

VARIOUS

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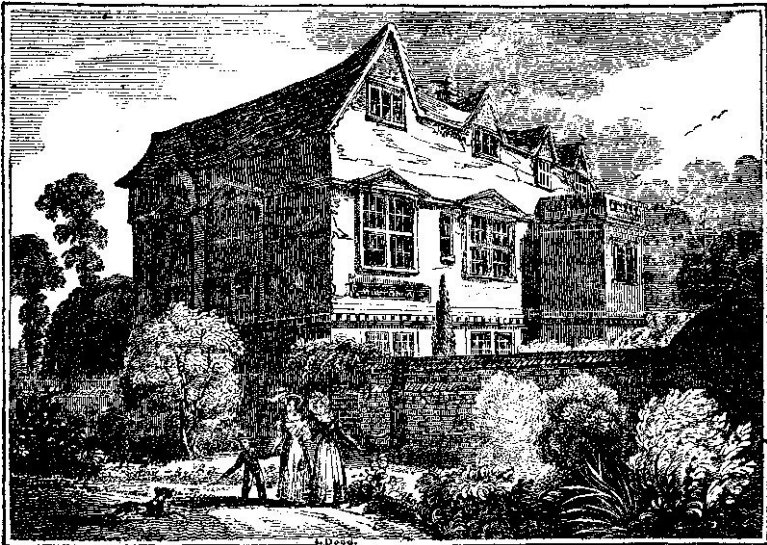
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Содержание

Barber's Barn, Hackney	4
CURIOS STONE PULPIT	8
LAST DAYS OF, AND ROUGH NOTES ON, 1828	10
ODE TO MORPHEUS	17
ON IDLENESS	20
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	23

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Barber's Barn, Hackney



The engraving represents a place of historical interest—an ancient mansion in Mare-street, Hackney, built about the year 1591, upon a spot of ground called Barbour Berns, by which name, or rather *Barber's Barn*, the house has been described in old writings.

In this house resided the noted Colonel John Okey, one of the regicides "charged with compassing and imagining the death of the late King Charles I." in October, 1660. Nineteen of these "bold traitors," (among whom was Okey,) fled from justice, and were attainted, and Barber's Barn was in his tenure at the time of his attainder. His interest in the premises being forfeited to the

crown, was granted to the Duke of York, who, by his indenture, dated 1663, gave up his right therein to Okey's widow. The colonel was apprehended in Holland, with Sir John Berkestead and Miles Corbett, in 1662, whence they were sent over to England; and having been outlawed for high treason, a rule was made by the Court of King's Bench for their execution at Tyburn. These were the last of the regicides that were punished capitally.

Barber's Barn and its adjoining grounds have, however, since become appropriated to more pacific pursuits than hatching treason, compassing, &c. About the middle of the last century, one John Busch cultivated the premises as a nursery. Catharine II. Empress of Russia, says a correspondent of Mr. Loudon's *Gardener's Magazine*, "finding she could have nothing done to her mind, she determined to have a person from England to lay out her garden." Busch was the person engaged to go out to Russia for this purpose; and in the year 1771 he gave up his concerns at Hackney, with the nursery and foreign correspondence, to Messrs. Loddidges. These gentlemen, who rank as the most eminent florists and nurserymen of their time, have here extensive green and hot houses which are heated by steam; the ingenious apparatus belonging to which has been principally devised by themselves. Their gardens boast of the finest display of exotics ever assembled in this country, and a walk through them is one of the most delightful spectacles of Nature.

Hackney was once distinguished by princely mansions; but,

alas! many of these abodes of wealth have been turned into receptacles for lunatics! Brooke House, formerly the seat of a nobleman of that name, and Balmes' House, within memory surrounded by a moat, and approached only by a drawbridge, have shared this humiliating fate. Sir Robert Viner,¹ who made Charles II. "stay and take t'other bottle," resided here; and John Ward, Esq. M.P. whom Pope has "damned to everlasting fame," had a house at Hackney.

¹ The following anecdote is related of him:—Charles II. more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their Lord Mayor's Day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, very fond of his sovereign; but, what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old song—"He that's drunk is as great as a king," and immediately returned back, and complied with his landlord.—*Spectator*, 462.

CURIOUS STONE PULPIT

(For the Mirror.)

The pulpit in the church of St. Peter, at Wolverhampton, is formed wholly of stone. It consists of one entire piece, with the pedestal which supports it, the flight of steps leading to it, with the balustrade, &c., without any division, the whole having been cut out of a solid block of stone. The church was erected in the year 996, at which time it is said this remarkable pulpit was put up; and notwithstanding its great age, which appears to be 832 years, it is still in good condition. At the foot of the steps is a large figure, intended to represent a lion couchant, but carved after so grotesque a fashion, as to puzzle the naturalist in his attempts to determine its proper classification. In other respects the ornamental sculpture about the pulpit is neat and appropriate, and presents a curious specimen of the taste of our ancestors at that early period.

This is a collegiate church, with a fine embattled tower, of rich Gothic architecture, and was originally dedicated to the Virgin, but altered in the time of Henry III. to St. Peter. It is pleasantly situated on a gravelly hill, and commands a fine prospect towards Shropshire and Wales.

A CORRESPONDENT.

LAST DAYS OF, AND ROUGH NOTES ON, 1828

(For the Mirror.)

It was but yesterday the snow
Of thy dead sire was on the hill—
It was but yesterday the flow
Of thy spring showers increased the rill,
And made a thousand blossoms swell
To welcome summer's festival.....
And now all these are of the past,
For this lone hour must be thy last!

Thou must depart! where none may know—
The sun for thee hath ever set,
The star of morn, the silver bow,
No more shall gem thy coronet
And give thee glory; but the sky
Shall shine on thy posterity!...

So there's an end of 1828; "all its great and glorious transactions are now nothing more than mere matter of history!" What wars of arms and words! what lots of changes and

secessions! what debates on "guarantee," "stipulations," and "untoward" events! what "piles of legislation!" what a fund of speculation for the denizens of the stock-exchange, and newspaper press!—all may now be embodied in that little word—the *past*; and only serve to fill up and figure in the pages of the next "Annual Register!"—sic transit gloria—"but the proverb is somewhat musty." One, two, three.... ten, eleven, twelve, and now "methinks my soul hath elbow room."

Those versed in the lore of Francis Moore, physician, which must doubtless include most of our readers, are aware that our veteran friend, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, has been for some time in what is called a "galloping" consumption, and it is certain cannot possibly survive after the bells "chime twelve" on Wednesday night, the thirty-first of December,—

"—as if an angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound,"

when he will depart this life, and be gathered to his ancestors, who have successively been entombed in the vault of Time.

Well, taking all things into consideration, we predict he will not have many mourners in his train. "Rumours of wars" have gone through the land, and the ominous hieroglyphics of "Raphael" in his "Prophetic Messenger," unfold to the lover of futurity, that "war with all its bloody train," will visit this quarter of the globe with unusual severity the coming year—and we have

had comets and "rumours" of comets for many months past, while the red and glaring appearance of the planet, Mars, is as we have elsewhere observed, considered by the many a forerunner, and sign of long wars and much bloodshed. To dwell further on the political horizon, or the "events and fortunes" of the past year would be out of place in the fair pages of the MIRROR; and should it be our fate to present its readers with future "notings" on another year, we will then dwell upon the good or ill-fortune of Turk or Russian to the *quantum suff.* of the most inveterate politician.

"Enough of this:" 1828 has nearly got the "go-by" and we have outlived its pains and perils, its varied scenes of good or evil, and its pleasures too, for there is a bright side to human reverse and suffering, and we are ready at our posts to enact and stand another campaign in this "strange eventful history." We often find that the public discover virtues and good qualities in a man after his death, which they had previously given him no credit for; let this be as it may, 1828 may be deemed a very "passable" year. To use a simile, a sick man when recovering from a fever, makes slow progress at first; and we should fairly hope that the gallant ship is at last weathering the hurricane of the "commercial crisis," and that the trade-winds of prosperity will again visit us and extend their balmy influence over our shores; and to borrow a commercial phrase, we trust to be able to quote an improvement on this head next year.

I stood between the meeting years
The coming and the past,
And I ask'd of the future one
Wilt thou be like the last?
The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day?
Thank heaven! I have no prophet's eye,
To look upon thy way!

L.E.L.

The march of mind is progressing, and the once boasted "wisdom of our ancestors" and the "golden days of good Queen Bess," are hurled with derision to the tomb of all the Capulets. We regret that we cannot chronicle a "Narrative of a first attempt to reach the cities of Bath and Bristol, in the year 1828, in an extra patent steam-coach, by Messrs. Burstall, or Gurney." The newspapers, however, still continue to inform us that such vehicles are *about* to start, so we may reasonably expect that Time will accomplish the long talked of event. Nay, we even hear it rumoured that the public are shortly to crest the billows in a steamer at the rate of fifty or a hundred miles an hour! and this is mentioned as a mere first essay, an immature sample of what the improved steam-paddles are to effect—also in Time; who after this can doubt the approaching perfectibility of Mars? Oh, steam! steam! but this is well ploughed ground.

Art, science, and literature, also progress, and we almost begin to fear we shall soon be puzzled where to stow the books, and

anticipate a dearth in rags, an extinction of Rag-Fair! (which will keep the others in countenance,) the booksellers' maws seem so capacious. Christmas with its rare recollections of feasting (and their *pendant* of bile and sick headache) has again come round. New Year's Day, and of all the days most "rich and rare," Twelfth Day is coming! But it is in Scotland that the advent of the new year, or *Hogmanay* is kept with the most hilarity; the Scotch by their extra rejoicings at this time, seem to wish to make up for their utter neglect of Christmas. We may be induced to offer a few reminiscences of a sojourn in the north, at this period, on a future occasion. The extreme beauty of the following lines on the year that is past, will, we think, prove a sufficient apology for their introduction here:—

In darkness, in eternal space,
Sightless as a sin-quenched star,
Thou shalt pursue thy wandering race,
Receding into regions far—
On thee the eyes of mortal men
Shall never, never light again;
Memory alone may steal a glance
Like some wild glimpse in sleep we're taking.
Of a long perish'd countenance
We have forgotten when awaking—
Sad, evanescent, colour'd weak,
As beauty on a dying cheek.

Farewell! that cold regretful word

To one whom we have called a friend—
Yet still "farewell" I must record
The sign that marks our friendship's end.
Thou'rt on thy couch of wither'd leaves,
The surly blast thy breath receives,
In the stript woods I hear thy dirge,
Thy passing bell the hinds are tolling
Thy death-song sounds in ocean's surge,
Oblivion's clouds are round thee rolling,
Thou'lst buried be where buried lie
Years of the dead eternity!

It is needless to add that our old friend will be succeeded in his title and estates by his next heir, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, whose advent will no doubt be generally welcomed. We cannot help picturing to ourselves the anxiety, the singularly deep and thrilling interest, which universally prevails as his last hour approaches:—

"Hark the deep-toned chime of that bell
As it breaks on the midnight ear—
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceas'd its chime
The year shall have sunk on the ocean of Time!"

And shall we go on after this lone hour? no, we will even follow its course, draw this article to a close by wishing our

readers, in the good old phrase, "a happy New Year and many of them;" and conclude with them, that

Our pilgrimage here

By so much is shorten'd—then fare thee well Year!

VYVYAN.

ODE TO MORPHEUS

(For the Mirror.)

Tell me, thou god of slumbers! why
Thus from my pillow dost thou fly?
And wherefore, stranger to thy balmy power,
Whilst death-like silence reigns around,
And wraps the world in sleep profound,
Must I alone count every passing hour?
And, whilst each happier mind is hush'd in sleep,
Must I alone a painful vigil keep,
And to the midnight shades my lonely sorrows pour?

Once more be thou the friend of woe,
And grant my heavy eyes to know
The welcome pressure of thy healing hand;
So shall the gnawing tooth of care
Its rude attacks awhile forbear,
Still'd by the touch of thy benumbing wand—
And my tir'd spirit, with thy influence blest,
Shall calmly yield it to the arms of rest,
But which, or comes or flies, only at thy command!

Yet if when sleep the body chains

In sweet oblivion of its pains,
Thou bid'st imagination active wake,
Oh, Morpheus! banish from my bed
Each form of grief, each form of dread,
And all that can the soul with horror shake:
Let not the ghastly fiends admission find,
Which conscience forms to haunt the guilty mind—
Oh! let not *forms* like these my peaceful slumbers break!

But bring before my raptured sight
Each pleasing image of delight,
Of love, of friendship, and of social joy;
And chiefly, on thy magic wing
My ever blooming Mary bring,
(Whose beauties all my waking thoughts employ,)
Glowing with rosy health and every charm
That knows to fill my breast with soft alarm,
Oh, bring the gentle maiden to my fancy's eye!

Not such, as oft my jealous fear
Hath bid the lovely girl appear,
Deaf to my vows, by my complaints unmov'd,
Whilst to my happier rival's prayer,
Smiling, she turns a willing ear,
And gives the bliss supreme to be belov'd:
Oh, sleep dispensing power! such thoughts restrain,
Nor e'en in dreams inflict the bitter pain,
To know my vows are scorn'd—my rivals are approv'd!

Ah, no! let fancy's hand supply
The blushing cheek, the melting eye,
The heaving breast which glows with genial fire;
Then let me clasp her in my arms,
And, basking in her sweetest charms,
Lose every grief in that triumphant hour.
If Morpheus, thus thou'lt cheat the gloomy night,
For thy embrace I'll fly day's garish light,
Nor ever wish to wake while dreams like this inspire!

HUGH DELMORE.

ON IDLENESS

(For the Mirror.)

It has been somewhere asserted, that "no one is idle who can do any thing. It is conscious inability, or the sense of repeated failures, that prevents us from undertaking, or deters us from the prosecution of any work." In answer to this it may be said, that men of very great natural genius are in general exempt from a love of idleness, because, being pushed forward, as it were, and excited to action by that *vis vivida*, which is continually stirring within them, the first effort, the original impetus, proceeds not altogether from their own voluntary exertion, and because the pleasure which they, above all others, experience in the exercise of their faculties, is an ample compensation for the labour which that exercise requires. Accordingly, we find that the best writers of every age have generally, though not always, been the most voluminous. Not to mention a host of ancients, I might instance many of our own country as illustrious examples of this assertion, and no example more illustrious than that of the immortal Shakspeare. In our times the author of "Waverley," whose productions, in different branches of literature, would almost of themselves fill a library, continues to pour forth volume after volume from his inexhaustible stores. Mr. Southey, too, the

poet, the historian, the biographer, and I know not what besides, is remarkable for his literary industry; and last, not least, the noble bard, the glory and the regret of every one who has a soul to feel those "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the mighty poet himself, notwithstanding the shortness of his life, is distinguished by the number, as well as by the beauty and sublimity of his works. Besides these and other male writers, the best of our female authors, the boast and delight of the present age, and who have been compared to "so many modern Muses"—Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, &c.—have they not already supplied us largely with the means of entertainment and instruction, and have we not reason to expect still greater supplies from the same sources?

But although it may be easily allowed that men of very great natural genius are for the most part exempt from a love of idleness, it ought also to be acknowledged that there are others to whom, indeed, nature has not been equally bountiful, but who possess a certain degree of talent which perseverance and study (if to study they would apply themselves) might gradually advance, and at last carry to excellence.

With the exception of a few master spirits of every age and nation, genius is more equally distributed among mankind than many suppose. Hear what Quintilian says on the subject; his observations are these:—"It is a groundless complaint, that very few are endowed with quick apprehension, and that most persons lose the fruits of all their application and study through a natural

slowness of understanding. The case is the very reverse, because we find mankind in general to be quick in apprehension, and susceptible of instruction, this being the characteristic of the human race; and as birds have from nature a propensity to fly, horses to run, and wild beasts to be savage, so is activity and vigour of mind peculiar to man; and hence his mind is supposed to be of divine original. But men are no more born with minds naturally dull and indocile, than with bodies of monstrous shapes, and these are very rare."

From what has been premised, this conclusion may be drawn—that it is not "conscious inability" alone, but often a love of leisure, which prevents us from undertaking any work. Many, to whom nature had given a certain degree of genius, have lived without sufficiently exercising that genius, and have, therefore, bequeathed no fruits of it to posterity at their death.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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