

VARIOUS

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Various

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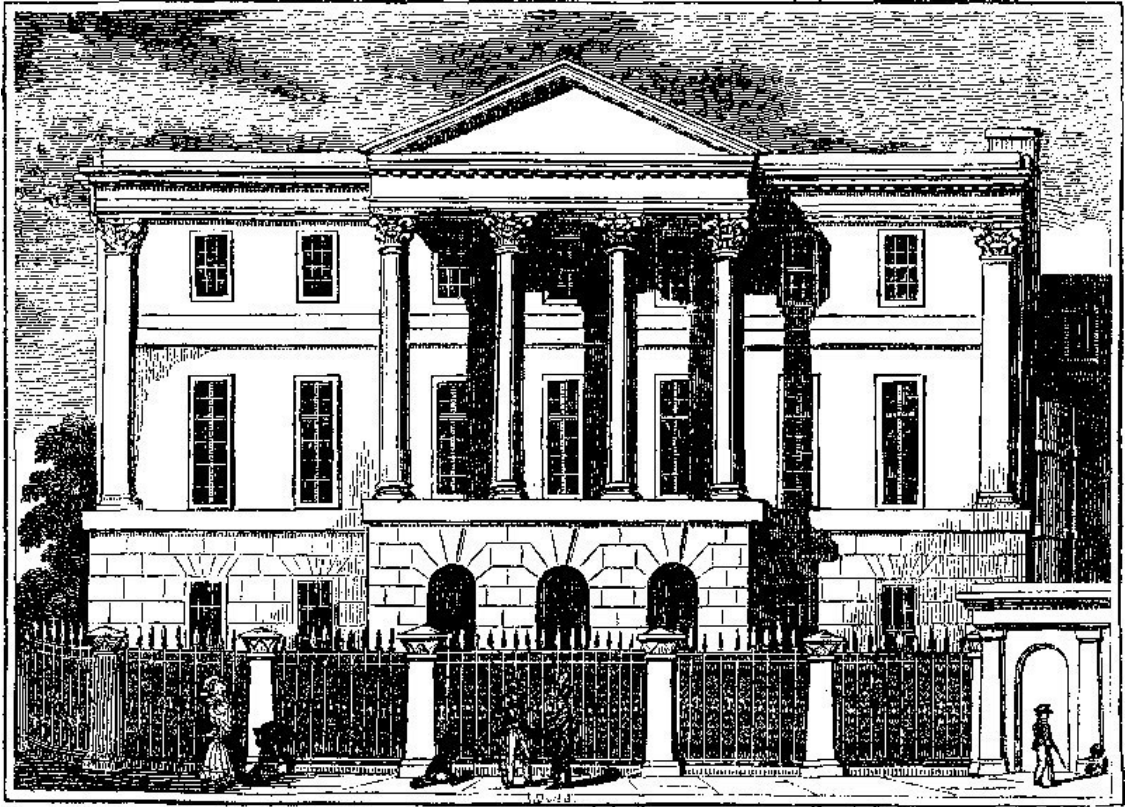
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THE MANSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The town mansions of our nobility are generally beneath all architectural criticism; and it has been pertinently observed that "an educated foreigner is quite astonished when shown the residences of our higher nobility and gentry in the British capital. He has heard speak of some great nobleman, with a revenue equal to that of a principality. He feels a curiosity to look at his palace, and he is shown a plain, common, brick house of forty or fifty feet in extent." These observations were made about three years ago, since which period, the spirit of architectural improvement has been fast extending from public buildings to individual mansions. Among the latter, the renovation or encasement of Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, with a fine stone front, is entitled to foremost notice.

This splendid improvement is from the designs of Benjamin Wyatt, Esq. and is of the Palladian style. The basement story is rusticated, and the principal front has a handsome pediment supported by four columns of the Corinthian order. A bold cornice extends on all sides, which are decorated at the angles with Corinthian pilasters. The whole has an air of substantial elegance, and is in extremely good taste, if we except the door and window cases, which we are disposed to think rather too small. The Piccadilly front is enclosed with a rich bronzed palisade between leaved pillars, being in continuation of the classical taste of the entrance gates to Hyde Park, and the superb entrance to the Royal Gardens on the opposite side of the road. Throughout the whole, the chaste Grecian honey-suckle is introduced with very pleasing effect.

Besides the new frontage, Apsley House has been considerably enlarged, and a slip of ground from Hyde Park added to the gardens. The ball-room, extending the whole depth of the mansion, is one of the most magnificent *salons* in the metropolis; and a picture gallery is in progress. Altogether, the improvement is equally honourable to the genius of the architect, and the taste of the illustrious proprietor of the mansion; for no foreigner can gainsay that Apsley House has the befitting splendour of a ducal, nay even of a royal palace.

WATLING STREET

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

There has been much discussion among antiquaries respecting the etymology of an ancient Roman road, called the Watling Street Way, which commencing from Dover, traces its course to London, St. Alban's, Weedon, over *Bensford Bridge*,¹ High Cross, Atherstone, Wall, Wroxeter, and Chester, from which last place a branch appears to point in nearly a straight direction through St. Asaph to Segontium, or Caer Seiont, Carnarvonshire. Another branch directs its course from Wroxeter to Manchester, York, Lancaster, Kendal, and Cockermouth.

Hoveden thinks it was called the Watling Street from Wathe, or Wathla, a British king. Spelman fancies it was called Werlam Street, from its passing through Verulam. Somner derives the name from the Belgic Wentelen, *volvare, versare se, a sinuosis flexibus*. Baxter contends that it was made by the original Britons, Weteling, or Oedeling signifying in their language, *originarius civis vel ingenuus*. Stukeley's opinion, in which he is joined by Whitaker, the Manchester historian, is, that it was the Guetheling road—Sarn Guethelin, or the road of the Irish, the G being pronounced as a W. Dr. Wilkes says, that it is more indented and crooked than other Roman Roads usually are, and supposes that it was formed of *Wattles*, which was the idea also of Pointer. Mr. Duff is not pleased with the opinion of Camden, that it derives its name from an unknown *Vitellianus*, but conjectures that its etymology is from the Saxon *Wadla*, a poor man, a beggar, because such people resorted to this road for the charity of travellers.

Among so many crude and discordant opinions, I shall endeavour to substitute another more consistent with the true etymology of the word. I agree with the historian of Manchester, that the Roman stations were prior to the roads, and that the latter were only the channels of communication to the former. The stations commenced during the conquest of the country, and all of them were completed at the conclusion of it. The roads therefore could not be constructed till the first or second summer after the stations were established. Whoever has attentively observed the line or direction of the Watling Street, must be convinced of the truth of the foregoing observations; and the deviation from a straight line, which in many parts is so apparent, and so evidently made to enable the Romans to pass from one station to another, may be considered conclusive upon this point. I therefore have no hesitation in asserting, that the Watling Street Way is a Roman road, and probably planned and formed by Vespasian, the celebrated Roman general in Britain, who named this road in compliment to the emperor, *Vitellius, Vitellii Strata Via*, Watling Street Way. Suetonius, in his *Life of Vespasian*, says, (chapter 4,) "*Claudio principe, Narcissi gratiâ, legatus in Germaniam missus est (Vespasianus;) inde in Britanniam translatus, tricies cum hoste conflixit. Duas validissimas gentes, superq viginti oppida, et insulam Vectam Britanniae proximam, in deditionem redegit, partim Auli Plautii legati, partim Claudii ipsius ductu. Quare triumphalia ornamenta, et in spatio brevi, duplex sacerdotium accepit, praeterea consulatum, quem gessit per duos novissimos anni menses.*" Or, "In the reign of Claudius, by the interest of Narcissus,² he (Vespasian) was sent lieutenant general of a legion into Germany, from whence being removed into Britain, he engaged the enemy in thirty distinct battles, and subjected to the power of the Romans two very strong nations, and above twenty great towns, and the Isle of Wight, upon the coast of Britain, partly under the command of Aulus Plautius, and partly under that of Claudius himself. In reward for these noble services he received the triumphal ornaments, and in a short time after, two priest's offices, besides the consulship, which he held for the two last months of the year."

¹ Probably a corruption of Benones Bridge, as it is within four miles of the Roman station, Benones, now High Cross.

² Vitellius had great weight and influence in the reign of Claudius; Vespasian at that time paid his court to the favourite, and also to Narcissus, the emperor's freedman.

The same author, in his *Life of Vitellius*, seems to strengthen or rather establish the conjecture of its being the *Vitellii Strata Via*, for he says, (chapter 1,) "*indicia, stirpis (Vitelliorum) diu mansisse, Viam Vitelliam ab Janiculo ad mare usque, item coloniam ejusdem nominis.*" Or, "Some monuments of the family continued a long time, as the *Vitellian Way*, reaching from the Janiculum to the sea, and likewise a colony of that name." From the abovementioned extracts, it seems not improbable that one of the thirty battles mentioned by Suetonius, might have been fought during the time the Romans were forming this road through the Forest of Arden, which extended from Henley, in Warwickshire, to Market Harborough, in Leicestershire; and that it was called in compliment to Vitellius, the *Vitellian Way*, afterwards corrupted to the *Watling Way*.

This road from the Avon, which it passes at Dove Bridge, to the Anker, near Atherstone, forms the boundary between the counties of Leicester and Warwick. In the month of June, 1824, numerous skulls and bones were discovered in a line from the intersection of the road that leads from Rugby to Lutterworth, with the Watling Street to Benones or Bensford Bridge, the distance not being more than half a mile. These bones were lying about two feet below the surface of the ground. Many fragments of shields, spear heads, knives, and a sword,³ placed by the side of a skeleton, and at one end touching a funereal urn,⁴ and likewise several drinking cups, or small vessels, apparently formed of half-baked clay, with clasps both of silver and brass, were found within the abovementioned distance. On the contrary side of the road were discovered beads, glass, and amber, but neither urns, spear-heads, or fragments of shields; these relics, therefore, probably belonged to the Britons, who fell encountering the Romans, to prevent their forming a road through the Forest of Arden. There can be little doubt of a battle having been here fought, from the bones, urns, and tumuli discovered here and in the adjacent neighbourhood. "In this parish (Church Over,") says Dugdale, "upon the old Roman Way, called Watling Strete, is to be seen a very great tumulus, which is of that magnitude, that it puts travellers beside the usual road," and a *Letter* from Elias Ashmole to Sir Wm. Dugdale,⁵ states, "that about a mile from hence (that is from Holywell Abbey, now the site of Caves Inn,) there is a tumulus raised in the very middle of the high way, which methought was worth observing." This tumulus, in an ancient deed, is called the Pilgrim's Low. It was removed in making the turnpike-road from Banbury to Lutterworth, about the year 1770. In the plantations of Abraham Grimes, Esq., within half a mile of the site of the former, is another tumulus of smaller dimensions, adjoining the road which leads from Rugby to Lutterworth.

These were probably raised in honour of some military chiefs who were slain in the battle.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

R.R.B

³ Now in the possession of the Rev. P. Homer, of Rugby.

⁴ In the possession of Mr. Matthew Bloxam, of the same place.

⁵ Edited by that distinguished and learned antiquary, Wm. Hamper, of Birmingham, Esq., in his *Life of Dugdale*.

THE PENDRILLS

(*To the Editor of the Mirror.*)

I beg to correct the statement of *W. W.* in vol. xiii. page 419, respecting this family. It is true that the pension did not expire at Richard Pendrill's death—and it is also true that Dr. Pendrill died about the time as therein stated—but his son, John Pendrill, died at his own residence, near the Seahouses, Eastbourne, last year only, (1828,) leaving issue, one son by his first wife, (named John,) and one son and three daughters by his second wife; his first son, John, now enjoys the pension of 100 marks, and is residing at the Gloucester Hotel, Old Steine, Brighton, in sound health. The privilege granted to this family under the title of "Free Warren," is the liberty of shooting, hunting, fishing, &c. upon any of the King's manors, and upon the manor on which the party enjoying this pension might reside; and I am informed that a certain noble lord made some yearly payment or gift to the deceased, John, not to exercise that privilege on his manor in Sussex. The pension is payable out of, or secured upon, lands in four different counties, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Warwickshire, and entitles the party enjoying it to a vote in each of these counties; but whether this has been acted upon, I cannot possibly say. I have seen in the possession of a branch of this loyal family, only a few days ago, a scarce print of the arms, &c. published in 1756, under the regulation of the act of parliament; besides other prints on the subject. This family, *being commoners*, is I believe, the only one which have supporters.⁶

C.C

⁶ Another correspondent, *Amicus*, states that the grant of the Pension was in the possession of the Rector of Cheriton, in Hampshire, and was "lost by him to Government, a short time before his death, in the year 1825."

THE FRIENDS OF THE DEAD

(For the Mirror.)

They've seen him laid, all cold and low;
They've flung the flat stone o'er his breast:
And Summer's sun, and Winter's snow
May never mar his dreamless rest!
They've left him to his long decay;
The banner waves above his head:
Funereal is their rich array,
But hark! how speak they of the dead.

In his own hall, they've pledg'd to him
'Mid mirth, and minstrelsy divine;
When, at the crystal goblet's brim
Hath flash'd, the od'rous rosy wine;
When viands from all lands afar
Have grac'd the shining, sumptuous board,
And *now*, they'd prove their vaunted star,
The Cobbold, of his priceless hoard.⁷

Hark! how they scandalize the *dead*!
They spake not thus,—(their patron *here*)
When they were proud to break his bread,
To watch his faintest smile, and fear
His latent frown; they did not speak
Of vices, follies, meanness: *then*
A *crime* in him, had been, "the freak
Of youth," and "worthiest *he*, of men!"

Off with those garbs of woe, *false* friends!
Those sadden'd visages, all feign'd!
Or have ye yet, some golden ends
To be, by Death's own liv'ries gain'd?
Ye mourn the dead forsooth! who say
That which should shame the lordly hall
His late ancestral home! Away!
And dream that he hath *heard* it all!

M.L.B

⁷ *Cobbold*, in mining countries, especially Cornwall, is the legendary guardian spirit of the mine, and severe master of its treasures. In Germany, Sweden, &c. the Cobbold may be traced under various modifications and titles.

The Cosmopolite

FOOD OF VARIOUS NATIONS

(Conclusion.)

The diet of the *Frenchman*, is chiefly vegetable, and his *frogs* are rarities reserved for the delectation of the opulent, and answering, in some degree, to the brains and tongues of singing-birds amongst ancient epicures; since, after being subjected to a peculiar process of fattening and purifying, only the legs of these animals are eaten. Light wines, beer, sugar and water, strong coffee, and a variety of delicious liqueurs, are drunk by the French, but they have shown themselves capable of conforming to the English taste in a relish for stronger potations. *Spaniards* of all ranks, use fruit, vegetables, fish, and olives, for their principal diet, and oil and garlic are used plentifully in their culinary operations; chocolate is their chief beverage, but at dinner ladies drink nothing but water, and gentlemen a little wine. The fare of the *Portuguese* peasantry is meagre in the extreme, although, they are, in fact, surrounded with the abundant luxuries of nature; a piece of black bread and a pickled pilchard, or head of garlic, is their usual subsistence, but a salted cod is a feast. In *Italy*, ice-water and lemonade are luxuries essential to the existence of all classes, and the inferior ones, who never inebriate themselves with spirituous liquors, can procure them at a cheap rate; macaroni and fruit are chief articles of food, but the Italians are great gourmards, and delight in dishes swimming in oil, which, to an English ear, sounds very disgustingly; however, it must be remembered, that oil in Italy is so pure and fresh, that it answers every purpose of our newest butter. A gentleman who had resided some time in this country, informs us, that by the Italians, *puppy-broth* was reckoned a sovereign remedy in some slight indispositions, and that he has constantly seen in the markets young dogs skinned for sale. Of the *Turks*, the ordinary food is rice, sometimes boiled with gravy, and sometimes made into *pilan*; a kind of curry composed of mutton and fowl stewed to rags, and highly seasoned gravy. This is eaten with their fingers, since they have neither knives nor forks, and the Koran prohibits the use of gold and silver spoons. Coffee and sherbet are their ordinary beverages, and by the higher classes of "the faithful," wine is drunk in private, but an intoxication of a singular and destructive description, is produced by opium, which the Turks chew in immoderate quantities. The food of the *Circassians* consists of a little meat, millet-paste, and a kind of beer fermented from millet. The *Tartars* are not fond of beef and veal, but admire horse-flesh; they prefer to drink, before any thing else, mare's milk, and produce from it, by keeping it in sour skins, a strong spirit termed *koumiss*. The *Jakutians* (a Tartar tribe) esteem horse-flesh as the greatest possible dainty; they eat raw the fat of horses and oxen, and drink melted butter with avidity; but bread is rare. The favourite food of the *Kalmuc Tartars* is horse-flesh, eaten raw sometimes, but commonly dried in the sun; dogs, cats, rats, marmots, and other small animals and vermin are also eaten by them; but neither vegetables, bread nor fruits; and they drink koumiss; than which, scarcely any thing can be more disgusting, except, perhaps, that beverage of the South Sea islanders, prepared by means of leaves being masticated by a large company, and spit into a bowl of water. The diet of the *Kamtschatdales*, is chiefly fish, variously prepared; *huigal*, which is neither more nor less than fish laid in a pit until *putrid*, is a *luxury* with this people! They are fond of caviar, made of roes of fish, and scarcely less disgusting than huigal. A pound of dry caviar will last a Kamtschatdale on a journey for a considerable time, since he finds bread to eat with it in the bark of every birch and elder he meets with. These people boil the fat of the whale and walrus with roots of *setage*. A principal dish at their feasts, consists of various roots and berries pounded with caviar, and mixed with the melted fat of whale and seal. They are fond of spirits, but commonly drink water. For the *Arabs*, lizards and locusts, afford food, but with better articles. The *Persians* live like the Turks, or nearly so, but for the want of spoons,

knives, and forks, their feasts, if the provisions are good in themselves, are disgusting; besides which, the *sofera*, or cloth on which the dinner is spread, is, from a superstitious notion that changing is unlucky, so intolerably dirty and offensive in odour, that the stranger can scarcely endure to sit beside it. With the *Chinese*, rice is the "staff of life," but all kinds of animal food are eagerly devoured; and pedlars offering for sale rats, cats, and dogs, may be seen in the streets of Chinese towns. It is uncertain whether a depraved taste or lack of superior animal food, induces a really civilized people to devour such flesh. Weak tea, without sugar, or milk, is the common beverage of the Chinese; in the use of ardent spirits they are moderate. The *Peguese*, worshipping crocodiles, will drink no water but from the ditches wherein those creatures abound, and consequently are frequently devoured by them. The *Siamese*

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