

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction by Various

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

VOL. XIX, NO. 528.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

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[Illustration: SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.]

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

In our volume, just completed, we noticed the origin of this Establishment; and the annexed engravings report favourably of its progress, They represent

Two of the Entrance Lodges.

Another rustic building, the appropriation of which is not yet decided.

And a glazed circular building intended as a Refreshment room, but at present occupied by tropical birds, &c.

All three buildings are thatched, and they enliven the picturesqueness of the grounds, which, in a few months will form the most delightful promenade in the environs of the metropolis. Their extent, as we have stated, is about fifteen acres. Mr. Loudon, the intelligent editor of the *_Gardeners' Magazine_* objects to their plan, although, "speaking of the gardens as such, he is, on the whole, highly gratified with them. Their chief defect, at present, is a want of unity in the different scenes which come successively into view; that is, in proceeding along the walks, the different buildings and other objects, to the right and left, meet the eye with nearly equal claims to attention, and rather puzzle than delight the spectator. We call this a defect, because it may yet be remedied by planting. The object, in such a garden, ought to be, to lead the visiter to one scene after another, and to keep every scene so far distinct, either from that which has been just passed, or that which is next to come, as that its full unmingled expression shall be produced. At the same time, there ought to be just as much indicated of the coming scene as will excite curiosity and invite the stranger to proceed. The theory on this subject has been beautifully laid down by Morel and Girardin."

The Editor then proceeds to speak of the prompt and spirited manner, in which the buildings of the Surrey Gardens have been executed:--

"The London Zoological Society has certainly the merit of taking the lead in this description of garden; but Mr. Cross has not only proceeded more rapidly than they have done, but has erected more suitable and more imposing structures than are yet to be found in the gardens in the Regent's Park. What is there, for example, in the latter garden which can be at all compared with the circular glass building of 300 ft. in diameter, combining a series of examples of tropical quadrupeds and birds, and of exotic plants? In the plan of this building, the animals (lions, tigers, leopards, &c.) are kept in separate cages or compartments towards the centre; exterior to them is a colonnade, supporting the glazed roof, and also for cages of birds; within this colonnade will be placed hot-water pipes for heating the whole, and beyond it is an open paved area for spectators; next, there is a channel for a stream of water, intended for gold, silver and other exotic fishes; and, beyond, a border, under the front wall, for climbing plants, to be trained on wires under the roof. It is singular that the elevation of this building is almost a *fac simile* of the elevation which we made in May last for the hot-houses of the Birmingham Horticultural Society's garden; the only difference being, as it will afterwards appear, the addition, in our plan, of exterior pits, and of pediments over the entrance porches. The curvilinear sash-bars in Mr. Cross' building are of iron, by Brown of Clerkenwell, and the glazing is beautifully executed by Drake of the Edgeware Road." [1]

Notwithstanding the wintry aspect of the day, we found a group of visitors in this new curvilinear-building, who were inspecting their mightinesses the lions and large quadrupeds. There were likewise family parties in the walks, and each of the rustic buildings had its visitors. One of the prettiest additions is a beaver-dam, with picturesque and tower-like crag for the larger specimens of the *Falco* tribe. The enclosures for Indian and other rare cattle also aid the interesting character of the whole scene. A long glazed building is likewise in progress for monkeys, who may thus disport their recreant limbs in an exotic atmosphere. Apart from these attractions, the grounds themselves have some of the most beautiful features of landscape gardening: they abound with what artists consider *_bits_* of the picturesque. The quadrupeds and birds must surely rejoice at their removal from the murky dens of Exeter 'Change to so delightful a region as the present, even slightly as it assimilates with the luxuriance and vastness of their native forests and plains.

Above all, we are happy to find that two eminent naturalists, Messrs. Swainson and Gray have become "honorary zoologists" to this Establishment: all the animals will be first submitted to their inspection, and the species accurately defined by them; so that the advancement of zoological science will be associated with popular gratification.

[1] Gardeners' Magazine, Dec. 1831.

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REVENUE AND DEBT

Of the principal States in Europe, 1829; given from official documents, by President Von Malchulst, Minister of Finance to the King of Wurtemberg.

REVENUE. DEBT.

Russian Empire L17,420,000 L35,550,000

Austria 13,940,000 78,100,000

France 39,020,000 194,400,000

Great Britain 51,500,000 819,600,000

Prussia 8,149,000 29,701,000

The Netherlands 6,590,000 148,500,000

Sweden 2,170,000

Norway 354,000 252,100

Denmark 1,238,000 3,729,000

Poland 1,306,000 5,740,000

Spain 6,420,000 70,000,000

Portugal 2,110,000 5,649,000

Two Sicilies 3,521,000 18,974,000

Sardinia 2,750,000 4,584,000

States of the Church 1,238,000 17,142,000

Grand Duchy of Tuscany 623,400 1,834,000

Switzerland 440,000

Ottoman Empire in Europe 2,475,000 3,667,000

Bavaria 2,973,000 11,311,000

Saxony 1,009,000 3,300,000

Hanover 990,000 2,384,000

Wurtemberg 851,950 2,595,000

Baden 901,290 1,670,000

Hesse (Darmstadt) 537,260 1,184,900

Hesse (Electorate) 476,000 220,000

W.G.C.

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SWIMMING.

(_To the Editor._)

The practice of swimming is so pleasurable, and so conducive to health, and a knowledge of the art of such evident utility, that it is strange that in sea-girt England we should possess no treatise on the subject at all commensurate with its importance. There is a large work on the subject by Bernardi, a Neapolitan, too voluminous and discursive for general use; and by being in the Italian language, a sealed book to the English reader. A translation of this work into German was reviewed

in the 67th number of the Quarterly Review; and after the observations made by the reviewer, it was really to be hoped that we should before now have possessed some valuable translation of Bernardi.

Great numbers are deterred from attempting to acquire the art of swimming by the time which they know must be consumed, under the present system of learning, before the exercise can be so far learned as to make it a pleasant recreation.

The substance of Bernardi's practical theory appears to be, the "adapting the habitual movements of the body on land to its progress in water;" and it is attested by a commission, appointed by the Neapolitan Government to investigate Bernardi's system, that "the new method is sooner learnt than the old, to the extent of advancing a pupil in one day as far as a month's instruction according to the old plan."

My reason for addressing you is, that the appearance of this communication, or a remark of your own in your widely diffused periodical, may possibly meet the eye of some individual willing and able to clothe Bernardi in an English garb.

M.L.T.

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THE SKETCH-BOOK.

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THE HON. MRS. NAPIER.

"Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time."

You ask me for a single reminiscence of the olden time, which may
challenge your sympathy for female suffering, and is as yet unhacknied.
You shall have one.

The recent perusal of a file of old Newspapers has brought it freshly to
memory, and if your sympathy can be excited by the recital of an event
of a private nature, which gave occasion in its time to deep and
heartfelt regret, and occurred towards the close of the revolutionary
war; I will detain you for a few moments by reverting to the year 1780,
and by taking you with me within the British lines at New York.

It is only an incident, I confess, but it is of a character to furnish
a scene for the "mind's eye," an incident which, though it could never
occupy a very prominent place upon the canvass, might prove itself

a fine auxiliary, spreading a sweet and tender effect over the more distant parts of the picture. There are many similar events which seem fated to be lost in the rapid changes of feeling and the constant revolutions of business; many too that would give interest to the tale, and pathos to the ballad. It is not generally known that some of the elite of the English nobility served in this country during the revolution, but the fact may be ascertained by referring to the biographical notices which from time to time appear in foreign publications.

Many gallant young men, who were the only hope of their families, and made their first essay in arms against their transatlantic brethren, were doomed to fall at the onset of their career.

Some of the choicest blood of English chivalry bedewed the plains of Brandywine, and valour, birth and merit were alike an unavailing sacrifice in the struggle at Saratoga.

There was one distinguished family in England, which lost its head at this memorable battle, and in which the voice of weeping was heard upon the advent of its melancholy tidings. I allude to that of Sir Francis Carr Clerke, the aid de camp of general Burgoyne, who, although he possessed hereditary honours, and a fair estate in Lancashire, was at the age of twenty nine mortally wounded in the wilds of America, and now sleeps in an obscure grave near that of the unfortunate Frazer.

Several of our prints have lately copied an obituary of the Earl of Balcarras, who was also at Saratoga and had two remarkable rencontres with general Arnold, the one, when at the head of the British Light Infantry, he defended himself against his desperate valour, and the other when he subsequently refused to recognise him as an acquaintance at the court of St. James, even upon the introduction of the King himself.

He was one of the most important witnesses examined in relation to the military conduct of his commander, and his testimony is the most interesting part of the celebrated narrative of the Expedition. He is said to have been to the last, frank, communicative and hospitable, and to have abounded in anecdotes of his American campaign.

Perhaps he had not forgotten, and if he had, certain old matrons of Williamstown in Massachusetts have not, a scene which took place at the village inn, upon his march to Cambridge as a prisoner of war, and when for the gratification of female curiosity, Lord Napier, or himself, mounted a chair, and was exhibited by his comrades, notwithstanding his muddy and threadbare habiliments, as a specimen of a "real lord."

Be this as it may, we all know there is, or very lately was in existence a house in Wall street at New York, which, was long pointed out to the curious as the head quarters of the Duke of Clarence,[2] when he was a stripling officer under the command of Admiral Digby, and it would not be difficult to seat ones-self in the very same window seat in Brooklyn

whence the veritable Earl of Caithness was wont with "half an eye" to watch the Union flying at the flag staff in the Fort, or "vertere in se," turn his glance upon his own regiment quartered on his own side of the river.

The late Earl of Harrington was also in America, a captain in the 29th foot, and a supernumerary aid of general Burgoyne. He was very soon exchanged, and in two years after, we heard of his surrender at discretion to the fair heiress of Brompton park. He has recently been most distinguished as the father of that eminent fop, Lord Petersham, the envy of Bond street and the pride of the pave. This sort of notoriety, though not exactly for the same reason was that which immortalized "Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." The celebrated Lady Harriet Ackland, although we never could forgive her second marriage with Mr. Brudenell, (chaplain to the artillery) upon the major's being killed in a duel in England, has rendered herself for ever famous. The exhibition of her devotion to him amid the horrors of battle, and the tedious hours of sickness, has been celebrated by the classic pen of Burgoyne, as a "picture of the spirit, the enterprize, and the distress of romance realized, and regulated, upon the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty."

The baroness of Reidesel will also be long remembered, from the display of similar qualities; but there were many, very many others, some of them of equal rank, whose misfortunes in America had no such happy termination, who were exposed to similar privations, and encountered similar hardships, yet were fated to return no more to their native

land.

I happened, I think it was in January, 1780, about the middle of the month, to be at Flushing, Long Island; of course I was too young to be a combatant, so I wandered about among my friends as circumstances directed; sometimes among the whigs and sometimes among the tories, having by the aid of friends in both armies a passport to the one or the other side. At this particular time, I observed a funeral procession of rather an extraordinary character. In its appearance it was partly civil and partly military. A carriage dressed in sable plumes was followed by a number of military men with the usual badges of mourning. They belonged to the 22nd, 38th, and 80th regiments; the latter Grenadiers. It proceeded in silence along the street, having started from a public house kept by a man of the name of Vanderbilt. I could not perceive any persons attending as principal mourners, although great grief was discoverable in the countenances of those present. Upon further inquiry I found that it was the funeral of the honourable Mrs. Napier, and that the corpse was now to be carried to the vault of lieutenant governor Colden at Springfield, whence, at a convenient opportunity, it was to be removed to England. She was only twenty three years of age when she died. Young and beautiful, she was the idol of her family, which she had not hesitated to forsake, that she might follow the fortunes of her husband. He commanded a company of Grenadiers in the 80th regiment, and was the son of lord Napier, a Scottish nobleman.

If I mistake not, he had seen service with the army of Canada, and after its surrender to general Gates, was enabled by an early exchange, to

retire with his wife to Long Island, for the benefit of her health. They had two daughters, one of the age of three years, and the other of two, who were the dear solace of their retirement. If it be true that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

the reunion of these young people must have been blissful.

An expedition to the southward was soon the unwelcome cause of their separation. They parted; and it was during his absence that this hapless woman became alarmingly ill. From this illness she never recovered. She was from the first sensible of her danger, and she felt a strong presentiment that she would see her husband no more: and for those to whom her heart instinctively clung with the affection of a daughter, she could only address her secret prayers, divided as she was from them, by the wide waters of the Atlantic.

Her two little girls were about to be thrown upon the charity of strangers, and as no one could foresee the issue of the expedition, in which their beloved father was engaged, she could not but fancy them orphans in a foreign land, far from every relative, and exposed to the thousand mischances that lie in wait for unprotected infancy. These distressing reflections would also seem to have been heightened by the

consideration that it was very uncertain whether the king's troops would be able to maintain their position at New York. Anticipating the confusion of a retreat, and the hurry of an embarkation increased by the approach of danger, must she not have shuddered at the fate of these two little innocents destitute of every claim to protection but that of helplessness.

And then too, she was about to die in a foreign land! to mingle her ashes with a soil neither kindred to her heart, nor consoling in its associations. No gentle hand smoothed her dying pillow; no well known voice responded to her last sighs. What a moment for such a young and interesting woman. What agonies may we not imagine to have been her's? Her career of life, of rank, of honour, closing with circumstances so little befitting their proud claims. What horrors would we not naturally attribute to that hour of accumulating anguish, to that child, to that mother, to that wife? What wretchedness to that fatal moment which was about to sever their purest, freshest, sweetest ties? _Quite otherwise_. This admirable young woman, died with serenity and resignation. Religion shed its light upon her heart, and faith "that daughter of the skies," renewed her sinking spirit with life and hope. She fearlessly committed her infants to their father in heaven, and in the full assurance of a triumph over death and the grave, she gently yielded up her spirit to him who gave it.

Colonel Archibald Hamilton, who then resided at Flushing, and appears to have been a distinguished personage, connected with the Lothian family, immediately carried the children to his own home, where they remained

until the return of their father, tenderly taken care of and cherished.

The feelings of that father upon his return are not for me to describe.

Those agonies which affection may feel, but which are too sacred thoughtlessly to be portrayed, were on this occasion deep and withering.

That cheek which toil and exposure had not yet blanched, was now pale with care and furrowed by grief.

I never learned what became of the children; whether they returned to their "ain countrie," to grow up to womanhood within the halls of Thirlstane, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," or early slept on the hill side of Selkirk, covered by the heath and shaded by the broom. Perhaps at this moment they live in a green old age, the chronicles of that fated period, when the mother country by her ill-starred policy threw away one of her brightest jewels. Individual suffering increased and rendered poignant beyond the usual lot of humanity, marked a contest which was founded upon unprovoked aggression.

And here was one of its victims, a sweet and modest flower, that was transported from its native bed, to sink under the stormy climate, and the rude winds to which her fate exposed her. Under other circumstance she might have lived to grace society and throw around her the influence of virtue, taste and education. But she was doomed to fall like the blossom from the tree.

(From the Scrap Table, a volume of pleasant sketches, published

at Boston, North America.)

[2] His present Majesty, William IV.

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SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

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THE POISONED VALLEY.

At the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 28th ult., considerable interest was excited by an extract from a letter of Mr. Alexander Loudon, communicated to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. The letter contains the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying, in a very short space of time the life of man, or any animal exposed to its atmosphere. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java; and on the 4th of July, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments.--On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter

of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen in the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin the inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itself is described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, about 30 or 35 feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there.--The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown after it died in the space of a minute and a half.

A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without a knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.--(The effects, as here described, are identical with those at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, and no doubt arise from the same cause. These seem more strange in an open valley; but the mephitic air at the Grotto is so heavy that you may stand upright without inconvenience, as it rises but a few inches above the surface.)--_Morning Chronicle_.

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CHOLERA.--VAPOUR BATH.

(_To the Editor_.)

As you know that a variety of remedies are put forth for the Cholera Morbus, and as the external application of heat, either by friction, or water or vapour baths, is among the most effectual means of arresting

the fatal termination of that dreadful malady, perhaps the following description of a vapour bath may claim a place in the Mirror:--

It is not generally known in England, that the settlers in the remote parts of North America make use of the following simple mode of procuring a vapour bath.

The patient is enveloped in blankets, which are closely fastened about the neck, leaving the head exposed. He sits on a chair (under the chair is placed a basin, or deep dish, with half a pint of either alcohol or whisky, which is ignited)--the blankets lap over each other, enveloping the whole, and are closed to the floor, by other blankets, &c., as much as possible. In a very few minutes the patient is in a profuse perspiration; he is then immediately put to bed between warm blankets.

The simplicity and easy application of the above bath render it invaluable, as the most ignorant persons may use it with safety; and in such a disorder as the cholera morbus it may be found of excellent effect, before the possible arrival of a medical practitioner.

G.I.B.

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THE THREE KINGS' ISLANDS, OFF NEW ZEALAND.

These islands have a barren aspect, are of moderate height, and may be seen on a clear day at a distance of twenty-five miles. They lie in an angular position, in a north, south, and east direction. The eastern island is the longest, and may be a mile in length; the other two are about equal, both in size and height, and may be about a quarter of a mile in length. At the south-east end of the western island, adjoining are several high rocks, which at a distance of seven or eight miles have the appearance of separate islets: these rocks extend five or six miles to the E.N.E., with the sea breaking a little without them.

On the east side of the largest of these islands there is reported to be a small, sandy bay, where a boat could land in fine weather. In it there is a good spring of fresh water, some goats, and abundance of wild celery. These islands do not appear to occupy more space than eight miles from north to south, and nearly the same distance from east to west. There is no danger to be apprehended at the distance of two miles on the south side, as we passed them at that distance.[3]--_Mr. G.B.'s Journ. of New Zealand, March 28, 1829_.

[3] A current was experienced off these islands, setting S.S.W. at the rate of three miles an hour. The day previous to making the land, a strong current appeared to set from the N.W.

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EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

Amongst the various afflictions which have been produced on nervous persons and young children, by being suddenly frightened, it is probably not generally known that loss of hearing is not one of the least unfrequent. In Mr. Curtis's new work on the Diseases of the Ear, two cases are related in which children were alarmed: in the one instance, by being put into a dark cellar by a servant, and in the other by being frightened by an elder sister; and in both of these cases the effect was such that total deafness ensued. The former case was attended with the loss of speech. These cases are mentioned to show the danger and impropriety of children being frightened by servants or others, as it is an evil the effects of which remain a long time, sometimes until death--not unfrequently producing fits, and a long train of diseases.--_From a Correspondent_.

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AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The literary and scientific world will hear with much interest that two enterprising individuals, of the name of Colthurst and Tyrwhitt, gentlemen by birth and education, are about to proceed immediately to Africa at their own expense, with a view of exploring the interior of that country. Their intention is to proceed from Benin, on the western coast, through to Egypt, their object being to solve the problem of the mighty Nile. They have our best wishes for the success of so noble and spirited an enterprise.--_Times_.

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RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

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ANCIENT NAVY OF ENGLAND.

History mentions a great fleet of Julius Caesar; a fleet of King Edgar, consisting of 3,600 sail; a fleet of Lewis, son to Philip King of France, of 600 sail, that arrived at Sandwich, to assist the English Barons against King John;--but those, doubtless, were but as so many cottages to castles, in respect of the present ships of war.

Henry the Eighth, in the fifth year of his reign, built a ship, then accounted the greatest that had ever been seen in England, and named it Henry Grace de Dieu, or the Great Henry: it was of a thousand tons.

In the eighth year of King James was built, by the Londoners, a ship of 1,200 tons, and called the Trades Increase; which being lost in the East Indies, King James caused another to be built, of 1,400 tons; which being given to Prince Henry, was by him named The Prince.

King Charles the Martyr, perceiving the great increase of shipping in our neighbour nations, and that the sovereignty of these seas was like to be disputed, amongst other great ships of war, built one greater than any ship of war either in England or in any other country of Europe, and named it the Royal Sovereign, which, for its size, etc., shall be more particularly described. The Royal Sovereign, being a ship of the first rate or rank, built in the year 1637, is in length, by the keel, 127 feet; in breadth, by the beam, 47 feet; in depth, 49 feet; her draught of water, 21 feet; of burden, in all, 2,072 tons; and 1,492 tons, besides guns, tackle, etc. This mighty moving castle has six anchors: whereof the biggest weighs 6,000 lbs., and the least 4,300. It hath 14 cables: whereof the greatest is 21 inches in compass, and weighs 9,000 lbs., her least cable being eight inches in compass, weighing near 1,300 lbs. To the Royal Sovereign belong eighteen masts and yards: whereof the greatest, called the mainmast, is 113 feet long, and 38 inches diameter; her main yard 102 feet long, and 23 inches diameter; and her main top, 15 feet diameter. She hath ten several sorts of sails of several names (as every ship of every one of the sixth rate has): whereof her greatest

sail, called her maincourse (together with her bonnet) contains 1,640 yards of canvass, Ipswich double; and the least sail, called fore-top-gallant-sail, contains 130 yards of canvass. The charge of one complete suit of sails for the Sovereign is 404l. Stirling money; the weight of the sea store, in point of ground tackle and other cordage, is sixty tons, eight hundred and odd pounds. She carries a long-boat of fifty feet, a pinnacle of thirty-six feet, and a skiff of twenty-seven feet long. The weight of her rigging, three and thirty tons.

She hath three tier of guns, all of brass: whereof there are forty-four upon her upper tier, and twenty-two in her lower tier--in all, one hundred guns. She carries, in all, of officers, soldiers, and mariners, eight hundred and fifty men. Finally, her whole charges for wages, victuals, ammunition, wear and tear, for every month at sea, costs the king 3,500l. sterling, as hath been computed by a very skilful person.

The charges of building a ship of the first rate, together with guns, tackle, and rigging (besides victualling), doth ordinarily amount to about 62,432l. Those of lower rates proportionably.--_Angliae Notitia_.

G.K.

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OLD POETS.

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CHILDREN.

Riches of children pass a prince's throne
Which touch the father's heart with secret joy,
When without shame he saith, "These be mine own."

SIR P. SIDNEY

* * * * *

FAME.

Then came they to the foul and loathsome lake.
Dark, deep, and miry, of a dreadful hue,
Where was the aged man that never stinted
To carry bundles of the names imprinted.
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Nature and custom so swift of foot had made,
He never rested, but ran evermore.
And with his coming he did use his trade;
A heap of names within his cloak he bare,

And in the river did them all unlade;
Or, to say truth, away he cast them all
Into this stream, which Lethe we do call.
This prodigal old wretch no sooner came
Unto this cursed river's barren bank,
But desperately, without all fear of blame,
Or caring to deserve reward or thank,
He hurl'd therein full many a precious name
Where millions soon unto the bottom sank:
Hardly in every thousand one was found
That was not in the gulf quite lost and drown'd;
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carrion crows, and chattering pies,
And many more of sundry kinds and hue,
Making lewd harmony with their loud cries:
These, when the careless wretch the treasure threw
Into the stream, did all they could devise,
What with their talons some, and some with beak,
To save these names, but found themselves too weak.
For ever as they thought themselves to raise,
To bear away those names of good renown,
The weight of them so heavy downward weighs,
They in the stream were driven to cast them down,
Only two swans sustained so great a prize,
In spite of him who sought them all to drown:
These two did still take up whose names they list,
And bare them safe away, and never miss'd.
Sometime all under the foul lake they dived,

And took up some that were with water cover'd,
And those that seem'd condemned they repriv'd.
And often as about the bank they hovered,
They caught them, ere they to the stream arriv'd,
Then went they with the names they had recover'd,
Up to a hill that stood the water nigh,
On which a stately church was built on high.
This place is sacred to immortal fame,
And evermore a nymph stands at the gate,
And took the names wherewith the two swans came,
Whether they early come, or whether late.
Then all about the church she hang'd the same,
Before that sacred image in such rate
As they might then be well assured for ever,
Spite of that wretch, in safety to persever.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

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CARE OF CHILDREN.

All as the painful ploughman plies his toil
With shear and coulter shearing through the soil,
That costs him dear and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it undersprout,

And never stays to ward it from the weed,
But most respects to sow therein good seed;
To th' end when summer decks the meadows plain,
He may have recompense of costs and pain.
Or like the maid who careful is to keep
The budding flower, that first begins to peep
Out of the knop and waters it full oft,
To make it seemly show the head aloft,
That it may (when she draws it from the stocks)
Adorn her gorget white and golden locks.
So wise Merari all his study styl'd
To fashion well the manners of his child.

HUDSON.

* * * * *

GOD.

---How soever things in likelihood dissent
In birth, life, death, our God is first, the middle, and event.
And not what he can do he will, but what he will be can,
And that he do or do it not, behoves us not to scan.

WARNER.

* * * * *

NIGHT.

Now from the fresh, the soft, and tender bed,
Of her still mother gentle Night outflow
The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,
With honey drops of pure and precious dew,
And on the verdure of green forests spread,
The virgin primrose and the violet blue;
And sweet breath Zephyr on his spreading wings
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings.
The thoughts and troubles of broad waking day
They softly dip in mild oblivion's lake.

FAIRFAX.

* * * * *

Now the world's comforter with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl (Night's herald) shrieks; 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, the birds to nest,
The cool black clouds that shadow heaven's light

Do summon us to part and bid good night.

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

WIT.

The wit the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirror of the phantasy,
Where all the gathering of the senses are,
From thence this power the shape of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlightened by that part which acts,
And so the form of single things receives;
But after by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know
And all effects into their causes bring.
Our wit is given Almighty God to know,
Our will is given to love him being known,
But God could not be known to us below
But by his works, which through the sense are known.

DAVIS.

* * * * *

THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF _NEW WORKS._

* * * * *

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

Effects of the Dissolution.

The progress of the Reformation was attended (as all great national convulsions are) with many and sad excesses. The work of destruction, when long continued, is in itself a thing which hardens the heart; and the Reformation was full of it. Monk and nun turned out of house and home, pensioned indeed, but (except in the case of superiors, who were treated with more lenity) pensioned with a miserable equivalent; their dwelling-places, beautiful as many of them were, laid low, that all hope of return might be cut off; their cells surrendered to the bats and owls; their chapels made a portion for foxes, the mosaic pavements torn up, the painted windows dashed in pieces, the bells gambled for, or sold into Russia and other countries,[4] though often before they reached their destination buried in the ocean--all and utterly dismantled, save where, happening to be parish churches also, as was the case at St.

Alban's, Tewkesbury, Malvern, and elsewhere, they were rescued in whole, or in part, from Henry's harpies, by the petitions or the pecuniary contributions of the pious inhabitants;[5] libraries, of which most monasteries contained one, treated by their new possessors with barbaric contempt; "some books reserved for their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, some to rub their boots, some sold to the grocers and soap-boilers, and some sent over sea to book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole shipsful, to the wondering of foreign nations; a single merchant purchasing at forty shillings a piece two noble libraries to be used as grey-paper, and such as having already sufficed for ten years were abundantly enough (says the eye-witness whose words are here quoted) for many years more;"[6] these were some of the coarser features of those times; howbeit there were many besides these. For the churches were now treated with gross irreverence; horses and mules were led through them; they were profaned by dogs and hawks, by doves and owls, by stares and choughs;[7] they were plundered of their plate by churchwardens, or other powerful parishioners,[8] who might argue, that if they spared, others would spoil; or who might wish ill to the cause of the Reformation, and take such means to scandalize it. London, says Latimer, was never so full of ill; charity was waxen cold in it. "Oh, London, London," cries this earnest old man, "repent! repent! for I think God more displeased with London, than he ever was with the city of Nebo."[9] Such was the profligacy of its youth, that he marvels the earth gaped not to swallow it up. There were many that denied the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a heaven or a hell.[10] Manly sports and pastimes had been exchanged for the gaming-table. Divorces, even amongst the inferior classes of society, were become common; for marriage being declared no sacrament, probably

many chose to interpret the declaration to mean that it was no bond.[11]

The elementary bread of the eucharist was expressed by base and indecent nicknames.[12] The alehouses were filled with profane disputants upon the mysteries of our faith, and the dissolute scoffers made songs upon them:[13] "Green Sleeves," "Maggy Lauder," and "John Anderson my Jo," with numbers more, were all of this class of compositions; and psalms (in this instance, perhaps, without any intentional levity) were set to hornpipes. To crown all, a multitude of disaffected persons were at large in the country, speaking evil of dignities, and exciting the idle, the hungry, and the aggrieved, to riot and rebellion; bearding the government with audacious demands of changes, both civil and ecclesiastical, to be made at their pleasure, couched in language the most imperative and insolent; "such," Cranmer observes in his answer to them, "as was not at any time used of subjects to their prince since the beginning of the world." [14]

[4] Some Account of Shrewsbury, p. 128.

[5] See the Petition of the Inhabitants of Holm Cultram, in Cumberland, to Cromwell, praying for the preservation of the abbey church there A.D. 1538. Ellis's Original Letters, ii. 89.

[6] Spelman, Hist. and Fate of Sacrilege, p. 202. The extract is from a letter of John Bale to Leland.

[7] Homily on keeping clean of Churches.

[8] Strype's Cranmer, 177.

[9] Latimer's Sermons, i.60, 61.--Id. i. 176.

[10] Id. i. 167.

[11] Latimer's Sermons, i; 176, 220.

[12] Strype's Cranmer, 175.

[13] Fox, 1048. Percy's Reliques of English Poetry, ii 291.

Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 2.

[14] Strype, Append, 88.

Fox's Book of Martyrs.

For a history of that noble army of martyrs of whom it now becomes our business to speak, we are indebted to John Fox, himself an exile in Mary's reign, and like most of those who then lived abroad, a friend of the Puritan principles at home. He had access to the archives and registers of the bishops; Grindal, who was himself a great collector of

such materials, amongst others, supplying him with what he knew; and in many instances to the letters of the martyrs themselves;[15] of all which documents, says Strype, he has been found, by those who have compared his books with his authorities, to have made a faithful use. He lived many years after his first edition was published, which was in 1563, and in the interval laboured to render it still more perfect; suppressing where he found reason to doubt, as in the story of Cranmer's heart remaining unconsumed when the rest of his body was reduced to ashes;[16] enlarging where he was furnished with fresh matter which he thought trustworthy, as in the story of Gardiner's being stricken with sickness on the day of Cranmer's martyrdom;[17] and taking journeys in order to confront witnesses and sift evidence when his facts chanced to be called in question;[18] such was his industry. But, independently of all knowledge of this, his pains-taking, the internal evidence of the book is enough to establish its general good faith. There is a simplicity in the narrative, particularly in many of its minute details, which is beyond all fiction; a homely pathos in the stories which art could not reach. Sometimes an expression casually drops out which suffices to prove the testimony to be that of an eye-witness; thus, where the terrible death of Ridley is described, the martyrologist speaks in general in his own person; yet we read, that "after the legs of the sufferer were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain, he showed that side toward _us_ clean, shirt and all untouched with flame," as though the informant (whose words the historian had here neglected to accommodate) had been himself the spectator. Sometimes there is a frank confession of ignorance, where a less scrupulous writer would have been under a great temptation to supply the defect of information by conjecture; thus, in the details of

the same execution of Ridley and Latimer, it is observed, that after they rose from their knees the one talked with the other a little while, but what they said, adds Fox, "I can learn of no man." Above all, there is such candour in the developement even of his most favourite characters, their failings as well as their virtues so fairly told, that it is plain they have not been packed. Thus it is by him we are taught that Cranmer moved the King to the execution of Joan of Kent, though Cranmer's general disposition would seem repugnant to such an office, and though no mention is made in Edward's Journal of any such interference, or, indeed, of any reluctance on his own part which should render it needful: thus of Latimer, he does not conceal that he probably subscribed on one occasion certain articles which the bishops presented to him, of fear rather than of conscience;^[19] and of Hooper, his favourite, if he had one among the martyrs, that he disputed too pertinaciously, and to the breach of mutual charity, with his opponents on the subject of the episcopal habits, and that the prospect of their approaching death for the common cause, and nothing less, could effect the cordial union of the parties. Neither does he suppress any instance of kindness by which the sufferings of the martyrs were mitigated; and as St. Luke tells us of the centurion entreating Paul courteously, so does Fox relate of Saunders, that when his wife came to the prison gate, with her young child in her arms, to visit her husband, the keeper, though he durst not suffer her to enter the prison, yet took the little babe out of her arms and brought him to his father, to his exceeding great joy: and of Hooper's guard, that they interceded with the sheriffs of Gloucester on behalf of their charge, that he might not be sent to the common gaol, they declaring at large how quietly, mildly, and patiently he had behaved himself in the way, and adding, that they would

rather themselves be at the pains to watch with him than that he should be so handled: and of Rowland Taylor, that his wife and son Thomas were permitted to sup with him in the Counter, "by the gentleness of his keepers;" and afterwards, that of his guard three out of the four used him friendly. It was to be expected that a work which, had it been published a few years sooner (supposing this possible), would probably have added its author to the catalogue of his own martyrs, should excite no small stir amongst the Catholics, and so it came to pass. But they weakened the force of their attack by betraying prematurely the spirit which animated them, sarcastically inquiring, even before its publication, when the "Golden Legend" was to appear, and denouncing the "Calendar of Saints," which they had heard was to be prefixed to it, as blasphemy against their own. But Fox went on, as he says, without fear and without favour; and no sooner was Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated, out of the way, than an examination of the book appeared, by Parsons the Jesuit, in his "Three Conversions of England," which has furnished more modern objectors with most of the weapons of their warfare. But Parsons writes in a temper which defeats itself. He deals in vague vituperation, rather than in specific accusations of error; or where he ventures upon the latter, he often either wilfully or ignorantly misreads Fox, as in the vapid pleasantries wasted upon Joan Lashford, a married maid, as he is pleased to call her;^[20] or he triumphs over him by exposing some flaw in the character of a martyr with an *_eureka_*, which the honest martyrologist himself did not affect to conceal, and for the knowledge indeed of which Parsons is altogether indebted to him, as where he makes himself merry with the discordant sentiments of nine martyrs executed together, though their want of uniformity is a fact which he learns from Fox himself, who at the same time asserts that their disagreement was in

smaller things only;[21] or he prefers charges against him at random without troubling himself to ascertain whether there is foundation for them or not, as where he accuses him of defacing or destroying the records of cathedrals, which he had been permitted to use, lest they should convict him of negligence or fraud; and this not upon investigation of the fact, but simply, "he presuming it," as though a charge so serious was to be an affair of presumption only;[22] or, lastly, he comments upon his author in so fiendish a temper of mind, as would be in itself enough to satisfy every calm and dispassionate judge that he spoke not of truth or a love for it, but of mere malice; as where, after debasing the circumstances of Rowland Taylor's story throughout, he concludes with a repetition of his joke about the worms in Hadley churchyard, as given in Fox, and subjoins "this noteth Fox in the margin for a goodly apophthegm of Dr. Taylor, martyr; and with this, he saith, he went to the fire; _where we must leave him eternally as I fear_;"[23] and in a similar vein he has the heart to write of Latimer and Ridley, "they were burned together, each of them taking gunpowder to despatch himself quickly, as by Fox is seen, which yet is not read to have been practised by old martyrs, and it seemeth that these men would have the fame of martyrdom without the pain; and _now they have incurred the everlasting pain_, if by their end we may judge." [24] The man who could write thus can scarcely lay claim to our credence; for his prejudice has evidently stifled in him every sense by which a regard for truth can be guaranteed.

It is not thought out of place to introduce here this brief vindication of a book, which, so far as it is a contemporary history, has been,

both of old, and of late, an object of unfair depreciation, but from which no right-hearted Protestant can rise, without being at once a sadder and a better man;--a book out of which we shall now fearlessly draw our information, whilst we offer to our readers a few examples of those terrible sufferings which it is at once humiliating to think that man could inflict, and animating to think that man could so nobly bear.--_Family Library_, vol. xxvi.

[15] Strype's Annals, pp. 239,240,241. Strype's Life of Grindal, pp. 11, 17, 22, fol., where will be found much information as to the manner in which Fox's book was composed.

[16] Compare p. 444 of the first edition (very scarce) with subsequent editions.

[17] This incident has been made the subject of much criticism to the disparagement of Fox. He, however, gives it as hearsay only, and, though the circumstantial details might not have been reported to him correctly, the substantial fact may be true nevertheless. Fox, too, was personally connected with the family of the Duke of Norfolk (at whose house the scene is said to have occurred), being once tutor in it.--Strype's Annals, pp 110, 368.

[18] Strype's Annals, p. 242.

[19] Fox, iii. 459.

[20] Three Conversions, ii. 215.

[21] Id. 230.

[22] Id. ii.81, and Strype's Annals, p. 240.

[23] Id. ii. 81, and Strype's Annals, p. 336.

[24] Id. iii. 23.

* * * * *

SONGS,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

From the _"Summer Fete,"_ just published.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,

As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;

But, as I'm not particular--wit, love, and wine,

Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay--humble and strange as my tastes may appear--
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this is six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper--your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan;
But as we are _not_ sages, why--send the cup round--
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of _new_ pleasures!--give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnance of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper--your Angels on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are _not_ angels, why--let the flask fly,
We must only be happy _all_ ways that we can.

* * * * *

Oh, where art thou dreaming,

On land or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee:
And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
Thou com'st not--No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night flowers
Should wake from their rest,
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute murmurs best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see,
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee:
Yet thou com'st not--No, thou com'st not!

* * * * *

Who'll buy?--'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,

That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy?--'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather,
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then--a tumble.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their beirs, we've quicksilver,
That, fast as heart can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new.
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you.
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods that we can recommend you,
Why then--as we with lawyers do--
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
Who'll buy? &c. &c.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

* * * * *

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.

At the commencement of Michaelmas term, that is, at the end of October, in the year 1810, I happened one day to sit next to a fresh man at dinner: it was his first appearance in hall. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. I know not how it was that we fell into conversation, for such familiarity was unusual, and, strange to

say, much reserve prevailed in a society where there could not possibly be occasion for any. We have often endeavoured in vain to recollect in what manner our discourse began, and especially by what transition it passed to a subject sufficiently remote from all the associations we were able to trace. The stranger had expressed an enthusiastic admiration for poetical and imaginative works of the German school. I dissented from his criticisms. He upheld the originality of the German writings. I asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature," said he, "will you compare to theirs?" I named the Italian. This roused all his impetuosity; and few, as I soon discovered, were more impetuous in argumentative conversation. So eager was our dispute, that when the servants came to clear the tables, we were not aware that we had been left alone. I remarked, that it was time to quit the hall, and I invited the stranger to finish the discussion at my rooms. He eagerly assented. He lost the thread of his discourse in the transit, and the whole of his enthusiasm in the cause of Germany; for as soon as he arrived at my rooms, and whilst I was lighting the candles, he said calmly, and to my great surprise, that he was not qualified to maintain such a discussion, for he was alike ignorant of Italian and German, and had only read the works of the Germans in translations, and but little of Italian poetry, even at second hand. For my part, I confessed, with an equal ingenuousness, that I knew nothing of German, and but little of Italian! that I had spoken only through others, and like him, had hitherto seen by the glimmering light of translations. It is upon such scanty data that young men reason; upon such slender materials do they build up their opinions. It may be urged, however, that if they did not discourse freely with each other upon insufficient information--for such alone can be acquired in the pleasant morning of life, and until they educate

themselves--they would be constrained to observe a perpetual silence, and to forego the numerous advantages that flow from frequent and liberal discussion. I inquired of the vivacious stranger, as we sat over our wine and dessert, how long he had been at Oxford, how he liked it, &c.? He answered my questions with a certain impatience, and resuming the subject of our discussion, he remarked that "Whether the literature of Germany, or of Italy, be the most original, or in the purest and most accurate taste, is of little importance! for polite letters are but vain trifling; the study of languages, not only of the modern tongues, but of Latin and Greek also, is merely the study of words and phrases; of the names of things; it matters not how they are called; it is surely far better to investigate things themselves." I inquired, a little bewildered, how this was to be effected? He answered, "through the physical sciences, and especially through chemistry;" and raising his voice, his face flushing as he spoke, he discoursed with a degree of animation, that far outshone his zeal in defence of the Germans, of chemistry and chemical analysis. Concerning that science, then so popular, I had merely a scanty and vulgar knowledge, gathered from elementary books, and the ordinary experiments of popular lecturers. I listened, therefore, in silence to his eloquent disquisition, interposing a few brief questions only, and at long intervals, as to the extent of his own studies and manipulations. As I felt, in truth, but a slight interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add, to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode

of the day; but they were tumbled, ruffled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last _appeared_ of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stage-coachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical, (the mouth, perhaps, excepted,) yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration, that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes, (and into these they infused their whole souls,) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognised the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. I seemed to have found in him

all those intellectual qualities which I had vainly expected to meet with in an University. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence. "This is a fine, clever fellow!" I said to myself, "but I can never bear his society; I shall never be able to endure his voice; it would kill me. What a pity it is!" I am very sensible of imperfections, and especially of painful sounds--and the voice of the stranger was excruciating; it was intolerably shrill, harsh and discordant; of the most cruel intension--it was perpetual, and without any remission--it excoriated the ears. He continued to discourse of chemistry, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing before the fire, and sometimes pacing about the room; and when one of the innumerable clocks that speak in various notes during the day and the night at Oxford, proclaimed a quarter to seven, he said suddenly that he must go to a lecture on mineralogy, and declared enthusiastically that he expected to derive much pleasure and instruction from it. I am ashamed to own that the cruel voice made me hesitate for a moment; but it was impossible to omit so indispensable a civility--I invited him to return to tea; he gladly assented, promised that he would not be absent long, snatched his cap, hurried out of the room, and I heard his footsteps, as he ran through the silent quadrangle, and afterwards along the High-street. An hour soon elapsed, whilst the table was cleared, and the tea was made, and I again heard the footsteps of one running quickly. My guest suddenly burst into the room, threw down his cap, and as he stood shivering and chafing his hands over the fire, he declared how much he had been disappointed in the lecture. Few persons attended; it was dull and languid, and he was resolved never to go to another. "I went away, indeed," he added, with an arch look and in a shrill whisper, coming close to me as he spoke--"I

went away, indeed, before the lecture was finished. I stole away; for it was so stupid, and I was so cold, that my teeth chattered. The Professor saw me, and appeared to be displeased. I thought I could have got out without being perceived; but I struck my knee against a bench, and made a noise, and he looked at me. I am determined that he shall never see me again."

"What did the man talk about?"

"About stones! about stones!" he answered, with a downcast look and in a melancholy tone, as if about to say something excessively profound.

"About stones!--stones, stones, stones!--nothing but stones!--and so drily. It was wonderfully tiresome--and stones are not interesting things in themselves!"

New Monthly Magazine.

* * * * *

WAR SONG,

FOR THE ARMY TO BE SENT AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Come, tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa!

Each proud virgin amazon, onward with me!
Come, rouse for the fight, all ye maids who adore[25]
The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Come, clatter the tea-cups, and brandish each spoon,
Beat loudly the tea-tray, the kettle, and urn;
No more for the lover or sweet honey-moon,
But for Twankay and war let your soft bosoms burn!

Shall a petitcoat savage--the horrible bore--
Infringe on our rights, and deny us our tea?
No, no! by the gown which my grandmother wore.
We'll smother the wretch in a chest of Bohea!

Come, launch, by brave maidens, each tea-chest canoe,
And spread out your large Canton crapes to the air;
The kettle sings muster-call--hark! the cats mew!
"Young Hyson"'s the word, the "delight of the fair!"

Great Twining a tea-wreath shall twine for us all--
The fairest of females looks far more divine at tea;
If we conquer, we'll drink twenty cups; if we fall,
Why--_"nec possum vivere cum te, nec sine te."_

Twenty cups! think of Johnson, when kind Mrs. Thrale

Filled him fifty at least, and he wished they were bowls.

With ardour like his, which among ye can fail?

Come, Doctor, and kindle your thirst in our souls!

Then onward, brave maidens, push off from the coast,

For such brogueless tyrants we care not a pin;

But do not forget, my fair tea-drinking host,

A stout Witney blanket to toss the wretch in!

Oh! the plunder of Pekin! what silks and what shawls!

The Chinese, in spite of themselves, shall be free:

For, we'll bombard the city with hot force-meat balls,

And blow up their warriors with gunpowder tea!

Then tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and your boa,

And with war-cry of "Hyson-dust!" onward with me;

Come, brandish your tea-spoons, ye maids who adore

The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bohea!

Monthly Magazine.

[25] We are aware that this rhyme is rather unusual; but we may parody the maxim of _Sir Lucius_ --"When patriotism guides the pen, he must be a brute that would find fault with the rhyme."

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USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

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ECONOMIC HINTS.

Box-wood as a substitute for Hops.--M. Du Petit Thouars lately stated to the Philomathic Society of Paris, that more box-wood than hops was employed in making almost all the beer brewed in Paris. Box-wood contains a powerful sodorific principle with a bitter taste, which has lately been separated, and is now known under the name of Buxinia.--_Bull. Un._

Receipt for making Grape Wine, used in 1819.--Water, 4-3/4 gallons, beer measure; grapes, 5 gallons, beer measure, crushed and soaked in the water seven days; sugar, 17-1/2 lbs. at 10-3/4_d_. The sugar came to 15_s_. 8-1/2_d_.; and the grapes to perhaps 5_s_. The cask in which it was made held exactly 6-3/4 gallons, of beer measure, and produced 34 bottles of wine clear. A bottle of the above wine, kept ten years, proved very good.

Wine from the common Bramble.--Five measures of the ripe

fruit, with one of honey and six of water, boiled, strained, and left to ferment, then boiled again, and put in casks to ferment, are said to produce an excellent wine. In France the colour of wine is often rendered darker by a mixture of blackberries with the grapes.--_Recueil Industriel_.

Receipt for making Tomato Sauce.--Take tomatoes when ripe, and bake them till they become quite soft; then scoop them out with a tea-spoon, and rub the pulp through a sieve. To the pulp put as much Chile vinegar as will bring it to a proper thickness, with salt to your taste. Add to every quart 1/2 oz. of garlic and 1 oz. of shallots, both sliced very thin. Boil it one quarter of an hour; then strain, and take out the garlic and shallots. After standing till quite cold, put the sauce into stone bottles, and let it stand a few days before it is corked up. If, when the bottles are open, the sauce should appear to be in a fermenting state, put some more salt and boil it over again. The sauce should be the thickness of rich cream when poured out, and is, in my opinion, far superior to the famed Bengal chattrny, to which it bears considerable resemblance.

Economical Fuel.--A good fire on a winter day, at a mere trifling expense, is of importance to a poor man. One pennyworth of tar or rosin water will saturate a tub of coals with triple its original quantity of bitumen (the principle of heat and light), and, of course, render one such tub of three times more value than it was when unsaturated.

Where there are extensive fir and pine woods which have been subjected to the injurious practice of close pruning, the knots left will frequently be found oozing out resin. This gardeners' labourers and cottagers might collect, reduce to a fine powder, and mix up with small coal, horse droppings, and clay, into fire-balls.--_Gardeners' Mag._

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

* * * * *

COPY OF A LETTER RECEIVED BY A
YOUNG LADY FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

"DEAR ELIZABETH,--I arrived a few months since in this over-grown metropolis--Modern Babolon I believe they call it--more properly, I should think, Gabble-on, for my head goes round like a whipping-top, being kept in rotatory motion by all the discordant sounds in the 'Enraged Musician.' Having been but a short time in town, I have not had the pleasure of seeing many of the metropolitan wonders. The following

places were visited by me lately:--The British Museum, my dear girl--never saw such a collection of mutilated articles: statues, like the boroughs in schedule B in the Reform Bill; manuscripts, in languages scarcely understood, and such like curiosities. St. Paul's--a great building--I dare say the Londoners are very proud of it: a fine whispering gallery, where you may hear what is said at the most distant part: no place for kissing--worse than a friend's parlour. Guildhall: a very antique building, with two huge figures--to frighten little children, I suppose. There was a fine feast: numbers of fine folks in their Sunday clothes, whom I should suppose lived very queer at home--perhaps upon tripe, for the victuals disappeared so fast. I had almost forgot to mention the pleasures of Bartholomew Fair, a place unequalled for dirt and noise--where was to be seen horses that had run at races, though they had never been on a course; bears turned to pigged--faced ladies; play-booths, where more fun was to be seen outside than in--men dressed like baboons, and women screaming, 'Show them in, only a penny a-piece!' Oysters, ginger-beer, hot pork, hot beef-steaks, and gingerbread-nuts by the bushel. Had almost forgot, my dear girl, to apologize for not having paid you a visit since your removal to the suburbs--peaceful abode!--nothing equal to my lodgings, next door to a coppersmith, opposite to a box-maker, with a shoemaker overhead, and a good woman who takes in children to 'dry-nurse' in the parlour. Hope soon to see you, having to give you a kiss for each of your cousins, quarter cousins, friends, and acquaintances.--I remain, your's truly,

"A COUNTRY COUSIN."

W.G.C.

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CHINESE PROVERBS AND APOTHEGMS.

"It is very difficult to govern women and servants."

[This is a maxim of Confucius, who assigns this reason. "For if you treat them with gentleness and familiarity, they lose all respect; if with rigour you will have continual disturbance."]

"If the river is deep, which you are to pass on foot, go through it clothed in the ancient manner; if shallow, tuck up your garments."

[The Chinese believe that at first men went naked, or at most loosely clad in the skin of some animal. Vide Mart. Hist. p. 18. This proverb is applied to inculcate the necessity of accommodating one's self to the different circumstances of life.]

"Know when to stop seasonably."

"Learn to be content with what suffices."

["What need have we of riches? (saith a Chinese moralist.) Produce me the man, who, content with a straw cottage, and a little enclosure of canes, employs himself in reading the writings of our wise men, or in discoursing on virtue; who desires no other recreation than to refresh himself with the cool air by moonshine, and whose whole solicitude is to preserve in his heart the love of innocence and of his neighbour."

P. Du Halde, 2. 103.]

Similar to this proverb are the Latin, "Quod satis est cui continget nihil amplius optet."

The French, "Qui a assez, n'a plus rien a desirer."

And the English "Enough is as good as a feast."

"Let us love others, as we love ourselves."--_Confucius_.

G.L.S.

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ANCIENT TOM AND JERRY.

The Emperor Nero would frequently ramble in the streets of Rome, disguised by night, with a band of disorderly companions, abusing all that fell in their way. In the beginning of Nero's reign, Otho, who was then distinguished as a young man of graceful person but licentious manners, was one of Nero's favourites and accompanied him from his palace, to visit the meanest taverns and scenes of debauchery which Rome contained.

Suetonius tells us--"The Emperor Otho, would stroll out in dark nights, and where he met a helpless, or drunken man, he gave him the discipline of the _Blanket_, which was a kind of punishment called _sagatio_; alias ' _Tossing in a Blanket_:"

"All, oh! he cried--what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, _blanketings_, and blows?"

POPE.

In truth, Nero and Otho were the Tom and Jerry (or something worse) of ancient days, and if now in existence they would be _tossed_ into a jail or tread-mill, or else find _special good bail_.[26]

P.T.W.

[26] Sir Richard Birnie would never suffer _imperial larking_
to go unpunished.

* * * * *

An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on
entering a room where there was a vase with golden fish, exclaimed,
"Well, by J---, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive."

* * * * *

ANAGRAMS.

Fits creep on Perfections.

All my ten i sent Sentimentally.

Timon is least Testimonials.

A mild bear Admirable.

Our big hens Neighbours.

Peters cable Respectable.

Grin o ant Ignorant.

I cant tell soon Constellation.

Saint lucy heals it Enthusiastically.

A minor in soup Parsimonious.

On a trial Variegated.

Tame nests Statesman.

W.G.C.

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THE KING AT FOURTEEN.

With the present Number, price Twopence,

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XVIII.

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_Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset
House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic;
G.G. BENNIS. 55. Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and be all Newsmen
and Booksellers_.

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