

VARIOUS

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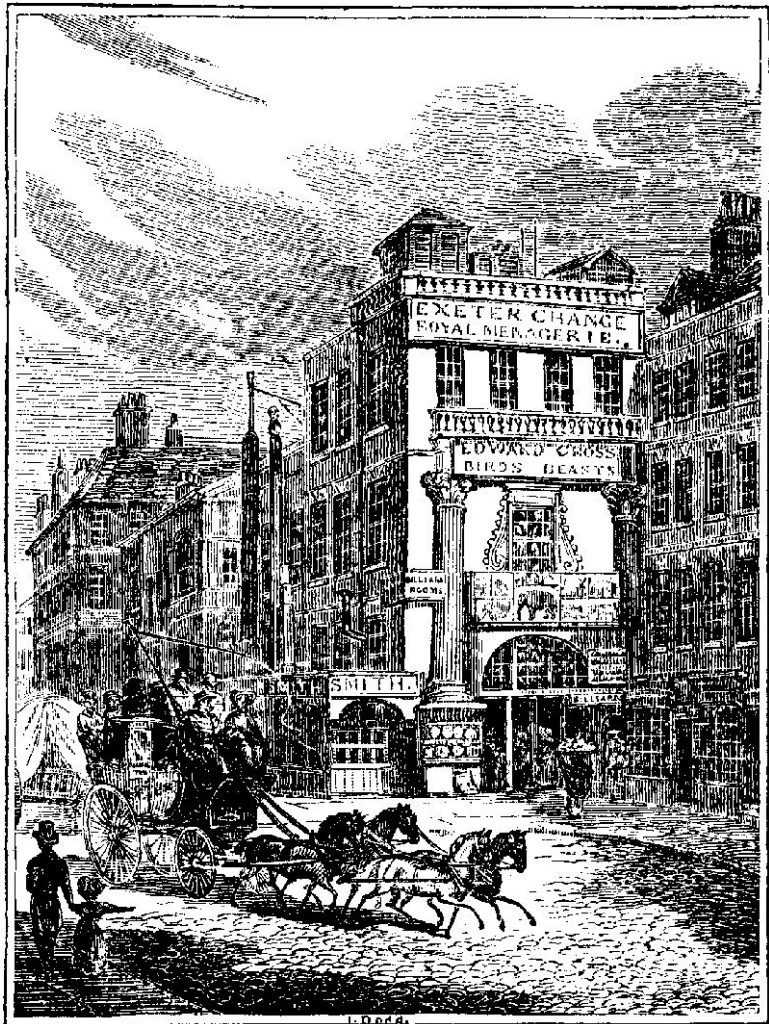
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 13, No. 376,
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EXETER 'CHANGE, STRAND



Who has not heard of Exeter 'Change? celebrated all over England for its menagerie and merchandize—wild beasts and cutlery—kangaroos and fleecy hosiery—elephants and minikin pins—a strange assemblage of nature and art—and savage and polished life.

At page 69 of the present volume we have given a brief sketch of the "Ancient Site of the Exeter 'Change," &c.; showing how the magnificent house of Burleigh, where Queen Elizabeth deigned to visit her favourite treasurer—at length became a receptacle for uncourtly beasts, birds, and reptiles, whilst the lower part became a little nation of shopkeepers, among whom shine conspicuous the parsimony and good fortune of Mr. Clarke, the cutler, who amassed here a princely fortune. But the march of improvement having condemned the whole of the building, "Exeter 'Change is removed to Charing Cross." Mr. Cross's occupation's gone, and the wild beasts have progressed nearer the Court by removing to the King's Mews.

Surely such a place is worthy of preservation in a graphic sketch for THE MIRROR. Perhaps its wonders were once the goal of our wishes—to receive a long bill from the jolly yeoman at the door, to see the living wonders of the upper story, and be treated with a pocket knife or whistle-whip from the counters of the lower apartments, have probably at one period or other been grand treats. Yes, gentle reader, and two doors east of this world of wonders appeared the early numbers of the present

Miscellany.

Among the improvement projects, we hear that a building for the meetings of public societies is to occupy the above site.

RECENT BALLOON ASCENT

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

June 10, 1829.

Sir,—With your permission, I will attempt to describe the magnificent scene I witnessed on my ascent with Mr. G. Green, in his balloon, on Wednesday, June 10th, 1829; but I really want the power of language to depict its grandeur; for no poetic taste, or pencil of man, can unfold the splendid scene we enjoyed while traversing the ethereal regions.

Having implicit confidence in the skill of Mr. Green I ascended with him from the Jamaica, Tea-gardens, Rotherhithe, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, whose forms and voices soon passed away; the busy hum of men (with us) ceased in a few seconds, and a solemn stillness reigned over the metropolis. The serenity of the evening threw a degree of solemnity over the scene, which had the effect of enchantment. We never lost sight of the earth, for our voyage was perfectly cloudless. The fields and buildings were all in miniature proportions, though most exquisitely depicted; and as Greenwich Hospital, the Tower of London, St. Paul's, &c. apparently receded from our view, the country succeeded, resembling one continued garden. The fields of wheat, &c. were beautifully defined, and the clearness of the atmosphere threw a sort of varnish (if I may use the term) over the whole face of nature. We

had the Thames in view the whole of the time, which appeared like a rivulet of silver; but below Kingston Bridge, about half an hour after our ascent, the setting sun *gilded* its surface with magnificent effect. The boats appeared like little pieces of cork. The Penitentiary, at Millbank, had the resemblance of a twelfth cake cut into quarters; St. Paul's and the Tower of London could be distinctly seen, the light falling happily upon their proportions. Old and New London Bridges, were like two feeble efforts of the works of man; and here we saw the triumph of nature over art, and the littleness of the great works of man. At one time, on nearing Battersea Bridge, we observed a small, black streak ascending from the surface of the Thames, which we concluded to be the smoke from a Richmond steam packet. At that time the course of the balloon was south-east, although the smoke above alluded to was driven towards the west. The air being so serene we felt no motion in the car, and we could only know we were quietly moving, from seeing the grappling irons (which hung from the car) pass over the earth rapidly from field to field; whilst the scene seemed to recede from our view like a moving panorama. At our greatest altitude a solemn stillness prevailed, and I cannot describe its awful grandeur and my excitement. We then let loose a pigeon, and having a favourable country below, we prepared to descend, and Mr. Green hailed some men with the cry of "we are coming down." I saw them run (though very small,) and we fell in a field of wheat, near Kingston, with scarcely any rebound; in fact a child might have alighted with

safety.

Thus, Mr. Editor, ended this short and rapid, but splendid voyage. On our alighting, Mr. Green wrote on a piece of paper our safe arrival, which he tied to the neck of a pigeon, and sent him off.

Our greatest altitude did not exceed one mile and a quarter, in consequence, as Mr. Green informed me, of the density of the atmosphere, which would, at a greater elevation, have dimmed the splendour of the scene beneath us.

P.T.W

[We thank our ingenious Correspondent for the previous description of his recent aerial voyage, as we are fully aware of the difficulty of describing such a magnificent scene as he must have witnessed in his ascent. During the whole voyage, he experienced nothing but sensations of delight; the atmosphere being only disturbed by very light wind, just sufficient to waft the aeronauts without any laborious management, and the time—evening—being beautifully serene. We thought ourselves richly rewarded by the view of the Colosseum Panorama, but what must have been their sensations at a distance of 6,600 feet high, when with the huge machine they appeared little more than a speck. The varnish, or glare, which our Correspondent describes, was that charming effect which we are wont to admire here, on earth, in evening scenes, especially when they are lit up by the splendour

of the setting sun; but which must be doubly enchanting when viewed from so great an altitude. He likewise tells us that the landscape appeared to recede like a moving panorama, whilst the balloon seemed to be stationary; so that the scenic attempt at Covent Garden Theatre, a few years since, to illustrate a balloon ascent, by moving scenery, was in accordance with the real effect, though, we think, the theatrical attempt was not so appreciated at the time it was made. In conclusion, we congratulate our friend upon his splendid recreation, for such his ascent must have been.]

PITY.—A FRAGMENT

(For the Mirror.)

What is pity?

'Tis virtue's essence,—'tis benevolence

Itself;—'tis mercy, justice, charity;

It is the rarest boon that man doth give to man;

It is the first perfection of our nature;

It is the brightest attribute of heav'n:

Without it man should rank beneath the brute;

And with it—he is little lower than angel.

The generous mite of penury is pity;

Nay, ev'n a look.—

Not so the heartless pittance of the affluent,

That is hypocrisy. If you pity,

Your heart is liberal to forgive,

Your memory to forget—

Your purse is open, and your hands are free

To help the penniless.

CYMBELINE

THE PENDRILS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—From a note which I have just seen at the foot of the interesting account of the escape of Charles the Second, in vol. v. of the MIRROR, the reader is led to conclude, that the pension granted to Richard Pendril, expired at his death. No such thing. Old Dr. Pendril lived, practised, and died at Alfriston, a little town in the east of Sussex, some forty or fifty years since. His son, John Pendril, died at Eastbourn, four or five years ago. His son, Mr. John Pendril, kept a public house at Lewes, a few years since, to which he added the appropriate sign of the "Royal Oak." All these in succession enjoyed the pension of – marks, granted by Charles the Second, together with something of a sporting character called "free warren." The last Mr. John Pendril was lately living at or near Brighton.

W.W

EATING "MUTTON COLD."

(For the Mirror.)

Be good enough to insert the solution of *Hen. B.*'s difficulty in your last MIRROR, which I send at foot, and thereby oblige a constant

SUBSCRIBER AND FRIEND

The solution, or attempt at solution, of *Hen. B.*'s difficulty as to what Goldsmith means in his poem "Retaliation" when he concludes his ironical eulogium on Edmund Burke, thus:—

"In short 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

By being "unemployed" it is presumed that he was not engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, or in other words was not engaged in those legitimate avocations which have for their object the procuring the means of subsistence for the masticator; but if it is meant to have a name of extensive meaning, the solution is unanswerable.

Assuming the former to be Goldsmith's meaning, the answer to be given to the solution might be that eating mutton cold, is eating cold mutton in its cold state, cooked or uncooked; but

if the more general meaning is insisted upon, I cannot see how the masticator is unemployed, as his jaws which form a most material part of himself—are set in full motion by the operation of eating—hence full employment is given them—and as much to the "he" who is the owner of such jaws.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

(Continued from page 338.)

91. *Portrait of the late Earl of Kellie, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife.*—D. Wilkie.—A noble portrait, painted for the County Hall, Cupar.

92. *Night.*—H. Howard—An exquisite scene from Milton:—

"—now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

102. *Portrait of the Duchess of Richmond.*—Sir T. Lawrence.

110. *Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet.*—D. Wilkie.—This ceremony takes place during the holy week, in the Convent of Santa Trinita dei Pelligrini; and Mr. Wilkie has infused a devotional character into this picture which is highly characteristic of Catholic solemnity.

127. *Portrait of Jeremy Bentham*—H.W. Pickersgill.—An admirable likeness of the veteran-patriot and political economist.

128. *The Defence of Saragossa*.—D. Wilkie.—The subject is so well explained in the Catalogue, that we quote it:—

"The heroine Augustina is here represented on the battery, in front of the convent of Santa Engratia, where her husband being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stepped over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would herself avenge his death.

"The principal person engaged in placing the gun is Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during the memorable siege, but who is here represented in the habit of a volunteer. In front of him is the Reverend Father Consolaçon, an Augustin Friar, who served with great ability as an engineer, and who, with the crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object the cannon is to be pointed. On the left side of the picture is seen Basilico Boggiero, a priest, who was tutor to Palafox, celebrated for his share in the defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy. He is writing a despatch to be sent by a carrier pigeon, to inform their distant friends of the unsubdued energies of the place."

In this part of the room are half a dozen excellent portraits, all by different artists.

149. *The Soldier's Wife*—W.F. Witherington.—This picture is from an anecdote of the late Duke of York. His Royal Highness, as he returned one day from a walk, observed a

poor woman in tears, sent away from his house. On asking the servant who she was, he answered, "A beggar, some soldier's wife." "A soldier's wife!" returned his Royal Highness; "give her immediate relief: what is your mistress but a soldier's wife?"—An interesting picture, although we do not think the likeness of the benevolent Duke is very striking. However, the incident must have occurred a few years previous to his decease.

157. *Lord Byron's Dream*.—C.L. Eastlake.—A rich oriental landscape, and a most delightful scene of desert stillness.

172. *Portrait of Robert Southey, Esq.*—Sir T. Lawrence—We hope the president's portrait will please the laureate, for he has been rather tenacious about his "likenesses" which have been engraved. The present is, perhaps, one of the most intellectual portraits in the room, but is too energetic even for the impassioned poet.

181. *Queen Margaret of Anjou*, being defeated at the battle of Hexham, flies with the young prince into a forest, where she meets with robbers, to whose protection she confides her son.—H. P. Briggs.—This subject is by no means new in art, but is here cleverly treated, and the whole is very effective.

214. *Othello and Desdemona*.—R. Evans.—Why is Othello in armour? Let Mr. Planché, in his *Costumes*, look to this.

216. *Portrait of Miss Phillips, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as Juliet*.—H. E. Dawe.—This picture is entirely devoid of flattery; and is by no means a good likeness of the interesting original.

224. *Roman Princess, with her Attendant, washing the female pilgrim's feet.*—D. Wilkie—An affecting picture of a truly devotional incident.

246. *Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn.*—G. S. Newton.—This picture is considered to be Mr. Newton's *chef d'oeuvre*. The landlord is entering the chamber with a flambeau in his hand lighting in a lady, more beautiful than young, and very richly dressed; she is supported by an old squire, and a little Moorish page carries her train. The lankiness of Camilla is somewhat objectionable, but the head is exquisitely animated. The sentimentality of Gil Blas too, is excellent.

293. *The Confessional—Pilgrims confessing in the Basilica of St. Peter's.*—D. Wilkie.—An interesting picture, though not equal to others by the same artist, in the present exhibition.

322. *Hadleigh Castle. The mouth of the Thames—morning after a stormy night*—J. Constable—The picturesque beauty of this scene is spoiled by the spotty "manner of the artist."

352. *Coronation of the Remains of Ines de Castro.*—G. St. Evie.—An attractive picture of one of the most extraordinary scenes in history. The remains of Dona Ines de Castro taken out of her tomb six years after the interment, when she was proclaimed queen of Portugal. This is an illustration of Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines which we quoted in a recent number of the MIRROR.

455. *Portrait of Mrs. Locke, sen.*—Sir T. Lawrence.—A Reubens-like portrait of a benevolent lady, and which we take to

be an excellent likeness.

592. *Portrait of John Parker, Esq. on his favourite horse Coroner, with the Worcestershire fox hounds.*—T. Woodward.—We can relate a curious circumstance connected with this picture. While in the room, a country gentleman and his lady inquired of us the subject—we turned to the number in the Catalogue, and gave him the desired information. "Ah," said he, "I was sure it was *Parker*, and told my wife the same, although I was not previously aware of his portrait being in the Exhibition." We should think the resemblance must be very striking.

The *Antique Academy* is almost covered with portraits, and the miniatures hang in cluster-like abundance—so that what with bright eyes and luxuriant tresses, this is not the least attractive of the rooms.

In the *Library* are several fine architectural drawings; among which is a view of Chatsworth, by Sir J. Wyattville, including, as we suppose, all the magnificent additions and improvements, now in progress there. Mr. Soane's Designs for entrances to the Parks and the western part of London, (which we alluded to in our No. 360,) are likewise here.

In the *Model Academy*, Messrs. Chantrey and Westmacott have some fine groups, and Behnes three fine busts—the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Victoria, and Lady Eliz. Gower.

It would be easy to extend this notice through the present and next number, but as other matters press, and as all the town go to Somerset House, we hope this notice will be sufficient; for

it is not in our power to enumerate half the fine pictures in the Exhibition, much as we rejoice at this flourishing prospect of British art.

MULREADY'S "WOLF AND LAMB."

In a preceding number we stated that the copyright of this picture had been purchased for 1,000 guineas, and appropriated to the Artists' Fund, which a correspondent, and "a member of the Fund," informs us is not the fact. He assures us that the original picture was purchased some years since by his Majesty, who granted the loan of it to the society, at whose expense it was engraved; the sale of the prints producing 1,000*l.* to the Fund. Mr. Mulready has the merit of painting the picture and procuring the loan of it; but our version of the affair would make it appear otherwise. We copied our notice from the newspapers, where it was stated, as from the Lord Chancellor, at the Fund Dinner, that Mr. Mulready had relinquished his copyright to the picture for the benefit of the Fund, which had thus produced 1,000*l.*; but we thank our correspondent for his correction.

THE SELECTOR AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBAN'S

This is a work of pure fiction, and is one of the most splendidly imaginative books we have met with for a long time. It is attributed to the author of the "First and Last" sketches in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some of which have already been transferred to our pages. No further recommendation can be requisite; but to give the reader some idea of the vivid style in which the work is written, we detach two episodal extracts.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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