

# VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF  
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19, NO. 546, MAY 12,  
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Various

**The Mirror of Literature,  
Amusement, and Instruction.  
Volume 19, No. 546, May 12, 1832**

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## The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 19, No. 546, May 12, 1832

### ST. PANCRAS (OLD) CHURCH



ST. PANCRAS (OLD) CHURCH.

This humble village fane is situated to the north of London, somewhat more than a mile from Holborn Bars. Persons unacquainted with the site, may hitherto have considered it as part and parcel of this vast metropolis: but, lo! here it stands amidst much of its primitive, peaceful rusticity.

Pancras is still, by courtesy, called a *village*, though its charms may be of the *rus-in-urbe* description. It derives its name from the saint to whom the church is dedicated:<sup>1</sup> it was called St. Pancras when the Survey of Domesday was taken. The parish is of great extent. Mr. Lysons states it at 2,700 acres of land, including the site of buildings. It is bounded on the north by Islington, Hornsey, and Finchley; and on the west by Hampstead and Marybone. On the south it meets the parishes of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. George the Martyr, St. George, Bloomsbury, and St. Andrew's, Holborn.<sup>2</sup> On the east it is bounded by St. James's, Clerkenwell, Kentish Town, part of Highgate, Camden Town, and Somer's Town,<sup>3</sup> are comprised within this parish as hamlets. Mr. Lysons supposes it to have

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<sup>1</sup> St. Pancras was a young Phrygian nobleman, who suffered death under the Emperor Dioclesian, for his zealous adherence to the Christian faith.

<sup>2</sup> Lysons's *Environs*, 4to. vol. ii. part ii.

<sup>3</sup> The parish extends in this direction to the foot of Gray's Inn Lane, and includes part of a house in Queen's Square.

included the prebendal manor of Kentish Town,<sup>4</sup> or Cantelows, which now constitutes a stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. Among the prebendaries have been men eminent for their learning and piety: as Lancelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester, Dr. Sherlock, Archdeacon Paley, and the Rev. William Beloe, B.D. well known by his translation of Herodotus.

It would occupy too much space to detail the progressive increase of this district. When a visitation of the church was made in the year 1251, there were only forty houses in the parish. The desolate situation of the village in the latter part of the sixteenth century is emphatically described by Norden, in his *Speculum Britanniae*. After noticing the solitary condition of the church, he says, "yet about this structure have bin manie buildings now decaied, leaving poore Pancras without companie or comfort." In some manuscript additions to his work, the same writer has the following observations:—"Although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all; and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon devyne occasions; yet it is visyted by thieves, who assemble there not to pray, but to wait for praye; and manie fell into their handes, clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walk not there too late." Newcourt, whose work was published in 1700, says that houses had been built near the church. The first important increase of the parish took place in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road.

"Pancras Church," says Norden, "standeth all alone, as utterly forsaken, old and wether-beten, which, for the antiquity thereof, it is thought not to yield to Paules in London." It is of rude Gothic architecture, built of stones and flints, which are now covered with plaster. Mr. Lysons says, "It is certainly not older than the fourteenth century, perhaps in Norden's time it had the appearance of great decay; the same building, nevertheless, repaired from time to time, still remains; looks no longer 'old and wether-beten,' and may still exist perhaps to be spoken of by some antiquary of a future century. It is a very small structure, consisting only of a nave and chancel; at the west end is a low tower, with a kind of dome."<sup>5</sup> Mr. Lysons speaks of the disproportionate size of the church to the population of the parish; but since his time another church has been erected, the splendour and size of which in every respect accord with the increased wealth and numbers of the parish.

The church and churchyard of Pancras have long been noted as the burial-place of such Roman Catholics as die in London and its vicinity.<sup>6</sup> Many of the tombs exhibit a cross, and the initials R.I.P. (*Requiescat in pace*), which initials, or others analogous to them, are always used by the Catholics on their sepulchral monuments. Mr. Lysons heard it assigned by some of that persuasion, as a reason for this preference to Pancras as a burial-place, that masses were formerly said in a church in the south of France, dedicated to the same saint, for the souls of the deceased interred at St. Pancras in England. After the French revolution, a great number of ecclesiastics and other refugees, some of them of high rank, were buried in this churchyard; and in 1811, Mr. Lysons observed that probably about 30 of the French clergy had on an average been buried at Pancras for some years past: in 1801 there were 41, and in 1802, 32. Mr. Lysons's explanation of this preference to Pancras by the Catholics is, however, disputed by the author of *Ecclesiastical Topography*, who observes that a reason more generally given is, that "Pancras was the last church in England where mass was performed after the Reformation."

In the chancel are monuments of Daniel Clarke, Esq. who had been master-cook to Queen Elizabeth; and of Cooper the artist, whose style approached so near to that of Vandyke, that he has been called Vandyke in miniature: he taught the author of *Hudibras* to paint; his wife was sister to Pope's mother.

In the churchyard are the tombs of Anthony Woodhead, 1678, who was in his day, the great champion of the Roman Catholic religion, and was reputed to have written the *Whole Duty of Man*;

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<sup>4</sup> Anciently Kentistonne, where William Bruges, Garter King at Arms in the reign of Henry V. had a country-house, at which he entertained the emperor Sigismund.

<sup>5</sup> The visitation of the church in the year 1251, mentions a very small tower, a good slope font, and a small marble stone ornamented with copper to carry the *Pax*.

<sup>6</sup> Strype, in his additions to Stowe, says, the Roman Catholics have of late *effected* to be buried at this place.

Lady Slingsby, whose name occurs as an actress in Dryden and Lee's plays, from 1681 to 1689; Jeremy Collier, 1726, the pertinacious non-juror, who repressed the immoralities of the stage; Ned Ward, author of the *London Spy*, 1731; Leoni, the architect, 1746; Lady Henrietta, wife of Beard, the vocalist, 1753; Van Bleeck, the portrait-painter; Ravenet, the engraver, 1764; Mazzinghi, 1775, leader of the band at Marylebone Gardens, and father of Mazzinghi, the celebrated composer; Henry and Robert Rackett, Pope's nephews; Woollett, the engraver, 1785, to whose memory a monument has been placed in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; Baron de Wenzel, the celebrated oculist, 1790; Mary Wollestonecraft Godwin, author of a *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, 1797; the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, or Father O'Leary, the amiable Franciscan friar, 1802; Paoli, the patriotic Corsican, 1807; Walker editor of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*; the Chevalier d'Eon, 1810, of epicene notoriety; and Packer, the comedian, 1806, who is said to have performed 4,852 times, besides walking in processions; Edwards, professor of Perspective, 1806; Scheemakers, the statuary, 1808.

In the *Beauties of England and Wales*, it is stated that 23 acres of land belong to the church; and the great increase of buildings renders these of considerable value; though it is not known to whom the church is indebted for this possession.

## ELEGY

### FROM THE GERMAN

(For the Mirror.)

Through oak-woods green,  
A silver sheen,  
Sweet moon, from thee  
Afforded me  
A tranquil joy,  
Me, *then*, a happy boy.  
Still makes thy light  
My window bright,  
But can no more  
Lost peace restore:  
My brow is shaded,  
My cheek with weeping faded.  
Thy beams, O moon,  
Will glitter soon,  
As softly clear,  
Upon my bier:  
For soon, earth must  
Conceal in youth my dust.

*C.H.*

## CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES

(For the Mirror.)

These remains of ancient art are destined to be removed to Europe.<sup>7</sup> The palace of Cleopatra was built upon the walls facing the port of Alexandria, Egypt, having a gallery on the outside, supported by several fine columns. Towards the eastern part of the palace are two obelisks, vulgarly called *Cleopatra's Needles*. They are of Thebaic stone, and covered with hieroglyphics; one is overturned, broken, and lying under the sand; the other is on its pedestal. These two obelisks, each of them of a single stone, are about sixty feet high, by seven feet square at the base. The Egyptian priests called these obelisks the sun's fingers, because they served as stiles or gnomons to mark the hours on the ground. In the first ages of the world they were made use of to transmit to posterity the principal precepts of philosophy, which were engraven on them in hieroglyphics.

"Between the statues, *Obelisks* were placed:  
And the learned walls with *hieroglyphics* grac'd.

*Pope.*

In after ages they were used to immortalize the actions of heroes, and the memory of persons beloved.

The first obelisk we know of was that raised by Rameses, King of Egypt, in the time of the Trojan war. Augustus erected an obelisk at Rome, in the Campus Martius, which served to mark the hours on an horizontal dial, drawn on the pavement. This obelisk was brought from Egypt, and was said to have been formed by Sesostris, near a thousand years before Christ. It was used by Manlius for the same purpose for which it was originally destined, namely, to measure the height of the sun.

P.T.W.

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<sup>7</sup> One is stated to be on its way to England; our parliament has voted 10,000*l* to defray the expense. The other needle is destined for France.

## THE DYING MAIDEN'S PARDON TO HER FAITHLESS LOVER

FROM THE FRENCH

(For the Mirror.)

If death's keen anguish thou would'st charm  
Ere speeds his fatal dart,  
Come, place thine hand—while yet 'tis warm,  
Upon my breaking heart.

And though remorse—thou may'st not feel  
When its last throb is o'er,  
Thou'lt say—"that heart which lov'd so well,  
Shall passion feel no more."

E'en love for thee forsakes my soul—  
Thy work, relentless see,  
Near as I am life's destin'd gaol,  
I'm frozen—less than thee.

Yet take this heart—I ne'er had more  
To give thee in thy need:  
Search well—for at its inmost core,  
Thy pardon thou may'st read.

*T.R.P.*

## ANECDOTE GALLERY

### TRAITS OF IRISH CHARACTER

(For the Mirror.)

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of Dublin, found, notwithstanding the protection of a thick, and thorny hedge, that great depredations were committed on his garden and paddocks; so he inclosed them with a high, strong wall. As he kept cows, and had more milk than was sufficient for his family, he distributed the overplus amongst his poor neighbours. One day, inspecting in person, this distribution, he saw a woman attending with her pails, who, he was tolerably certain did not require such assistance. "You, here! my good friend," said he, "I thought you kept a cow?"

"Ay, plase yer honour's honour, and *two* it was that I *once* kept, the craters!"

"*Once*, why don't you keep them now?"

"Ough! 'tis yeaself must answer that question, for why? the bastes did well enough afore your rav'rence run up that bit o' wall round your fields, seein' the cows lived off your grass; but sorra for me now, I've sold 'em both, by rason I couldn't *keep* 'em no longer."

An English gentleman, on a tour in Ireland, was beset at a fine waterfall by numerous beggars; one woman was particularly clamorous for relief, but Mr. R. instructed by his guide, said to her, "My good friend, you cannot possibly want relief, as you keep several cows, and have a very profitable farm; indeed I cannot bestow my charity upon you." The woman, looking sulky, and *detected*, immediately pointed to another, exclaiming, "Then give to *her*, for she's got *nothing*!" The stranger in Dublin is particularly requested to send all beggars to an institution in Copper Alley, for their relief. Being once much importuned by an old man for money, we desired him to go to this place. "I can't," said he.

"Why not?"

"Becase 'tis a bad place for the poor."

"How so? don't they give you anything to eat?"

"Ah, yes, yes, but the thing is, my jewel, they wont by no manes give a poor body *anything to drink*." The intelligent reader will not be at a loss to translate the complaint of thirsty Pat.

## FRENCH CRUELTY

During the late French Revolution, one of the royalist soldiers having his horse shot under him by a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and finding when thus brought down, that he could not regain his feet and resume a posture of defence, but was entirely at the mercy of his ferocious young adversary, he immediately surrendered his sword, exclaiming, "I am your prisoner, and entreat of you mercy and life." To which the *generous* and *heroic* youth replied, "No prisoners, no mercy!" and taking from his pocket a pike-head or some similar rough weapon, deliberately drove it into the unfortunate soldier's heart!

## EFFRONTERY

A nobleman being, it is said, some years since, in the shop of a celebrated London shoemaker, saw, pass through it, a very handsome young woman, "Who is that fine girl?" said he.

"My daughter," replied the *cord-wainer*, "with sixty thousand pounds at your lordship's service."

## A BLUNDER

Literary topics came under discussion one evening in a small social circle, of which the writer made one, and particularly the autobiographical works, and personal memoirs, now so much in vogue. A gentleman then stated, that having seen much of the world, he thought he must follow the fashion, and one day favour it with his own life and adventures. Numerous ladies were to figure in his book, which was, in fact, as he modestly gave the present company to understand, to be a complete chronicle of the flirtations and conquests of himself, and male allies, with letters, portraits, &c. and *names* in full. "But," remarked a lady, humouring the jest, "if you *do* render your book so very personal, are you not afraid of the consequences?"

"Not at all," replied the embryo author very gravely, "for though I shall enjoy the remarks of the world, upon my *autobiography*, they cannot affect me, as it will of course be a *posthumous work*."

## COOL COURAGE

During the disastrous fire of the Kent East Indiaman, a lady on board exhibited a very singular instance of *sang froid* and presence of mind. Being in one of the cabins, with a large, helpless, despairing, and of course, most troublesome party, chiefly of her own sex, "all hands" of the other being "turned up," we presume, to check the advances of the devouring element, she proposed, by way of keeping them quiet, *to make tea for them*, and we believe her proposal was accepted, and had the desired effect.

*Great Marlow, Bucks.*

M.L.B.

## ABSTRACT STUDIES

(For the Mirror.)

Demosthenes to be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, caused a small chamber to be made under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for whole months, shaving half his head and only half his face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was there, by the light of a small lamp, he composed his admirable Orations, which were said by those who envied him, to smell of the oil, to imply that they were too elaborate. He rose very early, and used to say, that he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him. He copied Thucydides' history eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

Adrian Turnebus, a French critic, was so indefatigable in his study, that it was said of him, as it was of Budaeus, that he spent some hours in study even on the day he was married.

Frederick Morel had so strong an attachment to study, that when he was informed of his wife's being at the point of death, he would not lay down his pen, till he had finished what he was upon, and when she was dead, as she was before they could prevail on him to stir, he was only heard to reply coldly, "I am very sorry, she was a good woman."

Sir Isaac Newton, when he had any mathematical problems or solutions in his mind, would never quit the subject on any account; dinner was often known to be three hours ready for him before he could be brought to table. His man often said, when he was getting up in the morning, and began to dress, he would, with one leg in his breeches, sit down again on the bed, and remain there for hours before he got his clothes on.

Mr. Abraham Sharp, the astronomer, through his love of study, was very irregular as to his meals, which he frequently took in the following manner: a little square hole, something like a window, made a communication between the room where he usually studied, and another chamber in the house, where a servant could enter, and before this hole he had contrived a sliding board, the servant always placing his victuals in the hole, without speaking a word or making the least noise, and when he had leisure he visited it to see what it contained, and to satisfy his hunger or thirst. But it often happened that the breakfast, the dinner, and the supper remained untouched by him, so deeply was he engaged in his calculations and solemn musings. At one time after his provisions had been neglected for a long season, his family became uneasy, and resolved to break in upon his retirement; he complained, but with great mildness, that they had disconcerted his thoughts in a chain of calculations which had cost him intense application for three days successively. On an old oak table, where for a long course of years he used to write, cavities might easily be perceived, worn by the perpetual rubbing of his arms and elbows.<sup>8</sup>

SWAINE.

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<sup>8</sup> Mr. Colton used to say that he wrote his treasurable, "Lacon: or, many things in a few words," upon a small, rickety deal table. We perceive from Galignani's *Messenger*, that Mr. Colton put an end to his existence, a few days since, at Fontainebleau, it is stated in consequence of the dread of a surgical operation which it had become necessary that he should undergo.

## THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

### THE CONTRAST

The title of Lord Mulgrave's clever novel is sufficiently explained by the hero, Lord Castleton, a man of high refinement, marrying an unsophisticated, uneducated peasant girl. The scenes and incidents of her introduction into the fashionable world are replete with humour, yet true to the life. Thus, how naturally are her new Ladyship's embarrassments told:—

"There were some points on which she would even have endeavoured to extract knowledge from the servants; but dreading, from her former habits, nothing so much as too great a familiarity in this respect, Castleton had made it one of his first desires to her, that she would confine her communications with them, to asking for what she wanted. To this, as to every other desire of his, she yielded, as far as she could, implicit obedience; but it was often a great exertion on her part to do so. Of her own maid she had felt from the first a considerable awe; and to such a degree did this continue, that she could not conceive any fatigue from labour equal to the burthen of her assistance. Being naturally of a disposition both active and obliging, it was quite new to her to have any thing done for her which she could do for herself. For some time she had as great a horror of touching a bell-rope, as others have in touching the string of a shower-bath; and when services were obtruded on her by the domestics as a matter of course, she had much difficulty in checking the exuberance of her gratitude.

"At home, Big Betsey, mentioned before as the maid of all work, never considered as any part of her multitudinous duties the waiting on Miss Lucy, who she not only said 'mought moind herself,' but sometimes called to her, almost authoritatively, 'to lend a hauping haund.' It was, probably, in consequence of the habit thus engendered, that Lady Castleton was one day caught 'lending a helping hand' to an over-loaded under laundry-maid, who had been sent by her superior with a wicker-bound snowy freight of her Ladyship's own superfine linen. But of all the irksome feelings caused by Lucy's new position, there was none from which she suffered more, than *waiting* to be *waited on*. And it was hinted in the hall, that when my Lord was not in the room, my Lady got up to help herself to what she wanted from the sideboard!! And it was whispered in the female conclave of the housekeeper's room, that her Lady-ship seemed even to like to—lace her own stays!!"

Again, after Lady Castleton receiving a visit from a ton-ish family, his Lordship asks:—

And did they make many inquiries of you? ask many questions?"

"Oh, such a many!"

"So many, dearest love, you mean to say."

"Well, so I do, thank you; and then the mamma asked me, as she had never seen me before, if I had not been much abroad; and I said, never at all till I married; and then she said, 'What! had I been to Paris since?' and I find she meant foreign parts by abroad. And she told me that we ought to go to London soon; that the season was advanced, and that the Pasta would come out soon this spring. What is the Pasta—a plant?"

"A plant! no, love. Pasta is a singer's name, you could not be expected to know that; but I hope you didn't say any thing to show them your ignorance?"

"Oh, no; you told me, whenever I was completely puzzled, that silence was best; so I said nothing. Pasta's the name of a singer, then! Oh, that accounts, for a moment after she the mamma said, that her daughter Arabella sang delightfully, and asked me if I would sing with her; so I said no, I'd much rather listen. That was right, warn't it? You see I knew you'd ask me all about it, so I recollected it for you. Arabella then asked me if I would accompany her? so I said, Wherever she

liked,—where did she want to go? But, I suppose, she altered her mind, for she sat down to the grand instrument you had brought here for me to begin my lessons upon; and then she sang such an extraordinary song—all coming from her throat. And the sister asked me if I understood German? and I answered, No, nor French neither."

"That was an unnecessary addition, my love."

"Well, so it was. Then the youngest sister explained to me, that it was a song a Swiss peasant girl sang whilst she was milking her cow; and I said that must be very difficult, to sing while milking a cow. And then the mamma asked how I knew; and I said I had *tried* very often."

"How could you, dear Lucy, volunteer such an avowal?"

"I thought you would be afraid of that; but it all did very well, for the mother said I was so amusing, had so much natural wit, and they all tried to persuade me I had said something clever."

"Well, go on—and what then?"

"And then the lady took me aside, and began saying so much in praise of you; and when she once got me on that subject, I was ready and glib enough, I warrant you. But somehow, though I then found it so much easier to speak, I find it more difficult to recollect exactly what I said. Is not that strange? And then she said that my happiness would excite so much envy in the great world; that you had been admired, courted, nay, even loved by rich, noble, clever ladies. Why was all this? and how could you ever think to leave all these, to seek out from her quiet home your poor little Lucy?"

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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