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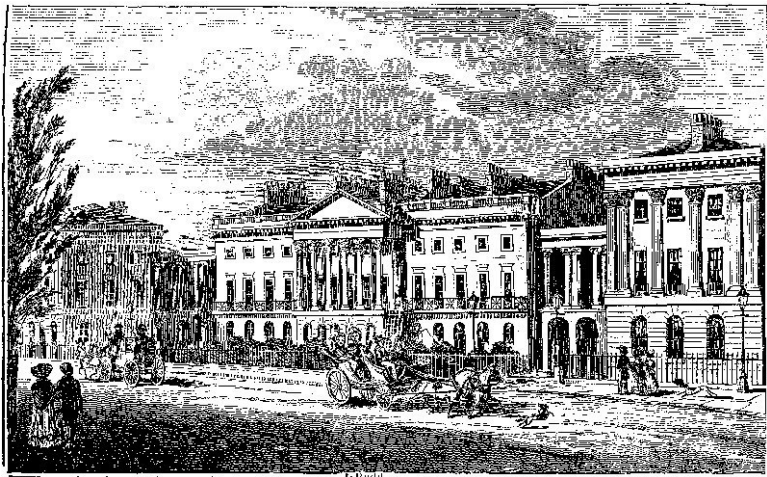
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 12, No. 322,
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**CLARENCE TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK**



CLARENCE TERRACE,

REGENT'S PARK

O mortal man, who livest here,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate.

Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

The annexed continuation of our illustrated ramble in the Regent's Park is named *Clarence Terrace*, in compliment to the illustrious Lord High Admiral of England. It consists of a centre and two wings, of the Corinthian order, connected by colonnades of the Ilyssus Ionic order, and altogether presents a picturesque display of Grecian architecture. The three stories are a rusticated entrance, or basement; and a Corinthian drawing-room and chamber story; surmounted with an elegant entablature and balustrade. In the details, the spectator cannot fail to admire the boldness and richness of the columns supporting the pediment in the centre, and the classic beauty of the pilasters which decorate the wings.

Clarence Terrace is from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, to whose ingenious pencil we are indebted for some of the splendid architectural combinations in this district. The present

terrace is, we believe, the smallest in the park, but yields to none in picturesque effect and harmonious design; and the variety of its composition renders it one of the most attractive illustrations of our series. It is likewise worthy of remark, that this portion of the Regent's Park, from its natural beauties, is entitled to the first-rate embellishment of art, inasmuch as the basement of Clarence Terrace commands a "living picture" of extraordinary luxuriance; and from the drawing-room windows the lake may be seen studded with little islands, and environed with lawny slopes and unusual park-like vegetation:

With Nature the creating pencil vies
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife.

We have already indulged our fancy in anticipations of the future splendour of the Regent's Park. As yet, art triumphs, and here the lordlings of wealth may enjoy *otium cum dignitate*: but in a few years Nature may enable this domain to vie with Daphne of old, and become to London what Daphne was to Antioch, whose voluptuousness and luxury are perpetuated in history. But the beginnings of such triumphs furnish more pleasing reflections than their decline.

Clarence Terrace is on the western side of the park, and adjoins Sussex Place, whose cupola tops were the signals for critical censure and ridicule among the first structures in this quarter. The artists have, however, profited by the lesson, and

the architecture of the Regent's Park bids fair to rank among the proudest successes of art.

ORIGIN OF PARISHES

(For the Mirror.)

How ancient the division of parishes is, may at present be difficult to ascertain. Mr. Camden says, England was divided into parishes by Archbishop Honorius, about the year 630. Sir Henry Hobart lays it down, that parishes were first erected by the council of Lateran, which was held A.D. 1179. Each widely differs from the other, and both of them perhaps from the truth, which will probably be found in the medium, between the two extremes. We find the distinction of parishes, nay, even of mother churches, so early as in the laws of King Edgar, about the year 970. The civil division of England into counties, of counties into hundreds, of hundreds into tithings, or towns, as it now stands, seems to owe its original to King Alfred; who, to prevent the rapines and disorders which formerly prevailed in the realm, instituted tithings; so called, from the Saxon, because ten freeholders with their families composed one. These all dwelt together, and were sureties, or free-pledges to the king for the good behaviour of each other; and if any offence were committed in their district, they were bound to have the offender forthcoming. And therefore, anciently, no man was suffered to abide in England above forty days, unless he were enrolled in some tithing or decennary. As ten families of freeholders made up a tithing, so ten tithings composed a superior division,

called a hundred. In some of the more northern counties these hundreds are called wapentakes. The sub-division of hundreds into tithings seems to be most peculiarly the invention of Alfred; the institution of hundreds themselves he rather introduced than invented, for they seem to have obtained in Denmark; and we find that in France a regulation of this sort was made above 200 years before; set on foot by Clotharicus and Childebert, with a view of obliging each district to answer for the robberies committed in its own division. In some counties there is an intermediate division between the shire and the hundred, as lathes in Kent, and rapes in Sussex, each of them containing about three or four hundreds a-piece. Where a county is divided into three of these intermediate jurisdictions, they are called trithings, which still subsist in the large county of York, where, by an easy corruption, they are denominated ridings; the north, the east, and the west.

J.M. C-D.

STANZAS,

(BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO AN INTENDED VERSIFICATION OF ONE OF THE TALES OF BOCCACCIO.)

(For the Mirror.)

The young, fair Spring, is tripping o'er the Earth,
With feet that ne'er can know the lag of age;
The Earth, her lover, conscious of her worth,
Flings down all his rich treasures to engage
That blushing wanderer: but she journeys forth
Heedless of all his offerings. The hot rage
Of love shall scorch his heart in tortures fell,
Till Winter comes with many an icicle.

That loved-one yet is here; and flowers, and songs,
And streams—to gush above her own free feet
Of stainless ivory,—and countless throngs
Of birds are living, her pure soul to greet.
And the lone spirit, thoughtfully that longs
For a dim view of Eden, from a seat
O'erhanging some green valley, now espies
Nought that might dread compare with Paradise!

There is a glory gone forth from on high!—
It quickens the heart's beat, whereon it flings
Its fervour;—the flushed cheek and glowing eye
Confess its influence;—and the many strings,
Voiceless too long in the young heart, reply
To the mute promptings of a thousand things
Which Spring has conjured up;—all, all is hers—
That Glory without name—she ministers.

Now—all the thoughts she wakens in the heart
Are glorious Music!—divine Poesy!—
Now—all the dreams on Fancy's eyes that start,
She will disown not, wayward though they be.
Sweet Dreams!—down Lethe's billow they depart—
Words are too weak to clothe them worthily.
Rich incense, burnt upon some altar stone
Censerless,—in a temple—desert—lone!

What shall we do in these delightful days,
When the full, bounding heart, will not be still;—
When the glad eye, absorbed in far-sent gaze,
Forgets Earth's plenitude of grief and ill;—
Shall we dream on, in a bewitching maze
Of sweet affections and bold hopes, until
Earth is not Earth—but Heaven? or shall we die
Hourly, to some "dissolving minstrelsy?"

Sometimes, when day is dying—when twilight

Brings its dim Vigil,—hour of quietness,—
'Tis sweet to listen, till the cheated sight
Pictures strange shadowings of awfulness,—
Some wild, old tale of goblin's ghastly spite,
Or antique strain of passionate distress;—
And one, which has been wept o'er many a time
I seek, to mar, perchance, with feeble rhyme

May, 1828.

THOMAS M—s

EXECUTION AND LAST MOMENTS OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL

(For the Mirror.)

This distinguished patriot and martyr to the cause of liberty was the third son of William, the first Duke of Bedford, by a daughter of the Earl of Somerset. He refused the generous offer of Lord Cavendish to favour his escape, by changing clothes with him in prison; and he also declined the Duke of Monmouth's proposal to surrender himself, should Lord William Russel think it might contribute to his safety. "It will be no advantage to me," he said, "to have my friends die with me." Conjugal affection was the feeling that clung to his heart; and when he had taken his last farewell of his wife, he said, "The bitterness of death is now over." He suffered the sentences of his judges with resignation and composure. Some of his expressions (says his biographer) imply much good-humour in this last extremity. The day before his execution, he was seized with a bleeding at the nose. "I shall not now let blood to divert this distemper," said he to Burnet, who was present; "that will be done to-morrow." A little before the sheriffs conducted him to the scaffold, he wound up his watch. "Now I have done," said he, "with time, and henceforth must think solely of eternity." The sad tragedy of the death of the virtuous Lord Russel, (says Pennant,) who lost his head in the middle of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, took place on July 21st, 1683.

Party writers assert that he was brought here in preference to any other spot, in order to mortify the citizens with the sight. In fact, it was the nearest open space to Newgate, the place of his lordship's confinement. Without the least change of countenance, he laid his head on the block, and at two strokes it was severed from his body. He was, at the time of his death, only forty-two years of age. To his character for probity, sincerity, and private worth, even the enemies to his public principles bear testimony. At Woburn Abbey is preserved, in gold letters, the speech of Lord Russel to the sheriffs, together with the paper delivered by his lordship to them at the place of execution.

P.T.W

INDEPENDENCE OF PORTUGAL

(For the Mirror.)

Portugal was first created into a monarchy on the 27th of July, 1139; on which day, Dom Alphonso I., son of Henry, Count of Burgundy, the son of Robert, king of France, was proclaimed at Lisbon, after having vanquished and slain five Moorish kings in the battle of Campo d'Ourique, where he was unanimously chosen as sovereign of Portugal by his army. This dignity was confirmed to him by the first assembly of the states-general at Lamego. In commemoration of this event, the Portuguese arms bear five standards and five escudets.¹ After the unfortunate expedition of Dom Sebastian I. to Africa, where he was slain in the battle of Alcazar, the crown devolved upon his great uncle, the Cardinal Dom Henry, a man of 67 years of age, and who reigned but 17 months. At his death there were several claimants for the succession, and the kingdom in consequence became the theatre of civil war. Philip II. of Spain, the most powerful of these, sent an army, under the Duke of Alba, into Portugal, and completed the conquest of the country with little opposition. This event took place in the year 1580, and the kingdom of Portugal remained under the dominion of Spain until the 1st of December, 1649, the day on which the Duke of Braganza was proclaimed king with the title of Dom Joao IV. Since that time Portugal has

¹ See Succession Chronologica de los Reyes de Portugal.

maintained its independence. For a more detailed account, see L'Abbé Nertot's "Revolutions of Portugal."

C.V., A CONSTANT READER

RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN COLOMBIA

**(Communicated by a Correspondent
to Brande's Journal.)**

On the 16th of November, 1827, at a quarter past six o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants of Bogota, in Colombia, were thrown into the greatest consternation and alarm by the severest shock of an earthquake which has ever been known to visit that city.

At the moment of its occurrence, a subterraneous noise was very distinctly heard, resembling the noise of a carriage passing briskly over the pavement, and a white, thin, transparent cloud was seen to hang over the city; this cloud has been noticed in Italy, as generally, if not always, present, near the volcanic commotions of that country, previously, and at the time of these commotions. This cloud is entirely unlike any other which I have ever noticed, and resembles a thin gauze veil. I noticed it not only upon this occasion, but also in the earthquake of June 17th, 1826, in this city.²

² If I may be allowed to offer a conjecture on the cause of this singular white veil, or cloud, I can only attribute it to the vapour of water which escapes from the earth

The earthquake took a direction from S.E. to N.W., in which it could plainly be traced by the havoc which it made. Its effects on the city were partial in the above direction, but every part was convulsed.

The confusion and affliction which such a calamity occasions, particularly in a catholic country, can neither be imagined, nor described. I was sitting reading in a small house of one story above the ground-floor, when the trembling commenced; the table on which my book lay, first shook, and almost at the same instant the chair on which I sat; I immediately got on my legs, but found much difficulty in sustaining myself without holding by some fixture; the house all this time rocking to and fro as in a hurricane, but not a breath of air stirred. After passing ten or more seconds in this way, I collected my reason sufficiently to run down the steps into the street; all this time the earth was in motion. When I arrived at the portal of the door, I found it impossible to stand without holding very tight by the doorway, and many persons fell on their faces. During these moments, part of the house adjoining mine fell with a terrible crash, and the street was filled with a cloud of dust, out of which emerged a man distorted with horror, but who had almost miraculously escaped immolation, without any other hurt than what his fright had occasioned. After continuing a *minute or*

from the heated mass below, and which is condensed on rising into the cold air, and thus rendered visible. Bogota, according to my measurement, which corresponds very nearly with that of Baron Humboldt, is 9,600 feet above the level of the sea, and is distant at least one hundred miles from any known volcano.]

more, the trembling ceased, and nothing could now be heard but the cries of the people; with that exception all was still and silent, and the stars appeared with all their brilliancy, as if smiling at this scene of human distress. Some persons asserted, that there were two distinct shocks, but I must confess I felt the earth in motion during the whole period of a minute or more; and being situated over the direction which the earthquake took, was therefore, better able to judge of this than others who were more distant, and particularly as I retained my presence of mind. Fortunately for me my house was well built, for had it fallen I should inevitably have been buried in the ruins. To describe the scene which ensued is difficult; the streets were filled with despair; some entirely and others half naked were seen on their knees imploring divine protection; no one knew what to do or where to fly, for all were in the same consternation and distress. After this had a little subsided, the city became soon deserted, and a fresh scene presented itself; all those who had horses were seen scampering through the streets towards the plain, to elude the terror of another shock; others on foot with their beds on their backs; and the sick, wrapped up in blankets, were conveyed in arm-chairs, with two sticks passed underneath them to form sedan-chairs, and some were conveyed in hammocks. This afflicting sight, accompanied by the cries of the distressed and the melancholy chant of their progress, was painful in the extreme; and hard, indeed, must be that heart who could view it with indifference; yet such was the apathy

occasioned by terror, that scarcely any one offered assistance to his neighbour, and frequently neglected his own safety. When all was quiet I went out to examine the city. The first thing which attracted my notice was the turret of the stately cathedral partly demolished, and the building split and cracked in various places; the precious stones, consisting of diamonds, emeralds, and topazes, which adorned the interior, were scattered in all directions, and many of them broken, particularly a very large emerald weighing some ounces. This edifice had but just been repaired from the effects of the earthquake in the preceding year, and was, by this last, reduced to a tattered ruin. In all the streets which ran in the direction of N.W. and S.E., many houses were "levelled with the dust," and others "rent in twain;" and some of the unfortunate inhabitants buried beneath their ruins. In all, fourteen persons have lost their lives; and the damage done to the city is estimated to be at least six millions of dollars, although it did not contain a larger population than 30,000 souls. Deserted streets, heaps of ruins, and tottering houses, threatening to crush the beholder, give but a faint idea of this desolate picture. General Soublette and General Bolivar were both present at the last fatal earthquake in Caraccas, and they both assert that this, of which I have now given a description, was at least as powerful, although the suffering in the town of Caraccas was much greater; and they attribute the happy escape of thousands of lives to the difference in the construction of houses in the two places. General Bolivar, as well as myself and others, were affected with sickness at the

stomach after the shock. During the night of the earthquake in Bogota, on the 16th of November, 1827, tremulous motions of the earth were continually felt, and the following day, and every other since; and even whilst I am now writing, slight undulating motions are perceptible.

Every person is still in the greatest alarm, dreading a second severe shock, which happened last year at the distance of four days from the first grand shock; should this happen now, scarcely one stone will remain upon another in Bogota.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN; ³ OR, HINTS ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING

OBSERVATIONS ON, AND RULES FOR, SKETCHING

The following hints, tending to further the tyro's progress in the delightful art of drawing, will not I trust prove unacceptable to such of your readers as are interested in the subject. For my own use I epitomized various directions relative to sketching, when I met with them in Gilpin's "Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty," and I shall feel particularly happy should my attempt at condensing much artistical matter from that interesting volume prove useful to the *amateur*: the *professor* undergoes a regular, severe, but *essential* course of study in that beautiful art, which is to purchase for him fame and emolument; but he who takes up his pencil merely for pastime, will do well to regulate its movements by a few *rules*, not cumbrous to the memory, and of easy application.—It is my intention briefly to state the object of Gilpin's first and second essays; from the third I have deduced those *rules for sketching*

³ Vide MIRROR, vol. iv. pp 2, 22, 61, 102.]

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