

VARIOUS

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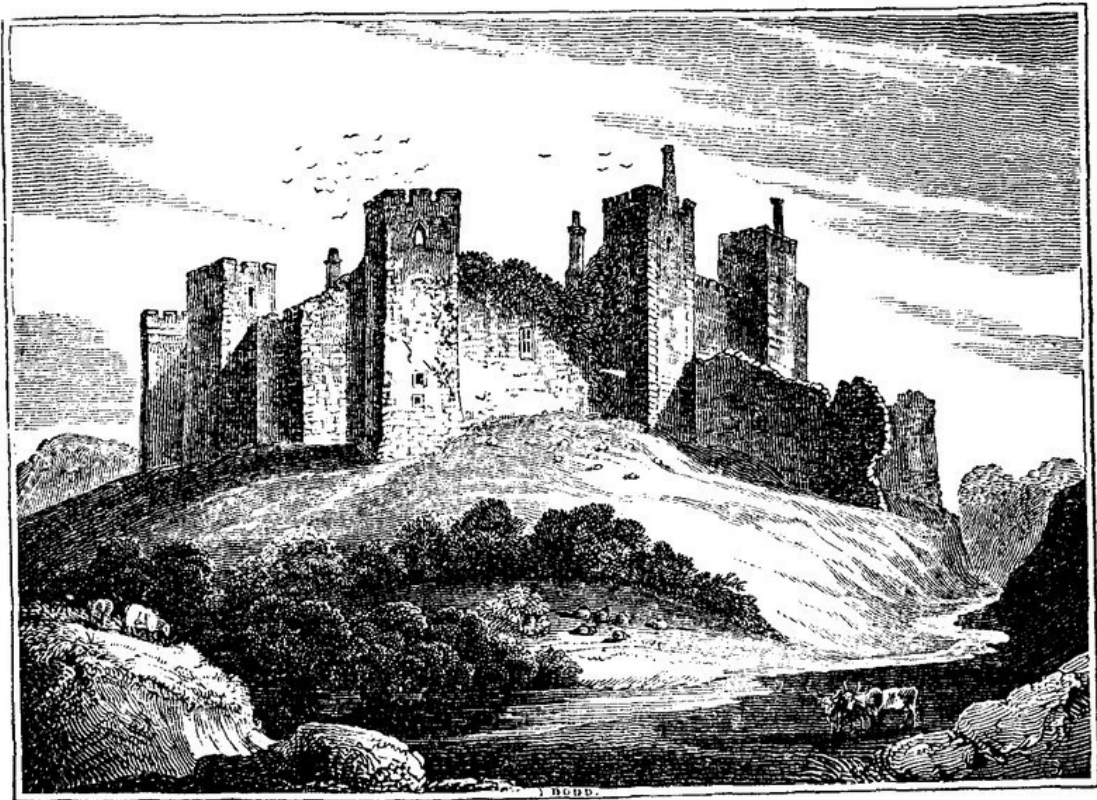
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FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE

Castle of Ancient Days! in times long gone
Thy lofty halls in regal splendour shone!
Thou stoodst a monument of strength sublime,
A Giant, laughing at the threats of Time!
Strange scenes have passed within thy walls! and strange
Has been thy fate through many a chance and change!
Thy Towers have heard the war-cry, and the shout
Of friends within, and answering foes without,
Have rung to sounds of revelry, while mirth
Held her carousal, when the sons of earth
Sported with joy, till even *he* could bring
No fresh delight upon his drooping wing!

JAMES BIRD.

(From a Correspondent.)

This Castle is said to have been founded by Redwald, or Redowald, one of the most powerful kings of the East Angles, between A.D. 599 and 624. It belonged to St. Edmund, one of the Saxon monarchs of East Anglia, who, upon the invasion of the Danes, fled from Dunwich, or Thetford, to this castle; from which being driven, and being overtaken at *Hegilsdon*, (now Hoxne, a distance of twelve miles from Framlingham,) he was cruelly put to death, being bound to a tree and shot with arrows, A.D. 870. His body, after many years, was removed to a place called *Bederics-gueord*, now St. Edmund's Bury. The castle remained in the hands of the Danes fifty years, when they were brought under the obedience of the Saxons. William the Conqueror and his son Rufus retained the Castle in their own possession; but the third son of William, Henry I., granted it, with the Manor of Framlingham, to Roger Bigod.—The castle continued in this family till Roger Bigod, the last of the race, and a man more turbulent than any of his predecessors, was compelled to resign it to King Edward I.; Edward II. gave it to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed De Brotherton; from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, twelfth Baron Mowbray, created Duke of Norfolk 29th of September, 1397. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, 28th of June, 1483. He was slain at Bosworth Field, 1485; and his son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, being attainted, the castle fell into the hands of King Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards. Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, being attainted, (38 Henry VIII. 1546,) it was seized by the king, who dying the same year, his successor, Edward VI., granted it to his sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary. King James I. granted it to Thomas Howard, first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, created Earl of Suffolk 21st of July, 1603; but his lordship making Audley Inn his seat, the castle fell into decay, and his son, Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, sold it in 1635, with the domains, to Sir Robert Hitcham, knight, senior sergeant to James I.; who by his will, dated 10th of August, 1636, bequeathed it to the master and scholars of Pembroke College, in trust for certain charitable uses; the advowson of the

living, the castle and the manor, he bequeathed to the college for its own use; since which time the castle has remained in a dismantled state.

Loder, in his *History of Framlingham*, thus describes the former state of the structure: "This castle, containing an acre, a rood, and eleven perches of land, within the walls now standing, but anciently a much larger quantity before the walls enclosing the same were demolished, was in former ages very fair and beautiful, standing within a park (long since disparked) on the north side of the town; fortified with a double ditch, high banks, rampires, and stone walls 44 feet high and 8 feet thick; in these walls were thirteen towers, 14 feet higher than the walls, built four-square—whereof two were watch-towers, one looking towards the east and the other towards the west: and the rooms within the castle were very commodious and necessary, capable to receive and contain abundance of people.

"In the first court was a deep well, of excellent workmanship, compassed with carved pillars, which supported its leaden roof, and though out of repair, was in being in the year of our Lord 1651. A chapel stood in the same court, adjoining to the east watch-tower; which in the reign of Henry VIII. was hung with cloth of arras, of the history of Christ's passion; and a lamp of the value of seven shillings was usually burnt before the altar there. On the side of the court, towards the west watch-tower, was the hall, covered with lead; and over the gate thereof were formerly cut in stone the arms of Brotherton impaled with Bouchier, quartering Louvain, supported with a lion and an eagle. Divers other arms there were in the rest of the buildings, some cut on stone and some on timber, to be seen in the year of our Lord 1651—as Bygods, Brothertons, Seagraves, Mowbrays, Howards, and St. Edmund's, the king and martyr. Between the hall and chancel, fronting the great castle gate, was a large chamber, with several rooms, and a cloyster under it, pulled down A.D. 1700; for which, when standing, in the reign of King Henry VIII., there was one suit of hangings of the story of Hercules; which are supposed to be those still remaining at the seat of Lord Howard, of Walden.

"Out of the castle were three passages—one a postern, with an iron gate, on the east side over a private bridge into the park, where there were arbours, pleasant walks, and trees planted for profit and delight. Another passage was on the west side, leading to a dungeon, and forth on to the mere, now filled up with mire and weeds. But the largest passage and most used was, and is, that towards the south and town; there being formerly a portcullis over that gate, which was made in one of the strongest towers, and a drawbridge without, defended by an half-moon of stone, about a man's height, standing in the year 1657."

These splendid buildings within the walls have long since been demolished, so that scarcely a vestige remains; but with their materials a workhouse has been built for the poor. The only armorial bearings traceable are three shields over the castle-gate.

Over the centre of the gate is a large one; the arms and quarterings of John Howard IV., first Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1485; and with lions for supporters.

Crest—a lion passant-guardant.

1. A bend between six cross crosslets, for ... Howard.

2. Three lions passant-guardant in pale—England, for ... Brotherten.

3. Checky ... Warren.

4. A lion rampant ... Mowbray.

5. A lion rampant crowned ... Seagrave.

6. Semé de cross crosslets fitchy, and a lion rampant, double queue ... Broes, or Bruce.

All within the garter.

On the west side, a shield, quarterly—1. Howard—2. Brotherton—3. Mowbray—4. Seagrave.

On the east side, quarterly—1. Brotherton—2. Warren—3. Seagrave—4. Broes.

This venerable and majestic remain of antiquity, when viewed at a distance, has certainly more the appearance of a castle than the ruins of one, the outward walls being almost entire, and presenting nearly the same appearance they did thirty years ago.

Framlingham Church is a fine structure, and was built by the Mowbrays; and the Chancel by the Howards, wherein are several stately monuments of this noble family.

EDWARD DUNTHORN.

The original of the annexed Cut is a lithograph frontispiece to *Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle*—a poem of very considerable merit, by Mr. James Bird, of Yoxford: the introduction to which furnishes the following impassioned apostrophe to Framlingham and its decaying Castle:—

Heir of Antiquity!—fair castled Town,
Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
Seat of East-Anglian kings!—proud child of fame,
Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlingham!
I touch my lyre delighted, thus to bring
To thee my heart's full homage while I sing!
And thou, old Castle!—thy bold turrets high,
Have shed their deep enchantment on mine eye,
Though years have changed thee, I have gazed intent
In silent joy, on tower and battlement,
When all thy time-worn glories met my sight;
Thou have I felt such rapture, such delight,
That, had the splendour of thy days of yore
Flashed on my view, I had not loved thee more!
Scene of immortal deeds! thy walls have rung
To pealing shouts from many a warrior's tongue;
When first thy founder, Redwald of the spear,
Manned thy high towers, defied his foemen near,
When, girt with strength, East-Anglia's king of old,
The sainted Edmund, sought thy sheltering hold,
When the proud *Dane*, fierce Hinguar, in his ire
Besieged the king, and wrapped thy walls in fire,
While Edmund fled, but left thee with his name
Linked, and for ever, to the chain of fame:
Then wast thou great! and long, in after years
Thy grandeur shone—thy portraiture appears
From history's pencil like a summer-night,
With much of shadow, but with more of light!

Pile of departed days!—my verse records,
Thy time of glory, thy illustrious Lords,
The fearless Bigods—Brotherton—De Vere,
And Kings, who held thee in their pride, or fear,
And gallant Howards, 'neath whose ducal sway
Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were gay
With glittering banners, costly trophies rent
From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,
With all the pomp and splendour that could grace
The name, and honours of that warlike race.

Howards! the rich! the noble! and the great!
Most brave! most happy! most unfortunate!
Kings were thy courtiers!—Queens have sued to share
Thy wealth, thy triumphs—e'en thy *name* to bear!
Tyrants have bowed thy children to the dust,
Some for their worth—and some who broke their trust!
And there was *one* among thy race, who died
To Henry's shame!—his country's boast and pride:
Immortal Surrey!—Offspring of the Muse!
Bold as the lion, gentle as the dews
That fall on flowers to 'wake their odorous breath,
And shield their blossoms from the touch of death,
Surrey!—thy fate was wept by countless eyes,
A nation's woe assailed the pitying skies,
When thy pure spirit left this scene of strife,
And soared to him who breathed it into life:
Thy funeral knell pealed o'er the world!—thy fall
Was mourned by hearts that loved thee, mourned by all—
All, save thy murderers!—thou hast won thy crown:
And *thou*, fair Framlinghame! a bright renown,
Yes! thy rich temple holds the stately tomb,
Where sleeps the Poet in his lasting home,
Lamented Surrey!—hero, bard divine,
Pride, grace, and glory of brave Norfolk's line.
Departed spirit!—Oh! I love to hold
Communion sweet with lofty minds of old,
To catch a spark of that celestial fire
Which glows and kindles in thy rapturous lyre;
Though varying themes demand my future lays,
Yet thus my soul a willing homage pays
To that bright glory which illumines thy name,
Though naught can raise the splendour of thy fame!

Mr. Bird is also advantageously known as the author of the *Vale of Slaughden*; *Poetical Memoirs*; *Dunwich*, a tale of the *Splendid City*; and other poems, which abound with vivid imagery, life-breathing incidents, and interesting narrative; though it is but late justice to recommend his *Framlingham* to the admirers of fervid verse.

SPIRIT DRINKING

"Nothing like the simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow."

The direful practice of spirit-drinking seems to have arrived at its acme in the metropolis. Splendid mansions rear their *dazzling heads* at almost every turning; and it appears as if Circe had fixed her abode in these superb haunts. Happy are those who, like Ulysses of old, will not partake of her deadly cup. If the unhappy dram-drinker was merely to calculate the annual expense of two glasses of gin per day, he would find a sum expended which would procure for him many comforts, for the want of which he is continually grumbling. If this sum is expended for only two glasses of spirits, what must be the expense to the habitual and daily sot, who constantly haunts the tap-room or the wretched bar? to say nothing of the loss of time, health, and every comfort.

Dr. Willan says—"On comparing my own observations with the bills of mortality, I am convinced that considerably more than one-eighth of all the deaths which take place in persons above twenty years old, happen prematurely, through excess in drinking spirits."

Spirits, like other poisons, if taken in a sufficient quantity, prove immediately fatal. The newspapers frequently furnish us with examples of almost instant death, occasioned by wantonly swallowing a pint or other large quantity of spirits, for the sake of wager, or in boast.

Dr. Trotter says—"We daily see, in all parts of the world, men who, by profligacy and hard-drinking, have brought themselves to a goal; yet, if we consult the register of the prison, it does not appear that any of these habitual drunkards die by being forced to lead sober lives." And he contends, that "whatever debility of the constitution exists, it is to be cured by the usual medicinal means which are employed to restore weakened organs. But the great difficulty in these attempts to cure inebriety is in satisfying the mind, and in whetting the blunted resolutions of the patient; and this is, doubtless, more easily accomplished by a gradual abstraction of his favourite potations."

Dr. Lettsom mentions a person who usually drank twelve drams a day; but being convinced of his approaching misery, took the resolution to wean himself from this poison. He always drank out of one glass, into which he daily let fall a drop of sealing-wax. By this means he had twelve drops less of spirit every day, till at length, his glass being filled with wax, his habit was cured.

"In the drunkard," says Dr. Willan, "the memory and the faculties depending on it, being impaired, there takes place an indifference towards usual occupations, and accustomed society or amusements. No interest is taken in the concerns of others—no love, no sympathy remain: even natural affection to nearest relatives is gradually extinguished, and the moral sense obliterated. The wretched victims of a fatal poison fall, at length, into a state of fatuity, and die with the powers both of body and mind wholly exhausted. Some, after repeated fits of derangement, expire in a sudden and violent phrenzy; some are hurried out the world by apoplexies; others perish by the slower process of jaundice, dropsy," &c.

P.T.W.

A SCENE ON WINDERMERE

"Beautiful scene! how fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid."

It was a holy calm—the sunbeams tinged
The lake with gold, and flush'd the gorgeous brow
Of many a cloud whose image shone beneath
The blue translucent wave; the mountain-peaks
Were robed in purple, and the balmy air
Derived its fragrance from the breath of flow'rs
That seem'd as if they wish'd to close their eyes,
And yield their empire to the starry throng.
The wind, as o'er the lake it gently died,
Bequeath'd its cadence to the shore, and waked
The echo slumbering in the distant vales,
Diversified with woods, and rural homes.
The calm was lovely! and o'er such a scene
It brooded like a spirit, softening all
That lay beneath its blessed influence!

On Windermere—what poetry belongs
To such a name—deep, pure and beautiful,
As its trout-peopled wave!—on Windermere
Our skiff pursued its way amid the calm
Which fill'd the heart with holiest communings.
On Windermere—what scenes entranced the eye
That wander'd o'er them! either undefined
Or traced upon the outline of the sky.
Afar the lovely panorama glow'd,
Until the mountains, on whose purple brows
The clouds were pillow'd, closed it from our view.
The fields were fraught with bloom, on them appear'd
The verdant robe that Nature loves to wear,
And rocky pathways fringed with bristling pine,
O'er which the wall of many a cottage-home
Graced with the climbing vine, or beautified
With roses bending to each passing breeze,
Attracts the eye, and glistens in the sun—
Were interspersed around; while in the vale
The streamlet gave a silver gleam, and flow'd
Beneath the hill, on whose majestic brow,
Dimm'd with the ivy of a thousand years,
The rural fane, encircled with its tombs,
Displayed its mouldering form. Amid the light
And harmony of this enchanting scene,

'Tis sweet to have a temple that recalls
The heart from earth's turmoil, and hallows it
With hopes that soar beyond the flight of time.

Beautiful Lake! most lovely Windermere!
Thou mirror to the mountains that enclose
Thy shores with zone magnificent;—in storm,
Or calm—when summer wantons with thy waves,
Or winter clouds thy crystal brow with gloom,
Oh! mayst thou still entrance the wanderer's eye,
And keep congenial quiet in his soul.
Thy fairy haunts, where solitude pervades
The feelings like a spirit, might allure
Some visionary youth to muse beneath
The rocks empurpled with the sunny beam,
And blend the music of his harp with thine
In gentlest murmurs,—consecrated Lake!

G.R.C.

NEW BOOKS

PETER THE GREAT

(Concluded from page 303.)

His attention was forcibly attracted to the magnificent building of Greenwich Hospital, which, until he had visited it, and seen the old pensioners, he had some difficulty in believing to be any thing but a royal palace. King William having one day asked him how he liked his hospital for decayed seamen, the Tzar answered, "If I were the adviser of your Majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and convert St. James's into a hospital."

It being term time while the Tzar was in London, he was taken into Westminster Hall; he inquired who all those busy people in black gowns and flowing wigs were, and what they were about? Being answered, "They are lawyers, sir;"—"Lawyers!" said he, with marks of astonishment, "why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."¹

In the first week of March, vice-admiral Mitchell was ordered to repair forthwith to Spithead, and, taking several ships (eleven in number) under his command, hoist the blue flag at the fore-topmast head of one of them. It is not stated for what purpose these vessels were put under his command, nor was any public order given. But the *Postman*,² under date of 26th March, says, "On Tuesday the Tzar of Muscovy went on board admiral Mitchell, in his Majesty's ship the Humber, who presently hoisted sail and put to sea from Spithead, as did also his Majesty's ships the Restoration, Chichester, Defiance, Swiftsure, York, Monmouth, Dover, Kingston, Coventry, Seaforth, and Swan." And the *Flying-post*, or *Postmaster*,³ has the following intelligence: "The representation of a sea engagement was excellently performed before the Tzar of Muscovy, and continued a considerable time, each ship having twelve pounds of powder allowed; but all their bullets were locked up in the hold, for fear the sailors should mistake." It is stated in the logs of the Humber and the Kingston that they had two sham fights; that the ships were divided into two squadrons, and every ship took her opposite and fired three broad-sides *aloft and one alow* without shot. The Tzar was extremely pleased with the performance. It is said, indeed, he was so much delighted with every thing he saw in the British navy, that he told admiral Mitchell he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Tzar of Russia.⁴

On returning from Portsmouth, Peter and his party stopped at Godalming for the night, where, it would appear, from the bill of fare, they feasted lustily. Among the papers of Ballard's Collection, in the Bodleian Library, is one from Mr. Humphrey Wanley⁵ to Dr. Charlett,⁶ which contains the following passage:—"I cannot vouch for the following bill of fare, which the Tzar and his company, thirteen at table, and twenty-one in all, ate up at Godalming (or Godliming), in Surrey, in their way home, but it is averred for truth by an eye-witness, who saw them eating, and had this bill from the landlord. At breakfast—half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner:—five

¹ Gentleman's Mag. vol. vii.

² Postman, No. 441.

³ Postmaster, No. 449.

⁴ Nestesuranoi. Mottley.

⁵ Author of "Wonders of the little World."

⁶ Master of University College.

ribs of beef, weight three stone; one sheep, fifty-six pounds; three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, one dozen of claret."⁷

⁷ There are among our countrymen those who are scarcely outdone by the Tzar of Russia and his companions. At the same place, and probably at the same house, long known as *Moon's*, two noble dukes, the one dead, the other yet living, stopped, as they intended, for a moment, while sitting in their carriages, to eat a mutton chop, which they found so good that they each of them devoured *eighteen*, and drank five bottles of claret.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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