

VARIOUS

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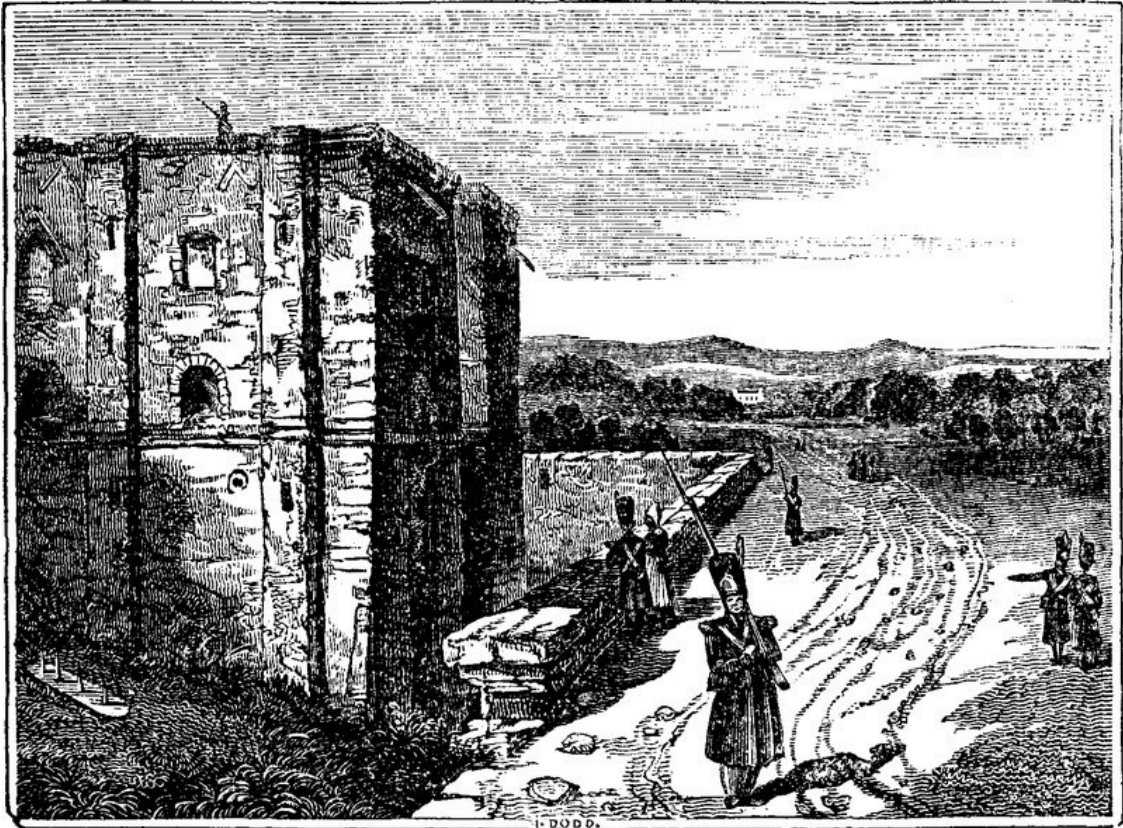
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CASTLE OF VINCENNES.

CASTLE OF VINCENNES

Every reader at all conversant with the history of the present century, or the past year, will appreciate our choice of the above Engraving. Its pictorial and historical interest will not bear comparison; unless it be in the strong contrast which the gloomy, wretched-looking building affords with the beautiful *paysage* of the scene. The spectator may perhaps reflect on the damning deeds which the cruelty and ambition of man have perpetrated in the Castle, then turn for relief to the gaiety—nay, the dancing life and bustle of other portions of the picture—and lastly confess that the composition, slight as it is, abounds with lights and shadows that strike forcibly on every beholder.

To be more explicit—the Castle of Vincennes was formerly a royal palace of the French court: it then dwindled to a state-prison; in its fosse, March 21, 1804, the Duke d'Enghien was murdered, the grave in the ditch on the left being where the body of the ill-starred victim was thrown immediately after being shot. The reader knows this act as one of the bloody deeds—the damned spots—of Bonaparte's career; that, subsequently, by order of the Bourbons, the remains of the duke were disinterred, and removed to the chapel of the Castle; and that the place has since become interesting as the prison of Prince Polignac and the Ex-ministers of Charles X. previous to their trial after the revolution in Paris, July, 1830.

Before proceeding further, we ought to acknowledge the original of the above print. In 1816, a few days after the removal of the bones of the Duke d'Enghien, an ingenious gentleman, Mr. G. Shepherd, was on the spot, and made a drawing for his portfolio. He was interrupted in his task by the guard, and notwithstanding the explanation of his harmless motive, was removed within the Castle: for those were days of political jealousy and suspicion. The Governor of the prison chanced to be acquainted with a friend who accompanied the artist; an explanation was given, and instead of a dreary lodging in one of the cells of the Castle, the "arrested" partook of a substantial *dejeuné* in one of its best apartments. Mr. Shepherd brought the sketch with him to England, and, upon the frequent mention of the Castle of Vincennes during the recent affair of the French ministry, he caused the drawing to be lithographed by Mr. W. Day. As this has not been done with a view to profit, we may mention that the drawing is to be purchased at a cheap rate, of the printsellers. Our copy has been made by permission of the artist, and we take this method of thanking him, as well as distinguishing his praiseworthy enthusiasm. By the way, there is a print of the Castle of Vincennes and the Execution of the Duke d'Enghien, in the *Life of Napoleon*, in the *Family Library*. The Castle, as there represented, is about as like that of Mr. Shepherd's drawing as the publisher's house in Albemarle-street. This hint may probably not be lost upon the editor of the "Family" Life in his next edition.

The History of the Castle deserves detail; and we copy it from the last edition of our friend Galignani's *Picture of Paris*:—

Vincennes is a large village about four miles east of Paris, famous for its forest, called the *Bois de Vincennes*, and its ancient royal chateau. The forest appears to have existed long before the chateau, and to have been much more extensive than at present. Philip Augustus surrounded it with strong and thick walls in 1283, when Henry III. of England, presented to him a great number of stags, deer, wild boars, and other animals for the sports of the chase. That monarch, taking pleasure in sporting, built a country seat at Vincennes, which was known by the name of *Regale manerium*, or the royal manor. Louis IX. often visited Vincennes, and used to sit under an oak in the forest to administer justice. In 1337, Philippe de Valois demolished the ancient building, and laid the foundations of that which still exists, and which was completed by his royal successors. The chateau forms a parallelogram of large dimensions; round it were formerly nine towers, of which eight were demolished to the level of the wall in 1814. That which remains, called the *tour de l'Horloge*, is a lofty square tower which forms the entrance. The Donjon is a detached building on the side towards Paris, and has a

parapet for its defence. Deep ditches lined with stone surround the chateau. The chapel called *la Sainte Chapelle*, built by Charles V. stands in the second court to the right. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The interior is remarkable for its windows of coloured glass, by Cousin, after the designs of Raphael. They formerly were numerous, but only seven now remain. The high altar is entirely detached and consists of four Gothic columns of white marble; its front is ornamented with small figures. The balustrade which separates the choir is also Gothic, and of white marble. To the left of the altar is a monument, after the designs of Deseine, to the memory of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. It consists of four erect full length statues in beautiful white marble. The prince appears supported by religion. The other figures represent, the one, France in tears, having at her feet a globe enriched with *fleurs de lis*, and holding in her hand a broken sceptre; and the other fanaticism armed with a dagger, and in the attitude of striking her victim. The statue of the prince is replete with dignity and expression; that of religion is remarkably fine; near her is a gilt cross, and upon her head is a golden crown. A trophy, in bronze, formed of the arms of the prince and the *ecu* of the house of Condé fills up the interval between the figures of the foreground.

Henry V. King of England, the hero of Agincourt, died at Vincennes, in 1422.

Louis XI. enlarged and embellished the chateau, which he made his favourite residence. It was in the reign of that cruel and superstitious prince, about the year 1472, that the Donjon of Vincennes became a state prison.

Charles IX. died at this chateau in 1574.

In the reign of Louis XIII. Mary de Medicis, his mother, built the magnificent gallery still in existence; and Louis XIII. commenced the two large buildings to the south, which were finished by Louis XIV.

In 1661, Cardinal Mazarin died at Vincennes. The Duke of Orleans, when regent of the kingdom, continued to live in the Palais Royal; and therefore, in order to have the young king, Louis XV. near him, he fixed his majesty's residence, in the first year of his reign (1715) at Vincennes, till the palace of the Tuileries could be prepared for him. In 1731, the trees in the forest of Vincennes being decayed with age, were felled, and acorns were sown in a regular manner through the park, from which have sprung the oaks which now form one of the most shady and agreeable woods in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Vincennes, though no longer a royal residence, continued to be a state-prison. Here the celebrated Mirabeau was confined from 1777 to 1780; and wrote, during that time, besides other works, his *Lettres à Sophie*. This prison having become nearly useless, during the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI., it was thrown open to the public in 1784. During the early stages of the revolution, Vincennes was used as a place of confinement for disorderly women.

Under Bonaparte, it again became a state prison; and a more horrible despotism appears to have been exercised within its walls than at any former period. The unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, who was arrested in Germany on the 15th of March, 1804, having been conducted to Vincennes on the 20th, at five in the evening, was condemned to death the same night by a military commission, and shot at half-past four on the following morning, in one of the ditches of the castle. His body was interred on the spot where he fell. On the 20th of March, 1816, the eve of the anniversary of his death, a search having been made for his remains, by order of Louis XVIII., they were discovered, and placed with religious care in a coffin, which was transported into the same room of the chateau in which the council of war condemned him to death, where it remained till the Gothic chapel was repaired and a monument erected to receive it. On the coffin is this inscription.—*Ici est le corps du très-haut, très-puissant prince, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, Prince du Sang, Pair de France. Mort à Vincennes, le 21 Mars, 1804, à l'âge de 31 ans, 7 mois, 18 jours.*

Beyond this descriptive notice of the last-mentioned event, little need be said. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject further may with advantage consult Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, vol. v., and No. 5 of the Appendix to that work. The political worshippers of Napoleon

have set up, or rather attempted, many points of defence. That the Duke's grave was dug before the judgment was pronounced, has been denied by Savary. Sir Walter Scott in a note says, "This is not of much consequence. The illegal arrest—the precipitation of the mock-trial—the disconformity of the sentence from the proof—the hurry of the execution—all prove the unfortunate prince was doomed to die long before he was brought before the military commission." The affair is similarly regarded in the Life of Napoleon in the *Family Library*, where the writer emphatically says, "If ever man was murdered, it was the Duke d'Enghien." Fouché's remark on this act has even passed into a proverb: "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." Lastly, although many pages have been written on Napoleon's conduct, his anxiety to justify or clear up his conduct on this occasion is not less worthy of attention.

We pass from this atrocious incident in the history of the prison-house to its last eventful scene, which is closely associated with the political mischief of the past year in France—the imprisonment of the ministers of Charles X. which has been too recently described in the journals of the day to render necessary its repetition.

ANECDOTE GALLERY

PETRARCH AND DANTE

(For the Mirror.)

Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior: his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes, and a ready smile. He was very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry; and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty that was characteristic of his mind: his eyes were large and intensely black; his nose aquiline; his complexion of a dark olive; his hair and beard very much curled; his step slow and measured; and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "There goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left, on those who beheld him was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance; he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of his *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, wherein several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe; "Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to Hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below."

"Ay, indeed!" replied her companion; "very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!"

BETA

CHESS

(For the Mirror.)

Colonel Stewart used frequently to play at chess with Lord Stair, who was very fond of the game; but an unexpected checkmate used to put his lordship into such a passion, that he was ready to throw a candlestick or any thing else that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason the colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the farthest corner of the room, where he said, "checkmate, my lord."

Tamerlane the Great

The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary to be well skilled in it. Tamerlane the Great was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner.

Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad

It is related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time when Al Manim's forces were carrying on the siege of that city, with so much vigour, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. The Khalif, when warned of his danger, cried out, "Let me alone, for I see Checkmate against Kuthar."

King John

Was engaged at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished the game.

Ferrand Count of Flanders

Having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place, which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

Boi, the Syracusan,

Was a very famous player at chess, and very much considered in the court of Spain, under King Philip II. He received many fine presents from that prince. Having the misfortune to be taken by the corsairs, and to see himself reduced to slavery, he found means to make those Turkish and savage men tractable, by his skill at chess. They admired him for it, treated him civilly, and exacted no other ransom from him than the lessons he gave them for some time in that game.

Two Persians had engaged in such deep play, that the whole fortune of one was gained by his opponent. He who played the white was the ruined man, and, made desperate by his loss, offered his

favourite wife as his last stake. The game was carried on until he would have been check-mated by his adversary's next move. The lady, who had observed the game from the window above, cried out to her husband, "*to sacrifice his castle and save his wife.*"

Situation of the Game

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
W. King at its Rook, 4th square.	B. King at the B. Queen's Knight's square.
W. Bishop at W. King's, 4th square.	B. Queen at the King's Knight's 2nd square.
W. Rook at W. Queen's Rook, 2nd square.	B. Rook at King's Knight's square.
Two White Pawns, one at B. Queen's Bishop's 3rd square, the other at its Knight's 3rd square.	B. Rook at the W. Queen's Knight's 2nd square.
<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>
1st Rook to the B. Queen's Rook's square checking.	1. B. King takes the Rook.
2nd The Pawn at the B. Queen's Bishop's 3rd square, which discovers check-mate.	

J.H.L

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS

EARLY RISING

I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,¹ will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as "agreeably," "Bristol," and "pleasure;" but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family, which for good sense, good humour, pleasantry, and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. "The blood of an African," indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies—no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion), who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town: when, walking along Broad-street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know that in our enterprising country adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for ninepence with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbour (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manoeuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition "tolerable" only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking! for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of ours; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*

¹ "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

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