VARIOUS

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Содержание

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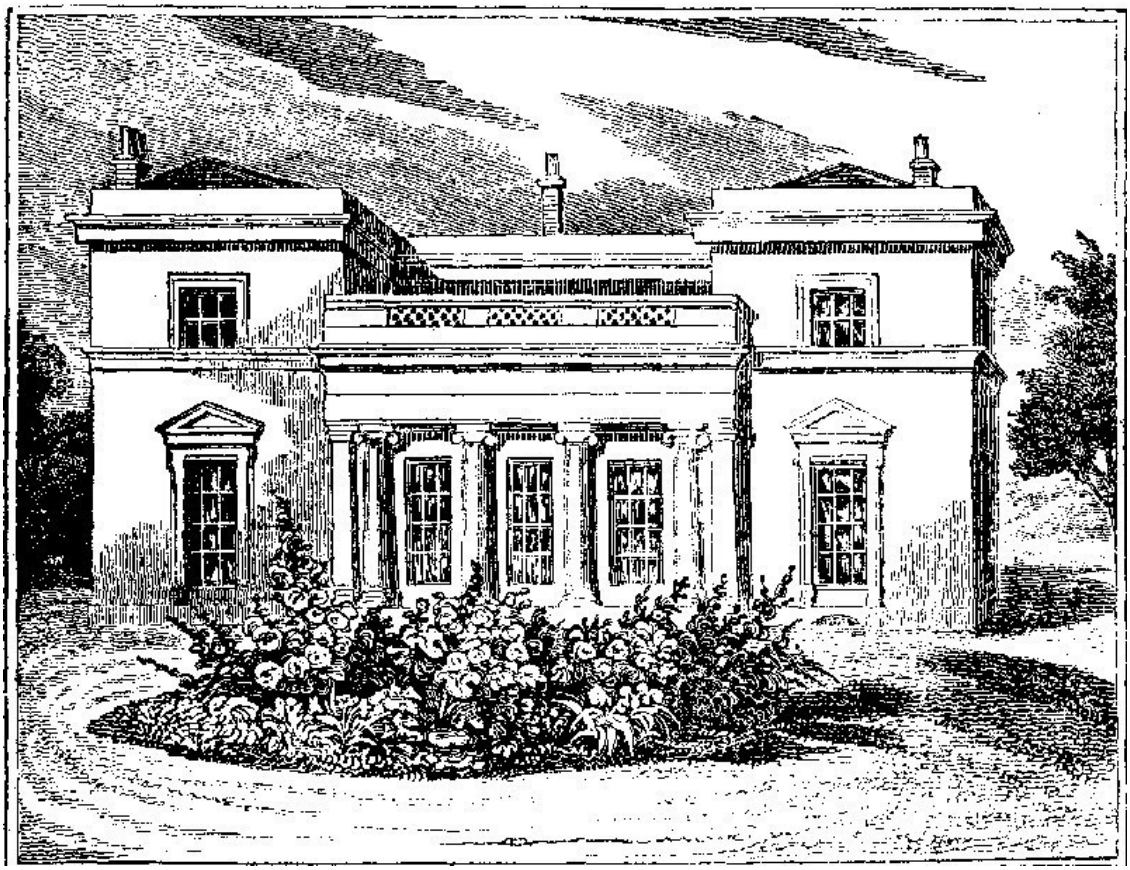
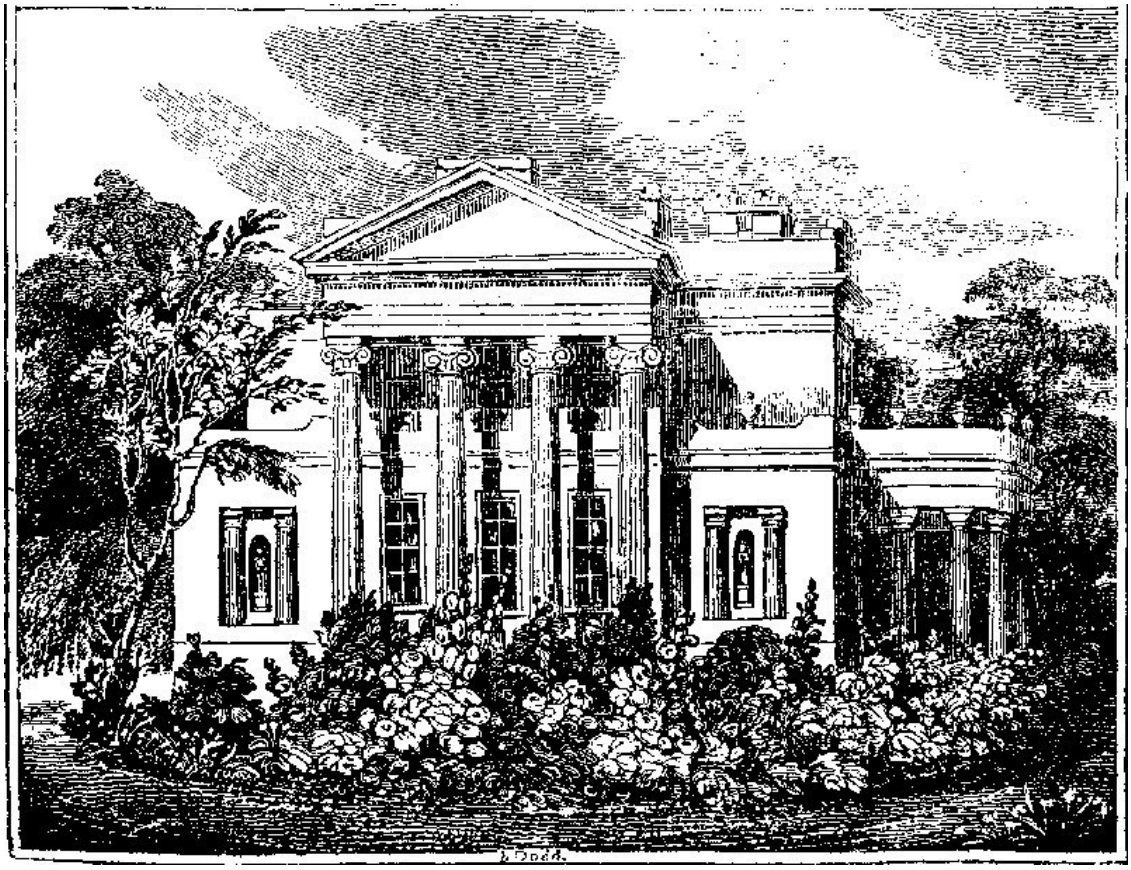
VILLAS IN THE REGENT'S PARK





The villas of this district are among the most pleasing of all the architectural creations that serve to increase its picturesque beauty. Their structure is light and elegant, and very different from the brick and mortar monstrosities that line the southern outlets of London.

The engravings on the annexed page represent two of a group seen to advantage from Macclesfield Bridge, pictured in our 351st Number. The first is

HANOVER LODGE,

the residence of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. The architectural simplicity and beauty of this mansion can scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the beholder. The entrance is by a handsome portico; and the internal accommodations combine all the luxuries of a well-proportioned dining-room, and a splendid suite of drawing-rooms, extending above sixty feet in length, by eighteen feet in breadth. The upper story comprises nine chambers, bathing-room, dressing-rooms, &c.; and the domestic offices are in the first style of completeness.

The grounds are unusually picturesque, for they have none of the geometrical formalities of the exploded school of landscape-gardening, or of Nature trimmed and tortured into artificial embellishment. We have often wondered where the old gardeners acquired their mathematical education; they must have gone about with the square and compasses in their pockets—for knowledge was then clasped up in ponderous folios.

The second engraving is

GROVE HOUSE,

the elegant residence of George Bellas Greenough, Esq., built from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton. This is a happy specimen of the villa style of architecture. The garden front, represented in the print, is divided into three portions. The centre is a tetrastyle portico of the Ionic order, raised on a terrace. Between the columns are three handsome windows. The two wings have recesses, "the soffites of which are supported by three-quarter columns of the Doric order. Between these columns are niches, each of which contains a statue. The absence of other windows and doors from the

front," (observes Mr. Elmes,) "gives a remarkable and pleasing *casino* or pleasure-house character to the house."

The portico is purely Grecian, and the proportion of the pediment very beautiful. The entrance front also consists of a centre and two wings; but the former has no pediment. The door is beneath a spacious semicircular portico of the true Doric order, which alternates with the Ionic in the other parts of the building with an effect truly harmonious.

Of the internal arrangements of Grove House we will vouch; but our artist has endeavoured to convey some idea of the natural beauties with which this little temple of art is environed; and the engraver has added to the distinctness of the floral embellishments in the foreground. Altogether, the effect breathes the freshness and quiet of a rural retreat, although the wealth and fashion of a metropolis herd in the same parish, and their gay equipages are probably whirling along the adjacent road.

The exterior of the "COLOSSEUM" (of the interior of which building our last Number contained a description) was intended for the embellishment of the present Number. Our engraver promised—but, as Tillotson quotes in one of his sermons, "promises and pie-crusts," &c. The engraving is, however, intended for our next MIRROR, with some additional particulars of the interior, &c.

SEVERE FROST

(For the Mirror.)

On the 25th of December, 1749, a most severe frost commenced; it continued without intermission for several weeks, during which time the people, especially the working classes, experienced dreadful hardships. Many travellers were frozen to death in coaches, and even foot passengers, in the streets of London, shared the same fate. Numerous ships, barges, and boats, were sunk by the furious driving of the ice in the Thames. Great were the distresses of the poor, and even those who possessed all the comforts of life, confined themselves within doors, for fear of being frozen if they ventured abroad.

The watermen of the river received great assistance from merchants, and other gentlemen of the Royal Exchange; but the fishermen, gardeners, bricklayers, and others, were reduced to a miserable extremity. These poor men, presenting a sad aspect, assembled to the number of several hundreds, and marched through the principal streets of the metropolis, begging for bread and clothing. The fishermen carried a boat in mourning, and the unfortunate mechanics exhibited their implements and utensils. The citizens of London contributed largely to their relief, as did most of the inhabitants of the main streets through which the melancholy procession passed.

G.W.N

OTWAY, THE POET

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Any anecdote relating to, or illustrative of, the works of this great man is a public benefaction; and I, in common with all your readers, (no doubt,) feel obliged to your correspondent for his history of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; at least, so much of it as, it would seem, was connected with the tragedy of the Orphan. Charles Brandon was, as history informs us, a gay, young, rattling fellow, a constant exhibitant at all tilts and tournaments at Whitehall and elsewhere; courageous, "wittie and of goodlie persone," in fact, a regular dandy of bygone days, a fine gallant, and of course a great favourite of his royal master; but, notwithstanding all this, it is not clear to me that Charles Brandon and his brother were the romantic originals of Polydore and Castalio. I rather think, if Otway did form his characters on any real occurrence of the sort, the distressing event must be laid to the noble family now proprietors of Woburn.

Perhaps the *old nobleman* misunderstood the duchess-dowager when she explained the picture to him; or perhaps her grace did not choose to be *quite* so communicate as she could have been, and, therefore, fixed the sad event upon the gay Charley Brandon, in whose constellation of gay doings it would, indeed, be a romantic diamond of the first water.

Every body who knows the gallery at Woburn, must remember the remarkable picture alluded to. There is in the same apartment a very fine whole-length of Charles Brandon; but in no way can I see is it connected with the work which has furnished this tragic anecdote. At some distance from Brandon's portrait appears the first Francis, *Earl of Bedford*, with a long white beard, and furred robe, and George, pendant,—an illustrious personage of this house, who discharged several great offices in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. Such was his hospitality, that Elizabeth used good-humouredly to say, "Go to, Frank, go to; it is you make all the beggars." He died, aged 58, on the 28th of July, 1585, the day after his third son, *Francis*, was slain, happily unapprized of the misfortune.

Now comes the interesting picture in connexion with Otway and his play. This youth, *Francis* and his elder brother, the Lord Edward Russell, are represented in *small* full-lengths, in two paintings; and so alike, as scarcely to be distinguished one from the other; both dressed in white, close jackets, and black and gold cloaks, and black bonnets. The date by Lord Edward is aet. 22, 1573. He is represented grasping in one hand some snakes with this motto, *Fides homini, serpentibus fraus*; and in the back ground he is placed standing in a labyrinth, above which is inscribed, *Fata viam invenient*. This young nobleman died before his father. His brother *Francis* has his accompaniments not less singular. A lady, seemingly in distress, is represented sitting in the back ground, surrounded with snakes, a dragon, crocodile, and cock. At a distance are the sea and a ship under full sail. He, by the attendants, was, perhaps, the Polydore of the history. Edward seems by his motto, *Fides homini, serpentibus fraus*, to have been the Castalio, conscious of his own integrity, and indignant at his brother's perfidy. The ship probably alludes to the desertion of the lady. If it conveyed Francis to Scotland, it was to his punishment, for he fell on July 27, 1585, in a border affray, the day before his father's death.

There, make what you like of this. This is how matters stand at the Abbey; but I cannot see how this remarkable picture connects itself with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. I pause for elucidation.

BEPPO

ON THE CONSTANCY OF WOMAN

(For the Mirror.)

True love has no reserves—LANSDOWNE.

There is not an accomplishment in the mind of a female more enchanting, nor one which adds more dignity and grace to her person, than constancy. Whatever share of beauty she may be possessed of, whether she may have the tinge of Hebe on her cheeks, vying in colour with the damask rose, and breath as fragrant—and the graceful and elegant gait of an Ariel—still, unless she is endowed with this characteristic of a virtuous and ingenuous mind, all her personal charms will fade away, through neglect, like decaying fruit in autumn. The whole list of female virtues are in their kind essential to the felicity of man; but there is such beauty and grandeur of sentiment displayed in the exercise of constancy, that it has been justly esteemed by the dramatic poets as the chief excellence of their heroines. It nerves the arm of the warrior when absent from the dear object of his devoted attachment, when he reflects, that his confidence in her regard was never misplaced; but yet, amidst the dangers of his profession, he sighs for his abode of domestic happiness, where the breath of calumny never entered, and where the wily and lustful seducer, if he dared to put his foot, shrunk back aghast with shame and confusion, like Satan when he first beheld the primitive innocence and concord between Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It adds a zest to the toils of the peasant, and his heart expands with joy and gratitude when he returns in the evening to his ivy-mantled cottage, and finds his wife assiduously engaged in the household duties of his family. And it soothes the mind of the lunatic during the lucid intervals of the aberration of his intellects, and tends more than anything else to restore him to reason. In fact, there is no calamity that is incident to man, but that female constancy will assuage. Whether in sickness or health, in prosperity or poverty, in mirth or sadness, (vicissitudes which form the common lot of mankind in their pilgrimage through this life;) the loveliness of this inestimable blessing will shine forth, like the sun on a misty morning, and preserve the even temperature of the mind. To the youthful lover it is the polar star that guides him from the shoals and quicksands of vice, among which his wayward fancy and inexperience are too apt to lead him. But in the matrimonial state, the pleasures arising from the exercise of this virtue are manifold, as it sheds a galaxy of splendour around the social hemisphere; for it is such a divine perfection, that Solomon has wisely observed, that

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

A husband so blessed in marriage, might exclaim with the lover in one of Terence's comedies, "I protest solemnly that I will never forsake her; no, not if I was sure to contract the enmity of mankind by this resolution. Her I made the object of my wishes, and have obtained her; our dispositions suit; and I will shake hands with them that would sow dissension betwixt us; for death, and only death, shall take her from me."

The eulogies of the poets in regard to this amiable trait in the female character, are sublime and beautiful; but none, I think, have surpassed in vivid fancy and depth of feeling, that of Lord Byron, in his elegant poem of the *Corsair*. The following passage describing the grief of Medora on the departure of Conrad, the pirate, is sketched with the pencil of a poet who was transcendently gifted with a knowledge of the inmost recesses of the human heart:—

"And is he gone,"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude?
"'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell.
But still her lips refus'd to send—"Farewell!"
"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convuls'd and quick—then gently rais'd to heav'n;
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main:
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

CANTO I.

The description of Conrad's return from his piratical cruise, the agony of his mind when he finds that his lovely Medora had fallen a sacrifice to her affectionate regard for him, and his sudden departure in a boat, through despair, is equally grand and powerful, and exhibits a fine specimen of the influence of female constancy even on the mind of a man like Conrad, who, from the nature of his pursuits, was inured to the infliction of wrongs on his fellow-creatures.

The anecdote of the behaviour of Arria towards her husband, Pætus, related by Pliny, is one of the greatest instances of constancy and magnanimity of mind to be met with in history. Pætus was imprisoned, and condemned to die, for joining in a conspiracy against the Emperor, Claudius. Arria, having provided herself with a dagger, one day observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, when judging that death by the executioner might be more terrible to him than the field of glory, and perhaps, too, sensible that it was for her sake he wished to live, she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus, it is not painful!" Read this, ye votaries of voluptuousness. Reflect upon the fine moral lesson of conjugal virtue that is conveyed in this domestic tragedy, ye brutal contemners of female chastity, and of every virtue that emits a ray of glory around the social circle of matrimonial happiness! Take into your serious consideration this direful but noble proof of constancy, ye giddy and thoughtless worshippers at the shrine of beauty, and know, that a virtuous disposition is the brightest ornament of the female sex.

There is another instance of constancy of mind, under oppression, in Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, in a dialogue between Jaffier and Belvidera, where the former questions her with great tenderness of feeling in regard to her future line of conduct in the gloomy prospect of his adverse fortune. She replies to him with great animation and pathos:

"Oh, I will love thee, ev'n in madness love thee,
Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me!
Tho' the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head,
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest."

This is a true and beautiful picture of constancy of mind, under those rude blasts of adversity, which too frequently nip the growth of affection. The only alternative against a decay of passion on such occasions, is a sufficient portion of virtue, strong and well-grounded love, and constancy of mind as firm as the rock. In short, without constancy, there can be neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

J.P

CAVE AT BLACKHEATH

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Allow me to hand you an account of a very curious cavern at Blackheath, fortuitously discovered in the year 1780, and which will form, I have no doubt, a pleasing addition to the valued communication of your correspondent *Halbert H.*, in the 348th Number of the MIRROR, and prove interesting to the greater portion of your numerous readers. It is situated on the hill, (on the left hand side from London,) and is a very spacious vaulted cavern, hewn through a solid chalk-stone rock, one hundred feet below the surface. The Saxons, on their entrance into Kent, upwards of 1,300 years ago, excavated several of these retreats; and during the discord, horrid murders, and sanguinary conflicts with the native Britons, for nearly five hundred years, used these underground recesses, not only as safe receptacles for their persons, but also secure depositaries for their wealth and plunder. After these times, history informs us the caves were frequently resorted to, and occupied by the disloyal and unprincipled rebels, headed by Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., about A.D. 1400, who infested Blackheath and its neighbourhood, (as also mentioned by your correspondent;) since then by several banditti, called Levellers, in the rebellious times of Oliver Cromwell. The cave consists of three rooms, which are dry, and illuminated; in one of which, at the end of the principal entrance, is a well of soft, pure, and clear water, which, according to the opinion of several eminent men, is seldom to be met with. The internal structure is similar to the cave under the ruins of Reigate Castle, built by the Saxons; where the barons of England, in the year 1212, with their followers, (frequently amounting to five hundred persons,) held their private meetings, and took up arms, previous to their obtaining Magna Charta at Runny Mead, near Egham, in Surrey.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.