

# VARIOUS

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**Various**  
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**Nelson's Monument, at Liverpool**

In No. 270 of the MIRROR, you favoured us with a correct engraving of the Town Hall, Liverpool, and informed us of a trophied monument erected to the memory of Nelson in the Liverpool Exchange Buildings. Of the latter I am happy to be able to present you with the above view.

The monument, executed in bronze by Richard Westmacott, Esq. R.A. is erected in the area of the Liverpool Exchange Buildings, and was completed in October, 1823. The subscription amounted to about 9,000l. The weight of the bronze of which it is composed is estimated at upwards of 22 tons. The figures are in the proportion of seven feet.

On a basis of Westmoreland marble stands a circular pedestal of the same material, and peculiarly suitable in colour to the

group which it supports. At the base of the pedestal are four emblematic figures, in the character of captives, or vanquished enemies, in allusion to Lord Nelson's victories. The spaces between these figures, on the sides of the pedestal, are filled by four grand bas-reliefs, executed in bronze, representing some of the great naval actions in which Nelson was engaged. The other parts of the pedestal are richly decorated with lions' heads and festoons of laurel; and in a moulding round the upper part of it is inscribed, in brass letters, pursuant to the resolution of the general meeting, that most impressive charge delivered by the illustrious commander previous to the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

The figures constituting the principal design are Nelson, Victory, and Death: his Country mourning for her loss, and her Navy, eager to avenge it,—naturally claim a place in the group.

The principal figure is the Admiral, resting one foot on a conquered enemy, and the other on a cannon. With an eye stedfast and upraised to Victory, he is receiving from her a fourth naval crown upon his sword, which, to indicate the loss of his right arm, is held in his left hand. The maimed limb is concealed by the enemy's flag, which Victory is lowering to him. Under the folds of the flag Death lies in ambush for his victim, intimating, that Nelson received the reward of his valour and the stroke of death at the same moment.

By the figure of an exasperated British seaman is represented

the zeal of the navy to wreak vengeance on the enemies who robbed England of her gallant leader.

Britannia, with laurels in her hand, and leaning regardless of them on her spear and shield, describes the feelings of the country fluctuating between the pride and the anguish of triumph so dearly purchased, but relying for security on her own resources.

*Hoxton. T. WARD*

**TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE  
BY THE TURKS. <sup>1</sup>**

**(For the Mirror.)**

Mahomet II., soon after he mounted the Turkish throne, resolved to achieve some glorious action, that he might surpass the fame of his predecessors; and nothing appeared so compatible with his ambition as the gaining of Constantinople, and the total subversion of the Greek empire, which at that period was in a very precarious condition. The sultan, therefore,

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<sup>1</sup> From the time of Alcibiades to the reign of Mahommed II., Constantinople has undergone twenty-four sieges.

made vast preparations, which the Greek emperor, Constantine VIII., perceiving, he solicited the aid of several Christian princes, especially of Pope Nicholas V. and the king of Naples; but they *all*, in a most unaccountable manner, excused themselves. Being thus disappointed, the emperor laid an embargo on all vessels within his ports, so that he added about three thousand veterans of different nations to the garrison of his imperial city, which before consisted of only six thousand Greeks.

In the spring of 1453, Mahomet set forward, with an army of three hundred thousand men, for Constantinople, which city, on the ninth day of April, was closely invested by land. The Turkish galleys would have done the same by sea, had not the emperor been extremely vigilant, for he caused the haven to be strongly chained from Constantinople to Pera, having within the chain his whole strength of shipping. The Turks, on the land side, erected towers, cast up trenches, and raised batteries; from these works they carried on their attacks with great fury, and made several breaches, which, however, the besieged repaired with much industry, at the same time repulsing their enemies with artillery. This unexpected bravery greatly enraged Mahomet, who loudly exclaimed, "It is neither the Grecians' skill nor courage, but the Franks, that defend the city." Affairs stood thus, when a renegado Christian informed the sultan how he might bring part of his fleet over land to the very haven of Constantinople. Mahomet, who began to despair of taking the city, determined to put the project of the renegado into execution; and he therefore committed the

charge of it to a famous bassa, who, with wonderful labour, brought seventy vessels out of the Bosphorus, up a steep hill, the space of eight miles, to the haven of the city. The Turks, being thus miraculously possessed of the haven, assaulted the city also on that side; but their whole fleet was shamefully routed, and ten thousand of their men were killed. Yet this loss, instead of depressing their spirits, increased their courage, and on the twenty-ninth of May, early in the morning, they approached the walls with greater violence than ever; but so undaunted was the resolution of the Christians, that they repulsed their assailants with prodigious slaughter for a considerable time.

Constantine, however, who had undertaken the charge of one of the city gates, unhappily received a wound in the arm; and, being obliged to retire from the scene of action, his soldiers were discouraged, forsook their stations, and fled after him, notwithstanding his earnest prayers to the contrary. In their flight, they crowded so thickly together, that, while endeavouring to enter a passage, above eight hundred of them were pressed to death. The ill-fated emperor likewise perished. It is needless to describe what quickly ensued—the infidels became masters of the fine city of Constantinople, whose inhabitants were all,—except those who were reserved for lust,—put to the sword, and the plunder, pursuant to a promise made previously by the sultan, was given up to the Turkish soldiers for three days together.

**G.W.N**

**GAME OF CHESS**

**(To the Editor of the Mirror.)**

Perceiving in No. 321 of the MIRROR a brief history of the game of chess, perhaps the following anecdote will not be found unacceptable to your readers:—When the game of chess was first invented, the emperor of China sent for the inventor, and desired him to teach it him. The emperor was so delighted with the game, that he told the inventor whatever he should demand should be given him as a remuneration for his discovery. To which he replied, that if his majesty would but give him a grain of corn for the first square of the chess-board, and keep doubling it every check until he arrived at the end, he would be satisfied. At first the emperor was astonished at what he thought the man's modesty, and instantly ordered his request to be granted.

The following is the sum total of the number of grains of corn, and also the number of times they would reach round the world, which is 360 degrees, each degree being 69-1/2 miles:—

18446743573783086315 grains.

3883401821 times round the world.

I perfectly agree with your correspondent that China has the preference of invention.

**G.H.C**

## **QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VIRGINAL**

**(To the Editor of the Mirror.)**

On reading No. 336 of the MIRROR, I saw an account of an ancient musical instrument, *the virginal*, stating it to have been an instrument much in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. That such was the case there can be no doubt, for the musical world can still furnish many compositions, written expressly for Queen Elizabeth, her majesty being considered a very good performer on the virginal. But it is not generally known that the very identical instrument, the favourite property of that queen, is still in the possession of a Mr. Jonah Child, artist, of Dudley, Worcestershire. It is a very fine-toned old instrument, considering the many improvements which have been made since that date, and if put in good repair, (which might easily be done, it being quite playable in its present state,) it would not disgrace the

name of a Kirkman, or of any of our latest and best harpsichord makers; indeed, it is very far superior to any other instrument of the kind I ever heard. The case is good, particularly in the inside, which is of exquisite workmanship, and beautifully ornamented with (as far as I recollect) gilt scroll work; on the keys has been bestowed a great deal of labour and curious taste. Each of the sharps, or short keys, is composed of a number (perhaps thirty) of bits of pearl, &c., well wrought together. On the whole it is an object well worthy of the attention of the antiquarian and the musician.

Although a stranger to Mr. Jonah Child, I feel great pleasure, while speaking on the subject, in acknowledging the very courteous reception I once met with, on calling at that gentleman's house to see the above curiosity.

*Hampstead Road. S.A*

## **FIRE TOWERS**

**(To the Editor of the Mirror.)**

I perceive by a paper in your interesting little work, that the round towers so common in Scotland and Ireland, have afforded

the antiquaries much room for the display of their erudition, in ascertaining the purposes for which these towers have been erected.

Now, if any of these worthy and learned gentlemen were to take a trip to Sutherlandshire, in Scotland, they would see the *exact purpose* for which these buildings were erected; it was merely for the purpose of hanging the church bell in, as stated by your correspondent, in No. 335, of the MIRROR; for there stands at present in the parish of Clyne, near Dunrobin, the seat of the most noble the Marquess of Stafford, one of the said towers with the church bell hung in it to this day, unless removed since last October, the time at which I was there. It stands on the top of an eminence, a short distance (about fifty yards) to the west of the parish church, and is about twenty-five feet high.

## A. GAEL

### A SUMMER SCENE, BY CLAUDE

(For the Mirror.)

How proudly those hush'd towers receive the glow

That mellows the gold sunset—and the trees,  
Clasping with their deep belt the festal hills,  
Are ting'd with summer-beauty; the rich waves  
Swell out their hymn o'er shells and sweet blue flow'rs,  
And haply the pure seamaid, wandering by,  
Dips in them her soft tresses. The calm sea,  
Floating in its magnificence, is seen  
Like an elysian isle, whose sapphire depths  
Entranc'd the Arabian poets! In the west,  
The clouds blend their harmonious pageantry  
With the descending sun-orb; some appear  
Like Jove's immortal bird, whose eyes contain'd  
An essence of its sanctity—and some  
Seem like proud temples, form'd but to admit  
The souls of god-like men! Emerald and gold  
And pink, that softens down the aerial bow,  
Are interspersed promiscuously, and form  
A concentration of all lovely things!  
And far off cities, glittering with the pomp  
Of spire and pennon, laugh their joyance up  
In the deep flood of light. Sweet comes the tone  
Of the touch'd lute from yonder orange bow'rs,  
And the shrill cymbal pours its elfin spell  
Into the peasant's being!

A sublime

And fervid mind was *his*, whose pencil trac'd  
The grandeur of this scene! Oh! matchless Claude!  
Around the painter's mastery thou hast thrown  
An halo of surpassing loveliness!

Gazing on thy proud works, we mourn the curse  
Which 'reft our race of Eden, for from thee,  
As from a seraph's wing, we catch the hues  
That sunn'd our primal heritage ere sin  
Weav'd her dark oracles. With thee, sweet Claude!  
*Thee!* and blind Maeonides would I dwell  
By streams that gush out richness; there should be  
Tones that entrance, and forms more exquisite  
Than thron'd the sculptor's visions! I would dream  
Of gorgeous palaces, in whose lit halls  
Repos'd the reverend magi, and my lips  
Would pour their spiritual commune 'mid the hush  
Of those enchanting groves!

***Deal.* REGINALD AUGUSTINE**

# THE NOVELIST

## A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ

(For the Mirror.)

"Still the boar held on his way  
Careless through what toils it lay,  
Down deep in the tangled dell—  
Or o'er the steep rock's pinnacle.  
Staunch the steed, and bold the knight  
That would follow such a flight!"

The night was fast closing in, and the last retiring beams of the sun shed a mournful light over an extensive tract of forest bordering upon the district of the Hartz, just as (but I must not forget the date, somewhere about the year 1547,) the Baron Rudolf found himself in the very disagreeable predicament of having totally lost his companions and his way, amidst an almost interminable region of forest and brushwood. "Hans," addressing himself to his noble steed, "my old veteran, I must trust to thee, since thy master's wit is at a stand, to extricate us from this

dilemma."

The animal finding his head free, moved forward as fast as bush and brake would permit him. They had proceeded in this way for half an hour longer, when the Baron at last bethought himself of his bugle, and wound a long and powerful blast; but the echo was the only answer he received. He repeated the sound with the like effect. Again the Baron lost his patience, and "Der terefel—" when all at once his steed made a dead stop, and pricked up his ears as at some well known sound. The Baron listened attentively, and distinctly heard the blast he had sounded ten minutes before, responded by one so exactly similar, though apparently at a great distance, that he could scarcely believe the "evidence" of his ears. "By the mass but that must be the work of Mynheer von Heidelberger himself, for no one in my own broad barony can wind that blast save Rudolf Wurtzheim." He shrunk within himself at the very thought; for to any one it was rather appalling to meet this being at such a place and hour. The recollection of an adventure in these wilds which occurred on this very eve, twelve-months previous, now rushed vividly to his mind. The concurrence in the date was startling. In short, on reflection, he began to think there was witchcraft throughout the affair.

He had lost his companions of the chase in rather a singular manner; on this afternoon, being unusually unsuccessful, the Baron, while hunting a brace of favourite stag-hounds in a dell apart from the rest of the field, suddenly struck upon a boar of

remarkable size; attracted by the cries of the dogs, the Baron spurred Hans to the pursuit, and did not reflect that he was pursuing a route apart from the other hunters; and trusting to his knowledge of the wilds he so often traversed, he bore on with undiminished speed. The boar seemed to have a pair of wings in addition to his legs. Suffice it to say, that though Hans chased him in gallant style, yet the Baron eventually lost his way in the pursuit, partly owing to the doubling of the animal, till both dogs and boar completely disappeared from sight.

Entangled in the forest, the evening rapidly approached, a general hush prevailed, and all endeavours to recover his track seemed fruitless.

The sun had now gone down for a considerable time, and a mist was arising that obscured the little light which the luminary of night afforded.

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Baron, "mortal or devil, he has involved me in a very disagreeable predicament, and to avoid him is, I fear, impossible." He once more sounded a long blast; again the blast was re-echoed after a short lapse of time, though seemingly at an extreme distance. "Ah, there it comes again! what if my ears should deceive me, and this should be the answering bugle of my faithful Wildstein." The thought infused some fresh vigour into him; the low night wind murmuring through the trees, reminded him of the importance of every moment, Hans and his master pushed onwards through brake and dell.

It will be necessary, however, that we should leave the Baron for awhile, and detail some occurrences germane to our tale, and which are necessary for its development. And now as Mark Antony says, "Lend me your ear."

Some years before the preceding events took place, there dwelt in a spot of the most romantic description, a personage known by the designation of Mynheer von Heidelberger. No one had either heard or could recollect when or whence he came. Strange rumours were afloat respecting this person, and the peasantry crossed themselves with fright if they were led near the spot where his dwelling was said to be; and if his name was casually mentioned in the circle round the winter's hearth, all involuntarily drew their seats into a closer space. Impelled by adventurous curiosity, many individuals were said to have visited him, for the purpose of obtaining some insight into futurity; for his knowledge of the future, and the "things that none may name," was reputed to be great. It was also rumoured that some of his visitants had never returned.

About this time, by the sudden death of her father, the Baron Ernest, who was killed, it was believed, by a fall from his horse while hunting, Agatha von Keilermann was left sole and undisputed heiress of his vast domains. A prize so great, united to a fair person, caused many suitors to be on the alert; but they all met with ill success, being generally dismissed rather summarily.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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