

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
13, NO. 350, JANUARY 3,
1829

Various

**The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction.**

Volume 13, No. 350, January 3, 1829

«Public Domain»

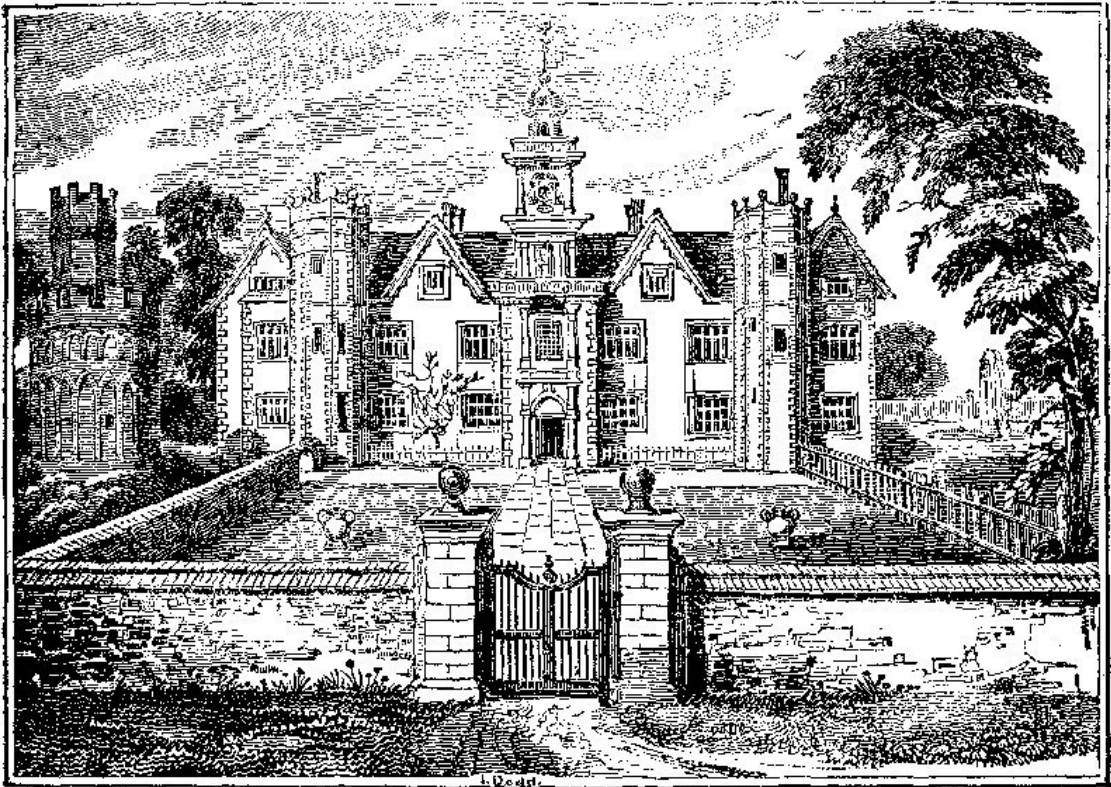
Various

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Volume 13, No. 350, January 3, 1829 / Various — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM	5
NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM	7
THE BARON'S TRUMPET	8
THE NEW YEAR	9
FALLING STONES	10
THE POET, CHATTERTON	12
LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB	14
NOSTALGIA—MALADIE DE PAYS—CALENTURE	15
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	16

Various
The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction /
Volume 13, No. 350, January 3, 1829
BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM



The engraving represents this interesting structure, as it appeared in the year 1686; being copied from a print, after a picture by Wolridge.

The original castle was very ancient, as appears by the foundations, and an old brick tower over a deep well, the upper part of which has been used as a dairy. The castle is said to have been built by Earl Waltheof, who, in 1069 married Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, who gave him the earldom of Northampton and Huntingdon for her portion. Matilda or Maud, their only child, after the death of Simon St. Liz, her first husband, married David, first of the name, king of Scotland; and Maud, being heiress of Huntingdon, had in her own right, as an appendix to that honour, the manor of Tottenham in Middlesex.

Robert Bruce, grandson of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and grandfather to Robert I. of Scotland, memorable as the restorer of the independence of his country, became one of the competitors for the crown of Scotland in 1290, but being superseded by John Baliol, Bruce retired to England, and settled at his grandfather's estate at Tottenham, repaired the castle, and acquiring another manor, called it and the castle after his own name. Shakspeare says,

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns,

and the fortunes of the two Bruces are "confirmation strong as holy writ."

The estate being forfeited to the crown, it had different proprietors, till 1631, when it was in the possession of Hugh Hare, Lord Coleraine. Henry Hare, the last Lord Coleraine of that family, having been deserted by his wife, who obstinately refused, for twenty years, to return to him, formed a connexion with Miss Roze Duplessis, a French lady, by whom he had a daughter, born in Italy, whom he named Henrietta Roza Peregrina, and to whom he left all his estates. This lady married the late Mr. Alderman Townsend; but, being an alien, she could not take the estates; and the will being legally made, barred the heirs at law; so that the estate escheated to the crown. However, a grant of these estates, confirmed by act of parliament, was made to Mr. Townsend and his lady, whose son, Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. in 1792, voluntarily sold the property for the payment of the family debts; and "although the castle may soon be levelled with the ground, yet the destruction of this ancient fabric will acquire him more honour, than if the prudence of his ancestors had enabled him to restore the three towers, of which now only one remains."¹

The present mansion is partly ancient, and partly modern, and was very lately the property of Sir William Curtis, Bart. Up to the period at which the castle is represented in the engraving, the building must have undergone many alterations, as the tower on the left, and the two octagonal and centre towers, will prove. The grounds there appear laid out in the trim fashion of the seventeenth century, and ornamented with fountains, vases, &c.

¹ Gough's Camden.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM

(For the Mirror.)

BROMLEY PAGETS, Staffordshire, is 129 miles from London, and is a pretty town on the skirts of Derbyshire. This place is remarkable, or was lately, for a sport on New Year's Day and Twelfth Day, called *The Hobby-Horse Dance*, from a person who rode upon the image of a horse, with a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he made a snapping noise, and kept time to the music, while six men danced the hay and other country dances, with as many deer's heads on their shoulders. To this hobby-horse belonged a pot, which the reeves of the town kept filled with cakes and ale, towards which the spectators contributed a penny, and with the remainder they maintained their poor and repaired the church.

HALBERT H.

THE BARON'S TRUMPET

(For the Mirror.)

Thou blowest for Hector.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Sound, sound the charge, when the wassel bowl
Is lifted with songs, let the trumpets shrill blast
Awaken like fire in the warrior's soul,
The bright recollections of chivalry past;
Let the lute or the lyre the soft stripling rejoice,
No music on earth is so sweet as thy voice.

Sound, sound the charge when the foe is before us,
When the visors are closed and the lances are down,
If we fall, let the banner of victory o'er us
Dance time to thy clarion that sings our renown:
To the souls of the valiant no requiem is given,
So fit as thine echoes, to soothe them in heaven.

LEON.

THE NEW YEAR

(For the Mirror.)

Twenty-nine, Father Janus! and can it be true,
That your *double-fac'd* sconce is again in our view?
Take a chair, my old boy—while our glasses we fill,
And tell us, "what news"—for you can if you will.

Shall we have any war? or will there be peace?
Will swindlers, as usual, the credulous fleece?
Will the season produce us a *deluge* of rain?
Did the comet bring coughs and catarrhs in his train?

Will gas, so delicious, *perfume* our abodes?
Will McAdam continue "*Colossus of roads*?"
Will Venus's boy be abroad with his bow,
And make the dear girls over bachelors crow?

Will *quid-nuncs* from scandalous whispers refrain?
Will poets the pent of Parnassus attain?
Will travellers' tomes touch the truth to a T?
Will critics from caustic coercion be free?

Shall we check crafty care in his cunning career?
In short—shall we welcome a happy new year?
What, *mum*, Father Janus?—egad I suppose,
Not one of our queries you mean to disclose.

Let us, therefore, the blessings which Providence sends,
To our country, to us, our relations and friends,
With gratitude own—and employ the supplies,
As prudence suggests, "to be merry and wise."

Nor ever, too curious the future to pry,
Presume on our own feeble strength to rely;
But, taught by the *past*; for the *future*, depend
Where the wise and the good all their wishes extend.

JACOBUS.

FALLING STONES

(For the Mirror.)

Of these bodies, the most general opinion now is, that they are really of *celestial* origin. But a few years ago, nothing could have appeared more absurd than the idea that we should ever be able to examine the most minute fragment of the siderial system; and it must, no doubt, be reckoned among the wonders of the age in which we live, that considerable portions of these heavenly bodies are now known to have descended to the earth. An event so wonderful and unexpected was at first received with incredulity and ridicule; but we may now venture to consider the fact as well established as any other hypothesis of natural philosophy, which does not actually admit of mathematical demonstration. The attention of our philosophers was first called to this subject by the falling of one of these masses of matter near Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire; it weighed about 50 pounds, and for some years after its descent did not excite the interest it deserved, nor would perhaps that attention have been paid to it which was required for the investigation of the truth, if a similar and more striking phenomenon had not happened a few years afterwards at Benares, in the East Indies. Some fragments of the stones which fell in India were brought to Sir Joseph Banks by Major Williams; and Sir Joseph being desirous of knowing if there might not be some truth in these repeated accounts of falling stones, gave them to be analyzed, when it was found by a very skilful analysis, published in the Transactions, 1802, that the stones collected in various countries, and to which a similar history is attached, contained very peculiar ingredients, and all of the same kind. The earthy parts were silex and magnesia, in which were interspersed small grains of metallic iron. Since these investigations, the subject has attracted very general attention, and most of the fragments of stones said to have fallen from heaven, and which have been preserved in the cabinets of the curious, on account of this tradition, have been analyzed, and found to consist of the same ingredients, varying only in their different proportions.

Pliny relates, that a great stone fell near Egos Potamos, in the Thracian Chersonese, in the second year of the 78th Olympiad. In the year 1706, another large stone is, on the authority of Paul Lucas, then at Larissa, said to have fallen in Macedonia. It weighed 72 pounds. Cardan assures us, that a shower of at least 1,200 stones fell in Italy, the largest of which weighed 120 pounds; and their fall was accompanied by a great light in the air.

The caaba, or great black stone, preserved by the Mahometans in the Temple of Mecca, had probably a celestial origin. It is said to have been brought from heaven by the angel Gabriel. Some astronomers imagine that these stones have been thrown from a lunar volcano. There is nothing, perhaps, philosophically inconsistent in this theory, for volcanic appearances have been seen in the moon; and a force such as our volcanoes exert would be sufficient to project fragments that might possibly arrive at the surface of the earth. But probability is certainly against it, and it seems more likely that they are fragments of comets. For those bodies, from their own nature, must be subject to chemical changes of a very violent nature; add to this, that from the smallness of their dimensions, a fragment projected from them with a very slight velocity would never return to the mass to which it originally belonged; but would traverse the celestial regions till it met with some planetary or other body sufficiently ponderous to attract it to itself.

We have numerous other instances of these phenomena, which are attested by many very credible witnesses, but I will not at present monopolize more of your valuable pages with this subject, though one of considerable interest; yet I may, perhaps, at some future period, if agreeable, send you a few rather more circumstantial and more interesting accounts than the above.

Near Sheffield.
J.M.C–D.

THE POET, CHATTERTON

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Should the following notice of Chatterton, which I copy from a *small handkerchief* in my possession, be thought worthy of a place in the MIRROR, you will oblige me by inserting it. The handkerchief has been in my possession about twenty-five years, and was probably printed soon after the poet's death; he is represented sitting at a table, writing, in a miserable apartment; behind him the bed turned up, &c.

SUFFOLK.

The Distressed Poet, or a true representation of the unfortunate Chatterton.

The painting from which the engraving was taken of the distressed poet, was the work of a friend of the unfortunate Chatterton. This friend drew him in the situation in which he is represented in this plate. Anxieties and cares had advanced his life, and given him an older look than was suited to his age. The sorry apartment portrayed in the print, the folded bed, the broken utensil below it, the bottle, the farthing candle, and the disorderly raiment of the bard, are not inventions of fancy. They were realities; and a satire upon an age and a nation of which generosity is doubtless a conspicuous characteristic. But poor Chatterton was born under a bad star: his passions were too impetuous, and in a distracted moment he deprived himself of an existence, which his genius, and the fostering care of the public would undoubtedly have rendered comfortable and happy. Unknown and miserable while alive, he now calls forth curiosity and attention. Men of wit and learning employ themselves to celebrate his talents, and to express their approbation of his writings. Hard indeed was his fate, born to adorn the times in which he lived, yet compelled to fall a victim to pride and poverty! His destiny, cruel as it was, gives a charm to his verses; and while the bright thought excites admiration, the recollection of his miseries awakens a tender sympathy and sorrow. Who would not wish that he had been so fortunate as to relieve a fellow creature so accomplished, from wretchedness, despair, and suicide?

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON

Ah! what a contrast in that face portray'd,
Where care and study cast alternate shade;
But view it well, and ask thy heart the cause,
Then chide, with honest warmth, that cold applause
Which counteracts the fostering breath of praise,
And shades with cypress the young poet's bays:
Pale and dejected, mark, how genius strives
With poverty, and mark, how well it thrives;
The shabby cov'ring of the gentle bard,
Regard it well, 'tis worthy thy regard,
The friendly cobweb, serving for a screen,
The chair, a part of what it once had been;
The bed, whereon th' unhappy victim slept
And oft unseen, in silent anguish, wept,
Or spent in dear delusive dreams, the night,

To wake, next morning, but to curse the light,
Too deep distress the artist's hand reveals;
But like a friend's the black'ning deed conceals;
Thus justice, to mild complacency bends,
And candour, all harsh influence, suspends.
Enthron'd, supreme in judgment, mercy sits,
And, in one breath condemns, applauds, acquits:
Whoe'er thou art, that shalt this face survey,
And turn, with cold disgust, thine eyes away.
Then bless thyself, that sloth and ignorance bred
Thee up in safety, and with plenty fed,
Peace to thy mem'ry! may the sable plume
Of dulness, round thy forehead ever bloom;
May'st thou, nor can I wish a greater curse;
Live full despis'd, and die without a nurse;
Or, if some wither'd hag, for sake of hire,
Should wash thy sheets, and cleanse thee from the mire,
Let her, when hunger peevishly demands
The dainty morsel from her barb'rous hands,
Insult, with hellish mirth, thy craving maw
And snatch it to herself, and call it law,
Till pinching famine waste thee to the bone
And break, at last, that solid heart of stone.

LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB

"Away, away, my barb and I,"
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind.

'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely though alone;
I would not change my Arab barb,
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud o'er my native sands I rove;
An Arab tent my only home,
An Arab maid my only love.

Here freedom dwells without a fear—
Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
Whoever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child.

What though the Frank may name with scorn,
Our barren clime, our realm of sand,
There were our thousand fathers born—
Oh, who would scorn his father's land?

It is not sands that form a waste,
Nor laughing fields a happy clime;
The spot, the most by Freedom graced,
Is where a man feels most sublime!

"Away, away, my barb and I."
As free as wave as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind!

NOSTALGIA—MALADIE DE PAYS—CALENTURE

(For the Mirror.)

This disease, according to Dr. Darwin, is an unconquerable desire of returning to one's native country, frequent in long voyages, in which the patients become so insane, as to throw themselves into the sea, mistaking it for green fields or meadows:—

So, by a *calenture* misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.
With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanting grove,
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

SWIFT.

The Swiss are said to be particularly liable to this disease, and when taken into foreign service, frequently to desert from this cause, and especially after hearing or singing a particular tune, which was used in their village dances, in their native country, on which account the playing or singing this tune was forbidden by the punishment of death.

"Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms."

GOLDSMITH.

Rousseau says, "The celebrated Swiss tune, called the *Rans des Vaches*, is an air, so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden under the pain of death to play it to the troops, as it immediately drew tears from them, and made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie de pays*, so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their native country. It is in vain to seek in this air for energetic accents capable of producing such astonishing effects, for which strangers are unable to account from the music, which is in itself uncouth and wild. But it is from habit, recollections, and a thousand circumstances retraced in this tune by those natives who hear it, and reminding them of their country, former pleasures of their youth, and all those ways of living, which occasion a bitter reflection at having lost them. Music, then, does not affect them as music, but as a reminiscence. This air, though always the same, no longer produces the same effects at present as it did upon the Swiss formerly; for having lost their taste for their first simplicity, they no longer regret its loss when reminded of it. So true it is, that we must not seek in physical causes the great effects of sound upon the human heart."

This disease (says Dr. Winterbottom) affects the natives of Africa as strongly as it does those of Switzerland; it is even more violent in its effects on the Africans, and often impels them to dreadful acts of suicide. Sometimes it plunges them into a deep melancholy, which induces the unhappy sufferers to end a miserable existence by a more tedious, though equally certain method, that of dirt eating.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.