

VARIOUS

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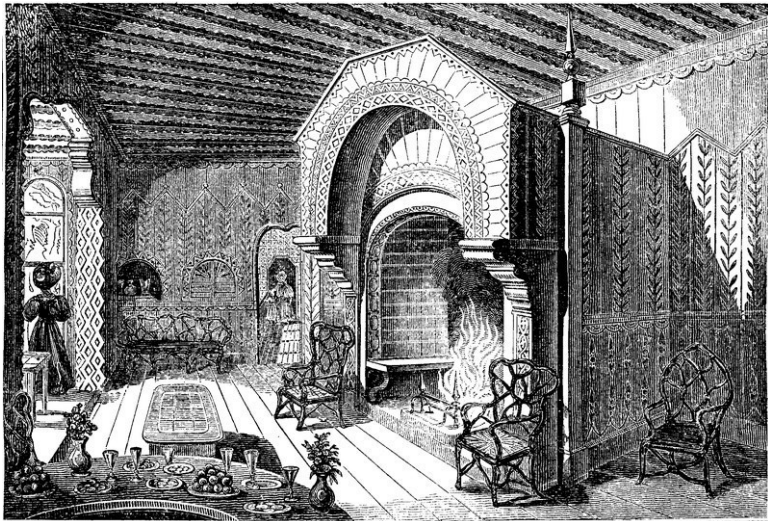
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 19, No. 544,
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SWISS COTTAGE, AT
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Swiss Cottage, At The Colosseum

It is now upwards of three years since we directed the attention of our readers to the wonders of this little world of art.¹ The ingenious projector, Mr. Horner, was then polite enough to conduct us throughout the buildings and grounds, and to explain to us the original design of the unfinished works as well as of many contemplated additions. This was about three weeks before the Exhibition was opened to the public. The *Panorama* was then partly in outline, and we had to catch its identities through a maze of scaffolding poles, planks, and stages; while

¹ See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 33.

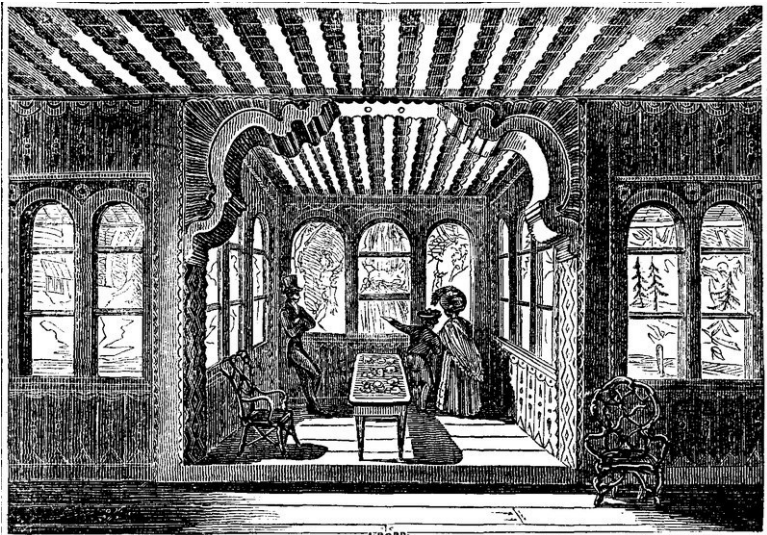
the immense domed area re-echoed with the operations of scores of *artistes* of every grade, from the upholsterer nailing up gay draperies, to the heavy blow of the carpenter's mallet. We took advantage of our privileged visit, to point out to the reader how much he might expect from a visit to the Panorama, and, in our subsequent visits we have not for a moment regretted the particular attention we were induced to bestow upon this unrivalled work of art. It is justly described to be "such a *Pictorial History of London*—such a faithful display of its myriads of public and private buildings—such an impression of the vastness, wealth, business, pleasure, commerce, and luxury of the English metropolis, as nothing else can effect. Histories, descriptions, maps, and prints, are all imperfect and defective, when compared to this immense Panorama—they are scraps and mere touches of the pen and pencil—whilst this imparts, at a glance, at one view, a *cyclopædia of information*—a concentrated history—a focal topography, of the largest and most influential city in the world. The immense area of surface which this picture occupies will surprise the reader: it measures 40,000 square feet, or nearly an acre in extent."² This may be a glowing eulogium; but it is true to the line and letter.

We have already illustrated the Panorama,³ and it is our intention to introduce other embellishments of the Colosseum, as far as may be compatible with finished sketches. Our present

² A graphic Account of the Colosseum, from the apt pen of Mr. Britton, the architect.

³ See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 97.

subject is the principal apartment in the *Swiss Cottage*, to which the reader or visiter is conducted through a range of conservatories, containing choice exotics, with some of the most majestic proportions of leaf and flower that can be enjoyed in any clime. The communication is by a stone-work passage, the temperature of which is a refreshing succedaneum to that of the conservatories, or 72°. This cottage was designed by P.F. Robinson, Esq. who has evinced considerable taste in a publication on cottages and cottage-villas, as well as in the execution of various buildings. It consists of four apartments, three of which may be considered as finished. The apartment in our Engraving was completed, or nearly so, on our first visit. It is wainscotted with coloured (knotted) wood, and carved in imitation of the ornamented dwelling of a Swiss family. The fire-place will be recognised as the very *beau ideal* of cottage comfort: the raised hearthstone, massive fire-dogs and chimney-back, and its cosy seats, calculated to contain a whole family seated at the sides of its ample hearth—are characteristic of the primitive enjoyments of the happy people from among whom this model was taken. Our view is from the extreme corner, from which point the entrance-passage is shown in the distance.



Apartment Interior

The second Engraving shows the recessed window of the apartment, which faces the fire-place, and commands a view of a mass of rock-scenery, ornamented with waterfalls of singular contrivance and effect. The frames are filled in with plate-glass, so that the view of these artificial wonders is unobstructed. Our artist has, in his sketch, endeavoured to convey some idea of their outline; but he hopes to supply an amplification of their scenic beauty in a future engraving. We may, however, observe that the view from this window deserves the character of the *sublime in miniature*, and presents even a microcosm, where

Rocks and forests, lakes, and mountains grand,
Mark the true majesty of Nature's hand.

The whole apartment presents a finished specimen of joinery, with a tasteful display of ornamental carving. Its colour is a deep warm or, we think, *burnt sienna*, brown; the furniture is in *recherché* rusticated style, planned by Mr. Gray, whose taste in these matters is elaborately correct; and it requires but the social blaze on the hearth, (which our artist has liberally supplied,) to complete the well-devised illusion of the scene. The apartment was painted about two years since as a scene for a musical piece at Covent Garden Theatre, the incidents of which lay in Switzerland.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT

BY MISS M.L. BEEVOR

(For the Mirror.)

Like some young veiled Bride,
Gleams the moon's hazy face,
When tissues that would hide
But lend her charms a grace:
Each winking starlet pale,
Sleeps in its far, far fold,
Wrapp'd in the heavy veil
Of dewy clouds and cold.
The turmoil, din, and strife,
Of factious earth are o'er;
The turbid waves of life
Have ceas'd to roll and roar;
But tones now meet the ear,
Full fraught with strange delight,
And intermingling fear:
The Voices of the Night!

Not such as softly rise
When boughs with song o'erflow,
And lover's vows and sighs,
Like incense breathe below;
Not such as warm his breast,
Whose fever'd anxious brain
Toils when all else hath rest,
To bring the *lost* again!

But the owl's boding shriek,
The death-cry of his prey;
The tongues that durst not speak
In bright unslumb'ring day;
The murd'rer's curses fell,
His quiv'ring victim's groan;
The mutt'red, moody spell
Which rocks ABADDON'S throne!

The song of winds that sweep
Impetuously around
Our rolling sphere, and keep
Up conferences profound;
The music of the sea,
When battling waves run mad;
Far sweeter there may be,
But none so wild and sad.

The wail of forests vast
Thro' which pour storms like light,

Whilst rending in the blast,
They feebly own its might!
Deep thund'rings o'er the main:
The short shrill smother'd cry,
Hurl'd to the skies in vain,
Of drowning agony!

The SOMETHING *toneless*, which
Speaks awfully to men,
Startling the poor and rich,
For CONSCIENCE *will* talk then;
These are the watch-words drear,
The Voices of the Night,
Which harrow the sick ear,
The stricken heart affright!

Great Marlow, Bucks.

MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS

MAY-DAY GAMES

(For the Mirror.)

This day of joyous festivity has almost ceased to be the harbinger of mirth and jollity; and the gambols of our forefathers are nearly forgotten amidst the high notions of modern refinement. Time was when king, lords, and commons hailed May-day morning with delight, and bowed homage to her fair and brilliant queen. West end and city folks united in their freaks, ate, drank, and joined the merry dance from morning dawn till close of day. Thus in an old ballad of those times we find

The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
The drapers at the sign of the Brush,
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
And the spendthrift to Beggar's bush.

And another

The gentry to the King's head,
The nobles to the Crown, &c.

The rustic had his morrice-dance, hobby-horse race, and the gaudy Mayings of Robin Hood, which last were instituted, according to an old writer, in honour of his memory, and continued till the latter end of the sixteenth century. These games were attended not by the people only, but by kings and princes, and grave magistrates.

Stow says, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall Mayinges, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike showes, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bone-fires in the streetes. These greate Mayinges and Maygames, made by governors and masters of this citie, with the triumphant setting up of the greate shafte, (a principall May-pole in Cornhill, before the parish church of S. Andrew, therefore called Undershafte,) by meane of an insurrection of youthes against alianes, on May-day, 1517, have not beene so freely used as afore."

The disuse of these ancient pastimes and the consequent neglect of Archerie, are thus lamented by Richard Niccols, in his

London's Artillery, 1616:

How is it that our London hath laid downe
This worthy practise, which was once the crowne,
Of all her pastime which her Robin Hood
Had wont each yeare when May did clad the wood
With lustre greene, to lead his young men out,
Whose brave demeanour, oft when they did shoot,
Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wilde woods to behold their sports!
Who thought it then a manly sight and trim,
To see a youth of clene compacted lim,
Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand
Holding his bow, did take his steadfast stand,
Setting his left leg somewhat foorth before,
His Arrow with his right hand nocking sure,
Not stooping, nor yet standing streight upright,
Then, with his left hand little 'bove his sight,
Stretching his arm out, with an easie strength
To draw an arrow of a yard in length.

The lines

"Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wilde woods to behold their sports,"

may be reasonably supposed to allude to Henry the VIIIth, who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the

exercise of archery, as to the observance of Maying. "Some short time after his coronation," says Hall, "he came to Westminster with the quene, and all their traine, and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the number of twelve, came sodainly in a mornynge into the quenes chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish kendal, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sworde and a bucklar, like outlawes, or Robyn Hodesmen; whereof the quene, the ladies, and al other there were abashed as well for the straunge sight, as also for their sodain commynge, and after certayn daunces and pastime made, thei departed."

The same author gives the following curious account of a Maying, in the 7th year of that monarch, 1516: "The king and quene, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground on Shooter's Hill to take the air, and as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yomen clothed all in green, with green whodes and bows and arrows, to the number of 90. One of them calling himself Robin Hood, came to the king, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the king was content. Then he wistled, and all the 90 archers shot and losed at once, he then whistled again, and they shot again; their arrows wistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the king, the quene, and all the company. All these archers were of the king's guard, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the king. Then Robin Hood desired

the king and quene to come into the green wood, and see how the outlaws live. The king demanded of the quene and her ladies, if they durst venture to go into the wood with so many outlaws, and the quene was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made of boughs, with a hall and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, well made and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the king much praised. Then said Robin Hood, 'Sir, outlaws breakfasts is venyson, and you must be content with such fare as we have.' The king and quene sat down, and were served with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men. Then the king and his party departed, and Robin and his men conducted them. As they were returning, they were met by two ladies in a rich chairiot, drawn by five horses, every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady, with her name written; and in a chair sat the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly appareled, and they saluted the king with divers songs, and so brought him to Greenwhich."

The games of Robin Hood seem to have been occasionally of a dramatic cast. Sir John Paston, in the time of King Edward IV. complaining of the ingratitude of his servants, mentions one who had promised never to desert him, and "ther uppon," says he, "I have kepyd hym thys iii yer to pleye Seynt Jorge, and Robyn Hod, and the Shryf off Notyngham, and now when I wolde have good horse he is goon into Bernysdale, and I without a keeper."

In some old accounts of the Churchwardens, of Saint Helens,

at Abingdon, Berks, for the year 1556, there is an entry for setting up Robins Hoode's bower; supposed to be for a parish interlude.

Perhaps the clearest idea of these games will be derived from some accounts of the Church-wardens, of the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames:

" Robin Hood and Maygame.

	£.	s.	d.	
				23 Henry 7th. To the menstorell
upon Mayday	0	0	4	
For paynting of the mores garments and for sarten gret leveres	0	2	4	
For paynting of a bannar for Robin Hood	0	0	3	
For 2 M. and 1/2 pynnys	0	0	10	
For 4 plyts and 1/2 of laun for the mores garments	0	2	11	
For orseden for the same.	0	0	10	
For a gown for the lady	0	0	8	
For bellys for the dawnsars	0	0	12	
14 Henry 7th. For Little John's cote.	0	8	0	
1 Henry 8th. For silver paper for the mores dawnsars.	0	0	7	
For kendall for Robyn Hode's cote	0	1	3	
For 3 yerds of white for the frere's cote	0	3	0	
For 4 yerds of kendall for mayde Marian's huke.	0	3	4	
For saten of sypers for the same huke	0	0	6	
For 2 payre of glovys for Robin Hode and mayde Maryan.	0	0	3	
For 6 brode arovys.	0	0	6	
To mayde Mary an for her labour for 2 years	0	2	0	
To Fygge the taborer.	0	6	0	
Received for Robyn Hode's gaderyng 4 marks				
5 Henry 8th. Received for Robin Hood's gaderyng at Croydon.	0	9	4	
11 Henry 8th. Paid for 3 broad yerds of roset for making frer's cote.	0	3	6	
Shoes for the mores dawnsars, the frere and mayde Maryan at 7d. a payre. 0 5 4	0	5	4	
13 Henry 8th. Eight yerds of fustyan for the mores dawnsars cotes.	0	16	0	
A dosyn of gold skynnes for the mores	0	0	10	
15 Henry 8th. Hire of hats for Robin Hode.	0	0	16	
Paid for the hat that was lost.	0	0	10	
16 Henry 8th. Received at the church-ale and Robyn Hode, all things deducted.	3	10	6	

Paid for 6 yerds 1/4 of satyn for Robyn			
Hode's cotys.	0	12	6
For makyng the same	0	2	0
For 3 ells of bocram	0	1	6
21 Henry 8th. For spunging and brushing Robyn Hods cotys	0	0	2
28 Henry 8th. Five hats and 4 porses for the dawnsars	0	0	4-1/2
4 yerds of cloth for the fole's cote . . .	0	2	0
2 ells of worstede for mayde Marian's kyrtle	0	6	8
For 6 payre of double solly'd showne . . .	0	4	6
To the mynstrele	0	10	8
To the fryer and the piper for to go to Croydon	0	0	8

29 Henry 8th. Mem. left in the keeping of the wardens nowe beinge, a fryers cote of russet, and a kyrtle of a worstyde weltyd with red cloth, a mouren's cote of buckram, and 4 morres dawnsars cotes of white fustian spangelyd, and two gryne saten cotes, and a dysardd's cote of cotton, and 6 payre of garters with bells."

Having given so many items of the Robin Hood games, it will not be out of place to furnish some account of the Morrice.

The tabor and pipe strike up a morrice.—A shout within.

A lord, a lord, a lord, who!

ENTER THE MORRICE—*They sing.*

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly,

Tickle it, tickle it, lustily,

Strike up the tabor, for the wenches favour,

Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.

Let us be seen on Hygale Greene,

To dance for the honour of Holloway,

Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well said, my boys, I must have my lord's livery; what is't, a maypole? troth, 'twere a good body for a courtier's impreza, if it had but this life—*Frustra storescit*. Hold, cousin, hold.

(He gives the fool money.)

Fool. Thanks, cousin, when the lord my father's audit comes, we'll repay you again, your benevolence too, sir.

Mam. What! a lord's son become a beggar!

Fool. Why not, when beggars are become lord's sons. Come, 'tis but a trifle.

Mam. Oh, sir, many a small make a great.

Fool. No, sir, a few great make a many small. Come, my lords, poor and needy hath no law.

Ed. Nor necessity no right. Drum, down with them into the cellar. Rest content, rest content, one bout more, and then away.

Fool. Spoke like a true heart; I kiss thy foot, sweet knight.

(The Morrice sing and dance, and exeunt.)

SWAINE.

THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

SITTING IN THE DRUID'S CHAIR

We detach the following scene from one of Mr. Horace Smith's *Tales of the Early Ages*. The date is the fifth century, about twenty years after the final withdrawing of the Romans from Britain. The actors are Hengist, the Saxon chief, Guinnessa, his daughter, betrothed to Oscar, a young prince, and Gryffhod, a Briton of some distinction, and proprietor of Caer-Broc, a villa on the Kentish coast, where the parties are sojourning. The incident embodies the *superstition of sitting in the Druid's Chair*, similar in its portentous moment to sitting in St. Michael's Chair, in Cornwall. It is told with considerable force and picturesque beauty.

"In the morning, Hengist informed his daughter, to her no small dismay, that he meant to take her to Canterbury for the purpose of introducing her to her uncle Horsa, desiring her to make preparations for her immediate departure. 'But before I leave Caer-Broc,' said the Saxon, 'I would fain mount that lofty cliff up which I climbed fifteen years ago, in order that I might discover, if possible, upon what coast the storm had cast me. It

commands, as I recollect, an extensive inland view, and I would show my fellow-soldiers the beauty of the country into which I have led them.'

"'It must have been the Druid's Chair, for that is the loftiest headland upon our coast.'

"'The higher the better, my child, for so shall we gain the wider prospect. The morning is at present, clear, and I would climb the cliff before those clouds which I see gathering in the west, shall be blown hither to intercept our prospect.' So saying, he invited his comrades, as well as Oscar, to accompany him; while Gryffhod, on learning his purpose, joined his party with Leoline and others of his men, in order that they might render assistance, should any such be required, in climbing the broken and somewhat perilous ascent to the dizzy summit of the cliff. Ropes were provided in case of accident, as persons had more than once slipped from the narrow ledge, and fallen upon lower fragments of the cliff, whence they could be only extricated by hauling them up.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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