

VARIOUS

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REGENT BRIDGE, EDINBURGH



Edinburgh, "the Queen of the North," abounds in splendid specimens of classical architecture. Since the year 1769, when the building of the New Town commenced, its improvement has been prosecuted with extraordinary zeal; consequently, the city has not only been extended on all sides, but has received the addition of some magnificent public edifices, while the access to it from every quarter has been greatly facilitated and embellished. Of the last-mentioned improvement our engraving is a mere vignette, but it deserves to rank among the most superb of those additions.

The inconvenience of the access to Edinburgh by the great London road was long a subject of general regret. In entering the city from this quarter, the road lay through narrow and inconvenient streets, forming an approach no way suited to the general elegance of the place. In 1814, however, a magnificent entrance was commenced across the Calton Hill, between which and Prince's street a deep ravine intervened, which was formerly occupied with old and ill-built streets. In order to connect the hill with Prince's-street, all these have been swept away, and an elegant arch, called *Regent Bridge*, has been thrown over the hollow, which makes the descent from the hill into this street easy and agreeable. Thus, in place of being carried, as formerly, through long and narrow streets, the great road from the east into Edinburgh sweeps along the side of the steep and singular elevation of the Calton Hill; whence the traveller has first a view of the Old Town, with its elevated buildings crowning the summit of the adjacent ridges, and rising upon the eye in imposing masses; and, afterwards, of the New Town finely contrasted with the Old, in the regularity and elegance of its general outline.

Regent Bridge was begun in 1816, and finished in 1819. The arch is semicircular, and fifty feet wide. At the north front it is forty-five feet in height, and at the south front sixty-four feet two inches, the difference being occasioned by the ground declining to the south. The roadway is formed by a number of reverse arches on each side. The great arch is ornamented on the south and north by two open arches, supported by elegant columns of

the Corinthian order. The whole property purchased to open the communication to the city by this bridge cost 52,000l, and the building areas sold for the immense sum of 35,000l. The street along the bridge is called Waterloo-place, as it was founded in the year on which that memorable battle was fought.

The engraving¹ is an interesting picture of classic beauty; and as the "approaches" and proposed "dry arches" to the New London Bridge are now becoming matters of speculative interest, we hope this entrance to our metropolis will ultimately present a similar display of architectural elegance. LONDON, with all her opulence, ought not to yield in comparison with any city in the world; and it is high time that the march of taste be quickened in this quarter.

¹ from an exquisite lithograph by J. Goldicutt.

ON THE DEATH OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Weep, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken,
And the master's hand is cold!
Romance hath lost her minstrel,
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter spell around,
The legends of Almaine.

His fame had flown before him
To many a foreign land,
His lays are sung by every tongue,
And harp'd by every hand!
He came to cull fresh laurels,
But fate was in their breath,
And turn'd his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death.

O! all who knew him lov'd him,
For with his mighty mind,
He bore himself so meekly,
His heart it was so kind!
His wildly warbling melodies,

The storms that round them roll,
Are types of the simplicity
And grandeur of his soul.

Though years of ceaseless suffering
Had worn him to a shade,
So patient was his spirit,
No wayward plaint he made.
E'en death itself seem'd loath to scare
His victim pure and mild;
And stole upon him quietly
As slumber o'er a child.

Weep, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken,
And the master's hand is cold!
The master chord is broken,
And the master's hand is cold!

PLANCHE.

YOUNG NAPOLEON

(For the Mirror.)

It is impossible at this time of day, to foretell how the future destinies of Europe may be influenced by the subject of these lines. To use the words of the talented author of the *Improvisatrice*, "Poetry needs no preface." However in this instance, a few remarks may not be uninteresting. Until I met with the following stanzas, I was not aware that Napoleon had been a votary of the muses. He has certainly climbed the Parnassian mount with considerable success, whether we take the interest of the subject, or the correctness of the versification into consideration. Memorials like these of such a man, are, in the highest degree, interesting; they serve to display the *man*, divested of the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty. That Napoleon had many faults cannot be disputed, but it is equally clear that he possessed many virtues the world never gave him credit for:—"*Posterity will do me justice.*"

I subjoin two translations of the beautiful lines written by Napoleon at St. Helena, on the portrait of his son. The love he bore to his son was carried to enthusiasm. According to those persons who had access to his society at St. Helena, his young heir was the continual object of his solicitude during the period

of seven years, "*For him alone,*" he said, "*I returned from the Island of Elba, and if I still form some expectations on earth, they are also for him.*" He has declared to several of his suite, that he every day suffered the greatest anxiety on his account. Since I met with these lines however, I have found that Napoleon had in his youth composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in "*Les Annales de l'Europe*" a German collection. He was exceedingly anxious in after life to destroy the copies of this poem which had been circulated, and bought and procured them by every means in his power for the purpose of destroying them; it is probable not a single copy is in existence at the present period. It has been remarked, that, "it requires nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his son, to inspire him once more. In neither of the original poems is it indicated which he preferred."

VYVYAN.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON

Delightful image of my much loved boy!
Behold his eyes, his looks, his cherub smile!
No more, alas! will he enkindle joy,
Nor on some kindlier shore my woes beguile.
My son! my darling son! wert thou but here,
My bosom should receive thy lovely form:
Thou'dst soothe my gloomy hours with converse dear:
Serenely mild behold the lowering storm.

I'd be the partner of thy infant cares,
And pour instruction o'er thy expanding mind;
Whilst in thy heart, in my declining years,
My wearied soul should an asylum find.

My wrongs—my cares—should be forgot with thee,
My power—imperial dignities—renown—
This rock itself would be a heaven to me;
Thine arms more cherished than the victor's crown.

O! in thine arms, my son! I could forget that fame
Shall give me, through all time, a never dying name.

(Signed.) NAPOLEON.

Another version is subjoined of lines, "To the Portrait of My

Son."

O! Cherished image of my infant heir!
Thy surface does his lineaments impart:—
But ah! thou liv'st not. On this rock so bare
His living form shall never glad my heart.

My second-self! how would'st thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou should'st warm my age with youthful fire.

In thee, a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own:
Thy kiss would chase past conquests from my mind,
Which raised me demi-god on Gallia's throne.

(Signed.) NAPOLEON.

THE COLOUR—BLUE

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Observing in Number 323 of the MIRROR, an article respecting *blue*, as the appointed colour for the clothes of certain descriptions of persons, it may, perhaps, not be wholly irrelevant to observe that Bentley, in his "Dissertation on Phalaris," page 258, mentions blue as the costume of his guards, and quotes Cicero's "Tusculan Questions," lib. 5, for his authority. I cannot at present turn to the passage in Cicero, but Bentley's quotation may surely be accepted as evidence of the existence of the passage.

Twickenham. H. H.

EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINALS

(For the Mirror.)

On the trial of *Henry Marshall*, Dec. 4, 1723, for murder and deer-stealing, a very remarkable circumstance took place. Sentence of death had no sooner been pronounced on this offender, than he was immediately deprived of the use of his tongue; nor did he recover his speech till a few hours preceding his execution.

G. W. N.

July, 1736—Reynolds, condemned upon the Black Act, for going armed in disguise, in pulling down Lothbury turn-pike, with one Baylis, (reprieved, and transported for 14 years,) was carried to Tyburn, where, having prayed and sung psalms, he was turned off, and being thought dead, was cut down by the hangman as usual, who had procured a hole to be dug at some distance from the gallows, to bury him in; but just as they had put him into his coffin, and were about to fasten him up, he thrust back the lid, and to the astonishment of the spectators, placed his hands on the sides of the coffin in order to raise himself up. Some of the people, in their first surprise, were for knocking him on the head; but the executioner insisted upon hanging him

up again; when the mob, thinking otherwise, cried, "Save his life," and fell upon the poor executioner, (who stickled hard for fulfilling the law,) and beat him in a miserable manner; they then carried the prisoner to a public-house at Bayswater, where he was put to bed; he vomited about three pints of blood, and it was thought he would recover; but he died soon after. The sheriffs' officers, believing the prisoner dead, had retired from the place of execution before he was cut down.

Sept. 3, 1736.—Venham and Harding, two malefactors, were executed this day at Bristol. After they were cut down, Venham was perceived to have life in him, when put in the coffin; and some lightermen and others, having carried him to a house, a surgeon, whom they sent for, immediately opened a vein, which so far recovered his senses, that he had the use of speech, sat upright, rubbed his knees, shook hands with divers persons he knew, and to all appearance a perfect recovery was expected. But notwithstanding this, he died about eleven o'clock in great agony, his bowels being very much convulsed, as appeared by his rolling from one side to the other.

It is remarkable also, that Harding came to life again, and was carried to Bridewell, and the next day to Newgate, where several people visited him and gave him money, who were very inquisitive whether he remembered the manner of his execution; to which he replied, he could only remember his having been at the gallows, and knew nothing of Venham being with him.

LOVE AND JOY

AN ALLEGORY

In the happy period of the golden age when all the celestial inhabitants descended upon the earth and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love, and Joy. Wherever they appeared, flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence; they were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them as soon as they arrived at mature years. But in the meantime, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abode; Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forest of Arcadia, where he was brought up amongst the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance, for her features were harsh, her eyes sunken, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples encircled with a wreath

of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so blended with the sweetness of the father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds gathered round and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew for refuge into her bosom. She had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in among them and captivate their hearts by her tales of charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress. One day as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the spring; and ever since, the muses' spring has tasted of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for so is her mother; and when she has finished her destined course

upon earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

THE CONTEMPORARY TRAVELLER

ACCOUNT OF THE VOLCANIC FORMATIONS NEAR THE RHINE

(From a Correspondent.)

There is a volcanic country on the left bank between Remagen and Andernach, highly interesting to the naturalist, but I believe not visited by the generality of travellers. The late accounts, however, of the formations of a similar kind in Auvergne and Clermont, in the centre of France, and the speculations to which these phenomena have given rise, determined me to explore this district whilst I was in the neighbourhood. Bidding adieu, therefore, to the green little island of Nonnenworth, I made the journey to Brohl, a convenient day's walk of sixteen miles, passing through Oberwinter, Remagen, and Breysig, and the other white and slated villages that enliven the river. It is here the valley of the Rhine narrows, and the succession of ridges and dales which the road skirts, are sometimes entirely barren,

at others thickly covered with vines and fruit-trees. Though the former plant is pleasing in the tints of its leaf, and in the idea of cultivation and plenty that its thick plantations present, yet there is a stiffness in the regularity in which it grows, propped up by sticks; and it is so short, that one's fancy as to its luxuriance, (especially if formed from such poetry as *Childe Harold*,) is certainly disappointed. I made a digression from the road up the little river Aar, which falls into the Rhine near Sinzig. A more striking picture you cannot imagine. The stream is remarkably clear and rapid, the bottom rocky, and its banks, for a considerable distance, are literally perpendicular rocks. The Aar is a perfect specimen of the mountain torrent; it rises in the Eiffel mountains; and, I am told, in the winter does much mischief by inundations. It put me in mind of the Welsh rivulets, particularly some parts of the Dee. This *détour* having taken up more time than I expected, I reached Brohl, late, but in time for the supper at the rustic Gasthoff, which, with a flask of Rhenish wine, and the company of an agreeable German tourist who was staying there, made ample amends for the fatigues of the day.

In setting out from Brohl by the stream of the same name, which runs down from the Lake of Laach, where I was struck with the pieces of pumice-stone, and the charred remains of herbs and stalks of trees scattered over the marshes. I soon came to the valley, the sides of which are composed of what is called, in the language of geology, *tufa*, and in that of the country, *dukstein*, or *trass*. It is a stone, or a hard clay, of a dull blueish colour,

and when dry, it assumes a shade of light gray. An immense quantity is quarried throughout the valley, and is sent down the Rhine to Holland, where it is in great request for building. The village of Nippes owes its origin to the trade in trass, having been founded by a Dutchman, who settled there about a century ago for the convenience of exportation. The lower part of the mass is the hardest and most compact, and is therefore preferred by the quarrymen; as it rises, the upper part becomes loose and sandy, and unfit for use. You must not suppose the stream to be clear like the Aar, for it is as thick as pea-soup, and about the same colour, being in fact a river of trass in solution. The banks, however, are picturesque and well wooded, particularly at Schweppenbourg, an old castle of peculiar architecture, built on an elevated rock, and formerly belonging to the family of Metternich, (God save the mark!) The tower is surrounded with caverns and halls, hollowed out of the trass stone, and profusely ornamented with fine oaks, pines, and spreading beech trees. You may almost fancy yourself on magic ground, and looking on a fairy castle, so peculiar is the effect. I next reached Burgbrohl and Wassenach, passing several of the trass mills, for the stone is in many places hard enough for mill-stones, and there is a considerable trade in them to Holland, and thence to England and other countries. Half an hour next brought me to the summit of the Feitsberg, one of the hills forming the circumference of the lake; here I enjoyed a magnificent prospect on the one side of the lake, well clothed with wood, with the old six-towered abbey

on its bank, and the heights of the Eiffel chain enclosing it; on the other side, the view was so extensive as to give me a glimpse of Ehrenbreitstein, and of the line of hills from thence to the Siebengebrige. Though my object in climbing the Feitsberg was very different, my surprise and delight in unexpectedly catching Ehrenbreitstein at the distance of twenty-four miles even served to withdraw my attention some time from geologizing, or from the scene close under me. I recollect the same sensation on descrying Gravelines sometime ago from the heights of Dover Castle, not believing the distance to be within the powers of the telescope. True indeed is it that

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