellished with four large engravings, and fifteen or sixteen smaller ones worked in with the text, and exhibiting many remarkable scenes, varieties of costume, local scenery, &c.

The Gatherer.

WINDSOR.—In consequence of some recent investigations by a medical gentleman at Windsor, in the case of one of the whippers-in to the Royal hunt, who was labouring under the effects of paralysis, the cause of kennel lameness has been found to proceed from the presence of lead in the water which is supplied to the kennel at Ascot, by means of pipes composed of that metal, through which the water is conveyed for a

considerable distance. Since the discovery of the presumed cause of lameness in the Royal pack, the water has been analysed by Dr Ryan, of the Polytechnic Institution, and by Mr Phillips, the chemist, by order of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The results of Dr Ryan's two experiments are as follow :—The first examination was made from a sample of water taken from the source of spring-head, before it had entered the leaden pipes, when the specific gravity of 60 deg. was found to be 1,000.18. The imperial pint, on evaporation to dryness, yielded 2.37 grains of solid matter. The solid contents of an imperial pint were found by Dr Ryan to be—chloride of sodium, 1.54 grains; chloride of magnesium, 0.71 grains; sulphate of lime, 0.128 grains; and a trace of carbonic acid. The second examination was made of water taken from the leaden pipes at the Royal kennel at Ascot, when the specific gravity was found to be 100.42. Upon an imperial pint of this water being, as in the former experiment, evaporated to dryness, it yielded two grains of solid matter, viz. :—carbonate of lead, 164 grains; organic matter, and traces of chlorides of sodium and magnesium, and sulphate of lime, .038. It has, therefore, been calculated by Dr Ryan, that every imperial gallon of the water used at the Royal kennel, after passing through the leaden pipes, contains 1.312 grains of the carbonate of lead.

The "Velasquez Portrait."—The celebrated portrait of Don Francisco Velasquez de Silva, painted by himself, which was formerly one of the gems of the Escorial, recently brought to this country by Mr Farrer, of Wardour street, has been bought by Lord Francis Egerton. It is a half-length, the size of life. The painter is represented in a Spanish habit of dark silk and velvet, with a hat and feathers. It is painted in the exquisite style of the artist, having all the breadth of Rembrandt, and all the grace of the Italian school. It is full of strong character.

The Earl of Hopetoun.—This noble personage, who a week ago was in the prime of life, and apparently in perfect health, is no more. On Friday evening he attended in the House of Lords. About one o'clock he called a cab and got into it; he ordered the man to drive him to Stevens's hotel. On arriving there it was found that his lordship was a corpse. The titles and honours of the deceased were John Hope, Earl of Hopetoun, Viscount Aithrie and Baron Hope, of the county of Lanark, in the peerage of Scotland; Baron Hopetoun of Hopetoun, and Baron Niddry of Niddry Castle, in the county of Linlithgow, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Lord-Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of the county of Linlithgow, and Hereditary

Keeper of Lochmaben Castle. The family is one of great antiquity in Scotland, and originally came from France in 1587. The deceased was born in 1803. He was married on the 4th of June, 1826, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Godfrey, third Lord Macdonald, and has left one son, Viscount Aithrie, born the 22d of March, 1831, who succeeds to the title.

Southwell the Jesuit.—In the conversations of Ben Jonson with William Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, it appears the poet spoke warmly in praise of pieces written by Southwell, a Jesuit, who had been executed in London. The following poem on Love he especially particularised, and said, to have been author of that, he would gladly have burnt many of his own :

THE BURNING BABE.

"As I in hoarie Winters night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surpriz'd I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearefull eye
 To view what fire was neere,
 A prettie Babe, all burning bright,
 Did in the aire appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such fouds of teares did shed, [flames,
 As though his fouds should quench his
 Which with his teares were bred:
 Alas (quoth he) but newly borne,
 In fierie heats I frie,
 Yet none approach to warme their hearts
 Or feele my fire, but I;
 My faultless brest the furnace is,
 The fuell wounding thornes:
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes shames and scornes;
 The fuell justice layeth on,
 And mercy blowes the coales.

Fine Arts.—The distributions connected with the Fine Arts continue to attract much notice. They severally present so many prizes of importance, that when it is borne in mind value is, in the first instance, secured to the purchaser, surprise must be felt that so much can be done. The list of prizes put forward by Mr Boys comprehends some beautiful paintings, all by English artists, worth 6,582*l.* Among them is the original picture of the 'Trial of Earl Strafford' in Westminster Hall, 1641, embracing more than fifty portraits, and presenting a true portraiture of that memorable scene: the time is that moment of his defence when he uttered those affecting words: "My Lords, I have now troubled you longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these dear pledges a saint in heaven hath left me—(here he pointed to his children, and his weeping stopped him).—What I forfeit for myself, it is nothing; but that my indiscretion should forfeit for my children, it woundeth me deep, even to the very soul." It is painted by William Flisk, the engraver.

ing from which is dedicated by special permission to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P. It is in a splendid gold frame, and valued at 500 guineas.

Timely Warning.—In the Insolvent Debtors' Court some late warnings given to insolvents, before their examinations were concluded, that a sentence might be expected, has had a good effect, and induced them to attempt something for their creditors, a remand being regarded as next, so far as character is concerned, to a condemnation for felony. Such, in numerous cases, it ought to be. The cheat who obtains other people's property by misrepresenting his circumstances, too often succeeds in robbing those who trust him of more than has been purloined by a hundred sufferers at the Old Bailey.

The offended Syren.—At an oratorio given at Exeter Hall last week, Clara Novello was encored but did not comply with the wish of the audience, and treated them, it was thought, with much *hauteur*. They requited this by marks of disapprobation and contempt, and the words "Vain thing," when sung, were taken in a remarkable way and applied with bitter taunts to the fair offender. Her subsequent deportment did not abate the general displeasure, and a piece of ironical advice was written on the occasion which ran thus :—

Let Clara mock this scornful roar,
To punish such audacious spite
If I were her I'd sing no more
And that would serve the public right.

Sir Robert Walpole.—"Every man has a price," is a saying for which Sir Robert Walpole has credit. He is supposed to have believed that whatever pretensions a man might advance to probity, a sum might be named, or advantage offered, for which he would be content to surrender honour. It would, however, seem that he himself set a high price on his integrity, for Mr Pitt used to say that he knew sixty thousand pounds to have been offered to him to save the Earl of Derwentwater, which he refused from a sense of duty.

Monomania.—It is mentioned in the papers that Oxford, who fired at the Queen, is heartily tired of his incarceration already, and frequently expresses his regret that he had not been either hanged or transported, as punishments far preferable to imprisonment for life. He recommends hanging as the most effectual preventive of the modern monomania.

Royal Birth.—A letter from Naples states that the Queen was safely delivered of a daughter on March 24, at Caserta. The young Princess was baptized on the same day, in the presence of the Ministers and high dignitaries of the kingdom.

General Cass.—Lord Brougham has made a fierce attack on the American General Cass. He says of him :—"This man, sent to maintain peace, did his very best to destroy it, by the circulation of arguments upon questions of international law, of even the rudiments of which he had no more conception than he had of the languages spoken in the moon—he having no more capacity of reasoning than he had of understanding legal points and legal differences."

Spanish Bonds.—The unfortunate holders of Spanish bonds have at length some hope. Espartero, in opening the Cortes, says :—"Until the means necessary to meet not only the ordinary current expenses of the public service and the obligations successively contracted in consequence of the continually increasing excess of expenditure over the income be provided, the financial difficulties of the country must daily increase."

—The premium of sixty pounds, offered by the London Art-Union for a series of ten designs illustrative of British history or a British author, has been awarded to Mr H. C. Selous, for his illustrations of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

—Von Bulard, a physician well known by his indefatigable exertions in examining the nature of the plague at Cairo, Smyrna, and Constantinople, died lately at Dresden. He was one of that small class who devote their lives to the cause of humanity ; and passed days and nights with the plague-stricken, shut up with the wretched sufferers, when all others fled. The result of his investigations appeared in a work published in Paris in the year 1839, entitled 'De la Peste Orientale d'après les Matériaux recueillis à Alexandrie, au Caire.'

Burke and his Dislikes.—When any one fell under Burke's displeasure, to get reinstated was no easy matter. With Fox, even in death, he would not be reconciled; and his aversion to the author of 'The School for Scandal' was carried to such a pitch, that he made it a rule out of London, not merely to leave an apartment, but even the town, which Sheridan had entered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The articles sent by J. H. and other correspondents, relative to the Aerial Steam Carriage, are too long for insertion: we have sent, as they wished us to do, to the author of the article in last week's number. He has answered some of their objections. For a fair defence, not too long, we should have found room.

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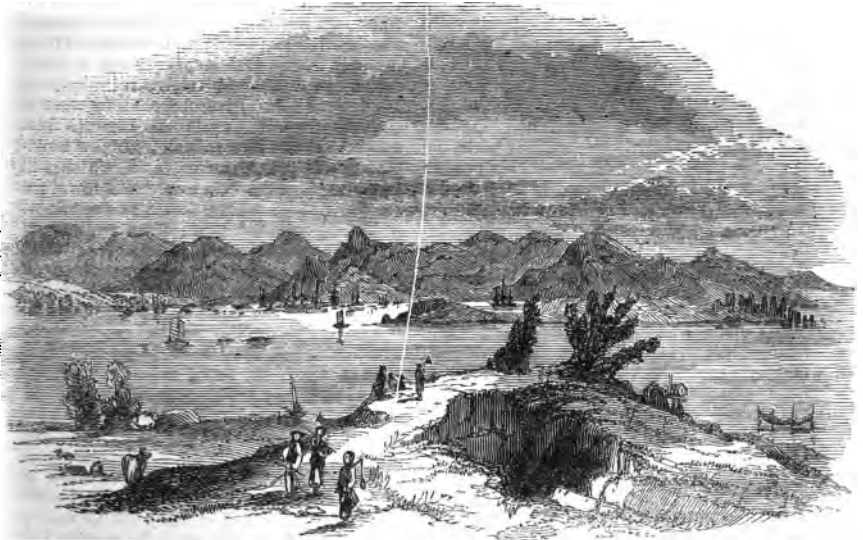
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1843.

[Vol. I 1843.

ISLAND OF HONG KONG.



BAY OF HONG KONG.



VOL. XL.

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[No. 1160.

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Original Communications.

A GLANCE AT HONG KONG.

"Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some 'blue at home'
Among the blacks of Carolina;
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs Hopkins taking tea
And toast upon the walls of China."

It was lately announced that a company of English performers had arrived at Hong Kong, and the ladies forming a part of it were all cried up as paragons of virtue. After this, a view of the favoured island, so greatly—we may say so pre-eminently—distinguished, can hardly be other than acceptable. It is supposed that some of the performances which make what are termed the "sang sings" of the Chinese will be accommodated with an English dress for the amusement of the British traders and mariners who may hereafter patronise the Hong Kong Theatre. Of these we have some curious details, both as to the construction of the dramas, and the manner in which they are represented. The chopping off of a man's head on the stage, though fiercely resisted at Covent Garden Theatre, was an approved incident at Canton. The plot of the piece in which this occurs, Wathen, who wrote on the subject thirty years ago, describes as being to this effect:—The governor of a province gave his beautiful daughter to the son of a mandarin, who was next to him in authority. Having gained the lady for his son, the mandarin malignantly applies himself to destroy the credit of the father, both at court and elsewhere. He so far succeeds that the governor is summoned to Peking, and ordered to lose his head, and the treacherous mandarin is appointed to fill his office. The son of the mandarin is deeply afflicted by the depravity of his father, and another mandarin interferes for the condemned with such effect when he is on the eve of suffering, that his pardon is granted; he is reinstated in his government, and his enemy is sentenced to die. The virtuous son, who had abhorred his father's perfidy, is deeply affected by his distress. He gains access to him in prison, changes clothes with him, and the parent flies in disguise, leaving the son to suffer in his place, which he actually does. The executioner decapitates him with his scy-metar, and "the head," says Wathen, "actually fell on the stage, the body staggered a few steps and fell also, covering the floor with blood. How this was done," he adds, "I was not informed; but I was assured that the performer received no damage. Thus ended the Chinese tragedy. A kind of epilogue was recited in praise of filial duty."

From this sketch it would seem that love is not the predominant feature of the Chinese drama. Such, from other quarters, we have been assured is the case, though jealousy and its punishments are favourite subjects with celestial theatricals. One of the stock pieces of the Peking players is thus described by Mr Barrow:—

"A woman being tempted to murder her husband, performs the act while he is asleep by striking a small hatchet into his forehead. He appears on the stage with a large gash just above his eyes, out of which issues a profusion of blood, he falls and dies. The woman is seized, brought before a magistrate, and condemned to be flayed alive. The sentence is put in execution, and in the following act she appears upon the stage, not only naked but completely excoriated."

He describes this representation to be effected by the assumption of a thin wrapper, so coloured as to give the idea of a human form when the skin is torn off. Such an exhibition will be a rare novelty for English players. Miss Tree, now Mrs Kean, who wished to be boiled in 'The Jewess,' would of course deem skinning no ordinary treat.

In speaking of the amusements of the Chinese, which we have supposed may be appropriated to the British inhabitants of Hong Kong, we have left ourselves but little space to notice the place itself.

"The island," we read in the 'British and Colonial Review,'—"is very irregular, surrounded by numerous smaller islands, scattered over the great bay into which the Canton river flows through the Bocca-tigris. Its latitude, in a line drawn through the centre, is twenty-two degrees fifteen minutes north, and longitude one hundred and fourteen degrees twelve minutes east. Its average extent from east to west is about seven miles, and mean breadth from north to south four miles. The new buildings, rapidly increasing, and which will soon be enlarged into a splendid town, are on the northern side, facing the continent of China, and not more than a mile, and in one place half a mile across, from point to point. The anchorage is excellent all round it; on the south side are several convenient bays, but a heavy swell is said to set in during the south-westerly monsoon, the wind sometimes increasing to a typhon (ta-fung, great wind). The distance of Hong Kong from Canton is 102 English miles, and from Whampoa, where foreign ships take in and discharge their cargoes, ninety miles. Whether on this account it will be considered favourable or unfavourable for mercantile residences, the traders will soon discover; but as we are to be hereafter on terms of equality and

friendship with the authorities of Canton, a nearer communication may perhaps be desirable, unless indeed it be considered in the light of a substitute for Macao, in which case the old system of having factories in the suburbs of Canton may perhaps be resorted to. At any rate, as Hong Kong has been ceded in perpetuity to the crown of Great Britain, it must become a general mart for trade of all descriptions, where merchandise for sale or such as may be purchased can be safely warehoused."

ANTIQUITIES OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

THE accidents and coroner's inquests given in the newspapers cannot find a place here, but the locality of any event which commands public attention, interests most readers. Waltham Abbey, in the last week, became the scene of a tragedy, which in a moment dismissed seven fellow creatures from existence, and, in consequence, the town and its antiquities have since been forced on the notice of many by whom they were never regarded before.

Though the abbey no longer exists which once gave this town its importance, a portion of the ancient edifice remains to attest the grandeur of the original pile, while it offers a commodious temple for divine worship at the present day. The first religious foundation on this spot was a church for two priests, built by Tovy, *stalhere*, or standard bearer to Canute the Second, who first established a village here, on account of the conveniences it afforded for hunting in the neighbouring forest. The abbey was founded by the unfortunate Harold, son of Earl Godwin, in consequence of a grant from Edward the Confessor, upon condition that he should build a monastery in memory of him and his queen Editha. He was anxious to enrich the structure he engaged to raise with relics of many holy apostles, martyrs, and confessors, evangelical books, and appropriate ornaments, and also institute a small society of brethren, subjected to canonical rules. The monastery was raised, and Harold, in the year 1062, dedicated it to the honour of a certain holy cross, discovered, as the legend declares, by a carpenter in the west, and found to be possessed of miraculous powers, which it retained after it had been brought to England. In a manuscript referred to by Mr Morant as being in the Cotton Library (Julius, d. iv, 2) it is thus mentioned, "*De miraculo crucis in monteacuto per fabrum inventa tempore Canuti, et de ejus deductione ad Waltham.*" The new abbey was endowed with a sufficiency for the maintenance of a dean and eleven secular black canons. Harold, every one knows, afterwards ascended the throne, and lost his life in that

great battle fought at Hastings, which made William, Duke of Normandy, King of England. The body of the vanquished monarch was buried here. It was only at the urgent intercession of his mother that this poor boon was granted by the monarch, backed as her prayer was by two pious monks belonging to the abbey. At a future day, it will be remembered, he whose obdurate nature could thus almost deny the victim of his ambition a grave, when he himself had paid the debt of nature, was authoritatively arrested in his way to the tomb. Harold's two brothers, who fell with him at Hastings, were also buried here.

Maud, the first queen of Henry the First, gave to the abbey the mill at Waltham. His second queen made some donations in its favour, as did many other persons of wealth and consideration. Henry the Second enlarged its foundation in order to expiate the sinful part he had acted in prompting the murder of Thomas à-Becket, and changed it from a society of seculars, to a monastery of regulars, for an abbot and sixteen monks of the order of St Augustine, which is believed to have made his peace at Rome. Henry's charter aimed at accomplishing a much-desired reform, as the secular canons had given offence by their dissolute conduct. For them, men were now to be substituted of holy conversation and praiseworthy opinions.

A weekly market and a fair were established at Waltham Abbey in the time of Henry the Third, who frequently resided there. Great privileges were granted to the town in the time of Edward the Third, two fairs being established at Waltham, as also one at Epping, and one at Takely. At the time of its suppression, the revenue of the abbey was, according to Dugdale, 1,079l. 12s. 1d. per annum; Speed makes it only 900l. 4s. 3d. Its site was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Anthony Denny. By purchase and grant he had previously acquired most of its possessions. In the time of Charles the Second, the abbey house and lands were sold to Sir Samuel Jones, of Northamptonshire. The house was taken down in 1770.

It is the western part of the ancient abbey which now forms the parish church. The lofty walls and semi-circular arches indicate its origin, and, damaged as it has been by time, and disfigured by injudicious repairs, there is something most venerable and striking in its appearance. This was especially felt on Saturday last, when, though the day had not quite reached its close, the "dim religious light" which entered was so feeble that a gloom, not inappropriate, was thrown on the mournful spectacle then presented, when no fewer than six coffins, containing the shattered remains of the sufferers by the late explosion,

were arranged in one line awaiting the solemn service reserved for such occasions: "And the last words which dust to dust conveyed."

The height of the building is eighty-nine feet from the foundation to the battlements of the tower, on which the date of 1558 appears. It is ninety feet long, and about forty-eight broad. Some remarkable and ancient monuments are found within its walls. Originally, the building must have been of very great magnitude, as king Harold's tomb, in what was then the east end of the choir, is said to have stood one hundred and twenty feet east of the present building.

THE PYED PIPER.

A SINGULAR legend is preserved in the Duchy of Brunswick. The awful event which it preserves is reported to have occurred on the 23rd of July, 1396. It tells that, "near Hamelin, there is a mountain, which is also called Hamelin, to which the 'Pyed Piper,' on the day, month, and year first above written, is said to have led the children of Halberstadt, where they all sunk, and were never more seen." The cause of this awful catastrophe is said to have been this:—Halberstadt being troubled with rats, as much as that great monarch was with mice, who, about the same date, was released from the inconvenience by Lord-Mayor-Whittington's cat, a musician, called the "Pyed Piper," a stranger in the neighbourhood, suddenly appeared, and undertook, for a large sum of money, to destroy them. This being agreed upon, he tuned his pipes, and all the rats in the town, dancing after him, were drowned in the next river. He then asked for his reward, which was not forthcoming; "whereupon," proceeds this veritable history, "he striketh up a new fit of mirth; all the children, male and female, of the town follow him into the hill Hamelin, which presently closed again. The parents miss their children, and could never hear news of them." The most awful part is to come. "Since that time," an ancient chronicler adds, "the people of Halberstadt permit not any drum or pipe, or other instrument, to be sounded in their streets!" Nor was this all: "they established a decree, that in all writings of contract or bargain, after the date of our Saviour's Nativity, the date of this their Children's Transmigration should be added, *in rei memoriam*."

ANCIENT AND MODERN CEMETERIES.

Those who favour "meditations among the tombs" must recognize as one of the improvements of the age in which we live, the alteration witnessed in connexion with

the interment of the dead. Great was the labour of those who first laboured to accomplish this object, and plentiful the ridicule which fell on them while they were so engaged. To commit a corpse to the grave anywhere but in a crowded, small churchyard, or in a nook surrounded with houses, was supposed to be a piece of French frivolity, and it was sneeringly proposed that a band should be engaged, and young ladies, dressed in white, to dance Strathspey reels at the new establishments. These jibes were for a time completely successful, and common sense was laughed out of countenance. Still those who aimed at relieving the living from a nuisance, by providing the dead with a secure and decorous resting-place, did not give up the object which they had in view. They persevered till at length they triumphed over every difficulty, and the Kensall-Green Cemetery was established by Act of Parliament.

The interests of the church were seriously affected by the new scheme, and it was not till after much deliberation that a point was discovered which would secure to the clergy what they could fairly claim, though not so much as incumbents in some districts had been accustomed to receive. It is, however, hardly too much to expect that they will be duly rewarded in the fullness of time for any present sacrifice, as the improved health of the metropolis will be likely to give them, in births and marriages, an increase that will more than make up for any falling off in their churchyard dues.

It was not easy to find land in a convenient situation that could be obtained for burial ground. When at last the Kensall-Green establishment was formed, even then the cares of the projectors were not small. The public were slow to sanction a funeral away from the parish church in which their forefathers had reposed. This was a prejudice not confined to weak-minded men. It was one that was generally felt, and it had been nourished by the habits of successive generations through many centuries. The contracted edifices of former days were held in great reverence, and supposed to be still more sacred, from the relics of saints or other venerated objects which they contained. In the will of Henry the Seventh he mentions some of the treasures of Westminster Abbey, among them "one grate piece of the holie crosse, which, by the high provision of our Lord God, was conveyed, brought, and delivered to us from the Isle of Cyo, in Greece, set in gold, and garnished with pearls and preciouise stones; and also the preciouise relic of one of the legs of St George, set in silver parcel gilte, which came into the hands of our broder and cousyne Lewys of France the time that he

wan and recovered the city of Millein, and given and sent to us by our cousyne the Cardinal of Amboise."

The beauty of the spot selected for the cemetery in the Harrow road greatly favoured the views of the directors. It was soon obvious that success was certain, and cemeteries were rapidly multiplied on all sides of the metropolis. The first, however, still proudly takes the lead. It was natural to expect that it would. The numerous costly tombs which have already been set up prove that it will at no distant day stand hardly second to the cemetery of Pere le Chaise, near Paris. Some of the mausoleums which it contains have cost little less than 2,000*l*.

There are philosophers who care nothing for their mortal remains when the spirit shall have taken its flight; but this is anything but the general feeling. That wise and accomplished man Sir Walter Raleigh did not think it beneath him to take some thought of the spot where his form might "calm recline" when the headsman's axe should have performed its part. Of this we have evidence in the epitaph which he wrote upon himself:—

" Even such is time, which takes in trust

Our youth and joys and all we have,

And pays us but with age and dust;

Which in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;

And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

Such an inscription would not have been prepared for his tomb, by his own hand, if he had not desired to have one in some place where it might be read. Before his time, the care, we had almost said of renewing mortality, but at least, of renewing the means of preserving the buried forms of the departed, was deemed a matter of great importance. A writ for renewing the wax or cere-cloth (*cera renovanda*) around the body of Edward the First is still preserved. This led to the tomb being examined in 1774 by Sir Joseph Ayloffe and other antiquaries. The royal corpse was found wrapped in a fine linen cere-cloth, closely fitted to every part of the fingers and the face; from the waist downwards the remains were covered with a cloth of figured gold, which reached to the feet and was tucked beneath them.

To trace the varieties of devices connected with the grave which have been thought expedient, or not inappropriate, in comparatively modern times, would be amusing; but they can hardly be thought necessary to show that cemetery burial is really an improvement on the ancient practice. Let not the advocate for the old system enlarge on the awful solemnity of the church while glancing at the careless lolling attitudes of heroes in flowing

periwigs, the groups of Pagan deities, or the representations of horrible monsters, admitted there as funeral ornaments. The frieze of the Abbey, however clever the devices, can hardly assist devout reflection when we see the Devil dancing on money bags in one place, the same personage winking at a thief in another, or a gross burlesque on the miraculous restoration of sight to the blind in a third. Such peculiarities do not lend additional solemnity to the most solemn of all ceremonies.

As yet such anomalies have not appeared in the new cemeteries, which are now fast gaining the approbation of the upper classes, as is clearly established by the number of peers buried in the open ground at Kensall Green. The general arrangements are such as greatly suit the convenience of those who have lost friends or relatives. The remains can be left in a vault, without expense, till the mourner has leisure to decide what memorial he will raise. No charge is made for permission to erect one, and the tombs are arranged in departments, so that one built at a moderate expense, shall not be rendered insignificant from its standing in the vicinity of a costly neighbour.

The members of any sect, it ought to be added, can have the services of their own minister. On a late occasion a protest was made against the church service being performed. This was purely for the sake of gratifying the spectators with a scene, as the parties had only to take the remains a few paces from that spot, into the unconsecrated ground, and they would have been permitted to commit them to the earth in the way which they deemed most becoming, without obstruction or remark.

On a future occasion we purpose taking a general view of the monuments which already grace the cemetery. In such a scene there is something to come home to every one. In the words of the Laureat of Henry the Eighth it may be remarked:

" Death is too doleful which doth joyn,

The high estate full lo;

Which couplest greatest things with least,

And last with first also.

" No man hast been in world alive,

Nor any there may be,

Which can escape the dart of Death;

Needs hence depart must we.

" O noble and victorious man!

Trust not unto thy strength,

For all are subject unto death,

And all must leave at length."

Four centuries ago the resting places of the departed were in some instances very fancifully decorated. The cemetery called "Pardon Church Haw," near St Paul's, had painted round its cloisters the "Dance of Death," in which "the last enemy" was seen busily attacking all classes, the rich, the poor, the young, the old, the beggar, and the King.

THE SYBILS OF ANTIQUITY.

MUCH has been written on the subject of the ancient prophetesses, whose predictions are supposed, among Pagan nations, to have been received with implicit credit and awful veneration. Such remains of their breathings as have been handed down to modern times are in many instances wild and incoherent, and often at variance with truth; but that they were altogether false, or that those from whom they emanated were insane or deliberate impostors, admits of serious doubt. If they drew largely on imagination, and were frequently in error, that does not prove them to have been cheats throughout. Some esteemed names in the early Christian church treated them with great respect. Eusebius and St Austin refer to the verses of the Erythrean sybil, which announced the coming of the Saviour of mankind, as entitled to the serious consideration of all pious worshippers.

Some of their chants seem to have been designed to warn men from evil. To give them greater effect, they were delivered with much theatrical pomp, and with an extravagance of manner which passed for inspiration. An anxious wish, not to delude, but to render their admonitions deeply impressive, may have prompted that excess of animation which we should now denounce as frantic folly, or hateful trickery. Standing on a stone on some spot deemed sacred, the sybil undertook to expound the will of Heaven, and to direct the thoughts and actions of mankind. The theatrical gesticulation and manner, assumed on these occasions, the enthusiasts possibly deemed necessary to the due performance of their duty to their fellow-creatures, or, self-deceived, really supposed themselves the privileged and highly-gifted expounders of the Eternal will.

Their denunciations were often sufficiently portentous, as will be seen from Whiston's translation of some of the fragments still extant. One of them reads thus:—

"If you will not be persuaded, men of an evil heart, but love unrighteousness, and receive these advices with a perverse mind, a fire will come into the world, and these signs shall appear in it, swords, and the sound of a trumpet, when the sun rises, and all the world shall hear a bellowing and vehement noise, and the earth shall burn; and after the fire hath destroyed all mankind, and all cities, and rivers and seas, shall be soot and ashes, and God shall extinguish this immense fire, which he had kindled. Out of those bones and ashes which remain God shall again form men; and when he hath made them as they were before, then shall the judgment be; in which God shall act

justly, judging the world, and these men who have lived wickedly the earth shall cover them; but they who are righteous shall live again on the earth, God giving the pious spirit and life, and sufficient provisions; and then all men shall see themselves. Most happy is the man who shall be in being at that time."

MEDITATIONS ON PUNCH.

M. CHARLES MODEER, perhaps, is the man who, more than any other writer, has successfully laboured to swell the renown of Punch. Most solemn and profound is what he has already given to the public; but more, it will be seen, may be expected from this ingenious Frenchman:—

"If," says he, "I ever live to finish my great work on Punch, its importance, I hope, will be estimated by a single trait which I may refer to without vain pride, as without false modesty. Bayle adored Punch. Bayle passed the happiest hours of his laborious life before Punch's house, his eyes fixed on those of Punch, his mouth opened with a gentle smile at his gibberish; his hands in his pockets, like the rest of Punch's audience. That Pierre Bayle, whom ye know; Bayle, the advocate-general of philosophers, the prince of critics; Bayle, the biographer of the whole world, in four volumes folio—even he has not dared to write the biography of Punch. I do not mean, by this allusion, to insinuate my own praise. Civilization was then in its progress, but its advent had not come. It was the fault of civilization, and not of Bayle. Punch required a century worthy of himself. If the present be not the right one, I despair of it.

"Our ignorance as to the more private points of Punch's life was one of the necessary conditions of social supremacy. Punch, who knows all things, had long reflected on the instability of our political and religious faith. It was he undoubtedly who suggested to Byron the idea, that systems of belief did not last more than 2,000 years, and Punch was not the man to be satisfied with 2,000 years of popularity as a legislator or founder of a sect. Punch, whose motto is, "*Odi profanum vulgus*,"* perceived that solemn subjects demanded a corresponding reserve, and that their authority declined in proportion as they stooped to vulgar capacities. Punch thought, like Pascal (if, indeed, it was not Pascal rather who thought like Punch), that the weak side of the highest historical reputations was, that they touched the earth with their feet. Punch, logician as he always is, has never touched

* Punch, however, M. Modeer does not allow the sentence to finish as in Horace, "*et arce*."—Ed. *Mirror*.

the earth with his feet; he never shows his feet. It is from tradition only, and from ancient monuments, that we know, with any certainty, that he wears shoes. You will not meet Punch in coffee-houses and ball-rooms, like an every-day great man, nor at the opera, like a patronizing sovereign who comes complaisantly once a week to satisfy the multitude of his material identity. Punch understands better the duty of a power which exists only by opinion. He wisely confines himself to his lofty eminence; and none would wish to see him elsewhere, so well is the locality adapted for the convenience of the public, so happily exposed to the action of the visual rays of the spectator. Punch aspires not proudly to occupy the capital of a pillar; he knows too well how easily a man may fall; neither will he descend, like Peter of Provence, to the ground floor: for Punch upon the pavement, he knows, would be little more than man.

"There are sophists (for such are never wanting in these days of Paradox) who will boldly maintain to you that Punch perpetuates himself from age to age in the shape of the grand Lama, under forms always similar, in individuals always new, as if the prodigality of nature were sufficient for the constant reproduction of a Punch! It is now, to my great regret, nearly half a century since I first saw Punch. Since then I have seen nothing, meditated on nothing, but Punch, and I declare in the sincerity of my conscience—there has never been but one Punch. I have yet to learn, indeed, how the world could contain two.

"Punch's secret, so long sought after, consists in adroitly concealing himself under a curtain, which can be raised only by his familiar, like that of Isis; in covering himself with a veil pervious only to his priests; and, in fact, more than one point of resemblance presents itself between the priests of Isis and the high priest of Punch. His power lies in mystery, like that of the talismans, which lose their charm the moment the secret is communicated. Punch, palpable to the senses like Apollonius of Tyana, like St Simon, like Debruaie, would have been merely a philosopher, a rope dancer, or a prophet. But the Punch of the imagination occupies the culminating point of modern society. He shines in the zenith of civilization, or rather the perfection of civilization expresses itself entirely in Punch; for if it be not there, I know not where it is.

"I have already stated that Punch is eternal, or rather I have merely reminded you of it, the eternity of Punch being, thank Heaven, one of those dogmas which have been the least contested within my knowledge. I have read at least all the works of religious polemics which have

been written, and I have not met with a word which could throw a doubt on the unquestionable eternity of Punch, which is attested by monumental, written, and oral tradition. As to the first, his image has been found, a striking resemblance, among the excavations in Egypt. How, in fact, could any one be deceived as to the likeness of Punch? The authenticity of the portrait is at least as well attested as that of the autographic Testament of Sesostris, which has lately been picked up somewhere, to the great satisfaction of people of taste, who could no longer have done without the Testament of Sesostris. In regard to written tradition, it does not ascend so high; but we know that Punch existed by name at the date of the creation of the Academy, which shares with him the privilege of immortality by letters patent from the king. It is true that Punch was not a member of the Academy, and that he is spoken of rather slightly in their Dictionary; but that is easily explained by the irritation of feeling produced by competition among these illustrious rivals. As to oral tradition, you will meet with no man old enough to recollect Punch younger than he is at this moment, or who heard his great grandfather even speak of another Punch. The cradle of Jupiter has been found in the island of Crete, but never yet the cradle of Punch. We grow old for ever round Punch, who flourishes in immortal youth. Dynasties pass; kingdoms fall; peerages, with more vitality in them than kingdoms, are swept away; the newspapers which have destroyed them will be destroyed themselves for want of subscribers.—What do I say? Nations are effaced from the earth; religions disappear in the abyss of the past, following after religions which have preceded them; the *Opera Comique* has been twice shut up—but Punch, never: Punch still flogs the same infant—Punch still beats the same wife—Punch shall hang to-morrow the hangman whom he hanged to-day. This, however, in no way justifies the accusations of cruelty which have been thrown out against his character. His innocent severity is exercised only on beings of wood.

"Punch is invulnerable. The invulnerability of the hero of Ariosto is less clearly proved than that of Punch. I know not whether his heel remained concealed in his mother's hand when he was plunged into Styx: but what matters it to Punch, whose heels no mortal ever saw? What, at least, is certain, and what all the world may satisfy themselves of at this moment on the *Place de Chatelat*, if there are still some noble spirits who take an interest in such inquiries, is, that Punch, thrashed by policemen, assassinated by bravos, and carried off by the devil, reappears infallibly a

quarter of an hour afterwards, in his dramatic cage, as gay, gallant and frisky as ever, dreaming of nothing but clandestine amours and tricks upon travellers. '*Poichinelle est mort—Vive Poichinelle.*' This

is the phenomenon which suggested the idea of legitimacy. Montesquieu would have mentioned it if he had known it, but one cannot know everything."

BOTTLES THROWN INTO THE SEA.

THE practice of throwing bottles into the sea has been a good deal resorted to, with a view of forming a theory of the tides. Little success has attended the experiments, as the results are so varied that no general conclusion can be drawn from them. We subjoin a collection of dates of throwing

overboard, and of recovering bottles so dealt with. Generally, it would seem, they turn up between one and two years. A year and seventeen days is the shortest period within which a bottle thrown into the sea has again come to hand; and in one instance the interval extended to 15 years 285 days.

Ships.	Where Left.			Where Found.		Interval. Yrs. Days.
	When.	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Coast.	When.	
Carshalton Park	27 July, 1827	48.6	10.3	France	21 Dec. 1837	10 146
Emerald	17 Dec. 31	36.7	12.5	Anegada	8 Jan. 33	1 22
Lady Louisa	2 Feb. 30	45.0	13.7	France	14 Oct. 39	9 254
Symmetry	9 June 25	Mad	eira	Turk's Island	9 June, 35	10 —
Flora	29 July, 40	43.9	18.6	Cuba	1 April, 42	1 246
Kate	27 June, 25	24.0	19.0	Cuba	28 Nov. 26	1 154
Fanny	16 Feb. 12	30.0	23.0	Pensance	4 March, 13	1 25
Thunder	24 July, 33	28.4	25.5	Bahamas	12 Dec. 34	1 141
C. Dunmore	8 March, 28	27.4	28.0	Bahamas	19 May, 29	1 72
Two Brothers	21 Nov. 26	17.0	26.0	Crooked Island	8 Dec. 27	1 17
Wellington	10 April, 36	15.3	27.4	North-west Azores	21 March, 40	3 346
Isabella	2 April, 35	23.3	37.8	Tortola	13 Sept. 36	1 164
J. Cropper	10 Jan. 24	48.3	38.1	Mount's Bay	12 Feb. 25	1 33
Blonde	23 Sept. 26	43.5	38.5	France	15 June, 42	15 285
Three Sisters	20 July, 24	41.0	42.0	Mount's Bay	12 Oct. 25	1 86
Oposum	2 June, 39	27.2	42.0	Bahamas	22 May, 42	2 354
Albion	20 Oct. 36	41.3	43.9	Hebrides	7 Nov. 38	2 18
Blonde	28 Sept. 26	43.5	38.5	France	16 June, 41	14 261
Hecla	16 June, 19	58.2	46.9	Teneriffe	29 July, 21	2 43
Egardon Castle	7 July, 25	45.7	47.0	Andros Island	10 May, 29	3 297
Sarah	29 May, 25	49.0	48.2	Somerset	14 April, 36	10 321
Alexander	27 May, 18	59.1	52.3	Staffa	28 July, 19	1 62
Alexander	29 May, 18	62.0	54.0	Donegal	19 July, 19	1 21
J. Esdaile	28 July, 21	36.9	71.8	Lancashire	5 Dec. 22	1 130
Lark	29 Nov. 38	25.5	79.3	Madeira	2 Oct. 40	3 308
Lark	31 Jan. 38	20.7	85.6	Galveston	26 May, 39	1 115

A False Messiah.—In the year 1666 a person at Smyrna gave out that he was the Messiah. Many Jews professed to believe him. His name was Sabatai Levi, that at least he allowed to be his earthly appellation. The Grand Seigneur, on learning his pretensions, demanded a proof of his divine power by the performance of a miracle. He required him to submit to be shot at with ball, and declared, if he escaped without injury, his scepticism would then be removed. The impostor declined the offer, and, to escape punishment, embraced the Mahometan religion. The Jews, however, gave out that the true Messiah had returned to heaven, and had only left the shadow of his mortal form in the apostate Levi.

Proposed Visit after Death.—Voltaire often spoke of death with levity. To one gentleman he promised a visit in London, but said it would be after his death, for as there were twenty ghosts in 'Macbeth' he did not see why he might not push in among them.

Important Days.—Many persons have belief in lucky and unlucky days. Louis the Sixteenth considered the 21st of the month an important day for him. On the 21st of April, 1770, he was married to Marie Antoinette, whose unpopularity perhaps caused him, in the sequel, to perish on a scaffold. On the 21st of June, in the same year, at a fête given in honour of their union, fifteen hundred lives were lost. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Varennes; on the 21st of September, 1792, he was formally dethroned, and on the 21st of January following he lost his head by the guillotine.

Knowledge of the World.—The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable:—"Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas. I never allude to my works with men of the world, but I amuse them with matters they like to hear. My talents with them consists, not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have."—*D'Israeli.*



Arms. Or, a cross flory, sa. surmounted of a bend, gu. thereon another engr., or charged with three bombs of the first, fired, ppr.; over all, on a fesse, wavy, az., the word "Trafalgar" in gold letters; on a chief undusted, ar.; the waves of the sea, from which a palm-tree issue out between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruined battery on the sinister, all ppr. *Crest.* First, on a naval crown, or, the chelengk, or plume of triumph, presented to the first lord by the Grand Seigneur; second, the stern of a Spanish line of battle-ship, flotant upon waves, all ppr., inscribed under the gallery, "San Josef." *Motto.* Over this last crest, "Faith and works." *Supporters.* Dexter, a sailor sustaining with his exterior hand a ship's pennant, and with his interior, a palm branch, all ppr.; sinister, a lion rampant, regardant, holding in the mouth the tri-coloured flag depressed, of the French republic, and the Spanish flag, in the dexter paw a palm branch, all ppr. *Motto.* "Palman qui meruit ferat." Let him who has deserved it bear the palm.

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF NELSON.

The family of Nelson owes not its lustre to remote antiquity. William Nelson, of Denham Parva, in Norfolk, dying in January, 1713, left with other children the Rev. Edmund Nelson, who dying in 1747, left a son of the same name, who was also in the church. It was his third son, Horatio, who raised the name of the family to the high rank which it now justly claims.

A full biography of the great man who must always be looked back to as the founder of this family, would require us to transcribe volumes of the proudest achievements recorded in the history of England. His triumphs were so many, and they have been so ably recorded, that here to do more than name them would be folly. Some passages of the less brilliant, and consequently less known parts of his career, may perhaps be more advantageously selected, as they will show that if

"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"

it is one that cannot be trodden without painful checks and mortifying disappointments even by the possessor of a mind like that which animated Lord Nelson. It will also show that patience and determination conquer obstacles which at first appear to be insuperable.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29th, 1758. He was the third son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was sent to the High school at Norwich, and afterwards to North Walsham. His constitution was delicate; but when only twelve years of age, learning that his uncle, Captain Manners Suckling, was appointed to the 'Raisable,' of 84 guns, he expressed a wish to go to sea, which was not opposed by his family. The

uncle being written to on the subject, gave the following sailor-like answer:—"What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

In the spring of 1771 he was sent to join the ship, then in the Medway. When he got on board he found the Captain had not arrived; and he remained there all day unnoticed by any one. This dispirited him, and the first days of his service he painfully remembered through life.

Captain Suckling being appointed to a guardship, the 'Raisable' having been paid off, he sent his nephew, for the sake of more active service, to the West Indies in a merchantman. Nelson subsequently sailed under Captain Phipps, as coxswain, on an expedition of discovery towards the North pole. We next find him in the 'Seahorse,' of 20 guns, under Captain Farmer, in a squadron dispatched to India commanded by Sir Edward Hughes. He thus braved every climate, and was careful to make himself minutely acquainted with every part of a sailor's duty. He returned from India in the 'Dolphin,' in 1776, with Captain Pigot. His health had been much shaken, and his spirits were greatly depressed. Hope however soon returned. He resolved "to be a hero," and seized every opportunity that offered for courting distinction. His growing merit began to command attention, and he was raised to the rank of post-captain in 1779. He was then appointed to the 'Hinchinbroke.' He sailed to Jamaica, whence he was dispatched with Captain Despard, who afterwards suffered death for high treason, against Fort St Juan, in the gulf of Mexico. In

this service he and Despard were distinguished for their gallantry; but the fatal effects of climate rendered their triumphs of little avail. Nelson returned to Jamaica in declining health. He was happily relieved from that dangerous station, being appointed to the 'Janus,' of 44 guns.

In 1782 he sailed with a convoy from Quebec to New York, where he became known to Prince William Henry, afterwards King William the Fourth, who conceived a great esteem for him. After the peace, the Americans claiming to trade as formerly with our West India islands, Nelson, in opposition to some of the governors, ordered them to depart in eight-and-forty hours. Admiral Sir Richard Hughes sided with the governors. Nelson then said within himself, "I must now disobey my orders, or disobey acts of parliament," and determined on doing the former, believing that his country would protect him. The Admiral was at first incensed, and thought of superseding him, but convinced in the end that he had issued illegal orders, he applauded Nelson for pointing out his error. The latter was greatly mortified to find that Sir Richard was thanked by the government for his conduct on this occasion, which we have shown was exactly the opposite of what it would have been but for the determined resistance of Nelson, of whom no notice was taken.

On the 11th of March, 1787, he married Mrs Nisbet, the widow of Dr Nisbet, of the island of St Nevis, a lady then only in her eighteenth year. Prince William Henry gave the bride away. He returned to England, and was kept at the Nore in the 'Boreas' five months, which was used as a receiving ship. This so disgusted him that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his commission. His resentment was appeased, but from not being actively employed his discontent returned. At length, no longer forgotten, on the 30th January, 1793, he became captain of the 'Agamemnon,' of 64 guns.

Under Lord Hood he was concerned in many brilliant affairs; but he still felt that though praised by his commanders he was not duly rewarded. "For service," said he, "in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who were actually in bed at the time, and far from the scene of action. But never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own."

He was, however, soon advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and triumph followed triumph. In the great battle off Cape St Vincent, in 1797, he was eminently distinguished. In July the same year he lost his right arm in an attack on Santa Cruz, and immediately after amputation commenced his official letters. On the 1st of August, 1798, he gained the memorable battle of the Nile. For this he was created

a baron, with a pension of 2,000*l.* for three lives. He was not satisfied with this, as others had received higher honours in the peerage, whose services he thought had been less important.

In the battle of Copenhagen, 1801, Nelson greatly contributed to the victory. A signal for leaving off action was hoisted by Sir Hyde Parker. "No, d—n me if I do," said he. "You know, Foley," speaking to his captain, "I have only one eye, and have a right to be blind sometimes. D—n the signal; hoist mine for closer battle. That is the way I answer such signals." Happily his judgment was equal to his courage. For his services in this engagement he was made a viscount. His last unequalled triumph at Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, crowned his fame, but unhappily closed his life. He died with these words on his lips, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

His brother, the second viscount, was created Earl Nelson, Nov. 20th, 1805.

THE PLAYHOUSE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

"PLAYHOUSE hours, in the roaring days of the Restoration, were adapted to the habits of the court, where early dinners, late promenades, and champagne suppers prevailed. The usual dinner hour, in the reign of Elizabeth, was eleven o'clock, an almost incomprehensible achievement, hardly credible, indeed, in this age, if we had not the example of a great part of Germany before us, where even now dinner is never later than twelve. By degrees this primitive custom was gradually relaxed: and as the dissipated companions of the King could not be expected to be very early risers, there was no great difficulty in bringing later dinners into fashion. Two o'clock was, probably, the utmost stretch of the innovation. The play began at four. Citizens and people belonging to the middle classes went early to enjoy the whole entertainment; but the fops and gallants, gathering in from the coffee-houses towards the close of the evening, never made their appearance till the last act, and when they did come, they not only paid no regard to the play, but completely diverted the attention of the audience from the stage by the clatter of their conversation. Sedley pointedly refers to these usages in a prologue, which gives us a curious peep into the interior of the theatre:—

'Here gallants do but pay us for your room,
Bring, if you please, your own brisk wit from
home;

Proclaim your drunken frays three benches
round—

* * * * *
We take all in good part, and never rage;
Though the shrill pit be louder than the stage.

* * * * *
Now you come hither but to make your court;
Or from adjacent coffee-houses throng
At our fourth act, for a new dance or song.'

The comedies usually ended with a dance, which was the grand attraction for the 'men about town,' and formed a very important

popular item in the theatrical bill of fare. The allusion to the 'frays' in the pit indicates another common vice of the time. It was by no means a rare thing for quarrels to be decided there that had originated elsewhere, and scarcely a night passed that a brawl of some sort did not arise in that turbulent quarter. Langbaine tells us that he once witnessed a real tragedy in the pit, when Mr Scroop was mortally wounded by Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died immediately afterwards on his removal to a house opposite to the theatre. The custom of rioting and fighting in the pit at last grew to such a height, that Dryden openly appealed to the public against it, charging them, as Christians, to abandon such barbarous practices.

'Next in the play-house spare your precious lives,
Think, like good Christians, on your beams and wives,
Think on your sou's; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.'

Dryden touched nothing lightly; and whenever he set about lashing the town he did it thoroughly, and with a masculine energy that must have astounded the audience. From the readiness of the gallants to 'lug forth' upon every trifling occasion, it must be concluded that they were exceedingly quarrelsome in their bravery; nor is there any reason to doubt that, for the most part, they possessed that equivocal species of noisy valour which lays its account in total recklessness of soul and body. Buckingham's duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while his antagonist's wife held his horse, is a characteristic instance of that dare-devil genius, by which nearly the whole class of drinking, high-mettled pleasure-hunters were inspired; and the depravity that instantly followed the death of Shrewsbury, who was killed on the field, betrays the heartlessness and baseness with which it was associated. Nothing could be more remote from true courage than the fool-hardiness and audacious swagger of the coffee-house friblers, who were so prompt with their oaths and rapiers in the pit. It was, in fact, mere bullying, loud-voiced bravado, and rakish effrontery; and bore no nearer affinity to the fine-tempered gallantry of the Bayards and the Sydneys than the naked grossness of Rochester to the tender delicacy of Surrey. There can be no doubt that this rake-helly spirit frequently degenerated into ruffianism, and that neither the costly blade that swung by the side of the coxcomb, nor the laced coat, nor the flowing wig, nor the point ruffles, were always assurances of gentle breeding. In a quarrel which took place at the bar of the Rose Tavern, after the play, in Cibber's time, a promising young actor was murdered, under circumstances which exposed his aristocratic assailants to a strong suspicion of having acted with cowardly brutality. In the days of the Star Chamber, not a great number of years before, numerous cases of violence were brought before that tribunal, and punished with heavy fines. Sir George Markham was amerced in 10,000*l.* for striking Lord Darcy's huntsman, who had provoked him with foul language; and Morley was mulcted in a like sum for striking Sir G. Theobald in the court

of Whitehall. But, perhaps, the most remarkable personal outrage was that which was committed on Sir John Suckling by young Digby, a brother of Sir Kenelm. Digby was a rival suitor for the hand of Sir Henry Willoughby's daughter, and meeting Suckling on the highway, he demanded of him that he would relinquish the lady, and sign a paper on the spot to that effect. Suckling, of course, refused, when Digby told him he would force him to it, to which Suckling answered that nothing could force him. Digby then fell upon him ferociously with a cudgel of a yard long, and beat him until it broke to a handful. The extraordinary part of the affair was, that Suckling never offered to draw his sword all the while; and that two of his men, who were in attendance upon him, looked on without attempting to interfere. To mend the matter, young Willoughby, who came up at the moment, was questioned in a like sauey manner, and, upon his refusing to satisfy such menacing inquiries, Digby struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist."—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

SPECIMEN OF RUSSIAN FICTION— THE HANGING GUEST.

ALARM, danger, and pain, are, in all civilized countries, pressed into the service of pleasure. In 'The Story-Teller' we have a curious specimen of the inventions employed in Russia to gratify the lovers of light reading. It is called 'The Hanging Guest,' and tells of a young female being left alone in charge of a large country house expecting her lover. A knock is heard; she opens the door, when a stranger enters, who frankly avows his profession to be that of a thief. He compels the female to assist his views; loads himself with booty, conversing with her all the time. We then read.—

Chatting in this fashion with himself and with Duna, he crammed his pockets with money, watches, and trinkets, and then turned abruptly to the half dead girl.

"Well, my love, your choice? Waste no time; tell me, what death will you die?"

"Well, I'm sure! Ar'n't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke this."

"I am not joking at all, my sweet one."

"What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not hinder you."

"That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eyewitnesses behind me: I wash my hands of them by all means. With others I don't stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good-natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness: I, too, have been brought up in St Petersburg —"

Still she would not believe that he was in earnest.

"Now then, let's have it at once; I have no time to lose. Let us put compliments

aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live, to tell what sort of moustachios, eyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have got—what I did here, and which way I went. Now, Avdotya Yere-meyevna, answer quickly."

Every word of her cold-blooded torturer was a dagger-stroke to her: her whole blood, all the warm current of her life, curdled back upon her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears poured over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to the floor. In her fall she caught the robber's foot, and kissed it. "Have mercy on me!" she shrieked. "Oh, spare my life, I implore you! I swear to you before the Holy Virgin, I will not say a syllable to any one. May I never see heaven, if I do! For the sake of the blessed St Nicholas, have compassion upon me! I will pray all my life for you, as for my own father, my brother —"

The inexorable miscreant shook her off from his foot, kicking her in the breast. In vain she raised her imploring looks and arms towards him; in vain she sought to touch his stony heart with all that intense despair—and the clinging love for a youthful, joyous existence—could breathe into the words, the voice, and the tears of a helpless being. The villain, harder than granite, grew every moment more cruel and savage. Raging with impatience, he caught her by the hair, forced back her head, drew his knife from his boot, and was about to plunge it in her throat.

"Oh, oh! for the love of heaven!" sobbed the unfortunate girl, beside herself at the sight of the terrible knife; hang me!—hang me! No bloody death! Mercy! mercy! Hang me rather!"

"Ay, ay," he said, with a hideous grin: "so you can speak at last. Why did you not say so at once. I have lost a deal of time already; still I can't refuse you the favour; you are such a nice girl! Don't be afraid, Duna! You shall die in the pleasantest manner. It is an ugly death that of the knife. If I might choose myself, I would rather be hanged than knouted, when my time comes. We will look about for a cord."

The wretched girl, powerless in mind and body through terror, cold as ice, trembling and almost lifeless, submitted to all his commands. The rope was soon found, and the murderer returned with his victim to the same room where the remains of the breakfast still stood upon the table. He threatened to kill her instantly if she stirred from the spot where she stood—placed a chair on the table—and sprang nimbly upon it. Having fastened the rope round the beam, he drew the knife from his boot, cut off the projecting part of the rope, stuck the knife into

the beam, and set about making a double running knot on the rope. Duna stood motionless in the middle of the room: heat and cold rushed alternately through her frame; sparks of fire danced before her eyes; she saw nothing; she did nothing but pray, confess her sins, commend herself to all the saints, and mentally bid farewell to all that was dear to her in life.

"Presently, presently, my precious!" said the murderer, going on with his work, "you shall see how nicely I will hang you. I am not a new hand at the job. Do you see now, all is ready, only we must try whether the rope is strong enough. I would not for the world you should fall to the ground and break your ribs. It is for your interest and my own that—Draw the chair away from under my feet."

Duna unconsciously went up to the table and drew away the chair; whilst the robber held the rope fast in both hands, having slipped it over one arm up to the elbow, to convince himself of its strength by swinging on it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table aside." Duna did so.

"All right: it is a capital rope; it would bear more than you—you and me together."

He now let go the rope, intending to jump to the ground. Apparently it was his purpose to startle the poor girl by the bold and sudden leap; but the noose intended for her, gliding along his arm, caught him fast by the wrist. Duna's executioner had, in fact, hanged himself by the hand.

Though experiencing the most acute pain, he wished to conceal his critical position from the girl, that she might not avail herself of it to escape. He tried to reach the imprisoned hand with his left; but the weight of his body prevented his bringing his shoulders parallel. Suddenly he began to whirl and fling himself wildly through the air, hoping the rope would snap: but in vain! If he had but the knife in his boot, he might have severed it, or, at the worst, have cut off his hand, and saved himself by flight. But, unluckily for him, the knife was sticking in the beam. How was he to get at it?

He thought of one means—a desperate one—the last. He collected all his strength to shake the knife out with a powerful spring. The effort failed.

The weight of his heavy frame dangling in the air by one hand only, his violent efforts, the pressure of the tight-drawn knot, occasioned the villain intense torture: the joints of his arms cracked and began to part; the blood oozed out under the rope from the lacerated skin, and trickled into the sleeve of his cloak; while that of the rest of his frame rushed from the extremities to his head. Every moment it

seemed as if the hand would be torn off. He even wished that it might. His anxiety lest the people of the house should return ; his dread of being taken in this predicament ; impatience, rage ; the thought of his misdeeds, of his punishment, all his guilty life ; all this possessed his tumultuous imagination, and brought his dark soul to despair. Cold sweat broke from his forehead. In spite of his tiger-like endurance, a cry of agony burst, at last, from his iron bosom.

Duna, petrified, and thinking only of death, had hitherto looked on in idiotic indifference. For a long time she did not understand what he was doing, and made no attempt to understand it. True, she was still standing upright like a living thing, but living she was not. The involuntary cry of the murderer waked her, however, from her trance. She saw him bleeding, as if it were half a dream : she saw blood on the floor—a hideous gaping mouth, with great misshapen teeth, red fiery eyes starting from the socket ; she read his anguish in his ghastly distorted features, and guessed at last what had happened. Hope animated her : she began to think of deliverance.

“Avdotya ! push the table nearer,” said the robber, in altered, but still harsh and commanding accents, that terrified her again, and compelled her to blind obedience. Once more she lost her presence of mind, and pushed the corner of the table towards him. The villain reached it with the toes of one foot ; he raised himself up a few lines. It was for him a moment of heavenly enjoyment. Never in his whole life had he known one like it—not even after the most successful murder. His agony was less intolerable ; he drew breath again ; but his left hand, which he tried to use to free his right, was numb and powerless. The knot, too, had grown too tight ; the reprobate felt that he could do no more without aid.

“Avdotya Yeremeyevna !—kind friend !—good girl ! do me the favour ; jump upon the table ; untie my arm—pray do ! I will not kill you ; I only meant to frighten you. Oh ! how my head swims !”

The miscreant's torture touched the kind-hearted girl's soul. The feeling of compassion not unfrequently extinguishes in women the thought of their own danger. That woman thinks with her heart has been said thousands of times since the invention of printing. In Duna's bosom compassion prevailed over fear, and stifled the voice of self-preservation. She sprang upon the table, and laboured long and hard at the knot. She could not undo it.

“Do me the favour, sweet, sweet Duna ! Fetch a knife—cut the cursed rope—I am dying with pain.”

The girl jumped off the table and ran to

the pantry. Poor creature ! she little knew the return the red-nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife ; she hurried back ; she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the table on which the robber had rested his foot, turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavouring to change his feet. Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the sudden renewal of his former tortures. Duna stopped short at the door. His hideously distorted face struck her with involuntary horror ; she thought it was Satan's own features she beheld. The sight rivetted her to the spot where she stood : she shuddered, and dared not move a step forwards.

She looked round and saw a window open. The thought flashed upon her that she might avail herself of the circumstance. But he suffers so dreadfully ! How frightfully he screams ! The rope must be cut. Duna advanced a few steps. That horrid gaping mouth ! Duna tottered back, and mechanically, unconscious of what she did, she raised herself to the window ledge, and dropped from it into the court yard.

When she was in the court yard she knew not what she had done, or what she was to do. She had escaped the sight of that ferocious satanic mouth, but not the influence of her tormentor. He had fascinated her. He was still lord of her life. Her knees trembled, she dared not withdraw from the window.

“Ha ! devil's jade !” howled the miscreant savagely ; “you have done cleverly. I'd have slit your throat like a chicken's.”

These words, uttered in unspeakable agony and despair, suddenly rallied the girl's energies. She ran to the gate, the monster's horrid jest had proved his horrid punishment. Could he have supposed that he tied the knot for himself ? Could he have supposed that that awful moment, in which her foot hung over the grave, should be the moment of deliverance to the innocent, and of exemplary punishment to the guilty ? Here was the finger of Providence. It is everywhere. It is a falsehood to maintain that vice and crime alone prosper in this world.

She ran, and ran, till her strength was nigh exhausted ; no one was in sight. She ran further ; her breath failed ; her limbs tottered ; she dared not look round lest she should again see that fearful mouth, lest she should again fall into the hands of her persecutor. Nowhere a living soul.

She struggled up a rising ground.

“Ah ! there is our butler ; and there is Vaska ; and Prochor. Ah ! he, too, is with them.

He, to wit, the incomparable Ivan, the governor's valet. They were all returning

home together from the brandy shop, careless and happy, singing love songs, cracking jokes upon their masters, with their caps set jauntily on one side, and tacking along the road in easy zig-zags. Duna ran towards them, pale, with staring eyes and flying hair; her neck uncovered—her wits bewildered. "Come along! quick! quick!" she screamed. "He is hanging! hanging! hanging!—the villain is hanging! faster! faster!"

"Hey, darling little dove of the woods!" they all cried to her, with a laugh; "who is hanging? Where is he hanging? Give us a kiss, Dunushka. 'Tis a merry world."

"He is hanging, I tell you! Don't laugh. Run to the house. Take forks, hatchets, guns—a thief—a murderer, with great moustachies and a red nose! He said he would slit my throat like a chicken's; that he'd hang me!"

They hastened their steps, armed themselves as well as they could, broke the house door open, and went into the parlour. The robber had fainted; blood streamed from his mouth and nose; the arm by which he hung had grown nearly a foot longer. They took him down and bound him. After the return of the master and mistress of the house, he was conveyed the same evening to prison, and delivered into the hands of Justice! and Justice could not but own, with astonishment, that never till then had so long an arm come before her.

WANTED—A BUNN.

ON THE CLOSING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE Covent Garden folks say, last
Week, Buns went off so very fast
Good Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
And had such an extended run
That there was not a single *Bunn*
To feed upon last Monday.

DICK BUSKIN.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—THE ESQUIMAUX.—The Ethnological Society at Dr Hodgkin's, in Lower Brook street, was very fully attended on Tuesday. Dr R. King, the traveller, delivered a most interesting discourse 'On the Habits of the Esquimaux,' which was illustrated with numerous representations of their habitations, boats, weapons, and costume. Much singular and original information was supplied. Among their peculiarities it was stated they are extremely partial to blood, using it as drink or food. They are becoming very fond of tea, and various luxuries, to purchase which they are content to part from their boats, their weapons, and, in a word, everything that is most needful to their support. Those among

them who have most communication with the Southern traders frequently return to their homes, destitute of everything. They are mainly occupied in catching the walrus, the whale, and the seal. The first is the most dangerous, the second the most arduous, and the third the most important business of their lives. Their course of proceeding in each case was very minutely pictured. Taking fish with the lime, though they angle for salmon and cod, they hold in contempt. Among them, he who can kill the greatest number of seals is the most famous. It is by his prowess in this strife that the Esquimaux woo his mistress. His success in chasing the seal wins the smile of the fair, and the animal, the object of his constant pursuit, is thus commonly made the *seal of love*. The women do not lead idle lives among the Esquimaux. They are obliged to officiate as butchers, tanners, and shoemakers. A most curious paper on this subject, by a distinguished member of the society, will appear in the next number of 'The Mirror.'

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Colonel Chalonier brought forward the report of the Derby committee, on the arrangements for the ensuing meeting, connected with the show-yard, dinners, trial of implement field, &c. Mr Colville, M.P., chairman of the committee, stated that the directors of the Midland Counties Railway had decided to supply any number of special trains on that occasion, requiring only the usual fares for passengers, and half the fares for cattle and farming implements. Dr Lyon Playfair was elected analysing chemist to the society. Mr Pusey stated that Dr Playfair was engaged in establishing at Manchester a chemical laboratory for the purposes of his scientific investigations, connected with the subject of agricultural chemistry.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr Murchison announced a donation from Lord F. Egerton, of the original drawings of Professor Agassiz, of fossil fishes.—A paper was read upon the 'Beds containing Fresh-water Fossils in the Oolitic Coal-field of Brora, Sutherlandshire,' by Mr Robertson. During an excursion to the oolitic district of Sutherlandshire, Mr Robertson discovered among the reefs of shale and coal opposite the old salt-pans at Brora, two beds abounding in *Cyclas* and other fresh-water fossils, which have hitherto escaped notice. They lie beneath the beds of calcareous sandstone, considered by Mr Phillips to represent the gray limestone of Cloughton and other localities in Yorkshire. The uppermost is shale, with fossils, about an inch in thickness; it contains remains of fishes of the genera *Lepidotus* and *Megalurus*, mollusca of the genera *Paludina* and *Cyclas*, and crustacea of the genus *Cypria*.

The lower bed of clay, with fossils, about thirteen inches thick, and contains fish-remains of the genera *Lepidotus*, *Acrodus*, and *Hybodus*; mollusca of the genera *Paludina*, *Perna*, *Unio*, and *Cyclus*, the same species of *Cypris* as in the upper bed, and minute fragments of carbonized wood. Nearly the whole mass of both beds consists of fossils. No marine fossils, with the exception perhaps of the scales of *Lepidotus*, are found in the upper bed, and Mr Robertson regards it as a fresh-water deposit, whilst the mixed nature of the fossils of the lower one conclusively point out its estuary nature.

IMPROVEMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The paper read was by Mr Mackain, engineer of the Glasgow water-works, giving an historical account of the various plans projected and executed for supplying that city with water. The statement commenced in 1755, at which period Mr Gibson, in his history of the city, noticed the want of foot-pavements, street-lights, and supply of water, &c., which was at that time drawn from wells in the streets. In 1780 it was proposed to bring, for the supply of the whole city, the water of a spring which is now found inadequate to the wants of a House of Refuge, since erected near it. Mr Telford was consulted, and on his recommendation two steam-engines were erected, with reservoirs, &c. His estimate of the requisite supply for a population of 80,000 persons was 500 gallons per minute, supposing that 6,000 families would become renters, and the produce, at 2*l.* each family, would be about 12,000*l.* per annum. The population in 1842 was 300,000, and the annual income was about 30,500*l.*, making the average payment about 9*s.* per annum for each family. There are now thirteen steam-engines, with their requisite filters, reservoirs, &c. The facts detailed were valuable for reference.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The business of the sitting commenced with the report from M. Arago on the comet. He estimates the rate of speed at which it travels as 104 leagues per second, or 15 times swifter than the earth.—A paper by M. Agassiz, on the following question, 'What is the Age of the largest Glacier of the Swiss Alps?' was then read. M. Agassiz states that the beds of snow which fall annually on these elevated regions may be easily ascertained, and concludes that the entire mass of ice and snow of which the glacier of the Aar, one of the largest in Switzerland, is composed, will in less than two centuries have given way, and be replaced by the new deposits which will be made during that period. According to M. Agassiz, the glacier of Aletsch, the largest in Switzerland, has melted away and been renewed within three or four centuries.

The Garter.

A Cat's Friendship.—Lord Althorp mentions a cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched outside its cage, on examining, it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manœuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—When the 'Anne Bridson,' which arrived in this port from Valparaiso last week, after a quick passage of eighty-four days, was off the River Plate, the captain and crew suffered the greatest inconvenience from the state of the atmosphere, which for two days was so fetid as to make it difficult for them to breathe; and the effects of their exposure to this air did not cease when the atmosphere became pure, but continued to be felt during the remainder of the voyage, many of the crew having been ill from that time.—*Liverpool Times.*

A Mortar for the Pasha of Egypt.—A large mortar, cast at the foundry of Messrs Walker and Co., Woolwich, for Mehemet Ali, and weighing thirteen tons, was proved last week at the butt in the Royal Arsenal. The diameter of the bore of this mortar is twenty inches, and the charge of powder was 80 lbs. weight. The ball fired on this occasion weighed 1,010 lbs., and required a number of men, with a powerful pinion lever, to move it into the mortar. On being fired the ball entered the butt, throwing the earth to a great height, and the piece of ordnance itself, notwithstanding its immense weight, recoiled about from eighteen to twenty feet. On examining the mortar after it was fired, it appeared quite perfect.

Bees.—Stocks of bees should now be examined, by lifting them up gently from their stands to clear away any filth or dead bees, moths, &c.; and, where they are light and numerous, give them a liberal feeding. It has been found that a pound of good honey, given at this season of the year, when it can only be obtained by them in small quantities, will save them from starvation. When the spring is wet, cold, and unfavourable, they may be fed with great advantage, until the middle of May, by mixing a pound of the best honey in a wine glass of water, and incorporating them together. Give it them in a plate or saucer in their hives, and the liquid covered with a piece of perforated paper. Plaster old straw hives with Roman cement, or even with common mortar; they will last for many years. They may be made ornamental, and will do well as stocks to swarm in. The bees and combs should not be taken from the old hives.

Russia.—Mr Voskressensky, a member of the Imperial University, having analysed the different sorts of coal found in the south of Russia, has drawn up a comparative table of their qualities. The result shows that the best Russian coal, which is to be found in the territory of the Cossacks of the Don, contains 94·234 per cent. of carbon, and the most inferior, that of Teflis, contains 63·649 per cent. of carbon. A comparative table of analyses of the coals of England and France is added; according to which the best of all, the Newcastle coal, contains only 84·846 per cent. of carbon, and the best of the French coal only 9·198 per cent. Thus the coal of Groushevskaiia surpasses in quality the best English and French coals.

Bad Taste of a Linnæus.—Lord Brougham, when a boy, had a green linnæus, or rather a mongrel between that and a goldfinch, which, being placed in the kitchen, left its own fine and sweet notes to take to an imitation, and, he says, a very good and exceedingly discordant one, of a jack, which, being ill-constructed, generally squeaked as if it wanted oiling.

The late Mrs Honey.—It is not generally known that Mrs Honey was on the point of entering on a new professional career when she was called away by death. Her voice had gained such extraordinary strength, that it had been resolved she should come out in Opera, when it was expected her great powers would astonish the town.

The Merchant Taylors.—The loyalty of the Merchant Taylors in King Charles the First's time compelled them to part with their Irish estates; and so far did they carry their zeal, that they sold their silver "and irons" in their venerable hearth in their lively parlour to aid in the cause. King James dining in what is called the King's Chamber, the Master petitioned him to become a Liveryman of the Merchant Taylors' Company. "I cannot," said the monarch, "being one; but Chawley shall;" upon which the Prince and several noblemen present were admitted.

A Royal Widower's Soliloquy.—It is related that Henry VIII was at Havering, in Essex, when Anne Boleyn was executed, and was walking upon a terrace belonging to the palace at the moment of the unfortunate Queen's decapitation. By the firing of guns, or some signal, he had the speediest intelligence of this despicable assassination, and immediately exclaimed—

"—here I stand,
As jolly a widower as any in the land."

Ben Jonson and Shakspeare.—"It was a general opinion (says Pope) that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two

parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom; for my part I can't discover anything like it in them."

Mr Fox on Theatricals.—Mr Fox used to say that 'Inkle and Yarico' was the best opera in the English language with the simple exception of the 'Beggar's Opera,' the wit in which was so simple and intelligible that it was adapted to every taste.

The Devil Baffled.—In the neighbourhood of Ipswich it was common, thirty or forty years ago, for stable-keepers to hang up a flint stone, with a natural hole through it, in the stable, to prevent the devil riding the horses in the night, which they declared he would do if the stone did not hang there.

A Puritan.—Colley Cibber was called in his day a puritan, an enthusiast, a man over-scrupulous, and, as in modern times we should say, ultra-righteous, because he corrected the ribaldry, the indecency, and the indelicacy which had long disgraced the stage under the authority of fashion.

—A very delicate vegetable, quite equal to seakale or asparagus, and of a taste intermediate between the two, may be easily raised in any quantity by any one who has a few square yards of garden ground, at different times during the winter and spring, according as the succession of crop is required. Plant ten or twelve turnips (any delicate kind) as closely as possible, and cover them with a box or seakale pot; heap fermenting stable litter over ~~and~~ around, as for seakale; and in about ~~the~~ same time, or a fortnight more, a crop of blanched sprouts will make their appearance.

Cydonia Japonica.—The fruit of pyrus, or cydonia, japonica, mixed with apple in a tart, is a very good substitute for quince. —[It is a sort of quince.]

Erratum.—In the "Comet" for April, in the last number of 'The Mirror' but one, for "still and moving all," read "still and moving life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Last Moments of Remarkable Characters," No. II, has been received.

If the MS. mentioned by M. T. is left at the office, it will be attended to. Might it not be well to forward a description of it in the first instance?

The Editor will be glad to hear from David, and from Z. B. The subjects mentioned are not objectionable. Rational variety is our object.

Lady Bulwer's Lampons, we think, given alone, and without explanation, would be anything but agreeable to our readers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

TRIAL OF THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

THE trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, before the Lords, for high treason, was one of that series of state prosecutions which marked the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It followed three years after the catastrophe of Mary, Queen of Scots. Great care was taken to give the proceedings all the *éclat* of circumstance, and equal care was taken to preserve an exact record of them. The description handed down to us is as minute as we could expect a report of to-day to be of that which occurred yesterday. It opens thus :

“ From the outward bar of the King’s Bench there was a court made of thirty feet square, within which was a table of

twelve feet square, covered with green cloth ; and in the same court were benches to sit upon, covered with green say. In the midst of the same court, at the upper end, was placed a cloth of state, with a chair and cushion for the Lord Steward. From the midst of the same court, to the midst of the hall, was built a gallery for the prisoner to come upon to the court, in length 110 feet, and in breadth 15 feet, and in height from the ground six feet, railed round about and going down with seven steps. Between eight and nine of the clock in the morning the Earl of Derby, Lord Steward, his Grace entered the hall, attended by divers noblemen and officers, four sergeants-at-arms with their maces waiting before him ; next before his Grace, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamber-

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lain of England. My Lord of Derby's Grace being seated in his chair of state, every nobleman was placed in his degree by Garter King of Heraults. At his Grace's feet did sit Mr Winkefeld, one of her Majesty's gentleman ushers, holding a long white wand in his hand, being accompanied with Mr Norris, Sergeant of the Garter. Before them did sit Mr Sandes, the Clerk of the Crown at the King's Bench."

The places of all the other persons of distinction present were marked with like care. We pass over a mere list of names to come to "something of more pith," the description of the prisoner, and the manner in which he deported himself on appearing before the tribunal which was to decide on his life or death, and which furnishes the subject of the engraving given in our present number.

"Then the Lieutenant of the Tower was called to return his precept and to bring forth his prisoner, Philip, Earl of Arundel. The Earl came into the hall, being in a wrought velvet gown, furred about with marten, laid about with gold lace and buttons, a black satin doublet and a pair of velvet hose, and a long high black hat on his head; a very tall man, looking somewhat swarth-coloured. Then was the Earl brought to the bar, with the axe carried before him by Mr Shelton, Gentleman Porter of the Tower. Being accompanied by Sir Owen Hopton, Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower; Sir Drew Drury, Constable of the Tower for the time; Mr Henry Breakhard, and others. At my Lord of Arundel's coming to the bar, he made two obeysances to the State and to the Nobles and others there present. Then did Mr Sandes, Clerk of the Crown, say, he was indicted of several treasons, and said unto him, 'Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, late of Arundel, in the county of Sussex, hold up thy hand.' He held up his hand very high, saying, 'Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this hall.'"

He was accused of corresponding with traitorous persons beyond the seas against the Queen's majesty, to invade the kingdom and set up the Catholic religion. He was stated to have fasted four-and-twenty hours and to have prayed for the success of the Spanish Armada, and to have procured Sir Thomas Gerrard and divers prisoners, then in the Tower, to say mass with him for the triumph of Spain, and to have made a prayer on that subject to be daily used among them. A picture was produced in the course of the trial, found in his Lordship's trunk, in which was painted a hand bitten by a serpent shaking the serpent into the fire, about which was written, "*Quis contra nos?*" On the other side was painted a lion rampant, "with his

chaps all bloody," and the words, "*Tamen leo.*" Discontent, and not religion, was said to have made him a Catholic. The result was, a verdict of guilty given against him.

"Whereupon my Lord, making three very low obeysances, upon his knees did humbly submit himself to my Lord Steward's Grace, and the favours of the rest of the nobles and peers there present, and besought them to be mediators for him that he might obtain at her Majesty's hands to have order taken for his debts, and to have conference with his officers, and to talk with his wife, and to see his infant born after his imprisonment, whom he had never seen."

Sentence was pronounced in the usual terms for high treason.

"To this the Earl of Arundel said, as it were softly to himself, '*Fiat voluntas Dei.*' And so having made a low obeysance to the State, the Lieutenant took him away; Mr Shelton going before him with the edge of the axe towards him. Then there was an 'O yes,' made by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Court, together with my Lord Steward's commission, dissolved: which done, my Lord of Derby took the white wand out of Mr Winkefeld's hand and broke the same in pieces, and every man cried, 'God save the Queen.'

"Whereupon the Earl of Arundel was carried back to the Tower, where, after several reprieves, he died a natural death, October 19th, 1595, having been prisoner there ten years and six months, four years whereof were passed before he was brought to his trial."

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE SHAKEN CANE.

[Written for 'The Mirror,' by the Author of "Many-coloured Life," &c.]

"CONCEAL you under my lady's couch, Marquis! and this evening? You must be mad to ask such a thing!"

So spoke Louise, Madame de Montepan's maid, to the Marquis de Puygilhem. The looks of the speaker marked extreme surprise, and something more than surprise. Puygilhem, in his anxiety to know all that might affect the King's mistress, had deemed it politic to make love to her attendant, and "was a thriving wooer." His fair companion, besides the danger attached to being accessory to any intrusion on her lady's privacy, did not feel very well pleased that the Marquis should wish to seek the chamber of Madame de Montepan, when another was open to him. A request so singular did not result from fickleness, but from very different causes, which must here be explained. If the Marquis were passionately eager to carry his object, it was not the passionate eagerness

of love. Ambition and Avarice were the deities at whose shrine he bowed.

The Marquis de Puységur (afterwards Duc de Lauzan) was distinguished for his audacity. Where interest prompted, he was not nice in his expedients. He was anxious to stand well with all that were in power, but he did not hesitate to incur the most enormous risks where, without encountering them, in the ordinary course of events he could look for nothing but failure.

In his youth Puységur came to Court with little or no fortune. The Comte de Guiche introduced him to the Countess de Saisons, at whose house the young King (Louis XIV) then passed nearly all his time. He gained the favour of Louis, who gave him a regiment of dragoons, and soon afterwards made him a colonel. In 1669 the Duke de Mazarin was disposed to resign his office of Master-General of the Ordnance. Puységur wished to be his successor, and having got early intelligence of the Duke's intended retreat, he boldly asked the King to bestow the post about to fall vacant, on him. He was favourably listened to, and Louis declared it should be his, but made him promise to keep the matter secret till a day which he named, when he himself would announce the choice he had made.

Puységur exulted in his good fortune, considered the matter finally settled, and waited with impatience for the day on which he was to be declared Master-General of the Ordnance. It came, and the Marquis, who, in consideration of his high rank and his intimacy with the King, had the *entrée* to the apartment next the council room, in which Louis and some of his ministers were then engaged, waited for the result. The first valet de chambre, whose name was Nyert, he found there. With this man, as he was a favourite with the King, the Marquis did not disdain to enter into familiar conversation. He, indeed, wished to make a friend of him, and as his experience of the world told him that nothing kindles friendship sooner than improving circumstances, he communicated to him the important fact that he was to succeed the Duke de Mazarin.

Nyert started at hearing the intelligence. He, however, complimented the Marquis very warmly on his promotion, which he said it gave him infinite pleasure to hear.

The truth is not always spoken at courts. In this instance Nyert was anything but gratified at what he had learned. It so materially interfered with the views of others for whom he was interested, that he determined if possible to make the King change his purpose. Pretending to have forgotten some matter which he had been directed to attend to, he left the apartment, and went without loss of time to the

minister Louvois, who was then under that roof, transacting business, and alone. He communicated what he had heard, and as Louvois was the enemy of Puységur, he determined, if possible, to mar the prospects of the Marquis.

Nyert in a few minutes was again with Puységur in the waiting room. Their conversation was resumed, and the Marquis affected to unfold some of his designs to his companion. He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Louvois. He and Nyert looked at each other with well-acted surprise.

"The council, sir," said the valet, "has not yet risen."

"No matter," said Louvois, "the letter I hold in my hand is important, and requires dispatch; I shall therefore go in, for I must speak with the King immediately."

Louvois entered, and having gained the ear of Louis, told him he had just been informed that he was about to declare Puységur Master-General of the Ordnance.

The King was amazed at what he heard, and at a loss to guess from whom Louvois could have received the intelligence, as he had enjoined Puységur to silence.

The minister then proceeded to argue against the appointment of the Marquis. "He is haughty," said he, "capricious and inexperienced withal: to act cordially with that man will be impossible."

Louis was angry that the secret should have escaped Puységur, and especially that it should have reached Louvois. He pronounced no decision, but when the council rose he passed the expectant Marquis without saying a word. The King went to hear mass. Puységur waited till it was over, but in vain. No announcement was made; no notice was taken of him.

Nothing is more intolerable than suspense in a matter of great importance. The Marquis was determined things should not remain thus, and accordingly resolved immediately to seek the King, that he might learn his fate at once.

Louis had closed his evening audience when his old companion stood before him. The monarch received him with courtesy, but not with all the warmth to which he had been accustomed; and when the momentous question was put, he replied evasively, "Not yet, Marquis. It cannot be done immediately. But leave it to me; I will see about it."

Puységur left the King anything but satisfied. Such generalities he knew usually came to nothing. Thus annoyed, he sought Madame de Montespan, in the hope that her powerful influence would be exerted in his favour. From her he met with the kindest reception, and language the most consoling.

"Fear nothing, my friend," said she;

"the King has been perplexed of late by many cases of state, but he will not be unjust. He knows your great merit, and if he should for a moment forget it, there may be one near him who will not omit to remind him of your just claim."

The Marquis brightened at this, and hope revived. He went home greatly relieved. On the following day he saw the lady again. Her kindness was unabated, and she reiterated her promises to serve him with Royalty. That it was derogatory to his high blood to owe promotion to such a patroness did not occur to him; or, if it did, the case was so common then, as it has been in later days, that he felt he could not be pointed at but in very good company.

Day after day passed, and the Marquis could not discover that he had in any way benefited by the good offices of Madame de Montespan. His temper was impatient, his nature suspicious. A thought crossed his mind that the King's favourite might be insincere. On this point he desired to have proof, and he resolved that he would have it. He conceived the idea of hiding himself in the lady's apartment when the King, as was his custom, paid her his afternoon visit, in order to overhear their conversation, and ascertain with certainty how far he might depend upon the bland and blooming mistress of Louis.

And this it was that made him a suitor, as above, to Louise. By her instrumentality he thought his object would be easily attained. She refused. He pressed his request, or rather his demand.

"It is utterly impossible; I dare not think of it," said Louise. "Do you wish for my total ruin?"

"Nonsense! Ruin is always uppermost in the thoughts of a woman. Come what may, how can it damage you? It must be done."

"Can you be serious, Marquis? Do you really wish me to enable you to conceal yourself in the chamber of Madame de Montespan?"

"I do."

"And to-night?"

"This night."

"To ask such a thing is madness. What wretches you men are when our poor sex is concerned! But she will not be alone."

"I do not wish to be with her alone.

What brighter eye than that of Louise can I seek to view? What countenance more divinely fair? No, no; let the King sigh for Madame, my whole soul is devoted to Louise."

He kissed her hand with an air of devoted attachment as he spoke. Louise was affected. To find that the Marquis had not wished to be alone with her lady in part removed the difficulty which had previously opposed his wishes.

"Do not think of it," she said, in a much less determined tone. "Reflect on the danger if the King should discover you concealed near Madame. The Bastille for life would in his judgment, be much too lenient a sentence. You would be broken on the wheel."

"But he will not see me. For my own sake I shall be careful not to let him know where I am, but still more for yours; though, as I said before, you would in no case be seriously compromised, established as your character is for fidelity and spotless honour."

His manner was most persuasive. To so noble a lover what could Louise refuse? She smiled consent, and he renewed his flattery. That which was lately declared to be impossible she now acknowledged could be done, and she consented to do it.

An opportunity offered for introducing him unseen into the lady's apartment, and he availed himself of the fortunate moment. Scarcely had they entered when the voice of Madame de Montespan was heard in the ante-room. She had returned sooner than usual. As she opened the door the Marquis threw himself under the couch, and fortunately succeeded in getting completely out of sight. Louise looked embarrassed, but her mistress took no notice of it, and having given her a few commonplace directions, a motion of the hand indicated that she might withdraw.

The situation of Puygilhem was anything but agreeable, cramped as he was beneath the piece of furniture which concealed him, and feeling, as he did, that the slightest movement, the least noise would betray him. To an ordinary mind this would have been misery, but he almost enjoyed it. He was confident that he would be spoken of, and that, posted as he now was, he should know whether or not he had been deceived. Serious as the consequences might prove in the event of a discovery, he was sanguine enough to hope that this would not take place, and bold enough to meet them if it did.

The favourite of Louis Quatorze little suspected who was so near her. She dreamed not that there was one in her chamber who could overhear (or underhear rather) her every breathing; nor could she, had this been made known to her, have surmised what use would be made of what he might learn. That was a secret which he did not suffer to escape from his own breast, as he had done the promised appointment. The end which he had in view, not less singular than the means by which he sought to obtain it, was equally audacious and original.

Madame de Montespan prepared to receive her Royal admirer. How she consulted her glass, what attitudes she studied and what auxiliaries she called to the aid

of her beauty, Puygilhem had no means of remarking. His position was theatrical enough, but he did not avail himself of it, like the adroit folks of the stage, to start out every moment, make an observation, and retire. He was too happy to find himself effectually concealed; and when the King entered the apartment, which he shortly did, Puygilhem scarcely ventured to respire, fearing not only that he himself might be heard, but trembling lest the sound of his own breath should prevent his distinctly hearing that to which he was so anxious to listen.

(To be continued.)

A TASTE OF ANCIENT ROMANCE.

HELIODORUS was born at Emesa, in Phenicia, and flourished in the reigns of the Emperor Theodosius and his son. He was Bishop of Tricca in the time of Theodosius the Great, and wrote in Iambic verses 'On the manner of making Gold,' for the same emperor. Heliodorus is also mentioned by Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, as having been Bishop of Tricca, a town in Thessaly, now vulgarly called Triccola. In the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Calistus, a story is told of him, which, if true, would exhibit on the part of the Thessalonian church somewhat of that fanatical spirit which in Scotland expelled Home from the administration of the altar. Some young persons having fallen into peril through the reading of such works, it was ordered by the provincial council that all books whose tendency it might be to incite the rising generation to love, should be burnt, and their authors, if ecclesiastics, deprived of their dignities. Heliodorus, rejecting the alternative which was offered him of suppressing his romance, lost his bishopric. His works were but little read in modern times till they were brought into notice by an accident of war. During the campaign of Hungary, in 1526, a soldier of Anspach, under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, assisting at the pillage of the library of Matthias Corvinus, at Buda, was attracted by the rich binding of a manuscript, and carried it off. He sold the prize afterwards to Vincent Obsopeus, who published it at Bale, in 1534. This was the celebrated romance of Heliodorus, 'Theagenes and Chariclea,' till then unknown in the West—the most ancient monument which has reached us in a complete state, of recitals of adventures (to follow the definition of Bishop Huet), "suppositious yet probable, concocted artfully and in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader."

The work thus preserved is among the best models of fiction. Nothing impure is permitted to sully the loves of the hero and his adored; the incidents are nume-

rous, striking, yet not improbable, and a virtuous mind breathes over the whole, valuable lessons of philosophy and nature.

Modern dealers in the marvellous have drawn largely from this eminent writer. A glance at one scene will suffice to satisfy every reader of romance that in this assertion little is hazarded. To make what follows understood it is necessary to state that Chariclea has arrived with Calasiris at a battle field to search among the slain for Theagenes. Many dead bodies are strewn on the ground, and an old woman relates to them the details of the battle.

"The rising moon shed a bright light around, for she was only in the third day of her wane, while Calasiris, weakened with watching, and way-sore with his journey, lay asleep. Chariclea, however, unable to rest for her cares and sorrows, beheld a hateful and unholy spectacle, which is nevertheless familiar to the Egyptian women. The old woman, thinking she should have ample time to perform her magical conjurations, dug, in the first place, a grave, and beside it kindled a large fire; then placing between these two the dead body of her son, she poured some honey from an earthen cup which stood upon a tripod, into the grave, and afterwards some milk and wine. She then took an image made of paste, in the likeness of a man, which she crowned with laurel and fennel, and threw also into the grave; and catching up a sword, waved and slashed it around her like one in a phrenzy, mumbling the while an invocation to the moon in some foreign and barbarous language. That done, she inflicted a wound upon her arm, and catching the blood with a branch of laurel, sprinkled it upon the fire with many ceremonies. At length, stooping to the ground, she placed her mouth to her dead son's ear, and by I know not what conjurations, constrained him to spring up and stand upon his feet.

"Chariclea, who had watched the preliminary process not without fear, was struck with horror at this result; and she awoke Calasiris that he might witness what passed as well as herself. Although unseen themselves, owing to the obscurity in which they stood, they yet could see very clearly everything that was done by the hag, who was near the blazing fire; and as the distance between was not great, they heard her distinctly when with a loud and strong voice she began to interrogate the corpse. The question she asked was, whether her surviving son would return safe and sound from the wars? but the dead man made no answer: he merely signed with his head, in such a manner as to leave his mother in doubt, and then fell on his face upon the ground. Immediately, however, she turned him again on his back, and continued to question him, singing in his

ear still more violent conjurations, till at length he rose once more on his feet, and she repeated her interrogation, commanding him to expose his meaning plainly, and to answer, not by motions of the head, but by word of mouth.

"While the old woman was thus engaged in her necromancy, Chariclea supplicated Calasiris to approach her, that they also might ask some tidings of Theagenes. This Calasiris refused point blank, saying, that to him the very sight was forbidden, although she, Chariclea, might be excusable, inasmuch as she was constrained to witness the spectacle in spite of herself. To take pleasure, he continued, in such magical conjurations, or to assist in them, is a thing forbidden by the priests and prophets; for although their power of divining and predicting the things of futurity proceeds from lawful sacrifices, and holy and devout orisons, yet the wicked and profane, who grovel thus upon the earth, and are always gathering about a corpse, like this Egyptian woman, can only derive theirs from some fortuitous circumstance. While Calasiris was still speaking after this manner, the dead man, in a mournful and broken voice, which sounded as if it came from the earth, answered his mother thus with a groan: 'I have pardoned thee, mother, from the first even till now, and have suffered thee to offend against human nature, in violating the holy laws of destiny, and troubling by magical conjurations the things which it is forbidden to meddle with. This I have done because the dead still continue to revere, as far as possible, their parents. But since thou pertinaciously destroyest my reverence by thy importunity—not only attempting from the outset things unlawful and damnable, but persevering in them from evil to worse, and extending in infinite progression thy crime and its forfeit—since thou not only compelledst my body to arise and make signs of the head, but also to utter speech—neglecting withal my obsequies, and hindering me from mingling with the other spirits of the dead, that I might attend to thy behests—listen now to what I have hitherto withheld! Neither shall thy son return from whence he is gone, nor shalt thou escape a violent death—the fitting termination of a life consumed in things so abominable; and soon, soon shall that bloody issue arrive, reserved for the fate of all who give themselves up to magic. Besides thy other crimes, thou hast not hidden carefully those mystic secrets which should only be trusted to the custody of the darkness and silence of night, but hast revealed, in the presence of witnesses, the mysteries of the dead. One of these witnesses is a prophet, and thy fault is the less on that account; but the other is a young virgin, who has heard and seen

what thou hast constrained me to—a girl moved and transported with love, who goes wandering over the world to seek her lover, with whom, after infinite labour and innumerable dangers, she will at last live in glorious and royal state in the extremities of the inhabited globe.' When the corpse had uttered these words, it fell down suddenly upon the earth.

"The old woman, understanding that these witnesses must be the strangers to whom she had spoken, rushed furiously sword in hand to seek them. Trampling in the midst of the dead, and certain of finding them among the bodies extended around, she determined to put them to death as the spies who had neutralized, by their presence, her magical charms and conjurations. She threw herself with such furious and incautious haste among the slain, that in stumbling she transfixed herself upon a pike planted perpendicularly in the ground; which piercing her body through and through, she fell dead upon the earth—thus promptly fulfilling, with just and proper cause, the prophecy of her son."

RELICS OF LONDON.—(No. XII.)

THE CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINE FRIARS.

Few memorials of London's monasteries remain. Three centuries have elapsed since the general suppression by Henry VIII, and those relics of the ancient priories which have survived are either reduced to fragments and ruins, or have been converted to purposes which have entirely effaced their original features. But the names of the localities in which they were situated, in some instances, still remind us of their former glory. We have the site of the priory of St John indicated by the names of streets and squares in its immediate vicinity. The Temple, St Bartholomew's, St Helen's, Black Friars, and White Friars, the Charterhouse, Crutched Friars, and the Minorities, all derive their names from the religious establishments which formerly existed in their neighbourhood, and of which they are in many cases the only memorials. But there is one locality whose name, while it indicates some connexion with a monastery, has been so corrupted as to render its origin less obvious. This is Austin Friars, the site of the ancient priory of an order of Augustine monks from whom the name, contracted into *Austin* Friars, has been derived.

This priory was founded by Humphery de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, in the year 1253. In 1344, one Reginald Cobham increased its revenues by the gift of a certain messuage in the city, and in 1354, Humphery de Bohun, Earl of Essex and grandson of the founder, retered and

enlarged the church. In 1362, "the small spired steeple was overthrown by a tempest of wind," but a gilded steeple was erected in its place, as Stowe says, "to the beautifying of the city." It was, however, demolished by order of the Marquis of Winchester, in 1609, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the mayor and citizens. The priory was suppressed by Henry VIII, on the 12th November, 1538, when the value was 57*l*. The priory and cloister were destroyed by Sir William Powlett, afterwards Marquis of Winchester, who erected on its site "a great and fair house." A portion of the church was used for the stowage of coal and corn until the death of the Marquis, when his son sold the monuments and paving-stones (which had cost a large sum), for a hundred pounds, and converted the steeple, choir, and adjoining aisles into stables for his horses. The remainder of the church was, in 1550, granted to the Dutch residents in London, who have used it ever since as their place of worship, and service is still performed in it twice every Sunday and on one day in the course of the week. Among the celebrated personages buried in this church are Edward, step-brother to Richard II, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Pembroke, Oxford, and Huntingdon, Edward, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, and the barons killed at the battle of Barnet in 1471.

That portion of the ancient edifice which is now in possession of the Dutch—the nave of the friars' church—has not received any material alteration since its repair by the Earl of Essex in 1354; the windows are original, and the side walls are supported by a double row of stone buttresses. Its appearance, however, has been seriously disfigured by a coating of compost, which entirely covers the ancient stone work and destroys the venerable aspect of the edifice. It is painful to observe how frequently the ancient character of some mouldering relic is impaired by the want of taste or ignorance of those whose ardour for its protection and restoration induces them to make additions which do not harmonise with the original structure. The renovations of the Temple Church and Crosby Hall are, happily, free from these imperfections and anomalies; but the architecture of the City presents too many instances in which such good sense and good taste have not been exercised, and among these none are so conspicuous as the Guildhall. The interior of St Bartholomew's church, and honest John Stow's tomb, in the church of St Andrew Undershaft, have also been defaced by the work of the plasterer, and the worse than useless applications of the brush and trowel mar the grand effect which the heavy and ancient masonry is

calculated to present. The church of the Augustine Friars has been disfigured by those who imagined they were ornamenting it—its massive stone work is concealed by the plastered composition; and scarcely did it suffer more injury from the sacrilegious hands of the Marquis of Winchester than it has sustained from the corrupt judgment of the modern renovator.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

INTERMENTS IN CHURCH-YARDS.

THE town of Tarma, in Peru, was subject to a pestilential fever annually, the consequences of which, if ever the patient recovered from the fever, were frequently fatal. The governor of the town, conjecturing that it might arise from the practice of burying the dead in the church, succeeded in abolishing the practice, and from that time the fever ceased to appear, as the burying-ground was established a considerable distance from the town. This unwholesome practice is alluded to by Bishop Latimer; he says, "I do marvel that London hath no burying-place without, for, no doubt, it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city. I think, verily, that many a man taketh his death in Paul's church-yard; and thus I speak of experience:—for I myself have felt such an ill-favoured and unwholesome savour that I was the worse for it a great while after; and I think it is the occasion of much sickness and diseases."

Dr Jenner.—This eminent man, however grave his general habits, could at times descend to playful humour. On one occasion, having restored a young lady to health, he sent to her mother the following often quoted lines, having forwarded to the patient a pair of ducks:—

I've dispatched, my dear Madam, this scrap
of a letter,
To say that Miss ***** is very much better:
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of
Quacks.

They produced the following happy reply:
Yes! 'twas *politic*, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a "couple of Quacks" to your Patient
to send;
Since there's nothing so likely, as "QUACKS"
(it is plain),
To make work for a "REGULAR DOCTOR"
again!

A gentleman who had himself been reflected upon as touched with Quackery, wrote on the latter the subjoined commentary:—

The Quacks, as you call them, are likely, indeed,
To give to the regular's gains an increase,
Because Ducks, wherever they gabble or feed,
Are commonly found the companions of Geese.



Arms. Ar., three lions' heads, erased, gu., two and one, between the upper ones an anchor, sa., on a chief, wavy az., a portcullis, with chains, or. *Crest.* A lion's head, erased, gu., charged on the neck with a portcullis, chained, or. *Supporters.* Two lions guardant, ppr. a portcullis, pendant by a chain from the neck, or., to which is affixed a shield, ar., charged with a chaplet of laurel vert. *Motto. Sed sine labe decus.* "Moreover, it is an honour without a stain"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ELDON.

WILLIAM SCOTT, a merchant of Newcastle, who died in 1800, is named as the founder of this family. The splendid part his descendants acted have been more before the public than his ancestry.

John Scott, the first Lord Eldon, was born June 4th, 1751. His great talents made him eminent as a lawyer, and finally gave him the dignity of an Earl. He was called to the bar in 1776, and, having obtained a silk gown, was appointed Solicitor-General in 1788; on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. He became Attorney-General in 1793; and in 1799 he reached the Bench, and was made a Peer, being appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and created Baron of Eldon, of Eldon, county Durham. In the same year we find him Lord High Chancellor of England; which exalted situation he held, with an interruption of fourteen months (from February 7th, 1805, to April 1st, 1807) till 1827, when, on the formation of Mr Canning's Administration, he resigned the seals, and never returned to office. His Lordship was advanced, July 7th, 1801, to the dignities of Viscount Encombe and Earl of Eldon. He died June 28th, 1831.

His Lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of Aubone Surtees, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who died in 1839. His eldest son, John, died in 1805, leaving a son of the same name, who succeeded, on the death of the Earl of Eldon, to the title.

The late Earl lived in eventful times, and acted a conspicuous part in many memorable scenes. To write at length his professional career would greatly exceed the limits of this publication. His learning and industry were universally acknowledged; but, as Chancellor, many complained that his judgments were too long delayed. It was, however, his anxiety to decide justly, that caused him to hesitate: when, at length, given, his decisions were rarely called in question. He was said to be penurious; but he was a benevolent

man, and, in the discharge of his public duty, was frequently moved to tears. In 1793, when, as Attorney-General, he prosecuted Horne Tooke and others for high treason, he was so deeply affected, that, in the course of his opening speech, he was frequently obliged to pause, from utter inability to proceed. In 1820, when the case of Queen Caroline was brought before the House of Lords, and the discontented populace seemed on the eve of a revolution, his Lordship was one of the first to speak in favour of the bill; in doing which, he earnestly called on the Peers of England, whatever the appearances might be out of doors, to "Do their duty, and fear not."

On a former occasion, addressing the House, he thus explained the principle on which he endeavoured to act—"My Lords," said he, "I satisfy myself that I have done my duty; and I leave the rest to God."

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

(From the Danish of *Oehlenschläger.*)

POETICAL licence has, perhaps, not often been carried further than in the following verses in the 'Aladdin' of the writer above named. That a spider should liken himself to the Eternal in the Heavens is a stretch of thought somewhat "beyond the common."

THE SPIDER SINGS.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Allah's wisdom thou may'st trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee!

As within the moonbeam, I,
God in glory sits on high—
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There, with threads of thousand dies,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all,
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

LADY SALE.

EVERY one who attends to public events must have felt deeply interested for Lady Sale. Her situation on being made prisoner by Akbar Khan, after treachery and murder had destroyed a British army, was most perilous; and the horror felt in this country for the possible fate of the English ladies who had fallen into the hands of so reckless a barbarian as the Asiatic assassin may long be remembered. A journal of the disasters in Afghanistan, by her Ladyship, has lately been published. From the eagerness with which news from India was sought, and the ample supply which was in the end obtained, of course much of the contents of the journal has already been made known to our readers. If, however, it be a "twice-told tale," it is a tale that will bear repetition. We shall select a few passages, which, we believe, are novelties, or at least some of the circumstances they detail.

The difficult situation in which the English were placed, the supposed incapacity of the general, and the rashness or mistakes of others in high situations, had caused the most dreadful anticipations. From day to day, some new event occurred to add to the general despondency; and insulated acts of violence were the precursors of the grand catastrophe.

"Capt. Sturt hearing that Capt. Johnson's house and treasury in the city were attacked, as also Sir Alexander Burnes's, went to Gen. Elphinstone, who sent him with an important message, first to Brig. Shelton at Siah Sung, and afterwards to the King, to concert with him measures for the defence of that fortress. Just as he entered the precincts of the palace, he was stabbed in three places by a young man well dressed, who escaped into a building close by, where he was protected by the gates being shut. Fortunately for my son-in-law, Capt. Lawrence had been sent to the King by the Envoy, and he kindly procured a palkee, and sent Sturt home with a strong guard of fifty lancers, but they were obliged to make a long detour by Siah Sung. * * * I cannot describe how shocked I felt when I saw poor Sturt; for Lawrence, fearing to alarm us, had said he was only slightly wounded. He had been stabbed deeply in the shoulder and side, and on the face (the latter wound striking on the bone just missed the temple): he was covered with blood issuing from his mouth, and was unable to articulate. From the wounds in the face and shoulder, the nerves were affected; the mouth would not open, the tongue was swollen and paralysed, and he was ghastly and faint from loss of blood. He could not lie down, from the blood choking him; and he had to sit up in the palkee as best he might, without a pillow to lean against."

Weakness and miscalculation increased the general peril: and as if there were not enough of real calamity to appal, invention

was drawn upon to furnish new alarms. Thus, on one occasion—

"At dinner-time Brig. Shelton sent to Mr Eyre, stating that the Envoy had information that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were coming to set fire to our magazine with red-hot balls!"

Her Ladyship adds:—

"How these balls were to be conveyed here red-hot is a mystery, as the enemy have no battery to erect furnaces in: but nothing is too ridiculous to be believed; and really any horrible story would be sure to be credited by our panic-struck garrison. It is more than shocking, it is shameful, to hear the way that officers go on croaking before the men; it is sufficient to dispirit them, and prevent their fighting for us."

No timely effort was made to avert the danger, which, like an awful thunder-cloud, hung over the devoted thousands thus cut off from their resources. At length, on the 6th of January, that mournful retreat commenced which terminated so fatally. The following passages are very striking:—

"Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found, amongst the ones thrown aside, 'Campbell's Poems,' which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:—

'Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

I am far from being a believer in presentiments; but this verse is never absent from my thoughts.

"We left Cabul with five and a half days' rations to take us to Jellalabad, and no forage for cattle, nor hope of procuring any on the road. By these unnecessary halts we diminished our provisions; and having no cover for officers or men, they are perfectly paralysed with the cold. The snow was more than a foot deep. * * * Numbers of unfortunates have dropped, benumbed with cold, to be massacred by the enemy: yet, so bigoted are our rulers, that we are still told that the Sirdars are faithful, that Mahomed Akbar Khan is our friend!!! &c. &c.; and the reason they wish us to delay is, that they may send their troops to clear the passes for us! That they will send them there can be no doubt; for everything is occurring just as was foretold to us before we set out. * * * 8th.—At sunrise no order had been issued for the march, and the confusion was fearful. The force was perfectly disorganised, nearly every man paralysed with cold; so as to be scarcely able to hold his musket or move. Many frozen corpses lay on the ground. The Sipahes burnt their caps, accoutrements, and clothes to keep themselves warm. * * * Sturt, my daughter, Mr Mein, and I, got up to the advance; and Mr Mein was pointing out to us the

spots where the 1st brigade was attacked, and where he, Sale, &c., were wounded. We had not proceeded half a mile when we were heavily fired upon. Chiefs rode with the advance, and desired us to keep close to them. They certainly desired their followers to shout to the people on the height not to fire: they did so, but quite ineffectually. These chiefs certainly ran the same risk we did; but I verily believe many of these persons would individually sacrifice themselves to rid their country of us. After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain, I believe): his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only *one* ball in my arm; three others passed through my poshteen near the shoulder, without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully. * * The 37th continued slowly moving on without firing a shot; being paralysed with cold to such a degree that no persuasion of their officers could induce them to make any effort to dislodge the enemy, who took from some of them not only their firelocks, but even the clothes from their persons."

The coolness with which the daring heroine rejoices in having received *only* one ball is amusing. Would the "Ladies of England, who live at home at ease," speak so lightly of such a trifle? Dreadful was the bitter night that followed the incidents above given.

"Poor Sturt was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily: Johnson and Bygrave got some xummuls (coarse blankets) thrown over us. Dr Bryce, H.A., came and examined Sturt's wound: he dressed it; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds. Half of a Sipahee's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Capt. Johnson and Mr Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs Sturt's bedding (saved by the ayah riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water: we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense

cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn. The Sipahees and camp-followers half frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a poshteen (or pelisse of sheep-skin) half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over me. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night."

This state of things accelerated the death of Sturt, who, however, was carefully attended to the last. It would be superfluous to describe the surrender which ensued, and which filled this country with amazement, anxiety, and indignation. The scenes through which the captives passed Lady Sale describes to have been frightful. She says:—

"The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nul-lah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp-followers, still alive, frost-bitten and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart, 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognized as we passed them; with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies."

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DEMON-SHIP.'

The following story, founded on fact, we abridge from our amusing contemporary, 'The Story-Teller.'

A grand party was given on board the 'Invincible,' an English man-of-war in the Tagus, to some of the residents at Lisbon. The ship was illuminated and there was much festivity. In the midst of mirth Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Fredeberg, two of the guests, were melancholy. They had been married but seven days, and Loeffler was now to leave his bride in the 'Invincible' for the Brazils.

On the following morning the ship sailed, and, on the day after that, one of the crew died, apparently from a fall, but the corpse, immediately after death, exhibited strange appearances. Several of the crew died suddenly. It was suspected that the viands consumed at the feast had been poisoned. The number of the sick awfully increased. Loeffler assisted them with generous care, but at length he was assailed himself. Strange torture afflicted his body and maddening thoughts ran through his mind. He suspected something more than the poison supposed to be administered caused the evil. The thought often banished returned on Christian's mind; and a fearful test by which he might prove its reality suddenly occurred to him. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He

dragged himself towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loeffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance towards the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell!—farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loeffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for heaven's sake, your suspicions to this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested." But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered the delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes which followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baneful and virulent from the increasing heat of the atmo-

sphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loeffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself above deck, placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a seaman's, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previous to the sleeper's awaking.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noon-tide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength Loeffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound either of feet or voices met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loeffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loeffler's eye! The whole deck was strewn with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth and starting eye-balls showed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep. The 'Invincible,' once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face

in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potion, to strengthen him for the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or, as was more often the case, dispossessed of their former occupants, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one *living* being was found. Loëffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength was further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible. He however soon resumed his labour, and on the evening of the following day but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother-tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial rights of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, "Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!" The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims waited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his dismal office, overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto stifled feelings. But there was no hand to

wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loëffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the 'Invincible,' who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

Week after week passed away, and still the solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled 'Invincible.' She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but a tropical equinox was drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. He listened with an ear half fearful, half hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous, and, apparently, concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—showed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediate over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold: while the fierce and unintermittent motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see widespread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He

slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves, unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou, too," he said confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man-of-war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his solitary voyage.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND HIS WILL.

DEATH who now, as in the olden time, equally visits the poor man's hovel and the Regal Palace, has, in the last week, snatched from the royal family of England one of the most popular Princes that England ever had. The Duke of Sussex was a man who, besides taking a part in politics on the liberal side of most questions that interested the public, mingled with his countrymen on all occasions. Often have we seen his Royal Highness preside at the Freemasons' Tavern, and other places of festive resort, and admired the tact and the feeling displayed, which made all present reverence the Prince the

more, because he only seemed to feel that he was a citizen and a man. The errors of his life were, in the judgment of his contemporaries, more than atoned for by the anxiety he manifested to be one of the people: he lived among the people—he married among the people—and, faithful to his principles in death, by his will he ordered that his remains should be buried among the people. His last resting place is to be the Cemetery at Kensal Green, her Majesty having deemed it right that the desire of her royal uncle should be fulfilled.

The wish thus recorded of the Duke of Sussex, brings to our recollection the language used in the will of King Henry VIII on the subject of his funeral. It is as follows:

"And as for my body, whenne the soul is departed, shall thenne remayn but as a cadavre and so return to the vile mater it was made of. Were it not for the crown and dignity which God hath called us unto, and that we woold not be noted an infringer of honest worldly policies and customs whenne they be not contrary to Gode's laws, we woold be content to have it buryed in any place accustomed for chr'en folks, were it never so vile, for it is but ashes and to ashes it shal again. Nevertheless, because we woold be lothe in the reputation of the people to do injurie to the dignitie which we unworthely are called unto. We ar content and also by the p'nts our last will and testament do will and ordeign, that our body be buryid and tentered in the quere of our college of Windesor midway betwee' the stalls and the high altarr, and there to be made and sett as soon as conveniently may be doon after our deceasse, by our executors at our costs and charg's, if it be not done by us in our lief tyme, an honourable tombe for our bones to rest in which is well onward and almost made, therefor alredeye wit' a fayre grate above it, in which we will also that the bones and body of our true and lovinge wief Quene Jane be put also, and that there be provided, ordeyned, made, and sett at the costs and charges of us or of our executors, if it be not done in our lyf, a convenient altarr honourably repaired apparilled wit' all manner of things requisite and necessary for dayly masses, there to be sayd perpetually while the world shall endure."

The indifference of the tyrant on the subject, in the end resolved itself into sufficient care for his remains. A grand tomb was to be erected in the chapel at Windsor and masses said till the end of the world! The Duke of Sussex simply desired that his remains should pass to a public burial ground, where those of his consort, in the fulness of time, may repose

by his side. By many he is deeply lamented—by the great body of Englishmen his memory will be respected, and while

“They check the starting tear and kiss the rod,
And not to earth resign him, but to God.”

LET NOT HAZEL EYES DESPAIR.

Je n'aime pas les yeux si noir
Qui semblent dire, “I will make war,”
Mais j'aime moi les yeux si bleu
Qui disent doucement, “I will love you.”

SLEEP.

Sleep is coming—gentle sleep—
Strange it is that joy and grief
Each in turn from slumber keep—
Yet resistance is but brief.

HISTORY OF THE SILK WORM.

There are two species of silk-worms reared at present; that which casts its skin three times, which is a small worm common in Lombardy, and is the one preferred by Dandolo, because it completes its task in four days less; and that which moults four times and is the worm originally bred in Europe. The second kind of worm lives from thirty-five to thirty-seven days, according to temperature; the first four days less. The worm, in the course of its existence, increases in weight 30,000 times from the egg; and its development is watched by many of the peasants, who educate them with scientific care, with the aid of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, instruments familiar to the French people, in consequence of their gratuitous schools of science, though hardly known even by name to the English.

One test of the excellence of the chrysalis for affording seed or eggs, is the hardness of the ends of the cocoons.

The silk crop, as it may be called, is completed in about six weeks from the end of April, when the hatching season begins; it is therefore the most rapid of natural productions, and requires little advance of capital for the purchase of the mere leaf. In purchasing the cocoons, and in reeling off the silk, indeed, capital may be often laid out with advantage. As there is a large proportion of the public revenue raised in France from the general land tax, there is no tax on mulberry trees as there is in Italy.

Bonafons gives the following curious table of the progress of the worms hatched from one ounce of eggs, from birth to the time of spinning. In the first age they consume seven pounds of leaves; in the second, twenty-one; in the third, sixty-nine pounds twelve ounces; in the fourth, 210 pounds; and in the fifth, or after casting their skins the fourth time, 1,281 pounds. The progression in the consump-

tion of food is not uniform in detail, though it is so upon the whole. Thus, on the third day after their birth, they eat three pounds; on the fourth, only one pound six ounces; on the fifth day, when the sloughing process begins for shifting their skins, they consume only six ounces. On the first day of their second age they make up for their previous abstinence by consuming four pounds eight ounces; on the third day, seven and a half pounds; on the fourth day they labour under the moulting sickness, and eat only two and a quarter pounds. On the first day of the third age they consume six and three-quarter pounds; on the second day, twenty-one and a half pounds; on the third, twenty-two and a half; then twelve and a half, and on the fifth, six and a half. The hazardous period is at the changing of the third and fourth coats; for on the sixth day of the third age, and the seventh day of the fourth age, they eat absolutely nothing. But on the first day of the fourth age they consume twenty-three and a quarter pounds; on the first of the fifth they consume forty-two; and on the sixth day of the latter, attaining their maximum appetite, they eat 223 pounds; from which time they become daily less voracious, till on the tenth day of this age they eat only fifty-six pounds. The space occupied on the trellices by the worms, which was at their birth only nine feet, has now become 239 feet. The quantity of silk produced is, generally speaking, proportional to the quantity of food they consume.

The China silk-worm, which produces a very superior silk, was brought into France about twenty-eight years ago.—*Ure.*

JOSEPHINE A DESDEMONA.

The consort of Bonaparte, Josephine, has been eulogised by all parties. Her kindness of heart was great. Bourrienne having, on one occasion, given Bonaparte offence by a supposed want of prudence in his conversation, the Emperor withdrew his confidence. After some days, Bourrienne resolved to have an explanation. He had the *entrée* of Bonaparte's chamber, and thither he went when Napoleon and Josephine had retired for the night. The secretary vindicated himself to the perfect satisfaction of his master. He spoke the word of peace; and then came a scene which will strongly recal the language addressed by Desdemona to Othello in behalf of Cassio. He says:—“I seem to hear and see the good Josephine half-raising herself in bed, and saying with the most amiable sweetness, ‘What! Bonaparte, is it possible that you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you—

who is your only friend : how have you suffered them to lay a trap for him like this — a dinner arranged on purpose ! My God, how I detest thy police !” Bonaparte then began to laugh, and said jokingly, “Sleep, sleep, and mind thy frippery ; women understand nothing of affairs of government.” “When I,” says Bourrienne, “retired, it was nearly two o’clock.”

CURIOUS MONUMENT.

NAILED against the south wall of the chancel of Walton church are several brass plates, parts of an ancient monument of one John Selwyn. They were evidently once laid over a grave stone, but having become loose, were taken up. Many years ago an ancient sexton, the Ciceroni of the place, explained the figures on them by the following traditional story. Selwyn, as appears by the inscription, was under-keeper of the park at Otlands, in Surrey, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The bugle-horn, as the insignia of his office, is preserved in the figure seated on the stag, and also in that where he is represented in the common monumental attitude of prayer. Being famous for his strength, his agility, and his skill in horsemanship, he would frequently display specimens of these various endowments before his royal mistress. One day, at a grand stag hunt in Otlands park, attending, as was the duty of his office, in the heat of the chase he suddenly leaped from his horse, then running at full speed, and alighted on the back of the stag, which was flying with its utmost velocity. In spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, he not only kept his seat with graceful firmness, but, drawing his sword, guided the animal towards the queen, and, as he approached her, plunged it in the throat of the victim, who fell dead at the feet of the royal huntress. This was thought wonderful enough to be chronicled on his monument, and he is accordingly portrayed in the act of stabbing the beast. It is remarkable that the story is represented on both sides of the same plate : in one engraving Selwyn appears with a hat, but without spurs ; and in the other, bareheaded, but with spurs. Hence some have supposed that he performed this feat more than once ; but more probably, the first engraving not being approved by the family, as deficient in likeness or some other circumstance, a second was engraved, which, to save the expense of a new plate, was executed on the back of the former. Beneath his feet, and those of his wife and children, is the following inscription, on another plate, where all are represented in the act of prayer :—“Here lyeth the body of John Selwyn gent. keeper of her majesties parke of Otlands, under the Right Ho-

nourable Charles Howard, Lord Admiral of England, his good lord and Mr. who had issue by Susan his wife V Sunes and VI Daughters, all lyving at his death, and departed out of this world the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1587.”

The Gatherer.

Conchology.—The shell collector in walking over the Island of Cyprus is particularly struck with the vast number of brilliant limpets for which that classic spot is celebrated. A considerable number had fixed themselves to branches of white coral, and resembled the delicate blossoms of the peach ; others, which appeared in-laid with mother-of-pearl, opal, and amethyst, clung to the sheltering rocks, as if fearful of being separated from them by the agitated waves.

Sepulchral Custom among the Ancient Arabians.—Pocock, on the authority of Al Janharie, Ebno’ Athir, Sharestani, and other Arabic authors, relates a singular custom which prevailed among some of the Arabians, previous to the introduction of Mahometanism. They tied a camel over the grave of the deceased, where it was left to perish without food, lest its master should suffer the disgrace of walking on foot in another world.

Tongueless Speakers.—Grotius gravely records, as a fact, that some of the early Christians, whose tongues had been barbarously cut out by the Arians, could afterwards talk as well as before. Their sermons must have been singularly edifying.

THE JINGLER TO HIS MISTRESS.

“It was you, Christy, you
First warm’d this heart, I trow—
Took my stomach frae my food—
Put the devil in my blood—
Made my doings out of season,
Made my thinkings out of reason,
It was you, Christy lass,
Brought the Jingler to this pass.

An’ Christy, faith, I see
By the twinkle o’ thy ee,
An’ Christy, lass, I fin
By a something here within—
That tho’ ye’ve ta’en anither,
An’ tho’ ye be a mithor,
There’s an ember in us yet,
That might kindle—were it fit.

Then fare ye weel, my fair ane,
And fare ye weel, my rare ane,
I once thought, my bonny leddy,
That thy bairns wou’d call me deddy.
But that bra’ day’s gane by—
Sae happy may ye lie,
An’ canty may ye be,
Wi’ the man that sou’d been me.”
—*Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*

Voltaire's Opinion on War.—A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill, or to be killed by, the like number of their fellow mortals, wearing turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at least, to decide whether a track of land, to which none of them lay any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or to another whom they call Caesar, neither of whom ever saw, nor ever will see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures, who now mutually butcher one another, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial, this has been the way of mankind almost all over the earth. What an extent of madness is this! And how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!

Incident in a Chinese Drama.—A woman, surprised by her husband, has just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him against the wall. The man, coming in, asks, "What is in that sack?" The woman is confused, and hesitates. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, calls out from the inside, "Nothing but rice!"

The Wonders of Creation.—Paley remarks:—"The works of the Deity are known by expedients. Where we should look for absolute destitution, where we can reckon up nothing but wants, some admirable contrivance always comes in, to supply the deficiency."

How to gain a Prize in the Lottery.—At Florence, within the last half-century, when a lottery was to be drawn, the adventurers, to ensure success, were enjoined to fast six-and-thirty hours, to say a number of ave Marias and paternosters, and then remain in bed, engaged in prayer, till some saint, or the Holy Mary herself, should communicate to the supplicant what number he ought to purchase.

The American Press.—The harsh things lately said of the American press do not exceed in severity what was said of them, thirty or forty years ago, by their own statesman, Mr Jefferson. He remarked:—"It is a melancholy truth, that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle." And writing to Dr Jones, he used this language on the same subject:—"I deplore with you the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write for them; and I enclose you a recent example, the production of a New England judge, as

a proof of the abyss of degradation into which we have fallen. As vehicles for information, and a curb on our functionaries they have rendered themselves useless, by forfeiting all title to belief."

Royal Birth.—The firing of the Park and Tower guns on Monday morning, woke some grand reminiscences in the minds of the old inhabitants of the City. It was, however, no serious disappointment after all, to learn that the rejoicings were not in consequence of the fall of ten or twenty thousand men, but in consequence of her Majesty having given birth to another Princess.

American Reporting.—When a member of the American Congress get his turn to speak, it is indicated by the phrase, "Mr So and so obtained the floor." To us this seems odd, and by no means to be compared to our own—"Mr So and so caught the Speaker's eye."

—Old Nick is supposed to be the same as *Nicka*, the Gothic demon who inhabited the element of water, and who strangled persons that were drowning.

—Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip, and wife of the Archduke Albert, would not change her linen till Ostend was taken. This siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supple colour of the Archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour—called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella—a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy.

—*Bah!* an ejaculation commonly made use of to frighten children, &c., is derived from *Boh*, one of the most fierce and formidable of the Gothic generals, and the son of Odin; the mention of whose name only was sufficient to spread an immediate panic among his enemies.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Paper commenced in our last by Dr King, relative to the Esquimaux, though sent by the author has not yet reached the Editor.

To the correspondent who has sent an extract from a book in which these verses occur,

"To mark the difference 'tween love and lust,
"So often shed by mortals, for the loss
"Of the beloved one; whom the stiffening corpse,"
and who asks are they not worthy a place in "The Mirror?" we answer "No."

The prosing, pointless essay which Mr Hamilton White considers adapted to our "valuable periodical," we think is only fit to be inserted in another valuable periodical, the Fire.

Mr Burbidge's lines present some pretty thoughts, but are too negligently written to appear.

We believe that which W. O. B. suggests, has already been done in more than one publication. He may have some original feature to supply, but this he does not state.

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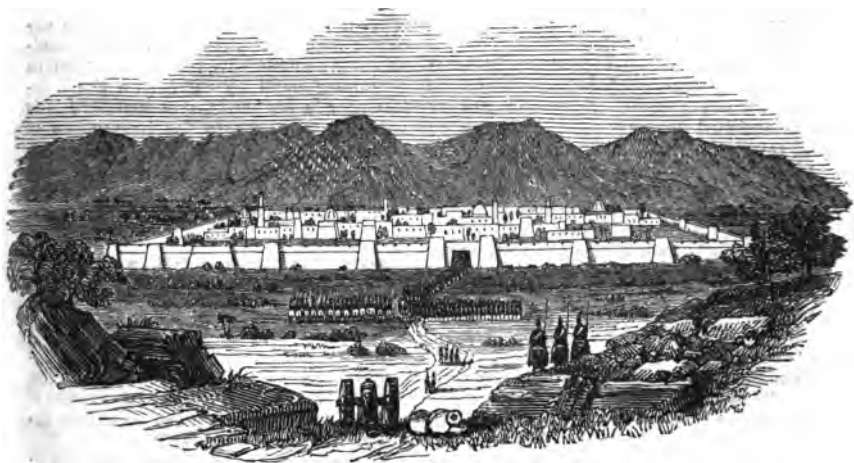
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 18.]

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.



JELLALABAD.

Original Communications.

JELLALABAD.

It was at Jellalabad that the brave Sir Robert Sale made that noble stand for the honour of the British name, which set some limits to the calamity which England had to deplore, and eventually contributed greatly to change the deep lament of mourning into songs of triumph. Ordered by his superior to surrender the fortress, he saw error, and suspected treachery. His lady was a captive in the hands of a fierce barbarian, but he had the duty of a soldier and an Englishman to discharge, and disdained to suffer any considerations personal to himself to operate on his mind for a moment. His sagacity foiled the enemy—Jellalabad was maintained through the dreary winter, and at length, when the exulting Akbar commanded submission, then, issuing from the fortress, he taught the barbarous foe what it was to “seek the
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lion in his den,” inflicted on him and his followers a memorable defeat, took their baggage, their guns, and gave their whole camp to the flames.

While the General was thus severely pressed, we cannot help glancing at the situation of his captive wife. She, besides exposed to exasperated savages and to appalling earthquakes, sustained by congenial courage, was serenely keeping a journal of passing events in order to render the dangers present, a future advantage to those who might want such information, as unfortunate circumstances enabled her to accumulate. She comments on what is passing with the utmost calmness and self-possession; and in answer to some remarks that had been published respecting her being supposed favourable to Akbar Khan, she proves herself a *stateswoman*, and almost seems to dictate the course which was ultimately pursued: she says—

“As to my great prepossession in favour of Akbar, my greatest wish is that Gen-

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eral Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee, release the prisoners there, and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces, upon Cabul. Once again in power here, I would place Akbar, Mahommed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat*; befriend those who befriended us, and let the Affghans have the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them and make friends with him. Let us first show the Affghans that we can both conquer them and revenge the foul murder of our troops, but do not let us dishonour the British name by sneaking out of the country like whipped Pariah dogs."

Her Ladyship added—

"I knit socks for my grand-children: but I have been a soldier's wife too long to sit down tamely, whilst our honour is tarnished in the sight and opinion of savages. Had our army been cut to pieces by an avowed enemy, whether in the field or the passes—let them have used what stratagems they pleased—all had been fair. Akbar had shone as another William Tell; he had been the deliverer of his country from a hateful yoke imposed on them by Kaffirs; but here he stands, by his own avowal freely made, the assassin of the Envoy; not by proxy, but by his own hand. I do believe he only meant to make him prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining better terms and more money; but he is a man of ungovernable passions, and his temper when thwarted is ferocious. He afterwards professed to be our friend; we treated with him; great was the credulity of those who placed confidence in him; still they blindly did so."

She does not, however, withhold all commendation from Akbar. Lady Sale writes—

"A woman's vengeance is said to be fearful; but nothing can satisfy mine against Akbar, Sultan Jan, and Mahommed Shah Khan. Still I say that Akbar, having for his own political purposes done as he said he would do—that is, destroyed our army, letting only one man escape to tell the tale, as Dr Brydon did; and having got the families into his possession;—I say, having done this, he has ever since we have been in his hands, treated us well,—that is, honour has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Affghan females; they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us."

The following details are supplied of the situation of the prisoners:—

"It is true we have been taken about the country; exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.;

but so were their own women. It was, and is very disagreeable: but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners; notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us—honoured guests; and, as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse long cloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves;—I must not use the word dress; and making up these articles has given us occupation; increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread."

Such was the situation, and such the feelings of the lady, whilst her brave husband, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, defended Jellalabad. Had that fortress fallen, it is impossible to guess the effect it would have produced on the excited conqueror. Believing himself omnipotent, he might have tried to what length vengeance could be carried on the helpless ones in his hands, and therefore it is not easy to over-rate the importance of the service rendered at this important post. The tide of war was turned, and rolled back on the foe by the gallant defence of Jellalabad.

THE KING AND THE MARQUESS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN CANE.

(Continued from page 261.)

"How fares it sweet one?" Louis demanded, as he saluted the lady. "But what," he proceeded, "have the breezes of heaven done that they are so strictly excluded from your chamber?"

While he spoke he threw open the windows of the apartment. He himself never suffered from cold, and he hated a warm room. In nothing was the despotism of his nature more shown than in the stern severity with which he exacted from his favourites that they should feel, or seem to feel, as he did. He could not brook that they should have senses of their own independent of his. If he were hot they were not at liberty to shrink from the chilly blast; if he were hungry they might not abstain from food.

Madame de Montespan was too familiar with this more than Royal tyranny to feel surprised, or to think of appeasing it. She blamed the servants for having closed the windows, and appeared grateful to her Royal lover for opening them.

"You look divinely," said the King, taking her hand, and seating himself on the couch; "you have some noble fruit on your table. These grapes are the finest the season has produced."

"They are large," said Madame, "and their flavour, I trust, will not displease your Majesty."

"It is delicious," exclaimed the Monarch.

"But you do not eat. Partake of them. Try them."

Madame complied, and expressed great satisfaction at finding they were approved by her Royal lover. He handed her some claret; she sipped it.

"Drink, drink heartily, fair one," cried the King. She raised it to her lips, and the next moment the glass was empty.

But the wine had not been drunk by Madame de Montespan. The glass was not a small one, and she was anything but thirsty. The couch on which they rested did not stand quite close to the wall, and, while the King's eyes were in another direction, she adroitly poured the wine behind it. De Puygilhem, resting against the tapestry and looking upwards, received the contents of her glass full in his face. The suddenness of the visitation took him by surprise, and he involuntarily started with such violence that he suspected the movement would announce his presence, if, indeed, he had not previously been discovered. Of this, even, he had some fears, and doubted whether the claret bestowed on him, had not been intended to requite his intrusion. He was, however, soon relieved from that fear. Nothing indicated that either of the lovers supposed a third person to be in the apartment, and the commonplace conversation in which they indulged, satisfied him that his apprehensions were unfounded.

They spoke of fêtes to be given, and journeys of pleasure to be made, and of those who should participate in them. Madame de Montespan mentioned more than one person connected with the Court in terms of approbation and goodwill, but the name of De Puygilhem did not occur to her.

The listening Marquis glowed with indignation at the heartless neglect of which he felt that he might with reason complain. He more than suspected that she had not his interest at heart, as many very favourable opportunities had offered for speaking of him which she had not improved.

On that point he had no longer a doubt. So completely was his mind set at rest, if that might be termed rest which was wild exasperation, that, had it been practicable, he would gladly have withdrawn.

But a retreat, at that moment, it would have been madness to attempt. He was compelled to remain and to hear much that in no way interested him. The speech of the King at length took a turn, which, in an instant, riveted his attention.

"Were Triboulet now living," said he, "I more than suspect my name would to-day be inscribed in his 'Journal of Fools,' and deservedly so, too."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "Can your Majesty be serious?"

"Can I be other than serious?" Louis

inquired. "The eternal worry of public business, and the ceaseless contentions of a Court, leave a king little time for mirth. Louvois, with more than the ordinary licence of a minister of state, has been schooling me as if I were a child. Mazarin would not have been more severe. At present I cannot do without him, and the chief of the war department is virtually King of France."

"Surely, Sire, you jest. Of all your subjects and servants, he has ever seemed the most devoted."

"He has his own views, and these he will not suffer me to thwart. I am now perplexed not a little about a promise I made De Puygilhem."

"The kind and noble nature of your Majesty," replied Madame de Montespan, "notwithstanding your almost superhuman penetration" (no flattery was too gross for Louis), "sometimes leads you to make promises which ought, in reference to the objects of them, hardly to be fulfilled."

"A pretty broad hint," thought Puygilhem, "that a promise given in my favour may very properly be put aside."

"You are aware that Puygilhem wishes to be Master-General of the Ordinance, I believe," said the King.

"I am. I learnt it from himself."

"He was early in his application, and I thought I might, without great inconvenience, comply with his request."

"If your Majesty only proposed doing so because he was early in asking for a vacant office, I venture to say the same merit in the same individual, if he should now be passed over, will, at no distant day, give him a claim to some other high post equally valid."

"I promised him," Louis resumed, "and desired him to be secret, intending to announce to the council that I had made the appointment in order to prevent discussion; but through some means before I could do so it transpired."

"As there were but two parties possessed of the secret, it was only from one of them that it could pass. It was not revealed by your Majesty?"

"Certainly not."

"Then if his advancement were foolishly heralded by the Marquis himself, he broke the contract made, and doing so forfeited by his vanity and disobedience all claims to the honour your Majesty was disposed to bestow."

"Say you so? By the Holy Mary! there is some reason in that."

"Let me not meddle in state affairs. On the fitness of Puygilhem for the office to which he aspires I would not wish to offer an opinion. Your Minister of War, the faithful Louvois, can best advise your Majesty as to his capacity to hold that or any other high situation."

“Puygilhem, to do him justice, has never relaxed in his attentions.”

“No, your Majesty, he has proved that he knows how to lay siege to a king.”

“He has been faithful.”

“To his own interest. That he will be ever. He has been faithful as in some climates a shark would be to the ship in which your Majesty sailed, and constantly in attendance till some corpse should be thrown overboard for his advantage.”

“Your satirical humour allows him no merit.”

“Not so, great Sire; I allow him an infinity of merit, but not exactly that sort of merit which entitles him (only on such matters I give no opinion) to the high situation he presumes to claim. He has too many affairs of another kind on his hands to have leisure to attend to your Majesty's concerns as Master-General of the Ordnance.”

“Of what affairs do you speak?”

“Affairs of the heart, if love like his can be supposed to have anything to do with the heart. Your Majesty has graciously permitted him to aspire to the hand of Madam de Montpensier. He, so far as she is concerned, is desperately enamoured of the matured charms of forty-four. I could tell you he is equally devoted to the opening beauties of eighteen.”

“But that, after all, is but nature.”

“Nature associated with art. He has had the art to gain the affections of the Duchess, with a view, no doubt, to her gold, her domains, and the dukedom; and he worships Nature by making love to a pretty waiting-woman.”

“Why really, Athenais, you seem to know all his movements.”

“More of them than I cared to learn. He has forced me to be acquainted with some of them. As an excuse for speaking to me, that he might try to move me to interfere (which your Majesty need not be told I never do in matters of public business) in his behalf, he has brought for my inspection a curious old snuff-box. Here it is.”

“The devices,” said Louis, examining the box, “are clever.”

“Then,” resumed the lady, “he pretends he is about to become a patron of literature. A young song writer he has named to me, and furnished me with a specimen of his composition, which from its trifling character I should suspect to be the Marquis's own.”

“And what is the theme?”

“Love. Love, after much profound study, he has ascertained to be the only physician. The blind god, according to Puygilhem, can cure all diseases and all wounds, however severe.”

“Indeed! By the mass, that is something. The finding out the circulation of

the blood was nothing in comparison with this discovery.”

“Approving of his ideas, your Majesty should have the materials of love in readiness for your next campaign, to be administered to the sick and wounded. Listen to the Marquis's ditty:—

THE DOCTOR LOVE.

Robert wounded in the battle,

Carried to a lonely cot,

Agnes with her lively prattle

Reconciled him to his lot;

But to see him swallow pill,

Though he certainly was ill,

Very greatly shock'd her;

So she cried, “Ne'er go on so,

Physic to the bow-wows throw,

Never mind the Doctor.”

All his medicines in view,

Agnes no less kind than clever,

From the window quickly threw—

He was soon as well as ever.

“Sav'd by you,” he cried, “alone,

Dearest you must be my own,

In his arms he lock'd her:

You, my Agnes, cure my woe,

Physic to the dogs I throw,

Love shall be my Doctor.”

“I quarrel not with that,” said Louis, “the strain is sportive.”

“But hardly meet for a Master-General of the Ordnance to write. What I complain of is he wants sincerity. He has no real feeling. His beautiful mistress Claire D'Alberg died a month ago. He affected despair, and after talking of not being able to survive the shock, produced the following touching epitaph:—

“Of this sad triumph Death is vain;

For never yet did he subdue,

Among the millions he has slain,

A heart more generous, fond, and true.”

“And what is there in that to complain of?”

“Nothing, your Majesty; but on the very next day I found an amorous ballad in his hand-writing, addressed to my waiting-maid.

“Still I am perplexed how to act. I certainly promised.”

“His folly and want of principle have released your Majesty from every shadow of an obligation.”

“But he is active, useful, intelligent.”

“He is a shrewd eavesdropper; a clever spy. Were I your Majesty I would make him my Lieutenant of Police. That would suit his talent. Where he was on the look-out plotters would often have to exclaim, ‘Walls have ears.’”

“You are hard upon the poor Marquis.”

“And if his overbearing vanity objected to the office I have suggested as fitting for him, I would provide him with a snug retreat in the Bastille, and accommodate his ugly face with an iron mask.”

“No more, no more,” said the King, and some uncomfortable reminiscences seemed

to occur to him as the last recommendation fell from the coral lips of his fair friend. Wishing to change the theme, he occupied himself in examining the snuff-box which had previously been brought under his notice.

Puygilhem lost not a word of what had been said to his prejudice. He was in a fever of rage. Hardly could he refrain from bursting forth to reproach the perfidious favourite with her treachery, cruel mockery, and gratuitous falsehood.

At that moment the palace clock struck six.

He started at the sound. He wore a watch of great value, a fine-toned repeater, which had just that day been set by the clock he had just heard. The next moment it would strike.

"It gives notice!" said he to himself in fearful embarrassment; "it is about to tell the hour; it will be heard, and then—discovery must inevitably follow."

He distinctly heard from the watch the prelude to the strike, and knew it must be instantly succeeded by the sound of the bell. The exclamation of the King, the shriek of the favourite, the drawn sword of the former, the hysterics of the latter, were all present to his imagination. The bell struck; but, at that precise moment, the massy snuff-box which Louis had been curiously inspecting fell from his hand. It gave a heavy dull sound, and overpowered that of the repeater. The movement made by the King to recover it, and by Madame de Montespan, who rose to spare him the fatigue, with their joint exclamations, created too much noise for the bell to be heard, which had completed its announcement before perfect silence was restored.

But the accident which seemed to have terminated his danger gave him, in its consequences, a new peril not less formidable. The box which had fallen close to him was filled with choice snuff, and it had burst open on the carpet. A portion of the subtle dust which rose from it now assailed the nostrils of the recumbent nobleman, and he was seized with a disposition to sneeze, which he knew not how to repress. He pinched his nose with violence, but failed to subdue the irritation, which in spite of every effort he could make at length issued in a convulsion that he fancied seemed to shake the apartment. Fortunately it was not audible, and the King and Madame were then earnestly engaged in conversation, and did not perceive what had given Puygilhem alarm.

His object was now accomplished; he knew what he had to expect from the good offices of the proud, deceitful favourite of Louis, and only wished to be away. But how to effect this unobserved was a question which occasioned him much perplexity. When another hour had passed,

his repeater would strike seven, and the conversation of the King and his friend was become so much less animated than it had been while his name was on their tongues, that he could not again escape detection. His only hope was that before seven o'clock the monarch would retire.

This proved vain. Louis complained of fatigue, and said he coveted repose; and the Marquis fancied he heard him say that he would, contrary to his custom, remain there all night.

Madame de Montespan prayed him to dismiss cares of state from his Royal mind, and to compose himself. He seemed to take her advice. His answers became few, and slowly, nay almost unconsciously, murmured; and soon, from his deep breathing, Puygilhem was convinced that he slept.

Still the Marquis could not move. The glimpse of his form would have caused Madame to give an alarm, and instantly awaken her Royal paramour. She softly rose from the couch, arranged some of her papers in silence, looked at herself in the glass, refreshed the rouge on her cheek, and carefully readjusted her clustering curls, then silently resumed her seat by the side of Louis.

All was profoundly still. Even the ticking of his watch could be heard, and that so distinctly that the Marquis feared it would arrest the attention of his neighbours, or at least of Madame. This apprehension was speedily abated. She remained so motionless that he was persuaded she also slept. He listened attentively for many minutes, and could clearly distinguish the strong, audible respiration of Louis, and the softer, long-drawn breathings of the lady, who, as if to please the King, slept, or seemed to sleep, as he did.

Satisfied on this point, he now judged the time was come when he might effect his escape. One or both of the slumberers near him must shortly awake; and the hour had nearly expired when the betrayer he carried about him would again be heard. But how could he withdraw? To remove the fastenings of the door was dangerous in the extreme. That could not be silently effected. The window, however, was open. Thence he could certainly make his exit without noise; but then he reflected its height was such that, dropping from the balcony, he would be likely to remain silent for ever.

One thing he might do with little risk, which would abate the danger of his situation. He could dispossess himself of that unrelenting enemy, his watch, by throwing it from the window, which done, he might return to his hiding-place, and, if the King retired early, as was his usual habit, he could effect his retreat unobserved. But what if the Royal lover should remain all night? That was an awful thought.

While these considerations were revolving in his mind, the Marquis cautiously left his unenviable place of concealment. He gained the middle of the room, and gazed on the sleeping pair. The King, majestic in repose, reclined on his right side, his left hand habitually resting where his sword usually hung, in the attitude of one prepared at a moment's warning to rise from sleep to join in battle. The lady, with studied grace, sat at a short distance from the King, but dutifully bending towards him; her air was that of gentle obedience and confiding love.

Harassing in his heart the beautiful traitress, Puygilem moved towards the window. Its distance from the ground was greater than he had supposed, or the close of day, for it was now almost past twilight, made it appear more formidable than anything he had contemplated. He could not think of remaining where he was. To resume his late position would not be easy without disturbing the King or the lady. But time pressed. Though fearful the height, there was less danger in a fall than in meeting the sudden ire of Louis. He stepped to the window. The palace clock began to strike. In his ears it had never sounded so loud before. He knew what was to follow; already the repeater had given warning, when he heard the voice of the King, who exclaimed—

“Who’s that? what are you?”

Puygilem no longer paused. His watch was beginning to strike, when he dropped from the balcony.

(*To be continued.*)

ESQUIMAUX LADIES.

(*From a paper read by Dr King at the last meeting of the Ethnological Society.*)

The occupations of the women are of no ordinary character. They comprise, in the words of Crantz, the offices of butchers, cooks, tanners, sempstresses, tailors, and shoemakers; furnished only with a crooked knife, in the shape of a crescent, several large and small needles, a thimble (of leather), and their own teeth, with which they stretch the leather in tanning and currying. The hunter conceives that he has done his duty in killing the animals whose skins are to be dressed; and therefore does not offer the slightest assistance in preparing them. Whenever his boots or dress become wet, the wife scrapes the water from them, rubs and supples the leather, and dries them over the lamp. Should the boots, shoes, or gloves, of parchment seal-skin become stiff by being laid aside for a time, they are then chewed until soft by the women and girls. In preparing skins great part of the fat and oil is first sucked from them, they are then repeatedly scraped and rubbed between the hands, and in summer are stretched by pegs on the ground: in win-

ter they are laced over a hoop, and exposed to the heat of the lamps. When deer skins are prepared so as to resemble shamoy leather, the only preparation after the usual scraping and drying is by chewing, rubbing between the hands, and ultimately scrubbing with sand and water: while damp a second scraping is given, and, on drying, the skin assumes a beautiful appearance. The women prepare bird skins, also, by sucking and drying; they make whalebone pots, ivory ornaments, gear for bows, fishing lines, harness for dogs, &c. &c. They have also an ingenious method of making lamps and cooking pots of flat slabs of stone, which they cement together by a composition, applied warm, of seals' blood, of whitish clay, and of dogs' hair; the vessel at the same time being held over the frame of a lamp, which dries the plaster to the hardness of a stone. Of the occupations of the women the most important is that of cutting up the small seals; and at the same time it is one of the greatest luxuries and privileges they enjoy. Sir Edward Parry has thus expressed himself in the relation of a scene of the kind which he witnessed. Over a seal two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. They had just performed the first operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out, and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the ootkooseek, or cooking pot, over the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass, and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two lady-butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager bystanders for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share; every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house running eagerly in, and between the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar-candy. Every now and then also a dog would make his way towards the reeking carcass, and, when in the act of seizing upon some delicate part, was sent off yelping by a heavy blow with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her ootkooseek, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last: and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of their seals they have a

curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the foreheads of the boys, as a charm to make them fortunate seal-catchers; and it is worthy of remark, that before a knife is put into the animal, as it lies on its back, they pour a little water into its mouth, and touch each flipper and the middle of the belly with a little lampblack and oil taken from the under part of the lamp. What benefit was expected from this preparatory ceremony could not be learnt; but it was done with a degree of

superstitious care and seriousness that bespoke its indispensable importance. The women of Greenland, Labrador, and Hudson's Straits, are the greatest drudges, for in these parts they have the additional labour of rowing the luggage boats; while those of Boothia and Melville Peninsula, owing to the comice not being there in use, are the best off. When stationary in the winter they have almost a siecure of it sitting quietly in their huts, with their legs doubled under them, and having little or no employment for the greater part of the day.



Arms. Az. on a chev., or, between three bezants, a laurel leaf, slipped vert. **Crest.** A globe, fracted at the top, under, a rainbow with clouds at each end, all proper. **Supporters.** Two females in loose garments, hair dishevelled, each holding in the exterior hand an anchor, all proper, the emblem of Hope. **Motto.** "At spes non frangit." "But my hope is not broken."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HOPE-TOUN.

Hope is a very old Scotch name. John de Hope, the ancestor of the Hopetoun family, came from France in the retinue of Magdalen, Queen of James the Fifth of Scotland, 1537. Having fixed his abode in Scotland, at his death he left a son named James, who became one of the leading inhabitants of Edinburgh in the time of Queen Mary. He was most friendly to the Reformation, and had the honour of being one of the Commissioners from the Metropolis to the Parliament in 1560. His son Henry was a merchant. Of two sons that he left, Thomas and Henry, the former was brought up to the bar, and practised with great success. He was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, February 11, 1628. He had fourteen children, three of whom were great lawyers, and reached the bench, and their father, as Lord Advocate, pleaded before them.

This not very common spectacle, it is said, gained for that law officer the privilege which he now enjoys of pleading covered in the Supreme Courts of Judicature, it being deemed indecorous that a father should stand uncovered before his sons. He was believed at the time to have accumulated the largest fortune that was ever made in Scotland. The sixth son of this Sir Thomas Hope, was Sir John Hope, a member of the Scottish bar, who was appointed, in 1641, Governor of the Mint, and constituted a Lord of Session in 1649.

It was his grandnephew Charles, who was elevated to the Peerage of Scotland, 1708, by the title of Viscount Athol, Earl of Hopetoun, and Earl of Hopetoun, being one of the representative Peers of Scotland, and died in 1752. He was succeeded by his son and grandnephew, when the latter, the third Earl, died, May 29, 1816, the honours devolved on his half-brother, Sir John Hope of Rankellour, then Lord Niddry, as fourth Earl. He was a General in the army, Colonel of the 42d regiment of Foot, and Knight Grand-Cross of the Bath, who, for his gallant achievements in the Peninsular war, had been elevated to the Peerage of the United Kingdom, May 17, 1814, by the title of Baron Niddry, of Niddry Castle, county Linlithgow.

Rather Soft.—A ridiculous account of a pretended ascent by a Dr Geoll on the flying gridiron, or new aerial steam ship, which appeared in a Scotch paper last week, has been solemnly contradicted. Some of the wise scribes of the London press, who not having seen the scientific exposition of the humbug in the 'Mirror,' No. 14, took it for a true report. This fact may furnish some excuse for the unfortunate simpletons who were gulled by the first hoaxing announcement of this magnificent invention.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

[The eagerness of the public prints to afford the readiest information connected with the late mournful event having caused some incorrect statements to appear, it has been thought desirable to anticipate our usual publication-day in order to give, in this place, a carefully revised summary of all that has occurred, including a perfect copy of the official programme.]

The Royal Duke, now no more, whose death and character were noticed last week, was a tall and fine-looking man: his height was no less than six feet three inches. Though strong in appearance he has for years been at times a severe sufferer from indisposition. He has often been obliged to pass many nights in succession sitting in his chair, being incapable of lying down for a moment. After these painful visitations were gone by, it was common to see his Royal Highness resume his activity with the same affable carriage by which he had been always distinguished.

About the middle of last month the state of his Royal Highness became dangerous. His nights were distressingly restless, and his strength rapidly declined. The bulletins issued from day to day, though worded with due caution, were sufficiently intelligible to those acquainted with the course usually pursued when a Prince is on the bed of death. They told that hope was no more.

From day to day the illustrious patient continued to languish, till he was reduced to a most distressing state of debility, but he seldom complained. On the night of Thursday, the 20th, Drs Chambers and Holland remained in attendance on their charge, doubtful whether he would see another morrow. Between one and two in the morning of Friday some improvement was remarked: but the hope this was calculated to inspire soon faded, and the former symptoms returned. At seven o'clock the last bulletin was issued—it was as follows:—

“Kensington Palace, Friday, April 21.
Half-past 7, A.M.

“His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has passed another restless night, and is considerably weaker this morning.

(Signed) W. F. CHAMBERS.
H. HOLLAND.
THOS. COPELAND.”

The illustrious patient continued to sink; nothing remained but to wait the result; it was thought it would not be improper to call in his Royal Highness's household, and the domestics were accordingly admitted into the chamber between 11 and 12 o'clock, to take a last farewell of their indulgent master. His Royal Highness did not appear aware of their presence, or

was too weak and exhausted to acknowledge it.

Though his last moment was evidently at hand, it appeared to those about him that his Royal Highness retained consciousness, and was even capable of speech.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Kensington in the course of the morning. At twelve o'clock he was ushered into the chamber of mourning, where the Duchess of Inverness, who had sat up the three preceding nights, then affectionately watched her departing lord. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was standing by the bedside of his Royal brother when he breathed his last.

It had long been the expressed wish of his Royal Highness that, when he should be no more, his remains should be subjected to medical examination. This was accordingly done, and the physician's report was as follows:—

APPEARANCES OBSERVED ON INSPECTING THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

April 23, 1843.

In the head there were no signs of disease, except that a serous fluid was effused between the membranes by which the brain is immediately invested.

The mucous membrane lining the throat and windpipe was of a dark colour, in consequence of its vessels being unusually turgid with blood. In other respects these parts were in a perfectly healthy state.

In the chest—The lungs presented no appearance of disease; the heart was of rather a small size, and the muscular structure was thin and flaccid. On the right side of the heart there was no other morbid appearance; but the valves on the left side, both those between the auricle and ventricle, and those at the origin of the aorta, were ossified to a considerable extent. The coronary arteries were considerably ossified also.

In the abdomen—The liver was in a state of disease, presenting a granular appearance throughout its whole substance.

In the lower bowel there were some internal hemorrhoids; but there were no other marks of disease either in this or any other of the viscera.

(Signed) W. F. CHAMBERS, M.D.
HENRY HOLLAND, M.D.
BENJ. C. BRODIE, Serjeant-Surgeon.
ROBERT KEATE, Serjeant-Surgeon.
JOHN DORRAT.
JOHN NUSSEY.

Immediately after his Royal Highness died, messengers were sent off to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, and other branches of the Royal family; to Sir Robert Peel, the Home and other public offices.

The bells of Kensington Church and St Margaret's, Westminster, were immediately tolled to announce the melancholy event.

His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick was the ninth child and fifth son of George III, and was born the 27th of January, 1773, being, consequently, 70 years and somewhat less than three months old at the time of his death. His titles, besides the ducal one, were Earl of Inverness, and Baron of Arklow; he was a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Thistle, Grand Cross of Hanover, and a Privy Councillor; High Steward of Plymouth, Ranger of St James's and Hyde Parks, Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company, Grand Master of the United Order of Freemasons of England and Wales, President of the Society of Arts, and an Official Trustee of the British and Hunterian Museums.

The Duke of Sussex was twice married, although neither of the marriages received the sanction of the Royal Marriage Act—first to Lady Augusta de Ameland Murray, at Rome, in April, 1793, and in London, Dec. 5, 1793, which marriage was declared null by the Prerogative Court in August following. The issue of this marriage are, Sir Augustus D'Este, born January 13, 1794, and Ellen Augusta, Mdle D'Este, born August 11, 1801. Lady Augusta Murray survived her separation from her illustrious husband until March, 1830. The Duke's second wife, Lady Cecilia Gore, daughter of the second Earl of Arran, survives his Royal Highness; she was created Duchess of Inverness, March the 30th, 1840.

THE FUNERAL.

The will of his Royal Highness was read on Saturday afternoon, at Kensington Palace, in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and of the executors appointed by his late Royal Highness, viz., Lord Dinorben, Colonel Tynte, and Mr Walker, the comptroller of his Royal Highness's household. In his will, it was his particular desire that his body, on his decease, should be interred in the public cemetery at Kensall green, instead of the mausoleum in Cardinal Wolsey's chapel at Windsor, appropriated for the members of the family of George III. His Royal Highness had been in the habit of

visiting the cemetery to mark the spot to which the remains of one, or more than one valued friend, had been consigned, and there he conceived the desire that his mortal frame might eventually repose in that much admired place of interment. It was at first supposed that court etiquette would forbid compliance with the wish of the deceased in this respect, and that his body would be carried to the Royal sepulchre at Windsor. Through the gracious permission of her Majesty, the only obstacle which might have existed was completely removed. It was her pleasure that the will of her Royal uncle should be, in every respect, attended to, and preparations were accordingly made for the funeral at Kensall green. A great sensation was created by the announcement that the remains of Royalty were to be deposited in a public place of burial. From the anxiety manifested on the part of the public to witness the last honours rendered to the departed Prince, many new erections were prepared in the line of road by which the mournful pageant was to advance. A number of individuals connected with the Paddington Canal thought it would be a profitable speculation to assemble boats near the cemetery for the accommodation of spectators. Various other contrivances were resorted to with the same object.

Early in the week the Chapel was hung with black, as was the interior of the portico, which was inclosed to give additional space for the mourners. Two rooms were prepared, one on each side of the Chapel, in the colonnade, one for the Royal Family and suite, the other for the Directors. In front of the Chapel, on each side of the road within the walls of the Cemetery, leading to the chapel, two large enclosures were formed, defended by strong barriers, for proprietors of tombs, shareholders of the Company, &c.

On Monday the Heralds, who always take a part in Royal obsequies, attended with Sir William Martins, to go through that portion of the solemnity in which they would have to act, in order to guard against confusion at the last moment.

Wednesday was the day named for lying in state at Kensington Palace, and Thursday was fixed upon for the funeral.

On Wednesday night the following programme was issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office:—

CEREMONIAL

FOR THE PRIVATE INTERMENT OF

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK DUKE OF SUSSEX,

SIXTH SON OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD,

IN THE CEMETERY, KENSALL GREEN,

ON THURSDAY MORNING THE 4TH OF MAY, 1843.

THE BODY will lie in State at Kensington Palace, on Wednesday May the 3rd, from Ten o'clock in the morning, until Four in the Afternoon.

At Eight o'clock in the Morning of Thursday May the 4th, the remains of His late Royal Highness will be removed from Kensington Palace to the Cemetery in the following order:—

A Detachment of Cavalry and a Military Band.
A Mourning Coach, drawn by Four Horses, in which will be the Pages of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Four Horses, in which will be the Pages of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Medical Attendants of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Medical Attendants, &c., of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Vicar and Curate of the Parish of Kensington.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Chaplains of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Equerries of the Royal Family.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Equerries of the Queen Dowager.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Equerries of the Queen.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Equerries of His late Royal Highness.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Heralds.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Lord and Groom in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses, in which will be the Vice Chamberlain and the Lord and Groom in Waiting to the Queen.

The State Carriage of His late Royal Highness, drawn by Six Horses, the Servants in deep Mourning, in which will be the CORONET of His late Royal Highness, borne by one of the Equerries of His late Royal Highness, and accompanied by Gentlemen Ushers to the Queen.

THE HEARSE,

drawn by Eight Horses,
adorned with

Escocheons of His late Royal Highness's Arms.

A Mourning Coach, with Six Horses,

in which will be

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

attended by his Two Supporters.

Escort to the
Chief Mourner.
Cavalry.

Escort
of
Chief Mourner.
Cavalry.

Supporter
of the Pall.

Supporter
of the Pall.



Supporter
of the Pall.

Supporter
of the Pall.

A Gentleman Usher. Garter Principal King of Arms, carrying his Sceptre. A Gentleman Usher.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,

Supporter.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of that Order, his Train borne by one of His Royal Highness's Equerries.

Supporter.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of that Order, attended by His Royal Highness's Groom of the Stole and Treasurer, the Train of His Royal Highness borne by one of the Equerries of His Royal Highness.

His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, in a long Black Cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collar of that Order, his Train borne by a Gentleman.

His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, his Train borne by a Gentleman.

The EXECUTORS named in the WILL of His late Royal Highness.

The Cabinet Ministers.

Personal Friends of His late Royal Highness.

Staff of the Artillery Company.

Upon entering the Chapel, the Body will be placed on a platform, and the Coronet and Cushion laid upon the Coffin. The Chief Mourner will sit at the head of the Corpse, the Supporters standing on each side. The Princes of the Royal Family, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, will sit near the Chief Mourner. The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household will take his place at the feet of the Corpse. The Supporters of the Pall will stand on each side of the Body. The Train Bearers will stand behind the Princes of the Royal Family, and also the Executors of His late Royal Highness. The other Persons composing the procession will be arranged on either side of the Chapel, the Pages having filed off at the entrance.

The part of the Service before the Interment being read, the Corpse will be deposited

in the Vault, and the Bishop of Norwich having concluded the Burial Service, Garter Principal King of Arms will pronounce the Style of His late Royal Highness.

The Knights of the several Orders present at the Solemnity will wear their Collars, with white Rosettes.

The Carriage of the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

The Carriage of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Carriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia.

The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The Carriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester.

A Mourning Coach, drawn by Six Horses,

in which will be the Executors named in the Will of His late Royal Highness.

Private Carriages, in which will be the immediate Personal Friends of

His late Royal Highness invited to attend the Solemnity.

A Detachment of Cavalry.

Upon arrival at the Chapel, the Cavalry will form on either side the Portico. At the entrance to the Chapel, the Procession will move in the following order:—

Pages of His late Royal Highness.

Medical Attendants of His late Royal Highness.

The Curate of Kensington.

Vicar of Kensington.

Secretary, Librarian, &c. of His late Royal Highness.

Chaplains of His late Royal Highness.

Equerry of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Equerry of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

Equerry of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Equerries of the Queen Dowager.

Equerries of the Queen.

Equerries of His late Royal Highness.

Herald.

Groom in Waiting
to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Lord in Waiting
to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Groom in Waiting
to the Queen.

Lord in Waiting
to the Queen.

Herald.

The Chaplain to the Cemetery.

The Bishop of Norwich.

Herald.

The Master of the Horse to the Queen.

The Lord Steward.

Herald.

A Gentleman
Usher to the
Queen.

The Vice-Chamberlain
of
Her Majesty's Household.

The Lord Chamberlain
of
Her Majesty's Household.

A Gentleman
Usher to the
Queen.

THE CORONET

A Gentleman Usher
to
the Queen.

{ of His late Royal Highness
upon a Black Velvet Cushion,
borne by one of the Equerries
of His late Royal Highness. }

A Gentleman Usher
to
the Queen.

Though included in the ceremonial, as appears in what goes before, it was arranged, as Prince Albert was to be accompanied by a military escort from Buckingham Palace, that his Royal Highness should proceed by another route, the road leading to the bridge by the south-east wall of the Cemetery, and as it was anticipated that the assembled crowd on the bridge would render the approach inconvenient, a wooden temporary platform of planks was proposed, that he might enter by the water gate, and join the procession as it entered the Chapel.

The Lord Chamberlain was almost constantly in communication with the Directors and the local authorities, in order to afford the public every satisfaction and protection, and to guard against accident. His labours were anxiously seconded by Lord Ingestrie, Sir John Paul, Mr Sievier, Captain Wardell, and the other Directors of the Company. Mr Banting, of St James's street, had the whole management of the funeral committed to his charge. The erections which have been mentioned were executed with equal rapidity and

skill, by Mr. Stephens, of Charlotte street, Portland place.

In connexion with such a solemnity, though no one would regard expense, it may not be impertinent to state the exact charges made by the cemetery. They are as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
To a double vault - -	17	0	0
Interment fees - -	5	5	0
Early service - -	0	7	6
Entering of grant - -	0	2	6
	<hr/>		
	£22	15	0

These, it is to be remarked, are the highest charges sanctioned by the Directors. The vast size of the coffin, measuring seven feet five inches by three feet nine inches, rendered such charge necessary, the ordinary cost of interment in a public vault being only 4*l.* 4*s.* For a common grave in perpetuity the cost is only 3*l.* 3*s.*, nor is any fee claimed for permission to erect a monument or mausoleum.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

FOR THE MAUSOLEUM TO BE ERECTED IN THE KENSALL-GREEN CEMETERY.

WAITING the Resurrection of the just,
This mausoleum treasures royal dust.
While other monuments proclaim they show
Where sleep the ministers of human woe:
Here one reposes whose more gentle mind
Ranked not with the destroyers of mankind.
He sought not to inscribe his honoured name
Among the blood-stained votaries of fame,
But left to them a giddy world's applause,
To plead the widow's and the orphan's cause
While in the councils of the state he fought
For universal liberty of thought.
'Twas his to cultivate the arts of Peace,
The sum of humble comfort to increase,
To cheer the mourner and identify
His glory with refined humanity.

So passed his life among the haunts of men
Till he had numbered threescore years and ten,

Each season but revolving to convince
The world, a Patriot might be a Prince;
And dying, his last testament here brings
His bones, far from the sepulchre of Kings,
He wished, from principle he could not swerve,
To sleep in death with those he lived to serve

CARRIAGES OF FORMER DAYS.

THE endless variety of vehicles which from time to time are brought under the public eye in modern times, show the active march of mind. They differ in most important respects from those which were devised by "the wisdom of our ancestors." We might

almost venture to congratulate the horses of the present day on the advantage they have over their four-footed ancestors, seeing not only are the sloughs and wretchedly-formed roads through which they had to toil rendered hard and smooth, but the vehicles which they have to draw are not half the weight of those which a century or two ago were in common use.

A history of carriages in this day of illustration would not be devoid of interest. To exhibit the varieties of vehicular contrivance which have from time to time been furnished at various periods of the history of the world, would gratify many infinitely more than the puerile conceits which too often engage the burins of our best engravers. Correct representations of many of those which carried distinguished individuals in the middle ages exist, and the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and perhaps we may add Egypt, furnish others of more remote date.

The ancient Britons, while for the most part they are supposed to have lived in the woods, were provided with chariots. They were not merely for repose or pageantry, but they were dread engines of war. When they joined battle with a foe, their chariots, from the wheels of which scythes projected, were calculated to make fearful havoc in the ranks of an unprepared enemy. Discipline, no doubt, soon found the means of arresting their course before great injury had been sustained. If the fatal arrow or javelin failed to kill or disable the furiously advancing horses, it was easy to put some massy object in the way of the menacing scythes which could not fail to stop their course. The bold islanders were accustomed to run along the pole in front of their chariot, no doubt, where practicable, to remove any obstacle to their advance. Among the Greeks chariots were used in war, and at the obsequies of their great men. We may, however, go further back. Pharaoh had chariots; in one of which, we read in Genesis, Joseph was permitted to ride. That monarch we also find pursuing those who had been his captives, when by Divine aid they made their way to the Red sea. Isaiah, looking forward to the future glory of Jerusalem, has a prophetic view of its chariots and horses. Chariot races were common among the Romans. They copied the amusements of the Greeks as well as their religion; and cars carrying the *opima spolia*, as well as Romans of distinction, are found in all the representations of the triumphant festivals of that great people. Juvenal frequently mentions or alludes to carriages. He tells of a spendthrift who, "*Percolat axe citato Flaminian,*" flies over the Flaminian way with his whirling axletree (Sat. i.) He subsequently speaks of the axletree that carried Ligurian stones, "*Axis, qui por-*

let *Ligustres saxa*" (Sat. iii); from which it would appear that carts were then used to remove stones. The *desense rheda*, mentioned by Stirling "tumbling waggon," occurs in the fourth satire, and a few lines afterwards the poet speaks of a British chariot, "*Arviragus excidet de Britanno temore*" (Sat. iv); Arviragus shall fall from his British chariot.

The frescos of Pompeii present us with a wine cart, or waggon, on four wheels, having an arched space in the centre of the cart. One carriage, done in stucco on stone in the temple of Venus, exhibits a sort of half circular seat, or riding place, on a solid wheel, the fore part of the cart or carriage being something like a camelopard's neck. In the Cotton Library there is a valuable Saxon illuminated manuscript, by some supposed to be the work of Elfric, Abbot of Malmesbury. It is a commentary on the Book of Genesis, and in one of the embellishments, representing the meeting of Joseph and Jacob, there appears a slung carriage, in which Joseph is seated, suspended by iron hooks from a framework of wood, in appearance something like a hammock, and moving on four wheels. Jacob is seen in a cart. This shows what the ideas of the illustrator were; but if we suppose him to have been fanciful, it at least shows what vehicles were then known at that period in England.

We shall, however, come down to what is more certain. The body of William Rufus, Malmesbury states to have been placed on a *rheda caballarea*, a kind of horse litter; and King John, when dying, was conveyed to the Abbey of Swinstead in *lectica equestre*, a horse-bed. These litters were used on state occasions. The young wife of Richard the Second, and Margaret the daughter of Henry the Seventh, travelled in litters, and Queen Katherine was carried in one to her coronation. The mother of Henrietta, Queen of Charles the First, entered London in a litter, having progressed from Warwick in a coach. It is not improbable that the litter was necessary for the royal traveller after passing over a hundred miles of road, like that which then lay between Warwick and London.

In the 'Anciennes Chroniques of Flandres,' 1347, a manuscript, which we believe remains in beautiful preservation, the Flight of Emengand, wife of Salvard, Lord of Rousillon, is represented. The carriage in which she is seated is richly coloured, and the horses are attached by the method still in use. The wheels appear to have had a tire of iron, and the body of the chariot is of carved wood. The lady is seated inside, a servant behind, and her jester in front.

That elegant chariots were known in the time of Edward the Third is plain

from what we read in Chaucer, thus ind-
dennized—

"To-morrow ye shall go on hunting here,
And ride my daughter in a chere;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And clothe of fine gold all about youre head,
With damask white and azure blue
Well draped with lilies new;
Your pommelles shall be ended with gold,
Your chins enamelled many a fold."

These "pommelles," says Mr Adams, to whose careful researches on these subjects we are indebted for many of the facts mentioned in this article, "were doubtless the handles to the rods affixed towards the roof of the chariote, and were for the purpose of holding by, when deep ruts or obstacles in the road caused an unusual jerk in the vehicle."

So late as the year 1620, in Paris, it was common for a lady to go to court masked and banded, sitting on a horse behind a man. The first wheeled vehicle brought into common use was a sort of sedan chair, and was called a *brouette*, or *roulette*. These, from the pictures given of them, would seem to have been not much unlike some of the smaller cabriolets of the present day. Carriages were made suspended by leather straps in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Old Parr is stated to have been eighty-one years of age before coaches were used in England. As he was born in 1483, that would bring the advent of these useful vehicles to about the year 1564. "The first seen here," writes Taylor the water-poet, "was brought out of the Netherlands by one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who gave a coach to Queen Elizabeth, for she had been seven years a queen before she had any coach." "But," he adds, "they never swarmed to pester the streets as they do now till the year 1605, and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply." The hint that Guy Fawkes's treason had caused coaches to increase seems a little extravagant. The people of that day had soon another nuisance to complain of, the introduction of sedan chairs. These, when the paths were intruded upon by those who could afford to be carried, a very sentimental opposition was offered, and the practice was condemned as odious, because it compelled human beings to perform that labour which had previously been done by beasts, and the nobleness who principally favoured their introduction became in consequence very unpopular. —[This subject will be resumed in a future number.]

"SECRETS OF ART AND NATURE,"

AN OLD SCIENTIFIC WORK.

DR JOHN WALKER'S 'Secrets of Art and Nature,' furnishes some recipes which are

the time in which he lived were deemed invaluable. The following is a specimen :—

TO CURE THE FALLING SICKNESS.

"Take the skull of a man, especially of a thief that is hanged, and that died of no disease (for they ascribe more virtue to this than to any other); dry the skull upon a gridiron and powder it; then take three penny seeds and one dram of the powder in a spoonful of lavender-water in the morning, do so for three days together. This powder must be taken fasting, and the patient must stay at home three days, drinking but little and eating meats of light digestion, as eggs, &c. It will not be amiss also that the patient every day take a spoonful of lavender-water, also unicorn's horn is good against the disease."

FOR A FIT OF THE EPILEPSIE.

"Orpheus and Archelaus says, out of Pliny, that those who are fallen into a fit of this disease will be presently freed from it if you rub their lips, at that time, with man's blood, or do pull and prick lustily their great toes."

FOR THE DROPSIE.

"It is a wonder that some say how that a river make, if he be tied by the tail with a cord, and a vessel set under him full of water, that which he casts out of his mouth, in a few hours or days will be a stone, that, falling into the basin, will drink up all the water. Bind this stone to the stomach of any man that hath the dropsie, and it draws out all the water."

AGAINST THUNDER.

"Bury a seahorse skin in the ground, in any country, and no thunder will fall there."

ANOTHER.

"The bay tree is a remedy against thunder, as Pliny writes. Wherefore the ancients, fearing thunder, wore a crown of bays upon their heads. The same is reported of the fig tree."

TO MAKE FISHES COME TO ONE PLACE IN THE SEA.

"Take three shell fish that breed upon the rocks of the sea, and pulling forth their substances, write these words in their shells, and you will wonder to see how all the fish will come together: the words are 'Jao Sabaoth.' Fish esters use this device."

TO PRESERVE GARDENS.

"If a vine be twisted and set over against Pempiors, it will not only hinder thieves from coming in, but keeps all mischief from gardens."

IMPROMTU.

ON READING MR BROAD'S ADVERTISEMENT OF HIS CHAMPAGNE, &c.

Cease, Britons, cease, what's English to decry,

To aid outlandish trumpery and fraud,

Let taste home industry assist, and buy Champagne, the brilliant—sparkling from A—Broad.

—Coco is the Portuguese word for a bug-bear; it was applied to the fruit from the resemblance of an ugly face which may be traced at the stalk end.—*Southey.*

The Gather.

Salt v. Soot.—The repeal of the salt tax has had one effect which was not calculated upon by its advocates; it has seriously damaged the chimney-sweeping business! Coarse salt being now very generally used as manure, has in a great measure superseded soot, and the price of the latter article has declined from 1s. 2d. to 4d. per bushel.

Negroes and Narcissuses.—There are certain tribes of negroes, who take for the deity of the day the first thing they see in the morning. Many of our fine ladies and gentlemen are of the same sect, though by aid of the looking-glass they secure a constancy as to the object of their devotion.

The Somnauth Gates—The 'Delhi Gazette' of February 22, says :—We must not forget to announce the removal into the magazine this morning of the Somnauth Gates; the only observations we have heard either from Hindoo or Mussulman during their stay here has been of surprise at so much fuss being made about a couple of maunds of rotten old wood.

Wilkie's 'Reading the Will.'—This picture, which is now at Schleisheim, near Munich, was originally bespoken by the King of Bavaria, but George IV, who was already the possessor of the 'Penny Wedding,' took a fancy to add it to his collection; and a diplomatic correspondence was necessary before the foreign sovereign was allowed to enjoy his purchase in peace.

Complimentary Opinion of Southwark.—Up to 1328, Southwark had been independent of the jurisdiction of London, a sort of neutral ground, which the law could not reach, and in consequence the abode of thieves and abandoned characters of every kind. They used to sally forth in bands of one and two hundred at a time, to rob in the city, and the lord mayor and aldermen had not unfrequently to keep watch on the bridge for nights together, at the head of a troop of armed men, to prevent their inroads. The thieves, however, on these occasions, took to their boats at midnight, and rowing up the river, landed at Westminster, and drove all before them with as much valour, and as great impunity, as a border chieftain upon a foray into Cumberland. These things induced the magistrates of London to apply to Edward III for a grant of Southwark. The request was complied with, and the vicious place brought under the rule of the city. Driven in some measure from this nest, the thieves took refuge in Lambeth, and still set the authorities at defiance. From that day to this the two boroughs have had the same character, and been known as the favourite resort of thieves and vagabonds of every description.—*Mackay's Thames.*

Martyrs' Hearts.—Hume, speaking of the death of Cranmer, says, "It is pretended that after his body was consumed his heart was found entire and untouched amidst the ashes; an event which, as it was the emblem of his constancy, was fondly believed by the zealous Protestants." Neither Protestants nor Catholics had any reason to doubt the fact. That which Hume treats as unworthy of credit was, in the days of martyrdom, a very common incident. The form of the heart, its composition, and its situation in the body may all tend to account for it. When John Huss was burnt at Constance his heart was found after the body was destroyed, and it was crushed and beaten into "small gobbets," and a new fire kindled to finish the tragedy. The same thing happened within the last century to one or more females who suffered for petty treason in the Old Bailey.

Bonaparte.—To Madame Tussaud and Sons' celebrated exhibition there has been added, without any extra charge, apartments which contain some memorials of Napoleon. They have been collected at a vast expense, not in that spirit of puerile curiosity which can value the parings of a great man's nails, or a scratch of his pen, but because they are objects of real interest in his history. Among them are the mantle which Bonaparte wore at Marengo; the carriage in which he went to Russia in the fatal expedition of 1812; and the bed and bolster on which he breathed his last.

Anecdote of the late Sir R. W. Vaughan.—The Hon. Baronet, a correspondent writes, in early life was in the army. Serving on the continent as an ensign on some occasion, by a sudden dash one of the enemy's soldiers seized the colours which were in his keeping, and attempted to secure his prize by carrying them off. Vaughan pursued sword in hand, and came close up with the still retreating foe. He was about to strike him with his weapon, when his humane disposition suggested that this was unnecessary. He passed his blade to his left hand, and with his right gave the Frenchman a heavy thump on the head which knocked him down. Sir Robert thus recovered his colours, and left his prostrate foe without doing him further injury.

May-day in Germany.—The beginning of May has, in many European countries, been distinguished by mirthful peculiarities. Not the least singular is the following:—"The village of Salzdorf," says Grimm, "in the territories of Hesse, was bound to pay the sum of ninenpence to the Baron of Buchenau on St Walburg's day (May-day). The bearer, who was called the Walperts-mannikin, was bound to be seated upon a specified stone of the bridge before Buchenau Castle at six o'clock in the morning

of May-day. If he was behind his time, the sum to be paid increased progressively, and at so rapid a rate, that by evening the whole community of Salzdorf would have been unable to discharge it. The Walperts-mannikin was therefore always accompanied by two comrades to guard against accidents. But if the appointed hour found him at his post, he was abundantly feasted by the baron; and if he could keep wide awake through such feasting for three whole days (including nights) he was entitled to his maintenance for life; but if his eyes once closed he was forthwith turned out of the castle."

—M. Claudet, of London, assisted by M. Lerebours, the optician of Paris, took the portrait of the King at the Palace of the Tuileries, on the 15th ult. We understand that M. Claudet produced fifteen good portraits of his Majesty in less than a quarter of an hour.—*Galignani.*

—A very clever copy (by Archibald Gunn, a self-taught artist, and a native of Sutherlandshire) of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds has been made, which has not only met with the approbation of several eminent artists, but is likely to gain for the individual, now in humble circumstances, the patronage of some of the highest of the nobility.

—Dogs have a sense of time so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one, who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles; and a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food on a Friday. The Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself.—*Omniana.*

—When we have examined, step by step, the physical history of the human race—if we have entered the wigwam of the Red Indian, and followed the hunter in obtaining the scanty means of his precarious existence—if we have endured an Arctic winter in the snow hut of the Esquimaux, and have ceased to sneer at him, when we find that no other life was possible under the circumstances in which he is placed—in one word, if we have traced Humanity through all the forms, simple and complicated, rude and civilized, of social existence, and have found that in each state there is something recommendable, then, and not till then, shall we treat with consideration those who differ from us, instead of warring against individualities and forms which are not the same as our own.—*D'effenbach.*

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Original Communications.

THE KING OF ROME.

“Who is, or who was the King of Rome?” some of the younger readers of ‘The Mirror’ may inquire. He was the son of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the title which he bore was that which his father designed to belong to the future heirs of the French empire.

The beautiful object represented in our print is the cradle in which the infant of Bonaparte and Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, reposed. At present this identical article forms part of the exhibition of Madame Tussaud and Sons, in Baker street. To those who wish to penetrate palaces, and behold the sons of the great, it will offer a rational gratification; to those who like to meditate on the vicissitudes of human life, it furnishes worthy subjects for solemn reflection.

No. 1163.]

tion; to those who like to meditate on the vicissitudes of human life, it furnishes worthy subjects for solemn reflection.

Bonaparte was called “The spoiled child of Fortune.” Victories almost unparalleled had given him fame, and placed him at the head of a mighty nation. He was married to a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he appears to have loved with fervour, but still he was not happy.

Josephine, attached to her lord, sighed when he became an Emperor. They were childless, and she trembled with painful apprehension, which was justified in the sequel, lest it should engage him in some project of founding a dynasty by means of his proper offspring. Hers was a melancholy privation, and is said to have cost her many tears. Her anxiety on this sub-

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ject was fearful: she seemed to have foreseen the event that actually took place. The necessity of having children was not an unfrequent subject in the mouth of Bonaparte; and Joseph his brother, on the occasion of Josephine's visit to the baths of Plombières, was reported to have spoken to her in a most offensive manner on the importance of supplying the deficiency.

The moment came when the paramount wish of his heart induced Bonaparte to seek a divorce from Josephine. It was done in the manner least calculated to wound, but she felt the blow acutely. She, however, submitted to her fate with dignified resignation. Maria Louisa became Empress of France. She gave birth to a son, and the happiness of Bonaparte was complete. The star of his destiny was thought to promise all he could covet on earth, and it was exultingly proclaimed that in the King of Rome a Prince was seen who would "continue the line of the Cæsars, which should never know an end." This magnificent prediction was hazarded in 1811, and three years afterwards Bonaparte, dethroned, was an exile in Elba!

Every incident connected with the infancy of the King of Rome was duly given to the world in the Paris papers. The cutting of a tooth was a great event. On one such announcement the following squib appeared in an English periodical. It may serve to show the bitter feeling which existed against Napoleon.

ON THE KING OF ROME'S CUTTING A TOOTH.

All France, they say, is very gay;
And why this joy, forsooth?
Because that thing, Rome's mighty king,
Has lately cut a tooth!

Weep, Gallia, weep, while curses deep
Drown mirth's unhallow'd note.
You might rejoice, with heart and voice,
If Nap had cut his throat.

The history of Bonaparte, though often written, is not yet exhausted. A work is shortly to appear in France, called 'Souvenirs of Bonaparte and Maria Louisa,' which, it is expected, will give some interesting original particulars of the "child and champion of Jacobinism" in domestic life.

The cradle, which has led us to touch on this subject, exclusive of the pleasure men feel in contemplating objects which have been looked upon or touched by extraordinary characters who are no more, who have

"Gone glistening through the dream of things that were,"

is in every respect worthy of inspection. It is in exquisite taste, was made by the celebrated Jacob, of Paris, and cost no less than 500*l*. A fine model of the infant, made from the well-known picture by Baron Gerard, is placed in the cot.

THE REPUDIATED, OR A POPE'S INTERDICT.

ROMANCE presents few incidents more striking and more affecting than those which belong to the true history of Philip Augustus and the Danish princess Ingeburg.

Royal marriages, through many centuries, have been commonly made not from affection but from policy. The professed object has been to preserve the peace of the world; the effect, in many instances, to break it, by the discord and violence to which, in the fulness of time, such unhallowed unions have given birth. Philip Augustus was, having once already been a husband, disposed to marry from considerations which are not always allowed to weigh with kings—a passionate desire to possess the far-famed charms of Ingeburg, who had been celebrated throughout Europe as a beauty. On her surpassing perfections the Bishop of Hamburg, in a letter to Philip, enlarged with rapture, and, as the clergy were always special in these matters, he dwelt on the brilliancy of her fair hair and the dazzling whiteness of her hands. Philip went to meet her on his charger, with his casque on his head and his hauberk of silver mail on his shoulders; she met him riding on her white hackney (*haquenée*). The king beheld her with surprise, for he in vain looked for that paragon of loveliness he had expected to meet. He was greatly disappointed, but had gone too far to retract, and accordingly he married her.

Their nuptials were celebrated in 1193, and the day after their marriage was fixed for the coronation of Ingeburg. The ceremony was performed with great pomp, but it afforded little joy to the principal actors in the dazzling scene. Philip Augustus, as the ceremony proceeded, was observed to turn pale and tremble. He felt that he was making her a queen whom he could never love as a woman. Whence this strong disinclination towards the far-famed beauty he had been so anxious to gain arose, is a mystery which historians confess themselves unable to penetrate. Whatever the cause, it filled the heart of Ingeburg with incurable sorrow, to find that she was not the object of her husband's affection.

To obtain a divorce was now the object of the king, and the clergy being applied to, indulgently lent themselves to their royal master's views. They undertook to prove that he had a right to claim a separation from this princess to whom he had just been united, and accordingly prepared certain genealogical trees, by which they proved that the parties were within the prohibited degree of consanguinity; being related within eight degrees by the marriage

of some great-grandfather. The queen was ignorant of French, but when she was called into the council, and an interpreter explained to her the decree that had gone forth, all she could say was "*Mauvaise France! Mauvaise France!*" then, after a pause, she added, "*Rome! Rome!*" She meant by this that she intended to appeal against the injustice committed against her to the Pope; and in good time he interfered effectually in her behalf. In the meanwhile, however, she was sent by her capricious husband into the confinement of remote castles and convents, where her wants were so little attended to that she was indebted to charity for subsistence. Stephen, Bishop of Tournay, wrote a most pathetic letter in her behalf to the Cardinal of Champagne, which, if it did not produce its proper effect, remains an honourable testimony of his humanity, and the sufferings and virtues of the unhappy Ingeburg. His eulogy is florid and very curious. He says:—

"There is a precious stone in these realms which men tread under foot, but which the angels honour, and which is worthy of the royal treasury. I speak of the queen, shut up as in a prison, overwhelmed with grief and misery. We bewail her destiny, and leave to God alone the pronouncement on the cause and end of her disgrace; but who has such a heart of stone as not to be touched by the misfortunes of a princess, the descendant of so many kings! to see her in such a state of poverty, so young, so beautiful, so venerable in her manners, so modest in her words, with a face more lovely than that of the Ambrosian Virgin. I would say she is better made than Sarah, more virtuous than Rebecca, more pleasant than Rachel, more devout than Anne, more chaste than Susanna. They who are judges of the beauty of women assure us that the queen is not less lovely than Helen. Her daily occupation is to read, to pray, or to work; she plays at no game of chance, nor even at chess; she prays to God with sighs and tears from morning till the sixth hour, not only for herself but for the king our sovereign; she is never seated in her oratory, she is always either standing, on her knees, or prostrate on the earth. This princess, so beautiful and so noble, is forced to sell and pawn her clothes and furniture for the means of subsistence: she asks for the means of life, she solicits alms, she stretches forth her hands to receive them. She weeps, and often do I weep with her: my heart is melted within me. I exhort her to put her trust in the Lord: she answers, 'My friends, my near relations, are as much estranged from me as if they did not belong to me: my only refuge is the Lord

Archbishop of Rheims, who has protected me, kept and fed me so liberally since the commencement of my misfortunes.'"—*Babuze, Miscellan.* t. i, p. 420.

While the unfortunate lady remained in this pitiable condition, Philip married Agnes, sister of Otho Duke of Moravia. Agnes was a lady of extraordinary beauty; the monks tell of her fair hair, which descended to the ground, and of her little foot and her white hand. She was, moreover, a huntress, undaunted in the chase, and on her fiery horse in the depth of the forest, like another Diana or Camilla, gave the death-blow to a stag or boar, with a grace which enchanted the whole chivalry of the court. At tilt or tourney she distributed the prizes with a dignity and sweetness that won all hearts; many were the young chevaliers that wore her colours. The king became desperately in love with her, and she appears to have duly returned the passion.

The news of Agnes's beauty and accomplishments reached even the remote tower where the pious Ingeburg was confined. She confided her griefs to the bosom of the Pope. In her letter, among other touching things, she says, "By some diabolical counsel of the great, he has just espoused Agnes: more beautiful, perhaps, she may be than me, but not one who loves him more; while I, a sad plaything of fortune, am shut up in the depths of a castle, where I cannot even see the heaven to which I hourly lift my supplicating hands."

These letters produced but little effect so long as Celestin occupied the pontifical throne: but the scene changed when Pope Innocent assumed the tiara. The divorce had been granted by a council without reference to the papal authority, and he determined not to let so flagrant an encroachment on his prerogatives pass with impunity. What might have been overlooked with reference merely to the injustice done to Ingeburg was unpardonable in its offence against the Pope. On the other hand, opposition only strengthened the passion of the royal lovers. "Agnes is my wife," said the king, "no person shall separate me from her!" Gentle measures were at first tried and failed, and at last Innocent determined to inflict exemplary chastisement on the stubborn royal offender—the Papal tremendous interdict was laid on the country.

The legate convened a sort of council at Dijon; the Archbishops of Lyons, Rheims, Besançon, Vienne, eighteen bishops, and a great number of abbots, were present. Two abbots were charged to summon the king, who had them put out of the palace, and declared it to be his determination to resist the injustice of the Pope, and to defend his marriage with Agnes to the last.

Memorably awful was the scene which ensued. It was such as in modern times can scarcely be conceived. On the 6th of December the bishops and priests assembled, each with a torch in his hand. In the dead of the night the clerks chanted in funeral tone the *miserere*, and prayers were addressed in the names of the culpable to the God of mercy: the echoes of the church repeated the melancholy sound, and immediately the bells, which being baptized were then considered holy, heard for the last time, rang the dead peal. The Christ on the altars was veiled and turned head downwards, the last consecrated wafers were burnt, and the bodies of the saints and images of the patrons were carried down into the crypts. In presence of the assembled people, the legate, attired in his violet-coloured stole used on Passion Day as in the service of the dead, elevated his voice and announced to the multitude on their knees, in the name of Jesus Christ, that all the domains of the King of France were laid under an interdict, until he ceased his unholy intercourse with Agnes de Meranie his concubine. A deep groaning was heard in the church; the old men, the women, and children wept; it seemed as if the hour of judgment was come, and that all were going to appear before the avenging God without the succour of the church and the consolations of religion.

Language can render but imperfect justice to the dismal scenes which then overspread the land. Of such a proceeding, so publicly and so sternly announced, a just idea can only be formed by those who know the depth of superstition in which the masses were plunged in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. From the moment of the fulmination of the bull, all religious offices were suspended, the images of our Saviour outside the church were covered up, as also those of the Apostles and the Virgin, the guardian angel, before whom the baron and his vassals were accustomed to kneel every sabbath and feast day. The cross on the steeple was also covered with black cloth; the gates were closed, and the loud bells, which announced the close of labour for the day and the hour of prayer, were alike muffled; service ceased from one end of the kingdom to the other, the choir was silent and the monasteries still; marriages and baptisms were celebrated in the churchyard, and they who died during the interdict did not receive Christian burial. People left the kingdom to attend the ceremonies of the church in foreign countries; they flocked to Normandy, into Brittany, and the fiefs of England. At many points of the kingdom violent commotions took place: the multitude attempted to force the bishops and priests to

re-open the chapels, and to celebrate the holy mysteries. The attempts were defeated, and all was hushed.

"'Twas as the general pulse of life stood still,
And Nature made a pause, an awful pause
Prophetic of her end."

The king tried in vain every means of resistance, and at length was obliged to send to entreat that the interdict should be taken off, protesting that he was ready to put the question of divorce to a trial of its validity. The Pope answered, "I am willing: but first of all let him send away his concubine and take back Ingeburg; then, and then only, will I proceed to examine the case of divorce, and take off the interdict!"—"My God! my God!" cried Agnes, "where now shall I take my grief." Philip in a moment of fury exclaimed, "Well, then, I will turn my back on the Church—Saladin was happy to have no Pope."

Philip assembled his parliament and summoned the principal barons and prelates of his realm: Agnes appeared before them, in a suit of mourning, in grief, but beautiful in her tears; a mortal paleness marked her face, and her far-advanced pregnancy did not diminish the interest her appearance excited. The barons and the prelates, however, could find no means of relieving their sovereign; they decided that the king must obey the wish of the Pope, that Agnes de Meranie should be dismissed, and Ingeburg brought back from her prison and received as queen.

Rash, capricious, and cruel as he was in some cases, Philip Augustus seems to have been fondly beloved by both his wives. On hearing of this determination, Agnes wrote an affecting letter to the Pope, who only answered by sending a legate to inquire into the affair of the divorce. She retired to a castle in Normandy, where she died at the end of two months in child-bed. In the mean time the council sat at Soissons to deliberate on the validity of the divorce, and it was joined by envoys from the king of Denmark. The affair was every day assuming a more serious character, when one morning the assembly was informed that the king had all of a sudden arrived on horseback, and had rode away with Ingeburg on the croup behind him. Here was an end of their grave deliberation on the divorce, and the council was dissolved. Philip, however, had no further intention than that of confounding a council debating on a point that no longer concerned him: he again shut up Ingeburg in an old palace, and in spite of the repeated entreaties of the Pope that he would again live with his lawful wife, his capricious disgust remained in all its force, and it was only on his death-bed that he ever again consented to see her.

LAYS OF THE DYING.

IN those moments when the transition from life to death is forced on the mind of man by the preparations made for his execution, it could not be expected that any of the elegant accomplishments of life would retain their value. Who would expect that a man about to ascend the scaffold to suffer the infliction of a painful and ignominious sentence could find satisfaction in composing verses? Yet this has been done by several. Some of the performances, obtained it may be said from the hand of death, have really great merit. Such is the poem written by Chidiok Titchburne, who was hanged and quartered for high treason in September, 1586. The night before his death he wrote a most affectionate letter to his wife, and the same night he committed to paper the following:—

- “ My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.
- “ My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet, it is not spun
And now I live, and now my life is done!
- “ I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
I look'd for life and yet it was a shade,
I trode the ground, and knew it was my tombe,
And now I dye, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done.”

The Marquis of Montrose, who was doomed to be hanged and quartered in Edinburgh, wrote the the following lines on the subject of his mournful fate. They were traced with the point of a diamond on the window of his prison, and it will be seen had reference to the cruel dismembering which he was to undergo on the next day:—

- “ Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them into air.
Lord, since thou knowest where all these atoms
are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.”

The celebrated Eugene Aram, the last night of his life, and probably at the moment when, as he believed, he was committing suicide, wrote the lines which follow. They are of a less sombre character than might be expected under such circumstances. The introduction to them is curious. It is an apology for the act of self-destruction, and however wrong his reasoning, it shows extraordinary calmness, the more extraordinary when it is remembered what we are about to quote comes from the pen of a murderer, who was to be executed on the following day,

which day he hoped he should not live to see:—

“ What am I better than my fathers? to die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion, be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals, they are (as they always were) things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking, I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that eternal Being that formed me and the world: and as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the Eternal and Almighty Being, the God of Nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me, though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.

“ I slept soundly till three o'clock, awak'd, and then writ these lines:

- “ Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all.
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches.
Adieu! that sun, all bright like her arise;
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise.”

Girard Dupré, one of the victims of the French Revolution, was at the time of his death only twenty-four years of age. He was one of the editors of the ‘Patriote François.’ Nature had been lavish in her gifts of personal beauty and great talents. Anxious to prove to the judges what confidence he had in their justice and impartiality, and what contempt he felt for the worst they could do, he presented himself at the bar without a cravat, his hair cut short, his shirt-collar turned down upon his shoulders, and his hands behind his back, saying, “Here I am—I am quite ready.” The president murmured, “Were you acquainted with Brissot?” “I knew him well,” said Dupré, “and I bear witness here that he lived like Aristides, and died like Sidney, a martyr of liberty.” The interrogatory did not proceed further; and on the following day the intrepid youth went to the scaffold, singing, in the fatal cart, these lines which he had composed during the night:—

- “ A splendid triumph us attends!
Oh, liberty! thy martyred friends
Shall never be forgot.
Leaving a name to patriots dear,
For us the scaffold has no fear;
We glory in our lot.
Our lives we offer for our country's sake:
The noblest gift a patriot can make!”

Many of the sufferers of that period expressed their last thoughts in verse. Truly affecting were the few lines which Roncher sent to his wife and children, with his portrait, which had just been taken by a fellow prisoner:—

"Be not surprised, sweet lode-stars of my heart!
That sorrow o'er my brow its influence threw;
For, when the pencil did its skillful part,
They neared the scaffold, and I thought of you."

Montjourdain, it is known, wrote eight stanzas the last night of his life. The train of thought in which he indulged while preparing for the guillotine is not a little striking, as exhibited in the following stanzas:

"The hour approaches that must see me die;
It strikes—death hoarsely calls my name;
I have no oward wish the sound to fly,
No craven terrors shall pronounce my shame;
Loyal I die; my honour is my own—
But ah! I have to leave my gentle wife,
Anguished and widowed, desolate, alone—
I've many reasons to regret thee, life.

"My glazed eye shall have no power to-morrow
To kindle at th' electric spark of thine;
Thy eyes, all drowned in the rain of sorrow,
Will intermit their rays and cease to shine;
Relentless death will freeze this faithful hand,
Which pressed thee to my fondly throbbing
heart,
Beneath my kiss your heart will not expand—
'Tis very painful thus from life to part.

"Dear friends, who in a mutual trouble share,
Let not my sorrow cause your tears to flow,
My fate in these sad times is nothing rare,
My road is one that all of you must go.
With many a joyous trick, and hearty joke,
While every brain grew dizzy with a laugh,
My merry friends, my head you've often broke,
And often split that careless head in half."

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN CANE.

(Continued from page 278.)

PUYGILHEM, when he quitted his hold, did not find the fall so serious as he had expected. Though the height was considerable, he was but moderately shaken, for a quantity of new matting had been brought that afternoon, and Louise, almost fearing the Marquis would be compelled to make his exit that way, had caused it to be laid for the night immediately under the window. He was somewhat shaken, but not much hurt. For some moments, however, he lay as if he were dead, expecting to hear the voice of the King in fury, pursuing a supposed assassin. To his great surprise all was silent, and he could not perceive that Louis approached the window. He soon recovered his presence of mind, and hastened to remove from the spot on which he found himself. His apprehensions were vain. Though the King had been disturbed, the Marquis had not been perceived. Yet the exclamations which rung in Puygilhem's ears were not imaginary; he was thoroughly convinced of that; and as he could not doubt but he

had been seen, he feared that he might have been recognised.

He silently moved from the front of the building, and had entered a small plantation, when he heard a voice softly call—

"Marquis, Marquis."

He turned and saw Louise.

"Ha!" she exclaimed; and but for the consciousness that she might be heard by the King and her Lady, she would certainly have executed a first-rate shriek, at perceiving the bosom of Puygilhem's shirt discoloured with the wine which had been thrown on him, and which she supposed was blood, but in the actual state of things she did not permit her emotion to soar much above a whisper.

He saw what had fixed her attention. "It is nothing," said he, "only a little claret."

"But how could you venture?" inquired Louise. "I knew how it would be; I knew you would be——"

"Never mind, it's done, and I have accomplished my object."

"Accomplished your object," Louise thoughtfully repeated. "Why, what! what object?"

"I heard all that passed."

"Well, and what did they say?"

"More than I can repeat now, but I will tell you all another time."

"Were you discovered?"

"So I feared—but as all is still now, I hope I was mistaken."

"And did anything particular happen?"

"No—Kings and Marchionesses, when alone, are but men and women. They talked; and Madame contrived to throw a glass of wine in my face, which makes it necessary for me to alter my dress. But I will return immediately."

So saying, he vanished. Louise did not feel very well pleased at being left so abruptly. She was still musing on what had fallen from him, when he re-appeared. Just at that moment they heard the King take his departure.

"That is all right," said the Marquis; "and now the coast is clear for me."

"Where now—where are you going?" demanded Louise.

"To Madame's dressing room."

"What next? Are you bent upon destruction? Not content with hiding in her chamber when the King was there, you would now seek her dressing room when she is alone."

"Even so. But my pretty Louise need not be jealous. It is not love that makes me desirous of encountering Madame."

He passed up the stairs and placed himself at the door of the dressing room to which he expected the lady would pass, as he had just learned she was to go that night to the Ballet.

Not long had he waited before Madame

came forth. She passed hastily along the passage, and saw the Marquis.

"Well met, Puygilhem," she exclaimed in a cheerfully familiar tone. "I have spoken to the King. But come in," said she, most graciously opening the door of her apartment. He followed, and determined to come to the point at once, in few words demanded if she had succeeded, and if he were to have the place.

"Not immediately," was the reply. "*Je verrai*" was the answer of his Majesty when I named it to him."

"That *Je verrai*," said the Marquis, "has much the same meaning here as *Le Roi l'avocera* has in England when the King refuses to pass an Act of Parliament."

"Not exactly so, but it is a question of time. But I did not forget to tell him of your merits. I spoke of your family, of your steady loyalty, and extraordinary talents."

"Indeed! That was kind."

"But the King is not in very good health, and he was disturbed by an accident."

The Marquis now expected to hear of the daring invader of her privacy, who had been seen to make his exit from the window. Desiring, yet dreading an explanation, he eagerly asked what accident had occurred.

"Perhaps I should call it a fancy rather than an accident. He was much wearied, and had slept, when he suddenly started from his couch, demanding who was there. I was alarmed. On my inquiring what had so disturbed his Majesty, he replied, 'I am sorry to have disturbed you. It was merely a dream. In 1392, when Charles the Sixth was on his way to Rheims, passing through a wood, a man of grim aspect, wearing a loose frock, suddenly seized his horse's bridle, at the same time calling to him in a solemn admonitory tone, "Pass no further, noble King, you are betrayed." The incident was said to have cost the monarch his reason. I chanced yesterday to be reading of that adventure. It struck me forcibly at the time, and in my sleep it recurred to me. I saw the rustic approach, and while I looked on him I thought I recognized the features of Puygilhem. It was merely one of those strangely incongruous mixtures of the past and the present which it is the province of sleep to present.'"

Puygilhem was not sorry to learn that he had only been seen in a dream. Madame de Montespan did not deem it necessary to add, that even that incident she had laboured to turn to his disadvantage, or she might have informed him that when the King treated it as mere passing fantasy, unworthy of a second thought, she gently hinted that it might be a Providential warning, timely supplied to indicate that the

individual who had thus been presented to him whilst sleeping, ought not, in his waking hours, to be too largely trusted.

"This was vexatious," said the Marquis. "Then could you effect nothing in my favour?"

"O, much; but not all that friendship could wish. I however failed not to mention to the King your services, and to descant on your noble nature; and, in short, I did not scruple to say, 'In your Majesty's wide dominions you have not a nobler or more devoted subject.' I reminded him of all your fine qualities, not even forgetting your beautiful poetry."

"There you were too good. Could that weigh with him in appointing a Master-General of the Ordnance?"

His look was significant: falsehood cannot enjoy the repose of truth; and as the lady glanced back on what she had really said, his manner caused her to feel some embarrassment.

"Why, in regard to that," she said, hesitating, "anything that raises you in his Majesty's estimation, paves the way for your advancement."

"So you say," cried the Marquis, gazing steadfastly on the lady.

"And can you doubt my sincerity?"

"Doubt it? no. But stay," he added, bolting the door as he spoke, "before you part from me my sincerity shall be proved. Your goodness has made an impression upon me which no time can obliterate. I know not how fully to requite the obligation, but the acknowledgments justly due you shall now receive."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you wish for the truth?"

"The truth? yes, certainly."

"Then hear it," he returned in a voice of thunder—"you are a cheat."

"How!"

"A despicable hypocrite."

"What mean you, sir?"

"And a matchless—a stupendous liar. I will tell you what you *did* say. You described me as one that was always besieging the King for my own benefit. A shark that pursued the Royal vessel."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Madame de Montespan, in unaffected consternation. She looked as she was, surprised and mortified; but she wanted courage to contradict what he had advanced. He proceeded—

"Instead of pressing my suit, you degraded me by uttering every falsehood that an ignominious mind could conceive and a vile tongue utter. You read as my poetry, some jingle that was not mine, to prove me a trifer, unfit for an important post."

"What do you suspect?"

"Nothing; suspicion is out of the question. You called me an eavesdropper, proposed to name me Lieutenant of the Police,

and advised that I should be provided with an iron mask."

At first amazed, Madame quickly became indignant, but now, utterly confounded at what she heard, she sunk on her chair in dismay, scarce daring to look at him, to move, or to respire.

"Who—who," she at length stammered out, "can have told that—that—"

"That you may guess; but, Madame, mark me, 'Walls have ears,'" added Puygilhem.

A cry of terror escaped the lady,—“You must have dealings with the devil,” said she.

"I think I have, where you are engaged. When 'two persons converse on a matter that is not to transpire, the secret cannot escape but from one of them.' Decide, if you can, which of two that lately conferred told me what had passed. I am not thus to be fooled with impunity. To-morrow I will see the King. I will claim the full performance of his promise, and if I am put off with the everlasting *Je verrai*, I will then prove that I regard not even Majesty, dishonoured, any more than I do the double-faced, wretched, tricking paramour on whom I now gaze with ineffable disdain. Madame, you know what my feelings are; take your course accordingly, bearing this in mind, that the informant from whom I gained what I have to your confusion related, has perhaps not yet finished his part."

He then left the room.

Madame de Montespan was overwhelmed with confusion and unspeakable apprehension. To her what she heard was wholly incomprehensible. That the King himself would repeat the discourse which had passed she could not for a moment believe; and had she even supposed him disposed to do it, there had been no opportunity. She had heard of magicians, and a thrilling dread came over her—a suspicion that means not human had really made known what she was most anxious to conceal.

In gravely entertaining such a thought Madame de Montespan was not behind the age in which she lived. Beelzebub was reported then to move very frequently in *propria persona*, to create perplexity for men. At the Sainte Chapelle, long after her time, persons supposed to be possessed by the devil were accustomed to present themselves on every Good Friday, and strangely convulsive gestures were witnessed, and frantic cries were heard, till the chanter made his appearance, bearing in his hand a portion of the wood of the true cross, when all was still in an instant. The afflicted went to their home, as the enemy of man was conceived to have been sent to his. Sorcery was generally admitted to be an art practised by many. By an ordinance dated thirteen years subse-

quent to the date of this anecdote, in 1682, Louis was extolled for having dealt a deadly blow to such iniquity by stigmatising it as "a vain profession," and describing magicians and sorcerers to be "corrupters of the public mind, impious and sacrilegious offenders, who, under the pretext of exercising pretended magic, profaned whatever was most holy."

And the uneasiness caused to Madame from the suspicion forced upon her by the recollection that those who were skilled in sorcery were ordinarily reputed to be secret poisoners. To her it appeared infinitely more easy to dismiss her from life by poison than to acquire a knowledge of the most secret conversations.

But the hour had now arrived when, by appointment, she was to accompany the King to the Ballet. Thither she repaired, but trembled as she went. Louis perceived her disorder. She complained of being unwell, and while she was speaking, Puygilhem suddenly stood before her in the theatre, and she fainted.

(To be concluded next week.)

LETTISH POETRY.

ANTICIPATION OF A SOLDIER'S FATE.

The bird is singing, brother, sweet!
He has been singing loud and long.
Go listen, sister! and repeat
To me the story of his song.
The bird is singing of a lad,
That's hastening to the war-field now.
"Go, sister! to the garden glad,
And wreath a garland for his brow."
The story may begin with song,
But it will end in tears and sorrow.
Nay, sister! weep not—for ere long'
We meet on some delightful morrow.
Or I will send my steed to thee,
When I am far—too far removed,
And thou wilt ask him—"Where is he—
The brother I so fondly lov'd?
Where is thy rider?"—he will tell
Of lands where war is wasting wide,
Where human blood-streams rivers swell,
And mortal corpses bridge the tide.
I saw thy brother in the fight,
I saw him battling with his lord,
With five bright bands his hat was dight,
A sixth was waving from his sword!
The field was strew'd with men at rest,
Hewn down like oaks. I saw the spear,
The murderous spear in many a breast;—
And all was horrid silence there.

Ginger Beer.—One ounce of ginger, one pound and a half of loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, two lemons sliced. On these ingredients pour two gallons of boiling water, stir it well, and let it stand until lukewarm; then add two table spoonsful of yeast; let the mixture stand until the next morning. Bottle it off, and cork it well.



Arms. Or, two bars az., a chief quarterly of the last and gu; on the first and fourth, two fleurs-de-lis or; on the second and third, a lion of England. This chief was anciently gu, the alteration being an honorary augmentation, showing a descent from the blood royal of King Edward the Fourth. *Crest.* On a chapeau gu., turned up erm., a peacock in pride, ppr. *Supporters.* Two unicorns ar., armed, crined, tufted, and unguled or. *Motto.* "Pour y parvenir," "To attain the object."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RUTLAND.

SIR Robert de Manners, Knight, lord of the manor of Ethall (now Etall), county of Northumberland, is the first person named in the pedigree of this ancient family. He lived in the time of Edward the First. They can, however, go further back, to Henry de Maner, a man of some consequence in the reign of Henry the Second.

Sir Robert de Manners, who has been mentioned, was succeeded by a son who bore the same name. He greatly distinguished himself in the first year of Edward the Third, by his defence of Norham Castle. The Scots having resolved on attempting it, Sir Robert, warned of their intention, when sixteen of the enemy had entered gave them such a reception that five or six were made prisoners, and the rest put to the sword. In the fourteenth year of the same reign he served in Parliament. He obtained permission in the following year to strengthen and embattle his mansion; and he, with other commissioners, was appointed to treat with Robert Bruce for a peace.

His great-great-grandson, Sir Robert Manners, was sheriff of Northumberland in the time of Henry the Sixth, and again in the third and fourth years of Edward the Fourth. It was then a post of considerable importance, as the sheriffs had to protect the nation against the inroads of the Scots. He married Eleanor, eldest sister and coheir of Edmund Lord Ros, of Hamlake, and daughter of Thomas Lord Ros, to which barony she succeeded, and also to considerable possessions which came to her husband with Belvoir Castle.

His son George, on the death of his mother, succeeded to the barony, and likewise to the baronies of Vaux, Trusbut, and Belvoir, being twelfth Lord Ros.

He was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, who was installed a Knight of the Garter in the time of Henry the Eighth, and created Earl of Rutland, June 18, 1525.

The Earls who followed him in due succession bring us down to 1679, when John, the tenth Earl, was summoned to Parliament as Baron Manners, of Haddon, county of Derby. On the 29th of March, 1703, he was created Marquis of Granby, county of Nottingham, and Duke of Rutland. He died January 11th, 1711.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—A communication from Mr Foote, on the *Aconitum ferox*, was read. This plant, the most virulent vegetable poison of India, was first described by Dr Wallich. It grows in elevated situations in the Himalayan chain, and in the provinces of Surmour, Kumaon, and Nepal. Richard has never met with it much lower than those places where the barometer was at nineteen inches. The effects it produces are those of a narcotico-acrid poison, inducing inflammation of the alimentary canal, and acting remotely on the brain and spinal cord.—Dr Cooke drew attention to the subject of *Cocculus Indicus*. This article, which is scarcely ever used in medicine, and of no importance in the arts, is extensively imported for the purpose of adulterating beer. To such an extent is this the case, that writers on brewing openly acknowledge the fact, and give regular formulæ for its employment. One author states that it is impossible to brew a strong-bodied porter from malt and hops alone, and almost all concur in deliberately recommending it, on the ground that it "increases the apparent strength of the beer and improves its intoxicating properties." About 1818 numerous prosecutions were instituted by the Excise against parties for selling or employing this substance. In many instances convictions were obtained, the persons pleading guilty with the view of escaping any investigation into the more serious charge of selling or using *nux vomica* for the same purpose. Dr Pereira states that a single druggist sold 2,500

bags. *Cocculus Indicus*, in doses of two or three grains, will produce nausea, vomiting, and alarming prostration. In ten or twelve-grain doses it kills strong dogs by tetanic spasms and convulsions. In still larger doses, death both in man and animals is speedily produced. The drug also kills plants. In small doses it causes symptoms resembling intoxication, and is believed to be the substance used in cases of what is called hocusing. Mr Mowbray stated that the *Cocculus Indicus* was principally used by the small brewers, to whom it was supplied by a class of druggists styled brewers' druggists: one of these told him he sold about half a ton weekly.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Cahours made a communication respecting an oil used in perfumery, which is obtained from the heath called *Gaultheria procumbens*. The interesting portion of this communication is that the spirit of wood, which has been found only in pyroligneous products, exists in this heath under the influence of vegetation.—A paper on the Torpedo was received from M. Matteuce. The author states that he has tried a number of experiments, the result of which is to show the analogy between the electric organs of the torpedo and muscular contraction.—A paper was received from MM. Dangin and Flandrin, on a series of experiments for the purpose of ascertaining whether lead and copper really exist in the blood and intestines of man in a normal state; and they reported that they have come to a conclusion that they do not. As regards poisoning by either of these metals, the authors of the paper state that they are able to discover it if mixed only to the extent of a hundred thousandth part with organic matter.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS exhibition, on the whole, is inferior to that of last season. There are no pictures of any great consequence.—'The Actors' reception of the Author,' by Macise, though too true in the main, is hard and stiffly made out, and the story is not well told. 'Waterloo, June 18, 1815, half-past Seven o'clock,' by Allen, conveys the best idea of a battle that modern skill has presented; it represents Bonaparte giving his orders as a last desperate effort to force the left centre of the allied army. Knight has some excellent portraits, indeed they are the best in the exhibition. Stanfield's 'Mazorto and Torcello,' 'Gulf of Venice,' as well as other pictures, are in his best style. Etty's 'Entombment of Christ' is beautifully conceived. Landseer's animals, as usual, are a great attrac-

tion; and Turner, although his "shade and darkness" and "light and colour" are an outrage on painting, there is still in them something of beautiful poetry,—a vision of something hardly intelligible, which is pleasing. He has brought that charm out in his picture of the 'Sun of Venice going to Sea,' in a manner totally unrivalled. Poole's 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of 1665' is a picture of considerable merit; the light is thrown on the figures so as to be peculiarly effective, and the grouping is finely arranged. The dead being carried away and let down by ropes from the windows, although it may be the truth, makes the picture disagreeably gloomy. The sculpture room is very poor.

LOST JEWELS.

AN APOLOGUE.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent:
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon
the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words, preventing, did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I moan so now: for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they
were:
But having given them in my charge, this
friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them
back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to
lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to
see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee."
"What question can be here? Your own
true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was but
lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."
"Good is the word," she answered; "may
we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon
one bed
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

Elegiac Poems.

MODEL OF EDINBURGH.

A most ingenious performance is now exhibiting in Piccadilly. It is a model of Edinburgh, presenting all the streets, churches, public buildings, monuments, and houses of that far famed city. It is stated to be the product of seventeen years' labour, occupies a surface of twenty-four by twenty feet, and embraces a representation of every locality from Holyrood Palace to Port Hopetun, and from Fettes Row to the Meadows. Here the curious visitor may not only get a general view of Edinburgh, but he may be instructed in all its thoroughfares and passages, so that a person in London may show a friend going to the Scottish capital, where a party he is about to visit resides, and point out even the house, nay the floor in which he is to be found! Here the lover of history may with great advantage, study some of the most striking features of Scottish annals. He can see the building in which the act of union was signed, the spot where the unhappy Darnville lost his life, and the way may be traced from which Mary is supposed to have retired from the scene of meditated murder, to pass by a circuitous route to the Palace. Such an exhibition ought largely to succeed. It is not an ingenious toy, but a work of wonderful ingenuity and great general utility.

Reviews.

The Rambles of the Emperor Ching, Tih, in Keang N'ang. A Chinese Tale. Translated by Tkin Shen, Student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. 2 vols.

As an oddity this book may afford some amusement, but its extravagance is such that it cannot be read with much interest. If this is to be taken as a specimen of Chinese fiction, we cannot say they excel in literature more than in war. The hero, Ching Tih, like another eastern potentate, visits a part of his dominions in disguise. A case is brought before him of a young lover whose ungovernable passion prompts him to take away a female without the consent of her father. The complaint of the latter is thus urged:—

“On the day which I have mentioned, he came in this direction rambling in quest of pleasure, while my daughter happened to be looking out from a window in the gallery. The dog began to leer at her, and laugh and praise her beauty, which she no sooner perceived than she shut the window. In her hurry, however, she let her fan drop into the street, and the rascal instantly picked it up. My daughter sent out a girl to request him to return it, which he would not do. This, indeed, would have been but a small matter, but he moreover said that I had betrothed my daughter to him. His bad passions were aroused, and he instantly went home, and

came back with some servants bearing the various ceremonial presents, and urging me at the same time to allow the marriage. I told him that my daughter was already betrothed, and that I would give him ten taels of silver to get the fan back again. On this he asserted, that when my daughter assented to his proposals, she had given him this fan as a token. When I heard this, my breast swelled with rage, and I had a long altercation with him. At last, he said, that if I was willing it was well; but if not, it was no matter, for he would come this night and carry my daughter to his house by force. He then put down the presents, and went off, determined to send the flowery chair, and accomplish his purpose of violence.”

The outrage is prevented by the interference of the Emperor.

Some of the superstitions of the Celestials are rather amusing. The Emperors of the Hong Dynasty are supposed to have possessed super-human power. A water-lily in the pond of a Chinese subject named Han He, will only expand at the bidding of him who is to be the husband of his daughter:

“Ching Tih inquired how many days it was since the flower made its appearance. ‘It is now seven days, and it has not yet unfolded. I have, therefore, put up the card, saying I will give my daughter to him at whose summons it opens.’ ‘In that case I will let you see me order it to open.’ At the same time his majesty recalled to his memory Woo How, of the Tang dynasty, who caused flowers to bloom in winter by his proclamation, and Ming Hwang, who hastened their unfolding by the beating of a drum. If they could do so, thought he, why should not I be able to do as much. He then prayed silently, saying, ‘God of the flower! God of the flower! if it is fated that I and the young lady should wed, open the flower without delay.’ When the prayer was finished he pointed with his hand to the flower, saying, ‘Open quick! Open quick!’ and hardly were the words spoken, when the threads which bound the bud gave way, and the beautiful petals stood wide displayed. All the spectators burst into a shout of wonder, and Han He knelt in confusion at his feet, exclaiming with a loud voice, ‘My eyes are without eyeballs; not knowing that your imperial highness had come here, I did not meet you on my knees. Forgive my sin.’”

They are then united.

In the course of the work we have some wonders of witches, and accounts of foxes, after some thousands of years, becoming human beings. It presents in parts, much of the wildness, but not the entertainment, of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ The forcible painting and lively design are wanting.

The Early Clergy.

“Of the degenerate manners of some of the early clergy some curious notices are preserved in the ancient canons. One made at the council held as early as 367,

at Laodicea, ordains that, 'If any bishop priest, or deacon, spend his time in dicing and drinking, he shall either desist or be deposed; and that a subdeacon, reader, or singer, shall be suspended from communion.' Other offences, such as lascivious songs and conversation, and being present at scenes of intemperance and lewdness, were prohibited under similar penalties.

"The general character of the Frankish princes and clergy resembled, indeed, that which Gildas assigns to the same classes in British History, at the same period, and which John Milton, in his account of the Britons and Anglo-Saxons, has so forcibly rendered. 'Their kings were foully degenerated to all tyranny and vicious life. They avenge and they protect, not the innocent, but the guilty. They swear oft, but perjure. They wage war, but civil and unjust war. They punish rigorously them that rob by the highway; but those grand robbers that sit with them at table they honour and reward. They give alms largely, but in the face of their alms-deeds, pile up wickedness to a far higher heap. They sit in the judgment-seat, but too seldom by the rule of right; neglecting and proudly overlooking the modest and harmless but countenancing the audacious, though guilty of abominablest crimes. They stuff their prisons, but with men committed rather by circumvention than any just cause.

"Nothing better were the clergy, but at the same pass, or rather worse; unlearned, unapprehensive yet impudent; subtle prowl-ers,—pastors in name, but indeed wolves; intent, upon all occasions, not to feed the flock, but to pamper and well line themselves. Not called, but seizing on the ministry as a trade, not as a spiritual charge. Teaching the people, not by sound doctrine, but by evil example. Usurping the chair of Peter, but, through the blindness of their own worldly lusts, they stumble upon the seat of Judas. Deadly haters of truth broachers of lies, looking on the poor Christian with eyes of pride and contempt; but fawning on the wickedest rich men without shame. Great promoters of other men's alms with their set exhortations, but themselves contributing ever least. Slightly touching the many vices of the age, but preaching without end their own grievances as done to Christ. Seekers after degrees and preferments in the church, more than after heaven; and, so gained, make it their whole study how to keep them by any tyranny. Yet, lest they should be thought things of no use in their eminent places, they have their niceties and trivial points, to keep in awe the superstitious multitude; but in true saving knowledge leave them still as gross and stupid as themselves. Bunglers at the scripture, nay, forbidding and silencing them that

know, but in worldly matters, practised and cunning shifters; in that only art and simony, great clerks and masters, bearing their heads high, but their thoughts abject and low. Gluttonous, incontinent, and daily drunkards. And what shouldst thou expect from these poor laity, these beasts, all belly? Shall these amend thee, who are themselves laborious in evil doings? . . . Are all thus? perhaps not all, or not so grossly. But what availed it Eli to be himself blameless, while he connived at others that were abominable? Who of them hath been envied for his better life? Who of them hated to consort with these, or withstood their entering the ministry, or endeavoured zealously their casting out?" — *Pictorial History of France.*

Popular Cyclopaedia of Natural Science. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. Part 4. Orr & Co. MECHANICAL Philosophy, Horology, and Astronomy, are comprehended in this volume. The explanations are clear, and not too laboured, and the illustrations singularly forcible and correct. This applies not merely to the engravings but to the narration judiciously introduced in various parts of the work. An agreeable example of this we are enabled to give in the notice of Galileo, and the Diurnal Rotation of the Earth.

The arguments of Copernicus were not at once able to change the opinions which had prevailed for ages, strengthened as these were by the supposed authority of Scripture; and it was not until the succeeding century that his doctrine was generally received. It was powerfully supported by Galileo, who was able, by means of the telescope, to adduce many additional arguments in its defence. For espousing this cause, however, he fell under the displeasure of the Inquisition, who had pronounced the doctrine of the earth's motion to be heretical; and he was led, by the dread of severe punishment, to promise not again to demonstrate that the earth moves. He seems, however, to have been unable to restrain himself from propagating what he believed to be truth; and having again been summoned before the Inquisition, and being wearied by long confinement, he signed, in his seventieth year, an abjuration of the doctrine, to the defence of which he had devoted the best part of his life. Yet it is recorded of him, that, on rising from his knees, after making this recantation, he whispered to a friend who was standing by him, "And yet it *does* move." During his confinement he was visited by our own immortal Milton, who doubtless then learned from him many of those sublime truths which he afterwards interwove, with such striking effect, in his 'Paradise Lost.'

At the present day no one, having any pretensions to the name of a philosopher, doubts the rotation of the earth upon its axis, yet no proof of it can be given that would be satisfactory to the uninstructed mind. There are four circumstances, however, which leave no room for hesitation among those who can appreciate the value of the evidence they afford. The first of these is the fact, revealed to us by the telescope, of the similar rotation of the sun, and of all the planets on whose discs can be seen any marks, that may enable such a movement to be detected.—The second is the flattening of the earth at the poles, precisely to the degree which its centrifugal force would be calculated to produce, its rotation being performed at its present rate.—The third is the result of the experiment of letting fall a stone from the top of a lofty tower; if the earth remained at rest, this would of course fall exactly at its base; but it does in reality fall a little to the eastwards of its base, in consequence of its having partaken, at the moment of commencing its descent, of the motion of the top of the tower, which is moving through a larger circle, and consequently at a quicker rate, than the bottom. This is the most direct and positive of all the proofs yet brought forward.—The last, however, is also of a very convincing nature. It is the prevalence, or rather the almost constant existence, of easterly winds in the equatorial region. The atmosphere does not rotate with the earth, except so far as it is carried round by its friction. In the temperate and polar regions, where the motion of the surface of the earth is comparatively slow, this friction is sufficient to carry the atmosphere along with it; but near the equator, the motion of the surface being much more rapid, the atmosphere is not carried along at the same rate; and the effect is therefore produced, of a wind constantly blowing in a direction contrary to that of the earth's movement (that is, from east to west); just as when a person travelling rapidly in a coach experiences a strong draught of air in the opposite direction, though the atmosphere may be perfectly calm at the time.

Admiral Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

"I was yesterday witness to an exhibition which, though greatly ridiculous, was not wholly so, for it was likewise pitiable; and this was in the persons of two individuals who have lately occupied much public attention—I mean the Duke of Bronté, Lord Nelson, and Emma, Lady Hamilton. The whole town was at their heels as they walked together. The lady is grown immensely fat and equally coarse, while her 'companion in arms' had taken the other extreme—thin, shrunk, and,

to my impression, in bad health. They were evidently vain of each other, as though the one would have said, 'This is the Horatio of the Nile!' and the other, 'This is the Emma of Sir William!'"—*Letter from Mrs Gore, in Ainsworth's Magazine.*

ON THE DELAY IN REMOVING THE TROUGH OF THE PAWBROKER'S HOUSE, NOW BEING PULLED DOWN IN ST MARTIN'S LANE.

The House is levelled with the ground,
And shapè and make no more retains;
Yet still the trough erect is found;
As tall as ever that remains.

The passers-by can scarcely guess,
What certain people are about,
But think they're in an awful mess
Who have so long kept up the spout!

The Gatherer.

Royal Birth-days.—There are now two of the Royal family whose birth-days happen on the 25th of April, namely, the Duchess of Gloucester, born 25th of April, 1774, and the infant Princess, born last month.

The late Mr W. Rose.—This gentleman was distinguished for rare accomplishments, lively wit and a kind heart; was a son of the Right Hon. George Rose, and educated at Eton. He published a translation of 'Amadis de Gaul;' subsequently of 'Partenopex de Blois,' both from the French—of the 'Court and Parliament of Beasts,' from the 'Animali Parlanti' of Casti—the 'Orlando Furioso,' from Ariosto, the 'Innamorato,' from Berni, 'Letters from the North of Italy,' 'The Crusade of St Louis and King Edward the Martyr.'

The Duchess of Northumberland.—At a recent meeting at Alnwick the following story was related illustrative of her grace's benevolence. Mary Atkinson was the daughter of humble parents, dwelling in a wild part of the country near Alnwick. The father, who was a hind, attended the March hiring of that town on a day of extremely fierce storm and snow-drift, and anxious to reach home the same evening, to communicate the results of the day, he persevered till within half a mile of his own house and perished in the drift. His wife, restless and alarmed, ventured forth to anticipate his coming. Disappointment led her on to, within a few yards of where her husband lay dead, but not so near as to render it probable she had ever learned his fate, and there she also perished in the snow. Mary Atkinson and a brother were thus left orphans, and totally destitute. The sad tale reached the ears of the humane Duchess of Northumberland. She proved more than a mother to the poor forlorn girl, sent her to board, educated her, and obtained her a situation in Edinburgh, in a respectable family. *Mary At-*

kinson was about 20 years of age when symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves. No sooner did the Duchess hear of her condition than she requested that, if at all possible, she might be removed to Alnwick, which was done. Every attention was paid to the sufferer that could be supposed capable of mitigating her distress, but in vain. She died about twelve months ago, and sleeps in Alnwick church yard, with an affecting tribute to her memory from the Duchess of Northumberland gracing her humble grave.

Sculpture.—Sculpture is much indebted to that pious regard which all nations have shown to the dead. And the early Christians exhibited, as others had done, their good feeling in this respect by the records they placed over the remains of their departed brethren. The crypts of the older churches in Italy, and especially that of St Sebastian, at Rome, abound with these memorials, which almost always have upon them some illustration of, or allusion to, a Christian doctrine. The subjects most usually treated in these early monuments were Christ as the 'Good Shepherd,' the 'Ascent of Elijah,' 'Christ giving his Commands to the Apostles,' and the 'Sacrifice of Abraham.' Some of these works were by good artists, and were well composed, and executed with much freedom. Many of the subjects are evidently applications of profane compositions to Christian purposes; and, it may not be irrelevant to observe, with reference to this fact, that the early Christians—perhaps to avoid the constant persecutions directed against them—symbolized many of their religious rites, borrowing, for that purpose, such of those usages of the pagan mysteries as they found admissible. — *Westmacott's Lectures.*

Agriculture.—If farmers would not disdain to take a lesson from the gardens and allotments of their labourers, the latter being generally on poor land, often taken out of wastes, and allowed to be inclosed because they were of little use to the cattle turned out, they would see the advantage of the spade, rake, and hoe, after the ground has been dug. When the land is laid in regular beds of about a perch or pole in width, slightly sloping from the centre to the intervals, which are deepened by the spade, the crops are invariably better and more certain, even with less manure. — *Gardener's Chronicle.*

Two Antique Stone Coffins have been found by the excavators employed on the Rouen Railroad, each covered by an enormous semi-circular stone lid. The first, which was in all respects sound, contained only a phial and a little dust. In the second which was broken, and notwithstanding the consequent admission of moisture, the skeleton was found entire, and in such

high preservation that not a tooth was gone. The figure is a woman's, with the face turned towards the west; at once rebutting the presumption of Christian burial. The tomb has neither sculptured ornament nor inscription; but between the leg bones of the skeleton were two small rings of copper, and two bronze Roman medals, on one of which it is believed that the head and name of Constantine may be traced. At the feet were a small vase in reddish earth, and five glass vases, two of which were broken in the getting out, and the remaining three are remarkable for their dimensions and elegance.

Sacred Tree of Hierro.—In 'Glass's History of the Canary Islands' we have the description of a peculiar tree in the island of Hierro, which is the means of supplying the inhabitants, man as well as inferior animals, with water—an island, which, but for this marvellous adjunct, would be uninhabitable. The tree is called *Til*, and has attached to it the epithet *garse*, or sacred. It is situated on the top of a rock; a cloud of vapour is impelled towards it, and, being condensed by the foliage of the tree, the rain falls into a large tank, from which it is measured out by the authorities.

Architecture of Birds.—There is nearly as much difference between the comparative beauty of the nests of a wood-pigeon and of a bottle-tit, as between the hut of a North American savage and a Grecian temple. But although the savage, in the course of ages, may attain as much civilization as would lead him to the construction of a new Parthenon, the wood-pigeon will continue only to make a platform of sticks to the end of time. It is evident, from a contemplation of all nature, that the faculties of quadrupeds, birds, insects, and all the inferior animals, are stationary; those of man only are progressive.

Railway Literature.—A library is being formed, consisting of works of a moral, historical, and religious nature, for the use of the porters, policemen, &c. upon the Birmingham railway.

Cruelty of Parents.—The Children Employment Commission has brought forward facts most discreditable to human nature. There are beings so destitute of feeling as mercilessly to work their own children to death. One witness, vice-chairman of a board of guardians at Nottingham, says, "I have known many parents come out of the country merely to live on the labour of their young children. In one case, a short time ago, a widow came with three children, of 12, 14, and 15 years of age, out of Derbyshire. These children were sent into a factory, the mother being only employed in preparing their meals, and getting them up early enough in the

morning. They did not come home to their meals; they were taken in the factory. *All these children died in eighteen months.* I think this resulted from their employment."

India.—To our enormous possessions in India a vast addition has just been made by the annexation of Scinde. Whence the necessity or expediency of increasing what was more than sufficiently large before, it is not easy to prove. The commercial world, however, now look with hope to an immense trade being carried on with the Orientals. "In India," says an able writer in the 'Liverpool Standard,' "we have one hundred millions of subjects, and a country of such extent as to comprehend every variety of soil and climate; we may have sugar, and all tropical produce, to any extent, and the gradual civilisation of the natives will introduce a large demand for British manufactures. It requires only a better system of administration in England and India to develop the vast resources of this mighty branch of our colonial empire; we must depart from the narrow system of sacrificing the interests of this immense territory to those of our West India Islands, and we must become more attentive to the common interests of India and Great Britain. Unless we greatly deceive ourselves, India, under a more intelligent system of commercial administration, would of itself more than supply all that we could possibly lose by the European market, and would amply repay us for any new privileges we might confer upon them. Without infringing upon the territorial rights of the Company, we may at once enrich India and ourselves."

Human Brutes.—The following disgusting show was announced among the Easter amusements of Nottingham, but very properly prevented by the magistrates:—"J. Gillabrand, the celebrated rat-catcher, from Manchester, has been matched for 25*l.* aside, against Mrs Smith, of London (the wife of Mr J. Smith, the noted rat-catcher), to worry thirty rats within the time of Mrs Smith worrying fifteen, both on Easter Monday, 1843, at Mr Quinton's, Five alley, sign of the Grey Horse, Pierre-point street, New Sneinton."

A Favour refused.—Politics and cupidity were not the only evil passions which sent their victims to the revolutionary scaffold. All the baser feelings of human nature furnished their contingent, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," jealousy, sensuality, and even the wounded pride of bad poets and wretched actors. The following anecdote is related by Heron, private secretary of Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser. On the sixth or seventh Thermidor (two or three days before the fall of Robespierre) one of Heron's friends

called upon him at the bar of the tribunal, for Fonquier had scarcely any other domicile, taking his meals and his rest at the bar, so urgent was the work of destruction; and his secretary was compelled to show as much activity as himself. His college friend came up to Heron, rubbing his hands, and a chuckling smile upon his lips. "Bravo! citizen Heron!" said he, "bravo! the work goes bravely on; fifty-four to-day! Eh! Tell me, have you as many for to-morrow?" . . . "Not quite," replied Heron, "but nearly." . . . "Is your list complete? tell me, is it signed by citizen Fonquier?" . . . "Not yet; but why do you ask? have you any aristocrat, federalist, fanatic, or any other to denounce?" . . . "Unfortunately, no; but I have a small favour to ask of you, my friend; for you are my friend, are you not? Oblige me by putting my wife's name on the list." . . . "Your wife! ridiculous! you are joking!" . . . "Upon my honour, I am in earnest; and I assure you it will be doing me a signal service." . . . "Impossible," rejoined Heron; "why, it was but last Duodi we dined together, and you then seemed delighted with the *citoyenne!*" . . . "Never mind; my opinion of her is altered." . . . "But she is an excellent *sans-culotte.*" . . . "Not at all," replied the husband, "she is an aristocrat, and I can prove it." . . . "You are mad," said Heron; "she is a good wife, and you would quickly repent it." . . . "Not at all; listen to me; once, twice, will you guillotine my wife for me?" . . . "Certainly not," said Heron; "I'll having nothing to do with it." . . . "Thus it is to place any reliance upon college friends," exclaimed the visitor as he withdrew. The parties continued to live lovingly together for thirty years; and the wife never entertained the slightest suspicion of her husband's summary attempt to get rid of her.

Safe Seal.—A letter closed with white of an egg, cannot be opened by the steam of boiling water, like a common wafer, as the heat only adds to its firmness.

The Faithless Widow.—The following curious anecdote is recorded by Aubrey, in his 'Ostenta,' or 'Portents,' printed in 1698:—"Sir Walter Long's widow, of Draycot, Wilts, did make a solemn promise to him, on his deathbed, that she would not marry after his decease; but not long after, one Sir William Fox, a very beautiful young gentleman, did win her love; so that notwithstanding her promise aforesaid, she married him at South Wraxall, where the picture of Sir Walter Long hung over the parlour door as it does now. As Sir William Fox led his bride by the hand from the church, which is near to the house, into the parlour, the string of the picture broke, and the picture

fell on her shoulder, and cracked in the fall. It was painted on wood, as the fashion was in those days. This made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew tears from her eyes!"

American Capitalists.—During the lifetime of the late Stephen Girard, who from a poor outcast exile from St Domingo driven out by the former slave population, became the great banker and capitalist of Philadelphia, it was a subject of something like rival contention between the people of Philadelphia and New York which possessed the greatest capitalist—that is, which was the more wealthy man, Girard or Astor. On the death of Stephen Girard the actual extent of his wealth was verified by the publication of his will. When Mr Astor was informed that the total sum of Girard's wealth reached only to some eleven or twelve millions of dollars, he is reported to have exhibited signs of satisfaction, and in an under tone, as if speaking to himself, to have remarked "That would not do," meaning of course that it did not come up to the mark of his own prodigious possessions.

Dried Strawberries.—Last summer, by way of experiment, when strawberries were plentiful, I attached threads to their stalks, and hung up a few, which were over-ripe, to dry. I placed them inside a window facing the south, where they have remained from June last until the present time (March 28th). They have just been tasted, and the result is most satisfactory. That sweet refreshing acid peculiar to the strawberry is in full perfection; the flavour of the fruit, without any watery taste, is delicious; it dissolves in the mouth as slowly as a lozenge, and is infinitely superior to the raisin. The strawberry, thus preserved, is a stomachic.—*T. Allen, 190 Oxford street.*

Anatomy of Animals.—Galen, when studying human anatomy, was so struck with the perfection with which all the parts of the human arm and hand are adapted to one another, that he composed a hymn to the Deity, expressing his admiration of a piece of so much excellence. The more we extend our researches into the animal kingdom, the more shall we be struck with this extraordinary adaptation of the parts of living bodies to their respective uses; the more shall we be convinced, by our own imperfect knowledge, of the perfection of that Wisdom and Power, whose works are as marvellous as they are unbounded.

Birds.—It may not be generally known that the nests of one of our smallest birds are sometimes occupied as winter habitations by perhaps one of the smallest of European quadrupeds, namely, the shrew-mouse (*Sorex araneus*): they commonly take up their quarters in holes under banks and among moss; but one, during the past

winter, was determined to be a little more elevated than ordinary, and having found a wren's nest in a thorn-hedge, took possession of it. It was curious enough to see the little animal sporting about its mossy habitation from time to time, and no doubt it would be comfortable enough at night in its feather bed.—*Peter Mackenzie.*

— Bishop Heber mentions that two curious facts were told him in Kemaon respecting the forests and their productions. The one was, that fires often took place in the jungles during the dry season by the mere friction of the cane stalks against each other in high winds. The other was, that the boa constrictor is frequently found, particularly in the wood between Bamoury and Dikkalee, under the immediate fount of the hills. These snakes are of enormous size, but not much feared by the natives; since, though they have, in their opinion, sufficient strength to master a buffalo, they are proportionably unwieldy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALOES.—The bitter juice is extracted from the plant of the same name, and it is rendered solid by inspissation. Several sorts are sold in the shops, and are known by the names of *Aloe pepatica*, *Aloe soccrotina*, and *Aloe caballina*. Although these several names are given, they are prepared from the same plant; the juice is obtained by making incisions in the leaves, and as it flows it is caught into vessels placed to receive it. A portion is obtained afterwards by pressure; a second, or greater pressure takes place, and the third quality is given, which is called *Caballine Aloe*; the first *Soccorime*—to understand what is termed good aloes. It must not be black, when cut or rubbed, but light brown, and glossy when broken; easily soluble, and extremely bitter when tasted.

SCOURING DROPS.—Spirit of turpentine, having added to it essential oil of lemon-peel to perfume it. You must use the best spirit. You may make a pint for one shilling.

S. B. asks a very nonsensical question. We advise him to read the second lecture by Ferguson, on Mechanics.

We shall be happy to answer any scientific or chemical questions from correspondents, when we have room.

For the present we must decline the proffered co-operation of Mrs G., of John street. The article with which she has favoured us, as an original paper, is abridged from 'Voltaire's Essay on Epic Poetry,' which he composed in English in 1726, while residing in this country; and afterwards re-wrote in French. It has been republished again and again.

We are still of opinion that W. O. B. has been in a degree anticipated. Many of the subjects he would take have already appeared in former volumes of the 'Mirror.'

We shall seriously consider the hint of Caractacus, but doubt if we can immediately act upon it.

Several communications have been received, to which no answer can be given this week.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.]

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843.

[Vol. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE march of engraving on wood now gives beauty to works that were rarely embellished before, and whatever may happen, the artist is called in to perpetuate the shape in which it presents itself to the eye. This is something like the practice which prevailed in or before the infancy of letters. Among the Mexicans, when Cortes first appeared with his ferocious companions, some of the subjects of Montezuma endeavoured, by means of the pictorial art, to convey to their sovereign an idea of the strange intruders who had

entered his dominions, and of the awful means of annoyance which they possessed. Having recourse to such means in our time, literature is so combined with painting, or pencilling, that more numerous and more accurate representations of the scenes witnessed in our day can be conveyed to those who are distant, or who may live at a future period, than ever could be furnished to the world before. A building or a monster, a trial or a religious ceremony, a festival or an execution, is now so recorded and delineated, that posterity may not only read of them, but almost see them.

And in the region of fancy how vast are

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the efforts made to strengthen pleasing images of the mind, by giving them a form to the eye! In this our neighbours the French have been singularly happy. Of this fact we offer a striking specimen in the animated engraving which opens this number of the 'Mirror.' It appeared in a Paris edition of 'La Fontaine,' since republished in English. A brief review of it formerly appeared, but we purpose on the re-issue of the work, in numbers at a price that will place it within the reach of every one, to take further notice of it. At present we only avail ourselves of it to copy some of its embellishments.

In the cut which appears above, a rich specimen of French humour will be found. The coaxing grin of the ape in human attire, dressed as a showman, and announcing the wonders which are to be seen in his booth, is a picture that cannot but amuse; and rarely has the art of engraving been more successfully exercised.

A second specimen was intended for this week, but we have unfortunately left no room. At no distant day the subject will be again taken up, when we shall, as above intimated, treat on the value and importance of fables generally, and of the publication to which we refer in particular. Here we may remark, *en passant*, that though a very noble volume has been produced, it might be advantageously enlarged by adding to the wisdom of by-gone ages some of the best efforts of contemporary intellect, given in that most pleasing form. We subjoin, for the gratification of the readers of the 'Mirror,' a very elegant fable from the 'Druids' Quarterly,' which, if the regulations of the proprietor would admit, might not be found unworthy to follow in the train of *Æsop*. The idea is very original:—

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a pebble, and yield to none,"
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
 "Nor change nor season can alter me,
 I am abiding while ages flee;
 The pelting hail and the drizzling rain,
 Have tried to soften me long in vain;
 And the tender dew has sought to melt,
 Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.
 "None can tell of the pebble's birth,
 For I am as old as the solid earth;
 The children of men arise and pass
 Out of the world, like blades of grass;
 And many a foot on me has trod,
 That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
 I am a pebble, but who art thou?
 Rattling along from the reckless bough."
 The acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
 And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;
 She never before had been so near
 This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere,
 And felt for a while perplex'd to know,
 How to answer a thing so low.
 But to give reproof of a nobler sort
 Than the angry look, or the keen retort,

At length she said in a gentle tone,
 "Since it has happened that I am thrown
 From the lighter elements where I grew,
 Down to another so hard and new,
 And beside a personage so august,
 Abased I will cover my head with dust,
 And quickly retire from the sight of one,
 Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
 Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
 Has ever subdued, or made to feel:"—
 And soon in the earth she sunk away,
 From the comfortless spot where the pebble
 lay.

But it was not long e're the soil was broke
 By the piercing leaves of an infant Oak;
 And as it rose, and its branches spread,
 The pebble looked up, and wondering said,
 "A modest acorn never to tell
 What was enclosed in her simple shell;
 The pride of the forest was then shut up
 Within the space of her little cup;
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth.
 To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
 And oh! how many will tread on me,
 To come and admire that beautiful tree,
 Whose head is tow'ring towards the sky,
 Above such a worthless thing as I.
 Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
 I have been idling from year to year:
 But never from this shall a vaunting word
 From the humble pebble again be heard,
 Till something without me, or within,
 Can show the purpose for which I have
 been."

The pebble cannot its vow forget,
 And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

"BILLY AND JENNY," OR SOUVENIRS OF THE CELEBRATED HOGARTH AND HIS LADY.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MIRROR.'

SIR,—Your readers will be surprised to learn that there is now living at Brompton an aged female who was the favourite servant of Mrs Hogarth during the long period of fifteen years. Wishing to hear from one who had had so many opportunities of learning what had been the habits of this great artist, I availed myself of an opportunity which offered for visiting the old lady on Wednesday last. She still retains her memory, though now between eighty and ninety years of age. I expected her conversation would prove interesting, but found it more so than I could have hoped. The substance of what passed will gratify many lovers of the Fine Arts. Some of the facts she stated were so remarkable, that I thought they could not have escaped his biographers. I have since sought for them in several lives of Hogarth, but in vain, though all of them are perfectly consistent with what they have related. 'The Gentleman's Magazine' and 'The Annual Register' I have also referred to with the like result, and I therefore calculate that what I have to mention will be equally curious and original.

"Billy" and "Jenny." Mrs Chapel (that is the name of my informant) said, were the playfully-familiar appellatives which Mr and Mrs Hogarth ordinarily used. They lived in great harmony, and Mrs Hogarth is described to have been a very fine woman. His memory was affectionately honoured by her when he was no more. They had no children, but that does not appear to have disturbed them. Sometimes they felicitated themselves on being spared the cares inseparable from the bringing up of a family.

Hogarth had a country house at Chiswick, which was called "the Cheese House," from its shape being said to be very like that of a quarter of a cheese. He was much respected in the neighbourhood, from the kindness of his heart, and the unassuming good nature which marked his conduct in regard to his humbler neighbours.

One day, passing the house of a Mr Webb, who supplied him with fish, but who also sold various other articles, his attention was attracted by a tobacco-box exposed for sale, which bore the inscription, "Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea." Hogarth went into the shop to purchase it. The price was only a shilling, but he had no coin about him. He, however, took the box, and told Mr Webb to put it down in the next fish bill he sent in. The fishmonger had a turn for humour, and when, in compliance with the direction he had received, he sent in his next account, the following charge appeared:—

"To a clean shirt and a guinea... 1s."

This bill came into Mrs Hogarth's hands. It surprised her not a little to find such an item in it. "There must be some mistake," said she. "I am sure Mr Hogarth never can have had a shirt or a guinea from Mr Webb." She wished to ask her lord for an explanation, but this was a matter not immediately to be ventured upon, for when he was engaged with his pencil any interruption gave him great annoyance. Curiosity, however, led her to pass partly up the stairs leading to his room, while she called to him, "Billy, Billy." "What is the matter, Jenny?" he inquired. "I may come in, then, may I?" she answered; and then proceeded to describe and to exhibit what had caused her so much amazement. "Webb," said he, "is a satirical wag, but he has only done what I directed;" and related the circumstances which had caused such a novelty to appear in his fishmonger's bill.

He had sometimes remarked a poor man who had lost one hand, and who had got his place imperfectly supplied with a hook. On one occasion, when this person was engaged in loading a cart, Hogarth took an opportunity of accosting the labourer, and

told him that "it was very foolish for one to work, who had such a good excuse for begging." "I will never beg," the man sturdily replied, "while I am able to work." "Such a resolution does you credit," said Hogarth, and, slipping half-a-crown into his hand, he told him while he had a house that he might always claim a glass of beer when he wanted it. Like kindness was extended to many a poor deserving labourer, who was encouraged to call at "the Cheese House" for occasional aid or refreshment.

Hogarth manifested much provident care for the engravers in his employment. They worked at the bottom of the garden, and for recreation in their hours of leisure, he had a skittle ground prepared for them, that they might enjoy a healthful exercise without being tempted to drink by going to a public house.

Here was a cemetery for birds and beasts, which died in the family. Tablets were put up to the memory of some of them. One was inscribed, "Alas, poor Dick!" and a favourite dog was honoured with a somewhat longer and descriptive record—"Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies."

His great canine favourite, however, Trump, did not rest here. This faithful animal was remarkable for his intelligence. Hogarth was accustomed to smoke a pipe at different public houses in the neighbourhood, when he spent his evenings at Chiswick. A love of social conversation with his neighbours prompted this perhaps, but the necessity for studying nature was the pretext. He was in the habit of returning home about nine o'clock, and at that hour Trump, unbidden, would take upon himself to seek his master. From house to house the dog would take his way, till he found the object of his search. He was as well known in that vicinity as his master himself could be. Hogarth desired that no one should hurt him, wherever he intruded in quest of him; and when Trump made his appearance, "Your servant is come for you, sir," was the cry. "Yes, he knows my time," was commonly Hogarth's reply, and the animal with a sort of expostulating whine, would intimate that it was time to go home, and they departed together.

Trump died of old age. He was then carefully stuffed, and long remained to the eye almost as perfect as when he lived, the ornament of the chimney piece in the hall of his master's residence, "The Cheese House."

These were amongst the lighter matters that occurred to Mrs Chapel, but facts of more interest and importance were afterwards mentioned, which I must reserve till next week. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

TRUTH.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—(No. II.)

DEATH OF THE COMPOSER WEBER.

It was early in the year 1826 that Carl Maria Von Weber resolved to come *via* Paris to England. His name stood very high in the musical world, and the homage which he received as he passed through France was such that he wrote to his wife, "If I do not die of pride now, I am insured against that fate for ever."

He reached England early in March, and seems to have viewed it, in the first instance, with something like "a lover's eye." "We dashed on," he says, "with the rapidity of lightning through this *inexpressibly beautiful country*; meadows of the loveliest green—gardens blooming with flowers." This was rather warm for the first week in March.

But years of toil and study had destroyed his constitution, and when the first moments of excitement were passed, he could no longer regard England with the same feelings. Though honoured and courted by all the land, his spirit declined, and he sighed for his home. The fatigue of getting up 'Oberon' was too much for him, and the suggestions of the performers, however well meant, were overpowering. In a letter, dated March 26th, he thus speaks of the great English singer:—

"Braham begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece, and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. * * So the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

'Oberon' was brought out at Covent-garden Theatre with great applause. This cheered him, and seemed to improve his health. The terms in which he made his triumph known to his wife are such as must affect every one.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline!—Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra the whole of the house,

which was filled to overflowing, rose up and I was saluted by huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * So much for this night, dear life, from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace till he had communicated to you this new blessing from heaven. Good night."

Though his success was great, he was not perfectly satisfied with his profits. He seems to have repined that others gained more by the composer's genius than the composer himself. On one occasion, being invited to dine with an eminent music seller, when ushered into a magnificent drawing room, he, looking round him, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it." He was not consoled by fame for the absence of wealth like that of which he was thus spectator. This feeling was not removed by the indifferent success of a concert which he was induced to give. He wished to be at home again. This, and the regretted absence of his wife, perhaps caused the following words to be selected from 'Lalla Rookh' for composition. They were sung by Miss Stephens, and accompanied by Von Weber. The melody only was written—the accompaniments had not been committed to paper, though formed in his mind, and supplied from memory as the syren proceeded, not from notes:

"From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!

Hither I come

From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly:
And the passionate strain that, deeply glowing,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the waves, but sweetens it too!

So, hither I come

From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

The glow of exultation, which had given him renewed animation and benefited his health and spirits, wore off, and he rapidly declined. In England he could no

onger delight. He who found it a country "inexpressibly beautiful" in the first days of March, thus writes on the 17th of April:—

"17th April, 1836.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz and the clear air is indescribable. But patience—patience—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it." * * *

On the 30th of May he wrote the letter which follows to his daughter. The "wretched climate" of England he seems to have deemed his most cruel enemy.

"Dearest Lina, —Excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already, too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if heaven will only vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

'Der Freyschutz' was to be performed for his benefit on the 6th of June, and he intended to be present, but the exile could now only sigh for home. On the 2nd of that month he wrote his last letter to his wife. In this he says—

"As this letter will need no answer it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O were I only among you. I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On the following day he felt so ill that the idea of attending the representation of 'Der Freyschutz' was abandoned. He was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at 11 o'clock in good spirits, and at 7 next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

RELICS OF LONDON.—(No. XIII.) OLD HOUSES.

MUCH which the ravages of Time had spared the great fire of 1666 swept away; and as it raged within the very heart and centre of the city, it destroyed principally those grand and important edifices which were considered befitting the most prominent localities, leaving only the comparatively mean and insignificant buildings adjoining to, or without the walls. It is, therefore, round the circumference of the area which the London of the seventeenth century occupied, that we must direct our search for specimens of ancient civic architecture. In Aldgate, Bishopsgate street, Cripplegate, Clerkenwell, Fleet street, and along the line of the Thames, we may occasionally meet with houses whose stuccoed fronts and overhanging floors point out the boundary to which the fire extended, and at which it stopped. No such houses are to be found in Gracechurch street or Cornhill; the great destruction of 1666 made those places a level waste, and the houses which have since sprung up are of the style of later periods, when the builders no longer thought of saving room at the expense of health, and permitted passengers to obtain an occasional glimpse of the sky above them, instead of intercepting their view with the unsightly floor of some projecting bedroom. If one quarter be more rich in relics of old London than another, it is the northern portion of the metropolis.

Bishopsgate street appears to have once been famous for its stately mansions; Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham, the Earl of Oxford and Sir John Powlett, resided in this street; and among the "divers fair and large-built houses for merchants and such like," was the mansion of Sir Paul Pindar. The residence of this worthy and Crosby Hall are all that now remain; of the last I have already spoken; the present is a favourable opportunity for noticing the former.

On the western side of Bishopsgate street Without is a tall, narrow house, stuccoed, and ornamented with scroll-work, shields, clusters of fruit, and figures, the front projecting in the shape of a bow, and the

upper floors extending some inches beyond the lower. This was the proud mansion of Sir Paul Pindar, who was ruined by his fidelity and attachment to Charles I; it is, at present, a public-house known by the sign of 'The Flying Horse.' How great the change which the revolution of two centuries has wrought! Wealth and splendour no longer occupy those walls; they still, perhaps, echo noisy revelry; still rises within them the merry laugh; still flows the sparkling ale; but the revellers are the inhabitants of the neighbouring courts and allies, not the jovial friends of the loyal knight. Nothing but the antique front and the inscription over the door, 'The Sir Paul Pindar,' remind us that the house has not been always what it is—a liquor-shop. And yet, when palaces have ere now become the wretched habitations of wandering beggars; when walls built for the use of royalty have been defaced till they scarcely afforded shelter to the homeless, why should we deplore the course of events, which has converted the mansion of one century into the tavern of the next? Greater changes have occurred in shorter time; and the same year which saw the wealthy knight reduced to a homeless wanderer, also saw the king for whom he suffered, brought to the scaffold, and his palace sacked by his relentless murderers.

This is no imposing fragment, no ivy-covered ruin, none of those interesting objects which Byron so finely describes as—

"Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."

but simply and solely the portion of an ancient mansion incorporated and converted into a modern house. Unlike the shattered bulwarks of an ancient fortress or the crumbling walls of some olden convent, this relic is interesting from its antiquity *only*; it has no striking events connected with its history to awaken any stronger feeling; wonder or admiration are not elicited by a glance at Pindar's house. When looking at the once proud mansion, now a public-house, we may feel surprised at the change it has undergone; but as the recollection of some fine ruins of baronial halls or monkish cathedrals occurs to us, we cannot but exclaim "Time has done more!"

Pass we now to a quarter of the city in which a continuous line of ancient houses still remains—the Finsbury section of Great Winchester street. Can we not imagine that the period of Elizabeth or Henry is the present, or that those overhanging stories are still tenanted by the people of other times? Shrewd inventions were these now unsightly projections, to shelter the passengers on the footpath below, when umbrellas were yet unthought of; but unwholesome must have been the streets, half covered with low ceilings, and from which the air must have been in a great

measure excluded. Such was Cornhill, such was Chesapeake, such is—ay, is—Great Winchester street. From this last complete and uninterrupted line of ancient houses may be formed some idea of the general appearance of the City before the occurrence of that great fire which swept away cathedral, church, and public buildings, as well as the less pretending dwellings of the citizens; it is, in itself, an illustration of Stowe's "Survay." Reader, dost thou wish to see the City as it was? if so, glance along Winchester street, and as your eyes encounter its plastered houses, with their gabled roofs and projecting floors, you may say, "Such was ancient London!"

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS; OR, THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN CAKE.

(Continued.)

PUGILHEM might boast that he had been completely successful in what he had attempted. He had obtained the most unquestionable proofs of the feelings entertained for him by a pretended friend, and he had struck terror to the heart of the traitress; but, after all, what had he gained? Was his ambition gratified? No. Were his interests likely to be promoted by undisguised hatred more than by pretended regard? No. Was fear likely to render him aid, which in its absence would be withheld? That was doubtful, yet on that hung his only hope. His triumph, like many a one of higher celebrity, was barren, at least for the present; and ordinary foresight would have suggested, that for the future it was likely to be fruitful of evil, rather than of good.

But he had filled the heart of Madame de Montespan with unutterable anguish. Proud and resentful as she was, the influence which she possessed she would unhesitatingly have used to crush a feebler, less outrageous offender; but she feared to move against one who had at his command agency so mysterious as that which she was persuaded Pugilhem could claim. She would not have been unwilling to destroy, but she feared to exasperate. In consequence of this, when she had been conveyed from the Ballet to her chamber, on being questioned by the King respecting the origin of her indisposition, she told what had occurred, but softened rather than aggravated the affront she had received, gravely adding, it was her conviction that the Marquis could only have possessed himself of the information he had gained through means not commonly entrusted to mortals.

"That," said she, "is my impression. There are philtres, it is known, composed of the blood of animals, holy water, and

the bread of five parishes, mingled with a morsel of the host, kept back at the sacrament, with toads, adders, and caterpillars, all pounded in an earthen vessel, bought without cheapening, with sacred words written on slips of paper, torn from an ancient bible, that will cause love or hatred, sickness or death; and there may be some like charm invented by the devil to give the absent, the means of knowing what passes as well as if they were present."

"The fiend," said the king, "with whom the Marquis deals is a devil in petticoats."

It was a maxim with Louis, that where anything was wrong, a woman must be in some way or other concerned, and his suspicion glanced at Louise.

Reflection strengthened the idea which had struck him, that she could explain all, and on the following morning, having remained at Madame's that night, he determined to satisfy himself.

He met the attendant in the passage and politely raised his hat. This act of courtesy he never omitted when the humblest female in any way connected with the palace approached him. Louise made her obeisance, and would have passed on, but the King called to her in a tone more familiar but less gracious than she had been accustomed to—

"Come back, mistress," said he. "Madame is frightened. She has been affronted by Puygilhem. He is said to have dealings with the devil. How that may be I cannot say, but I know him to have had commerce with you. Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"In attendance on my lady. I had the honour of meeting your Majesty on the stairs."

"Well remembered. Whence came you at that moment?"

"So please your Majesty, I had but just left my lady's apartment."

"Was it you that closed the windows?"

"Sire, it was."

"I thought so. And where did you next move after I had the honour of seeing you?"

"Where did I—"

"Repeat not;—answer."

"To my lady's dressing room."

"Who was with you?"

"I was alone, your Majesty."

"No deceit. Where was Puygilhem?"

"Not with me," Louise replied, with a confident air, but yet with an indication of uneasiness which did not escape the King.

"I did not ask you," he pointedly replied, "who was not with you, but where the Marquis was at that time."

"The Marquis, your Majesty?"

"You pause!—You prevaricate! Tell

me all, or tremble for the consequences. You can hardly reveal more than I already know. But be candid and you may be pardoned."

His manner overawed Louise. She feared to attempt concealment. Bursting into tears, she threw herself at his feet, and made a confession, from which Louis learned with astonishment that the Marquis had been a witness to the conversation which had passed between Madame and himself, on the subject of the office which Puygilhem desired to hold.

He was highly incensed at the presumption of Puygilhem, and so was Madame de Montespan, but withal in some degree relieved by the singular revelation.

Meanwhile, firm to his purpose, though not without some misgivings, trusting to the effect of the threats he had breathed, the Marquis on the following day being *tête-à-tête* with the King, boldly claimed the performance of his promise. Louis replied, that given as that promise had been under a pledge of secrecy, it was no longer binding. The ire of Puygilhem, on receiving a flat refusal, passed all bounds of moderation. Turning his back on Louis he drew his sword, and stamping on the blade broke it in two, at the same time exclaiming:—

"By heaven! I will no longer serve a prince who can so coolly, so meanly, depart from his word."

"How!" cried Louis, his eyes glistening with rage at hearing this cutting reproach; while grasping his cane with animation, he advanced one step towards the Marquis. Then, suddenly halting, he performed with great dignity what the Duke de Saint Simon pronounces to be the finest action of his life;—he broke his cane, and opening the window threw it out, while he thus addressed the offender:—

"This I do to spare my own feelings. Had I given you the chastisement due to presumption, I could never have forgiven myself for striking, richly as the chastisement has been deserved, a member of your family." He then withdrew.

Little reflection was necessary to make Puygilhem feel that in the tempest of his passion, he had gone much too far. Fain would he have withdrawn the offensive words, but it was too late.

He fully expected the consequences would be serious. In this he was not deceived. On the following day he was arrested and conveyed to the Bastille.

Though the Marquis possessed in a high degree that courage which will risk confronting danger, he wanted the calm determination which can submit with fortitude to the consequences. To be exiled from court, to be denied access to the king, were to him fearful calamities, but to be

confined in a dreary prison, and probably for life, was tremendous, and as his sad eyes rested on the dreary walls of the fortress, his heart seemed to die within him. Recalling the past with bitter regret, he looked forward to the future with unspeakable dismay.

But he soon recovered his presence of mind. The Governor, in consideration of his rank, treated him with respect. He expressed a conviction that he would not be long detained, and was sure the King had fallen into a misconception that would soon be removed.

Puygilhem knew right well that such speeches were set down for the Governor, and that he and those about him were spies on the conduct of all prisoners. Bearing this in mind, he determined on the course which it would be politic to pursue.

"You are kind, Mr Governor," said he, "and your speech is wise. I believe that you are right; and trust me, if I appear desponding it is not that heavy punishment has fallen, or is likely to fall, on me. It springs from maddening self-reproach, that presuming too far on goodness, I should have outraged, in one fatal moment, the best of masters and the greatest of kings."

"The King," returned the Governor, "will pardon."

"But can I, can I," demanded Puygilhem, "ever pardon myself? Never, never. My case, therefore, you must see, is hopeless. For his Majesty, I can only say in the words of the English poet, Dryden—

"That our best notes are treason to his fame,
Joined with the loud applause of public voice,
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath rendered too authentic by its choice."

"I marvel," remarked the Governor, "feeling as you do, that this sad error should have occurred."

"I am a choleric, erring man. My gracious sovereign may know how to pity weakness which he can never feel; but I have lost my self-esteem for ever, and could I expiate my crime, I should die with extacy, like the Scotchman, Maccail (who suffered a year ago), and in my last moment joyfully exclaim, as he did, 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars; farewell world and time; farewell frail and weak body; welcome eternity.'"

But he considered that it was not enough to fill the Governor's ears with speeches like these. He took care to pay his court to him personally. On one occasion he knew that Louis had sent a footman to the Duke de Montbazon, Governor of Paris, who, aware of the view which would be taken of such condescension, invited the servant to dine with him. This the King had regarded as a delicate compliment to himself. Having that in mind, Puygilhem told the Governor that regarding him then

as the representative of his august sovereign, he should feel honoured by his company each day to dinner. The prison allowances were liberal to a man of rank, but the Marquis advanced more than enough from his own purse to make their daily fare sumptuous. He thus won the Governor's heart. At the same time he promised to requite his attentions more satisfactorily the moment he found himself at liberty.

The Governor did all in his power to keep up the spirits of his guest, and with apparent success. Puygilhem laughed and played at cards, and seemed at his ease. All the fulsome panegyrics which the time-serving poets of the day had written on Louis, and which the King himself not unfrequently sang, the Marquis had at his tongue's end, and sometimes he almost stunned his gaoler by rehearsing them at the top of his voice.

But sadness pressed down his spirits almost to the annihilation of reason. He mournfully reflected that within those walls more distinguished men than himself had been incarcerated, who had never been seen again. There the cold-blooded Tristan de Hermit was known to have pursued his trade of blood, and said to have quietly dismissed hundreds, nay, thousands, from existence. Even at the moment these thoughts passed through his mind, he might be on the platform of one of the fatal *oubliettes* which had often been named to him in fearful whispers, and in the next, the bolt beneath suddenly withdrawn, he himself sinking into an expectant gulf, might pass by a violent death into eternity. Without referring back to the crimes and cruelties of bygone ages, he had reason to believe that there was then within a few yards of him, a fellow prisoner, the wearer of the iron mask, the reported twin brother of the King, who was destined to breathe the air of liberty no more.

Of Madame de Montespan, he spoke with no disrespect. Her beauty (though her clumsy figure had often been with him an object of ridicule) he most extravagantly praised, and reproaching no one beside, he evermore bitterly blamed himself for all that had occurred.

He hoped thus to pave the way to future favour, and his mind became somewhat reconciled to his present captivity. One evening the Governor spoke more confidently than ever of his expected enlargement. His manner was such that Puygilhem suspected he had received positive information on the subject, and when the question was pressed on him with eagerness by the Marquis, he frankly owned that such was the fact, and went so far as to congratulate him on his coming restoration.

This greatly elated him. He talked

with the Governor more freely than ever. In the course of their conversation he said:

"If it were not indulging an impertinent curiosity, before we part I should like to see one of the *oubliettes* or cells in which the victims of former days were enclosed, which I believe were so constructed that the floor could be suddenly withdrawn, which done, the prisoner vanished for ever. May I look on one of them?"

"You shall have that *pleasure*," the Governor replied, with a smile.

That night the Marquis went to rest full of exulting hope. He could not sleep for joy. A thousand schemes occurred to him which were to be carried into effect, when he should find himself no longer a prisoner. Drowsiness at last stole over him. He was at length sinking into insensibility, when he heard the door of his chamber softly opened, just as the bell of Notre Dame was striking one.

(To be concluded next week.)



Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, or., on a pile gu., between six fleurs de lis, az., three lions of England (being the coat of augmentation granted by King Henry the Eighth, on his marriage with Lady Jane Seymour); second and third, gu., two wings conjoined in lure, the tips downwards, or., for Seymour. *Crest.* Out of a ducal coronet, or., a phoenix of the last issuing from flames, ppr. *Supporters.* Dexter an unicorn, ar., armed, maned and tufted, or., gorged with a ducal collar, per pale, az. and gold, to which is affixed a chain of the last; sinister, a bull, az., ducally gorged, chained, hoofed, and armed, or. *Motto.* "Foy pour devoir." Faith for duty.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SOMERSET.

THIS family is one of great antiquity, and the name, Seymour, appears originally to have been St Maur. "Not far from Caldecot," says Camden, in his 'Britannia,' "are Woundy and Penhow, the seats formerly of the illustrious family of St Maur, now corruptly called Seymour. For we find that about the year 1240 (in order to wrest Woundy out of the hands of the Welsh) Gilbert Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, was obliged to assist William St Maur, knight, who married one of the heiresses of the illustrious John Beauchamp, the noble Baron of Hache, &c."

Sir Richard St Maur became the possessor of Woundy and Penhow; he was succeeded by his son Sir Roger, in the 28th year of King Edward the First. Sir Roger was succeeded by his son of the same name in the 8th year of King Edward the Second. A third Sir Roger succeeded the last-mentioned knight, who married one of the heiresses of Sir John Beauchamp, Baron of Hache, above named. The lady survived her husband, but dying in 1393, was succeeded by her grandson. His great-grandson, Sir John Seymour, was one of the commanders who suppressed the insurrection of Lord Audley and the rebels in 1497, and subsequently employed in the wars of Henry the Eighth, was made a knight banneret by that monarch in 1512.

Sir John was in the train of King Henry in 1520, when he and Francis the First held their memorable meeting in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. When the Emperor Charles the Fifth came to England, after the interview between the Kings of England and France, in order to do away any impression unfavourable to him which might have been made on the mind of Henry by Francis, Sir John Seymour attended at Canterbury with his Royal master to receive the imperial visitor.

Sir Edward Seymour, the eldest son of Sir John, on the 5th of June, 1536, was raised to the peerage, as Viscount Beauchamp. In the thirty-second year of Henry the Eighth, he was sent to France to ascertain the limits of the English borders, and on his return was made a Knight of the Garter. Two years after receiving this honour he was appointed Lord Chamberlain for life, and made one of the Council to the Queen Regent, during the absence of the King on the occasion of his expedition to France in 1544. Henry made him one of his executors, and dying bequeathed to him 300*l.* He was named one of the Council to Edward the Sixth, and also Lord Treasurer of England. Not having previously been a baron, he was, February 15, 1546-7, created Baron Seymour of Hache, and on the next day Duke of Somerset, with remainder of both

honours to his issue by his second wife, and after to the male descendants of his first. On the 27th of February, in the same year, he was named Earl Marshall for life, and on the 12th of March following he was appointed, by patent, Protector and Governor of the King and his realms, with an income of 8,000 marks so long as he should hold that high office.

A career so brilliant was doomed to be interrupted by awful storms, and to close in unmitigated gloom. The cabals of the Duke's brother compelled him to act against him, and he was brought to the block. A like fate awaited the Duke himself. Accused of high treason, he was condemned, and suffered decapitation on Tower hill, January 22, 1552. His fate was much lamented by the populace. Many of the spectators rushed forward, at the moment of his death, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood. These memorials of Somerset were afterwards exhibited in bitterness against his enemy Northumberland, to whom they ascribed his fall, when it became the turn of that nobleman to ascend the fatal scaffold.

Among those who since him have worn the title, we may mention that the Duke of Somerset, who lived from the time of Charles the Second to that of George the Second, was a man who had many noble qualities, but was singularly strict, which gained him the name of the proud Duke of Somerset. He would rarely condescend to speak to his servants. They were accustomed to obey him by signs, and when he travelled, the roads in the country were cleared that he might proceed without obstruction or observation. His first wife was Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of Jocelyn, the virgin widow of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogleby, the relative of Thomas Thynne, Esq., who was shot in his coach by Count Conigsmark, in the hope of obtaining the heiress of the Percies. His second wife was the daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. The Duke made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. On one occasion it is reported the Duchess familiarly touched him on the shoulder with her fan, upon which he indignantly remarked, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children were accustomed to obey his commands with scrupulous care. His daughter used to wait near him standing, while he slept in the afternoon. Lady Charlotte, one of them, on a certain occasion, being weary, sat down. He awoke, very angry, and declared it should be the worse for her. When dying, he left her 20,000*l.* less than he gave her sister!

The present Duke is a most amiable nobleman. For many years he was the president of the Literary Fund.

A CAPITALIST.

The late Mr Arkwright, of Willersley Castle, near Cromford, it is reported, died possessed of not less than seven millions sterling in personal property alone. He had long been regarded as the most ponderous capitalist in England; it follows that he was no less the leviathan capitalist of the whole world. Not one in Europe can approach within half the distance, excepting perhaps the wealthy Mr Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, who, according to general repute, is estimated to represent money to the vast amount of four millions sterling. It must be remembered, however, that this sum is the whole property of Mr Heine, whereas the late Mr Arkwright was possessed of landed estates to the value, perhaps, of one or two millions beyond the amount at which the personalty is rated. Wealthy as are the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Hopes, &c., there has not been one that could be placed at all in the comparison; not all the magnificent fortunes of the house of Baring, even perhaps all combined, reach to the amount; not all the splendid capitals of the Rothschilds throughout Europe together. Out of Europe the only capitalist who could approach him, would be Mr Astor, of New York.

The late Mr Richard Arkwright was the only son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the father and founder of the "factory system" as it now exists. He succeeded to all the possessions and numerous spinning factories on the death of Sir Richard in 1792, then worth about half a million sterling. As the profits of cotton spinning for years afterwards were counted by shillings per pound, instead of by farthings, as now, except in the finer counts, it may be safely asserted that by his extensive spinneries in Cromford, Bakewell, and Manchester alone, he could not have derived a less clear income than 100,000*l.* per annum. The extensive works at Manchester he disposed of some time afterwards in favour of his managers, Messrs Barton and Simpson, who both realised large fortunes. He gave up the spinning works at Bakewell five or six years ago to parties who, it is believed, had been long in his service; but those at Cromford, near his own residence, he carried on to the time of his death. Mr Arkwright, besides various other concerns, highly prosperous for the most part, was the principal, if not sole proprietor of some banking establishments in the counties of Derby and Nottingham. From taste, and not from niggardly notions of saving, he lived without the least ostentatious display; the scale of his household expenditure is supposed not to have exceeded 3,000*l.* per annum, of which the larger portion was laid out upon his gardens, on which he prided himself; so that by the natural and equable force of accumulation during fifty-

two years, even had not one pound of surplus income been re-invested and made to bear interest, he must have been possessed of millions.

He was probably the last of the historic names connected and co-eval with the foundation of what are now designated the factory and power systems. The fate of those first fathers of the cotton spinning and manufacturing system who have most contributed to its progress and prosperity by their inventions, improvements, or enterprise, has been very dissimilar and unequal. The late Sir Robert Peel, who may be esteemed the head if not the parent of calico printing, realised and bequeathed a vast fortune to his descendants. The mountain of wealth accumulated by Mr Arkwright has already been referred to. But Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning jenny," died in but middling circumstances. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule" frame, which has carried the art of spinning yarn to its greatest perfection, died in poverty, notwithstanding a Parliamentary grant of 5,000*l.* in 1812, which melted away through the misfortunes of his sons in the business which by means of this grant he established. Lastly, the late Mr William Radcliffe, of Stockport (whose death occurred only last year), the inventor of the "dressing machines," and veritable father of the "power-loom" system, for, until the epoch of that invention, the power loom was powerless and impracticable, perished in almost abject poverty, a fact reflecting no small discredit on the opulent manufacturers of Manchester, who, after plundering him of his invention by the unscrupulous appropriation of which they enriched themselves, might surely have left a few crumbs from their own overloaded tables to comfort the old age and penury of the man they contributed to sink into pauperism. Nor indeed is such a melancholy fact more creditable to a great nation, or a Government wielding its destinies. The Board of Trade, or the Treasury, did indeed—we record the fact with the deepest feelings of sorrow and shame—at the last moment, through some indirect application, award the beggarly sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. Fast progressing towards his eightieth year, and borne down by age, misfortunes, and infirmity, when the intelligence of this munificent token of national remembrance was broken to him, it proved too much for the suffering old man; it was like mockery upon misery; and poor Mr Radcliffe drew his last breath on the very day, it is said, but if not, within one or two days after; the one hundred and fifty pounds came opportunely and mercifully to provide a coffin and grave-stone for the dead, and save him from the scandal of a parish pauper burial.

—*Ten Towns Messenger.*

COSMORAMA, DIORAMIC AND PANORAMIC EXHIBITION,
REGENT STREET.

THIS agreeable exhibition comprises eight views,—Athens, Bregbentz, Mont Blanc, Isola Bella (upon the Lake Maggiore), Interior of St Peter's at Rome, Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Interhachen, and Mount St Bernard. It was our good fortune to be present at this exhibition in company with ladies and gentlemen who had visited most of the above places, and the admiration excited by scenes so truthfully depicted appeared no mean compliment to the artists and others concerned in the getting up of this exhibition. It only requires to be better known to insure that success which the talent displayed ought to command.

MODEL OF ST PETER'S,
PALLMALL.

FOURTEEN years, we are informed, have been devoted to the completion of the beautiful work of art here presented. It is constructed by scale, so as to give the exact proportions of the vast original. When the eye has been feasted on its noble walls and heaven-aspiring dome, by a very ingenious contrivance it opens behind, and the visitor is gratified with a view of the interior, of the chair of St Peter, and all the superb ornaments which the taste and liberality of almost countless generations have supplied to render this superb edifice complete.

The Witch of Matlock.—Poor Phoebe Bown, who has lately been mentioned in the papers, though she believed herself to be endowed with the powers of a witch, had little "female witchery" about her. Extraordinary powers she certainly had, and on more than one occasion she put them forth to the confusion of some of the ruder sex, not by bewitching, but by belabouring the offender. The visitor of Matlock of from fifteen to forty years since will not fail to remember Phoebe, her singular mode of dress, consisting partly of male and partly of female attire, from its very oddity attracting general attention. Phoebe herself was, however, a far greater piece of singularity than her dress, and when we mention a few only of her daily avocations, this will easily be believed. She was reckoned an expert breaker of horses intended for the use of ladies, and possessed besides a knowledge of agricultural affairs in general, considerable skill in the selection of live stock, and her opinion in the department of cattle breeding was frequently required. Phoebe was enthusiastically attached to music, nor was her knowledge in this branch confined to one instrument alone. She was a pleasing, if not a very

scientific, performer on her favourite instrument the flute, and was almost equally at home on the harpichord and violoncello, on which instrument she accompanied the choir at Matlock church for several years. From a comfortable little independency the poor dame, in declining years, became chargeable to Matlock parish, and she still occupies a poor cottage at Matlock town. Phœbe is (to use a word recently designated in the House of Lords as "very learned") a decided monomaniac, her mania being, however, of a very harmless description, and consisting chiefly in the belief that she is able to perform miracles by means of witchcraft, these miracles relating chiefly to the discovery of hidden treasure. She had latterly got hold of a new crotchet, namely, that she should die on the 4th of May, and some weeks ago, on a lady and gentleman of our acquaintance calling on her, and attempting to ridicule the prophecy, she produced a suit of grave clothes of a peculiar fashion, which she had recently made in anticipation of the event which she so positively prognosticated. From no announcement of her death having appeared, it is to be supposed that poor Phœbe still lives.

GARDENING HINTS.

Kitchen Garden and Orchard.

PLANT out young crops, thin and prick out others, and look diligently after slugs and snails. Every moth and butterfly should be as carefully destroyed as wasps.

Broccoli, Cauliflower, and other plants of the cabbage tribe from the early seed beds, may now be planted for autumn use.

Succession Crops will now show if your sowings have been judiciously timed. Mark out any probable defects, and, if practicable, rectify them.

Potatoes.—The early ones will now be forward enough to have the soil well stirred between them.

Peas and Beans.—After you have pinched out the tops of the first crops, give them a good watering, and if with liquid manure all the better; do not yet use hard spring water.

Orchard.—Trees on the walls now require attention. Nail many of the strong young shoots of pear trees. If you do not choose to leave them to bear you may reduce them after the end of July. Peach trees, like melon plants, should be carefully thinned. Kill the caterpillars.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

In-door Department.

Greenhouse.—With the exception of the common routine of watering and syringing, the next thing of importance to greenhouse plants now in active growth, is to form them into handsome specimens—

some by training, others by pruning, or rather stopping. One of the greatest faults committed against young, promising specimens, is to let them flower too early.

Pits.—If you have a full supply of autumn-flowering plants to succeed the annuals, you will now make use of these pits for a good old cabbage rose on Christmas day. Take up half a dozen pots from the reserve ground, and plunge them in old tan, sand, or anything else in one of your cold pits, and treat them like heaths till next August, when you may turn them out under a north wall; prune in September, and introduce to a forcing-pit on the 1st of October.

Out-door Department.

Planting the Beds.—The grand points are, after all, to have suitable soils in the beds; to have a succession of plants for replacing deaths, or those going out of flower; and never to have gaps in the beds till the end of the season.

Vegetable Marrow.—Gardeners are apt to withhold their vegetable marrow till it is not worth bringing to table. It should never exceed three inches in length. Under that size they may be boiled whole; but if as large, they must be divided once, and all the seeds be removed. Throw a little salt into the water to keep them green, and boil them in the same manner as asparagus, serving them upon a toast with melted butter.

POPE INNOCENT'S LETTER TO PHILLIP AUGUSTUS.

BEFORE Pope Innocent issued his interdict against Phillip Augustus, he thought it proper to address an admonitory epistle to the offending King. He accordingly wrote as follows:—

"Thou knowest the power of the Pontiffs; thou knowest that it governs kings and crowns. Nothing can withdraw thy actions from the bosom of that church, which God has placed on earth as a tower to defend the good and overawe the wicked. Separate thyself, then, from the woman to whom thou hast united thyself; she is not thy wife but thy concubine. Thou hast been already commanded to do so by my predecessor, but thou hast not attended to his words. This example is fatal. Many will follow it, for it comes from too high a quarter not to be observed. A second marriage is always the cause of great sorrow. God punishes already the scandal, by the war and famine which prevail in thy kingdom. It is affirmed that Agnes is thy relative; thy children will therefore be incestuous. I am resolved to use the greatest rigour towards thee and thine. The thunders of the church are ready; they will fall on thee."

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—‘On upright Fossil Trees found in the Coal Strata of Cumberland, Nova Scotia,’ by Mr Lyell.—These trees were first noticed by Mr Brown, of Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, who published an account of them. They are now seen at many different levels. Their trunks extend through different strata, but are always broken off at a certain height, and they terminate at their lower extremities in beds of coal or shale, but never in sandstone. They have barks furrowed in a similar manner to those of the fossil trees from the Bolton railway. They are placed very accurately at right angles to the planes of stratification, which are generally inclined at an angle of 24° . At South Joggins there are nineteen seams of coal, some of them bearing fossil trees. These trees vary in length, from six to twenty feet, and in diameter from fourteen inches to four feet. In the beds above the last seams of coal and vertical trees, there are two strata of dark bituminous calcareous shale, containing shells of *Modiola* and *Cypris* in great numbers, and probably of freshwater origin. At South Joggins there are seventeen upright trees, and Mr Lyell believes there are ten distinct beds, one above another, in which their roots terminate. They extend over a space of from two to three miles, from north to south; and, according to Dr Gesner, more than twice that distance from east to west. *Stigmaria* are abundant in some of these coal measures, with their leaves attached and sometimes spreading. Mr Lyell also gives an account of a bed of erect *Calamites*, discovered by Mr Dawson in the coalfield at Pictou.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Mr R. Barker, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported to the Council that agreeably with the order of the Council, the Committee had purchased 1,000*l.* in the New 3½ per Cents. in the name of the Trustees of the Society; the total amount of the Society’s stock in the funds now amounting to 7,700*l.*, with a current cash balance at the bankers, at the end of the previous month, of 1,204*l.* The names of forty-nine members, whose subscription was in arrear, were ordered to be expunged from the list of the Society. The Society’s prize of fifty sovereigns for the best essay on the drainage of land, was unanimously adjudged to the essay of Mr T. Arkell, of Pen Hill Farm, Cold Harbour, near Swindon, Wiltshire.

Reviews.

Guide to Hayling Island. Spencer.

THIS is a very pretty little book, most abundantly illustrated. It will be found

very useful to those who visit the new watering place, which is described to possess many advantages. Fine air, beautiful prospects, and cheap and luxurious living, are all promised to those who resort to it. Though there is some appearance of haste in the compilation, it contains much that is amusing. Our readers will be struck with the account of a stone sarcophagus and its contents, found in 1817 at Avisford Hill:—

“It appears that this curious relic was discovered in a field near the dwelling-house of General Sir W. Houston, at Avisford Hill. The discovery originated in the circumstance of a man making a hole with an iron crowbar in the earth, for the purpose of setting up hurdles to inclose sheep, which bar met with repeated resistance at about six inches deep. This circumstance induced the man, with assistance, to clear away the surface, when they perceived a stone, similar to the grit-stone found near Petworth; it measured in length four feet, breadth one foot eight inches, and eight inches thick, forming the covering of a solid stone chest or coffer; which being taken off, the inside proved to be neatly hollowed out in an oblong square, nearly four feet in length, and eighteen inches deep; the sides of the coffer were four inches in thickness. The objects which presented themselves consisted of pottery of the coarse light red kind, and colour of common flower-pots. There were two red earthen basins, the size of large breakfast-cups, placed in saucers; six plates of the same coarse ware, the size of dessert-plates; nine others, smaller; two earthen candlesticks, six inches high; two earthen jugs of a globular shape, eight inches in diameter, with a teapot-shaped handle attached to them, and a narrow neck that would not admit a finger; another jug of the same size, with a handle and spout like a creampot. In a circular saucer, engraved all round the edge, and with a handle, was placed a smooth oval pebble, very hard, of the colour and transparency of a white currant, and of the size and exact shape of a pigeon’s egg. In another saucer of the same coarse ware, was placed a black hard stone, perfectly round, the size of a nutmeg. Another saucer contained a flat oyster-shell; near to which was a dish containing a thin glass lachrymatory, the size and shape of a Bergamot pear, with two small glass handles. In four of the smaller dishes, was a fragment of bone of a chalkish calcined white; but the most beautiful object that stood in the centre of this service of ancient crockery, consisted of an elegant flat-bottomed square glass bottle, twelve inches high by eight inches broad, of a light transparent sea-green colour, very thick, and nearly full of calcined bones; this bottle had a handle attached to one of its sides, and fastened to a circular neck about two inches and a half high, the opening of which neck would scarcely admit the hand of a child into the bottle; this handle was beautifully reeded. At the end of this coffer, in the corners, were two inverted conic brackets; upon each stood an earthen lamp, coarsely

designed and executed; at the bottom, at the other end, were a pair of sandals, apparently for a small foot, studded all over the heels and soles with hexagonal-headed brass-nails, placed similarly to those in country-men's shoes."

The Young Milliner. By Mrs Stone, Cunningham and Mortimer.

A sort of complaint has been made against this work, that it is written with a view to do good, that instead of being purely imaginary it is founded on facts which are commonplace, that its pages are intended to present realities rather than pictures. Alas, for the truth! If it be really the case that such mournful scenes as we have here are commonplace in a Christian country, we do not see that they can be too frequently exposed by authors, who know how to give interest to the narratives they print. It is mournful to reflect what a fearful price of suffering, is paid for the cheap finery which bedizens the thoughtless and the gay. We fear the evil is too formidable to be put down by novel writers; but the wish, though impotent, is not to be scorned, and that which tends to make a grievance generally known, has been in many cases found to lead to its abatement.

Mrs Stone has depicted for the most part, with much force, the sorrows and temptations to which females in humble life are exposed. She exhibits the weak struggling heart urged by suffering to sin, and betrayed by sin to greater misery. In doing this, she has sometimes displayed great pathos, but occasionally she has deteriorated her story by using words which we do not remember to have seen before, and sometimes she has negligently allowed repetitions to pass which one stroke of her pen could have removed. In page 240, in the course of thirteen lines, we find the word "push" five times. This is, of course, merely an oversight, but it ought to have been corrected.

The newspapers have mysteriously given out that there exists a person in the west end who is in the habit of answering the advertisements of governesses and other female candidates for genteel situations, in order to become improperly intimate with them. A fellow somewhat of this class, is introduced, and some of his odious peculiarities are forcibly painted. Indeed, a lady could not safely venture further. We shall offer a touching extract. It gives the meeting of two friends, one of whom had been inveigled away from a fond mother, by the vile agent of the wretch we have described. The wanderer Bessy, it should be mentioned, had become almost frantic from want before she left her parent, and in doing so, her object was to relieve the distress of that parent:—

"As she reached the corner of the bridge,

just where some steps lead into New Palace yard, she was suddenly stopped by Bessy, so beautifully dressed, that she did not at the moment know her. Her first impulse was to turn hastily away; but in the next instant, with a bitter feeling of self-blame, she turned to her friend and accosted her kindly. Bessy needed kindness: she looked wretchedly ill, and her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Ah, Ellen, you are come at last: how I have watched for you. I've stood here for hours these three Sundays to see you."

"And what do you want with me, Bessy?"

"I want to know how my mother is, and where she is. I ventured to steal past Mrs Jones's once, and the shutter was up; so I saw she had left there, and I was not surprised at that. Where is she gone?"

"Ah, Bessy, you might guess: to the workhouse."

Bessy staggered: Ellen saw she was ghastly pale, and taking hold of her, drew her aside to a corner where she might lean against the wall.

"What has my mother gone there for?" asked Bessy, at length.

"Where else could she go, Bessy; where else do you suppose she could go? She had no heart to work after you left her."

"Of course not: but I sent her money."

"She never got it."

"Bessy wrung her hands.

"Ellen, I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but I swear to you that it was to save my mother from the workhouse that I did what I have done. And I was ill, Ellen; so bad in a fever, that for two or three days the doctor thought I should have died; but I never forgot my mother all the time—never. And they told me again and again, that they had sent her the money—that she had got it; and so I believed them—like a fool. I see it all now—it was only to quieten me—for he has deceived me from the first. But, indeed, Ellen," concluded Bessy, bursting into tears, "indeed, indeed, I thought more of my mother than myself."

"I do believe it, Bessy, love," said Ellen, crying also: "but indeed, you did very wrong."

"Yes, I know that now: but then we were so ill off, and so unhappy; and Colonel Sparling made it look so different when he talked to me—and you know how he can talk, Ellen."

"I know, Bessy."

"Yes: you said he often came to Madame Mineau's."

"He! who came? what did I say?"

"Why, that day he stopped us so in the park; and you blushed, and were so short with him; and spoke so pettishly when I admired him."

"Bessy, love," said Ellen, on whom the whole truth now flashed, 'you are deceived altogether: that man is no Colonel, nor is his name Sparring, his name is Godfrey; he has often been to Madame Mineau's, and I always hated the sight of him, for I felt sure he was a bad man. Leave him, Bessy, dearest: leave him at once.'

"Nay, Ellen: if he will take my mother out of the workhouse, and keep her in comfort; and perhaps he did really send the money, and the mistake has been elsewhere.'

"No, Bessy, love, no: there has been no mistake: rely upon it he never sent the money.'

"I will see, Ellen. Good night."

THE WHITE-SHOULDERED WOOLEN MOTH;

Tinea sarcitella of Linnaeus.

DURING a portion of the spring, summer, and autumn months, we often find in our houses, especially in the bed-rooms, a moth sitting upon the windows, and elsewhere, with its wings folded, and resting flat upon its back. This is the female, the male is smaller; it is of a dull grey colour, shining like silk, and on touching it, the little slippery scales come off; the head and thorax are covered with white scales, and this alone will distinguish it from allied species; the antennæ are like short bristles, but ciliated in the male; and the palpi are slender, curved upward, and pointed; the upper wings are rather long and narrow, grey, mottled with brown, having a patch at the base, and another on the pinnion edge; and there are four brown spots around the disc, more or less distinct; the apex is margined with white spots, and a beautiful long fringe; the underwings are silky grey, narrow, and lanceolate, the entire margin beautifully ciliated; the abdomen is ochreous white, the apex is pointed in the female, the legs are spotted with black, the hinder long, especially the tibiæ, which are also very hairy. These moths likewise inhabit gardens, outhouses, granaries, stables, woollen and fur warehouses, &c., and are most abundant in July. The female lays her eggs upon clothes and woollen articles; and when the little maggots hatch they begin to feed upon them, eating off the surface, and forming cases of the particles to live in; when they are full grown, they change within their cases to a brown chrysalis, from which the moths again issue at their appointed time. Clothes cannot correctly be said to be moth-eaten, as it is the caterpillars which do the mischief; they are soft and whitish, a little inclining to yellow, sparingly clothed with long hairs; the head is chesnut-brown and horny, with little horns and jaws; the first thoracic segment is also horny, and similar in

colour, but paler; they have six pectoral, eight abdominal, and two anal feet. If clothes be shut up in drawers or dark closets for any length of time, they are sure to suffer from the attacks of these and similar larvæ; and if the situation be damp, it is so much the more suited to their tastes, for they commit most extensive depredations in barns, stables, and seed-stores; sacks are sometimes strongly cemented together by their larvæ; corks are found with the caterpillars in them; they do much mischief in wine-cellars, by eating round the sides of the corks, close to the necks of the bottles. It is remarkable they should feed upon such very different substances; and, in addition to the foregoing, M. Duponchel says they live upon the boletus of the birch, and of other trees, as well as in rotten wood; and in Germany they have been detected generating amongst blotting paper, in a paper warehouse.

OPINIONS OF THE FACULTY ON THE FORTWATE TERMINATION OF MR BRUNEL'S CASE.

"THIS Brunel is a strange young blade,"
Said Dr Slop, "it seems to me,
That he should have a throast so made,
He cannot swallow half a fee."

Said Bolus, "Now that he's relieved,
I must suppose he is a flat,
Since having half a fee received,
He lets us do him out of that."

"There," Dr Slop returned, "I hear
He has not against reason sinn'd,
Because he found it interfere
So much with raising of the wind."

Or else the scientific lad,
Supposed the coin was only brass;
At least concluded it was bad,
Because he found it would not pass."

Quiz.

The Gathert.

Marriage of the Siamese Youths.—Eng and Chang, the indissolubly-united brothers; who were formerly exhibited in London, a New York paper announces to have married two sisters of the name of Yeates. Many speculations are afloat as to what the fruits of such a union may prove, and the fair brides are not spared by the press.

Sublime Matrimonial Contract.—At the assizes at Leeds, in 1790, a lady brought an action of damages against a young gentleman, for a breach of promise. The jury found for the lady, with 200*l*. The contract on which the action was grounded was as follows: "As love is the sublimest of passions, and has been the universal conqueror of mankind, we are not ashamed to own its influence, and do hereby agree to unite our hands and hearts in the silken bands of matrimony."

Mr Brunel.—This gentleman, who was in danger of losing his life from a half sovereign having passed into the *trachea*, has at length been relieved. By lowering the head, after many unsuccessful efforts, and producing a cough, the coin was brought out from the mouth, and all danger is happily at an end. It was on the 3rd of April that the accident occurred, and on the 13th instant the evil was removed.

Increased Trade with China.—It is gratifying to learn that as yet the Chinese have given no proof of their entertaining those treacherous designs against the outer barbarians which report asserted to be theirs. Those who are well acquainted with China and the Chinese character, are of opinion that our commercial relations with them may be very beneficially extended. "I have traversed China," said Sir George Staunton, in the late debate in the House of Commons, "from north to south in two successive embassies, and I resided for some years in a public capacity under the Company at Canton; I am therefore enabled to give my testimony, that the Chinese, from the greatest to the least, are willing to take, and are able to consume British manufactures to a very great extent, and that nothing is wanting but a careful and vigilant system of commercial intercourse upon our part. But (adds Sir George) we must have nothing to say to the opium trade; we must not offend the public opinion of that empire, and the determined purpose of the Emperor himself, by that odious and immoral traffic."

How to make Eau de Cologne.—To some of our readers the following genuine recipe, which we believe has never transpired in this country, will be valuable. It is that of Johan Maria Farina. We give it in the original French to guard against any error in translation:—

"Deux litres, esprít de vin rectifié 33 degres.

- 2 gros essence de neroli fin legros.
- 4 " de citron.
- 4 " cedrat fin.
- 4 " essence de Bergamotte.
- 2 " essence de Romacim."

Mix the whole together, and the ordinary sized bottle of fine Eau de Cologne will cost only a few pence.—Ed.

Making Peace with the Sea.—On the 18th of May, the Gentoos go in procession to the sea shore, dancing, singing, and offering up prayers: they then proceed to throw cocoa nuts into the sea, in token of amity. It is an article of their belief, that a good and merciful spirit resides in every part of the universe, and they think that he receives their offerings with complacency, and is rendered propitious by their prayers. This ceremony performed,

they suppose they can safely venture on the ocean.

Ancient Custom on the Occasion of an Accouchement.—In some parts of Germany and northern France, the peasantry were assembled upon certain occasions, as the lying-in of their lady, to beat the water in the ponds and ditches, in order to silence the frogs.

Rhubarb Wine.—To every pound of rhubarb stalks, when bruised, put a quart of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirring it twice a day; then press, and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon of the liquor put $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of good loaf sugar; barrel it, and to every five gallons add a bottle of white brandy, hang a piece of isinglass in the vessel suspended on a string, and stop it up close; in six months, if the sweetness is off sufficiently, bottle it for use, otherwise let it stand in the cask a longer time.

—A fancy fair was given at Streatham, for the benefit of that valuable charity, the St Ann's School, on two days this week. Every effort was made to render the day varied and delightful. We hope it efficiently assisted the funds of the institution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Poets of the Commonwealth,' 'Scientific Steam-making,' and several other articles, are unavoidably postponed.

Mr Twinn's productions are too "hastily penned," or he would hardly allow "wreathes" to stand as a rhyme for "leaves." If not carefully written, sonnets are not to our taste.

A sonnet must contain only fourteen lines. Mr Somner's thoughts are good, but his rhymes are too incorrect to meet the public eye.

We reply to X. X. that Dalby's Carminative is composed of magnesia 40 grains, compound tincture of cardamoms 30 drops, oil of peppermint $\frac{1}{2}$ drop, oil of nutmeg 2 drops, of anised 3 drops, of tincture of opium 5 drops, of asafoetida 15 drops, of castor oil 3 drops, spirit of pennyroyal 15 drops, peppermint water 2 ounces.

S.—Roche's Embrocation for the Hooping Cough: Olive oil, with about half the quantity of oil of cloves and amber mixed together.

"One who has been taken in."—We should advise our correspondent, before he makes large purchases, to get the oils analysed. He may find out whether the essential oils have been adulterated in the following simple manner:—Let a drop fall on a piece of clear writing paper, and expose the same to a gentle heat. If the oil is pure all will be evaporated and no trace remain; if mixed with olive oil an oil spot will be seen. If the adulteration should have been made with alcohol, mix a portion of the oil with water, and immediately a milky whiteness is produced, owing to the abstraction of the alcohol from the oil and its mixing with the water. If the spirit of turpentine has been added the smell will detect it, as the smell of the turpentine will remain longer than that of the essential oil.

Silex must ask us his question so that we may understand him.

S. A. is a ninny.

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OF

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Original Communications.

THE SHRINE OF BONAPARTE.

The Napoleon room recently opened in Baker street, is one of the most superb apartments in the world. Not only are its embellishments in fine taste, but they present numerous memorials of an extraordinary captain, once "the dread and wonder" of the world; objects which memory and imagination equally delight to cherish.

The readers of 'The Mirror' were lately presented with a pictorial representation of the cot or cradle of the King of Rome. The bed on which the father died is now submitted. As was recently observed, though much has been written on the sub-

ject of Bonaparte, much remains to be told, and the singularly interesting assemblage of relics exposed to public view in this matchless exhibition, furnishes materials for reflection, and draws attention to some incidents not heretofore known.

That these valuable objects have been preserved for British inspection, is a circumstance not a little remarkable. Napoleon seems to have been anxious they should not pass from his family. In his will the following bequest appears:—

"I bequeath to my son the boxes, orders, and other articles; such as my plate, field bed, saddles, spurs, chapel plate, books, linen, which I have been accustomed to wear and use, according to the list (A) annexed. It is my wish that this slight be-

x

quest may be dear to him, as coming from a father of whom the whole world will remind him."

In the list referred to, a number of articles are mentioned, with directions respecting different portions to the Abbe Vignali and Count Bernard, to convey them to his son when he should be sixteen years of age. By some chance they never reached their destination.

How this happened is not known with certainty. It has been supposed that the late Emperor of Austria did not wish the young Prince to receive such a legacy. They, in consequence, passed into the hands of his mother, and at her death the whole of the property intended for young Napoleon was divided among the brothers and sisters of Bonaparte. The portion which fell to Lucian's share was sent to him at the Villa Etruria, St John's wood. When he died it came into the possession of a Miss Gordon, from whom it passed to the present proprietors. The coronation robes, it may be proper to mention, were expelled from Notre Dame. Such a memorial of Napoleon could not be endured in that temple where once he had been almost worshipped.

The bed, boltster, and iron bedstead on which the effigy reposes, are the identical bed, &c., on which Napoleon breathed his last. During his illness it was thought desirable to bleed him with leeches. The blood so drawn from him flowed largely on the bed, and the stain remains visible.

Bonaparte appears not exactly as he was in his dying moments, but as, by his own desire, he was subsequently attired. He died in his night clothes; but after he was no more, the remains were dressed in the chasseur's uniform, in which he is now represented. The scene is therefore actually that which was witnessed at St Helena. The bed and bedstead may be intrinsically worth 20*l.*; they cost the present owner no less than 550*l.*

Some evidences are afforded by the objects here preserved of the personal habits of Bonaparte. They contradict several of the notions supposed to have been taken up on unquestionable authority.

Bonaparte used snuff, but he was not that slovenly wholesale snuff-taker that he was represented to be on our minor stage. Mr Gomersal used to exhibit him as taking it almost by the handful out of his waistcoat-pocket. That such was not his practice, at least in his latter days, we have convincing proof from the identical clothes that he wore, which are here preserved, and we find his waistcoat had no pocket for snuff or for anything else. In his habits he was remarkably cleanly.

There are many other objects which deserve notice, and which will well repay a visit. Among them the sword worn by Bonaparte in Egypt; a gold snuff-box and

ring, presented to his brother Lucian on their reconciliation after his return from Elba, and the cloak in which he appeared on the field on the memorable day of Marengo. Apart from "The Shrine," in another room, is the celebrated carriage captured at Waterloo. This is still reviewed with intense interest. Its bullet-proof pannels, and its admirable contrivance to make it for an Emperor like the cobbler's stall, "which served him for parlour, kitchen, and all," may be viewed over and over again. The history of its capture, when victory declared for England and her allies at Waterloo, may not be remembered. It will, at all events, bear repetition.

"At the entrance of Jenappe, Major Von Keller met the travelling carriage of Bonaparte with six horses. The postillions and the two leaders were killed by the bayonets of the fusileers. The Major then cut down the coachman, and forced open the door of the carriage. At that moment he observed Bonaparte mount a horse on the opposite side. In his precipitation Napoleon let fall his hat, sword, and mantle, which were sent to Blucher the next morning."

The Major took possession of the carriage, and afterwards brought it to England himself. On its arrival it was presented to George IV, who ordered Major Von Keller to receive 3,000 guineas as a present. Mr Ballock had sold his Majesty some pictures and many articles of vertu. The King had a great respect for him, and in consequence he permitted him to purchase the carriage for 2,500 guineas. This, we believe, was in fact allowing him to purchase a noble fortune.

"BILLY AND JENNY," OR SOUVENIRS OF HOGARTH AND HIS LADY.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE MIRROR.'

SIR,—To produce those graphic comedies with which Hogarth delighted the world required, it need hardly be stated, great exercise of thought. Absorbed in studying the effects which he desired to realise, he was frequently, with his eyes open, as much withdrawn from what was passing immediately about him, as if he had been buried in profound sleep. He exhibited the figure of a man, walking and moving in various ways, with no recollection of what had just transpired, and no perception of what was instantly to follow.

His biographers mention, that being at the Mansion House one day, he forgot that his own carriage was waiting, and not being able to find a hackney coach, walked home in a storm of rain. Mrs Chapel mentions a case in which he was equally oblivious. Having written a note to Garrick, instead of folding the sheet on which he had put what he had to say, he folded or rolled up

the quire to which it had belonged and sent it to the manager. The Comedian, surprised at receiving such a *billet*, replied with some epigrammatic pleasantry, which is not known to have been preserved.

Another remarkable instance of absence was often spoken of. Hogarth was going out to dinner on some occasion, and was about to change his dress. He and Mrs Hogarth were standing near a fire to which she was holding a shirt, which he was to wear, in order to air it. His mind was engaged as usual, and instead of taking the warm shirt and repairing with it to his dressing room, he threw off the upper portion of his attire where he then was, and the shirt which he was to take off, he actually threw on the fire, when the exclamation from the lady of "Billy, Billy, what are you doing?" recalled him to act something more like a "man of this world."

The attacks made on his 'Sigismunda' long occupied much of public attention. It was said they hurt his feelings much at the time, and that Mrs Hogarth resented them as bitterly as ever after he was in his grave. Horace Walpole especially incurred her displeasure by the manner in which he had dealt with that painting. On this subject a contemptible insinuation was thrown out, by one commentator to bring in a line from Virgil, that she could not help feeling anger on account of "a despised form." Hers was no form to be despised, and it is probable that she knew Walpole by reputation too well to court his praise. There was, however, something behind which may account for the sensibility of Hogarth as well as for the feelings of the lady.

In speaking on this subject, the hero of Strawberry hill says,—

"After many essays Hogarth at last produced his 'Sigismunda,' but no more like Sigismunda, than I to Hercules. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned to holy despair."

Having thus told what had not been portrayed, he proceeded to tell what Hogarth had depicted, and in doing this in no choice language he represented Sigismunda to be in appearance a coarse, maudlin, inebriated, low wanton. The singular history of the circumstances under which this picture was produced, will at once show how intolerably offensive the manner in which it was handled must have been to the artist as well as to his lady.

The mother of Mrs Hogarth, of whom she was exceedingly fond, was no more. The remains had been placed in a coffin preparatory to interment, when Mrs Hogarth withdrew unseen, as she supposed, to weep over the loved form of a parent whom, after a few hours, even in death she could never behold again. She was

thus breathing her sorrows over the departed, when Hogarth found himself in the next apartment, and saw, through a small hole in the intervening wainscot, how his afflicted partner was engaged. Her distress, to him, appeared most interesting; and, from what he then saw, he made his drawing of 'Sigismunda.' This was the real origin of the picture.

It is easy to imagine that a portrait which affection had produced, of a beloved wife overwhelmed with virtuous sorrow, ought, in the estimation of the artist, to have been treated with more consideration. The scurrility of which it was made the subject was not only an affront to the artist, but an outrage to the husband and the man.

And the lady could not but experience bitter indignation when the heartless scoffer, Walpole, tried how far insolent derision could be carried, in speaking of 'Sigismunda.' Was it vanity in her that made her revolt from ridicule poured on a picture in which a kind and lamented husband had desired to perpetuate her features? Could she, accustomed as she had been to see his labours welcomed with shouts of applause from the public, brook that it should be said not merely that he had failed, but failed so egregiously, that instead of love, dignity, and devotion, he had only portrayed all that the worst of the sex could exhibit in their moments of intoxication? Could she, with justice to herself or with justice to him, have pardoned such a criticism on 'Sigismunda'?

"The most violent and virulent abuse," says Hogarth himself, "thrown on 'Sigismunda,' was from a set of miscreants with whom I am proud of being ever at war—I mean the expounders of old pictures. I have been sometimes told they were beneath my notice. This is true of them individually; but as they have access to people of rank, who seem as happy in being cheated as these merchants are in cheating them, they have the power of doing much mischief to modern artists. However mean the vender of poisons, the mineral is destructive. To me its operation was troublesome enough."

It is not generally known that Hogarth's death was awfully sudden; that he was about to receive the honour of knighthood, and that had he lived one day longer he would have died Sir William Hogarth.

All these facts are, however, very distinctly told by my aged informant. I will give the details as they had been repeated to her.

George the Third admired the matchless talent of Hogarth; and signified his pleasure to honour him with a mark of royal favour. No obstacle remained to be overcome; and on the 25th of October, 1764, the anniversary of that monarch's accession,

it was arranged that the painter should be made a knight.

On the day before his intended advancement he went in his carriage to Chiswick, with Mrs Lewis, a lady residing with them, who was related to the family, and a most estimable person. He took with him the court dress which he intended to wear in the presence of his sovereign. He seemed in good health and spirits, and in the afternoon tried on his finery, that the ladies might see what sort of a figure he should make at court. In the evening he was to return to London with Mrs Lewis; the town air did not agree with Mrs Hogarth and she remained at Chiswick.

"I and Mary," said he, "will go to town, and I shall get a good night's rest to prepare for the morrow."

He took Mrs Hogarth in the carriage to some ladies named Le Sage, residing in what were called the New Buildings, bade her good night, and proceeded to his town residence. Arrived at Leicester square, he told Mrs Lewis he would have a couple of eggs for his supper and then go to bed in good time. This was done, and he retired early to his bed, which he was then to enter for the last time.

He had not been in his chamber more than an hour or two when his bell was heard; a moment after it was again rung, and with violence. Mrs Lewis awoke, and feared that Mr Hogarth was ill. The bell did not continue to ring. In his agony and impatience for aid he had broken the rope or crank, and could give no further alarm. Mrs Lewis, however, was soon at his bedside. On seeing her he exclaimed, "Hot water! Hot water!" This was all he could say; and in a short time, his head leaning on her shoulder, he expired.— "In the midst of life we are in death!"

On a *post-mortem* examination taking place, "the bursting of a polypus in his throat," said the old lady, "was declared to be the immediate cause of his decease."

He was buried in Chiswick churchyard. Garrick attended as one of his mourners, and was said, by those who were present, to have been deeply affected, and to have wept bitterly while following the remains of his friend to their last resting place.— I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

TRUTH.

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS.
OR THE BROKEN SWORD AND THE BROKEN
CANE.

(Continued from page 313.)

SUCH a visit, at such an hour, was most unusual. "The sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was in an instant exiled from his pillow.

He started up, and saw the Governor, attended by two gloomy-looking assistants, whose portentous faces were, in the words

of a later occupant of the Bastille, like those of "Rubens's executioners." Doubtful what their errand might be at that season, he gazed on them in breathless silence.

"Marquis," said the Governor, "you must rise."

"Rise! For what?"

"You are to have an airing to night."

"What do you mean?"

"Attire yourself without delay. I have no explanation to give. My orders must be obeyed."

In great confusion Puygilhem put on his clothes.

The object of their coming he could not comprehend, but the tone in which he had been addressed very plainly told that remonstrance or inquiry would be useless. Though much disturbed, he ventured on no complaint.

"Was not," inquired one of the companions of the chief, in what seemed to the prisoner a tone of irony, "the Marquis anxious to see one of the *oubliettes*? Perhaps he could now be gratified."

"Before the night is out, possibly," replied the Governor, "but not immediately; at least not till after his journey."

Thus speaking, his three visitors exchanged looks perfectly intelligible to each other, and the Marquis believed that he could explain them too well. He perceived an air of ferocious mockery that exulted in the melancholy fate reserved for their victim. Such, he more than suspected, he was destined to be.

The apprehension which had taken possession of his mind, was not dispelled by the next speech addressed to him. Being completely dressed, the Governor said—

"I have no wish to offer you the slightest offence, but I must bandage your eyes, Marquis."

The looks of the prisoner indicated wild apprehension, bordering on despair. Resistance was not to be thought of. His eyes were darkened and his hands were bound.

"Now, this way."

"Whither am I going?" he asked in a faltering tone.

"On that subject I have nothing to communicate," was the Governor's reply.

They passed through a series of passages, and the Marquis felt the fresh air blow upon him.

"Are we not out of the fortress?" Puygilhem demanded.

"We are near the fosse. But come, step on; a vehicle is waiting for you. Our orders are to let you have an airing."

"But am I to return?"

"That," said the Governor with significant emphasis, "I do not know."

Anxious as he had been to quit the Bastille, Puygilhem shuddered at the idea that he might return to it no more.

The carriage into which he was assisted moved on. Whether it went straight forward, or turned about, in his then situation he could not determine. From all that he had heard or seen he could augur nothing but evil. The words of the Governor, which but for a few short hours before cheered him inexpressibly, now occurred to him as having been uttered in mockery. He could fancy the acquiescence which had been given to the wish he had expressed to look on one of those dungeons in which murder was formerly perpetrated, had in it something sinister. That "the steeled gaoler is seldom a friend to man," he had not thus to learn. The Governor affecting joy at his coming liberation had, so it struck him, only exulted over that consummation of woe which he knew to be at hand. He had sported with the wretch he was about to crush, as the cat gives her prey the momentary joy of escape, allows the tiny captive to exult for an instant in recovered liberty, then seizes and destroys.

"For me, for me," he sighed, "no morrow's sun shall rise. The lark will soar to heaven, the fields exult in verdant beauty as the soft breezes of spring sport over them, but I shall enjoy the bright assemblage no more. My late associates will rejoice in all that luxury and mirth can offer. They will ask for Puygilhem, while I shall moulder in an unknown grave, denied even, while thus prematurely gathered to my fathers, to mix my dust with theirs."

The brief, unsatisfactory answers which he received to the few interrogatories he had ventured to put, forbade him to multiply them. He was persuaded that the heartless companions of his progress would only refuse to reply, or reply but to mislead.

Such were the miserable reflections which occupied his mind as in silence and in darkness the carriage passed on. Were good intended, it was quite clear to him that his removal would not have taken place under such circumstances, and at such an hour.

The carriage still proceeded. At length it stopped, and he was helped out of it. Two of the attendants of the Governor took hold of each arm, and he passed up a considerable number of steps. He suspected that he had been conveyed to another distant prison, but he could not be certain that he was not again in the Bastille.

While in this state of uncertainty his arm was gently tapped. The touch, so different from that of the coarse hands which had lately approached him, he instantly conceived to be that of a female. Like light bursting on darkness, the unlooked-for presence of woman always sheds a ray of comfort on man, as the

dove which brought the green leaf to the lonely ark, tossed on the wide world of waters, gave goodly promise that the horrors of the deluge were about to subside. Something like hope revived within him. The gentle pressure was repeated. He paused in breathless expectation.

"Forgive, forgive me," said a gentle but sorrowful voice, which he at once recognised to be that of Louise. "The King compelled me to tell what I knew. I would have broken through stone walls to see you. Your poor Louise implores forgiveness. Say you pardon her."

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Move—advance," said the Governor.

"One moment more," cried Louise.

"Whatever may occur, let me advise you—whatever may be told you—on no account be persuaded to—"

"Silence!" cried one of Puygilhem's attendants; "silence, woman. You are not to interfere with the performance of our duty; the prisoner must hear no more. Fall back: there must be no further delay. You have seen him; that is sufficient."

"May I not explain? I would only say—"

"No, no," said the Governor in a severe tone, which effectually silenced Louise, while it sounded like a death knell on the ear of Puygilhem.

They had reached the top of a staircase, when one of his conductors abruptly said—

"Turn this way, Marquis."

At that instant the bandage fell from his eyes. He started back appalled at what he saw: a dreary dungeon opened to receive him, the dismal and discoloured walls of which seemed to be those of a charnel house.

"It is too clear," he said, "my fate is sealed. It is the fatal *oubliette*."

"Enter," said the man who had spoken just before.

"I pray you pause, if you have the hearts of men," cried Puygilhem; "I perceive the platform. So soon as I step on that I cease to live. Give me a small space. I have been too much occupied with the sordid cares of life to prepare for death. My wretched spirit is ill fitted for its passage. Now, standing on the confines of the world unknown, allow me yet a few moments to make my peace with Heaven. What have I done—what *have* I done—to deserve this from the hands of man?"

"We must not pause," said one of his attendants; "Marquis, you will step forward. It is in vain to hesitate."

He heard the deep sigh and faltering step of the retiring Louise. Her anguish and remorse proved that it was no trifling punishment that he was destined to suffer. Little time was allowed for reflection. He was impatiently urged by the Governor's

subordinates to the fulfilment of his destiny.

In happier moments the thoughtless Marquis had laughed at the terrors of those who could fear death, but now, when the last chance of life was withdrawn, he felt all the awfulness of his situation. Under such circumstances, men cease to act for the applause of an admiring world. When to acute sorrow, conscience, recalling past sins, adds her overwhelming weight,—

"In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Roves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help!"

This Puygilhem now bitterly felt; the firmness, the courage he could boast, while affluent of joy danger seemed remote, were his no more. The years of splendid felicity on which he had calculated, the pride of ambition, and visions of glory were for him as nothing. All, as if by the spell of some potent magician, had, in an instant, vanished. The orient glories of a summer morning, had been succeeded by the appalling gloom of a desolating earthquake.

Again urged to proceed, he once more broke silence—

"May I not have a confessor? Must I perish like a dog? Surely even vengeance would not refuse me the consolations of religion in this dread moment! Can no minister breathe me a blessing, and cheer the last hour of one standing on the verge of the grave with a glimpse of holy hope?"

"No," said the lieutenant, "we have no authority for that; but as you feel that you are sufficiently expiating the sin which pressed so heavily on your heart, you can now repeat with as much extacy as you please (it lately was your wish), the exclamation of the dying Scotchman, 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars, and welcome eternity.'"

"That brutal taunt might have been spared a dying man," Puygilhem observed. "But let me blame no one."

"We can no longer delay, Marquis," said the Governor.

"Hold!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands in the agony of despair, "such precipitation is, at all events, unnecessary. If I have offended beyond forgiveness, not thus would my good and gracious sovereign have me dismissed from existence."

At that instant he felt that even permission to ascend a scaffold would be an act of Royal bounty, and he added—

"Let me, if I am to fall, not die by the hands of midnight assassins. Give me a trial by my peers, and doom me to suffer in the face of day, and at the Place de Grève."

"It is not in our power."

"At least allow me a brief space to commend my parting spirit to our Lady."

"We have no time to lose."

"But while I pray for his Majesty?"

"It cannot be," was the reply; and he was instantly thrust into the cell, or *celliette*, as he had termed it. The next moment down went the platform.

Nor was this all. The walls also sunk, and, as they did so, an astounding roar of laughter burst on the ears of the prostrate and wondering Puygilhem. Scarcely could he credit his senses when, slowly raising himself in great trepidation, he saw the King and Madame de Montespan, with six or eight members of the Court, all enjoying his confusion. The dungeon presented to his eyes, was but a piece of play-house scenery. Louis not deeming his offence, all circumstances considered, worthy of a longer punishment, at the end of a week had ordered him to be liberated; but as he had once concealed himself in the lady's chamber for his own pleasure, the King determined he should in return be concealed in it for her amusement. The Governor of the Bastille and his satellites were ordered to proceed as they had done, and the company assembled in the scene of his original adventure had been entertained with his astonishment, penitence, and dismay. With benevolence perfectly theatrical, the King now extended to his old companion the hand of forgiveness, while Madame de Montespan smiled in admiration of the Royal bounty, remarking, that "there was an end for ever of the Broken Sword and the Broken Cane."

Puygilhem did not think it necessary to remember the grand promises he had made to the Governor of the Bastille. In a year afterwards he returned to that fortress for another offence, and long remained one of its inmates; and there were those who averred that, perfect as the reconciliation had appeared, his second captivity was owing, as well as the first, to the malice of Madame de Montespan.

SCIENCE APPLIED TO SHOE MAKING.

Those are entitled to be classed among the benefactors of mankind, who turn their thoughts to improving that which is in every-day use. The garments of our feet, in modern times, are among our most valued comforts, but sometimes they are the source of acute suffering. In former days the boot was a favourite instrument of torture with the minions of infuriated bigotry or heartless tyranny, whose study it was to discover what could inflict the most exquisite pain. That horrid practice, though no longer countenanced in the high places, has not been wholly laid aside. Carelessness and lack of skill have doomed many, in modern times, to anguish less

thrilling, but of longer continuance, than that which two or three centuries back was awarded to the victims of fiend-like persecution.

A provincial contemporary has offered on this subject some very pertinent remarks, which, from the amusing antiquarian research they evince, we do not hesitate to transcribe. The 'Berwick Warbler' says—

"The progress of improvement, as respects the contrivances employed in various ages for shielding and supporting the foot, by no means appears commensurate with the position of that organ in the bodily economy. The ancient sandals of the Orientals—mere wooden soles fastened with straps—became the *solea* or slipper of the Roman æra, the lapse of centuries being inadequate to suggest any further alteration such as to obtain general sanction. The shoes which are mentioned by some Talmudic writers (Harmer for instance) were of soft leather, for more delicate use, the hard sandals made of rushes or of palm-tree bark remaining for ordinary wear. The polished Greeks, indeed, wore their *phæcasia*, and at no time appear to have been a bare-footed people, since we have good authority for believing that so early as the days of Hercules, Omphale slapped him in the face with her slipper. The Roman senators had their peculiar privilege of wearing the black coloured *patricia luna*, with its golden or silver crescent; but this aristocratic article reached only to the middle of the leg, having a Blucher or Clarence limitation of its proportions, and not the dignity of the Wellington or the Hessian. The *Calcei* too, which even the unprivileged Roman might wear when walking abroad with the Toga, were sure to be discarded for the eternal slippers if ever he went on a journey—*Calceos et vestimenta mutavit*. Yet, for all this indifference of the ancient world to the security of their footing, coverings for the feet obtain very early mention in the earliest of all authentic records—the sacred writings. Abraham first mentions them in his protestations after his victory over Amzaphel as if very commonly in use."

But notwithstanding the antiquity of shoes, as the writer just quoted observes, less has been done to render them perfect than might have been expected. The shoe has been made without reference to the anatomy of the foot, and not only has this been done, but its shape has been capriciously varied from time to time, so that in form it wholly ceased to resemble that which it ought exactly to fit.

Latterly the subject has received more attention. An article by an eminent manufacturer, in 'The Edinburgh New Phi-

losophical Journal,' offers the following results of scientific inquiries:

"When the foot is under the pressure of the body, it is elongated. This principle of elongation seems to have been long admitted, inasmuch as all boots and shoes have hitherto been made a little longer than the foot of the wearer; but the difference in the degree of extension in the feet of different individuals appears to have been in some measure overlooked, as it rarely happened that allowance was made for this difference; and the result has been, that many persons have never obtained shoes sufficiently long for their feet when thus extended, the measurement being generally taken when the foot is not under the pressure of the body. Another important consideration arises, from the circumstances connected with the altered positions of the foot in walking. As the foot extends in length from heel to toe, in proportion to the height of the arch, the strength of the ligaments, and the weight it has to support, the elongation has been found, by actual measurement, to vary from a quarter of an inch to a whole inch."

This is given to the world by Mr Dowie. His principle has been reduced to practice on a large scale. It must be in the recollection of most of our readers, that shoes and boots used to be made with a sharp point, and without any reference to the shape of the foot. Such was not the case formerly. Charles the First, as seen in the statue at Charing cross, wears shoes with rounded toes. Generally speaking, utility, and not only the form but the anatomical peculiarities of the human foot, begin to be studied by shoemakers generally, following the example set them by the gentleman we have named. This to the most numerous class in the land—the pedestrian—is really a blessing, and the march of mind, of which we hear so much, is made efficiently to assist the march of the body.

A WEDDING TRAGEDY.

THE bridegroom Lomaria, and his intimate and inseparable friends de Seigné, de Grammont and the rest, rode on their superbly-caparisoned horses towards St Germaine de l'Auxerrois. Lomaria's dress was one which had excited great admiration, and it was pronounced by those excellent judges an inimitable one. His mantle and doublet were of violet velvet, with an embroidery of diamonds—the first lined with black satin, strewed all over with small diamond stars, said to surpass in richness that of the Prince de Conti on his wedding day. His hat was surmounted with a white plume, and fastened with jewels of great value, and, as he rode along, the grace and ease with which he managed

his fiery steed were the theme of admiration in many a crowded balcony, whence fair hands were waved to the gallant party as they paced along. As they had to pass near the Place de Greve, it was proposed by the bridegroom's friends, and readily assented to by him, that they should turn down that way, and see the preparations for the execution: they accordingly directed their horses' heads down a little alley, which leads into the square, and had soon gained the opening. In the centre stood a high stake, surrounded by huge logs of wood, and light brushwood and straw spread over them. A band of guards stood close to it, preventing the near approach of the populace, who were pouring in by every avenue. Presently, from the opposite side from that at which Lomaria's party had entered, a cart was seen advancing, in which stood the condemned—La Voisin and de Rouville. They were dressed in white, and in their hands, tied together with cords, each held a torch. La Voisin was very red, and had all the appearance of being intoxicated—she violently repulsed the priest who was by her side, and refused to look at the crucifix he held up to her. De Rouville remained motionless, with her head bent down upon her breast, her brows strongly knit, and her lips pressed closely together. "Let us leave this place," said Lomaria, turning pale, "I had no idea the victims had arrived. I have no taste for an *auto da fé*." "We must halt a moment," said de Seigné, "for the mob is so great that we shall scarcely be able to pierce it. Look at La Voisin, they say she has been drunk for several days, and is resolved to die merrily. The other is de Rouville—poor things, how they must feel the jolting of that odious cart! they who had so much taste too—it is really a pity. But see—the fair Pole recognizes us—she gesticulates—she would fain wave her hand but that it is tied. Lomaria, it is surely you she is addressing." Lomaria looked in the direction his friend pointed, and met the eye of the unfortunate woman who was addressing herself to him. The crowd rushed on, their howlings and hootings as the prisoners were hurried along, became fearful, but above them all the bridegroom heard the curses of his nurse de Rouville, as she tore her hair with her manacled hands, and strove to break from the guards who held her. "There!" cried she, "there he rides, flaunting and gay—to church to his bride—he who is a greater sinner than us all—a murderer and betrayer. He told me he would save my life at the last, but he abandoned his poor nurse, he turned a deaf ear to her prayers—he would not speak one word to Scarron to keep her from the stake—but he will not escape.

Go—go to the bridal—enter the church and shine in beauty and wickedness—but beware of leaving it—the Aire Neuve! the Aire Neuve! Bretons do not forgive!" Lomaria spurred his horse—his companions did the same, and they soon cleared the crowd, and heard only at a distance the shrieks of the condemned and the execrations of the mob. "The fair Pole," said de Grammont, "who deceived us all so well, deserved a better fate, it must be exceedingly painful to die in this way." "Oh!" remarked de Seigné, "I am assured that they will be strangled before the pile is lighted—one of their own band who is experienced in the art, and says he practised it in the East, has been accepted for the office, his dexterity is wonderful—he is a gipsy—we will go one day, Lomaria, and see some of his performances—it must be very curious—he will exhibit on animals, as it is thought wrong to take human subjects—though heaven knows our jails are full enough to spare some as specimens."

Talking thus, the friends arrived at the church door, where they took their stations, and waited till the bridal *cortège* appeared, which it shortly after did, and all entered together. There was a great crowd in the square before the church, and it was with difficulty a way could be made through the concourse of people. Many artisans and persons of a low class were mingled with well-dressed groups, all eager to gaze on the scene. Amongst them might be observed two men of rather singular appearance, who stood together and gravely looked on: they were dressed nearly alike, and wore large black hats, very much flapped over their faces, their long hair hanging over their shoulders, their nether garments of great amplitude plaited in large folds round their waists, and fastened by a girdle, in which was stuck the long knife peculiar to their nation: their costume at once proclaimed them as Bretons.

The pair reached the door, and Lomaria handed his bride into the resplendent chariot, a present from the king, and substituted, as a surprise, for the travelling carriage which was to have borne the new married lovers to St Germain, where a grand fête awaited them. Angelique smiled as she observed the change, and paused an instant as she placed her foot on the step, turning to Lomaria with a gratified expression. At that moment the two Bretons darted forward, their knives gleamed in the air, and before the flash was scarcely observed both were buried in the body of the bridegroom. "L'Aire Neuve!" shrieked Lomaria as he fell on the steps of the carriage, dyeing the white garments of his bride crimson with his

blood. The crowd, paralyzed with amazement and horror, pressed forward—many had seen the blow, but no one had presence of mind to seek for or seize the assassins, who had disappeared, and were nowhere to be found, when, the confusion having subsided, inquiry was made for them. As de Seigné, de Grammont, and the rest returned with the body of the murdered man to his residence, they again

crossed the Place de Grève—the crowd had deserted it—all had hurried to the wedding—but in the centre were still seen a few smouldering ashes—heavy masses of smoke rolled sluggishly away, and all told the tale that Les Amis had expiated their crimes, and that the catalogue of their dangerous revelations was hushed, by the frightful death to which they had been condemned.”—(From *Gabrielle*.)



Arms. Sa., on a fesse, erminois, between three cinque foils, ar., two mullets of the field.
Crest. A demi lion, rampant gu., collared and chained, or., on each collar, two mullets, sa.
Motto. "Virtute et fide." Virtue and faith.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MELBOURNE.

THE name of Melbourne, so familiar to every ear, from one of its wearers having long held the highest post of honour in the country, does not go back to remote antiquity for its origin. The founder of the family was Matthew Lamb, Esq., of Brocket Hall, in the County of Herts. He was joint heir of Peniston Lamb, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and was made a baronet 17th January, 1755. Sir Matthew married the daughter of Thomas Coke, Esq., of Melbourne, in the County of Derby, who had been Teller of the Exchequer and Vice Chamberlain of Queen Anne. She eventually inherited the property of her brother, George Lewis Coke, Esq. Sir Matthew represented Peterborough in three Parliaments; was one of his Majesty's Board of Trade and Plantations, and Custos Rotulorum of the Liberty of Peterborough. He died in 1768, and was succeeded by his son Peniston, who married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., of Halnaby, County of York, by whom he had six children, of whom the second was William, the second peer.

On the 8th of June, 1770, Sir Peniston was raised to the peerage, as Lord Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore, County of Cavan; and created Viscount Melbourne, January 11, 1781. His Lordship was enrolled among the Peers of the United Kingdom, August 11, 1815, as Baron Melbourne. He died July 22, 1828, and was succeeded by the present peer.

On the political career of the present Lord Melbourne, this is not the place to enlarge. He was Secretary of State during the administration of Earl Grey; and on the resignation of that nobleman, became first Lord of the Treasury. That important post he held for some years, during very stormy times, and always avowed himself friendly to Liberal principles and reform.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

Sweet blue-eyed Cherub! in my prayers for thee,

I have not ask'd for beauty, yet thou'rt fair;

And as for wealth—thy lot is poverty:

Nor do I wish much gold to be thy share.

May Heav'n protect thee from the villain's snare,

And give thee virtue and a prudent mind!

Long may thy cheek the rose and dimple wear,

With breath as fragrant as the vernal wind.

Oh, may to thee the liberal Arts be kind!

Nor be thou Fortune's scorn so much as I!

And let thine heart to those firm precepts bind,

Which will not fail to lift the soul on high.

My Cherub! if enough of these be given,

Thee and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.

—Woodhouse, the Nottingham Stocking Weaver.

— At Port Royal, in Paris, is kept, with great care, a thorn, which the priests of that seminary assert to be one of the identical thorns that bound the holy head of the Son of God when about to be crucified.

Reviews.

The Rhine. From the French of Victor Hugo. By D. M. Aird.

Hugo's 'Rhine' has not now to be introduced to the readers of the MIRROR, a sketch of it has already appeared, which we flatter ourselves will only serve to make the publication before us desirable. The translation is executed with an easy, graceful vigour, which enables us completely to enter into the spirit of the original. We feel as if we were listening to a description, but seem to be admitted into the company of the traveller and permitted to participate in all his sensations, and to show each thought as it rises. It contains much information, and the vivacity of the writer throws a charm over the whole that few writers of travels can supply. Two very superior wood engravings are given, one presents a general view of the Rhine, the other a street in Montmirail.

Hugo writes from his own impressions. A picture which he gives of some emigrants commencing their abdication, is not all, according to the received idea of those who are forced to expatriate themselves. In England we generally refer to Goldsmith for tears and last farewells. Our author offers a less affecting but more endurable picture. We are spared the "horrors" of that parting day, and see the emigrants he pictures not indulging in idle sentimentalities but reconciling their minds with cheerful resolution to that change which they found to be inevitable. The second letter runs thus :—

"I hired the first carriage I met at Feresous-Jouarre, at the same time asking one question—

"Are the wheels in good order?"

"On being answered in the affirmative, I set out for Montmirail. There is nothing of interest in this little town, except a pleasing landscape at the end of an avenue, and two beautiful walks bordered with trees; all the buildings, the chateau excepted, have a paltry and mean appearance.

"On Monday, about five o'clock in the evening, I left Montmirail, and, directing my ways towards Epernay, was an hour afterwards at Vaux-champs. A few moments before crossing the far-famed field of battle, I met a cart rather strangely laden, it was drawn by a horse and an ass, and contained pans, kettles, old trunks, straw-bottomed chairs, with a heap of old furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, were three children, almost in a state of nudity; behind, in another, were several hens. The driver wore a blouse, was walking, and carried a child on his back; a few steps from him was a woman, also bearing a child, but it was not yet born. They were

all hastening towards Montmirail, as if the great battle of 1814 were on the eve of being fought.

"Yes," I said to myself, 'twenty-five years ago how many poor families were seen flying from place to place!'

"I was informed, however, that this was not a removal—it was an expatriation. It was not to Montmirail they were going—it was to America; they were not flying at the sound of the trumpet of war—they were hurrying from misery and starvation. In a word, my dear friend, it was a family of poor Alsatian peasants, who were emigrating. They could not obtain a living in their native land, but had been promised one in Ohio. They were leaving their country, ignorant of the sublime and beautiful verses that Virgil had written upon them two thousand years ago.

"These poor people were travelling in seeming cheerfulness :—the husband was making a thong for his whip, the wife singing, and the children playing; the furniture had something about it of wretchedness and of disorder which caused pain; the hens even appeared to me to feel their sad condition.

"The indifference of the heads of the family astonished me; I really thought that, in leaving the country in which we first see light, which links our hearts to so many sweet associations, we should, on taking a last look, shed a tear to the memory of the scenes of our childhood—to the land which contained the mouldering ashes of our forefathers; but these people seemed regardless of all this; their minds were set upon the country in which they hoped to obtain a livelihood.

"I looked after them for some time. Where was that jolting and stumbling group going?—ay, and where am I going? They came to a turn in the road, and disappeared; for some time I heard the cracking of the whip, and the song of the woman—then all was quiet."

Pictorial History of France. Orr and Co.

THE thirteenth part of this work is now before the public. It is profusely illustrated, and many of the engravings are really admirable as works of art. They have the merit, and it is not a small one, of not being impertinent, but frequently bring objects very distinctly before the reader, which language, unaided by the pencil, could hardly bring home to the mind's eye.

We find in the text an account of the ceaseless quarrels of Francis the First and Charles the Fifth. Seldom has a drama, so remarkable in its progress and so various in its course, been exhibited for the edification of mankind. How fine is the lesson taught by the vapouring, the chivalrous

regard for honour, and the pious regard for religion manifested by the two crowned hypocrites! and how forcibly does it illustrate in the sequel, after all their boastings, and splendour, and glory, as it was called, the conclusion come to by the wise Israelite many ages before their time, "that all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The lesson is replete with instruction. It would teach the votaries of war how unexpected its changes may be. Louis Philippe should print it for gratuitous distribution among his giddy subjects; though, if they cannot learn so much from the story of their idol Bonaparte, it is in vain to refer them to an earlier date. How war can brutalize man, a very brief passage may suffice to show:—

"At the siege of Novara by the French, the besieged tore out the hearts of some of their prisoners and devoured them. They ripped up the stomachs of others, filled them with barley, and made their horses eat it from the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers while they still breathed."

The death of the Chevalier Bayard gives a striking picture of the exultation, even in death, of a man true to his country over one who had forsaken it while yet in the day of his triumph.

"Bayard, the last type of the lost race of the knights of the middle ages, could never refrain from indignant murmurs against that novelty in war, the use of arquebuses, which had put down for ever the system of fighting hand to hand, so dear to chivalry. In this fatal retreat from Biagrasa the good chevalier received in his reins a bullet from an arquebus, which broke his vertebrae. Feeling that he was dying, he placed his back against a tree, his face turned towards the enemy, and having the hilt of his sword raised before his eyes as a crucifix. Bourbon happened to pass him, being then in pursuit of the French. 'Ah, Bayard,' exclaimed he, 'I feel sincere pity for you, seeing you in this hopeless state.'—'Sir,' replied the dying man, 'it is not for me to be pitied, who die like a good man; it is you who are to be pitied, a Frenchman and a prince of France, who wear upon your shoulders the livery of Spain, and have arms in your hands stained with the blood of your countrymen.'"

One more, and not the least important, lesson we find in these pages. Francis the First, who in many instances seemed to value himself on being of a kindly nature, seduced from humanity by fanaticism, becomes a fiend, and, in a fit of false devotion, assists in a work of appalling butchery—a sanctified sacrifice. We read—

"Believing that his character had suffered with the Pope, on one occasion when

some of the new opinions had been posted on the church doors, he determined, in order to vindicate his fame as a Christian king, to punish the offenders with severity. Six of them were arrested. A solemn procession, expiatory of the sin which they had committed, was ordered. The holy sacrament was carried through the city, Francis headed the train with a lighted torch in his hand; and the princes of the blood held a canopy over it. The nobles followed in great form, and, in the presence of this body, the king, who was fond of declamatory flourish, declared such was his abhorrence of heresy, that if one of his hands were infected with it, he would use the other to cut it off; nor would he spare even his own children if they were convicted of such an offence against heaven. This ceremony was concluded by the public burning of the six prisoners."

THE COUNTRY.—He that loves the country as God made it, in all its beauty and immortal freshness, must love God and man too; and while he seeks, in mountain solitudes and on sea-shores, relief from the weariness of too long jostling in the crowd, will find how this very solitude will quicken his appetite for human society, and his perception of the comforts and home-pleasures of town.—*Rural Life.*

A WARNING.—A gentleman in Scotland, who had found it difficult to save his grounds from depredation, and had painted "Man-traps and spring-guns" in vain, hit on the following experiment. Procuring an odd human leg from the Royal Infirmary, he had it dressed up in a stocking, shoe, and buckle, and sent it through the town by the town-crier, who exhibited it aloft in public view, proclaiming it had been found last night, in Mr Walter Ross's grounds, at Stockbridge, offering to restore it to the disconsolate owner. After this, no one ever attempted to break into his grounds.—*Edinburgh Traditions.*

HOME.—It is a good thing and a wise, to be able, with a few books and a little needlework, to give any room, however strange and desolate, a look of home, to be able to pursue our usual employments anywhere at a moment's notice: and a blessing beyond wealth, beyond beauty, or even beyond talent, is that cheerful temperament, which can rejoice in the sunshine, yet be merry in the shade, which can delight in the birds singing in spring, yet solace itself with the heart's own music, when winter is at hand.—*M^r Cholan.*

—At Rome are the steps which Jesus ascended and descended when brought before the presence of the Roman Governor. They are held in the greatest veneration.

—Among the Chinese no relics are more valued than the boots which have

been worn by an upright magistrate. In Davis's 'China,' we are informed that whenever a judge of unusual integrity resigns his situation, the people all congregate to do him honour. If he leaves the city where he has presided, the crowd accompany him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice. Their place is supplied by a new pair, which in their turn are drawn off to make room for others, it being considered sufficient to consecrate them that he should merely have drawn them on.—*Mackay.*

PIOUS RESIGNATION.

When Closefit lost his only son,
He raved not like a ninny,
But meekly sigh'd, "God's will be done!
It might have been a guinea."

ON THE JEWELS OF THE LATE MRS HONEY
BEING ANNOUNCED FOR SALE BY MR
GRAVES.

Not often are life's vanities
So faithful seen to Fashion's slaves;
Here, when the brilliant mistress dies,
Her glistening jewels sink to Graves.

ASSAY OF COPPER ORES.

BY DR RYAN, LL.D.

THE following description of the usual methods adopted by chemists of the present day for the reduction of the valuable metal copper from its various ores, will, we trust, prove acceptable, the more especially as we shall endeavour, by avoiding unnecessary technicalities, to render our statement perfectly intelligible even to such as have no pretensions to science.

Copper ores may be divided into two great classes, viz., those which contain sulphur, and those which do not. In the assay of the sulphur ores great difficulties are to be encountered, on account of the tenacity with which the copper retains the sulphur. If, however, the one contains no sulphur, the mode to be pursued is simple and easy, and the result quickly obtained.

Our readers have no doubt frequently heard of analysis by "the dry" or "the wet process." The term "dry process," is applied to such assays as are conducted without the application of any liquid, heat and some fusible body called a flux being generally the agents. In the "wet process," fluids are employed—principally acids.

In assaying a sulphur ore by the wet method, our great object is to oxidate the sulphur, and convert it into sulphuric acid. We therefore employ an agent rich in oxygen, and readily surrendering that element. The usual plan was therefore to act upon finely powdered ore with nitric acid, each atom of which compound contains five atoms of oxygen. During the process, the nitric acid gives portions of its oxygen

to the sulphur, converting it into sulphuric acid, while other portions combine with the copper and other metals in the ore, forming oxides, and which again, by union with the acids, form the substances called salts. When all or the greater part of the sulphur has disappeared, and that which remains has assumed a pure yellow colour, the solution is filtered and placed in an evaporating dish, under the influence of a gentle heat. Into the solution are thrown a few clean wrought-iron nails, upon which the pure copper is quickly precipitated. When the deposition of the metal has ceased, the precipitate is removed from the surface of the nails, and is carefully washed, dried, and weighed. Such, then, is the usual plan adopted. The one in use in the laboratory of the Royal Polytechnic Institution is much more philosophical and successful. In assaying sulphur ores, there the substance to be examined is finely pulverized, and a convenient quantity being placed in a flask, with an ounce or two of hydrochloric acid, chlorate of potassa, a salt containing large quantities of oxygen, is added slowly until all action ceases. In this process the substance called euchlorine, known by its aromatic odour, is liberated, and being immediately afterwards decomposed, its chlorine goes to the metal, forming a chloride of copper, and its oxygen, combining with the sulphur, assists in the formation of sulphuric acid.

Those ores which contain no sulphur are easily assayed both in the dry and wet processes. Thus in the latter process we act upon the powdered ore with hydrochloric acid, by which all the copper is taken up, and from which state we precipitate it easily by the iron nails. In the dry process, all we have to do is to mix the ore with black flux and expose to heat, and we obtain our button of pure copper.

In reducing the metal from the sulphur ores in the dry way, the difficulties to be encountered are very great, principally, however, in the expulsion of the sulphur and arsenic. The methods formerly pursued were either to roast the ore until the arsenic and sulphur had passed off, and then treat it with black flux, or charcoal and borax; or to deflagrate in a crucible with nitrate of potash, and reduce with the same flux. The latter method is very objectionable, for the button of copper obtained is never pure, and moreover it requires a repetition of the operation to obtain the whole of the metal.

Mr Maugham introduced a very great improvement in the process of roasting, by means of which the expulsion of the sulphur and arsenic is much more complete, and the button afterwards produced of course more pure. Mr Maugham placed the powdered ore in a small porcelain tray, inclosed in a tube of the same material

traversing a small furnace. When the tube arrived at a dull red heat, he passed oxygen gas over the tray containing the ore, converting the sulphur into sulphurous, and the arsenic into arsenious acid, both of which escaped. Common atmospheric air was found afterwards to answer quite as well as pure oxygen. It is to be regretted that this method of roasting, remarkable for its elegance and success, should be found too expensive for general purposes, principally on account of the fragility of the tubes employed.

The following method of treating copper ores is the most successful hitherto adopted. It was, we believe, first suggested by Mr Mitchell, chemical assistant at the Polytechnic Institution. After the ore has been carefully roasted at a dull red heat, taking care to stir it occasionally with an iron rod to assist oxidation, it is placed in a crucible with six or eight times its weight of impure bitartrate of potash (argol), and four times its weight of borax, both coarsely powdered. The whole is then exposed to a bright red heat till the surface of the flux has assumed a perfectly smooth appearance. The crucible is then removed from the fire, and on breaking it, a button of perfectly pure malleable copper is obtained. The superiority of this process depends upon the complete removal of the whole of the arsenic and sulphur, the smallest portions of which injure the quality of the metal. The rationale seems to be the following:—During the decomposition of the bitartrate of potash, by which it is converted into black flux, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen is generated, which, meeting with small quantities of arsenic and sulphur in the ore, is decomposed, its hydrogen combining with those bodies forming sulphuretted and arsenuretted hydrogen, and thus completely removing these noxious substances. R.

SANDAL WOOD,

A PRODUCE of the Malabar coast, became early known in distant parts of India, and is mentioned by early Sanscrit authors under the name of Chunduna. The common Indian name is Chundun, which the Arabs converted into Sundal, from which we have Sandal wood. The different kinds of Sandal wood are distinguished by the names of red, white, and yellow, all of which are probably the produce of the Peninsula of India; if we suppose the yellow and the white to be produced by the same kind of tree—*Santalum album*, and the red by *Pterocarpus santalinus*, and *Adenantha pavonina*.

At the time of the Periplus of Arrian, who is supposed by Dr Vincent to have been a merchant of the second century who visited the coast of Malabar, we find

sandal wood mentioned by the name of *Xylon saggalinon*, or *sangalinon*, easily corrupted, as Dr Vincent says, from *sardalinon*, as an import at Omara, in Gadrosia. Between this and Baragaza, that is Baroach, there has always been constant intercourse. Naooora, Tundia, and Muziris, of the Periplus, are supposed by Dr Vincent to be the present Onoor, Borela, and Mangalore, the very places from which sandal wood is exported in the present day, and from which it must have been carried north to Baroach and Omara. The cause of it not being more distinctly mentioned is, that it may have been confounded with another fragrant wood from India—the agila, or aloe wood. It growing so near the coast, and being possessed of such remarkable fragrance, must have attracted attention early as a product of India. In the present day timber is exported from Bombay to the coast of Arabia. Forskal states that Saj, Abnoos, and Shishum were different kinds of timber exported from India in his time into Arabia.

Sandal wood forming a straight trunk, though not large, and being close grained, and possessed of remarkable fragrance, could not fail to attract the attention of any merchants visiting the coasts where it grew. It was well fitted for making pillars, gates, terraces, musical instruments, flooring, altars, &c., so we may conceive that there is no other tree better entitled than the sandal wood to be the *almug* of Scripture,—“the king made of the almug trees terraces (pillars, 1 Kings, x, 12) to the house of the Lord, and to the king's palace, and harps and psalteries for singers; and there were none such seen before in the land of Judah,”—2 Chron. ix, 11.

THE CASE OF MR BRUNEL

We think worthy of placing on record in 'The Mirror.' The following statement of the treatment adopted, drawn up, it is understood, by Dr Seth Thompson, has been published in the daily papers:—“The accident happened on the 3rd of April. Sir B. Brodie was consulted on the 18th, and his opinion was, that the half sovereign had passed into the windpipe. The following day Mr Brunel strengthened this opinion by a simple experiment. He bent his head and shoulders over a chair, and distinctly felt the coin drop towards the glottis; whilst raising himself a violent fit of coughing came on, which ceased after a few minutes; he repeated this a second time, with the same result. A consultation was held on the 22nd, at which it was decided that conclusive evidence existed of the half sovereign having passed into the windpipe, that it probably lodged at the bottom of the right bronchus, and that it

was movable. It was determined that every effort should be made for its removal, and that for this purpose an apparatus should be constructed for inverting the body of the patient, in order that the weight of the coin might assist the natural effort to expel it by coughing. The first experiment was made on the 25th. The body of the patient being inverted, and the back gently struck with the hand between the shoulders, a violent cough came on, but of so convulsive and alarming a nature that danger was apprehended, and the experiment was discontinued. On this occasion the coin was again moved from its situation, and slipped towards the glottis. On the 27th, tracheotomy was performed by Sir B. Brodie, assisted by Mr Aston Key, with the intention of extracting the coin by the forceps, if possible, or, in the event of this failing, with the expectation that the opening of the windpipe would facilitate a repetition of the experiment of the 22nd. On this occasion, and subsequently on the 2nd of May, the introduction of the forceps was attended with so much irritation that it could not be persevered in without danger to life. On the 3rd, another consultation was held, when Mr Lawrence and Mr Stanley entirely confirmed the views of Sir B. Brodie and Mr Key, and it was agreed that the experiment of inversion should be repeated as soon as Mr Brunel had recovered sufficient strength, the incision in the windpipe being kept open. On Saturday, the 13th, Mr Brunel was again placed on the apparatus, the body inverted, and the back gently struck. After two or three coughs he felt the coin quit its place on the right side of the chest, and in a few seconds it dropped from his mouth, without exciting, in its passage through the glottis, any distress or inconvenience, the opening in the windpipe preventing any spasmodic action of the glottis. In this remarkable case the following circumstances appear to be worthy of note:—That a piece of gold remained in the air tube for six weeks, quite movable, and without exciting any inflammatory action, the breathing entirely undisturbed, and the only symptoms of its presence being occasional uneasiness on the right side of the chest, and frequent fits of coughing. That an accurate diagnosis was formed without being able to obtain any assistance from the stethoscope, although the chest was repeatedly and carefully examined, and also that a fair trial having been given to the forceps, the application of this instrument to the removal of a body of this peculiar form from the bottom of the bronchus was proved to be attended with great risk to life; while the cautious and well-considered plan of treatment above detailed, was attended with complete success.

HABITS OF THE ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS.

At a meeting of the Ethnological Society at Dr Hodgkin's, on Friday last, Dr King read a highly interesting paper 'On the Habits of the Aboriginal Inhabitants of Australia,' furnished by a Mr Sutton, who had been brought up among them. They are described to consist of several erratic or wandering tribes, whose various habits were particularised. He inclines to the opinion that there exists an inland sea or vast lake not yet discovered, and thinks the country could be better explored by small expeditions than by large ones, as the latter are opposed from a jealous apprehension on the part of the natives that they wish to deprive them of their land. Small parties, and escaped convicts, have proceeded unmolested, and lived among them for years.

It is denied that the Australians are cannibals. The writer knows no instance of the kind, and thinks those who have affirmed the fact were mistaken. They had probably done so on hearsay, and some tribes of natives questioned on such a point would be likely to accuse another tribe unjustly, from an idea that the answer would gratify the parties by whom they were questioned, disregard of truth in such cases being one of their vices.

It has been proved that the Australians can adopt European habits and acquire European learning with great facility. A young man was mentioned, now being brought up in England, whose progress is highly satisfactory, and who in his deportment is described to be a perfect gentleman.

The aboriginal Australians eat no salt. Many other curious facts were mentioned. When a youth reaches the age of sixteen or seventeen he is made a man. One part of the ceremony consists in breaking out a front tooth. After this he is expected to take a *gin*, or wife. Some of them have six or seven gins.

The native race is said to be in the course of extirpation. The causes of their falling off were treated on at some length. The principal source of mortality is a disease in many respects similar to the small pox.

Much learned and edifying conversation followed the reading of the paper; and some curious comparisons between their habits and those of the Esquimaux were instituted, which were listened to with great attention by the auditory.

Business and Pleasure.—Marshal Saxe used to receive dispatches from his general in his box at the theatre, give his orders between the acts, and continue to attend to the progress of the play.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

THE annual returns last published by the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, giving an account of the trades or occupations of the persons taken into custody during the year 1842, show the following results:—Out of the 65,000 persons—45,000 of whom were males and 20,000 of them females—there appear to have been taken into custody, 82 artists, 487 bakers, 128 brushmakers, 52 barmen, 188 brassfounders, 12 brewers, 529 bricklayers, 43 brokers, 240 bookbinders, 611 butchers, 11 buttonmakers, 1,008 carpenters, 4 clergymen, 440 clerks, 1,068 coach and cabmen, 118 coachmakers, 98 corkcutters, 43 compositors, 67 clockmakers, 98 curriers, 96 cutlers, 141 carvers and gilders, 138 drapers, 229 dyers, 256 engineers, 5 excisemen, 65 fishmongers, 506 French polishers, 343 gardeners, 100 glass-makers, 76 glovers, 111 goldbeaters, 88 greengrocers, 111 grocers, 197 hairdressers, 303 hatters and trimmers, 1 interpreter, 65 ironmongers, 99 jewellers, 15,454 labourers, 60 sawyers, 887 laundresses, 77 masons, 158 medical men, 13 millers, 1,043 milliners, 68 musicians, 10 opticians, 463 painters, 301 paper-makers and stainers, 18 pawnbrokers, 2 postmen, 312 printers, 32 publicans, 6 reporters, 1,445 sailors, 171 sawyers, 125 saddlers, 871 male servants, and 1,133 female servants, 1 sheriff's officer, 66 shopkeepers, 1,115 male and 309 female shoemakers, 822 smiths, 366 soldiers, 17 surveyors, 296 sweeps, 1,290 male and 485 female tailors, 317 tinkers and tinmen, 31 tobacconists, 48 toolmakers, 50 turners, 152 watchmakers, 172 watermen, 424 male and 189 female weavers, 19 woollsorters, and 12,626 males and 15,968 females of no trade or occupation. As stated above, there were in the whole number of 65,000 persons, 45,000 males and 20,000 females, the majority of the offences ranking principally under the heads of drunkenness, larceny, assault, and misdemeanour. Of the foregoing number, those under 10 years of age were, males, 54, females, 16; under 15 years of age, males, 1,316, females, 134; under twenty years of age, males, 4,310, females, 1,581; under twenty-five years, males, 4,638, females, 1,743; under thirty, males, 3,224, females, 1,148; under fifty, males, 1,919, females, 769; and under sixty, males, 823, females, 313. Of the 65,000 persons taken into custody, 13,000 of the males and 6,000 of the females could neither read nor write; 26,000 of the males and 12,000 of the females could read or write but imperfectly; only 5,000 of the males and 987 of the females could read and write well, while but 516 of the males and 145 of the females had received a superior education. Out of the 4,481 persons, male and female,

committed for trial during the year, against two males only was sentence of death pronounced and carried into execution; 26 males and 1 female were transported for life; and 512 males and 234 females acquitted. The total number of murders during the same period amounted to 25, of which 18 were committed by males and 7 by females. There were 26 cases of shooting at, stabbing, and administering poison; 15 cases of concealment of birth, 13 of manslaughter, 1 of treason, 22 of rape, 28 of bigamy, 5,193 of assaults, 220 of burglary, 48 of robbery, 10,000 of larceny, 639 of forgery, 119 of suicide, 48 of the latter being males, and 71 females. It appears, from a comparative statement of the returns for 1841 and 1842, that the number of persons taken into custody during the former period amounted to 68,961, and during the latter to 65,704; the number of persons discharged in 1841 was 36,708; and in 1842, 33,609; the number of persons committed for trial during 1841 was 4,018, and in 1842, 4,651; the number of persons convicted and sentenced in 1841, was 3,020, and in 1842, 3,316; the number of acquittals in 1841 amounted to 618, and in 1842 to 746.

The Gatherer.

Public Houses in Herculanum.—In the public houses, of which there are some hundreds, at Herculanum, appearances have been remarked which seem to prove that the supper or dining rooms were at the top of the house, and had no ceilings, but green arbours were formed to shade the guests while taking their repast. Nearly all these establishments had baths attached to them.

New Galvanic Discovery.—A Lieutenant Ramstett, of the Imperial navy, is mentioned in letters from St Petersburg as having made a most valuable scientific discovery. By means of an electro-galvanic apparatus, from which two platina wire-conductors descend to the bottom, Mr Ramstett draws metallic masses of any weight from the bottom of the sea; and, by means of the same conductors, the spot is at the same time indicated where metal has been sunk. He tried his apparatus recently on the Neva, in presence of the Admiralty, and brought up into his boat, in less than twenty minutes, an anchor and chain cable upwards of one and a half tons weight, in seven fathoms water. The Emperor has granted him a patent for ten years.

The Royal Yacht.—The new steam-yacht 'Victoria and Albert,' intended for the special use of her Majesty, was hauled on Monday into the East India export-dock, and a great number of men were immediately set to work to complete her fittings,

which will be finished in the most superb style. Her engines, which are of 650 horse-power, will be fixed by Messrs Maudslay, at a cost of above 40,000*l.*; every exertion is making to get her ready in time for her Majesty's intended visit to Ireland in the course of the present summer.

A Russian Banker.—The property left by Baron Stieglitz, the banker, who lately died at St Petersburg, is estimated at the enormous amount of 50,000,000 rubles (between 5,000,000*l.* and 6,000,000*l.* sterling). He was a native of Hanover, where his elder brother, one of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, died a few years ago.

Holding of Land.—In one part of Germany, the lands of a certain monastery were granted on the odd condition that the peasants should annually carry a boiled capon into the refectory at meal time, and uncover it, so that all the monks might enjoy a share of the steam and fragrance. The rustics might then take it away to dispose of it at their own pleasure;—[It might be a question whether the monks could enjoy the steam and fragrance without tasting the dish.]

The Lie given in the House of Lords.—The refinement of modern times had not in the earlier part of the reign of George the Third tied down the House of Lords to perfect decorum. Lord Sandwich having on one occasion, as it was said, drawn on his imagination for a fact, the Earl of Craven, who had then never addressed the House, deliberately rose, and looking the last speaker in the face, exclaimed, "That is a lie." This outrage, as it would now be deemed, according to the Margravine of Anspach, convulsed the House with laughter.

The Greenwich Pier.—This apparently immovable mass, which gave way last week, has continued from day to day to sink, and is now a total ruin.

A Veteran Minister.—The celebrated Fleury commenced his administrations when he was seventy-three years of age, and retained his powers till he had reached his ninetieth year.

Hampstead Heath.—Sir Thomas M. Wilson wishes to enclose Hampstead Heath and Blackheath. It is denied that he has a right to do so, and strong opposition has been made to a bill introduced into Parliament, to deprive the Londoners of those favourite sources of recreation, which are deemed by many not less essential to health than to enjoyment.

— A very touching appeal was lately made at a meeting in Ireland, on the subject of the grievances that country has to deplore from being denied the benefits of self-government. The speech was, in some parts, very pathetic, and the name of the speaker was Cantwell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the inquiry of V. S. we reply, that the trachea is a rough or irregular tube, chiefly composed of cartilaginous rings for the purpose of keeping the tube extended, for conveying the air into the lungs; the hard substance felt easily in front of the throat are these rings. At the upper part of this tube is situated the larynx, which is a hollow place commencing at the root of the tongue; the larynx is capable of dilation and contraction at will, and by its means we are enabled to produce the different sounds in language or singing; it is generally twice as large in men as in women, which makes the distinction of voice in the different sexes; deep bass singers are indebted to this organ being of large dimensions. The œsophagus or gullet is situated behind the trachea, and is the passage for the food into the stomach. If the question is asked by V. S. on account of Mr Brunel's accident, we observe that the coin got into the trachea, and not into the œsophagus; if it had passed into the latter it would have gone into the stomach, and no serious evil would have arisen.

A. B.—Tun, or ton, was originally a cask or large vessel, made for the carriage of liquids; it derives its name from tunna or tonna. The English tun of wine contains two pipes, or 252 gallons.

X. X.—Lacquer, for lacquering brass or other metals, to keep them from tarnishing, is composed of shell-lac dissolved in spirits of wine; the spirit must be very pure to dissolve much of the shell-lac. When the two ingredients are mixed together they must be put in a glass vessel, and where they can receive a moderate heat. The varnish, when made, should be strained through fine muslin: when it is applied to the metals make them moderately warm.

G.—We cannot answer questions of law. He had better address himself to the 'Law Chronicle.'

A Surgeon.—Muric acid will detect the presence of silver or lead; by adding the acid a white precipitate will be formed. If silver is present the precipitate is soon blackened by exposure to the light, while that of lead will undergo no change. The silver will be soluble in liquid ammonia; the lead in twenty-two parts water at sixty degrees; also in dilute nitric acid.

"Secret," whom we presume from the hand-writing to be one of the fair sex, to accomplish her object must write on paper with a weak solution of green sulphate of iron (the sulphate is to be procured at any chemist's, and dissolves easily in water); when the writing is dry no trace of it appears; but if the paper be wetted with a sponge containing a solution of tincture of galls, it will instantly become black and perfectly legible.

A correspondent requests any of the readers of the 'Mirror' to give an opinion whether low wheels or high wheels are better to ascend hills. A brief answer from a competent hand would be acceptable.

Y. Z.—Parchment is hardly ever printed upon; vellum is generally used. If to the colours a little gall were added the greenness of the parchment would not interfere with the colour tying flat. Prepared gall can be purchased in the colour shops.

*In reply to Mr Dipple, of Beyland street, Birmingham, who refers us to an announcement of a crown piece of 1663 being sold by public auction for 22*s.*, and who having one of the same date in a good state of preservation, should feel obliged if he could be informed where he can dispose of it to the best advantage, the Editor is obliged to say he cannot give the information required.*

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Original Communications.

MONTMIRAIL.

We have lately, and indeed often, called the reader's attention to old houses and other memorials of by-gone times in England; but in this country we have few continuous specimens of old buildings, such as are to be met with in France. A correct representation of a French town is offered in the engraving above, which is one of

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the illustrations of Victor Hugo's 'Rhine,' noticed in the last number of the 'Mirror.' It offers a true picture of the irregular, disorderly, and, in appearance, tottering condition (though not so in reality) of many of the streets. Montmirail is not a place of much importance, but it was the scene of stirring events in the year 1814.

At that period, it will be remembered, the leader of the French having tempted

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his fortune too far, had been compelled to retreat in great disorder from the ancient capital of the Czars to Paris. Nor was this all; even there he could not rest securely. Those he had sought in their own land followed, animated by a thirst for vengeance, and no sacrifice that he could consent to make was deemed sufficient. The allies declared, "They did not make war on the French people, but against Napoleon Bonaparte, convinced as they were that the continuance of his power was incompatible with the repose of Europe."

The basis of a peace had been laid down at Frankfort; but as they saw no serious obstacles to their progress, they continued to advance. Schwartzenberg and the Austrians marched towards the Seine, while Blucher, who after the battle of Brienne had separated from the Austrian army, and rallied between Arcis-sur-Aube and Chalons approached the capital in another direction. Such terms only were offered as he could not venture to accept: "France," said Napoleon, "wants peace, but the peace which the allies wish to impose would expose her to greater misery than the most sanguinary war. What would the French people think of me were I to sign their humiliation?"

To him it appeared clear that it was only by victory that the evil could be avoided. When the Duke of Bassano, one day, presented himself with despatches, he said to him, "I am beating Blucher on the map. He is advancing by the road of Montmirail. I shall set out and beat him to-morrow: I shall beat him again the day after to-morrow. Should this movement prove as successful as I expect it will, the state of affairs will be entirely changed."

On the 10th of March an advantage was gained over the Russian army on the high road to Chalons. A portion of it retreated in the direction of Montmirail; the remainder fell back on Etoges and Chalons. Napoleon took up his abode in a cottage on the road at the corner of the principal street of the village of Champaubert, and here several of the Generals who had become his prisoners were permitted to dine with him.

It had been a race between Blucher and Schwartzenberg which should first reach the capital. After the battle of Champaubert, the Prussians fell back upon the Russians, and on the following day the French advanced guard issued from Montmirail by the Paris road. A fierce engagement immediately took place, in which the French were so far successful that the Allies gave up their design of forcing a passage by Montmirail, and retired across the fields to Chateau-Thierry. They were pursued by the French, and the inhabitants, who had been much exasperated by the treatment

they received from the Russians as they advanced, were so rejoiced at the result, that, according to Baron Fain's manuscript, they were "excited almost to a pitch of delirium. The men uttered nothing but imprecations and threats, and the women laughed and wept by turns: some, it is said, were seen reeking their revenge by throwing into the river the wounded Russians who were lying on the bridge."

But though checked, the enemy soon resumed the offensive. On the morning of the 14th, says the writer just quoted, "Marshal Blucher was on the point of entering Montmirail, when the Duke of Ragusa suddenly ordered his whole corps to face about, and take a position on the plain of Vau-champs. Our troops from Chateau-Thierry now arrived; and the enemy soon perceived the whole French army deploying behind the Duke of Ragusa, and ready to give battle. At eight in the morning the shouting of the soldiers announced the presence of the Emperor, and the battle commenced.

"Marshal Blucher at first wished to avoid the engagement; but it was no longer in his power to decline it. In vain was his retreat covered by skilful manoeuvres of infantry; the charges of our cavalry broke all the squares that were opposed to them; by every retrograde movement the enemy's retreat was accelerated, and it soon became an absolute flight. Several times in the course of the evening Marshal Blucher, surrounded by his staff, defended himself with his sabre, and he owed his escape solely to the darkness which prevented us from recognizing him. The Duke de Ragusa was in pursuit of him the whole of the night.

"From the field of Vau-champs, Napoleon returned to pass the night at the castle of Montmirail."

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—(No. III.)

THE REV. BASIL WOODD.

"You will be with me, father, in twenty years," was the language addressed to console a sorrowing parent by a dying son—by Basil Woodd—the son of the Reverend Basil Woodd, formerly minister of Bentinck chapel. Some have taken up the idea that men in their last moments are enabled to view the future not "darkly as in a glass," but clearly as in noon-day light, and to predict events to come. The philosophy of the idea cannot here be discussed, but in the case above-mentioned the anticipation of the expiring young man was made good with singular exactness.

It is the object of these papers to show how remarkable characters have met "the

last enemy." This to do effectually, some notice must necessarily be taken of the circumstances under which they previously "lived and moved, and had their being." The Rev. Basil Woodd was a man admired for his talents, but still more for his eminent virtues. Without arrogantly relying on his good works, he was deeply impressed with that solemn and momentous declaration of the Saviour, "By the fruit shall ye know the tree." He aspired to make it known that the tree with him was faith, and that charity and goodwill were the fruits which it necessarily bore.

The ordinary experience of a Christian minister brings him, so to speak, many times face to face with death in the course of a long life. But it happened to Mr Woodd to have a fond mother, two beloved wives, and an affectionate though not faultless son, all gradually removed from this scene, conscious of their approaching departure. Hence we have the opportunity of seeing how he looked on death when those most dear to him were called, and how at the last he met it himself.

His mother, who, left a widow before his birth, had brought him up with pious care, when about to pass from this world, rose superior to all common fears, and ever rejoiced in the approaching change. In a letter dictated from her death-bed she thus expressed herself: "I am dying, and not afraid: I trust I am going to my father's house. I never was so happy in all the days of my life:" and on the same evening she addressed her son as follows: "I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies; I shall soon be there, and O! I shall be glad to receive you to it. You shall come in, to go out no more. If ever you have a family, tell your children they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed. And tell your partner I shall be happy to see her in heaven." Such were her feelings in that important hour.

And what were the reflections of the son on losing such a parent? Mr Woodd, then in his twenty-fifth year, thus delivers himself on the subject. "The Christian, then (at his last hour), like the sun, looks largest when he sets. Humanity naturally trembles at the idea of death. To close the eye on the most beloved object; to become a pale, lifeless corpse; to be enclosed within the narrow limits of a coffin; to become offensive to those who almost adored us, and concealed from mortal view, to become the prey of worms and corruption, are circumstances which we shudder at the thought of inevitably experiencing. But to see a soul, with all those views before it, not merely armed with fortitude, but merely made willing by resignation, and smiling with calm delight at their appearance, and rejoicing with unspeakable

joy at their sensible approach—is not this a fact which speaks for itself? Is not this an argument uncontrovertible, an undeniable proof of the support which true religion can impart to its sincere votary?"

He lost his first estimable partner six years after their union. She had at first a great dread of death, but faith in the Saviour of mankind enabled her to contemplate that which was inculcated with pious resignation. When her sufferings were near their close, he says—

"About four in the morning I sat up in bed, and looking on her, involuntarily said, 'My poor, suffering, but still rich, happy, Nancy!' She was only in a doze, and looking up, said, 'Wherein does my happiness consist?' I replied, 'In this, that you are redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. The great God is your God: he will keep you while you live, and when you die, he will receive you to his arms.'" She smiled, and said, "O, that is charming, it is excellent. Precious Saviour!" A little while hereafter I said, "Do you know what day this is?" She answered, "Yes, it is Thursday." "No," said I, "it is Good Friday." She replied, "It is the day on which Jesus suffered for sinners. Should not we be willing to suffer too? The disciple should be as his master, and (blessed promise) if we suffer with him we shall reign with him." She continued in this frame of mind, and sunk into a sleep from which, never becoming completely revived, she calmly passed into eternity. He felt her loss severely. "Nature," he says, "will feel, and ought to feel. Yes, my Saviour did not disdain to weep at the tomb of Lazarus." But religion brought him comfort. In consigning her to the grave he felt that he was only taking leave of the apparel which she had thrown off, and recalled the words of Jesus, "He that believes in me shall never die."

A severe trial was in reserve for him. The acquisition of wealth brought sorrow. A legacy of 10,000*l.* now came to him, and one of the consequences was, a son, previously pious and well-conducted, became a dissipated character. By all gentle means the father strove to reclaim him; but, with much affectionate sensibility, the son did not again appear to become what he had been, till, attacked by mortal disease, he saw the error of his ways, and the faith and piety which he had manifested in his earlier days, revived in full force. The young man, then twenty-three years of age, was brought to rejoice that he had been arrested in his career, and to exult that, through early losing his life, his soul was saved. Sincerely renouncing the evil courses into which he had suffered himself to be led, he was more than consoled for his sufferings by the change now wrought in his mind. His sisters calling to see him on

the 1st of January, he affectionately wished them many years of happiness; he then observed, "We know not what this year may bring forth; but if we are followers of Christ, and walk in his holy ways, all will be well. Why should we, then, be anxious whether we live or die? This year has begun, to me, far more happily than the last; I was then going on in sin. Now, by this sickness, God has delivered me from temptation and danger." Subsequently he repeated some verses written by a young friend who had been reclaimed from profligate ways. One of the stanzas ran thus—

"This tongue with blasphemies defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly leagues agree;
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways,
Should ever lead to thee!"

Some days afterwards, seeing his father deeply affected, the young man said—

"I have most dearly loved you; I may yet recover; but I am not cast down at the prospect of death. Should I be taken from you, you must pass my grave in the churchyard as you do my great coat in the hall: you must raise your thoughts to higher objects, and think of me as no more exposed to danger, but safe for eternity." "I replied," says Mr Woodd, "I will endeavour to recollect your advice; I will say, when I pass your grave, this dust is not Basil; he is, I trust, safe and happy, and delivered from his temptations."

The son continued in the same frame of mind, frequently repeating consoling passages from scripture, and, among others, the following lines from Cowper:—

"O! had'st thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betrayed."

He lingered on, but his fortitude never failed. His father, by his desire, read to him the dying prayer of Hooker, which concludes thus: "Lord show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness for his merits who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done." He afterwards recognised his own pulse as "a dying pulse," and calmly departed.

Two daughters, by his first wife, preceded their father to the grave. He had to sustain a heavy loss in the death of his second wife; she was tenderly beloved and eminently pious. A brief extract from one of their conversations gives a touching epitome of their history.

"Looking back, one day," he writes, "to past events, I said, 'What a vain phantom is human life! It seems but the other day, and yet it is near thirty-seven years,

since I came to Clement's lane the evening before our marriage. No words can describe the pleasure I felt on that occasion. I see, alas! too plainly that we must ere long part. I dread this separation. All that I then felt seems like the sport of imagination, and scarcely worthy of the ardour and anxiety which I then experienced.' She replied 'You must not say so; consider, I have been comfortably provided for nearly thirty-seven years. We have lived together in great endearment. Few have been so happy as we have been; we have never slept in strife. Besides, you know when it pleased God to take your first partner, she sank in a decline at the age of twenty-six, you were only thirty; she left you with three little babes; Louisa only six years old, Basil only three and a half, Hannah little more than two. I endeavoured to fulfil the duties of the deceased parent. I think no children ever loved a mother-in-law more tenderly. You remember with what innocent glee they all came to the gate to receive me on my marriage. I saw you could hardly support it, the scene was very affecting; God thus provided a mother for them; they would never have known the difference but for some of your relatives; you well recollect how angry Basil was when an indiscreet acquaintance said I was not his mother. We have now lived to see them all finish their course with joy. It has pleased our heavenly Father to prosper the efforts of us both. You must not therefore speak as if events were of little importance because they pass away."

Her disease was dropsy. She endured the pain with great constancy. "Her features," he says, "grew very sharp and emaciated. Taking hold of my hand, she said, 'What a mercy it is the great work is not now to be done; now I have no strength of body or mind. (In this she wronged herself.) All I now do is to lie prostrate at the foot of the cross of my Saviour.' To the last she retained her firmness, conversing on the scriptural account of Death's entrance into the world, and rejoicing in the triumph gained over him 'by the death and merits of the seed of the woman.' She died aware of the approaching event, though not at the last moment, and the dismissal of her happy spirit did not occupy more than three minutes. Our family," adds the writer of the memoir (her daughter), "kneeled round the bed on which her dear remains lay, and returned thanks to our heavenly Father for his great goodness towards her. May we all die the death of the righteous! Oh, may our last end be like hers."

The pious wish thus breathed was fully realised, so far as the father was concerned. Declining health admonished him that his dissolution was near at hand. Such as he

had been through life, the Christian minister was then seen in death. "I am going," said he, to one who visited him, "the way of all flesh. Let me impress on you the care of the soul. Read that blessed book," pointing to the Bible which was near him, "and may we meet in heaven." He afterwards said, "When death approaches, let my hand be placed on the Holy Bible—that that blessed book which has been my hope and my support through life, may be my support in my last trial." As his weakness increased, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, that my eyes may see thy salvation." Some passages were read to him from the Revelations, on the glory that awaits the servant of God after he is released from life, to which he smilingly assented. On the last day of his life he signed his will, being supported by a legal friend, to whom he said, "God bless you in time and in eternity; I am sinking," he said. A relative remarked, "The Lord is now letting his servant depart in peace." He rejoined, "Yes, my eyes shall see his salvation."

At four o'clock on that day, Sir Henry Halford called in, to whom he spoke of his difficulty in breathing, and said, "Sir, is that the death rattle?" Sir Henry replied, "We shall be able to relieve you." "Thank you, Sir," he answered; "God bless you." His breathing was rendered more easy, but he spoke with difficulty. He affectionately bade "Good by" to those around him; his pulse grew fainter and fainter, and at nine o'clock without a sigh he expired.

The presentiment of Basil, which has been mentioned, was borne out; Mr Woodd was buried twenty years and one month, to a day, after the death of his son.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF ANTONIO CANOVA.

THE life of Canova presents much that is interesting and instructive, and the following memoir gives, in a condensed form, valuable information, which will be new to many of our readers.

Passagno claims the birthplace of this justly celebrated sculptor: he came into the world to adorn it by his works in 1757. His father and grandfather were both sculptors of some repute, but chiefly employed upon altars and tombs; his father, Pietro, died when Antonio was three years old, and, his mother marrying again, left him to the care of an aunt on his paternal side, by whom he was brought up. His grandfather, Pasino, taught him the rudiments of art very early in his life, and by this discipline his hand acquired that early freedom which is so visible in his works.

Giovanni Falier, a nobleman of Venice, placed the young sculptor under Guiseppe Bernardi, surnamed Torretto, who soon died, leaving Canova but little advanced in the art to which he was destined to be so great an ornament. Our sculptor, after this, worked under Gio Ferrari on the statues that embellish the gardens of Casa Fiepolo at Carbonara, but he did not remain in this school above one year, for he saw to become great was to study in a more extensive field, and he therefore boldly explored those paths of ancient Greek art which are so fortunately in the compass of those whose ambition will lead them to take that course (difficult as it may seem) which leads on to fame.

His first effort of importance was his 'Group of Orpheus and Eurydice,' the size of life; the latter statue he completed in his sixteenth year, while living at the house of his patron, Falier; in the following year he completed Orpheus, in his study in the cloister of St Stephano; this composition is carved in free-stone. From this effort his countrymen saw the dawn of his great genius. These two statues are preserved in the Palace of Falier at Asolo. Falier, seeing his great powers, extended to him means, and sent him to his intimate friend, Chev. Giralamo Zulian, the Venetian ambassador, then at Rome, that he might prosecute his studies in the very seat of the fine arts; a pension was also decreed to him from the Venetian government of three hundred Venetian ducats for three years. At the house of the ambassador he was a welcome guest, and by whom he was introduced to all the good and great of Rome; but neither pomp nor the gaieties of a great city took him from his purpose; he commenced a profound study of the arts, from which nothing but the greatest diligence and assiduity could have made him accomplish such fame as he did at an early period of life. About this time a block of marble was placed at his command by the Chevalier Zulian, with an order to take any subject of his own choice: this was his first attempt at a figure in that beautiful stone. The subject he chose was Theseus and the Minotaur; this work was completed in the palace of the Venetian ambassador. From this time his fame began; he was crowded around by patrons, all vying with each other to assist him. To go through the history of his works would fill a volume, and it is not the intention of the 'Mirror' to give prosy accounts, but the principal eras of life in biography, or the gist of science, art, or manufacture. A short narrative of his mode of life must be entertaining:—He rose early, he was extremely regular and moderate; his rule was to go into his modelling or designing study first, and while his mind was calm

and refreshed by rest, employ himself upon the works which are the principal efforts of the sculptor, viz. modelling and designing, or, perhaps, a word that may not be unsaply used, creating; after which, in the later part of the day, he employed himself upon the marble. At twenty-seven years of age he was attacked by sickness, which nearly deprived him of life, and it required great caution during the rest of his earthly career.

As to his mode of living, he seldom went from home, but passed the evening with his friends at his own residence. He used to say that more than once in his life he had been in love, but he thought the marriage state might devote him to the object of his selection, and, in a degree, take him from the love of his art, which he said was his master and engrossing passion; he therefore never married. During the whole of his career (the political strife by which at times he was surrounded) he never was molested; the enemies of his country always paid him the greatest respect, they entered his studio in admiration, and left it unmolested.

Napoleon held Canova in great respect; he sent for him twice to Paris. He executed a colossal statue of the Emperor in Carrara marble, sixteen Roman palms in height; it was sent to Paris in 1811, and is now in possession of the Duke of Wellington; a bronze cast is in the Palace of Arts at Milan. Napoleon, who so much admired frankness and simplicity in men of genius, allowed him a free conversation in plain and undisguised truths, such as is rarely heard in Imperial rooms; Canova uttered them fearlessly and honestly, without any wish to offend or be thought singular; they emanated from a heart free from guile or pride. One remarkable answer he made to Napoleon upon his remonstrating with him about executing his statue after the manner of the Greek sculptors, in nudity,—"Not God himself," was Canova's reply, "could have made a handsome work if he had undertaken to represent your Majesty dressed in the French fashion with boots and breeches." As nothing is more prejudicial to the fine arts than a false modesty, nudity being the sublime of sculpture, we may mention a reproof he gave to a young student in art, who, from a weak affectation of modesty, said he could not look upon a naked statue, he said, "I abhor, as I do sin, indelicate subjects, for an artist should never degrade his modesty; an indelicate subject never can be a handsome one; still the language of our art is the naked,—you should imitate it, but yet unite modesty with nudity,—if you cannot do that, if you have so abject a soul as to introduce your eternal corruption into the innocent region of the fine arts, take some

other path, nudity is divine,—it is a part of the works of the hand of God himself. If there were any parts which God did not wish should be in our bodies, he had not created them, and we should not be ashamed to imitate that which he has made, but always with modesty, and with that veil of propriety which nature requires, not in the innocency of her creation, but in the wickedness of her corruption."

At an advanced stage of life he visited London, and often alluded to his visit as being one of the most agreeable parts of his life; he spoke in lofty terms of the marbles of the Parthenon in the British Museum. In the month of May, 1821, he went to Naples to inspect the wax model of his second colossal horse, and returned to Rome with a disorder of the stomach. Having recovered himself a little in September he went to Passagno, hoping to derive benefit from his native air; he arrived at that village on the 17th of the same month. He found no relief, and gradually becoming worse, left for Venice, where he arrived on the 4th of October. Here he wrote his last letter:—"My health goes on as usual, or is, perhaps, rather worse than it was; for a few days I thought it getting better, but I was disappointed; perhaps the journey to Rome may restore me; I would fain embrace you once again." No sooner had he taken up his abode under the friendly roof of the Casa Francesconi than he took to his bed. Getting gradually worse, and after performing the last offices of religion, he resigned himself to the will of his Creator with the utmost serenity, uttering only short sentences of a pious nature to those around him, who were administering what comforts they could. With his usual kindness he said, "Yet give it me, that so I may remain a little longer with you." Approaching nearer to his end, he said to those who moistened his parched lips,—"*Buono, buonissimo ma — è inutile.*"* His last words were—"Anima bella e pura."† These he uttered several times before he expired; his death took place on the morning of the 13th of October, having nearly completed his 65th year.

REMAINS OF ADDISON.

Miss Aikin has not been very fortunate in seeking for details of Addison's habits and conversation. He was too careful to allow himself to be seen in *déshabille*, and little has come to us which he did not intend to transpire. His introduction to Boileau is amusing:—

"Among other Learned men I had y^e honour to be introduc'd to Mr Boileau, who is now retouching his works and

* "Good, very good,—but it is in vain."

† "Pure and lovely spirit."

putting 'em out in a new Impression. He is old and a little Deaf, but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an Ill poet, and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old Age or Truth in his Censures on y^e French writers, but he wonderfully decrys y^e present and extols very much his former contemporaries, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I askt him whether he thought Telemaque was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing yⁿ any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of y^e Odysee, for Mentor, says he, is eternally Preaching, but Ulysee shows us evry thing in his character and behaviour y^t y^e other is still pressing on us by his precepts and Instructions. He said y^e punishment of bad Kings was very well invented, and might compare with any thing of that nature in y^e 6th Eneid, and that y^e deceit put on Telemaque's Pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than y^e Death of Palinurus. * * He talk'd very much of Corneille, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at y^e same time none of y^e best Tragique writers, for that he declaimed too frequently and made very fine Descriptions often when there was no occasion for 'em. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passions y^t are proper to be rais'd by Tragedy, Terror and Pity, but Corneille endeavours at a new w^h is Admiration. He instanc'd in his Pompey (w^h he told us y^e late Duke of Condy thought y^e best Tragedy y^t was ever written) where in y^e first scene y^e King of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of y^e battle of Pharsalia, tho' he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself bin present at it."

His playful vein is very agreeably exhibited in a letter to Mr Chamberlain Dashwood, acknowledging the receipt of a snuff-box:—

"Dear Sir,—About three days ago, Mr Bocher put a pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleas'd to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a Gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You did not probably foresee that it wou'd draw on you y^e trouble of a Letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a Snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I

am observ'd to have my Box oft'ner in my hand than those that have bin used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr Dashwood. You know Mr Bays recommends Snuff as a great provocative to Wit, but you may produce this Letter as a standing Evidence against him. I have since y^e beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that Wit and Tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a Pun of it, tho' a Man may be master of a snuff-box,

"Non culesunq; datum est habere Nasam."

I should be afraid of being thought a Pedant for my Quotation did not I know that y^e Gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, Pray Sr do me y^e Justice to esteem me."

The agreeable invitation which follows, and which was sent by the author of 'Cato' to the young Earl of Warwick, is amusing:—

"My dearest Lord,—I can't forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than M^r Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes, than ever you met with at the opera."

ON THE SOUTHEY AND SIGOURNEY
CONTROVERSY.

Was ever such confusion seen
Except in a St Giles's cellar!
In this affair there must have been
More than a single "Story teller."

LYNX.

— In Bamberg, Bavaria, on removing the covering of a subterranean passage beneath the ancient Hotel de Ville, six large chests of wrought iron were found, containing about 22,000 arrows, pointed in the manner of a chisel, and the shafts furnished with chips instead of feathers. The Municipal Council has forwarded specimens to various learned bodies.



Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, paly of six, or, and ar., a canton erm. for Shirley; second and third, France and England, quarterly; within a bordure ar. for Plantagenet. *Crest.* The bust of a Saracen's head, in profile, coupéd ppr. wreathed about the temples or and az. *Supporters.* Dexter, a talbot erm. eared and ducally gorged, gu. *Sinister,* a reindeer gu. billettée, or, attired, az. ducally gorged of the second. *Motto.* "Honor virtutis præmium." Honour is the reward of virtue.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF FERRERS.

The Shirleys are a very ancient family, and the history of their descent has been preserved by the labours of Sir Thomas Shirley, of Botolph's Bridge, county of Huntingdon. Three manuscript narratives, prepared by him, are deposited in the British Museum.

Sir Ralph de Shirley, we learn, in the seventh year of King Edward the First, held the manor of Estendon, county of Warwick, of Edmund Earl of Lancaster, the King's brother, by the service of two knights' fees. He had, in the 28th of the same reign, the custodies of the counties of Salop and Stafford, with the Castle of Shrewsbury committed to his charge, and was Sheriff of the counties of Derby and Nottingham in the 27th, 28th, and 30th years of that king. He became one of the justices in the county of Warwick in the third year of Edward the Second, for the goal delivery, and two years afterwards was chosen to represent that county in Parliament. He obtained the hand of Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Walter de Waldeschief, of Farfield, county of Derby, who was cupbearer to Edward the Second. Sir Ralph died in 1327.

His son, Sir Thomas Shirley, represented the county of Warwick in Parliament, in the 14th of Edward the Third. He distinguished himself in the wars of that period, and is looked back to as the founder of the Shirley's. He married Isabel, grand-daughter of Ralph Lord Basset, of Drayton. His son, Sir Hugh Shirley, followed, who succeeded to the estates of his uncle, Lord Basset, and became grand falconer to Henry the Fourth in the year 1400. At the battle of Shrewsbury, where the king's person was especially aimed at, several officers were habited like him, to share the danger. Of these Sir Hugh was one. The honour cost him his life; being supposed to be the king he was there slain.

Sir Ralph Shirley, his son, was one of the principal commanders at Agincourt, and was afterwards actively engaged in the

field. A series of brave and distinguished men, bearing the name of Shirley, followed in due succession the foregoing. Sir Henry Shirley, who lived in the time of James I, married in 1615 Dorothy, the youngest daughter of the celebrated favourite, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, and one of the co-heirs of her brother, Robert, Earl of Essex. His second son, who was also Sir Henry, had the honour to be committed to the Tower by Cromwell, where he died. On the death of his elder brother he had succeeded to the title. His eldest son, Sir Seymour, was the next wearer of it; and on his dying shortly after his father, he was succeeded by his brother Robert, who had been previously knighted. As grandson and heir to Lady Dorothy Devereux, who has already been mentioned, daughter of the last Earl of Essex, the issue of the elder daughter being extinct, Charles II, December 14, 1677, terminated the abeyance of the ancient baronies of Ferrers, of Chartley, Bouchier, and Louvaine, in his favour; these baronies having been thus situated since the death of the unfortunate Earl, Sir Robert Shirley thus became Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, &c. His Lordship was one of the Privy Councillors of King William and Queen Anne, and was created by the latter sovereign, September 3, 1711, Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers. He died December 25, 1717.

His son Washington succeeded him as second Earl. From him the title passed to his brother, who was succeeded by his nephew Lawrence. This was the unhappy nobleman who suffered for murder at Tyburn. It was proved beyond all doubt that he had occasionally been bereaved of intellect, but the doctrine of monomania not being then established, for him there was no escape. The privilege even of dying by the axe was refused. "He has done de deed of de bad man, and he shall die de death of de bad man," was said to be the answer of George II, when appealed to in his behalf. The present wearer of the title is the seventh Earl.

MR PERCIVAL FARREN AND THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE CATASTROPHE.

THE newspapers announce the death of Mr Percival Farren, brother to Mr W. Farren the actor. Mr Farren was formerly a performer and stage manager. He was so engaged at the Brunswick Theatre, and had nearly ceased to exist with that ill-fated edifice, in 1828. The following is the account which he gave of his situation on that well-remembered morning:—

“It was about half-past eleven o'clock, after I had been for some time conversing with Mr Maurice in the front of his private box, on the opposite prompt side of the stage, upon the subject of some theatrical arrangements, that our attention was arrested by an almost indescribable discordant sound, which must have been heard all over the theatre, and continued for several seconds. Upon looking upwards, whence it seemed to proceed, I beheld the lustre falling; my poor friend rushed towards the centre of the stage, apparently to ascertain the cause of our alarm; whilst I, almost without a consciousness of what I did, sprang into the box, and supported myself by the outward pillar of the proscenium. In an instant, the whole fabric fell before me with one awful crash; the iron roof buried all beneath it, and the sky was entirely open to my view. So complete appeared the work of death and devastation around me, that, for a considerable time, I believed myself the only survivor of this fearful ruin, until, through the cloud of dust, I at length distinguished Mrs Vaughan's daughter, Miss Yates, severely wounded in the head, and heard her imploring me to save her. With some difficulty I succeeded in rescuing her from her perilous situation, and on placing her by my side in the box, urged her grateful acknowledgments to the Almighty for her preservation up to that moment.

“The exact period during which we remained in this precarious safety, every moment expecting dissolution, I cannot conjecture; but my fervent gratitude may be conceived when I at length saw some carpenters and other workmen climbing, wounded and bleeding, through the rubbish. Upon their recognizing me, I expressed my joy at their escape with life, and inquired if our danger was yet over. Their replies convinced me of the necessity of instant exertion, and amidst difficulties and horrors, which I will not attempt to describe, I descended, and found myself on my knees at the bottom of the ruins, with Miss Yates locked in my arms. Having recovered from the oppression on my feelings by a violent flood of tears, I was at length enabled to place my interesting charge in a place of safety; and, thank God! providentially escaped myself with-

out any personal injury. I first informed Mrs Vaughan of the preservation of her daughter; and then, in a state of mind you may conceive, but which I cannot detail, went to inform my brothers of my own miraculous rescue. On my return to the scene of terror, I learned the confirmation of my worst fears in the irreparable loss of my most esteemed friend Mr Maurice, and of the many others who died with him. At the moment when the calamity occurred, I was too horror-struck, and my mind too entirely occupied with my own preservation, for me to be competent to speak with any accuracy of the escape of those who happily, like me, live to be grateful for it.”

Reviews.

The Pastor Chief; or, the Escape of the Vaudois. In 3 vols. Cunningham and Mortimer.

HISTORICAL novels, when the subjects are judiciously chosen and well treated, are not only delightful but really beneficial. They fix the attention on memorable incidents, and make the reader better acquainted with celebrated characters than he can be from reading a general chronicle. This, of course, is only to be understood of cases where the writer forbids his imagination to pass the limits of probability, and gives, with well-ascertained facts, scenes which it is obvious *must*, or which it is probable *might*, have occurred at the period, and in connexion with the events assumed as the ground-work of the tale.

Of all the tragedies transmitted to us from those who suffered in former ages, none are more truly afflicting than those which were acted in the name of religion. Religion, which should breathe peace over the whole surface of God's glorious creation, has been made to deluge the earth with blood, and ingenuity was stimulated to invent superior means of inflicting torture on the image of the Almighty, who, it has been as absurdly as atrociously assumed, could be glorified by the defacing and brutal destruction of his noblest work! To expose the wickedness and the folly of such deplorable infatuation is a worthy exercise of literary power, and to enforce that moral which all history teaches, that in religious matters the mind cannot be controlled by violence; to offer convincing evidence that though reason and argument have often prevailed, persecution could never, is to advocate the best interests of humanity.

The real story of the Vaudois is too rich in melancholy incidents to render it necessary for an author to draw largely on his imagination to fill his volumes. There is some awkwardness in the opening of the work before us. We should suspect it is the author's first essay in this walk of

literature. He seems to have had the simplicity to expect that novel-readers were likely to peruse a preface, and in the tale we are told of "Arnaud's daughter" before we hear anything of who Arnaud was. The characters are, in several instances, introduced, and introduced with an air of affected mystery. Over and over again the "figure" of a man, "two strange figures," &c., meet the eye, and weary from repetition: and there is some negligence as to dates, since the same event is set down for the first months of the year 1689, and "the spring of 1687."

But these defects are trifles compared with the merits of the work. We could wish some of the dialogues had been more condensed; and if the Pastor in his speeches had been formed more on the model of William of Tyre, in Madame Cotin's 'Mathilde,' we should not have liked it the worse. William, in the various situations into which he is thrown, always turns to Scripture, and a character like Arnaud might appropriately have been enriched from the same source with brief passages applicable to the circumstances by which he is surrounded; the Bible offers an abundance of them, simple, apposite, and sublime.

If the characters are less vividly drawn in some respects than they might be, the general conception is good, and we are not startled by

"Faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw."

In some a coldness, in others a weakness, in others severity, are associated with amiable and noble qualities that make us feel that we are reading of human beings. Many of the descriptions are fine, comprehensive, and glowing; they bring the bold Alpine scenery before the mind's eye with admirable effect, with great skill, and well-regulated power. Many of the situations are striking; so striking that they carry the reader on without allowing him to pause on little peculiarities of style, though the critic on his return may find some of them out. One scene of great interest we shall quote. To make it understood, it is necessary to say that a Count di Solari and his lady, dying, leave their daughter, Anima, in the care of the Pastor of Angrogna, in the country of the Vaudois. She is fifteen at the time of her father's death. One of the Vaudois youth, Walter Durand, soon becomes enamoured of her, who is himself beloved by the handsome and noble-minded Marie, the Pastor's daughter. The grand relations of Anima take her to Turin. There her character is somewhat deteriorated; she learns to love adulation and splendour; she gives up the religion of the Vaudois; and, though she cannot forget Durand, she marries the Marquis of Pianeza, a young soldier, who is subsequently sent to make war on the Vaudois.

Anima is made to accompany her husband. She takes up her abode in a castle, to which she is conducted by the Marquis. Her old lover, Durand, is opposed to him, and the latter, confident of success, fears for the safety of Anima. He wishes to give her timely intimation of the unsuspected means of the Vaudois, that she may fly from the danger. The former companion of Anima, Marie Arnaud, undertakes to make her way into the castle to communicate with Anima. This is a work of great difficulty and peril, but the heroine boldly ventures upon it.

Meanwhile Anima, though sad at heart, presides at a festival to which the officers serving under the Marquis are invited. She has delighted them all with her grace, vivacity, and beauty. She withdraws amidst enthusiastic acclamations, but seeks her own apartment in sadness.

"Brought up in a scenery, whose romantic charms could not fail to awaken the imagination, and by nature disposed to feel its influence, Anima still loved to watch the setting sun, and this evening she had thrown open the casement to gaze on the glorious scene beneath.

"A mossy sward sloped from the castle to the banks of the river Pelice, whose unquiet waters, now like streams of fire, reflected the reddened sky above. Opposite a dark wood of stunted trees, whose fantastic forms were as beautiful in their variety as others of more noble growth, formed a shady and mysterious screen to the unknown space beyond, which fancy might people as she pleased; while above their tops rose majestic, whether azure and rosy in the morning light, or as now, tinted with a crimson glow, those high mountains whose ice-capped summits reflected in yet deeper colouring nature's loveliest tints.

"To a heart which the world had left untouched it was a sight to awaken unmingled feelings of delight and gratitude to the Being who thus stamped the evidence of his power on this nether creation; but it is only to the pure in heart that the tokens of his ever surrounding presence are perfectly acceptable. They alone dare welcome and rejoice in the vicinity of their God.

"Anima gazed on the scene with deep interest, but though it riveted her attention, the feelings with which she regarded it were more imbued with awe than with pleasure; and yet she watched till the bright globe had sunk from her view, and each lingering ray changed from gold to crimson, and thence through the deepening gradations of every purple shade, till it faded into a dull and leaden hue.

"The evening air came sweeping on with a chilly feel, its low murmuring sound was heard among the trees, and a deep shade spread over the landscape.

"Anima turned from the window; her

little apartment was darker than the outward scene, but a hanging mirror immediately opposite revealed her own figure in bright relief to the increasing gloom; and there she stood in her gorgeous attire, the glittering coronet shining amid her dark tresses, and a bright light, distinct from all else, flashing from the diamond cross upon her breast.

"But where was the irradiating smile? Where nature's light of gladness which had so lately dazzled all beholders as it sparkled from the liquid eye? Both alike had faded, and though the chiselled mouth was as beautiful as when parted with the smile of delight, and the fair brow as perfect in its symmetry, the whole seemed a changed creature from the being which had graced the banquet below. Silent tears had bedewed that lovely face, its roseate tint had faded to a paler hue; the thoughts within were darker and more sad than the outward indications.

"My home of youth!" whispered Anima to herself. "My native land!—as wondrous and as lovely as when in thoughtless infancy I beheld thee. Thou art still the same, but oh! how different the feelings thy aspect awakens in my bosom. Alas! how changed may be that home itself in all that individualized it to me! Where, oh! where are those who once so tenderly loved me—whom I so fondly longed to? Arnaud, Marie, Durand—Durand who would have perilled life and all he held most dear for my sake!" A pause ensued, during which the tears, unchecked and unperceived, coursed down the now colourless cheeks.

"He has never loved me, never loved as Durand did," she suddenly added, with the impetuosity of mortified feeling. "He to whom I have given all!—and those who surround me flatter and admire, but never appreciated me as *they* did; and now what do they think—how do they despise me? Me! the proud Marchioness of Pianezza, the arbitress of their fate, the cynosure of a thousand admiring circles!"

"She covered her face with her hands, and sat in deep motionless silence beside the open window, too deeply engrossed to mark the growing darkness, or note the chilly air of night which whistled plaintively without and seemed yet more piercingly to penetrate her apartment. But neither this, nor the reverberating sounds which occasionally issued from the banqueting-room beneath, disturbed her deep reverie: and the moon had long risen to decorate with her delicate beams the wild landscape beneath, as if in rivalry of the more magnificent luminary whose beams had so lately set.

"Suddenly there was a slight rustling among the ivy branches; but it might be the night-bird repairing to her nest, or the

rising breeze more roughly stirring. But again the sound was heard, and broke louder on the air.

"The foliage beneath the window seemed crashing beneath some weight heavier than that of murmuring breeze or restless bird; and Anima looked up, and, with an indefinable sensation of fear, rose to shut the casement. But, as she rose, the noise increased, a hand was on the window-frame, a head visible, and in an instant more, ere the loud cry of terror with which Anima greeted the sight had died on her lips, a figure completely shrouded in a dark mantle had leaped into the room and stood before her.

"She did not faint, though the bloodless hue of face, lips, and neck, and the firm grasp with which she clenched the table before her, showed the extremity of fear which had wrung that scream from her lips; but she gazed with voiceless inquiry on the intruder, who had by this time dropped the disguising cloak, and was there, as if like a spirit to identify the thoughts which had occupied her reverie.

"And thus they met again, the friends of youth, who had parted with the gentle embrace of mutual love, the promise of unbroken affection: how changed, how widely altered since that farewell!

"The one, a queen in her gorgeous apparel and splendid ornaments; the other, an object alike to excite terror and compassion; but though worn with fatigue and aged as though by the weight of many a year, which neither yet had known, the identity remained; and the hoarse accent which first broke the silence and framed the name of 'Anima,' at once revealed her history, and called forth in sweet response the oft-repeated sound of 'Marie, Marie Arnaud!' The emotion of such a meeting was alike on both sides, but the surprise, the anguish of the Marchioness quenched its expression and she exclaimed, 'Oh! wherefore are you here? What rash impudence tempted you so far?'

"Listen, Anima,' interrupted Marie—'your safety, a promise to one whom—' but Marie's voice died within her, and she extended the packet in which Durand had traced those few hurried lines, which were alike to save or to endanger two lives so dear!

"With trembling hands Anima was about to take it, when the tramp of many feet echoed through the adjoining saloon, and a stronger impulse made her seize Marie, and forcing her back to the window, exclaim, 'Fly, my lord is here, fly, for your life!'

"The instant which passed would have been sufficient for her escape, but the packet, the dangerous document which concerned so many lives was on the floor, and, with generous disdain of self-preservation,

Marie turned and sprang towards it, and snatching it once more, made a desperate effort to reach and clear the casement, when the door burst open, and the Marquis himself seized with resistless grasp her retreating figure."

The sequel of this striking adventure must be reserved for next week.

**THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY, M.A.,
v. THE RIGHT HON. B. MACAULAY.**

We have received a preface to a third edition of this Reverend Gentleman's 'Luther,' printed separately for general distribution, in which he opposes the progress of the Roman Catholic religion with great zeal, and declares that he does so "with an undiminished conviction that Popery is in heart and soul the same ANTI-SCRIPTURAL LIE it always has been; and that, at the present hour, it is putting forth its energies and influences through every possible means and under every conceivable mode."

He proceeds unsparingly to attack Popery and the friends of Popery. Of the latter he tells us—

"Those controversialists, who, skulking behind the protecting shade of a newspaper or magazine, desire (to borrow Mr Faber's energetic term), to 'whitewash' the black and ugly face of Romanism, are very fond of describing all who will not spare the delusive abominations of Popery as 'bigots and fanatics,' &c. But this sophistical charge may be annihilated by a very simple proof. For, in the first place, it is not bigotry or fanaticism, but moral honesty and manful sincerity, to christen the impostures of Rome with right names—names which intimate the horrid nature of the things. In the second place, the stark nonsense about Fenelon and Pascal, and their turgid eulogies concerning the protection afforded by a few Popes in the 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries, to aid liberty, &c., have nothing to do with the real question."

But the most remarkable part of the Rev. Gentleman's performance is the attack on "certain outcasts of literature" connected with reviews described to be "revoltingly personal or atrociously unjust." He points to writers in the 'Edinburgh Review,' as "surpassing the bounds of common morals and social decency;" and among them Mr Macaulay, M.P., is mentioned by name. In connexion with this subject, Mr Montgomery gives the following notice of reviews generally, and of the success of his own poems. He says:—

"The Right Hon. Babington Macaulay, M.P., being unwilling that a grateful posterity should not know the name of that intellectual magician who has instructed

it, through the medium of the 'Edinburgh Review,' thought proper to oblige the world by collecting his lucubrations and publishing them in '3 vols. 8vo.' Among these oracular treasures he has the exceeding bad taste to reprint an insolent piece of mendacity, which he published some ten years since against the writer of this, and which was suggested to him by certain rival booksellers who publish his namesake's poems, and are among the proprietors of the Scotch journals. The apparent object of this diatribe, where dullness and meanness contend for mastery, is to prove, 1st, That a youthful author had the audacity to publish a poem, which, in the course of one year, ran through six or seven editions; and 2nd, That the said transgressor (though he had neither influence to command, nor literary connexions to secure, the criticism of the day), must have bribed nearly the whole of the British press; because, in despite of Mr Macaulay being alive, and the Edinburgh oracle in circulation, such an offensive proceeding was permitted. So far, however, as that author is personally concerned, the hon. member is quite at liberty to pursue his critical assassinations in the 'Edinburgh Review,' or any other receptacle of printed malice he may prefer. Still, perhaps, it may be humbly suggested to him, whether he would not be more profitably and wisely employed in constructing speeches than in re-publishing such abortions of spleen as the one here alluded to. He may be assured that any 'critical' or 'historical' underling of the lowest form, attached to a bookseller's review, could accomplish this work quite as skilfully, and almost as spitefully, as the honourable member himself. We really trust, however, this meek gentleman and modest orator will not be thrown into 'historical' convulsions or 'critical' hysterics, when he is informed that 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' notwithstanding his interesting anathemas, continues to circulate and to be read even up to this present time. Nay, more, it has actually had the enormous effrontery to be on the brink of a twenty-second edition;—is extensively re-published in America, and has also been re-printed in various parts of the Continent, and partially translated into the Swedish language; and what renders all this more shocking still, is the fact that this outrageous proceeding has taken place, albeit that work has never had any publishing Leviathan of Paternoster row to assist its sale, nor been puffed by quarterlies, nor praised by monthlies, nor lauded by weeklies; but, on the contrary, has been nibbled at again and again by the whole fry of our periodical literature. But what if, after all, it should turn out that there is more truthful power in the poem than there is generous

feeling in some reviewers' hearts? What then?—why

'Poor Appius threatens with tremendous eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.'

In continuing his strictures on the depravity of Reviewers, Mr Montgomery states a singular fact:—

"Within a few months only," he says, "a person who has been behind the scenes informed the writer of this, that, in many cases, volumes are forwarded from the conductor of a periodical, on which is written the words 'To be abused,' or 'To be praised!'"

In this case Mr Montgomery has stated too little or too much. If he could not depend upon his authority, he should have been silent; if he could, he should have boldly denounced the assassin-like culprit. In such a case, insinuation only, is pitiful. To show himself

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,"

is what we should not have expected from Mr Montgomery. It is to be hoped that he will take an early opportunity of correcting this, of naming the periodical and its conductor, or of confessing that he has been misinformed. The latter will most probably prove to be the case. If there are conductors of Reviews mean and malignant enough to act the part described, they would hardly be so foolish as to trust even "one behind the scenes" with a sight of the instructions given to their writers,—“To praise,” or “to abuse.” These things, if done at all, Mr Montgomery may be assured, are managed in a different way.

He proceeds with bitterness to picture and to condemn the practices of critics, and insists on their incapacity, in many instances, however distinguished for learning and talent, to give a fair judgment on a religious publication. Many of them, he contends, "will put forth mendacities for judgments, and try to persuade the public that the work rendered is not what it really is, but what their malignity wills it to be. There is only one description by which such characters can be portrayed; but that is a divine one, and is found in the writings of St John,—“They lie, and the truth is not in them.”

How to Gain Divine Knowledge—"I did not learn my divinity all at once, but was constrained to search deeper and deeper, to which my temptations brought me; for no man without temptations can attain to the true understanding of the Holy Scriptures. I had, hanging on my neck, the pope, the universities, all the deeply learned, and with them the devil himself. These hunted me into the bible, wherein I diligently read, and at length (God be praised!) attained to the true understanding of them."—*Luther*.

GILLY WILLIAMS.

AMONG the correspondents of George Selwyn was Mr Gilly Williams. From the following specimen of his letter-writing, he seems to have been fit company for Walpole, Selwyn, and that laughing circle who were disposed to extract mirth from anything and everything:—

"I wonder what you do with yourself, *sic raro scribis!* I do not believe you think I have a penny left in my pocket, that you will not put me to the expense of a letter, but wait till a d——d odd animal joins the Macaronies to save me twelvepence postage. Pray tell Lord March that I am this moment come from the opera, and the knowing ones agree, nothing like Manzoli has been imported into this country for ages. Signora Scotti is pretty, but her voice scarce strong enough to reach three benches from the orchestra. But I can tell you something which, as Lord Bacon says, will come more home to your business and bosom. Old Harrington's robbery is found out. His porter was the principal thief, who let in a cheesemonger, and another not yet taken, who divided the spoil. A watch and some of the plate are returned. The cheesemonger is the evidence, so the porter will go alone in the cart: they were discovered negotiating one of the bank-notes at Chester. No army on earth was ever in higher spirits than our Administration. Opposition seems on its deathbed. The Yorkes have left it. Charles Yorke has been squeamish, and would not return to his old post again, but kisses hands next Wednesday for a brevet of precedence at the bar. He has acted, as most lawyers do out of their business, with as much absurdity, and as little knowledge of the world, as a fellow of a college. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton are separated, though the articles are not yet agreed upon between them. General Conway is to treat in favour of the Duke, and old Ellison for the Duchess: it is thought she will retire upon her jointure. The Dowager's birthday was full and well dressed. People say Lord Holland looks well; but I think he breaks very fast, and has more of the old man in his speech, which you remember was remarkably quick and lively. God bless you, my dear George! When you have nothing else to do, let me hear from you—see you, I suppose, I never shall."

From the same pen we have a paragraph which might have done for Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild the Great.'

"I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who heard it. He called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another, and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; but, says he, you need not

be curious about the sauce, for you know he is to be hanged to-morrow. That is true, says the other; but the ordinary saps with him, and you know he is a hell of a fellow for butter! If the Continental air has not altered you, this will please you, at least I have known the time when you have gone a good way for such a morsel."

Science.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Mr Hoaking explained his proposal to improve the design of arched bridges. The proposed improvement in this respect Mr Hoaking stated to consist in groining a bridge arch, or of carrying a groined transverse arch through the length of a series of arches, and the advantages derivable from this plan to be in lessening the weight of the bridging constructions; in reducing the thrust upon the abutments; in diminishing the liability of the bridging constructions to vibrate under the action of pulsating or of rolling bodies; and generally in greatly reducing the cost of construction. The weight is obviously lessened by the difference between the massive haunches of main vaults and of the requisite backing to them throughout the extent of the transverse arch, and the thickness of the pier, and the comparatively light inner transverse arch, which, being of slight span, may be of stones of much less depth than the main vaults require. He then proceeded to show the effect of his suggestions in a design for remodelling Westminster bridge, rendered, by circumstances which had grown up around it, altogether unfit, both in its design and arrangement, for the position it occupies, and mentioned that he had written the remarks in his treatise, and sketched the design which he exhibited, in September last, and which coincided in a remarkable degree with the observations upon the same subject in the report lately presented by Mr Barry to the Commission on the Fine Arts.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Mr Edward Solly, in his third lecture, adverted to the singular agencies which cause the conversion of such products as gum, sugar, starch, &c., one into the other. This was shown to be caused, in plants, by the presence of an azotized substance, called diastase, which, in germinating seeds, brings about with rapidity the same kind of alterations as the chemist produces artificially by means of inorganic substances. This showed that plants obtain their food either from the air or the soil, which were next proved to be capable of yielding it. In addition to oxygen and nitrogen, which by

their mixture form the atmosphere, it was shown that there is constantly suspended in it, water furnishing hydrogen, carbonic acid, and ammonia. The latter compound is not, however, discoverable, because it is dissolved in water as fast as it is formed, and therefore only occurs in the water precipitated from the atmosphere. But in addition to these gaseous matters, solid substances, in a state of minute division, are always floating in the air. The possibility of this was demonstrated by the following experiment: some potash was heated on a glass plate, in contact with a piece of wood; suddenly the mixture took fire, and the potash passed into the air in the form of a vapour that presently became invisible. That potash must remain suspended in the air; and, in fact, its presence may be detected for four hours after such an experiment. It is probable that soda is volatilizable in a similar manner. The fact that it is so, was proved by an instance which Mr Solly had obtained from the Horticultural Garden. Two plants of a *Catsetum* were taken, one growing in earth, the other in air. Their analysis gave the following curious result:

Growing in air.	Growing in earth.
Pseudo bulbs 465 parts of solid matter.	488
Leaves 794	793

Now, it is to be inferred that in such a case the solid matter must have been supplied as abundantly by the *air* as by the *soil*. (This is a most curious, and in practice a most important fact.)

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The gold medal, entitled the Patron's Medal, having been awarded to Lieut. J. F. Symonds, R.E., for his triangulations over a great portion of Palestine, and for his determination of the difference between the levels of the Dead Sea and Lake Tiberias, and that of the Mediterranean, was received for him by his father, Sir W. Symonds; and the gold medal, entitled the Founder's Medal, which was awarded to Mr Edward John Eyre, for his zealous and enterprising explorations in Australia under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, was handed over to the secretary to be forwarded to Mr Eyre.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Some specimens of unburnt bricks from the Pyramids of Daskoor (Egypt), were exhibited by Mr Newton. From the description by Mr Perring, who brought them to England, it appeared that they were made from the alluvial soil of the Valley of the Nile, mixed up with chopped straw; that they were made with cavities in the sides like the modern bricks, and that the interior of the pyramids was formed of arches, the bricks composing them being either packed behind with pieces of pottery, or cut away to radiate equally from the centre. There existed at Thebes some

extensive ranges of arches, of about twelve feet span, the bricks of which they were built bearing the name of Sesostria, and consequently they must have stood uninjured upwards of 3,180 years; the arches were turned in concentric half-brickings.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The secretary read a description of Mr Lee's Safety Railway Carriage, a model of which was on the table. The object of Mr Lee's invention is to prevent railway accidents, either from the breaking of axles or from carriages running off the rails: to obtain these desiderata Mr Lee introduces improved bearings for the axles of the wheels, and forms each axle in two parts, so arranged as to obtain the requisite stiffness, and at the same time enable either half of the axle which may become fractured or otherwise made unfit for use, to be readily removed without removing the other or uninjured half. Another point is the application of very powerful brakes, to stop the action of the wheels when required, though the train be proceeding at full speed; these brakes are adapted to act simultaneously as well on the rails on which the wheels run, as on the rims of the wheels themselves, and are therefore called "compound brakes."

familiar phrases, and making the round of the newspapers. All we can say is, that if Mrs Southey wrote such a letter to Mrs Sigourney, and if, as such a letter would seem to imply, there was no interpolation in the case, we owe Mrs Sigourney an *amende honorable*, which we shall make with frankness and promptitude. Indeed we have no hesitation in saying that if all this be proved, Mrs Sigourney is entitled to all the reparation that can be offered to her for the infliction of a very grave injustice."

The Gathert.

A Stage Monarch.—The elder Vankove, Talma's father-in-law, an actor of no great merit, was accustomed to get tipsy on the night of a first representation. When the 'Death of Montmorency,' was brought out, he was to act the part of Louis XIII. Notwithstanding the habit of taking snuff is by no means charged on the great personage he was to represent, there was no such thing as persuading him to give up a round case containing a pound of snuff, which he called his snuff-box. His daughter, already dressed for the part of Anne of Austria, used every possible argument to prevent his appearing with it, but in vain. He was thoroughly tipsy and had taken up a phrase from which there was no driving him. "Prove to me that Louis XIII did not take snuff, and I will lay down my arms: prove it to me." "But, my father," said Madame Petit Vanhove. "Prove to me that Louis XIII did not take snuff." And he so stuffed his unfortunate nose that it was scarcely possible to hear his voice, while the fumes of the snuff still increased his drunkenness; and so completely did he parody his part that laughter prevailed over both hisses and applauses.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET AND SEYMOUR THE HORSE PAINTER.—Charles, the old haughty Duke of Somerset, sent for Seymour, to Petworth, to paint a room with portraits of his running horses, and one day at dinner drank to him with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health." "My lord," replied the painter, "I really do believe I have the honour of being of your graces family." The Duke rose offended, and sent his steward to pay Seymour and dismiss him. After some time his grace found it impossible to get his horses painted to his mind, and condescended to summons his cousin once more. Seymour answered the mandate in these words:—"My lord, I will now prove I am of your grace's family, for I won't come."

For Cooking Vegetables.—The choice of water is very important, owing to the different effects produced in their texture by hard and soft water. Thus, green vegetables and pulse lose both their colour and consistence if boiled in soft water, whereas, if boiled in hard water, the colour is much better preserved, and the texture less altered. For this reason salt is added to harden the water when greens are boiled.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

MRS SOUTHEY AND MRS SIGOURNEY.—It is hoped the mighty question relative to these letter-writing ladies will soon be set at rest. The 'Story Teller' says:—

"That Mrs Southey should have written to Mrs Sigourney, not only expressing no dissatisfaction at having her private letter dragged into public notice at a moment of such profound domestic anguish, but actually thanking her for conferring such an honour upon her, is a thing which we at once confess we cannot comprehend; knowing, as we do, that Mrs Southey, in her private correspondence with friends in England, expressed but one sentiment of unmitigated pain and astonishment, at seeing her private letter interpolated with

Preserved Apples.—A correspondent of the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' says:—I tasted some apples on the 10th inst. as fresh as when picked off the tree; and found from my friend, at whose house I was dining, that he had preserved them in sand (not sea-sand) in boxes. They were carefully wiped before put in, and the sand was perfectly dry.

Kitchen Garden.—By cutting off lettuces immediately above the life-knot instead of pulling them up by the roots, when wanted for table, a single or at most two sowings will suffice for the year. The root will soon send out a crop of shoots, which are just as good as those first taken; but they require to be used before they become large, as they are apt to run up and flower.

Treatment of Servants.—The practice of sending out young female servants late at night to bring home any members of the family who may be out visiting, or placing them in any other manner unnecessarily in circumstances of exposure, are considerations to which we ought not to be indifferent; and the mistress who allows her servant to be thus circumstanced, would do well to ask herself how she would like a young sister, or a daughter, to be placed in a similar situation. Can it be that youth has not as strong a claim to our protection in the lower as in the higher walks of life?—*Wives of England, by Mrs Ellis.*

Fox in Difficulties.—Soon after the celebrated coalition between Fox and Lord North, the former was boasting at Brookes's of the advantageous peace he had ratified with France, adding that he had at length prevailed on the Court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum trade in favour of Great Britain. Selwyn who was present, and to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, 'That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at, for, having, permitted the French to draw your teeth, they would be indeed d—d fools to quarrel with you about your gums.' When the affairs of Charles Fox were in their more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking, that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding, that 'he wondered how Fox would take it.' 'Take it?' interrupted Selwyn, 'why, quarterly, to be sure.'

Cromwell's Bones.—Mr Carlyle in his 'Past and Present' says:—Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming, and undertook a Hercules' labour and lifelong wrestle. His wages, as F understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgeware road, near Tyburn turnpike, at this hour. We believe there is no Tyburn turnpike now, but the bones of Oliver rest beneath the mile-post on the Park side of the way, which serves as the Lord Protector's tombstone.

— The average number of weekly deaths in the last five springs, has been 854.

The Union with Scotland.—So unpopular was the union with the Scottish nation, that only four were able, owing to the mob, to sign it in the place first agreed on. An obscure cellar in the high street was then fixed on, and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen whose signatures had not been procured, then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract, after which they all decamped immediately for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented.—*Traditions of Edinburgh.*

— At the time when Burke was wearying his hearers by those long speeches which obtained for him the name of the 'Dinner bell,' a nobleman (who is still living, and who sat in the House of Commons with Selwyn) happened to be entering the House just as Selwyn was quitting it; 'Is the house up?' was the inquiry. 'No,' replied Selwyn, 'but Burke is.'

— Mr Thomas has left directions that his unrivalled collection of coins and medals shall be offered in the first instance at the price of 12,600*l.* to the British Museum, then to the Bodleian and the Fitzwilliam, each to be allowed two months to consider the proposal, but if not accepted, then the whole to be sold by auction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent O, who asks us what are the French measures and weights mentioned in our recipe for making "Eau de Cologne," we beg to answer thus:—

A French litre is nearly equal to an English imperial quart, viz., 1.76377 pints; a gros is 72 grains English Troy weight; eight gros make one ounce, 16 ounces one pound, which is equal to 7,561 grains, Troy weight.

G. G.—Daffy's Elixir. Tincture of senna compounded, sweetened with treacle, and flavoured with elecampane root and aniseed.

G.—In the case of opium or laudanum being swallowed to effect self-destruction, or an overdose taken by mistake, give the patient, if an adult, fifteen grains of sulphate of zinc—repeat it in a quarter of an hour if not effective, this will act speedily if at all. It is of no use giving antimonials or ipecacuanha, they are slow in action; the stomach is paralyzed by the action of the narcotic poison; walk the patient about the room until all effects of the poison go off. If the stomach pump can be obtained so much the better.

We thank our correspondent for giving us a hint respecting poisons. We shall publish some papers of antidotes for them.

'Poets and Poems of the Commonwealth' we are obliged to postpone till our next number.

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The Mirror

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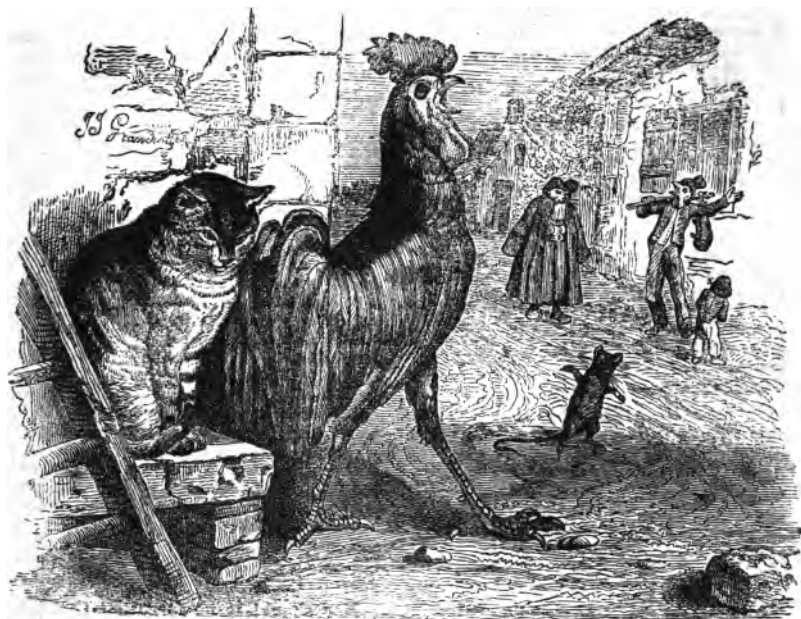
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Original Communications.

ANTIQUITY AND IMPORTANCE OF FABLES.

THE exquisite design above given, from the collection of Fables now publishing in a cheap form, has recalled the promise we made several weeks back to take up the subject at some length. It is one that may not occupy the attention of the thoughtless, but its importance can hardly be overvalued by those who wish to read of that which is connected with the early history of man. Not only can distinguished philosophers be referred to, who have deemed fables offered the most efficient means of instructing their fellows, but even in the inspired writings we find them the chosen medium of instruction. In the early stages of life, they enter into our lessons or amusements. The apologues

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of *Æsop* first excite the mind of the child and fables of a less striking character furnish the dramas and narratives which occupy the man, at a more advanced period.

Mr Bussey, in an able and laborious essay, has shown that the practice dates back nearly 3,000 years before our present era, and he argues that from the manner in which it there occurs, it may be inferred that it had long been in use. The particular case to which attention is drawn, is that offered in the 9th chapter of the book of Judges. There we find Jotham labouring to appease the discontent of the Israelites. They, seldom long satisfied with their condition, are found anxious to possess a king like other nations. Novelty had ever charms for them. A new king, or even a golden calf, as a god, could, for the moment, captivate their minds. They

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offered the kingdom to Gideon, their deliverer, and his posterity, and this distinction having been refused by him, after his death, his son Abimelech, by a concubine, slew his seventy brothers, with the exception of Jotham, and made himself king. It was then that Jetham told him the following fable, to show that the unworthy are frequently most desirous of power, that they may use it to the detriment of those from whom it is derived :—

“ The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

“ But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“ And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us.

“ But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“ Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

“ And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

“ Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

“ And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.”

It may be easily seen that in those countries where despotism was securely established, the fable offered the only moderately safe means of hinting at the wrongs which were deplored, or of exposing the depravity which the sufferers could not but resent. Hence we find them at all times in use among the oppressed, who had a purpose to pursue, which they dared not to avow.

The sources from which fables are known to have been drawn are numerous. We are told by the writer already quoted—

“ In eastern countries, where the government of the people is still despotic, and flattery alone is considered fit for the ears of those in power, a fable is almost the only medium through which the truth can be safely conveyed to a ruler. On this point, Sir John Malcolm has the following observation in his ‘History of Persia.’—‘The Persians, as a nation, delight in Tales, Fables, and Apophthegms; the reason of which appears obvious: for where liberty is unknown, and power in all its shapes is despotic, knowledge must be veiled to be useful. The ear of a despot would be wounded by the expression of a direct truth; and genius itself must condescend to appear in that form in which alone its superiority would be tolerated.’ As a confirmation of this, it is remarkable that *Æsop* and *Phædrus*, the most eminent fabulists of antiquity, are both said to have been slaves. Indeed the apologue seems to

be the most natural form in which a slave would convey reproof or instruction to his master.

“ It is to the East we must without doubt turn for the earliest Fables, and probably for many, if not most, of those which have been attributed to *Æsop* and others. Several have been distinctly traced through the modern and ancient nations of Europe to Hindoستان, the chief well-head of Oriental literature. Nor is their transmission from such a distant source a whit more surprising than that of many of our arts, and much of our scientific and philosophical knowledge; which has been undoubtedly derived from the same remote quarter. On examining the subject, we learn that the Persians, a literary people, had much intercourse with India, even in the most ancient times, and they in turn were familiar with the Greeks, among whom the first European fabulists appeared. It is thus obvious that the Greeks might obtain from the Persians a knowledge of what the latter had drawn from India. The Romans again derived their learning from the Greeks, and transmitted it to the various races which were in alliance with, or in subjection to them. For modern times, however, there was another and more immediate channel, not subjected to the same changes and revolutions, to the same capricious alterations or embellishments, as sometimes adorned and sometimes disfigured the fictions of the countrymen of *Homer* and of *Virgil*. The Arabians had greater intercourse with the Persians than any European people; they had also some dealings with India, and even with China; and it is easy to perceive that the popular tales and fables which they acquired from these sources, together with many of their own, would naturally be disseminated among the Europeans during the early Catholic pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and the wars of the Crusaders; and still more so during the long and peaceful occupation by the Arabs of the most fertile provinces of Spain.”

Nor should it be forgotten that fables were made the vehicle of instruction by the Saviour of mankind. He chose for his theme objects which are just as clear to our comprehension now, as they were to those who had first the privilege of hearing them eighteen centuries ago. To *Jesus*, the whole volume of nature was open; the stupendous mountain and the lily of the valley, the barren fig tree and the bountiful vine, the sower and his seed, the steward and his lord, the man of wealth in his splendour, and the despised beggar at his gate; these were all used by him in the cause of sacred truth. What earthly composition has a higher claim to our reverence and admiration than these immortal fables? They have taught the noblest lesson that man can learn, and must prove a shining light for ever.

We have no room at present to dwell on the work from which we have taken our illustration. Explanation is hardly neces-

sary. It teaches that appearances are not to be trusted. The young mouse, alarmed beyond measure at the terrible crowing of chanticleer, is delighted with the dignity and benevolence of the gentle cat!

BELICS OF LONDON.—No. XIV.

OLD INNS.

WHILST passing through the crowded streets of London, we may, now and then, find a striking contrast to the bustle which pervades them, in one of the inn-yards frequented by country waggoners and carriers. Surrounded by healthy rustics, their ruddy countenances and broad dialects tell they are not of London. We may almost imagine we are no longer in a densely-filled and crowded city; and then, the hay smells so sweet, and the waggoners appear so hearty, and the very carts and horses are so suggestive of thatched stables and country roads, that waggoners, carts, and horses, appear totally out of place among the shops and houses. A London inn-yard is a bit of *rus in urbe* far more rural to my ideas than the formal plots of garden ground, and green, cockney-looking arbours of the suburbs. Out upon the liquor-shops with their tall windows and great dazzling letters!—it is the quiet inn-yard that tells us there are such things as pure air and sunshine in Old England, and that the world is not a world of brick and mortar. Take for example the "Ipswich Arms," in Cullum street; fifty paces from one of the busiest thoroughfares bring you among country waggoners and merry rustics—stout fellows who enable one to form some idea of the materials an Englishman is made of; that our island has not obtained its fame for "stalwart sons" from the emaciated London mechanic, but from such portly yeomen as those we there see. Breathe, too, while you can; for you do not inhale a fetid atmosphere of soot and foulness—it is the fragrant smell of country hay, not so sweet, perhaps, as it would be fifty miles away, but yet a wholesome respiration. Then look at the old walls of the inn itself, and its heavy oaken gallery—how unlike a part of modern London is the scene!

But there are yet more ancient inns, and, if I might step over my prescribed boundary, and extend my visits beyond the actual limits of the City, I would notice in particular, in High street, Southwark, the "Tabard" of Chaucer—the "Talbot" of the present day; that inn of which the ancient poet wrote—

— "In that season on a day,
In Southwark, at the 'Tabard' as I lay
Ready to wender on my pilgrimage."

And at which he proceeds to relate the sayings and doings of his worthy fellow pilgrims. Startling as it may sound, the "Tabard" of the fourteenth century has not entirely disappeared. Even the great Southwark fire of 1676 appears to have respected a memorial so venerable, for although it destroyed a portion of the inn, it spared that relic which must be considered the most valuable and the most interesting—the "Pilgrims' Chamber," which saw the "nine and twenty in a companie" whom the great father of English poetry has immortalised. A pilgrimage to Canterbury!—what is that? we may well ask in these days of steam and railways, when we may soon expect to perform this "wearie journey" in four or five short hours—what is a pilgrimage to Canterbury? It was one of those ceremonies which originated in the days of superstition and vanished when superstition left us; for we, degenerate mortals that we are, have long ceased to blister our feet by trudging to the grave of Beckett, or to atone for our sins by knocking our heads against his tombstone. The "Tabard" was the resting place of nine-and-twenty of these enthusiasts, or devotees, or bigots, and the "Tabard" is still existing. Five centuries, with all their multitudes of changes and alterations, have spared the room associated with Chaucer's name. The sign has been converted by a similar corruption to those which have given name to the "Goat and Compasses," or the "Bull and Mouth," from the "Tabard, or Jacket" to the "Talbot or Dog;" but, though the ancient sign no longer creaks above the footpath, the identity of the scene is still preserved. And now, after this passing visit to the "Tabard," let us recross the bridge and search among the streets of London for inns not so ancient as the one we leave, and far less interesting.

Hide thy diminished head, Gerard the Giant! I have been speaking of the poetic Chaucer, and now find my pen about to form thy unclassic name. Be it so, then; Death, at least, has made you equal. I stand before "Gerard's Hall"—I must not pass it by. The story of Gerard the Giant is wrapped in as much mystery as such legends usually are; but in what his connexion with "Gerard's Hall" consisted is unknown—albeit, a pole was long preserved in the "great hall" of the mansion which was gravely reported to have been his walking stick, ranging rather above the usual size of our present fashionable canes it must be confessed, for it was forty feet in height! The most remote period to which the authentic history of "Gerard's Hall" can be traced is the year 1245, when it was occupied by John Gisors, Mayor of London, and being for

several centuries in the possession of his descendants, it was called "Gisors's Hall," whence its present name has been derived. It is now an inn, and the curious antiquary who chooses to turn aside from Basing lane, may find in the "tap" the remains of the ancient statue which stood beside the gateway.

We have already paid a visit to St John's lane, Smithfield, and glanced at its ancient gate; in the same thoroughfare stands the "Baptist's Head," an hostelry of the olden time which Johnson and Garrick occasionally visited on their way to Cave's shop at the Gate-house. The original proprietor of this house, was Sir Thomas Foster, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, who resided in it towards the close of the sixteenth century, and died there in 1612.

We have just time left to glance at the "Old Mourning Bush," in Aldersgate street, whose proprietor, a stern royalist, exhibited this sign as mourning for Charles the First; to direct hasty steps to the "Stone Kitchen" in the Tower, bemoaning on the way the demolition of the "Boar's Head" of Falstaff, that formerly stood in Eastcheap, and uttering a passing groan to the memory of the "White Hart" in Bishopsgate street, which, erected in 1490, existed until 1829, when it was rebuilt; and now, to conclude this long morning's walk, we stand before the "Cross Keyes," in Gracious street, merely to remember that, alas! for these days of "improvement," the inn of 1589, where temporary stages were erected and plays performed, is no more,—the house is of modern erection. But there is another tavern which, coeval with the "Boar's Head" and the "Mermaid," has yet to be sought for—the "Cardinal's Hat," formerly standing, according to Stowe's survey, in the neighbourhood of Pope's Head alley. A Pope's head and a Cardinal's hat savour of the days of yore sufficiently to attract us to the spot. But not a trace, not a vestige of it can we find, and as you fellow, whose face declares he is acquainted with every tavern-sign within ten miles of London, tells us he "never heard of the 'Cardinal's Hat,'" we may be assured it exists no longer, and give up the inquiry in disappointment. And now, where can we adjourn to after our lengthened search?—where more appropriately than to "Dolly's Chop House?" the resort of the wits of the last century—the near neighbour of the ancient "Salutation," not twenty paces from the spot where Richardson wrote the best of his novels, in a vicinity teeming with ancient as well as literary associations; in Paternoster row, at "Dolly's," then, let us recruit ourselves, before we start upon our next search for relics.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

GREAT NEWS FOR DRAMATISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

A MIGHTY step has just been taken by Mr Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, to restore the English stage to its "high and palmy state." He offers 500*l.* for the best comedy that may be produced by Jan. 1st, 1844, exhibiting the manners and follies of modern life.

From this, of course, it is to be understood that the dramatic writers of the day will not come forward without some extraordinary inducement. Mr Webster can perhaps tell how this happens. Such a generous churchwarden as he appears to be, I should have expected the whole family of playwrights, from Jerrold down to Bourcicault, would have been at his call, unless, indeed, attending to it heretofore, they should find that they have done so in vain. I hope their pieces have not been read and then mislaid, or taken with Mr Webster to Paris, when, with a view of encouraging English talent, he found it necessary to turn his attention to the French stage. It would be melancholy if it should appear that merit itself stood no chance, and that even a Haymarket manager had declared that "a comedy, however excellent, could not, from the number of dramas already accepted, be performed for eighteen months." Has the supply lately fallen off, that this grand effort becomes necessary; or is it a foolish flourish, a piece of stage clap-trap humbug?

The pieces, when produced, are to be submitted to a committee of dramatic authors, critics, and performers, male and female! and Mr Webster, if necessary, is to have the casting vote. How is this committee to proceed, and what remuneration are its members to have?

When the male and female judges of literature sit in judgment, are all the authors who are competent to decide on the performances submitted, to be precluded from sending in plays themselves, or are they to pronounce on the excellence of their own productions? If the latter course is preferred their impartiality cannot be questioned.

Should only one hundred plays be sent for perusal, to go fairly into their merits will require a somewhat extended session. How long before the 1st of January are they to meet? They ought to assemble about Michaelmas-day; that, from the importance which *goose* gives it, would perhaps be the fittest season for their proceeding to business, the 1st of April being already gone by.

But still every one will ask, where is Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer? where is Mr Sheridan Knowles? where is Mr Douglas Jerrold? and where is Mr Robert Bell?

How is it that their inactivity drives Mr Webster to this unusual course? These gentlemen all know his liberality, and among them I should think they could have furnished him with a good comedy for five hundred pounds, or even less, if they could depend upon him. They might, perhaps, object to their work, when completed, being thrown on a *play stack*, and to be put off with shabby, shuffling excuses, for months and years, before any forward movement was made. They might also object to see what they had produced with care and toil, ridiculously mutilated to suit the ignorant impertinence of some of the actors of the company, who consider it their province to interfere in such matters.

Mr Webster ought to explain how the accepted play, when the committee of taste shall have made their election, is to deal with in this respect. Is it to be scouted from the theatre because Mr William Farren finds all that is good in it is not concentrated in the part which he is to sustain? Is Madame Vestris to decline assisting it with her attractions if anything in it should remind her of *Mrs Frail*? If, in a word, the author should furnish such characters as always were and always will be found in human nature, are these to be voted unfit for representation because the drawl of one player, the screech of another, and the waddle or dumpy figure of another, have not been especially studied by the author? These are points which ought to be settled before the future Congreves and Sheridans go to work for Mr Webster.

Finally, what pledge is to be given that one of the plays written in consequence of this invitation extraordinary, will at last have a fair trial? When Drury Lane Theatre was about to open, in 1812, a poetical address was advertised for. Many were produced and sent to the committee, and what was the result? The whole of the pieces so forwarded were coolly thrown overboard, and Lord Byron furnished that which was spoken by Mr Elliston.

I am, Sir,

AN OLD STAGER.

THE POETS AND POEMS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY ROWLAND MILLER.

SELDOM have we found in the annals of history the political horizon of any country darker than that of England during the Commonwealth, under the protectorate of Cromwell and his son Richard.

A king had been accused of crimes for which he was not chargeable, dragged before a mock judgment seat, condemned,

and put to death. The people beheld, with little or no emotion, the slaughter of their friends and nearest relations.

"Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
For milky streams, with blood the rivers ran."

The whole kingdom was subverted, not only by the enthusiasm of religion, but by the enthusiasm of ambition. From a low station the Protector himself was raised to the highest honours, and this naturally suggested the question to those of the humbler orders, "Then why not we?"

Such were the times the poetry of which I am about to describe. But first let us inquire what was the disposition of the Protector towards literature. Though Cromwell was deemed illiterate, there can be no doubt that he was not insensible of the merit of literature. He engaged the profoundest scholars and greatest poets for places of public employment, and even rewarded those who were favourers of royalty on account of their learning. Usher, notwithstanding his being a bishop, received a pension from him; Marvel and Milton were in his service; Waller, who was his relation, was caressed by him. That poet always said that the Protector was not so illiterate as he was commonly supposed to be. But, whether this be true or not, it is certain that literature in general made rapid progress under his protectorate, and new discoveries in every branch of science were daily witnessed.

We have only to do with poets, and to endeavour to ascertain how they improved the British lyre by introducing new models, either from ancient or foreign authors. It is proposed to consider them chronologically, and not with a view to their classification.

The first which I shall mention will be Edmund Waller, who was born on the 3rd of March, 1605, and died in the year 1687. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten, and he excelled in this above all his contemporaries. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model. Waller was the first refiner of English poetry, at least, of English rhyme; but his performances still abound with many faults, and, what is more material, they contain but feeble and superficial beauties. Elegance, gaiety, wit, not to say ingenuity, are their ruling character. He is seldom pathetic, and very rarely sublime, and, as the author of his life says, "He seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, or amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and a large acquaintance with the world would supply." Much of his reputation was owing to the correctness of his numbers. He was rather smooth than strong. His performances treat of love without making us feel any

tenderness, and abound in panegyric without exciting admiration. The panegyric on Cromwell contains more force than we could expect from looking at his other compositions. His verses on Charles II, when he returned from exile, were doubtless intended to counterbalance those on Cromwell. Waller wrote verses or sonnets chiefly on trifling subjects, and commonly on passing events connected with the history of that day; such as 'The King's behaviour on the death of Buckingham.' His political character was by no means so unexceptionable; but the errors of his life proceeded more from want of courage than want of honour or integrity.

Turn we now to one of the most celebrated of English poets, John Milton. Passing over his minor poems, of which it is enough to say that they did not at all portend that work, that everlasting poem which has immortalized his name, I hasten to speak of his 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.' It was during a state of poverty, blindness, disgrace, anger, and old age that Milton composed these wonderful poems, which not only surpass all the performances of his contemporaries, but all the compositions which had flowed from his pen during the vigour of his years and the height of his prosperity.

It will be necessary to explain the verse, and that as in Milton's own words: "The measure is English heroic without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced, indeed, since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and, for the most part, worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some, both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself trivial. This neglect, then, of rhyme, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set the first in English of ancient liberty, recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming."

To the completeness and integrity of the design nothing can be objected. It clearly offers what Aristotle requires, "a beginning, middle, and end." Whatever be his topic, he never fails to amplify his imagination; though his images do not seem to be always copied from original forms, or to have the novelty or energy of immediate observation: but this was

owing to his bodily infirmities. "As for his moral sentiments," says the author of his life, "it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets; to this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the Sacred Writings;" and thus it is that he excelled so much those that had gone before him, and especially the ancients, who wanted the light of revelation.

Of Milton's piety there can be no doubt; the sanctity of thought, and the veneration for the name of God which pervades his works, are truly noble, and worthy to be followed by every poet.

"To the conduct of the narrative," says Johnson, "some objections may be made. With great expectation Satan is brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is allowed to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report 'rife in heaven' before his departure."

Had he enjoyed better fortune, and possessed leisure to watch the return of genius in himself, he had attained the pinnacle of perfection.

The tragedy of 'Samson Agonistes' has been celebrated as the second work of the great author of 'Paradise Lost,' and opposed, with all the confidence of triumph, to the dramatic performances of other nations. It contains, indeed, just sentiments, maxims of wisdom, and oracles of piety, and many passages are written with the ancient spirit of choral poetry.

The solemnity of tragedy necessarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expressions, all remote conceits and opposition of ideas; Samson's complaint, therefore, is too elaborate to be natural.

All allusions to low and trivial subjects to which contempt is generally associated are, doubtless, unsuitable to a species of composition which ought always to be awful, though not always magnificent. For he says evil news "rides post," and good news "baits."

But, whatever are the faults of 'Samson Agonistes,' it is certain that the everlasting verdure of Milton's laurels has nothing to fear from the blasts of malignity, nor can any attempts produce other effects than to strengthen their shoots by lopping their luxuriance.

It only remains to give a short account of the 'Mask of Comus.' Milton, when young, adopted a diction and verse from which he seldom if ever departed, and which his maturer judgment did not cast off.

Nor does 'Comus' afford only a specimen of language: it enforces morality, defending virtue, and condemning vice. It shows his natural vigour of sentiment. But to

proceed would be a repetition of what has already been said.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. Throughout the whole the figures are too bold and the language too luxuriant for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, elegantly splendid, and tediously instructive. Something is wanted to command attention. Milton died at the age of 66, A.D. 1674.

Sir John Denham was born in the year 1615, and died, having lived seventy-three years. He may justly be considered as one of the fathers of modern English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prier, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He did not confine himself solely to one particular kind of writing, but gave us specimens of various compositions, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

Of all his poems, 'Cooper's Hill' is most celebrated for a loftiness and vigour which had not, before him, been attained by any poet who wrote in rhyme. The mechanical difficulties of that measure retarded his improvement. His productions are not without faults, his digressions too long, and the sentiments such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry; but most of these faults are in his first productions, when he was unskilful, or at least less dexterous in the use of words. "He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language, and whom we ought, therefore, to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do."

Lastly, we come to describe a contemporary of Milton—Abraham Cowley, who was born A.D. 1618, and was one of those fortunates who was appreciated during his lifetime. Cowley adopted the metaphysical style, in which he excelled all his predecessors, and was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best.

His works are divided into five parts, viz.—

1. His Miscellanies, which contain a selection of short compositions, written in various parts of his life, called forth on various occasions, are replete with a great variety of sentiment from the "burlesque to awful grandeur." His poem 'On the Death of Harvey' has called forth universal approbation. But the power of Cowley is more calculated to exercise the understanding than to move the affections. 'The Chronicle' is a composition unrivalled. Such gaiety of fancy, rich facility of expression, such a succession of images, it is in vain to seek but in Cowley.

2. The Anacreontiques, or paraphrastic translation of little poems supposed to have been written by Anacreon. Of the songs which are dedicated to festivity and gaiety, where enjoyment of the present day is treated as the chief business of man,

he has given a pleasing rather than faithful representation, and retained the sprightliness of the original while he has lost the simplicity. "These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction shows nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitude of thought. Real mirth must be always natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes, but have always laughed the same way."

3. The Pindaric Odes, the object of which is not to show precisely what Pindar would have written, but his manner of speaking, left him free to use any particular diction and at liberty to choose his own expressions. He was only required to write nothing that Pindar would not have written. It is the fault of Cowley and most of the poets who wrote in the same style, when they have caught as it were a splendid idea, to pursue it to its last resources, thereby losing in some measure the grandeur of the expression; for of the greatest things the parts are little, and what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. Yet these verses have a just claim to praise, and it may almost be said that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The Davodeis remains now to be noticed. Out of the twelve books he intended to write, four only were finished, and what was written, was and now continues to be much neglected. The reasons why they are slighted are given by an author, first on account of the subject, an imitation of the Bible, a book which has always been read with submissive reverence, and an imagination over awed and constrained; and secondly on account of the performance. As the work remains unfinished there is not a sufficient scope for any criticism, and as far as it goes it is tedious and filled with conceits. Words that in the holy writ occupy a line, are in these poems extended to four; thereby losing the grandeur and often the idea intended to be conveyed.

Cowley was the first who mingled the Alexandrines at pleasure with the heroic of ten syllables. He considered that verse elevated and majestic, and therefore supplied it when the voice of the Supreme Being was heard.

Having lived forty-nine years, he died on the 28 July, 1667.

Russia.—On the 8th ult., the Emperor of Russia addressed a ukase to the Minister of Finance, ordering that a loan should be made for the sum of 8,000,000 of silver roubles, for the year 1844. This loan is intended to defray the expenses of constructing the railroad from St Petersburg to Moscow.



Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth gu. a lion rampant, between three cross-crosslets, fitchée or, for Capel; second and third gu. three conies, sejant, ar. for Coningsby. *Crest.* Capel, a demi-lion, rampant, or, holding in the dexter paw a cross-crosslet, fitchée, gu. Coningsby, a cony, sejant, ar. *Supporters.* Two lions or, ducally crowned gu. *Motto.* "Fide et fortitudine." "By fidelity and fortitude."

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF ESSEX.

SEVERAL distinguished families have been connected with the Earldom of Essex. The first Earl on record was Geoffrey de Mandeville, who had livery of inheritance in the time of King Stephen on paying the sum of 866*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and was raised by the King to the dignity of Earl from that of Baron. He afterwards, in the civil wars which ensued, took part with the Empress Maud, who conferred upon him a more ample charter both of lands and honours. Among the latter was the hereditary shrievalty of London and Middlesex, and that of the county of Hertford, with the power of trying causes in those places. The male line of the Mandevilles failed when William Earl of Essex fell fighting on the side of the barons in the baronial war. His only daughter, Maud, Countess of Hertford, had a son, Humphrey de Bohun, who inherited the title of Earl through his mother, and was created Earl of Essex by Henry III. In that family the dignity remained till the decease of Humphrey, second Earl of Northampton, who had succeeded his uncle in the earldoms of Essex and Hereford, and as Lord High Chamberlain. He left an only daughter, and at her death the title became extinct.

Henry Bouchier, second Earl of Erol in Normandy, was created Earl of Essex by letters patent dated June 30, 1461, by King Edward the Fourth. He was succeeded by his grandson, second Earl of Essex, of this family, one of the most gallant names of the time of Henry the Eighth. He attended Henry to the famous tournament held in the eighth year of his reign, in honour of his sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and was one of the most gorgeously attired knights on the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold. He died in 1539, through falling from his horse, and the Earldom again became extinct.

Thomas Cromwell, the favourite of Henry the Eighth, had the title conferred upon him soon after the death of the former Earl. On his disgrace and death (he was beheaded in 1540), the title for the third time became extinct.

In 1543, William Parr, Baron Parr of Kendall, was created by patent, December 23, 1543, Earl of Essex by King Henry the Eighth, who had married Catherine Parr, sister of the Baron. He died in 1571, and the Earldom again became extinct.

Walter Davreux, Viscount Hereford, was the next who had the honour to be created Earl of Essex, May 4, 1572. At his decease, his son Robert succeeded to the title. His career is well known. He was first the honoured favourite of Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was eventually doomed to the scaffold. His honours were forfeited, but eventually restored, and his only son Robert became third Earl of Essex. He fought in the cause of Charles the First, but afterwards joined the army of the Parliament, and greatly distinguished himself. He died in 1646, and the title became extinct one more.

It was next bestowed on the family of Capel, of whom the founder was Sir William Capel, Knight and Alderman of London, and Lord Mayor in 1503. Some heavy fines were imposed upon him in the time of Henry the Eighth, and he was committed to the Tower, where he remained till the death of the King. He was succeeded by his son Sir Giles, and he by his elder son Sir Henry. His brother, Sir Edward Capel, of Rameshall, succeeded Sir Henry. It was his grandson, Arthur Capel, Esq., who was elevated to the peerage, August 6, 1641, as Baron Capel, of Hadham. He fell a victim to his loyalty, and was beheaded in Old Palace yard, March 9, 1648-9. Arthur Algernon, who last succeeded to the title, is the seventh Earl.

Reviews.

The Diary of Dr Thomas Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, from August, 1686, to October, 1687.

Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis. Nichols and Son.

THESE volumes have just been completed by the Camden Society. The Diary is not very interesting, is indeed less so than most of its predecessors. The second work is among the Society's most valuable contributions to literature. As we go over the "rich and rare" varieties of its pages, we are delighted with the close and present-tense sort of view, which it gives us of the learned and the eminent of three by-gone centuries. Many facts are incidentally brought before us, curious in themselves, and valuable from the light they throw on other matters. At first Sir Henry intended to confine himself to letters written during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. We are glad he enlarged his plan. It may be that his work is less in accordance with the general course heretofore pursued by the Society, but the case is one in which he might wisely

"From common rules in brave disorder start ;"

and will not only be pardoned, but applauded by all lovers of literary history.

One most singular document claims our attention: it is an application to Sir William Cecil from "the merchants trading to Muscovy," praying for the suppression of Dr Fletcher's book "Of the Russe Commonwealth." The work is thus described:

"In the epistle dedicatorie of the booke he tearmeth the Russe government a strange face of a tyrannycall state.

"The intollerable exactions of the Emperour vpon his subjectes maketh them carelesse to laye vp anie thinge, for that yf they have ought, yt causeth them to be spoiled not onlie of their goodes, but of their lives.

"In shewing the likelihood of the ende of the whole race of the Emperour concluded in one, two, or some fewe of the bloud, he saith there is noe hope of yssue in the Emperour by the constitution of his bodie, and the barrenes of his wief.

"He noteth there the death of the Emperour elder brother, murdered by his father in his furie, whose death was the murderings of the olde Emperour by extreame greefe.

"He noteth what practisinge there hath bene, by such as aspire the succession, to destroye the younger brother of the Emperour that is yet livinge, beinge about sixe yeares olde, wherein he seemeth to ayme at Boris Fedorowch.

"He noteth in that younge infant an inclination to crueltie resemblinge his father, in delighte of bloude, for that he beinge but

sixt yeares olde taketh pleasure to looke into the bleedinge throtes of beastes that are killed, and to beate geese and hens with a staffe untill they dye.

"The Russe government is plaine tyranny-call, and exceedeth all just measure, without regard of nobilitie or people, gevinge to the nobilitie a kinde of vnjuste and unmeasured libertie to exact on the baser sorte of people.

"If the late Emperour in his progresse had mett a man whose person or face he had not liked, or yf he looked vpon him, he would commaunde his heade to be stricken of and to be cast before hime.

"The practise of the Godonoes to extinguish the bloud Royall, who seeke to cut of or keapt downe the best of the nobilitie.

"That yt is to be merveld howe the nobilitie and people will suffer themselves to be brought vnder suche oppression and slaverie.

"That the desperate state of thinges at home maketh the people to wishe for some forrein invasion.

"That Boris Godonoe and the Emperesse kindred accompt all that commeth to the Emperour treasure their owne.

"Divers grosse practises of the Emperour to drawe the wealth of the land into his treasure, wch he concludeth to be strange kinde of extortions, but that yt agreeth with the qualitie of the Emperour, and the miserable subjection of the poore countrie.

"Theire onlie lawe is theire speakinge lawe, that is the pleasure of the Prince and Magistrates, which sheweth the miserable condition of the people; against whose injustice and extreame oppression they had neede to be armed with manie good Lawes.

"The practise of the Godones against the Emperour brother to prove him not legitimate, and to turne awaie the peoples likinge from him as next successor.

"The discription of the Emperour, viz. meane of stature, lowe and grosse, allowe of complexion, enclinyng to dropsey, hawcke nosed, unsteadie in his pasc by reason of the weaknes of his lymes, heavie and vnactive, commonlie smilinge almost to a laughter; for qualitie simple and slowe-witted; but verie gentle and of an easie nature, quiet, merciful, &c.

"It is to be doubted whether is greater the Crueltie or the Intemperauncie that is vsed in the Countrie; it is so foull that is not be named. The whole Countrie overfloweth with the synne of that kinde, and noe mervell as havinge no lawe to restrayne whoredomes, adulteries, and like vnclenes of lief.

"From the greatest to the smallest, except some fewe that will scarcelie be founde, the Russe nether beleveve anie thinge that an other man speaketh nor speaketh anie thinge himselfe worthie to be beleaved."

The book was suppressed as desired. This shows what sort of liberty of the press, was known in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Dr Fletcher had been sent on an embassy to Russia, and was there very indifferently received. Resentment of the affronts offered to him, was supposed to have somewhat operated on him while preparing his book. The following account

of his treatment from the Landsdowne MSS. will be acceptable. Dr Fletcher reports—

"1. At my arriving at the Mosko thear was no man to bidd mee wellooom, net so ranch as to conduct mee vpp to my lodging.

"2. After I had stayed two or three dayes to see if anie wellooom or ether message would coome from the Emperour, or the Lord Boris Federewich Godomove, I sent my Interpreter to the said Lord Boris, to deater him to be a meanes for audience to the Emperour, that having doon my Ambassage to the Emperour, I might doe my message, and deliver my lettres likewise to him. My Interpreter having attended him two or three dayes, without speaking wth him, was com-manded by the Chancelour to coom no more at the Court, nor to the howse of the said L. Boris.

"3. The Counsell was com'anded not to confer wth mee, nor I to send to anie of them.

"4. When I had audience of the Emperour, in the verie entrance of my speech I was cavilled wthall by the Chancelour, bycawse I saied not forth the Emperours whole style, wch of purpose I forbore to doe, bycawse I would not make his stile of two ellnes, and your Highnes stile of a span long; having repeated the first and principall parts of it, and giving him the titles of great Lord Duke and Emperour of all Russia, King of Casan, King of Astracan, &c., I answered him that the Emperour was a mightie Prince, and had manie Countries wch straungers could not, nor wear not bound to know, that I repeated the principall of his stile, to shew my honour to the rest. But it would not serve till all was repeated.

"5. The Presents sent by your Highnes to the Emperour, and delivered to him in his own presence, wear the day following returned to mee, and very contemptuouslie cast down befoore mee.

"6. My articles of petition delivered by woord of mouth, and afterwards by writing, wth all other writings, wear altered and falsified by the Emperours Interpreter, by meanes of the Chancelour Andreas Shalcalove; specialie whear it concerned himself, manie things wear put in, and manie things strook out, wch being complained of and the points noted, would not bee redressed.

"7. I was placed in an howse verie vnhandsoom, vnholsoom, of purpose (as it seemed) to doe me disgrace, and to hurt my health, whear I was kept as prisoner, not as an ambassadour.

"8. I was not suffred to send anie Lettre into England by the winter way, to signifie of my proceedings, net so much as of my health, though I desired it earnestlie.

"9. My allowance for vittall was so bare and so base, as I could not have accepted it but to avoid cavillation that I began to contend wth them about so mean a matter.

"10. At my return, at Vologda, open proclamation was made by the Duke and Diaks thear, by order from the Chancelour Andreas Shalcalove, that no man should hier owt horse or boat to anie Englishman: wch breed an opinion in the people thear, that thear was great matter of disliking from the Emperour towards the English nation, which

was a cawse of great danger towards mee and my companie; and of the firing of the English howse at Collingrove (as appeared by the sequel) whear the companie of the English Marchants lost to the valiew of six or seven thousand marks.

"These parts of hard interteimment wear offered mee by the Chancelour Andreas Shalcalove, who is alise the Officer for Ambassages, of verie purpose (as it seemed) to move mee to impatience, that hee might have wearwith to disturb this business. And thearefore I determined with my self to see all moderation, so farr as might stand wth your Highnes honour, that, if ether meanes of faire trestle prevailed not with them, I might make soon advantage of my hard interteimment towards the end of my negotiation, by laying it all in on dish befoore them, and applieng it to your Highnes dishonour (as indeed it was); which beeing doon in as earnest and vehement manner as I could devise with discretion, brought them to some remorse of their former dealings, and so to yeld divers points, and in a manner all that I intreated of them, in recompence of their hard interteimment given mee befoore, whearof they desired mee to make the best to your Highnes at my return home."

Among the writers whose correspondence we find here, is the celebrated Verestegan. One remarkable letter from him we must transcribe:

"Honorable Sir,

"Albeit not knowing your person, yet well acquainted with your worthynesse, I could not omit to wryte unto you these few lines, in regard of the due respect I ow you.

"Your courteous comendations wear long since delivered mee by one that came hither from England, and sooner had I thanked you for them if sooner I had had so good an oportunitie to send unto you.

"For my book of our Nation's Antiquities I continew to gather such notes as I deem convenient, intending, if I can understand it wilbe gratefull once more to be comited to the presse, to set it forth with augmentation.

"I send you heerwith the toung of a fish which tyme hath converted into a stone, whereof in the fowrth chapter of my book I do make mention. The fish is called an Arder; these tounge are found in clay that is heer abouts digged for the making of pottes, but the fish is not found neerer unto Brabant then the isles of Zealand.

"Thus wishing the occasion to yeld more proof of my good will to serve you, then the sending you so woortheliese a token, in all assurance of my redynesse thereunto I recomend me unto you.

"From Antwerp the 15 of June, stile novo, 1609.

"Yours in verie true affection,
"RICHARD VERESTEGAN."

We can only at present add a paragraph from a singular letter written from Paris in 1698, by Mathew Prior, the Poet. It is remarkable as well from the terms in which it is couched, as for the picture it gives of the then situation of the exiled Royal

Family of England. The tone of it does not say much for the heart of the writer.

"This Court is gone to see their monarch a cock-horse at Compegue; I follow as soon as my English naggs arrive, and I shall a little have settled my Lord Jersey. I faced old James and all his Court the other day at St Cloud; *vice Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn, and riv'led, not unlike Neale the projector; the Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible."

The People's Handbook to the British Museum. Aird.

A VERY neatly got up, comprehensive, and intelligent little book. It is beautifully printed, and can so easily be carried in a waistcoat pocket, that nobody, when it becomes known, will visit the Museum without it. We admire the tact of the compiler in putting it forward just at the moment when the British Museum is about to commence a new and splendid career, when the works long silently advanced are ripening into completion.

The Rhine. No. XI. From the French of Victor Hugo. Aird.

VICTOR HUGO is the *beau ideal* of tourists. He not only describes what he beholds as it appears at the moment, but memory, reading, reflection, and imagination, all join to illustrate his notices, and to give them interest, variety, and importance. Aix-la-Chapelle, as drawn forth by him, will be read with great eagerness. We have only room for one of its treasures:—

THE ARM-CHAIR OF CHARLEMAGNE.

"After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmunster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back; is formed of four pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture, and has for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. On this chair, sat—a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, a sceptre in the other, a sword by his side, the imperial mantle over his shoulders, the cross of Christ round his neck, and his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus,—Carolo Magno in his tomb, in which attitude he remained for three hundred and fifty-two years—from 814 to 1168, when Frederick Barbarousse, coveting the chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barbarousse was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne—the one in all the majesty of empire, the other in all the majesty of death. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the

living became the despoiler of inanimate worth. The chapel obtained the skeleton, and Barbarousse the marble chair, which afterwards became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned."

THE PASTOR CHIEF.

[Second Notice.]

WE gratify our readers with a further extract from this interesting work. It should be borne in mind that a touch of jealousy heightens the excitement caused by the eagerness of Marie to convey to Anima the note from her former lover, and to conceal it from the eye of her husband:—

"The packet, in the rescue of which she had fallen into danger, had not escaped the Marquis's notice; and being determined to obtain it, he held her with a force which her now motionless attitude rendered perfectly needless, and vociferated, 'That paper! give me that paper instantly, or die.' But Marie did not answer, she seemed to be reflecting on her best course; the order was again reiterated; and then raising her full unquaking eye, she answered with a firm accent:

"That paper, my lord, is mine, and no one else has any right to claim it. As your prisoner, I well know my life is in your power, but nothing more. I am sensible of my perilous position, but you may relax your hold, it is unnecessary—and drawing herself up to her full majestic height, Marie again gazed upon him with that peculiar expression with which the might of mind exalts itself above all other.

"We said that her appearance contrasted strangely with that of the beautiful Marchioness; but, notwithstanding the disadvantage of her soiled and homely attire, and toil-worn countenance, the charm of expression and feature, which survive the decay of other beauties, remained, and awakened the sympathy and admiration of the armed group who watched the scene. Her fearlessness, her dignity and composure, spoke at once to the hearts of those brave cavaliers who were accustomed to a far different representation of female nature, and even awed the indignant Marquis, who loosened, though he still retained his hold; but unmindful of her refusal, he again renewed his command to her to give up the paper, as the only condition on which her life could be spared.

"Marie, however, was resolute, and simply replied, 'never,' with a firmness which showed how unshaken would be her constancy even in a worse extremity than this.

"In her haste she had forced the packet into the folds of her dress, which modestly screened her maiden bosom; but calm as she endeavoured to be, its heaving would not be repressed; and thus revealed a cer-

ner of the treasure, of which it should have been a more sacred depository. To perceive and snatch at it was an instantaneous impulse with the now exasperated Marquis, who fancied he beheld in that paper the document of his own disgrace and his wife's perfidy; for he doubted not that it was destined for her, and thus personal feelings united with those of more universal interest to increase his desire to obtain it. But Marie was not one to submit to any personal indignity, and disengaging herself with a sudden and unexpected exertion of strength from his pressure, threw him from her, and remained standing alone in the circle, her heightened colour and indignant mien, like the fierce look of the wild animal in defence of her young, threatening defiance to all around. Exasperated at her obstinacy, provoked at being foiled in his attempt, the Marquis's rage exceeded all bounds, and rushing with unmanly fury on his victim, seized her with a violence which drew forth a murmur of indignation from his surrounding friends. But Marie had collected every energy; and determination with her, was scarcely inferior to the muscular strength she did not possess, to oppose against him.

"The fire, which Anima in her previous reverie had forgotten to rouse, was smouldering in the grate; its ashes were not extinct, and could she but once reach its side, might serve her purpose of at once and for ever concealing the fatal contents of her paper: but how to draw near enough, unperceived, in such a circle, to consign it to its devouring care, or how to risk hurling it from where she stood into its keeping, was a momentary thought of the deepest anxiety. Meantime, her adversary pressed on her with all his might, and she, though exerting a strength which till now she knew not she possessed, could no longer guard the treasure from his grasp. The struggle, though short, was violent, and Marie, on the point of failing, looked up to meet the agonized expression of Anima's fixed look, but only to see it so confused, so bewildered, that no exertion could be expected from her. Still it was her last, her desperate hope; and suddenly throwing herself with violence against the Marquis, she regained for an instant the use of her hands, and pulling the paper from her bosom, cast it high over his head towards her—'Burn, oh! burn it quickly, Anima!'—but Anima, terrified and agonized, was too much unnerved to be fit to act; while Marie changing her movements, now in her turn strove to retain the Marquis, and thus give her time to execute her purpose; her efforts would have been in vain, but there was one in that circle of enemies to her cause, who could disengage feeling from party spirit, and sympathize in the greatness even of a Vaudois peasant; and

as if Heaven itself had sent a rescue to her cause, the young Count of Parat with the momentary impulse of generosity, raised the paper on the point of his sword, and buried it in the almost dormant embers. Marie in her still dangerous and engrossing situation beheld the deed, and with an upward gaze and sigh of gratitude to Heaven, relaxed each unnatural effort, while the Marquis, pale and speechless with rage, rushed to the grate, where he beheld the packet just igniting, and endeavoured to seize it ere too late.

"My Lord! my General! command yourself,—remember!" interposed the daring young Count, who alone ventured to remonstrate; but the Marquis could only retort with an execration of deadly anger, and pushing aside his opponent, again endeavoured to snatch the paper from the flames; he succeeded, but the action increased the blaze, and the scorched and shrivelled document now burst into an open flame; still the Marquis strove to retain and extinguish it, while the young Count, rash in his chivalrous bravery, attempted to hold his arm an instant; the next, the flaming letter was flying across the apartment, and lay unnoticed even by those whom it most concerned, at the foot of the elegant muslin draperies that hung around the window.

"Too much exasperated to distinguish between friend or foe, the Marquis had seized his sword, and exclaiming, 'Traitor! defend yourself,' drew it against the Count. All now was tumult and confusion: the surrounding friends strove to separate and pacify the combatants. Anima's agonizing and repeated shrieks rang through the apartment, while a sudden and unnatural blaze lighted up the increasing darkness with a fitful glare, and at once drew the attention of the whole party, but the Marquis and the Count. The draperies of the room had caught fire; the wind which blew in through the open casement, fanned the hitherto unnoticed flames, and now they burst forth in unchecked vehemence, feeding on each combustible article they met, and crackling as they spread. The cry of 'Fire!' rose simultaneously to each lip, and now, in the general confusion, Marie, by a well-directed effort, might have made her escape; but though all had admired her conduct, and many had rejoiced in her rescue from what they deemed an unnecessary and brutal violence, as a prisoner, and one possessed of most important information, her security was too valuable to be neglected; and one of the older guests advanced towards her, and with a courtesy very different to the Marquis's bearing, addressed her thus:

"You are my prisoner, and as such I entreat you not to compel me to use force by any vain resistance."

" Marie submitted, nor attempted for a moment to withdraw the wrist he firmly, but loosely clasped, showing by her manner that it was no care for personal safety which had led her to pursue a course so unnatural to her sex. But she availed herself of the mildness of her present guard to turn to, and address a few words to Anima, imploring her to be still, to govern her fears, nor waste the few moments which might yet intervene ere they were again for ever separated,—for she hoped to convey to her, in a whisper, the contents of the letter. Alas! how little did she calculate the extent of her friend's fortitude; how little could she estimate the power of fear which had by this time totally deprived Anima of the use of every faculty, and, in another moment, laid her insensible and speechless, in death-like stiffness on the floor, between the clashing swords of her husband and his friend.

" Her sudden fall separated the combatants for a moment, and checked their impetuosity, as they stooped to gaze, with an involuntary ejaculation, on the corpse-like form at their feet, the livid face, the glassy eye which horror had fixed but could not close.

" ' Anima! oh, dearest Anima!' exclaimed the Count, and kneeling beside her, forgetful of all else, he strove to recal the apparently departed spirit, and chafe into feeling the stiffened hands.

" Whether at that moment the Marquis heard these words, and marked those anxious endeavours, we know not; for still, under the dominion of a temper whose violence bordered on madness, he spurned her prostrate form, as he cried—

" ' Traitor! heretic! bear her hence; and turning to the attendants, who had now crowded into the room, and were busily endeavouring to stifle the conflagration, he added—

" ' Drag yonder Vaudois spy to the lowest dungeon of the castle; guard her for your life's sake in the closest captivity, till I decide on her further fate.'

" He then rushed from the apartment to conceal the fury which he was conscious had taken utter possession of his soul, and gave such orders as would make his vengeance on all whom he fancied had conspired against him, more deadly and secure."

We conclude with the remark that the 'Pastor Chief,' in some respects defective as a work of fiction, may take higher ground. It is not merely a novel, but a beautiful illustration of history.

Pictorial Illustrations.—We are obliged to the Editor of the 'Bristol Archæological Magazine' for his offer of the loan of the woodcuts; but we have declined at least a bushel of woodcuts during the last twelvemonth.—*Athenæum.*

Science.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—The Journal Committee have reported the following adjudications of prizes for Essays:—To William Stace, of Berwick, near Lewes, Sussex, the prize of twenty sovereigns for the best Essay on the rotations of crops suited for heavy lands. To Thomas Arkell, of Pen-hill Farm, near Cold Harbour, by Swindon, Wiltshire, the prize of fifty sovereigns for an account of the best mode of under-draining land, regard being had to variety of soil, subsoil, and other local circumstances. To James Cowie, of the Mains of Haulkerton, Laurencekirk, Scotland, the prize of ten sovereigns for the best Essay on the comparative advantages in the employment of horses and oxen in farming-work. To W. F. Karkeek, of Truro, Cornwall, the prize of twenty sovereigns for the best explanation of the causes which appear to determine the production of fat and muscle respectively, according to the present state of our knowledge of animal physiology. The Essays on the construction of Cottages, on the Management of Farm-yard Manure, and artificial Manures or Hand Tillages, are still under the consideration of the judges.—The Journal Committee have also reported the following prizes and subjects of the Essays for 1844, the conditions of which will be given in the ensuing half-volume of the Journal: 1. For the best account of the comparative value of water-meadows and uplands generally, for cattle, sheep, and horses, but especially for milch cows, twenty sovereigns. 2. For the best Essay on the influence of climate upon cultivation within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, thirty sovereigns. 3. For the best Essay on the indications which are practical guides in judging of the fertility or barrenness of the soil, fifty sovereigns. 4. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Norfolk, fifty sovereigns. 5. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Chester, fifty sovereigns. 6. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Essex, fifty sovereigns. 7. For the best report of the present state of the agriculture of the county of Wilts, fifty sovereigns. 8. For the best account of improvements made by artificial deposits of soil from the sea or tide-rivers, and the subsequent cultivation of the land, twenty sovereigns. 9. For the best account of the cheapest way of keeping farm horses in good condition, both in winter and summer, twenty sovereigns. 10. For the best Essay on any agricultural subject, twenty sovereigns.—Mr R. Barker laid before the meeting the following census of members, and abstract of accounts: Life Governors, 101; Annual Governors, 206; Life Members, 399; Annual Members, 6,541; Honorary Members, 13; total 7,270. Half-yearly receipts, 4,441l. 15s.; which leaves, after the payments, a balance in hand of 682l. 15s. 8d.—The chairman announced that the preliminary prize-sheet for next year had been printed (in proof) for the inspection and suggestion of members prior to its considera-

tion and adoption at the Council on the last Wednesday in June.—Mr Bailey Denton, of Southampton, expressed his intention of exhibiting at the Derby meeting, a model three feet square, representing a map in relief of a district, with instruments, invented by himself, similar to the one in possession of the society, and presented by him at a former council. The model is constructed of plaster, or electrotyped in copper, to a true scale; any height or distance being obtained by the aid of an instrument accompanying it. Mr Denton considered that the use of this invention as a complete guide to draining was evident; while the properties of an undulatory surface were made apparent by pouring water upon the map thus modelled, which, flowing to the lowest levels, exhibited the mode in which the waters of the higher lands might be profitably applied.—Mr Read transmitted a plan for improvements in the sowing and burning of tiles.—The chairman of the Derby Committee announced, on the part of the Birmingham and Derby Railway, and the Midland Counties Company, in favour of exhibitors, that they would only require half-fares for stock and agricultural implements, and the usual fares for passengers.

SOCIETY OF AARS.—At an extraordinary General Meeting of this Society, for the purpose of electing a President in the room of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Sutherland in the chair, his Royal Highness Prince Albert was unanimously elected.

The Gaiety.

The Repeal Question.—The Repeal agitation seems to increase. Large sums are weekly subscribed. In the south Riding of Tipperary three hundred thousand people are said to have assembled to meet Mr O'Connell, and to have formed a procession five miles long. At a dinner which was given at Nenagh, Mr O'Connell remarked on the physical force displayed, and "how effectual it would be in the hands of another Napoleon, who had marched from Boulogne to the centre of Hungary with a much smaller effective force than surrounded him at the Rock of Cashel, and victory marked his progress, although he could not calculate on such an army of reserve as he then saw before him." This looks like business!

Old Quiz.—When the late Duke of Queensberry, called by George the Third "Old Quiz," was Lord March, he indulged in every sort of fashionable dissipation, and considered fewer than two or three mistresses at the same time insufficient. Such affairs were with him quite matters of course. One of his letters to George Selwyn, thus speaks of some of his favourites: "I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls. This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be

quite so before you and the Bena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Bena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such, I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time past, it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance. This moment my servant brings me your letter by *le Roi*. I will inquire for a lodging for the Bena, for I agree with you entirely, that you have no room for her in your house, and it is as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel, for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine; &c. &c."—As he advanced in life, and when he reached extreme old age, he still indulged in the greatest excesses. Like a recently deceased nobleman, he did not limit himself to two or three fair companions, but had groups to dance before him, unmindful of the scornful glances which from time to time fell on their ignominious paymaster.

A Fiery Trial.—In the life of Savonarola we find the following document put forth on behalf of a religious fraternity of which he was the head:—"I, brother Girosamo, of Ferrara, unworthy vicar of the congregation of San Marco, of the Order of Frati predicatori dell' Osservanza, accept the proposition of the brothers, who have subscribed this document, and of all the brothers in San Marco and San Domenico di Fièsole; and I promise to give one, two, three, or four, or ten, as many as shall be required for the work,—that is, entering the fire to establish the truth which I preach; and I trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in his evangelical life, that every one whom I give shall come out untouched, that is, without any hurt; if I doubted this, I would not give them up for fear of being a murderer. In token whereof, I subscribe this with my own hand, to the praise and glory of Almighty God, the salvation of souls, and the preservation of the truth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who alone does innumerable great and inscrutable acts, to whom be honour and dominion for ever. Amen."

Harlai, Archbishop of Paris.—It has been said that Harlai was made Archbishop on account of his dissolute life, which made those about Louis the Fourteenth suppose that he would not be very severe upon their morals. The act of celebration of the nuptials of the King and Madame de

Maintenon was not found in the archives of the archbishoprick where it ought to have been. Harlai, to save himself the trouble of arranging papers, used, when he changed his clothes, to throw those he took off, into a press and lock them up. After his death the act in question was found in the pocket of an old garment they put away.

Antiquities.—The dredging machine employed in clearing the bed of the Saone, at Chalons, has brought up many interesting remnants of antiquity. Among them are some coins of Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, of great rarity; a small brass plate, on which appears a Christ on the cross, with symbolical animals at the four corners; and some Gothic characters, which have not yet been deciphered, apparently a work of the earliest part of the middle age, some amphora and cinerary urns in good preservation. But the most valuable prize is a beautiful vitrified cup. It is shallow and broad like a dish, but the outside is enriched with wavy and spiral ornaments in relief, affording a new proof that the art of moulding in glass was well known in ancient days, and indicating the residence of the Romans at Cabillonum, after the Eduens and previously to the Burgundians.

Irish Epitaph.—In Belturbet churchyard, Ireland, was the following inscription:—"Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here."

Sandwich Islands.—Accounts have been received at Liverpool, announcing that the Sandwich Islands were ceded to the British crown on the 25th February, and were taken possession of by Lord George Paulet, of Her Majesty's ship 'Carysfort,' next day. The New York papers mention the arrival of a small vessel at that port from Oahu, which had for part of her cargo 6,100 bags of sugar. "To import sugars," it adds, "from the most distant Pacific Islands into the United States is a remarkable feature in trade. The industry of the people of these islands is now very successfully employed in raising the cane, and they will shortly compete with the West Indies in supplying a part of the world, at least, with that great staple—sugar."

Aylesbury.—After the lapse of two centuries since the death of John Hampden, a monument is about to be raised to his memory on Chalgrove field, where he lost his life. The monument consists of a large block of Portland stone, sixteen feet high, surmounted by a Ceppo cap, and resting on a massive plinth of the same material. It is raised where the Oxford and Watlington road is crossed by the lane leading on one side to the village of Chalgrove,

and on the other to Warpsgrove farmhouse. It was here that Prince Rupert, in his retreat towards Oxford, having repulsed the main body of the Parliament troops under Gunter and Cross, was encountered by Hampden, who led a party of horse to the attack from the direction of Warpsgrove, and received his death-wounds, shot by some of the musketeers of the Prince. On the side of the monument facing Warpsgrove is his medallion portrait, in bold relief; on the opposite side are his arms; on the third the names of the subscribers by whom the monument is raised; and on the fourth is the following inscription from the pen of Lord Nugent:—"Here, in this field of Chalgrove, John Hampden, after an able and strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, and before the judges of the land, to the measures of an arbitrary court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the associated counties of Buckingham and Oxford, in 1642. And here, within a few paces of this spot, he received the wound of which he died while fighting in defence of the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England, June 18, 1643. In the two hundredth year from that day this stone was raised in reverence to his memory."

Good News for Travellers.—Prospectuses have been received from Alexandria of an insurance company, which, under the business-like name of "The Egyptian Terrestrial and Maritime Assurance Company," proposes, amongst its other objects, to insure against "the dangers incurred in crossing the desert."

Spiritual Dances.—It is known that dances were formerly religious exercises. Some have conjectured that every psalm had a dance proper to it. The celebrated Savonarola encouraged what he denominated spiritual dances, accompanied with hymns, chiefly composed by Girolamo Benivieni, one of his disciples. His object was to substitute holy exercises for common profane amusements. Crowds obeyed his directions. The Piagnoni would rush from the churches and the convents to join in these sacred exercises, shouting "Viva Christo!" leaping and dancing in exultation at the thought of the Messiah's approaching reign, sometimes in a circle composed of a monk and a citizen alternately, singing spiritual songs.

Miss Misford.—The subscription for Miss Mitford has been so far successful, that in a letter to the Rev. W. Kinsey she writes:—"You will, I know, be glad to hear that things are going on well, so far as the subscription is concerned. The debts are all paid, and there will be some hundreds surplus, which was what my friends wished in their kindness; for my own part, I was ever more set upon the payment of the debts, but now both parties are gratified."

Bruce Castle.—On Tuesday next the annual distribution of testimonials of merit takes place at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. The prizes on this occasion will be given by the Honourable and Reverend H. Montagu Villiers, rector of Bloomsbury. In other years we have seen the exulting aspirants receive their honours from the hands of the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, Lord Brougham, Lord Dudley Stuart, Dr Arnott, and the late Dr Birkbeck. Should the Reverend and Honourable Gentleman witness on Tuesday such an assemblage as we have more than once beheld, he, when speaking on the subject, will

"Have the happiness to say,
My friends, I have not lost a day."

Novel Writing abandoned by Sir E. L. Bulwer.—A portion of a letter from Sir E. L. Bulwer has been published in the 'Boston Times,' in which he says,—“With the last page of the 'Last of the Barons' closed my career as a writer of fiction. You have long been aware that my graver studies have been gradually unfitting me for the task of the 'Romancier.' 'The light of other days is faded,' and my fancy no longer kindles at a spark, as in happier hours of yore. I am too wise to jeopardize what little credit I have won already, and therefore bid farewell, a mournful farewell it may be, to the light labours and flowing dreams of the novelist.”—Sir Walter Scott, after writing his first half dozen novels, announced that his labours in that way were at an end. He was induced to resume his pen, with what success need not be told.

"Barbets."—"Barbet" was a term of reproach with which the Vaudois were commonly designated by their enemies. There was a common superstition current among the ignorant at that time, that they were in league with the devil. To such a height had this belief risen in a former age, that Philip the Seventh desired to see the children of the Vaudois to ascertain the truth of their being born with four rows of double teeth, and one eye in the middle of the forehead.

The Pra del Tor.—"This celebrated place," Léger says, "is a hollow environed by mountains, situated to the west of La Vachère, and cannot be approached except with much difficulty, and by a path, excavated in places out of the rock, running along the edge of the Angrogna torrent; it is, however, capable of containing a great many people. It was here that, during the thick darkness and the most cruel persecutions, the ancient barbets, or pastors of the valleys, continued to hold their preachings, and preserved the college, where they instructed those whom they prepared for the ministry."

—Rossini has arrived in Paris. The Chevalier Spontini is there also.

Persecution Impotent.—Blind must he be who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vaudois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for seven hundred years, and yet it has not swept them away, but there they are in the land of their forefathers; because the Most High gave unto the men of the valleys stout hearts and a resolute spirit,—because he made them patient of hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and all manner of affliction.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

—In spite of Lablache's farewell address, he is re-engaged at the Italian Opera at Paris.

—The managers of the Birmingham Musical Festival are desirous of engaging Duprez, who has, for the last eighteen months, been anxiously qualifying himself to sing in English.

—Macready relinquishes the management of Drury Lane Theatre, London, which once supported two national play-houses, now will not uphold one.

—A new screen has just been completed before the Marquis of Westminster's house, in Grosvenor street, which makes quite a feature in that characterless locality. It consists of two gateways, each supported by duplicated columns, with an open colonnade between them. The columns are Roman Doric, and between each is a handsome candelabra supporting a single light. Both these, and the gates, are fine specimens of casting in iron, and have been painted to look like bronze.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unless specially requested when sent, we cannot undertake to return articles which are not inserted. The epigrams of Julius are neat, but they are not sufficiently pungent. He might easily improve them.

Morna's Poem we must decline on account of its length.

"Touch-and-Go Trixias" are approved. Several Correspondents whose favours were intended for this number, will be attended to next week.

A. B. is informed that Oil of Camomile is distilled from the flower of that name. Its colour is blue when first distilled, but by keeping it changes to a yellow. Eighty pounds of camomile flowers yield eighteen drachms of oil.

No Nimrod.—The term of ox-feet, when applied to horses, is when a disease produces a cloaving of the horn of the hind foot, in the middle of the fore part of the hoof, from the coronet to the shoe; when this occurs, which is not very common, it makes the horse halt.

The "Moon-Seeker," of the celebrated German writer, Tieck, has not, we believe, appeared in an English dress. We shall be glad to see a good translation of it.

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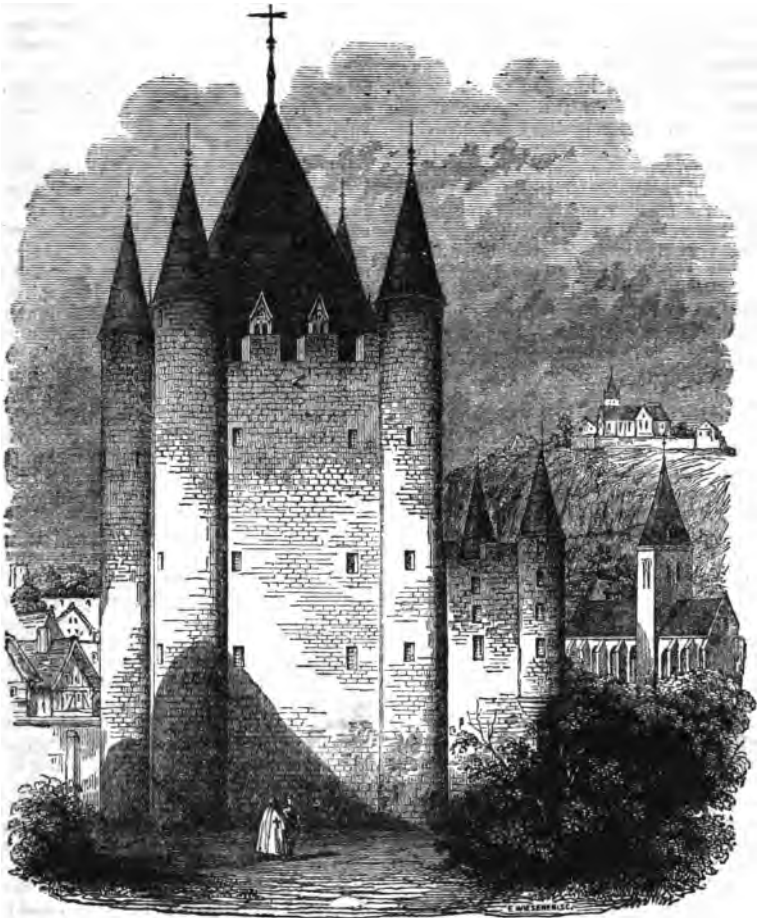
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 24.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1843.

[VOL. I. 1843.



Original Communications.

THE TEMPLE IN PARIS.

THIS building, one of the most ancient and most remarkable in Paris, was long regarded with more than common interest, from its connexion with memorable historical scenes. It was established by the Knights Templars in the thirteenth century.

No. 1168.]

By the hospitalers of Saint John of Jerusalem, the Temple was made the provincial house of the grand Priory of France. It stood on a vast enclosed site, and was fortified with embattled towers, most of which were demolished more than half a century ago. Within the enclosure various piles of buildings, with courts and gardens, appeared; among them the palace of the

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Grand Prior, built by Jacques de Souvvré, Grand Prior in 1566. The entrance to it was from the Rue de Temple. It was erected after the designs of De Lisle. The front was decorated with Doric columns, over which appeared an attic, and a pediment.

Within the enclosure, detached from the rest, appeared "Les Tours du Temple." The edifice presented a square tower, flanked by four round smaller ones. There was a building on the north side surmounted by two turrets, much lower than the rest. The height of the great tower was upwards of a hundred and fifty feet above the roof. In the interior of the battlements was a gallery which commanded a most extensive prospect. There were four *etages*, or floors, each of which contained an apartment thirty feet square, and three smaller rooms in three of the round towers. In the fourth tower there was a very fine staircase, which led to the various apartments and to the turrets. The whole fabric was built of free-stone, and the walls of the great tower were nine feet thick. It was built by a commander of the order, from whom it derived its distinguishing appellation. His name was John le Ture. It was erected in 1806. Often used as a state prison, it was sometimes appropriated as a magazine of arms.

Though many of our readers must be familiar with the subject, we cannot help glancing at the remarkable history of the order with whom the Temple originated. It was established in 1118. The Knights banded themselves for the purpose of protecting the pilgrims, who had experienced much ill usage as they journeyed to and from the Holy Land. A house was assigned to them at Jerusalem, near the Temple of King Solomon, and from this they were named Templars. In the reign of Louis le Jeune they held a chapter, about the year 1147, at which the King and many lords and prelates attended, and the Pope, Eugenius III, consented to become the head of the order.

Not only were the Templars successful in arms, but they were eminently successful in acquiring wealth. This in the end proved their ruin. The most atrocious calumnies were promulgated, and brutal vengeance pursued the unhappy fraternity to annihilation. Two of the order, who for their crimes had been condemned to imprisonment for life, the Prior of Mont-faucon, and a Florentine named Noffodei, caused it to be reported to Enguerrand de Marigni that they could reveal secrets from which the King might gain larger benefits than would result from the conquest of a kingdom. Marigni lent a ready ear to the wretched informers. The luxury, pride, and overbearing conduct of the knights had made them many enemies.

All the Templars in France were arrested on the 13th October, 1307, and a tribunal composed of bishops and monks was appointed to try them in every province. Numerous were the charges preferred, and everything that went to inculpate the accused met with a warm reception. Chains, dungeons, and executions were numerous, and such was the mad rage excited against them, that even the remains of the dead were snatched from the grave to be committed to the flames. Those only who confessed to guilt which was not theirs were permitted to live. They were accused of sorcery, and of offences too horrible to be named. It was said they worshipped an idol named Baphomet with the most disgusting orgies, while the holiest symbols of the Christian religion were wantonly desecrated. Horrible tortures extorted from many of the sufferers that they had communicated with the devil, who had appeared in their assemblies under the form of a male cat. One declared that he had assisted in crucifying Jesus Christ, and other acknowledgments equally extravagant, were drawn from anguish by persevering cruelty.

The grand master, James de Molai, who was sponsor to one of the King's children, Guy, commander of Aquitaine, Huynes de Peralde, Grand Prior of France, having first been examined at Chinon, were brought to Paris to repeat in public the confession of the general corruption and infamy of the Templars. The populace had begun to feel pity for the sufferers, and it was hoped the confessions now to be made would reconcile the public mind to the further severities which were contemplated.

In this the persecutors were disappointed. Though a pardon was offered them on the one hand, and a blazing fire which was to consume them to ashes shown them on the other, they despised a life which could only be purchased by self-criminating falsehood. A modern historian of Paris thus carries on the melancholy story:—

"The grand master, like the rest of the nobility of that age, could neither read nor write. When the deposition which he was said to have made at Chinon was read to him at Paris, he seemed greatly astonished, made twice the sign of the cross, and exclaimed, 'If these commissioners were of a different profession, I know what proposal I should make to them;' but as cardinals could not accept a challenge, he added, 'Well, I only pray to God that they may be ripped up alive, as the Tartars and Saracens serve liars and perjurers.' Vertot says, that in order to make the grand master appear more culpable, the recorder had added some aggravating circumstances to the deposition.

"The four chief officers were afterwards

placed on a scaffold erected before the church of Notre Dame; the act which commuted their capital sentence into perpetual imprisonment was read, and then one of the legates made an harangue, in which he detailed the abominations and impieties of which the Templars, upon their own confession, had been convicted; and to confirm what he alleged, he called upon the grand master to repeat publicly the confession which he had made at Poitiers. The unfortunate old man, shaking his chains and advancing to the front of the scaffold, said, 'Yes, I will speak; I have too long betrayed the truth. O God, vouchsafe to hear me; vouchsafe to receive the oath I now make, and may it be of service to me when I appear before thy tribunal. I swear that all I have said against the Templars is false; that the order has ever been zealous for the faith; charitable, just, and orthodox; and if I had the weakness to say otherwise, at the solicitation of the pope and the king, and in order to suspend the horrible torments which I was suffering, I repent of it. I perceive that I am irritating our executioners, and that the flames will soon be kindled. I submit to all the torments prepared for me, and acknowledge, O my God, that no sufferings are great enough to expiate the offence which I have committed against my brethren, and against truth and religion.'

"The legate, disconcerted, ordered the grand master to be taken back to prison, along with Guy, commander of Aquitaine, who also retracted; and on the same evening they were burnt on the Pont-Neuf, on the spot where the statue of Henry IV now stands. They remained firm to the last, invoking Jesus Christ to support their fortitude; while the people, in consternation and tears, gathered their ashes and carried them off as precious relics. Mézeray relates, that the grand master summoned the pope to appear before the tribunal of God in forty days, and the king in a year. If this be true, the event fulfilled the prediction. The two commanders who did not retract were treated with lenity. As to the two wretches who gave rise to the persecution, one perished in a dispute, and the other, Noffodei, was hanged for some new crime."

It is worth while to add, from the same writer:—

"Enguerrand de Marigni met the end which he so justly deserved. On the eve of Ascension Day, in 1315, he was hanged before daybreak, as was then the custom, on a gibbet erected some years before, by his own order, at Montfaucon, near Paris. 'As maître du logis,' says Mézeray, 'he had the honour of being suspended at the upper end, above all the other rogues.'"

The 'Pictorial History of France,' from

which the fine representation of the Temple, given in the present number, is taken, adds the following mournful statement:—

"At the same moment—so carefully had matters been prepared—similar seizures were made in every part of the kingdom; and next day, the king, who had already taken possession of the Temple, and made it the depository of his treasure-chests, and the muniments of the crown, caused proclamation to be made of all the crimes and misdemeanours of which his victims were accused. This catalogue was of the most frightful kind, and was not the less credulously received, that it comprised offences utterly revolting to human nature, together with numerous absurdities, contradictions, and even impossibilities. It was alleged that the initiation of a knight was accompanied with impure ceremonies and strange revelations; that the Templars adored some idol, to whom the chronicles of the time have given the name of *Baphumet*; that they rejected the worship of the Saviour, and were accustomed wantonly to desecrate the holiest symbols of his religion; and that they were commonly guilty of pollutions, too vile to be even named. The knights appealed to Pope Clement to investigate the matter, and the Pontiff, on being pressed to do so, proceeded so far in their behalf as to suspend the decision of the secular judges; but, remembering his obligations to Philippe, he soon revoked this act of mercy, and granted a licence for the renewal of the civil processes, on condition that the fate of the grand master, and the chief preceptors, should be reserved for his own judgment.

"Every one was loaded with chains, and reduced to the most meagre and unpalatable diet; and when it was found that sufficient evidence could not be procured voluntarily to convict the assumed culprits, an inquisition was organized, and empowered to apply the most horrible tortures to extort confession. In Paris alone, thirty-six knights died upon the rack, maintaining their innocence to the last; while others, less able to endure agony, confessed to crimes which our reason convinces us could never have been perpetrated. Even those, however, who were entrapped into criminal admissions under torment, recanted in their dungeons, and nothing remained of trust-worthy testimony, save the unimportant and well-known facts, that the Templars were generally addicted to pride, avarice, and licentiousness of various kinds—vices, from which the king was no more exempt, than these his persecuted subjects. As a specimen of the kinds of confession elicited, it may be noticed that Bernard du Gué, one of those who subsequently retracted, exhibited to his judges, while his feet were being exposed to the action of a scorching

fire, two bones which had been magically extracted from his heel; and Americ de Villiers, while under excruciating suffering, exclaimed, in the presence of his tormentors, that he had personally assisted at the death of our Saviour. Some others admitted that the devil was frequently present and presided at their secret orgies, making his appearance among them at times in the shape of a tom cat.

"This persecution lasted for more than four years, when the council of Vienna decreed, and the Pope (on the 22nd March, 1312) confirmed, the entire abolition of the order. The extent of misery inflicted by these unnatural proceedings, may be estimated from the fact that, at Senlis, not less than nine knights were consigned to the flames; and that fifty-four perished together at the stake (12th May, 1310) in Paris—all protesting their innocence of the offences with which they stood accused. 'We have the failings of men,' said the sufferers; 'but to have been guilty of the wickedness imputed to us, we must have been incarnate fiends.'"

The Temple, in modern times, has been celebrated for having been the prison in which Louis the Sixteenth, his queen and family, were confined. Cley's 'Journal' gives some striking descriptions of the building, and of the way in which the Royal inmates passed part their time. He writes:—

"The body of the building was four stories high. The first consisted of an ante-chamber, a dining-room, and a small room in the turret, where there was a library, containing from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes.

"The second story was divided nearly in the same manner. The largest room was the Queen's bed-chamber, in which the Dauphin also slept; the second, which was separated from the Queen's by a small antichamber almost without light, was occupied by Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. This chamber was the only way to the turret-room on this story, and that turret-room was the only place of office for this whole range of building, being in common for the royal family, the municipal officers, and the soldiers.

"The King's apartments were on the third story. He slept in the great room, and made a study of the turret-closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. de Chamilly and M. Hué, and on which the seals were now fixed. The fourth story was shut up; and on the ground floor there were kitchens, of which no use was made.

"The four rooms of which the King's apartments consisted, had a false ceiling

of cloth, and the partitions were hung with a coloured paper. The ante-chamber had the appearance of the interior of a jail, and on one of the panels was hung the Declaration of the Rights of Man, in very large characters with a tri-coloured frame. A chest of drawers, a small bureau, four chairs with cushions, an armed chair, a few rush-bottomed chairs, a table, a glass over the chimney, and a green damask bed, were all the furniture of the King's chamber: these articles, as well as what was in the other rooms, were taken from the Temple palace. The King's bed was that in which the Count d'Artois, captain of the guards, used to sleep.

"The Queen occupied the third story, which was distributed in much the same manner as the King's. The bed-chamber for the Queen and Madame Royale was above his Majesty's: in the turret was their closet. Madame Elizabeth's room was over mine. The entrance served for an ante-chamber, where the municipal officers watched by day and slept at night. Tison and his wife were lodged over the King's dining-room.

"The fourth story was not occupied. A gallery ran all along within the battlements, which sometimes served as a walk. The embrasures were stopt up with blinds to prevent the family from seeing or being seen.

"Few changes were made since their Majesties being together in the great tower as to the hours of their meals, their reading, their walks, or as to the time they had hitherto dedicated to the education of their children. Soon after the King was up he read the form of prayer of the knights of the Holy Ghost, and as a mass had not been permitted at the Temple, even on holidays, he commanded me to purchase a breviary, such as was used in the diocese of Paris. This monarch was of a religious turn; but his religion, pure and enlightened, never encroached upon his other duties. Books of travels, Montesquien's works, those of Buffon, de la Pluche's 'Spectacle de la Nature,' Hume's 'History of England,' in English, 'On the Imitation of Christ,' in Latin, 'Tasso,' in Italian, and French plays, were what he usually read from his first being sent into confinement. He devoted four hours a day to Latin authors.

"The Queen and Madame Elizabeth having desired books of devotion similar to those of the King, his Majesty commanded me to purchase them. Often have I seen Madame Elizabeth on her knees by her bedside praying with fervency.

"At nine o'clock the King and his son were summoned to breakfast: I attended them. I afterwards dressed the hair of the Queen and Princesses, and, by the Queen's orders, taught Madame Royale to

dress hair. While I was doing this the King played at drafts or chess, sometimes with the Queen, sometimes with Madame Elizabeth."

The church of the Temple was demolished at the time of the Revolution, when the order of Saint John of Jerusalem was suppressed, and the "Marché au Vieux Linge" was formed.

The lofty surrounding walls were taken down in 1802, and the tower itself disappeared in 1811.

LONDON AS IT IS TO BE.

THE houses, and indeed the streets, long familiar to Cockney eyes, are fast vanishing. What is now doing, however, is nothing to what is to be done. The following is an outline of the changes contemplated by the committee of the Court of Common Council:—There is to be a street from the east end of Paternoster row to Fetter lane, and a branch street to Holborn, commencing with the houses at the west end of Cheapside, projecting beyond the line of St Martin's le Grand, all between Paternoster row, St Paul's churchyard, as far as Ave Maria lane, Amen corner, crossing the Old Bailey, to Farringdon street, to Shoe lane, Printer street, Great New street, to Fetter lane, to the city boundary; and the branch street from Little New street, to the north end of Fetter-lane, Holborn, about 3,360 feet in length. The greatest acclivity in the whole of this line will not be more than 1 in 31, and that for only about 370 feet.—Another, from the north end of Dowgate hill to the east end of St Paul's churchyard, thence to Earl street, Blackfriars, through Tower Royal, Little and Great Distaff lanes, crossing the Old Change into St Paul's churchyard, about 1,360 feet in length, and from the Old Change through Knightrider court, Carter lane, Godliman street, Bell yard, Addle hill, to the east end of Earl street, about 1,200 feet in length.—From Watling street, from Aldermary Church to the west end of St Paul's churchyard, about 1,055 feet in length.—From the Poultry, on the north side, to the Old Jewry, and 100 feet of the north side of Mansion-house street, about 1,055 feet in length; from the Mansion house across Bucklersbury and Size lane to Queen street, from Watling street to the east end of Basing lane, the east side of Queen street from Watling street to Thames street, about 1,400 feet in length.—From Lime street, east side, from Cullum street to Fenchurch street, Leadenhall market from Fenchurch street through to the south end of Gracechurch street, about 800 feet in length; Aldgate, south side, from the Saracen's Head to Jewry street, and the east end of Leadenhall street, at its junction with Fenchurch street.—From

Broad street buildings to the Curtain road, through Halfmoon street to Sun street, thence to Skinner street, and on to Worship street, about 1,550 feet in length.—From Aldersgate street, opposite the end of Jewin street, to Smithfield, and from the corner of Little Britain across Bartholomew close, to communicate with the above line of street to Smithfield, about 1,280 feet in length.—From Threadneedle street, north side, at its junction with Broad street, and south side, from the church of St Benet Fink, to Finch lane, about 265 feet in length.—From Holborn bridge, north side, about 90 feet in length; Butcher-hall lane, east side, about 85 feet in length; St Martin's le Grand, north-east corner, Angel street.—From Maiden lane, north and south sides, about 275 feet in length; Jewin street, south side from the corner; Redcross street to Redcross square, and north corner next Aldersgate street; Aldermanbury, the west side of the south end; Milk street, east side next Cheapside; White Rose court, Coleman street, and Mason's alley, Moor lane, south side, east corner, and north end, west side, from White street to Type street, and south end, Milton street, east side; New Bridge street, Blackfriars, through Tudor street to the Temple.

MARCH OF EDUCATION.

THE system of education advocated by Mr Arthur Hill, which has now been tried for a series of years, offers the best results. While at school the boys, even in their sports, acquire the habits of thinking men, and the most unquestionable evidence is produced, from time to time, of the vast benefits such a course ensures in after-life. We visited this celebrated seminary on Tuesday, when the annual distribution of prizes at Bruce Castle, Tottenham, took place. In former years, many distinguished persons (including prelates and peers) have assisted, and the Messrs Hill were this year promised the aid of the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers. The sickness and dangerous state of a brother compelled the Hon. and Rev. Gentleman to decline the gratifying labour which he had proposed to take upon himself. In this emergency General Sir Dudley Hill, K.C.B., obligingly took the chair.

Mr Arthur Hill opened the business of the day by explaining the general principles on which the Bruce Castle School is conducted—which is that of waking general emulation, of bringing all the faculties of the mind into play, and identifying the scholars individually with the business of the school, as in a future day the men they are to become, must be identified with the affairs of the nation. He showed that the moral education of the pupil was sedu-

lously promoted, care being taken at the same time that this should not interfere with his literary and scientific pursuits, but rather to assist and forward them. In the course of his address he mentioned that punishments were few. For great offences in the school, they had what was called "a Frison." This was a small chamber, and had, in the course of the last six months, been occupied as a prison no more than sixty hours.

Sir Dudley Hill, the chairman, then addressed the assembly. He spoke from his own personal knowledge, in the highest terms, of the Bruce Castle Establishment. "When," said he, "I returned from the West Indies, seven years ago, I felt much anxiety about placing my son at an establishment where he would be likely to improve. Bruce Castle was named to me as that which I desired to find; and my son became an inmate of the establishment, where he remained four years. During that period he made the most astonishing progress, under the care of my excellent friend (Mr Hill). Talents my son must certainly have possessed, but they could not have been called forth so as to enable him to make the figure he now makes in the world, but for the admirable system from which he was enabled to profit at Bruce Castle. On his entrance at Addiscombe, being the youngest among a large number of examinees, several of whom were rejected, he acquitted himself in so distinguished a manner, as to gain the marked approbation of those before whom he appeared. At a second examination, before leaving the college, of all the scholars, some of whom were young men of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen, he was the first to answer the questions put, not only in Latin, mathematics, &c., but also with respect to military fortification. He explained a battery there exhibited on a peculiar construction to the admiration of every one, and had been especially distinguished by the presence of mind which he had displayed. Several of the directors who examined him, remarked that they could almost have supposed he had been abroad and in battle, by the side of some of the general officers then acting as his judges. Finally, they unanimously decided that he was qualified to hold a commission in the engineers. It was thus that his son had succeeded, and in so short a period after leaving Bruce Castle. It was no trifling ordeal for a youth to go through before a number of general officers in uniform, nor could he have acquitted himself as he did, had the system pursued in the seminary in which he was educated been less excellent.

Mr Simpson, of Edinburgh, and Mr W. Chambers, severally bore testimony to the merits of the establishment.

The prizes were then about to be distributed, when Mr J. S. Buckingham, who

had had a son educated at Bruce Castle, addressed the meeting, and in the course of an able speech told a remarkable anecdote, most honourable to Sir Robert Peel. He stated, that meeting the Right Honourable Baronet in the lobby of the House of Commons, Sir Robert accosted him by saying that "he had good news for him." Sir Robert proceeded to say, that a situation in the West Indies having fallen vacant, it became his duty to fill it up, when he found there were two hundred applicants for it. He, upon that, remarked he could do nothing with such a list, and sent it to the department with which the appointment was connected (the Customs), and requested the commissioners would decide who was fittest to fill it. My son, said Mr Buckingham, was not on the list. The situation was too good for him to think of applying for, but such had been his conduct, from the habits he had acquired at Bruce Castle, that his name was sent to Sir Robert Peel as the fittest person in the establishment to fill the vacant post;" and, said Sir Robert, "I have much pleasure in proving that political differences would not cause me to oppose the advancement of a son of yours, who has been recommended to me by his merit alone."

The upright conduct of Sir Robert thus evinced made a great impression on the meeting. It is needless to expatiate on the feeling it created for the seminary which had so efficiently developed talent and good conduct. The facts speak for themselves, and the sentiment was, "By its fruit shall ye know the tree."

[Next week we purpose giving some further interesting particulars of Bruce Castle Establishment.]

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

DURING the French revolution, when the princes of that country were compelled to take refuge in England, Louis XVIII and the late Charles X were entertained by the Marquis (then Lord Moira) at Donnington, in a style of almost regal splendour. His lordship claimed the title and estates (which were large) of the earldom of Huntingdon, and succeeded in having his claim allowed. They were, however, claimed by another, a lieutenant in the R. N., who, after a considerable time, succeeded in obtaining them.

In gratitude for the attention which he had received during his exile, Louis XVIII requested of George IV that he would bestow some special mark of favour on Lord Moira, who, in consequence of this request, was raised to the Marquisate of Hastings, the news of which reached him in India.

The late Marchioness was in possession, up to the period of her decease, of the hand with which the Marquis had married her; it was taken from his lordship after death,

we should presume from a romantic feeling of attachment to the late peer.

The present Marquis, we believe, has lived a retired life, ever since a melancholy occurrence which must be fresh in the remembrance of the reader.

KING OBIE AND THE COURT OF EBOE.

OUR navigators are very fond of quizzing the habits and appearance of the poor savages they encounter in various parts of the globe, and the chief or leader of a little band of black strollers is called king, and a sort of comparison invited between the mode of living of the half-naked inhabitants of the woods, and the usages of the higher classes in a great civilized community. This is, perhaps, hardly fair, but it is often very amusing. A correspondent in the 'Gardeners' Chronicle,' writing in this vein, gives an entertaining description of a visit paid by some individuals connected with the late expedition to the Niger, to King Obie. He says:—

"The town of Eboe is situated on the left bank of the Niger, and is approached by a narrow stream about a mile in length; it is one of the great marts of African commerce. In the stream we met with many canoes, of all sizes, belonging to tribes from different parts higher up the river. Many of the people live in these canoes upon the water, so that the entrance of the town assumes a very lively appearance. Some of the larger canoes are adorned with flags, having the most grotesque figures of animals, birds, and implements of warfare, worked upon them. To visit the palace of King Obie, we had to turn out of the main creek into a side one, about two hundred yards long. After walking through mud and water up to our knees for a quarter of a mile, we arrived at the seat of Royalty, which consisted of a quantity of mud-huts huddled together, without the least appearance of order. We were ushered into a square yard, with an open shed on three sides; on the other was the building which contained the sable beauties belonging to the mighty monarch of Eboe. Some of these dark ladies assumed a modesty that might vie with the most accomplished coquette of more civilized countries, by peeping from the entrance of their hut with all the curiosity inherent to the female portion of society, and showing their beautiful white teeth; darting away, however, the instant that they saw our eyes were fixed upon them. Others joined us, bringing little curiosities of their own manufacture in exchange for cotton, needles, rings, &c., which we took with us. The greater part of their garments are of Manchester manufacture, obtained from merchants who trade to the coast; one of the principal ornaments of both sexes consists of large ivory rings, worn round the arms and legs. Some of the men have obtained small bells, which they fasten round

the legs, and seem to be highly pleased with the tinkling which they produce in walking. During our stay, some of the native musicians attended with their instruments, most of which produced a horrible noise. After bidding farewell to the ladies, we took a survey of the town, which covers a large extent of land; the huts lie rather distant from each other, and are generally surrounded by a plot of ground, in which cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, &c., are grown. The town is intersected by small streams, which at this time were full of water; so that to get from one part to the other, you are obliged to wade up to the middle in mud and water. I was informed that during hot weather these creeks are dried up. As we paraded through the town, a great number of the inhabitants followed, who were greatly surprised when they saw the effects of our fire-arms upon the small birds. They seemed to fancy that we were possessed with supernatural powers, and paid us the greatest attention; even carrying a seat about after us, so that we might rest ourselves at our leisure; and the day being showery, they even held mats over us during the rain. Their objects of worship are numerous, nearly each dwelling having its *ge-ge*, or charm; some of these were the rude figure of a man cut out of wood, others are some utensil of common use among the people, or the skulls and bones of birds and beasts; all of which are protected by a small shed erected over them. Among the articles manufactured by the people are the wooden figures of different beasts. Polygamy is allowed, and a man is considered rich in proportion to the number of wives which he possesses; though slaves would be a more appropriate term, as the females do all the laborious work—such as cultivating yams, taking them to market, &c. Upon asking one of the traders to take us to the vessel lying in the river, he evinced as much sagacity in striking a bargain as could be expected from a merchant of Europe; and, as a preface, informed us that he had traded with the white people at Bonny, a place frequented by the palm-oil merchants. King Obie came on board the 'Wilberforce' twice during the time we were staying in his territories. He appeared to be about 60 years of age, though from the early decay of the African constitution it is probable that he might not be so old. He seemed proud of forming an acquaintance with the white men. His eldest son is tall, and of prepossessing appearance, about 20 years old; he was persuaded to dine on board during one of his visits, in which he did not deviate from the custom universal among Africans, of refusing to partake of wine before the person presenting it had previously tasted it. Upon the second visit of Obie to the vessels he brought with him two of his wives, who, by order of the captain, were each provided with an European dress. After being clothed they were each provided with a looking-glass; their pantomimes were truly ridiculous, as they turned about in every direction—first looking in the glass, and then upon the dress; Obie himself seemed no less pleased than they did. The highest degree of heat observed at this place was 85°.



Arms. Gu. a lion rampant, within a bordure, engr., ar. *Crest.* A scaling ladder, ar. *Supporters.* Dexter, a lion guardant, purp., ducally crowned or; sinister, a leopard guardant, ppr. *Motto.* "De bon vouloir servir le Roi." "To serve the King with good will."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GREY.

It was in 1372, in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, that the individual recognized as the founder of this family, Sir John Grey, Knight, of Berwick, lived. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Thomas Grey, Knight, of Berwick and Chillingham. He died in 1402, leaving a son, who became Sir John. This Sir John was the issue of Sir Thomas and his lady, Jane, daughter of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Sir John was succeeded by his second son, Sir Thomas; Sir Ralph, the third son of Sir Thomas, succeeded him, and was succeeded by his great grandson, Sir Ralph. To him his grandson, Sir Ralph, succeeded. The third son of this gentleman, Sir Edward, followed, who was succeeded by his grandson, Edward Grey, Esq. His son and nephew were his successors; the latter was followed by his son, Henry Grey, Esq., of Howick, who was created a Baronet January 11, 1746. His son, Henry, who succeeded him, died unmarried. The honours of the family, in consequence, devolved on the fourth son of Sir Henry, above mentioned. This was Sir Charles Grey, K.B., who was born in 1729. He became a Major-General in 1777; Lieutenant-General in 1782; and General in 1796. He distinguished himself in the American war, and in 1794, in the breaking out of hostilities with France, had the chief command of the land forces sent to act in conjunction with Lord St Vincent, against the French West India Islands. After his return he commanded in the Southern District for England. In 1797 he became a member of the Privy Council, and was raised to the Peerage June 23, 1801, by the title of Baron Grey de Howick. He was further advanced to a Viscounty and Earldom, April 11, 1806, as Viscount Howick and Earl Grey. He married, in 1762, Elizabeth, daughter of George Grey, Esq., of Southwick, by whom he had nine children, the eldest of whom is the present earl. Lord Grey was wounded in the battle of Minden, where

he served as aid-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand.

The present peer is the second earl. His splendid services in Parliament need not here be recalled. In all the great questions which have been agitated during the first forty years of the present century, he acted a conspicuous part. He became First Lord of the Treasury in 1830, and resigned office in 1834.

FUNERAL CHARGES IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"A JUST note of the order concerning burials within the parish of Tottenham, in the county of Middlesex, usually paid in anno domini 1574, in the sixteenth year of the reign of our Lady Queen Elizabeth; viz. upon that time and at this present time; and entered into this new register in anno domini 1599, by Anthony Dale, of the aforesaid parish church of Tottenham, clerk in the aforesaid year.

In the Churchyard.

	£.	s.	d.
IMPRIMIS.—The vicar hath for every burial in this churchyard, being a parishioner, man, woman, or child	-	-	0 2 0
ITEM.—The vicar hath for every burial in the churchyard, being a foreigner, man, woman, or child	-	-	0 4 0
ITEM.—The clerk hath for every burial in the churchyard, being a parishioner, man, woman, or child, having the knell rung with the first bell, for the pit 4d. and for the knell 8d.	-	-	0 0 12
ITEM.—For the second bell 12d. and for the pit 4d.	-	-	0 0 16
ITEM.—For the third bell 16d. and for the pit 4d.	-	-	0 0 20
ITEM.—For the great bell 20d. and for the pit 4d.	-	-	0 2 0
ITEM.—For every foreigner, man, woman, or child	-	-	0 2 0
ITEM.—For every foreigner sick person so tolled	-	-	0 0 4
ITEM.—For every one man, woman, or child, being suffered and	-	-	-

buried in the churchyard path, for that pit or grave, being a parishioner - 0 0 12

In the Body of the Church.

IMPRIMIS.—The churchwarden receiveth of every parishioner, man, woman, or child, for breaking the ground - 0 6 8

ITEM.—The churchwarden receives of every foreigner, man, woman, or child - 0 13 4

ITEM.—The vicar, of every parishioner, man, woman, or child - 0 4 0

ITEM.—The vicar, of every foreigner, man, woman, or child - 0 8 0

ITEM.—The clerk, of every parishioner, man, woman, or child - 0 4 0

ITEM.—The clerk, of every foreigner, man, woman, or child - 0 8 0

In the Middle Chancel.

IMPRIMIS.—The vicar hath in the middle chancel of every parishioner, man, woman, or child, for breaking the ground - 0 15 0

ITEM.—The vicar hath of every parishioner, man, woman, or child, for executing his office - 0 5 0

ITEM.—The vicar hath of every foreigner, man, woman, or child, for breaking the ground - 0 30 0

ITEM.—Of every foreigner, man, woman, or child, for executing his office - 0 10 0

ITEM.—The clerk hath of every parishioner, man, woman, or child - 0 8 0

ITEM.—The clerk hath of every foreigner, man, woman, or child - 0 16 0

In the South and North Chancels.

IMPRIMIS.—The churchwarden hath of every parishioner, man, woman, or child, for breaking the ground - 0 10 0

ITEM.—The churchwarden hath of every foreigner, man, woman, or child, for breaking the ground - 0 20 0

ITEM.—The vicar hath of every parishioner, man, woman, or child - 0 10 0

ITEM.—The vicar hath of every foreigner, man, woman, or child, - 0 20 0

ITEM.—The clerk hath of every parishioner, man, woman, or child - 0 8 0

ITEM.—The clerk hath of every foreigner, man, woman, or child - 0 16 0

NOTE. *Divers well-disposed persons do, of their own frank and free liberality, give more than ordinary dues in respect of great pains taken and longer attendance given.*

FINIS.

Written by Anthony Dale, Clerk of the Parish Church of Tottenham."

Italy.—The Marquis of Douglas, with his bride, the Princess Mary of Baden, arrived at Rome. The Pope has given authority to a company of the Duchy of Modena to construct a railroad from Rome to Civita Vecchia.

FILIPPO SGRUTTENDIO.

FILIPPO SGRUTTENDIO has been styled the Petrarch of Neapolitan poetry, but he is a burlesque Petrarch. He lived in the 17th century, and is the principal lyric poet in the collection. His 'Canzoniere' is a parody of the lofty strains and touching lamentations of Laura's lover; there is an equal luxury of fancy and the same fluency of language, though of a coarser kind, in the parody as in the model. Sgruttendio took for the theme of his song a certain Cecca, a low Neapolitan slut, of whose charms he gives a most ludicrous account. He styles his poem, or rather collection of verses, *La Tiorba a taccone*, from the name of a species of guitar with ten strings, the latter being represented by the ten chapters or parts into which the book is divided. This fancy of imitative distribution in the framing of a poem, seems akin to the taste for acrostics, anagrams, logogryphs, and other puerile subtleties, and appears to have been a favourite among Neapolitan writers of the 17th century.

The first six chords of the Tiorba consist of above two hundred sonnets; in the first chord the author addresses his mistress in praise of her beauties, each sonnet separately portraying her hair, mouth, eyes, hands, &c., now describing the wonders that accompanied her birth, and now relating, in imitation of Petrarch, the time and place of the poet's falling in love. In the second and third chords he speaks in general of the various miseries and accidents which befall lovers. The fourth consists of sonnets addressed to sundry vulgar beauties, such as a scullion, a tripe-seller, or others noted for some bodily deformity, such as blind of one eye, cripple, hunch-backed, &c. The fifth chord, in imitation of Petrarch's second series of sonnets, consists of dirges and lamentations for Cecca's death. Some of the sonnets begin in an apparently earnest and lofty tone, but they generally fall towards the end into the usual trivial strain. One sonnet begins—

Fermate, oilà, tu che cammine e passe
Su chesta via, addove n'è sta fossa
Ch'è accossi bella fatta e granna e grossa
Pecchè n'è Cecca mia che me dea spasse. . . .

Sonnet xiv is a tolerable parody of Petrarch's celebrated vision,—*Levomi il mio pensiero in parte ov'era*. Sgruttendio, striving in his dreams to follow the apparition, awakens and knocks his head against the chimney-piece.

The sixth chord is made up of sonnets addressed to Sgruttendio by his brother poets, and his replies in *rima obligata*. The names of the poets and of the academies they belong to sound most ludicrously. One is called Papocchia of the "drink-drunk academy;" another is styled "Take-him-to-feed," of the "piggish academy," and so forth.

Sgruttendio really revels in these absurd and odd-sounding appellatives, and his store of them seems inexhaustible. In some of the sonnets addressed to him, Sgruttendio is placed above Cortese and Abattutia, the two leaders till then of Neapolitan eloquence. One of the writers goes a step further, and compares him to Dante, Petrarck, Tasso, and *Marino*!

The seventh chord consists of epistles on the miseries of poets, on the low estate of people of merit and talent, and he mentions as instances several well-known ballad-singers and story-tellers of his time, with such names as Sbruffapappa, Cacaponetto, &c. The last-mentioned was a lawyer who knew his Digest by heart; but, because he was poor, could not dress in silk nor wear gloves, and walked awkwardly, was followed and pestered by hundreds of urchins through the streets, who often obliged him to take refuge within the gates of some *palazzo*.

The eighth chord contains odes on various subjects, and the ninth is composed of dithyrambs, a species of composition for which the Italian in general seems well suited. The dithyramb was of lively Greek origin; the Latins, more stately and grave, did not inherit it, notwithstanding some attempts of Horace and Seneca; among modern nations, Italy alone has naturalized it successfully in her literature. Redi's Tuscan dithyramb is a happy model of this species of composition. In the dialect literature, the Venetians, Neapolitans, and Sicilians have most excelled in it; indeed we think the dialects, from their very irregularity and reckless freedom, admirably adapted for the riotous festivity and wild incoherence which constitute the spirit of the dithyramb.

In the tenth chord he resumes his lamentations over Cecca's death, relates several visions on the subject, and swears he will sing no more of love, but will break his guitar in despair. In all this, however, the ludicrous is abundantly mixed with the pathetic.

Sgruttendio's 'Glories of the Carnival' is the best performance in the whole volume. The light-hearted, jovial epicurean is there in his very element. Seated at table in a famed tavern in the neighbourhood of Naples, he is in raptures at the sight of the busy cooks and waiters, of kettles full of tripe, stewpans crammed with meat and broccoli, or with *polpette* or forced-meat balls; spitfuls of liver and ham with laurel-leaves interposed between, besides the famous *zoffritto*; Cagliari macaroni, redundant with grated cheese and brown gravy, and bowls of salad of tender sprouts well seasoned with pepper, oil, and the juice of the bitter orange. But whence all this extraordinary movement?—Carnival has just set in.

He proceeds with a lively picture of the pleasures and follies of the Carnival season, such as they used to be in that giddiest of all Italian cities; for now, what with reduced fortunes, increased diffidence, police restrictions, and, we may add, a higher tone of the public mind, the Carnival is but a shadow of what it formerly was. Sgruttendio describes the various costumes and masks, the dances, the shouts of merriment, and above all he dwells with real *gusto* on the *salti sporticati*, Policinella's enormous grotesque leaps, which form one of the favourite expressions of Neapolitan joy. Then come the showers of hard eggs with painted shells, oranges which fall in every direction, and sprinkling of ashes from the windows. The sound of kettles and timbrels, the bells ringing, the girls whirling round some unlucky wag whom they have got in the midst of them, and play all sorts of tricks upon, the various masks armed with bags full of straw, bladders, and brooms, children dancing, drums beating, men singing in chorus, all this makes a jumbled scene of the most delectable confusion and uproar. The poet ends with appropriate eulogies of the various dishes of the season, sausages, black puddings, &c. the savoury perfumes and taste of which are described *con amore*.

Redi himself, in his notes to the 'Bacco in Toscana,' speaks in praise of Sgruttendio; and in truth the Neapolitan might be looked upon as a formidable rival to the Tuscan poet. The *Grotte de Carnevale* is one of the most lively effusions of this kind; it breathes the genuine bacchanalian spirit. It is followed by another poem in the same style, in praise of the great national dish, the mighty *Macaroni*. The poet begins by invoking Ceres, and goes on describing the process of macaroni-making, which, by the way, we can certify, from inspection, to be a most cleanly one. He compares them, when just spun out, and cut and spread in long skeins, to the milky way, and when hung in rows to dry, he assimilates them to the tresses of Berenice.

"For the love of them, men lavish their money, and some sell even their clothes." The poet then proceeds, to describe the culinary preparations of *boiling*, *cheesing*, and *gravying* them, and lastly, greedily swallowing them with an avidity which may well be styled *macaroni-mania*. We see the sturdy bull-necked fellow, with eyes upraised and chin protruding, cramming with his fingers the long, flexible, and slippery pipes down his capacious throat. Sgruttendio, after wishing that everything he touches might be turned into macaroni, ends at last, as a climax, by wishing to be metamorphosed into a macaroni himself!

THE CRUSADERS APPROACHING JERUSALEM.

DURING their march from Archas all the associations of the land had been crowding upon the imaginations of the pilgrims of the Cross. The names of Ramula, Sidon, Emaus, had all awakened the memories of what had passed in those places in earlier days; and at the latter town, when they encamped for the evening, the host was joined by envoys from the Christians of Bethlehem, beseeching the leaders to send forward a body of men to protect that town from the threatened vengeance of the Saracens. Tancred was accordingly dispatched with a hundred lances to give the assistance required, but during the whole of that night the host of the crusade knew no repose. The name of Bethlehem, Bethlehem! passed from mouth to mouth, recollections were awakened that banished sleep, all the enthusiasms of their nature were aroused, zeal and tenderness, and love, and hope, and indignation, for that sweet religion which they all professed, scared away slumber from every eye, and some hours before darkness disappeared the excitement became so great, that the army arrayed itself spontaneously, and began to move towards Jerusalem. It was a beautiful summer morning, we are told, in the month of June, and ere the great body of the crusade had proceeded many miles, the day broke in all the majesty of eastern light. They had just reached the summit of a gentle hill, when starting up with the rapidity which characterises the dawn of Syria, the sun rushed forth, and they beheld in the distance a rocky steep, crowned with towers, and walls, and domes, and minarets. 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' became the cry throughout the army, as the object of all their toil, and labour, and strife, and suffering appeared before their eyes. All that they had endured up to that moment, weariness, thirst, famine, pestilence, and the sword, were forgotten in exceeding great joy, or only remembered to render that joy more ecstatic and overpowering. The effect could scarcely be borne: some laughed, some wept, some shouted "Hierosolyma!" some cast themselves on the ground, some fainted, and some died upon the spot.—*Cœur de Lion*.

Chinese Politeness.—As civilization advances, men wish to show their confidence to their friends. They treat their guests as relations; and it is said that in China, the master of a house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

Reviews.

Diary of the Times of Charles the Second, by the Hon. H. Sydney, afterwards Earl of Romney, including his Correspondence, &c. Edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq., A.M. 2 vols. Colburn.

A DIARY of the Times of Charles II is so far removed from a novelty, that to most readers it must be a bore. What can be duller than a string of commonplaces, dated, indeed, 1670, but hardly differing in anything from what is said, done, and written, in 1843? That people could then write letters is a fact beyond all dispute, and unless those letters contained something clever or remarkable, we do not see the utility of publishing. That is no affair of ours, and our opinion is, perhaps, unnecessary, as we more than suspect of such a yawn-provoking volume there will be few disposed to purchase. The most amusing scrap we can find is that which exhibits his merry Majesty in juxta-position with the people of the city:—

"His Majesty and his City of London are upon very good terms. When he supped this week at the Mayor's, the people showed as much of affection and duty as the expressions at such a time could be. The Lady Mayoress sat next to the King, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The Aldermen drank the King's health over and over upon their knees, and wished all hanged and damned that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes. They attended him to Whitehall at two o'clock in the morning; they would not trust him with his guards, who were all drunk, but brought some of their own, and they all went merry out of the King's cellar. The next day they came in a full body, to give both the King and Duke thanks for the honour they had done them. The Mayor is now as well affected as anybody, and was as ill."

Pictorial History of France. Part XIV. Orr and Co.

THIS important work has now reached a very interesting period, that of the struggle of the Huguenots. The epocha was a stormy one, and fruitful of all sorts of violence, the *avant-coureurs* of the butchery of St Bartholomew. A retrospective glance, which is taken of the progress of society in France during the several reigns which preceded Henry the Second, will bring some remarkable incidents before the literary student.

"During the period to which attention is now turned, the discovery of the paedicts of Julian assisted the growing ideas of European legislators, and waked a general taste for ancient literature. Unhappily,

in this, as in almost every case where men in high situations have been able to choose their models, the fierce and the triumphantly cruel were the objects of studied imitation, rather than the sage and the good: the princes of the time thought of imitating Alexander and Hannibal, rather than Socrates and Aristides. Dreams of conquest, worthless if realised, still made the delight of monarchs, as if war were the only natural and legitimate business of mankind.

"Pomp increased in the French court, and the artificers of pageantry were held in great request; but their labours, though attended with enormous expense, were not always, even on the grandest occasions, remarkable for their purity of taste. On the occasion of the gorgeous spectacle which astonished Paris when Louis XI, after a long absence, entered his capital, 'The Scandalous Chronicle' of Comines informs us, that the procession included representations of angels, the Virgin Mary, and the Saviour of man. It comprehended also, 'wild men that played the parts of gladiators; and near them were placed three handsome females, stark naked, representing mermaids, with lovely hard white bosoms, a glorious sight! sporting, and singing gay, enlivening airs.' Yet even this is less disgusting than the splendour of a later reign, where we find 'the chevalier king' seeking to propitiate Heaven by a grand parade, and closing the magnificent spectacle by committing six unfortunate beings to the flames. The absence of decorum in the former instance is not so astounding as the affected piety and horrible cruelty identified with the latter. Religion was indeed generally treated with profound contempt by the sovereigns, till misfortune or death compelled them to think of eternity. The name of the Eternal was on numerous occasions profaned, while his most sacred laws were deliberately violated. Yet the most cold-blooded hypocrite that ever filled a throne could produce the wood of the true cross to sanctify a treaty, appealed to the Virgin to gain his pardon for a brother's murder, and died calling on our Lady of Embrun to protect him!

"Caricatures and satirical ballads were numberless in Paris from the time of Louis XI. The course of wit and ridicule was as resistless as that of the reformed faith itself. Nothing could long impede its progress, nothing could extinguish it.

"Of the general policy of the monarchs of Europe volumes might be written, but little need be said. Moved by selfishness and vengeance, we find the same princes at different periods pursuing courses diametrically opposite. The fine maxim of King John of France, that 'honour, if banished from the rest of the world, ought to find a

home in the hearts of princes,' was but very differently illustrated by his successors. The principle acted upon, even by that high-minded votary of glory, Francis I, was anything but consistent with what is called common honesty. He, when about to sign the treaty of Madrid, thought it consistent with his honour to prepare beforehand a protest against it, and this, in his royal mind, was sufficient to render null and void any treaty to which he might subsequently put his hand. Such laborious care to gain an important point by dissimulation was but little in the spirit of the sentiment breathed by the other royal captive. It was much more in accordance with the vile principle of Louis XI. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*"

Science.

PROFESSOR FARRADAY'S RECENT EXPERIMENTS UPON THE ELECTRICITY OF STEAM AND THUNDER STORMS.

A PROCESS of evaporation is continually going forward upon the surface of the earth, the dews and moisture from which are formed into clouds, and which, becoming surcharged with the electricity continually given out by vegetable and animal substances, produce the phenomena of lightning and the thunder-storm. This opinion was greatly strengthened by the discovery of a supposed power in steam to evolve electricity, an effect first observed at Mr Armstrong's works at Newcastle. We refer our readers to our number of February the 25th, where Mr Armstrong's experiments are fully shown.

Several papers on the subject were subsequently published, and it has ever since been laid down as a principle of science, upon which most important philosophical theories have been based, that electricity is produced by the evaporation of water into steam or vapour. The subject has lately occupied the attention of Professor Farraday, and the result of his investigations has been a demonstration of the fallacy of this popular notion. By a series of beautiful and novel experiments, Mr Farraday showed that this peculiar electrical phenomenon was the result of the water which became condensed in the pipe, and not of the steam evaporated from the water in the boiler or its mere friction in rushing through the tube; but that water alone pressed rapidly through a tube would produce the effect heretofore supposed to belong to steam, it being essentially necessary that the water should be at so low a temperature as to come in contact with the inner surface of the tube, the intervention of a thin coat of steam be-

tween the two wholly destroying the power of producing electricity. In order to produce the effect, it is necessary that the water should be perfectly pure, even that supplied to the metropolis for culinary purposes not being sufficiently clarified for this object. A very small portion of common Glauber's salts dropped into pure water destroyed its efficacy, whilst the electricity was immediately evolved from distilled water. The nature of this electricity was shown to be changed from positive to negative, or *vice versa*, by certain extraneous substances coming in contact with the water; and its degree of intensity was evinced by charging Leyden jars, and drawing sparks from the aperture of the boiler sufficient to ignite a jet of gas. In former times it was imagined that a "cat's back" and other matters were the most excitable of electric substances. It is now proved beyond a doubt that there is no substance in nature so high in the scale of excitation as water. Mr Faraday, in conclusion, contended that neither steam nor its action had anything to do with the evolution of electricity, or the higher phenomenon of the thunder storm and the flash of lightning, neither of which could be formed by evaporation from the surface of the earth. The important principles propounded in this lecture have excited the greatest interest in the scientific world.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—In the discussion in support of the durability of iron vessels, it was stated that iron canal boats, which had been made full forty years since, were now in use in Staffordshire; and that the 'Aaron Manby,' which was built in 1821, and was the first iron steamer ever sent to sea, had been constantly in use up to the present time, without requiring any material repair.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mr E. Solly, in his concluding lecture, adverted to the facility with which nitrogen in the nascent state combines with hydrogen to form ammonia. This was shown by decomposing nitric acid by tin, when an oxide of tin was formed and the nascent nitrogen combined immediately with hydrogen to form ammonia; the absorbent power of various substances in relation to ammonia was also shown, and especially of charcoal, road-scrappings, water, and oxide of iron. The production of nitrates by the combination of nitrogen, and oxygen in the presence of bases, nitrate of potash near putrifying matter, and nitrate of lime in mortar, was explained. Mr Solly proceeded to consider the nature of humus and humic acid. He professed his reception of the doctrine of the English school, and adopted by Liebig,

that the true office of humus is to furnish carbonic acid by combining with oxygen; humic acid, he observed, does not exist of itself in the soil, but is an artificial product obtained by the action of alkalies on humus; he did not consider that there was any good reason for saying that humic acid has anything to do with the nutrition of plants. From this he passed to the consideration of the mechanical texture of soils, and here stated that he had found the capacity of retaining moisture in a soil singularly increased by the addition of muriate of lime, in very minute quantities. After showing that all plants contain ammonia, and producing it from the potato, he proceeded to the consideration of its organic matter, and observed that the value of a plant for food was not to be judged of by the quantity of its solid organic contents; for horse radish contains $\frac{8045}{10000}$; while the kidney bean contains $\frac{918}{10000}$; it was the azotised substances alone, which are directly assimilated by animals. In speaking of electricity, he stated that his remarks led him to believe that the vital actions of plants and electrical forces were intimately connected; that the latter would probably be one day found of great importance in agriculture, and that they probably assisted in a high degree in maintaining the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere. In speaking of the food of plants phosphoric acid was particularly alluded to, and the reasonable expectation that the compounds of phosphorus would prove of more service as manures than any other substances. In conclusion, he directed attention to the important office executed by plants as purifiers of the atmosphere, not merely by absorbing carbonic acid and extricating oxygen, but by decomposing poisonous miasmata, and he mentioned a case where a bean had retained its health in an atmosphere containing so large a proportion as $\frac{1}{700}$ of sulphuretted hydrogen. The innocence of this gaseous compound had already been indicated by the luxuriant vegetation described by Humboldt as surrounding the fetid lakes of South America, and was now by this and other experiments placed beyond all doubt.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Mr Read attended the Council for the purpose of explaining the construction and adaptation of his pipe-tiles, and of laying before the meeting the following letter on the same subject, addressed to him by Mr T. Hammond, of Penshurst, Kent:—"As you wish to be informed of the expenses of draining with cylindrical tiles, and my opinion of their effects, I have troubled you with this letter. Porous soils, the drains three feet deep, placed at the distance of two rods in parallel lines up the field, and afterwards subsoil ploughed, will

be completely drained at the following expense per acre :—

1,350 tiles, at 21s. per 1000,	£1	8	6
Cutting drains, and laying the tiles, at 4d. per rod,		1	6
		<hr/>	
		£2	15
			2

I have not included the expense of fetching the tiles, as that depends on the distance; but they are made so light that we can carry off 7,000 with a single waggon. I am at this time draining on a stiff clay soil, the drains two feet deep, with 24 feet between the drains: expense as follows:—

1,850 tiles, at 21s. per 1000,	£1	16	9
Cutting drains, and laying tiles, at 3d. per rod, - -		1	7
		<hr/>	
		£3	4
			3

I have this last winter drained about ten acres with the round tiles, and am quite satisfied they act better than any others yet made, as they are not liable to be disturbed by moles, or any other vermin (which the other sort admit), and can be laid with greater nicety in the drains than tiles of any other shape. I have now had twenty years' experience of the effects of draining, and am quite satisfied that no expenditure on the land will make so good a return. The soil being by its means relieved of stagnant water to the depth of three feet, immediately admits the atmosphere into its pores, and accordingly what was before inert at once becomes active soil; allowing the roots of plants to penetrate it, and the rain, which was previously injurious, to pass through the soil into the drains with beneficial effect. I am of opinion that the size of the tile may be still further reduced, with an equally good result, so as to reduce the cost of making and carriage 15 per cent. below the price of those I have already sent you, which were made by order for me, being smaller than any of the manufacturers had made before."

ANTIQUITIES OF GARDENING.

Amaranthe.—"When Gerard wrote his Herbal he knew only of two Purple Amaranthes and one Scarlet, and that with the painted leaves; but of late years the English florists have raised above half a score of new varieties out of seed that came first from Surat in Persia, many of which are very fine, and are of different scarlets, and other reds, or of a lovely yellow; all the colours very orient and faire."

Roses.—"The Damaske Rose is very common with us, and the sweetest of all. The Variegated Damaske, or York and Lancaster, which is the true Damaske, striped well with white; a fine rose when it marks rightly, sweet as the Damaske.

Of Yellow Roses we have only one double, which is as big as a reasonable Provins when it blowes well, which it seldom does, either in England or other countries, being eaten up commonly with wormes in the bud. In Italy they hold it likes best in a coole place. Wee know by experience that it loves to run up high and not to be cut at the top. It is a lovely flower, being of a rich yellow colour. It blows very well in an open pure aire, near Hog-mageg hills, not far from Cambridge, and a light soyle. In Italy there hath been above these twenty years a fine rose, the seed whereof came from the East Indies; it is called in Latin commonly *Rosa sinensis*, by the Indians (Chinese) *Fuyo*. It grows to a high tree for a rose, hath a leaf like a fig (this is doubtless the *Hibiscus Rosa sinensis*). Ferrarius was the first raiser of it from seed in these parts of the world."

Christ's Thorn.—"In Latin, *Palurus*; it is a shrubby bush, with small roundish leaves and many sharp thorns. It grows plentifully in Palestine, and is called Christ's Thorn because it was thought that the crown of thorns was of this tree."

The Cedar, usually called of Libanus.—"No tree continues longer free from corruption than this. Wee have of late had some fine plants raised from seed which are yet very small, so that it is very rare in England as well as in the rest of Europe."—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

TO MAKE A SALAD WORTHY OF A MAN OF TASTE.

Two boiled potatoes, strained through kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Of mordant mustard take a single spoon,—
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon,—
Yet deem it not, thou man of taste, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar—procured from town!

True taste requires it, and your Poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;
Let onions' atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, in the flavoured compound toss,
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh, great and glorious! Oh, herbaceous
meat!

'Twould tempt the dying anchorst to eat;
Back to the world, he'd turn his weary soul,
And dip his finger in the salad-bowl.

(Ascribed to the Rev. Sidney Smith.)

Sunday at Turin.—Nowhere is religion more ostentatious, or even more obtrusive, than at Turin; and yet the whole of the Lord's day presents the spectacle of a fair, rather than that of a holy convocation.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches*.

The Cathedral.

A LORDLY CANDIDATE FOR FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.—The report is, that the noble author of 'The Tuft-Hunter' means to start for the prize offered by Mr Webster for the Encouragement of the Drama. He has already dipped into 'The School for Scandal,' 'John Bull,' 'The Careless Husband,' and 'Marriage,' and got through 'Money' (Sir Edward Bulwer's), *not his own*. As the plays are to be sent in with a motto, his, it has been surmised, will be, "Many can help one though one cannot help many."

Pews Revolutionary.—Mr John Neale, Bachelor of Trinity College, has discovered that pews are identified with king-killing. He writes:—

"'Twas a humble old custom to kneel side by side,
But pews came at first of contention and pride,
And those wicked men who invented the thing,
They pull'd down the churches and murder'd their king."

Public Expenditure in France.—The Government estimate of expenditure for the current year was one milliard, 281,013,710 francs. It is proposed to reduce it to one milliard, 262,064,633.

Confined Animals.—It is well known how slowly the carp multiplies in ponds. Walton accuses the frogs of destroying them, but the truth is that they devour their own spawn, and this may be accounted for by the little room they have to range in search of food: besides, all creatures are more or less denaturalized by confinement. I once saw a hen at sea, eating the egg she had just dropped, and the sight of the poor sea-sick poultry in their miserable coops, is at all times exceedingly unpleasant.—*Southey*.

Forgiveness.—A clergyman once urging the necessity of forgiving his enemy on a dying chieftain, quoted the text "Vengeance is mine." "To be sure," replied the penitent, "it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal. Well, I forgive him; but the de'il take you, Donald," turning to his son, "if you forgive him."—*Quarterly*.

Notions of a Future State.—The Pampas Indians believe in a future state, and expect that they will be constantly drunk, and will always be hunting; and point with their spears to constellations in the heavens, which they say are the figures of their ancestors reeling in the firmament.—*Head's Rough Notes*.

Love of Country.—As Abernethy said the parks of London were its lungs, so our mountains, forests, and moor lands are the lungs of the whole country. It is there we drink in from all things around us a new life, a new feeling, full of the benevolent

calm which is shed by its Creator over the world. Scott said he must see the heather at least once a year, or he should die. Crabbe mounted his horse in a passion of desire which could no longer be resisted, and rode fifty miles to see the sea; and more or less of this feeling lies in every bosom that is not totally dead to the true objects of life.—*Hovitt*.

Racine and his Characters.—In his piece of 'Esther,' which was performed for the first time at St Cyr, in the presence of the court, it was supposed that Racine intended to represent the characters of Louis and Madame de Maintenon under those of Ahasuerus and Esther, and those of Louvois and Madame de Montespan under those of Vashti and Haman.

The Way to get Rich.—I knew a man who contrived to save a little out of a very small salary, by carefully avoiding unnecessary expense. Knowing that the gratification of the appetite for drink is attended not only with expense but with other evils, he contrived to beguile or satisfy his thirst by keeping a pebble in his mouth or chewing a straw. In this and similar modes he realized an ample fortune.—*Dr Hodgkin*.

A Drunkard's Fate.—The determined sot is led, by his depraved appetite, to the commission of acts the most disgusting and revolting. A wretch of this description once made his way into an anatomical museum, where he drank the spirit in which the preparation was preserved until he became completely intoxicated, in which state he fell upon the fire and was burnt to death.—*Ibid*.

Victor Amadeus.—This prince was the first king of his race, and the true founder of the Sardinian monarchy; the whole of his reign was laboriously employed in endeavouring to increase his power; he disciplined his army, put in order his finances, consolidated all parts of his administration, and acquired a part of Milan, the kingdom of Sardinia, and the eventual succession of Spain. The most powerful prince of Italy, he left to his successor a possibility of becoming the only sovereign of that peninsula, and pointed out to them the road which they were to follow in order that they might succeed. This prince, fatigued with affairs and disgusted with the world, wishing to seek repose in the pleasures of friendship, married the Marchioness of St Sebastien, and ceded the crown to his son; but he had soon reason to repent of this. Bad councils overtook Charles Emanuel; they enchained his heart and terrified his mind; and the unfortunate Amadeus, imprisoned by a son to whom he had just given the crown, expired soon after, with indignation and grief at treatment so barbarous and ungrateful.—*Le Sage*.

Staining of Wood.—*Spanish Mahogany Stain.* Take logwood chips, 2 oz.; madder root in powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; justic chips, 1 oz.; water, 1 gallon. Boil it for two hours, and use the decoction boiling hot. When it has been applied several times and become dry, brush over the surface slightly with a solution made of an ounce of pearlsh dissolved in a quart of water.—*Black Stain.* Brush the wood over with a solution of copper in aquafortis, and afterwards with a decoction of logwood, which must be repeated until the colour is obtained.—*Yellow Stain.* Powdered turmeric root, 1 oz.; rectified spirit of wine, 1 pint. Digest the mixture for four days, shaking it occasionally, then strain it off for use; apply it several times to the wood, letting each application dry before another is put on. If you require the colour to be of a reddish cast, use a little dragon's blood to the mixture.

Improved Steel Pens.—The goose-quill which has "braved a thousand years" varieties of battles and breezes, is likely at last to be conquered by steel. A specimen of Alderton's pens has been submitted to us, and we, on trying them, have really proved them to be so free from the defects of which we have hitherto complained, that we think it likely they will find favour with those who could never write with them before. One advantage is, they carry a good supply of ink, without risk of blotting, and give it out so frugally that a single dip will often suffice to write a whole letter.

The Ximphoneter.—A curious little instrument has lately been invented, which, though not much longer than a tooth-pick, will enable the wearer to hang up his hat where he pleases, or indeed, anything to the weight of fifty pounds, completely out of his way. It will be found very useful in a crowded theatre or concert room, or any public meeting, and be likely to save the economist a hat per annum. It will also serve for a cigar-holder.

Shakspeare's Father.—Some papers relative to the Shakspeare family have lately been obtained from Warwickshire by the Shakspeare Society. They are said to prove that the father of the poet, though a justice of the peace and bailiff of Stratford, could not write his own name, and was obliged to sign public documents with his mark.

Extraordinary Meteoric Stone.—On the evening of the 2nd inst., about eight o'clock, a meteoric stone fell in the commune of Blaauwkapel, about a league from the city. After a violent explosion, repeated three or four times, resembling a discharge of artillery, a whistling and howling noise was heard, which excited much anxiety and alarm among the villagers. The servant of a farmer, who was bringing some

horses home from the field, saw at a short distance a heavy body fall to the ground with such violence that the sand was raised to a considerable height in the air. Having procured a spade, he returned to the place, and found the stone at the depth of three feet in the stratum of sand which extends below the clay. It weighs seven pounds, and is of a longish irregular shape.

Cricket-playing at Rome.—The Roman citizens have been astonished by a match of cricket, played on the 22nd ult., by a party of English gentlemen, for 500 scudi said. The match came off in the ground of the Borghese Villa, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators.

One of the Plagues of Egypt.—The Cape of Good Hope has been desolated by immense swarms of locusts, which left their eggs in the earth; and now these are hatched, the whole country swarms with them, hopping about for several weeks until they get wings, and destroying every blade of grass. It is, however, hoped they may leave as soon as they can be driven off; others would probably supply their place.

—Among the miscellaneous cases reported out to Egypt by the 'Great Livestock' was a case of six salmon, caught in the river Tert, near Southampton. They were well packed in ice, and there is little doubt of their arriving at their destination in good condition. As this description of fish has never yet been seen in England, it will indeed be a rarity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to our correspondent H. B., of the *Temple Inn*, we must say we cannot agree with the *sent* sentence of his letter. He will oblige us by being more explicit respecting his theory, and by pointing out clearly what it is to which he expects a reply.

H. B.—Camphor is produced mostly from the islands of Sumatra and Borneo, Japan and China. It is extracted from the plant of two species of *Laurus*. It is obtained by distilling the plant, roots and all, with water. The heads of the still are earthenware, stuffed with straw. The camphor becomes solid by condensation, and forms itself among the straw; some also comes over with the water. It is afterwards sublimed in flat glass vessels, the camphor adhering to the upper part, which is kept cooler than the lower. The glass vessels are broken to separate them from the upper part. The roots of rosemary, thyme, anemone, pulsatilla, and other vegetables, give camphor by distillation.

G. Mansell.—The frosting of the silver by the electrolytic process may be performed by reversing the poles of the voltaic battery. If the subject to be electrotyped was finished in the way the electrotype was desired, the electrotype will not alter the appearance. We advise our correspondent to call on Mr Palmer, at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent street, who is the best electrotypist in England, from whom he will get any information he desires. We are not aware that the "Moon-Seeker," by the celebrated German writer Tieck, has appeared in an English dress.

An "Old Correspondent" must not be offended if we decline his last favour. It is not worthy of him.

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Original Communications.

BRUCE CASTLE.

BRUCE CASTLE was formerly the Manor House of the Bruses, and here it is believed the Scottish monarchs, when they came to this country for the purpose of doing homage to the Crown of England, were accustomed to reside. It was in those days a castellated mansion of great antiquity. It is, however, supposed to have been rebuilt by Sir William Compton in 1514, and to have received a visit from Royal guests two years afterwards, as on Saturday after Ascension-day, in 1516, King Henry the Eighth met his sister, Margaret Queen of Scots, at "Maister Compton's house beside Totnam." This is proved from a letter written by Thomas Allen, to George Earl of Salop, in 1516.

No. 1169]

The manner in which the Queen passed through Cheapside is worth noting.

"The morrow after Ascension-day, the King, the Queen, and French Queen, were at Westminster. The same day the King's grace set in the star chomber, there was examined my Lord of Northumberland and so commanded to the Fleet, where he remains as yet. The same day, the King, the Queen, the French Queen, with many lords of the council dined at Lambeth with my Lord Treasurer. Upon Ascension-day the Queen of Scots came to Enfield to Mr Treasurer's, and there tarried Thursday and Friday: and upon Saturday the King's grace met with her beside Totnam, at Mr Compton's house. The same day her grace rid behind Sir Thomas Parre through Cheapside, about six of the clock, and so to Baynard Castle, and there remains yet, &c. 6 May."

B B

[VOL. XLI.

At a later period we find it the subject of a letter from the celebrated Sir Julius Cæsar, addressed to Lady Compton. It runs thus—

"Sweete Madame,—I have received of my brother Marten your ladyship's most kinde and favourable letter, for which I humbly thanke you, and likewise Mr Sackville for his good remembrance of mee. And touching your house, I am not to use it for myself, but I writ to your ladyship for the keper of myne office,* that is, for the abode of the register of the office and his family during this time of sickness in London.† Wherein there shall be noe occasion of disturbing your * * * * or disappointing him of that good which your ladyship in your favourable expression had intended towards him.

"The house and every room therein which your ladyship will vouchsafe to spare him, I shall betered by his use thereof, and such costes employed their as the present neede shall require. Whereof, humbly praying your ladyship for the answer by Mr Elliott, for that hee understood your former letter touching my dwelling therein, and humbly remembering my father's, mother's, and wife's duties, and mine own, to good N. Sackville and your sweete ladyship, I humbly beseech the Almighty to enlengthe your lives with all * * * * of comfort. From Tottenham, this 6 of September, 1593.

"(Endorsed) 6 Septembris, 1593,

"A copy of my letter to my Lady Compton touching her house."

Coming down to more modern times, Dr Robinson says—

"Bruce Castle was repaired and almost rebuilt in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Henry Lord Colerane; at the time he removed the arms of Compton from the old porch, and which he placed over the entrance of the inside, out of respect to that illustrious family. It is probable that the detached brick tower, which stands in the front of the house, was built by the Comptons in the time of Henry the Eighth. There was formerly a painting in the house (before its alteration by the Colerane family) over the chimney piece in one of the parlours, which exhibited two more such towers.

"A very peculiar custom prevailed at Bruce Castle, the origin of which is not known at the present day. At the interment of any of the family, the corpse was not suffered to be carried through the gate, but an opening was made in the wall nearest the church, through which the corpse and mourners passed into the churchyard. There are still the appearances of several apertures which have

been bricked up, and among them is that through which passed the corpse of the late James Townsend, the last that was carried from the Castle to the mausoleum of the Colerane family. This aperture has been recently opened, and a Gothic door is now fixed in the place."

This mansion is now the scene of Mr Arthur Hill's meritorious exertions. A brief notice of the gratifying proceedings at the annual distribution of prizes appeared in the last number of 'The Mirror.' The praise bestowed on the establishment by the gentlemen who spoke on that occasion was not overstrained, as the system is conceived in a spirit of gentleness to those who have just entered life, which offers the advantages of parental kindness without the drawback of its weakness. The original design cannot be better explained than in the language of Mr Hill.

He states it to be "founded on the belief that in education the first object should be to establish moral principles and habits; the second to develop the powers of the mind and the body; and the third and last, to communicate knowledge, and that by this scale should be regulated the relative amount of attention paid to each department.

"With the youngest pupils the object of sense form the principal subjects of instruction—in other words, they are taught the rudiments of natural philosophy and physical science. The various departments of English education come next—the study of foreign languages, particularly the learned ones, being deferred to a comparatively late period.

"Lastly, all prizes, privileges, and distinctions awarded in the school, are in attestation and encouragement, not of mere proficiency, but of high moral conduct, taking the term in its widest sense, so as to include all those qualities which constitute high and energetic character, based on sound religious feeling, and which alone can secure success in the great career of life."

A plan may be well formed but indifferently executed. Mr Hill has been able successfully to carry out his views, and the noblest success that can crown the labours of a conscientious and anxious preceptor has been his, as evinced from the triumphs his pupils have won, almost without an effort, and sometimes even before they had reached manhood. The victories of war command more admiration, but can hardly be more valued by reflecting civilized man.

The Apocrypha.—The Apocryphal books are received as canonical by the Greek and Latin churches, and as semi-canonical by large bodies of the Continental Protestants.

* Sir Julius Cæsar was Judge of the Admiralty Court.

† The Plague.

THE ART OF DRAWING.

If by a few simple rules, clearly laid down, we can assist a reader speedily to acquire the useful and elegant art of drawing, our pages will not be badly occupied in these "Pictorial Times." It may be well first to show the advantages of a correct knowledge of drawing; next, to explain the utility of the known methods.

To enable our young readers to learn a ready method of sketching the representations of objects, and also to induce those of riper years to acquire a knowledge of the principles and practice of the various systems of drawing, we purpose, in this and the following parts, briefly and explicitly to communicate such information as may prove of general utility to all who may feel inclined to engage in the practice of this useful and elegant art.

The term DRAWING is used, in a popular sense, to denote the act of executing representations of objects, according to any of the numerous systems in use at the present day; although, strictly speaking, the mass of individuals seldom apply it except when referring to pictorial representations, for it is undoubtedly the latter class of popular drawings that we are usually first led to notice, and in several instances to admire, from the resemblance which they so frequently present to many of the objects around us.

Through the great improvements which the practitioners of the latter art have lately made, and from the variety and number of their pleasing and interesting works, they seem to have infused such a general taste for drawing into the minds of the rising generation as has induced thousands of all ranks of society to decide on following in their paths, some as imitators of our great and living artists, but more, we trust, as copyists from that fountain—Nature—which has, and will continue to supply subjects worthy the attention of true artists in every age and of every clime.

It is pleasing for us to be able to refer our readers generally to the taste evinced even by the multitude, with regard to pictorial representations, and to meet the great demand for such. Scarcely a month now passes without witnessing a fresh issue of a variety of illustrated standard works or periodicals.

We shall, first, Point out the advantages to be derived by acquiring a correct knowledge of drawing. Secondly, Explain the utility of each of the known methods. Thirdly, Give instructions for acquiring the practice of perspective, and of sketching scenes from nature; and fourthly, State the probable results to be looked for from a more general knowledge of the principles and practice of this art being

freely communicated and eventually practised.

For the first, it is almost the invariable custom of the present day to induce or compel children to make known their wants and wishes in the provincial dialect of the country in which they reside, and then lead them to acquire a knowledge of two common systems of signs, letters, and figures, and afterwards teach them to apply these to a variety of purposes, with the intent of storing their minds with useful information.

But as the greater part of the requisite information is contained in books, and as these merely contain a variety of signs disposed in some peculiar manner; and which, unfortunately, are seldom if ever understood, we shall merely, in this place, request the reader to ask the following question of those who have instructed him in the usual routine of education. Why they have merely taught them to read and write, or to understand the signification of words of their own or other languages, as composed of a few letters, and to calculate and estimate quantities by means of a few simple figures, without teaching them to comprehend the utility of the numerous diagrams and representations of objects which are so frequently intermixed with the former characters; more especially in those books which contain information relative to geographical and astronomical discoveries, to the numerous practical arts of life, and in many of the abstract sciences? The answer to this will probably show the advantages to be derived by acquiring a correct knowledge of drawing; but as it is impossible fully to explain, unless the reader has some knowledge of the various systems employed, it will lead us, secondly, To explain the utility of the known methods. Doing this, we must own that we are indebted to an ingenious pamphlet lately published, entitled 'Projection and Artistic Drawing, a work expressly arranged to lead Amateurs, Artists, Surveyors, Architects, and Civil and Military Engineers, to acquire the practice of all the known systems of executing the representations of objects.'

Some of our youthful readers may be inclined to inquire, Can more than one method be employed in drawing the representation of any single object? Reply we must, and that too in the affirmative. There are five different methods by which any number of representations of any single inanimate object may be executed, whilst there is but one method by which the representations of animate objects can be skilfully performed.

With regard to inanimate objects, there is, 1st, the orthographic; 2nd, the isometric; 3rd, the military; 4th, the perspective; and 5th, the artistic methods; any or

all of which may be employed in depicting such representations as will convey to the minds of others some peculiar information which all other signs will fail to do. In the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th systems, the representations are executed according to some predetermined law; and in the 5th, by an acquired habit: as such, the greater number of persons may be taught the first four systems with ease; whereas the latter branch of this art will in general be more easily acquired by those desirous of depicting such scenes as they feel pleasure in viewing, and of those characters which they delight to gaze on. Hence it is, that the latter branch of this art is the only one which can be effectually employed, in conveying to others correct representations of the appearances presented under certain circumstances, of all animate beings.

Having generally explained the utility of the various systems of drawing, we proceed to describe more in detail the advantages of each peculiar system.

First: It is by the orthographic representations of objects, that we can most readily communicate a knowledge of their forms and proportions; as an example we refer the reader to the accompanying woodcuts.

sent the Plans of seven objects; and the upper row of figures (1), the Elevations of the same objects. By means of these plans and elevations, any person who has the least knowledge of the principles of this branch of art will be enabled, by comparing the upper and lower figures in each row, to determine the forms of the objects which they are intended to represent. We say the forms of the objects, for it must be understood, that we might prepare various materials, such as wood, clay, stone, metal, &c., so as to have the same form.

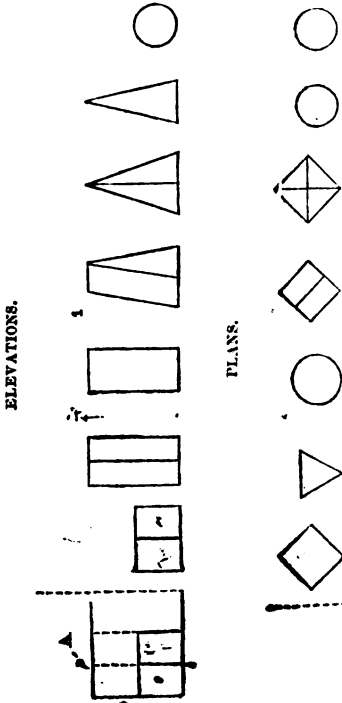
It is requisite to compare the elevations and plans of all proposed objects before these forms can be determined; for an example we request the reader's attention to the 3rd, 6th, and 7th figures of the plans (1), when they will perceive that they each consist of a circle; and on comparing these with the corresponding figures of the elevation (1), they will find the third a rectangle; the 6th a triangle, and the 7th a circle. This comparison will be sufficient to induce the reader to ponder and reflect on the variety of figures combined as plans and elevations of the same objects: and they will further be anxious to inquire, By what principle it is, that the elevations vary in some instances from the plans? The simple answer must be, that they are the plans and elevations of three objects, contained under various forms; for the 3rd are the representations of an object under the form of a cylinder; the 6th of an object under the form of a cone; and the 7th of an object under the form of a sphere.

With regard to the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th, these represent objects, under the forms of a cube, triangular prism, wedge, and square pyramid.

After having carefully compared these plans and elevations with any objects under corresponding forms, the reader will be prepared to inquire, By what rule have such plans and elevations been determined? That would lead us to remark, that it is merely our intention in this and following articles, to explain and illustrate the utility of the various methods of drawing; and afterwards to give reference to such simple works as are denoted in explaining the principles of each peculiar branch.

In the practice of the Orthographic system of drawing, it is requisite in all cases to execute one or more elevations, with one or more plans of every object, before their forms can be determined: and it is with pleasure that we now inform the reader, that by means of this branch of art, our surveyors, architects, and civil and military engineers, are enabled to draw such designs, by which they direct the numerous classes of arti-

ORTHOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS.



Let the lower row of figures (1'), repre-

zans to execute their peculiar parts, whilst engaged in making alterations or in constructing new elevations. This system of drawing serves as a medium whereby we can alone explain and illustrate the principles and practice of other systems; it is on this account that all who are desirous of engaging in the practice of isometric, military, and perspective projection, should devote some time in studying this, the key to three remaining systems, the utility of which we shall fully explain in another article. R.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LECTURE ON THE GREEKS.

IF "the proper study of mankind be man," that study must be largely advanced by the intelligent labours of this society. On Friday there was a very full attendance, when a paper, 'On the Character and Habits of the Greeks,' by Mr St John, was read by Dr King. It furnished a variety of interesting facts, which supplied matter for some animated and learned speeches. A number of skulls were on the table, the examination of which went to prove that the Greeks were a mixed race. One gentleman, however, stated that at Candia, where he had been, he had seen multitudes of skulls, so many, that he might have carried away waggon loads of them, and these presented a great uniformity of character, and were for the most part very finely developed. The occasion of so many relics of mortality being exposed was this:—The Turks, when victorious over the Greeks, had assailed every churchyard, and caused the remains of the departed to be scattered in every direction. They were led to do this, having learned that the Greeks were in the habit of burying articles of value with their dead. The speaker had had some trouble in getting off a bag full of skulls, as the boatman was afraid of them, and was with some difficulty prevailed upon to allow them to be embarked in his boat.

It was shown by Mr St John that longevity was very common among the ancient Greeks. Plato, and many of the sages and sophists, attained great ages, ranging from 80 to 108. Socrates lived to be 70 years of age, and was likely to have reached 100 had he been permitted to live, for at the time of his death, he was as active as a man of 30. The females of Greece commonly marry very early, frequently when not more than 11 years of age. Inquiries were made as to the degree of maturity they reached at that period of life, the answer to which was, "They were in every respect children in mind as well as in body."

Other subjects were incidentally touched upon. One speaker had been in South

America, where he stated the men usually lived on beef, and nothing else. The average allowance per man was usually fifteen pounds per day. An individual, having obtained a situation, on being questioned as to his treatment, complained that "He was kept rather short, being only allowed twelve pounds of meat daily."—"Twelve pounds of meat daily!" the inquirer exclaimed with amazement; "and is not that sufficient?"—"No," replied the other, "I can eat a great deal more than that."

MR MACREADY AND THE STAGE.

MUCH perplexity has been created by Mr Macready's farewell address on closing the season, and withdrawing from the management of Drury Lane Theatre. He says—

"It has been currently reported, and generally believed, that the want of encouragement from the public, and the consequently low nightly receipts, are the causes of my resignation. I beg to contradict the assertion. By a reference to my accounts of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, I find that, even in this year of unprecedented depression and increased taxation, the average of our nightly receipts is only a trifle below that of my last Covent Garden season, which, with profit to the management, paid 7,000*l.* rent to the proprietors; and that it exceeds the average of my first Covent Garden season, which paid a rent of more than 5,500*l.* If not at present amounting to a remunerating return, such a result at such a time may, in my opinion, be confidently taken as an earnest of future and permanent success. It certainly has not discouraged me."

"Why withdraw, then?" is a question which it is natural to ask. We find no answer to it in the description given of the deplorable state of the theatre when he first took it. Mr Macready tells us—

"I found it—I may, without exaggeration, say, a poor and scanty collection of lumber. The entire female wardrobe would have been dearly valued at 40*l.* Not one scene fit to be placed on the stage, not even a rope in the whole building to work a scene!"

If this beggarly state of things is cured, and there is no want of encouragement on the part of the public, why should Mr Macready retire? If he find it necessary to do so, why are others expected to succeed? Mr Macready's meaning obviously is, that, after what he has done, he is afraid to risk more, though he has a strong opinion that further advances would eventually lead to a satisfactory result. We can understand this. A mind long harassed by anxiety, prefers to a prospect of future triumph, the solace of immediate repose. It gives us no surprise that such should be his feeling, and such his decision.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

THE CELEBRATED DR DODD.

SOME particulars connected with the melancholy exit from life of the unfortunate divine whose name appears above, have been communicated to us, which we believe have never appeared in print, at least in connexion, and which we think will be read with deep interest.

Dr Dodd was in his day extremely popular. He was the rage among the votaries of fashion. The patronage of the great was his ruin. He coveted to imitate what he was permitted to behold. The consequence was, he fell into difficulties, from which he attempted to extricate himself by seeking to prevail on the lady of the Lord Chancellor to give him advancement. This attempt failed, and threw discredit on the Doctor. His embarrassments continuing to increase, he committed that crime which law so severely punished—forgery; and for which the two Perreaus had been recently executed. It is not necessary to detail the circumstances of the case as proved on his trial. These are accessible to every one.

His sermons were ambitious in point of language, and delivered with studied grace. It is remarkable that he appeared on the same spot where another erring minister, hardly less unhappy, Dr Dillon, before his misfortune, officiated. The late Mr Taylor gives the following account of the Doctor in the pulpit:—

“I once heard the unfortunate Doctor preach at the Magdalen hospital. Presuming upon his importance, he did not arrive till the service was over, and a clergyman had entered the pulpit and commenced the sermon. The clergyman, however, resigned his situation as soon as the Doctor appeared. His discourse was delivered with energy, but with something theatrical in his action and poetical in his language. Among other passages of a lofty description, I remember he said, that ‘The man whose life is conducted according to the principles of the Christian religion will have the satisfaction of an approving conscience, and the glory of an admiring God.’ Dodd published a volume of poems, some of which are in Dodsley’s collection. His sermons have a tincture of poetry in the language. I heard him a second time in Charlotte Chapel, Pimlico, and his discourse made the same impression.”

Of his apprehension he says—

“Dr Dodd, on the day when he was taken into custody, had engaged to dine with the late Chevalier Ruspini, in Pall-mall. He had arrived some time before the hour appointed, and soon after two persons called and inquired for him, and when he went to them he was informed

that they had come to secure him on a criminal charge. The Doctor apologised to the Chevalier for the necessity of leaving him so abruptly, and desired that he would not wait dinner for him. Soon after dinner a friend of the Chevalier called, and said he had just left the city, and informed the company that Dr Dodd had been committed to prison on a charge of forgery.”

On the same authority we learn that when first taken he made very light of the business. Even after the matter had assumed a most serious shape his spirits were singularly buoyant. The same writer says—

“Mr Woodfall told me, that after Dr Dodd had been tried and convicted, but not ordered for execution, he sent to request Mr Woodfall would visit him in Newgate. Mr Woodfall, who was always ready at the call of distress, naturally supposed the Doctor wished to consult him on his situation, or to desire that he would insert some article in his favour in the ‘Morning Chronicle.’ On entering the place of confinement, Mr Woodfall began to condole with him on his unfortunate situation. The Doctor immediately interrupted him, and said that he wished to see him on quite a different subject. He then told Mr Woodfall, that, knowing his judgment on dramatic matters, he was anxious to have his opinion of a comedy which he had written, and if he approved of it, to request his interest with the managers to bring it on the stage. Mr Woodfall was not only surprised, but shocked to find the Doctor so insensible to his situation, and the more so, because, whenever he attempted to offer consolation, the Doctor as often said, ‘Oh, they will not hang me!’ while, to aggravate Mr Woodfall’s feelings, he had been informed by Mr Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, before his interview with the Doctor, that the order for his execution had actually reached the prison.”

Great efforts were made to obtain his pardon, or a commutation of his punishment. The public mind was greatly moved in his favour. While his fate was still undecided the following lines appeared in the ‘London Chronicle’ of the 25th of February, 1777. They were written by him, and, it will be seen, acknowledged much kindness to have been extended to him, even in his then melancholy circumstances:—

“WRITTEN BY AN UNHAPPY PRISONER.

“Amidst confinement’s miserable gloom,
Midst the lone horrors of this wretched room,
What comforts, gracious Heaven, dost thou bestow,
To soothe my sorrows and console my woe!
A wife, beyond the first of womankind,
Tender, attached, and even to death resign’d,
Dear youthful friends, in life’s ingenious hour,
As children zealous to exert each power:
Men skilled in wisdom’s most engaging lore,
Solicitous to aid, to save—restore.

Lawyers and counsellors, without a fee,
 Studious to guide, direct, and set me free,
 Nay, from the men I falsely deem'd my foes,
 The ready offer of all service flows ;
 While Gratitude, in guise unknown, draws nigh,
 Says, ' I was kind,' and tenders her supply.
 Above the rest, my keepers, used to grief,
 With sympathetic pity give relief ;
 Treat as a guest the sufferer they revere,
 And make it even tranquil to be here !
 Great God of mercy, if, amidst such woes,
 A stream of such peculiar comfort flows,
 Flows full, flows only from thy care divine,
 May I not humbly—firmly, Lord, resign,
 And trust the issue to thy care alone ?
 Yes, Lord, I trust : ' O, may thy will be done !'

" Wood street Compter, February 16."

While still he continued to move in the gay world, before the fatal discovery had been made which brought him to the scaffold, his mind was from time to time greatly disturbed. In a paper published shortly after his execution the following remarkable anecdote appeared :—

" A clergyman who had visited Dr Dodd during his confinement in Newgate, took occasion on Sunday last to mention the following very extraordinary circumstance, and at the same time authenticated it by assuring his audience that it was communicated to him by the unfortunate divine a short time before he suffered.

" Some few days preceding the apprehending of the Doctor, he, by mere accident, went into a church. The minister soon after gave out the following as his text, from Deuteronomy xxviii, 66, 67 :—
 ' And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shall have none assurance of thy life.

" In the morning thou shalt say, would to God it were even ; and at even thou shalt say, would to God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' Dr Dodd declared he was so struck at the time that he expected he should soon be in custody."

A point of law had been reserved for the consideration of the Judges. The ' London Chronicle ' of May the 15th, 1777, thus reports the scene which occurred when their decision was given :—

" Yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock, Dr Dodd was brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, when Judge Aston acquainted him from a paper which his Lordship held in his hand, that the Judges had met and considered of his case ; when it appeared to their Lordships that, from a full and impartial discussion of the matter, and particularly of the evidence produced against him, that he had been legally and formally tried, and that the evidence of Robinson was duly competent. His Lordship then told the Doctor that he gave him this early notice, in order that he might prepare himself for his approaching sentence. The Doctor appeared greatly afflicted ; he spoke a few words, the sum of which was,

' That he perfectly relied and acquiesced in the wisdom and integrity of their Lordships.' He wiped his eyes and withdrew. On going out of the dock he fainted and fell on the floor. He was taken up and carried out of court, to all appearance senseless, but for the groans which too sensibly spoke him alive to the bitterest feelings. A medical gentleman in the Strand was sent for, who stayed with him till he was tolerably recovered ; and as his spirits and strength returned, his mind became much more composed, and he seemed to submit to his miserable fate."

He appears to have constantly lived in great harmony with his wife. A writer in the ' Gentleman's Magazine ' says—
 " There was a most sincere and affectionate bond of union between these unfortunate people. My eyes beheld their last parting. May they never behold such another indescribable scene of woe, and may their souls meet where no separation can part them."

The following particulars appeared in the ' London Chronicle,' June 1, 1777 :—

" It is affirmed that a certain disconsolate woman threw herself on her knees last Thursday to Mr —, and offered a thousand pounds as the purchase of her husband's release.

" After the death warrant came down, Dr Dodd wrote a letter to his wife every evening, though she had never failed visiting him in the day.

" No hope of obtaining a mitigation now remained, and the Doctor appears in prison to have recovered some degree of tranquillity.

" The evening preceding his execution he wrote letters to his friends till twelve o'clock. He then went to bed, rested quietly till four, dozed again till six ; at that hour he rose, came down stairs, drank a glass of water, and afterwards, with great composure, received the communion. When he left Newgate on the fatal day, he took leave of Mr Akerman, with a profession of the utmost gratitude for the many favours that had been shown to him.

" He denied all knowledge of any plot for enabling him to escape.

" In the coach, going to Tyburn, he sat for ten or fifteen minutes, at different periods with his eyes shut in inward meditation, and at intervals desired Mr Vilette to read several prayers which he thought applicable to his unhappy situation. He once said he thought it was very hard mankind were not more merciful to each other, and that God Almighty did not ordain one man to destroy his fellow being. But he added, he was sure the Supreme Being had more mercy for us than we had for each other, otherwise we should be miserable indeed. Another time, after sitting silent some time, he said, ' Why should my weak

languid heart repine at death, my sufferings are nothing in comparison to Him whom I believe suffered for the sins of man, whom I believe suffered for us all, and in Him I rest my salvation."

Taylor saw the procession as it advanced to the scene of expiation. He says of the appearance and demeanor of the sufferer: "It was lamentable to remark the difference between his former deportment in the streets and his appearance in the coach the last time I saw him, when he was going to suffer the sentence of the law. In the street, he walked with his head erect and with a lofty gait, like a man conscious of his own importance, and perhaps of the dignity of his sacred calling. In the coach he had sunk down with his head to the side, his face pale, while his features seemed to be expanded: his eyes were closed, and he appeared a wretched spectacle of despair. The crowd of people in Holborn, where I saw him pass, was immense, and a deep sense of pity seemed to be the universal feeling. I was young and adventurous, or I should not have trusted myself in so vast a multitude; sympathy had repressed every tenderness towards disorder, even in so varied and numerous a mass of people."

The subjoined account of the last awful proceedings appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' of June 28, 1777:—

"Yesterday was executed at Tyburn, William Dodd, LL.D., convicted of forgery, and Joseph Harris for highway robbery. At nine o'clock in the morning Mr Sheriff Thomas, attended by the Under-Sheriff, the City Marshal, and a number of peace officers, arrived at Newgate, and soon after the unfortunate divine and the other wretched convict appeared at the gate; the former was put into a mourning coach which was provided by his friends for the melancholy occasion, and the latter was conveyed in a cart. There were three clergymen went in a coach with Dr Dodd; and Harris's father attended him. About half-past ten o'clock they arrived at the fatal tree, and the reverend convict ascended the cart, which was drawn under the gallows; and after conversing and praying for some time with the clergymen, he took an affectionate leave of them, and was, with his fellow sufferer, launched into eternity.

"Dr Dodd's body was conveyed from Tyburn immediately after the execution was over, to an undertaker's in Goodge street, where it now remains.

"Nothing can have been more humane and noble than the conduct of Mr Akerman to his late prisoner, Dr Dodd, during the whole time of his confinement in Newgate. The unhappy man was never ironed; he had a spacious room allotted to him, and was treated rather as a lodger than a prisoner. The Doctor spoke of

Mr Akerman's kindness to all who visited him, in a strain of exalted gratitude."

On his way to Tyburn, the same paper states, "As the coach in which the unfortunate divine was, approached the end of Plumtree street, Broad street, St Giles's, leading to Great Charlotte street, the unhappy passenger appeared greatly distressed, but presently recovered his composure."

"Soon after the unfortunate Dr Dodd got into the coach at Newgate, he looked out on the multitude, saying, 'God bless ye all,' which words were uttered with so moving and unaffected an emphasis as to draw tears, apparently, from eyes unused to weep; men, women, and children, of all ranks, were observed to weep."

The 'Morning Post' of the same date gives the following more detailed particulars:—

"After spending some hours in acts of devotion, and receiving the holy sacrament at the hands of the ordinary in Newgate, about half an hour after nine the Doctor got into a mourning coach prepared for his reception, attended by his friend the Rev. Mr Dobie, of the Magdalen, and the Rev. Mr Vilette, the ordinary, and a sheriff's officer, in the same coach; Mr Sheriff Thomas in his own coach, the two under-sheriffs, city marshals, and an incredible number of inferior peace officers. About half an hour after ten the sad procession arrived at the fatal tree, when the cart, covered with black baize, in which Harris rode, was drawn under the gallows, and the executioner put the halter round his neck, which being done, he made a signal for the coach to be drawn up, which, during the above-mentioned ceremony, had waited near the turnpike. The divine now quitting the coach, ascended the cart with his arms tied, dressed in a full suit of black and a full-bottomed wig, over which he wore a flapped hat. Here he joined his two spiritual friends for some time in the most fervent devotion; after which he took his unhappy brother convict, Joseph Harris, by the hand, and exhorted him to rely on the merits of his Redeemer, who suffered for all mankind, for support in this hour of trial and extreme adversity. Here again they all joined in prayers selected for the mournful occasion, after which Dr Dodd took a paper from his pocket and gave it to the ordinary, desiring it might be read to the people, or published in the public prints as his last words; but the latter being deemed the most prudent method, it was not read. Having taken an affectionate leave of the two clergymen and his brother malefactor, he drew a nightcap from his pocket, which he endeavoured to put on his head, but the cap being rather too small, he was obliged to have the assistance of the executioner.

When this was done he pulled it over his eyes, and the cart being instantly drawn from under them, they were launched into eternity.

"The behaviour of the divine, in his last moments, was penitent, manly, and resigned; the populace seemed universally affected at his fate, and even Jack Ketch himself shed tears.

"When the hangman had prepared everything for the last stage of the melancholy business at Tyburn, he whispered the unfortunate divine 'that he was going to drive the cart away, and desired that he would not be suddenly alarmed.' The dying convict turned round and thanked him for the caution, desiring him at the same time to do his duty."

A correspondent of the 'Public Ledger' of the same date gives a remarkable account of the performance of an old ceremony in the course of the progress to Tyburn, which has of late years been wholly discontinued. "When," says he, "the cart stopped at St Sepulchre's church, Harris fainted away, and the executioner called to some persons at an opposite house to send some water, which they did, and Harris drank some of it; the bellman then did his office, but Harris was not capable of attending to the solemn invocation; the cart went forward, and the coach took its stand. When the bellman came to the conclusion, 'Lord have mercy upon you. Christ have mercy upon you. Lord have

mercy upon you,' the Doctor wrung his hands with the most sensible emotions of spirit. The awful procession then went on without interruption."

The following particulars appeared in other prints:—

"Just before Dr Dodd was turned off he desired Mr Vilette to give Jack Ketch a guinea and his man five shillings, after which he asked Mr Leapingwell, the sheriff's officer who attended him, if any other compliment was necessary. The latter replied, no.

"The executioner then said, 'Sir, I am obliged to do my duty, and I hope you will forgive me,' to which the Doctor replied, 'God bless you.'

"Whilst Dr Dodd was placing the cap over his eyes he particularly requested that his legs might not be pulled, which is usual, to put the unfortunate malefactors sooner out of their misery."

Another clergyman, James Hackman, who subsequently suffered at the same place, was present at Dr Dodd's execution. He mentions the circumstance in one of his letters, which were afterwards published, as having about it something mournfully ludicrous. The difficulty was got over by taking off the sufferer's wig. "Every guinea," says Hackman, "in my pocket, would I have given that the unhappy man should not have worn a wig, or that, wearing one, the cap should have been sufficiently large to go over it."



Arms. Ar. a cross, potent, sa., within a bordure, ar., charged with eight escallops, of the field. *Crest.* A dexter arm, embowed in armour, ppr., charged with an escallop, or, encircled above the wrist by a wreath of laurel, vent, holding in the gauntlet a dagger, ppr., hilt and pommel, gold. *Supporters.* Two eagles, ppr., collared, or, pendant therefrom an escutcheon, ar., charged with a cross, as in the arms. *Motto.* "Ultra pergere." "To proceed further."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LYNTHURST.

THE commanding influence of talent and extraordinary power of application to business, have placed the wearer of this title among the Peers of England. John Singleton Copley, P. C., F. R. S. and D. C. L., is son of John Singleton Copley, Esq., R. A. He was an eminent artist. His fine picture of the 'Death of the great Lord Chatham,' in that high assembly over which his son was destined more than once to preside, gave him

no common fame. The younger Copley, as a lawyer, gained a high reputation. He spoke with great eloquence and effect in defence of Watson and others, who were tried for treason in 1817. A few months afterwards he was called upon to prosecute Jeremiah Brandreth, alias "The Nottingham Captain," and his associates, for the same crime. In both cases he was successful. Watson, Thistlewood, and their companions were acquitted; Brandreth, Ludlow, and their unfortunate followers, were found guilty, and three of

the culprits were hanged and beheaded in the town of Derby. He subsequently became Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Master of the Rolls. In 1827, on the retirement of Lord Eldon, he was raised to the woolsack, and to the peerage, by patent bearing date April 27, 1827. In 1830 his lordship resigned the great seal, and in the following year he became Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The effect produced by his lordship's commanding talents was here not a little striking. His court was crowded with suitors, while the other judges were comparatively deserted. This situation he gave up in 1834, to become Lord Chancellor a second time. The administration of Sir Robert Peel being soon at an end, he again quitted the woolsack, but returned to it when the Right Honourable Baronet was recalled to power, and at present continues Lord High Chancellor of England. His lordship was born May 21st, 1772, and married, in 1819, Sarah Geray, daughter of Charles Bransden, Esq., and widow of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Thomas, of the 1st Foot Guards, who fell at Waterloo. She died January 15, 1834. He was again married August 5th, 1837, to Georgiana, daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, Esq. His lordship had three daughters by his first, and one by his second lady.

THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is a love in early life
Which shuns parade and worldly strife,
And seeks, contemned the princely dome,
In humble cot, a happy home.
More gorgeous than the pomp of kings,
The coral and the pearl it brings,
And all the glory of the skies,
In living diamonds—beaming eyes.
The rose's bloom it yields to view,
And lends its fragrance with its hue;
The gladdening smile, the balmy kiss,
With looks of fondness, thoughts of bliss,
Feelings that scarce know worldly leaven,
And dreams of ecstasy and heaven,
Life's dull anxieties above:
Such, such is woman's early love!

There is a love of elder growth,
Less dazzling than the love of youth,
Where gentle looks and anxious care
Aspire, the husband's toil to share;
Which seeks its solace and employ,
Providing for her children joy;
Which owns no happiness complete
Till they are healthy, clean, and neat;
Which strives to spare the humble store,
And make that little something more;
Love, which, the frugal table spread,
A blessing breathes on daily bread;
Which, scorning finery and pride,
Exults in comforts self-denied,
And teaches man 'tis vain to roam
For pleasure to compare with home:
This calms, as that the heart could move;
And this is woman's noon-day love.

There is love in a later stage,
When pain and sickness grow on age,
When he, so active once, and gay,
Perceives approach his closing day;
When falling strength and tottering limb,
And sunken cheek and eye grown dim,
And faltering voice and visage wan,
Have to a spectre changed the man;
Then, love, by the fond wife possessed,
Too vast, too grand, to be expressed,
Delights assiduously to ply,
And soothes with tender sympathy;
Consoles the mourner for the past,
And fondly soothes him to the last.
This love, in hours the most forlorn,
Surpasses that of youth's bright morn;
Different from that which marked life's
prime,
Though not so brilliant, more sublime;
This love, from heaven derived its birth,
Confesses no alloy of earth;
It lifts the sufferer from his woe,
Above the care of things below,
And points to brighter scenes above:
And this is woman's final love! L.

Science.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The following communications were read:—Mr Austen read a note, explanatory of some points in his paper, 'On the various Subdivisions of the Cretaceous Series.'—'Observations on Part of the Section of the Lower Greensand at Atherfield, in the Isle of Wight,' by Dr Felton.—The object of this paper was to show that the beds referred by Mr Austen to the Neocomien, are the lowest beds of the lower greensand, and that their equivalent exists at Atherfield, in the Isle of Wight, where the junction of the greensand and Wealden had formerly been concealed when Dr Felton published his account of the sub-cretaceous formations, but was now exposed, showing the unexamined space to be under three feet,—much less than was supposed; and that the stratum occupying that space is of the same geological character, and contains many of the same marine fossils as the stone immediately above it. The beds exposed by the Atherfield section are, in ascending order:—1st. Weald clay, towards the junction containing oysters and spiral univalves, mingled with fresh-water shells. 2nd. An alternation of sand with portions of clay, separated by lighter coloured greenish matter for six or eight inches, forming the junction. 3rd. Sandy greenish clay, of a muddy aspect, forming a bed generally about two and a half feet thick, containing fossils, some of which, including *Perna Malleti*, are species lately described as Neocomien by M. Leymerie, and others, such as *Pecten 5-costatus*, range through the lowest portions of the greensand up to the highest sub-cretaceous strata. 4th. Sub-ferruginous rock, which, in 1826, was the lowest visible member of the green-

sand. It contains numerous fossils, including some of those new to Britain, lately detected in Surrey by Mr Austen, accompanied by others having a considerable upward range. 5. Fuller's earth, not less than thirty feet thick, and containing fossils. The author then describes certain fossiliferous ranges, principally of concretions, containing more or less calcareous matter, found throughout the space between Atherfield and Black Gang Chine, and notices the correspondence of the association of species in these with that observable at Hythe, near the top of the middle division of the lower greensand; on the shore east of Shanklin Chine in the Isle of Wight, and at Parham Park in Surrey. He also remarks the correspondence of the Atherfield section with others near Redhill, near the South-eastern Railroad, in Surrey, at Pulborough in Western Sussex, at Hythe, and at Sandown Bay in the Isle of Wight. Dr Felton concludes by observing, that since he has shown that the stratum which contains the fossils enumerated by Mr Austen belongs to the lower part of the greensand, it is obvious that if these fossils are characteristic of the *Terrain Neocomien*, the deposit itself, which has received that name, as well as its various equivalents upon the Continent, must be geologically the same; and that the hypothesis, which supposes the Neocomien contemporary with the Wealden, can no longer be sustained. At the same time he does not deny the probability of the existence of a marine equivalent of the Wealden.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—It was announced that the Geographical Society of Paris had awarded their large gold medal to Capt. J. Ross, for his discoveries at the South Pole.

Reviews.

The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir; a Summer Ramble in 1842. By Mrs Romer.

TRAVELLERS who do not journey a vast distance from home are rather too much disposed to conceive everything wonderful which they themselves have not previously seen. With them any insignificant occurrence is an important incident, and each object requires particular description. The liquid state and greenish cast of the ocean, can afford them surprise, which they expect their readers will share. Mrs Romer is not exactly one of these, but she gives us accounts of many things which few can have occasion to read of in her volumes; and whatever affects her personal convenience, she considers must of necessity be deemed vastly important to the world at large. Some of her pages,

however, are written with much agreeable vivacity, and several of her descriptions are pleasing. One we copy:—

“Seen from afar, Tetuan really looks beautiful, from its advantageous position and the dazzling whiteness of the whole mass of buildings, which is rendered still more conspicuous by the deep verdure of the mountains that form its background; but on reaching the town, all the *prestige* of its beauty vanishes! The houses have the most gloomy appearance; nothing but whitewashed walls are to be seen, with no windows looking outwards, their place being supplied by little apertures like holes to peep through. The streets are exceedingly narrow; and the houses are only two stories high, with flat-terraced roofs, upon which the inhabitants take the air in the evening. After passing through innumerable dark and winding lanes abominably paved, and too narrow for two horses to proceed a-breast, we arrived at the Jewish quarter, which is quite distinct from the Moorish part of the town, and where the greatest industry and bustle appeared to prevail; for in the Barbary states, as throughout the Levant, commerce and business are in a great measure monopolized by the thrifty sons of Israel. The shops of these merchants and artisans are miserable little *échoppes* open to the street, but having neither windows nor doors, and not large enough to contain the vender and his customers; the latter, therefore, remain standing in the street, bargaining over the shopboard with the crafty dealer. The merchandise is never exposed to view in these shops, and we could only guess at the various trades of their owners by seeing them employed in the manufacture of their goods in these miserable holes, which serve them for workshop and warehouse. At last our leader made a halt at a little door in a long white wall, which formed one side of a particularly crooked lane; and we descended from our horses on being informed that this was the entrance to the habitation of Solomon Nahon, the Jew, to whose house all European travellers visiting Tetuan repair. The outward appearance boded nothing very favourable to the dwelling; but the moment we passed through the narrow inhospitable-looking gate, all our misgivings were converted into most agreeable surprise, for we found ourselves in one of those pretty and exquisitely clean Moorish habitations of which the Mahometan remains at Granada had given us so correct an idea. A patio, or court paved with different coloured glazed tiles, is surrounded with two tiers of galleries within which are cool-looking chambers, receiving their light through the horse-shoe arches that look into the court; and every part of the building is as clean and fresh as though it had just been newly painted and whitewashed. In the centre of the court stood a group of very pretty young women (the wife and sisters of Solomon Nahon), who, in the manner of the Jewesses of the East, stepped forward and kissed me as I crossed the threshold. As I had been told that the costume of the women of Tetuan is a remnant of the fashions bequeathed to them by the luxurious Moors of Spain when they took

refuge upon these shores, I was very curious in examining the toilette of my pretty hostesses, some parts of which struck me as being very elegant. The mistress of the house wore a kaftan of green cloth lined with crimson and edged with gold twist, so fashioned as to display the sleeves and bosom of her chemise, which were tastefully embroidered in coloured silk and gold; the body was also enriched with a sort of stomacher of velvet, worked with gold thread and coloured foil, which produced a very rich effect. A striped silk scarf was tied round her waist: neither drawers nor stockings were worn by her; and her pretty little bare feet were slipped into scarlet morocco slippers edged with gold twist, and having heels as high as those which rendered our great grandmothers *si grande-ment ridicules*. Her coiffure was the most complicated part of her dress, being composed of two handkerchiefs, one crimson, the other yellow, put on not exactly like a turban, nor even like a fillet, but something between the two; and descending so low upon the forehead as merely to show a little of the parted hair, which was disposed in shining braids close to the eyebrows. This head-dress was enriched with velvet ornaments, embroidered in foil and gold, like those affixed to her corsage. The dresses of the other women of the family only differed in colour from the one I have described, with the exception of the younger sister of our hostess; who, being unmarried, wore her head uncovered, and her hair parted down the middle and hanging over her shoulders, braided into twenty or thirty small tresses. But the personal beauty of these fair Jewesses appeared to us much more admirable than their costume; and, strange to say, it is a description of beauty quite distinct from the Jewish type. Nahon's wife has fine dark hazel eyes, with a complexion of the clearest red and white, and neither the full lips nor peculiar nostrils of her people, but something of what the Italians so expressively term *simpatia* in her blooming face; but her less brilliant-looking sister, with her fairer cheeks, soft blue eyes, dark eyelashes, and light brown hair, attracted the gentlemen's admiration in a superior degree."

Orion. An Epic Poem, in Three Books.
By R. H. Horne. Price One Farthing.

We are not in the secret of the author, and do not know what object he has in view by offering an epic poem, in three cantos, or books, for a farthing. Profit is out of the question, as whatever the excellences or demerits of the writer, he cannot sell 140 small octavo pages at such a price without loss. For fame, we think the speculation not a very good one. Remembering that what is offered too freely, is generally under valued, it is our opinion even its low price will not ensure it many admiring readers. If we are not particularly struck with its beauties, glancing at it hastily, as we have done, it is but fair to say its defects are not greater than those of many performances whose authors have

seemed to think the mantle of Milton had fallen on them. One passage, as a specimen, we transcribe for the reader to contemplate upon, and solve as he may this literary or book-selling or book-sacrificing enigma. The scene between *Æneas* and his mother in the *Æneid*, the author seems to have had in his mind while writing it:—

"'Goddess!' the Giant answered, 'I am sprung

From the great Trident-bearer, who sustains
And rocks the floating earth, and from the
nymph—

A huntress jaying in the dreamy woods—
Euryale. Little I use to speak,
Save to my kindred giants, who in caves
Amid yon forest dwell, beyond the rocks,
Or to my Cyclop friends; nor know I what
words

Best suit a Goddess' ear. I and the winds
Do better hold our colloquies, when shadows,
After long hunting, vanish from my sight
Into some field of gloom. I am called Orion,—
And for the sports I have so often marred,
'Twas for my own I did it, but without
A thought of whose the Nymphs, or least
design

Of evil. Wherefore, Artemis, pardon me;
Or if again thou'dst bend thy bow, first let
me

To great Poseidon offer up a prayer,
That his divine waves with absorbing arms
May take my body rather than dull earth.'"

LYING-IN HOSPITAL IN AUSTRIA.

A RECENTLY published work on Austria describes the lying-in hospital there established. The poor are admitted gratis—the rich on paying certain stipulated sums, according to the accommodation they require. There are three grades for the use of young ladies. No strangers are admitted on any pretext, so that this retreat is most desirable for those who covet secrecy. It is added, "besides this, the localities of this part are so arranged as to secure those residing therein from the gaze of the curious. The principle of secrecy is imposed as one of the strictest duties on all those in any way engaged in the institution. Should a female desert her family and take shelter here, the vigilance of the police or the inquiries of her friends may trace her to the door of the *Gebäranstalt*, but no farther. Here the executive enters not; such is the law, that not only is a father or a husband denied an entrance, but he cannot, as has been already observed, receive from the records of the hospital, or any one connected therewith, any testimony of her reception or delivery. Indeed, in many instances, and in almost all the cases occurring among the first or highest class, such evidence could not possibly be obtained, as a female may enter, accomplish her delivery, and depart from the hospital without her name being known or even her face seen by the physician or any of the attendants! The en-

trance into these paying wards is not the same as that leading into the general hospital, but by a private way, ending in a small *cul-de-sac*; and as it is forbidden to have any windows looking into this lane, persons approaching that way are perfectly secure from observation. At the end of this *cul-de-sac* there is one small door, with a bell attached to it, a porter remains at the entrance day and night, and conducts the persons requiring admission to whatever apartment or division they require or their means afford. Persons are allowed to appear masked, veiled, or otherwise disguised—they may enter at any time previous to their delivery, and remain as long as they wish; they may carry their infants away with them or send them to the foundling-hospital through the medical attendant. The name and address of persons admitted into this division are not required, but each female must write her name and residence upon a billet, which she seals, and on the back of which the physician inscribes the number of the room and bed she occupies. This ticket is then placed in a small locked-up cabinet beside her bed, and at her departure it is returned to her unopened; its object being, that in case of her death, the institution may inform her friends, or be able to produce this testimony of her decease on the demand of her relations or the police."

An establishment like this, "we calculate," as brother Jonathan would say, might be found by some people vastly convenient in London.

ENGLISH LITERARY CHARACTERS.

LADY BLESSINGTON is the widow of an earl, with an allowance of 4,000*l.* a year, and though she receives no ladies, she is visited by a circle of men of rank and political eminence, who would, probably, know little of her as simply the authoress of the works that bear her name. Lady Stepney and Lady Charlotte Bury are also women of rank, and the former gives very fine parties, that certainly would not be drawn together by her mere literary fame over a cup of tea at the east end. Mr Bulwer comes of a very aristocratic family, is a member of parliament, and has 1,200*l.* a year for his private fortune, besides being an elegant of the first water. D'Israeli has married a very rich and very fashionable widow, and, in his beautiful mansion in Park lane, cares very little for any consequence given to him as the author of 'Vivian Grey.' Lady Chatterton's position is rather damaged than bettered by her weak-tea scribblings; and the Hon. John Wilson Croker is a political whipper-in, and inherits some of the tainted gold of his friend, the dissolute Marquis of Hert-

ford. Lady Morgan's husband was knighted in a frolic by the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, though we are not sure that Sir Charles does not diminish somewhat the lustre of her very brilliant ladyship. Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's productions are the pungent mortification of her titled husband, and the naval authors find in literature, as a social influence, neither an advantage nor a detriment. Christopher North is a professor of moral philosophy, and Lockhart married the daughter of Walter Scott, and these are circumstances to which they owe some of the advantages to their position. These are the most of those among the literary notabilities whose standing in society is mainly based on other than literary foundations. But there is a large class merely distinguished as literary men, whose social consequence is, in all its bearings, little understood in this country; Thomas Moore, Mr Wordsworth, Mr Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Thomas Hood, Mr Ainsworth, and some others, are frequently guests at the tables of the nobility and aristocratic gentry of England. But, at these same tables, Mrs Moore, Mrs Wordsworth, Mrs Proctor, Mrs Hood, and Mrs Ainsworth are never seen and seldom asked for or thought of. The author and his wife are not one in the code of fashion; but this humiliating distinction, which at the first blast seems, as Dogberry says, "very tolerable and not to be endured," is, upon reflection, so much a convenience to authors, that it is doubtful whether the habit of inviting them singly did not grow from their own suggestion and practice.—*Brother Jonathan, edited by N. P. Willis.*

BAD EFFECTS OF GOOD LIVING.

Sir John Smythe when in the Tower, having greatly offended Lord Burghley, wrote a very penitential letter. In this the evil effects of good living are strikingly pictured, as they are said to have been felt by a man accustomed to simple fare.

"My use and custome of dyett of many yeares well knowne to manye of good calling (that are acquainted with the same) hath bene, eyther not to suppe but with bread, or with bread and reysins, or with bread and honye alone, or elsse at the most with two sodden or potched eggs, and that to avoide the great wyndyness and payne of stomacke that I have bene these many yeares visited withall the night and day after that I have broken my dyett by eatinge any little quantite of flesh or fishe; which after my cominge to Colchester upon Friday the 11th of this moneth in the afternoone ridinge into a feild wher all Sr Thomas Lucasse his bande was at trayninge, I, after that Mr Thomas Seymor and I had beholden the manner of the trayninge of the bande, did invite Mr Seymor and myself to suppe with Sr Thomas Lucasse, intendinge the next day which was

afterday the twelfth of this moneth (in the afternoon), after that wee had seen Sr Thomas Lucasse his bande brought into forme (by his owne promyse and the promyse of Capteine Reynes), to have rydden the same night to Ipswich to have made merrye, and partely to have spoken with one M. Layne concerning a matter between one M. Peninge of Suffolk and mee, that hee before had been of owne selfe withall. But now beehould how God (through my great and infinite sinnes and lacke of followinge his grace) did visite mee the same night; for Mr Seymour and I suppinge with Sr Thomas Lucasse and my Ladye, I did thoroughly much talke and discourse of matters of armes, so forgett myself as that I did eate a very great meale both of fish and flesh, allured thereunto through the greatnes of the fare, whereof ensued unto me the same night a wonderfull payne in my stomacke, which would not suffer mee to take any rest, whereupon rysinge in the morninge very tymely, I sought to redresse and reforme the same my distemperature and payne of stomacke, by drinckinge of wyne, and wyne upon wyne, and after goinge to dinner and eatinge oysters (largely) and other meats, and drynckinge wyne dyvers tymes to digest and comforte my stomacke, did set my head and stomacke in such a heate, as that after I had dyned, rydinge in the ayre into a feild some half myle from Colchester, wher ther were some fower score or a hundreth at the most Pikears and Archers (all the harquebussiers and musketeers and other weapons of the said band being with Sr Thomas Lucasse in another feild beyonde out of my sight) I through the distemperature that was then in my stomacke and head, and upon the malice and mislikinge that I bare unto your Lordship for the causes aforesaid, did use such drunken, franticke, and disordered speches as I did acknowledge unto your Lordship in your chamber upon Monday the fourteenth of this present at night, which speches with others."—*Letters of Eminent Literary Characters.*

The Gatherer.

Profitable Nature of Larch Trees.—The late Duke of Atholl planted, in the last year of his life, 6,500 Scotch acres of mountain ground solely with larch, which in seventy-two years from the time of planting will be a forest of timber fit for the building of the largest class of ships in her Majesty's navy. It will have been thinned out to about four hundred trees per acre. Each tree will contain at the least fifty cubic feet, or one load of timber, which at the low price of one shilling per cubic foot, only half its present value, will give a sum of 6,500,000*l.* sterling. Besides this, there will have been a return of 7*l.* per acre from the thinnings; the land on which the larch is planted is not worth above 9*d.* or 1*s.* per acre.

Anecdote of Home.—The historian was once called on to display his talents at a fancy ball, and to represent a Sultan on a sofa, betwixt two slaves, who were the prettiest and most vicious of Parisians. The two slaves were ready at repartee, but the utter simplicity of the Sultan displayed a blockishness which blunted all edge, for he only gave a sign of life by repeating the same awkward gesture, and the same ridiculous exclamation, without end. One of the fair slaves soon discovered the unchangeable nature of the forlorn philosopher, impatiently exclaiming, "Never was there such a calf of a man!"

Respectable Agents.—An advertisement has appeared several times for "Respectable Agents." The answers to those who have made inquiries consist of a series of small bills, like those given away by quack doctors. They speak of a magnificent plan to supply "work for the million," by the operations of a society which will furnish a voluntary revenue of at least one million sterling to the state, and a free-gift or "gratitude-offering" of probably 200,000*l.* presented also annually to her Majesty and her Royal consort, for putting it in the power of millions of people to maintain themselves and families. The agents, who are all to have princely incomes, will be expected to exert themselves, in the best possible manner, in procuring signatures to "petitions" to the Queen, Lords, and Commons; and while giving their services to the advertiser, they are to advance cash to carry on the scheme, of which, till they do so advance cash, they are to know little or nothing. This may be a very judicious and honourable affair, but it looks like a stupid attempt to swindle.

Milk and Meat.—One of the most striking pictures in and near Buenos Ayres is the young gaucho who brings milk. The milk is carried in six or eight large earthen bottles which hang on each side of the saddle. There is seldom room for the boy's legs, and he therefore generally turns his feet up behind him on the saddle, and sits like a frog. One meets these boys in squads of four or five, and the manner in which they gallop in their red cloth caps, with their scarlet ponchos flying behind them, has a singular appearance. The butchers' shops are covered carts, which are not very agreeable objects. The beef, mangled in a most shocking manner, is swinging about; and I have constantly seen a large piece tied by a strip of hide to the tail of the cart, and dragged along the ground, with a dog trying to tear it.—*Sir Francis Head.*

The Wall of Gog and Magog.—The books of the Arabians abound with extravagant fictions about the giants Gog and Magog. These they call *Jajouge* and *Majouge*; and they call the land of Tartary

by their names. The Caucasian wall, said to be built by Alexander the Great (though probably built at an earlier period), from the Caspian to the Black Sea, in order to cover the frontiers of his dominions, and to prevent the incursions of the Scythians, is called by the Orientals the wall of Gog and Magog. This wall (some few fragments of which still remain) they pretend to have been built with all sorts of metals.

Italy.—The 'Augsburg Gazette' quotes a letter from Rome, stating that swarms of grasshoppers had suddenly made their appearance in the country adjoining Palo, and on the western coast, and laid the fields completely waste. Thence they extended their ravages to the plains of the Campagna. The means adopted for their destruction having proved unavailable, the Pope ordered processions and prayers in all the churches to implore Divine protection against the scourge.

Proposed Post-office Arrangements.—In regard to the London district-post, formerly the twopenny-post, it is well known that the interchange of letters by this means is now so slow that special messengers are frequently employed by the public. "The time," says Mr Rowland Hill, "ordinarily required to send and receive a reply between one part of London and another, is between seven and eight hours, and between London and the suburbs ten or eleven hours, even when night does not intervene." When night intervenes the time between sending a letter and receiving an answer is greater, amounting, in some cases, to twenty-one hours. Mr Hill's remedies are these:—"In London make the collection and delivery of letters once an hour, instead of once in two hours; and establish district offices, so as to avoid the necessity of making all letters, as at present, pass through St Martin's-le-Grand."

Middle Temple.—The 'Times' states that a young man of colour, almost of the pure negro race, is now keeping his terms for the bar, at the Middle Temple. "What a proud example," it says, "for our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, to see this young man dining in the ancient hall, with so numerous an assemblage of white men (among whom are some of the most noble of England's sons), and by whom he is treated with the same courtesy and respect as if he were one of themselves."

The English Language as spoken in India.—This morning I was told that "a cat had run away with a child." I was horror-struck, and thought it must have been a hyena; but on inquiry I found the child was nothing but a young pigeon,—"pigeon-child," as they explained it. The ducks laid a number of eggs, which were brought for us to see. "You must make little ducks," said the Master: "Sar, I shall do so," said the butler. I laughed at the order; but

a hen was caught, put into a basket with the eggs, and the lid shut down upon her; and in a little time I was told there were "four babies" in the poultry-yard. I have just received a letter from the Madras Moonshee, who begs to express "the concern I have for your happiness as my matron, your state of health, and the state of my rising matron, your child." I suppose he thinks *matron* is the feminine of *patron*.—*Letters from Madras.*

Asparagus.—The advantages of this plant are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer from rheumatism and gout; slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on the delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient carefully avoids all acids. The Jerusalem artichoke has a similar effect in relieving rheumatism.

St James's Park.—During the last few days several workmen have been employed, under the order of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in forming a new bank to the sides of the canal in the ornamental inclosure of St James's Park. The plan will be followed out which is adopted on the banks adjoining the house erected by the Zoological Society, where the surface of the banks is covered with flint-stone cemented with lime, the underground being composed of bricks.

Queen's Prison.—The well-known privileges attached to the "Rules of the Queen's Bench" ceased on Saturday week, when the Marshal sent to call the rulers within the walls. The privileges of rulers have thus terminated, after an existence of many centuries. Captain Hudson, R. N., has been appointed keeper of the prison. The salary is 800*l.* per annum.

Protection for the Songsters of the Woods.—A correspondent writes to us from Baden, that in that part of the world it is forbidden under a penalty to catch singing birds. Any persons catching nightingales or other singing birds, or disturbing their nests, must pay a fine of five florins (8*s.*4*d.*). The sale of such singing birds is also strictly prohibited. All persons possessed of nightingales must pay a yearly tax of five florins for each bird. In German woods very few singing birds are heard. Perhaps they are disgusted with the eternal pipe and the constant spitting of the Teutons.

Westminster Hall Exhibition.—Wednesday, the 7th instant, was the latest day allowed for the admission of works to the Cartoon Exhibition, in Westminster Hall. The number of competing works is about 170, all conceived and executed within eleven months; and, according to report, the British School has nobly answered the call made upon it. The judges commenced their labours with a view to awarding the

premiums on the following day; and it has been suggested that the amount of talent displayed, and the difficulty of deciding between the pretensions of its rival expressions, are likely to send the committee to Parliament for a grant of additional premiums.

Useful Hints.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapour.

It was formerly the custom of Physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulse of their patients. Dr Cullen used to carry his in his large skirt-pocket. It was twice as large as the sand glasses of modern times, and resembled in shape the uncouth chronometers occasionally seen on old tombstones.

A King killed through Smoking.—Augustus II smoked many pipes daily. In knocking out the ashes of one of them he set fire to his dressing-gown. On hearing his cries, the officer on guard came to his assistance, and extinguished the fire. He had been devout during the last years of his life, and, as a penance for his sins, had worn a girdle, with points on the inside: these became heated; and being pressed into his body while the flames were extinguishing, caused a number of wounds, which, at his age, proved too much for his debilitated constitution.

Gaulish Antiquities.—There has just been discovered in the ground excavated for the Railroad between St Leu d'Essevens and Montalair, a girdle of solid gold, wrought to imitate a cord, having a hook at each end. The weight is 342 grammes, and the gold is valued at 880 fr. It was found within 2½ feet of the surface, and no other article was discovered near it. It is supposed to belong to the Gaulish period, about Julius Cæsar's time.

Dr Johnson and the Margravine of Anspach.—The Margravine tells that the lexicographer one day, when vices were the topic of conversation, chose to defend drunkenness as "the most innocent of all." To prove his argument, he supposed me to be walking in the street, and attacked by a drunken man; he ended by saying, "She might push him into the kennel with her little finger; and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief, whom that little finger could repel!" This anecdote was most probably treasured up for the sake of the implied compliment to the smallness of the lady's hand.

Cemeteries.—If it were determined that no second interment in the same grave should be allowed, the space of ground required for burials would soon become a

source of perplexity; London and its suburbs would require thirty-three acres of single graves annually. Mr Loudon proposes that graves should be sunk as deep as wells, and that an interstice of earth five feet in thickness should be interposed between the several coffins. At present graves in the London cemeteries are dug fifteen feet in depth, and the bodies of ten poor persons are deposited in each. The common charge is twenty-five shillings for each coffin, or the enormous sum of 45,375*l.* per acre.—*Athenæum.*

—The sale of pictures of the late bookseller Reimer, of Berlin, which we announced some time since, has taken place; and the German papers mention that Sir Robert Peel, and several English noblemen and gentlemen, had agents present.

—It appears that certain claims having been preferred against the Government of the Sandwich Islands on behalf of British subjects, and by the British Admiral, the sovereign of those islands professed his inability to meet the demands, but offered to divest himself of the sovereignty of his dominions in favour of the Queen of England. The Admiral accepted the cession conditionally, but acknowledged that he was acting without instructions, and the arrangement was to be regarded as provisional. The view which has been taken of this treaty of cession in this country is not favourable to its confirmation.

—A man sentenced to be hanged, prayed for a reprieve, on the ground that he had a sore throat, which rendered him unfit for the operation of hanging; he feared, he said, that the most alarming consequences might ensue, if he were hanged in his present condition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE 'MIRROR.'—The Supplementary Number, at the close of the half year, will accompany our next publication. It will be embellished with a fine copper-plate engraving of Sir George Cayley. The Index will also be supplied as usual.

Professor Bachhofner's explanation of the application of voltaic electricity to lower Dover Cliff, and to effect the destruction of the 'Royal George,' will appear next week.

The "Moon-Seeker," an admired nouvelle by Ludwig Tieck, has been received, and will be inserted.

"John Pritchard."—Ink for Marking Linens, without a Mordant, or any preparation.—Take 100 grains of pure nitrate of silver, dissolved in 1 ounce of distilled, or pure rain water; add liquid ammonia until the precipitated oxide of silver is re-dissolved. Add a small quantity of gum arabic, and colour with lamp-black.

"Newsgig."—The Electrifying Machine at Haarlem is, we believe, in two plates, of 4 feet 6 inches in diameter. That at the Polytechnic Institution rather above 7 feet. We are obliged by the remarks in our correspondent's letter, and shall attend to them.

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