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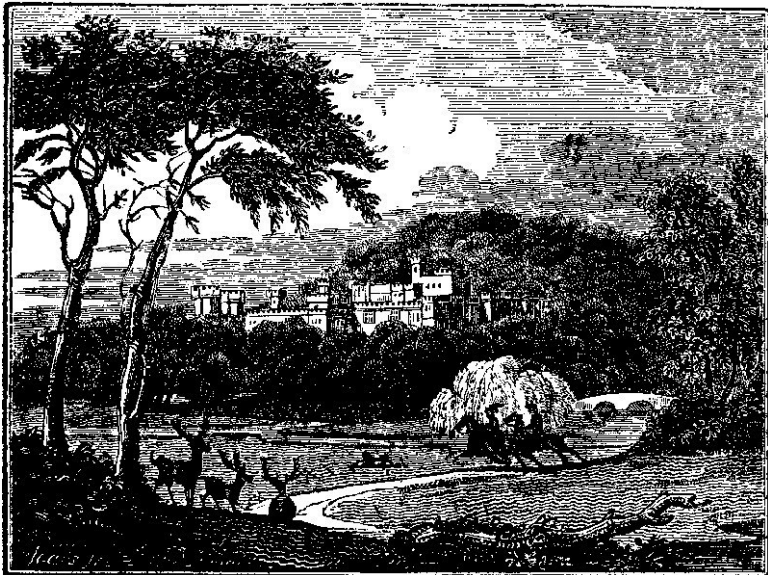
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HADDON HALL



The locomotive facility with which the aid of our graphic department enables us to *transport* our readers, (for we have already sent them to *Sydney*;) is somewhat singular, not to say ludicrous; and would baffle the wand of Trismegistus, or the cap of Fortunatus himself. Thus, during the last six weeks we have journeyed from the *Palace at Stockholm* (No. 277) to that of *Buckingham, in St. James's Park*, (278;) thence to *Brambletye*, in the wilds of *Sussex*, (279;) to *Hamlet's Garden at Elsinour*, (280;) then to the deserts of *Africa*, and *Canterbury*, (281;) in our last, (282,) we introduced our readers to the palatial splendour

of the *Regent's Park*; and our present visit is to *Haddon Hall*, in *Derbyshire*, one of the palaces of olden time, whose stupendous towers present a strong contrast with the puny palace-building of later days, and the picturesque beauty of whose domain pleasingly alternates with the verdant pride of the *Regent's Park*.

Haddon is situate about one mile south-east of *Bakewell*, and is one of the most curious and perfect of the old castellated mansions of this country. It stands on a gentle hill, in the midst of thick woods overhanging the *Wye*, which winds along the valley at a great depth beneath. The house consists of two courts; in the centre building behind which is the great hall, with its butteries and cellars. Over the door of the great porch, leading to the hall, are two coats of arms cut in stone; the one is those of *Vernon*, the other of *Fulco de Pembridge*, lord of *Tong*, in *Shropshire*, whose daughter and heir married *Sir Richard Vernon*, and brought him a great estate. In one corner of the hall is a staircase, formed of large blocks of stone, leading to the gallery, about 110 feet in length and 17 in width, the floor of which is said to have been laid with boards cut out of one oak, which grew in the park. In different windows are the arms of *England* in the garter, surmounted with a crown; and those of *Rutland* impaling *Vernon* with its quarterings in the garter; and these of *Shrewsbury*. In the east window of the *Chanel* adjoining were portraits of many of the *Vernon* family, but a few years ago the heads were stolen from them. A date of *Mi esimo ccccxxvii.* is legible. In the north window the name *Edwardus Vernon* and his arms remain; and in

a south window is *Willmus Trussel*. In the chapel also stands a Roman altar, dug up near Bakewell.

All the rooms (except the gallery) were hung with loose arras, a great part of which still remains; and the doors were concealed every where behind the hangings, so that the tapestry was to be lifted up to pass in or out. The doors being thus concealed, are of ill-fashioned workmanship; and wooden bolts, rude bars, &c. are their only fastenings. Indeed, most of the rooms are dark and uncomfortable; yet this place was for ages the seat of magnificence and hospitality. It was at length quitted by its owners, the Dukes of Rutland, for the more splendid castle of Belvoir, in Lincolnshire.

For many generations Haddon was the seat of the Vernons, of whom Sir George, the last heir male, who lived in the time of queen Elizabeth, gained the title of king of the Peak, by his generosity and noble manner of living. His second daughter and heir married John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland, which title descended to their posterity in 1641. For upwards of one hundred years after the marriage, this was the principal residence of the family; and so lately as the time of the first Duke of Rutland, (so created by queen Anne,) *seven score* servants were maintained, and during twelve days after Christmas, the house was "kept open."

A few years before the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, the writer of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and several other romances, a tourist, in noticing Haddon Hall, (and probably supposing that

Mrs. R. had killed heroes enough in her time,) asserted that it was there that Mrs. R. acquired her taste for castle and romance, and proceeded to lament that she had, for many years, fallen into a state of insanity, and was under confinement in Derbyshire. Nor was the above traveller unsupported in her statement, and some sympathizing poet apostrophized Mrs. R. in an "Ode to Terror." But the fair romance-writer smiled at their pity, and had good sense enough to refrain from writing in the newspapers that she was not insane. The whole was a fiction, (no new trick for a fireside tourist,) for Mrs. Radcliffe had never *seen* Haddon Hall.

In the "Bijou" for 1828, an elegant *annual*, on the plan of the German pocket-books, (to which we are indebted for the present engraving,) are a few stanzas to Haddon Hall, which merit a place in a future number of the MIRROR.

POETICAL LOVE-LETTER

(For the Mirror.)

The sweeper of New Haven College, in New England, lately becoming a widower, conceived a violent passion for the relict of his deceased Cambridge brother, which he expressed in the following strain:—

Mistress A—y.
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me;
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then, gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition:
If you deny,
Alas! I die
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your poor spouse

Had reached our *New Haven*,
My dear wife died,
Who was my bride,
In *anno* eighty-seven.

Then being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands—for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dow'r
I make this flowing version;
In those smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left to *Mat*,
Fortune to me has granted
In equal store,
Nay, I have more.
What Mathew always wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true,
You have to shew;
The young think teeth inviting—

But, silly youths,
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woeful times is fitting;
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

A furrow'd brow,
Where corn might grow,
Such fertile soil is seen in't,
A long hook nose,
Though scorn'd by foes,
For spectacles convenient.

Thus to go on,
I could pen down
Your charms from head to foot—
Set all your glory
In verse before you,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay,
For soon as you come hither
We'll eat and sleep,

Make beds and sweep,
And talk and smoke together.

But if, my dear,
I must come there,
Tow'rd *Cambridge* strait I'll set me,
To touze the hay
On which you lay,
If, madam, you will let me.

B.

EARLY RISING

(For the Mirror.)

"Whose morning, like the spirit of a youth,
That means to be of note, begins betimes."

SHAKSPEARE'S Ant. and Cleop.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, "est nemo miser nisi comparatus;" which, by substituting one single word, is exactly applicable to our present subject; "est nemo serus nisi comparatus." All early rising is relative; what is early to one, is late to another, and vice versâ. "The hours of the day and night," says Steele, (Spec. No. 454.) "are taken up in the Cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different countries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day." Now since, of these people, they who rise at six pique themselves on their early rising, in reference to those who rise at nine; and they, in their turn, on theirs, in reference to those who rise at twelve; since, like Homer's generations, they "successive rise,"

and early rising is, therefore, as I said, a phrase only intelligible by comparison, we must (as theologians and politicians ought oftener to do) set out by a definition of terms. What is early rising? Is it to rise

"What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night?"

"Patience!" I think I hear some of my fair readers exclaim, "Is this the early rising this new correspondent of the MIRROR means to enforce? Drag us from our beds at peep of day! The visionary barbarian! Why, ferocious as our Innovator is, he would just as soon drag a tigress from her's! We will not obey this self-appointed Dictator!" Stay, gentle ladies; in the first place I am not going to enforce this or any other hour; in the second place, I am not going to enforce early rising at all.—Convinced you feel, with me, the importance of time, and your responsibility for its right improvement, I leave it to your consciences whether any part of it should be uselessly squandered in your beds. The moral culpability of late rising is when it interferes with the necessary duties of the day; and though, my fair readers, you may in a great measure claim exemption from these, I would still, simply in reference to your health and complexions, advise you not to exceed seven o'clock. But, to effect this, a *sine quâ non* is, retiring early, say at eleven—(though really I am too liberal.—When people were compelled to retire at the sound of the curfew, when

"The curfew toll'd the parting knell of day,"

early rising was a necessary consequence, as they were earlier tired of their beds; and this may account for the singular difference between ancient and modern times in this respect; so that late rising, though a modern refinement, is by no means exclusively attributable to modern luxury and indolence, but partly to a change of political enactments, (you see, ladies, I am giving you every chance.)

In the man of business, late rising is perfectly detestable; but to him, instead of the arguments of health and moral responsibility for time, (or rather in addition to these arguments,) I would urge the argumentum ad crumenam; which is so pithily, however homely, expressed in these two proverbs, which he cannot be reminded of once too often:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"There are no gains without pains;
Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep."

And a third proverb is a compendium of my advice to both classes of readers:

"He who will thrive must rise at five;
He who has thriven may sleep till seven."

So then we have defined what early rising is; seven, to those who have nothing to do,—as soon as ever business calls, to those who have. Was ever bed of sloth more eloquently reprobated than in the following lines from the *Seasons*?

"Falsely luxurious will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life,
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?"

Exquisite indeed! But this too is a proof how nearly the sublime and ridiculous are associated,—"how thin partitions do their bounds divide;" for this fine poetry is associated, in most reader's minds, with Thomson's own odd indulgence in the "dead oblivion." He was a late riser, sleeping often till noon; and when once reproached for his sluggishness, observed, that "he felt so comfortable he really saw no motive for rising." As if, according

to the popular version of the story, "I am convinced, in theory, of the advantage of early rising. Who knows it not, but what can Cato do?" "Ay, he's a good divine, you say, who follows his own teaching; don't talk to us of early rising after this." Why not, unless like Thomson, you're kept up till a very late hour by business? The fact is he did not

—"In that gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves,"

after all. He had a strong apology for not rising early, in the late hours of his lying down. The deep silence of the night was the time he commonly chose for study; and he would often be heard walking in his library, at Richmond, till near morning, humming over what he was to write out and correct the next day, and so, good reader, this is no argument against my position; but observe, retiring late is no excuse for late rising, unless business have detained you: balls and suppers are no apology for habitual late rising. And now, my dearest readers, do you spend the night precisely as Thomson did, and I'll grant you my "letters patent, license, and protection," to sleep till noon every day of your life. You have only to apply to me for it through "our well-beloved" editor of the MIRROR.

W. P-N.

BUNHILL FIELDS BURYING-GROUND

This extensive burial-place is part of the manor of Finsbury, or *Fensbury*, which is of great antiquity, as appears by its being a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1104. In the year 1315, it was granted by Robert de Baldock to the mayor and commonalty of London. Part of it was, in 1498, converted into a large field for the use of archers and other military citizens to exercise in. This is now called *The Artillery Ground*.

In the year 1665, that part of the ground now called *Bunhill* (originally *Bonhill*) *Field*, was set apart as a common cemetery, for the interment of such bodies as could not have room in their parochial burial-grounds in that dreadful year of pestilence. However, not being made use of on that occasion, a Mr. Tindal took a lease thereof, and converted it into a burial-place for the use of Dissenters. It was long called *Tindal's Burial-place*. Over the west gate of it was the following inscription:—"This church-yard was inclosed with a brick wall at the sole charges of the city of London, in the mayoralty of Sir John Lawrence, Knt., Anno Domini 1665; and afterwards the gates thereof were built and finished in the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Bloudworth, Knt., Anno Domini, 1666."

The fen or moor (in this neighbourhood), from whence

the name Moorfields, reached from London-wall to Hoxton; the southern part of it, denominated *Windmill Hill*, began to be raised by above one-thousand cart-loads of human bones, brought from St. Paul's charnel-house in 1549, which being soon after covered with street dirt from the city, the ground became so elevated, that three windmills were erected on it; and the ground on the south side being also much raised, it obtained the name of *The Upper Moorfield*.

The first monumental inscription in Bunhill-fields is, *Grace, daughter of T. Cloudesly, of Leeds. Feb. 1666.*—*Maitland's Hist. of London*, p. 775.

Dr. Goodwin was buried there in 1679; Dr. Owen in 1683; and John Bunyan in 1688.

Park-place, Highbury Vale.

J. H. B.

SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF MEZZO-TINTO. ¹

Mezzo-tinto is said to have been first invented by Prince Rupert, about the year 1649: going out early one morning, during his retirement at Brussels, he observed the sentinel, at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked the soldier what he was about? He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes, closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away. The *genie second en experiences* (says Lord Orford), from so trifling an accident, conceived mezzo-tinto. The prince concluded, that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that, by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller with projecting points, or teeth, like a file, which effectually produced the black ground; and which, being scraped away or diminished

¹ The word mezzo-tinto is derived from the Italian, meaning half painted.

at pleasure, left the gradations of light. Such was the invention of mezzo-tinto, according to Lord Orford, Mr. Evelyn, and Mr. Vertue.

P. T. W.

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS

[For the following succinct account of the Gunpowder Conspiracy, our acknowledgments are due to the proprietors of an elegant and interesting *Annual*, entitled "THE AMULET" for 1828.]

A BRIEF HISTORY OF "THE GUNPOWDER PLOT."

**(Compiled from original and
unpublished documents.)**

Of all the plots and conspiracies that ever entered into the mind of man, the Gunpowder plot stands pre-eminent in horror and wickedness.

The singular perseverance of the conspirators is shown by the fact, that so early as in Lent of the year 1603, Robert Catesby, who appears to have been the prime mover of the plot, in a conversation with Thomas Wintour and John Wright, first broke with them about a design for delivering England from her bondage, and to replant the Catholic religion. Wintour expressed himself doubtful whether so grand a scheme could be accomplished, when Catesby informed him that he had projected a plan for that purpose, which was no less than to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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