

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
13, NO. 351, JANUARY
10, 1829

Various
The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and
Instruction. Volume 13,
No. 351, January 10, 1829

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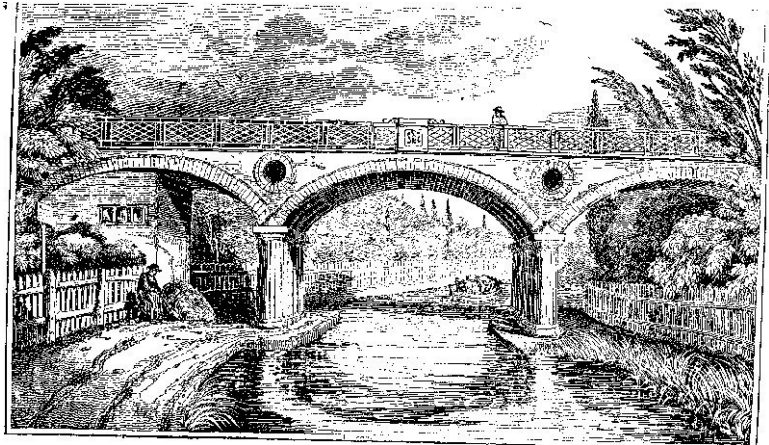
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 13, No. 351,
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MACCLESFIELD BRIDGE,
REGENT'S PARK



MACCLESFIELD BRIDGE

This picturesque structure crosses the Canal towards the Northern verge of the Regent's Park; and nearly opposite to it is a road leading to Primrose Hill, as celebrated in the annals of Cockayne as was the Palatino among the ancient Romans.

The bridge was built from the designs of Mr. Morgan, and its construction is considered to be "appropriate and architectural." Its piers are formed by cast-iron columns, of the Grecian Doric order, from which spring the arches, covering the towing-path, the canal itself, and the southern bank. The *abacus*, or top of the columns, the mouldings or ornaments of the capitals, and the frieze, are in exceeding good taste, as are the ample shafts. The supporters of the roadway, likewise, correspond with the order; although, says Mr. Elmes, the architect, "fastidious critics may object to the dignity of the pure ancient Doric being violated by degrading it into supporters of modern arches." The centre arch is appropriated to the canal and the towing-path, and the two external arches to foot-passengers, and as communications to the road above them. Mr. Elmes¹ sums up the merits of the bridge as follows:—"It has a beautiful and light appearance, and is an improvement in execution upon a design of Perronet's for an *architectural* bridge, that is, a bridge of *orders*. The columns are well proportioned, and suitably robust, carrying solidity, grace,

¹ Letter-press to Jones's "Metropolitan Improvements."

and beauty in every part; from the massy grandeur of the abacus, to the graceful revolving of the beautiful echinus, and to the majestic simplicity of the slightly indented flutings." He then suggests certain improvements in the design, which would have made the bridge "unexceptionably the most novel and the most tasteful in the metropolis. Even as it is, it is scarcely surpassed for lightness, elegance, and originality by any in Europe. It is of the same family with the beautiful little bridge in Hyde Park, between the new entrance and the barracks."

We are happy to quote the above praise on the construction of *Macclesfield Bridge*, inasmuch as a critical notice of many of the structures in the Regent's Park would subject them to much severe and merited censure. The forms of bridges admit, perhaps, of more display of taste than any other species of ornamental architecture, and of a greater means of contributing to the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD, &c

(For the Mirror.)

"When our friends we lose,
Our alter'd feelings alter too our views;
What in their tempers, teased or distress'd,
Is with our anger, and the dead at rest;
And must we grieve, no longer trial made,
For that impatience which we then display'd?
Now to their love and worth of every kind,
A soft compunction turns the afflicted mind;
Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb."

CRABBE.

"It was the early wish of Pope," says Dr. Knox, "that when he died, not a stone might tell where he lay. It is a wish that will commonly be granted with reluctance. The affection of those whom we leave behind us is at a loss for methods to display its wonted solicitude, and seeks consolation under sorrow, in doing honour to all that remains. It is natural that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal love, should mark, with some fond memorial, the clay-cold spot where the form,

still fostered in the bosom, moulders away. And did affection go no farther, who could censure? But, in recording the virtues of the departed, either zeal or vanity leads to an excess perfectly ludicrous. A marble monument, with an inscription palpably false and ridiculously pompous, is far more offensive to true taste, than the wooden memorial of the rustic, sculptured with painted bones, and decked out with death's head in all the colours of the rainbow. There is an elegance and a classical simplicity in the turf-clad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave, though it has nothing to defend it from the insults of the proud but a bramble. The primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament than the gilded lies on the oppressor's tombstone."

The Greeks had a custom of bedecking tombs with herbs and flowers, among which parsley was chiefly in use, as appears from Plutarch's story of Timoleon, who, marching up an ascent, from the top of which he might take a view of the army and strength of the Carthaginians, was met by a company of mules laden with parsley, which his soldiers conceived to be a very ill boding and fatal occurrence, that being the very herb wherewith they adorned the sepulchres of the dead. This custom gave birth to that despairing proverb, when we pronounce of one dangerously sick, that he has need of nothing but parsley; which is in effect to say, he's a dead man, and ready for the grave. All sorts of purple and white flowers were acceptable to the dead; as the amaranthus, which was first used by the Thessalians to adorn Achilles's grave. The rose, too, was very grateful; nor was the

use of myrtle less common. In short, graves were bedecked with garlands of all sorts of flowers, as appears from Agamemnon's daughter in Sophocles:—

"No sooner came I to my father's tomb,
But milk fresh pour'd in copious streams did flow,
And *flowers* of ev'ry sort around were strow'd."

Several other tributes were frequently laid upon graves, as ribands; whence it is said that Epaminondas's soldiers being disanimated at seeing the riband that hung upon his spear carried by the wind to a certain Lacedæmonian sepulchre, he bid them take courage, for that it portended destruction to the Lacedæmons, it being customary to deck the sepulchres of their dead with ribands. Another thing dedicated to the dead was their hair. Electra, in Sophocles, says, that Agamemnon had commanded her and Chrysothemis to pay this honour:—

"With drink-off'rings and *locks of hair* we must,
According to his will, his *tomb* adorn."

It was likewise customary to perfume the grave-stones with sweet ointments, &c.

P. T. W.

SONG

(For the Mirror.)

I've roam'd the thorny path of life,
And search'd abroad to find.
Amid the blooming flowers so rife,
That germ called peace of mind.
At length a lovely lily caught
My anxious, longing view,
With all the sweets of "Heartsease" fraught,
That fragrant flower was YOU.

Thy smile to me is Heaven divine,
Thy voice the soul of Love—
In pity, then, sweet maid, be mine,
My "heartsease" flow'ret prove.
Nor wealth nor power would I attain,
Though uncontrolled and free—
All other joys to me are pain,
When sever'd, love, from THEE.

ELFORD.

CHARLES BRANDON, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF SUFFOLK

(For the Mirror.)

An event in the life of this nobleman gave Otway the plot for his celebrated tragedy of "The Orphan," though he laid the scene of his play in Bohemia. It is recorded in the "English Adventures," a very scarce pamphlet, published in 1667, only two or three copies of which are extant. The father of Charles Brandon retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend, lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child.

This lady being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed-chamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself, (thinking it a mere intrigue.) Unfortunately he succeeded.

On discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died.

The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning.

Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates; when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king, (Henry VIII.), who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers, where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning walk in an adjoining thicket. He immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter showed, in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publicly took that occasion, both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance, his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are there *any of you*, my lords, who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words, (says the historian,) he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from the fact related in this pamphlet; but to avoid, perhaps, interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old duchess-dowager, in showing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related the particulars of the story.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE TOPOGRAPHER

CARMARTHEN

(For the Mirror)

The best or north-east view of Carmarthen comprises the bridge, part of the quay, with the granaries and shipping, and in the middle is seen part of the castle. Few towns can, perhaps, boast of greater antiquity, or of so many antiquarian remains as Carmarthen, South Wales; although, I am sorry to say, that their origin and history have not been, I believe, clearly explained or understood by the literary world. One would conclude, that as a Welshman is almost proverbially distinguished for deeming himself illustriously descended, and relating his long pedigree, he would naturally boast of, and exhibit to the public, some account of these vestiges of his ancestors; but such is not the case, and to their shame be it spoken, these ruins are scarcely noticed with any degree of interest by the inhabitants of Carmarthen. But to my subject. The name is derived from *caera*, wall, and *marthen*, a corruption of Merlyn, the name of its founder, who was a great necromancer and prophet, and held in high respect

by the Welsh. There is a seat hewn out of a rock in a grove near this town, called Merlyn's Grove, where it is said he studied. He prophesied the fate of Wales, and said that Carmarthen would some day sink and be covered with water. I would concur with the author of a "Family Tour through the British Empire," by attributing his influence, not to any powers in magic, but to a superior understanding; although some of his predictions have been verified. The town of Carmarthen is pleasantly situated in a valley surrounded by hills; it has been fortified with walls and a castle, part of which remain; so that it appears to have been the residence of many princes of Wales. It has also been a Roman station, and has the remains of a Roman prætorium. Amongst its other antiquities are the Grey Friars, (a monastery,) the Bulwark, (a trench on the side of the town that fronts the river,) and the Priory. Its modern buildings are, the monument erected to Sir Thomas Picton, the Guildhall, the two gaols, a fish and butter market-place, over which is the town fire-bell; the slaughter-house, similar to the abattoir at Paris, and excellent shambles, with poultry and potato market-places annexed. The church, which is an ancient one, has an unattractive exterior; but when you enter it, I think you will say it can compete with any church for ancient beauty and ornament. Amongst the tombs in the chancel are those of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, with the effigies of him and his lady, affording a specimen of the costume of the reign of Henry VII.; and Sir Richard Steele, whose remains are discovered by a small, simple tablet. There is a promenade here,

called the Parade, which commands a fine and extensive view of the surrounding picturesque scenery and of the Towy, where the coracles may be seen plying about. The town consists of ten principal streets, noted for being kept clean, and lighted with gas. It is governed by a mayor, two sheriffs, and twenty councilmen, sends a member to Parliament, and gives title of marquess to the family of Osborne. It carries on a great trade in butter and oats; and traffics much with Bristol by the river Towy, which runs into the sea; whence ships of two hundred tons burden come up to the town. The bay is very dangerous, owing to the bar and the quicksands. Its chief manufacture is tin, which is esteemed the best in the kingdom. It has a small theatre, in appearance a stable; but it is in contemplation to build a new one, as also a church; so that you will perceive the march of improvement is rapidly spreading into Wales, as well as other places.

W.H.

P.S. Since I sent you an account of Picton's Monument at Carmarthen, it has been altered. The statue, bas-reliefs, and ornaments of the Picton Monument, have been bronzed by the direction of Mr. Nash, on his late visit to this town. Elegant as this column was before, the effect of the bronze, and a few other alterations, have so improved its appearance, as to make it seem a different structure. Nothing now remains to complete the outside but the names of the different actions in which Sir T. Picton was engaged during his honourable career. These are to be placed in bronzed letters on the base. A Latin inscription, already

prepared, together with the arms and a bust of Picton, will ornament the inside of the building. It certainly is a monument worthy of the hero to whose memory it has been erected, and of the country by which it has been raised.

THE SKETCH BOOK

WATERLOO, THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE

By an eye witness

[For the following very interesting Narrative, our acknowledgments are due to the *United Service Journal*,—a work which has just started with the year, and to which, in the "customary" phrase, we wish "many happy returns."]

The summer of 1815 found me at Brussels. The town was then crowded to excess—it seemed a city of splendour; the bright and varied uniforms of so many different nations, mingled with the gay dresses of female beauty in the Park, and the *Allée Verte* was thronged with superb horses and brilliant equipages. The *tables d'hôte* resounded with a confusion of tongues which might have rivalled the Tower of Babel, and the shops actually glittered with showy toys hung out to tempt money from the pockets of the English, whom the Flemings seemed to consider as walking bags of gold. Balls and plays, routs and dinners were the only topics of conversation; and though some occasional

rumours were spread that the French had made an incursion within the lines, and carried off a few head of cattle, the tales were too vague to excite the least alarm. I was then lodging with a Madame Tissand, on the Place du Sablon, and I occasionally chatted with my hostess on the critical posture of affairs. Every Frenchwoman loves politics, and Madame Tissand, who was deeply interested in the subject, continually assured me of her complete devotion to the English.—"Ces maudits François!" cried she one day, with almost terrific energy, when speaking of Napoleon's army. "If they should dare come to Brussels, I will tear their eyes out!"—"Oh, aunt!" sighed her pretty niece; "remember that Louis is a conscript!"—"Silence, Annette. I hate even my son, since he is fighting against the brave English!"—This was accompanied with a bow to me; but I own that I thought Annette's love far more interesting than Madame's Anglicism.

On the 3rd of June, I went to see ten thousand troops reviewed by the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick. Imagination cannot picture any thing finer than the *ensemble* of this scene. The splendid uniforms of the English, Scotch, and Hanoverians, contrasted strongly with the gloomy black of the Brunswick Hussars, whose veneration for the memory of their old Duke, could be only be equalled by their devotion to his son. The firm step of the Highlanders seemed irresistible; and as they moved in solid masses, they appeared prepared to sweep away every thing that opposed them. In short, I was delighted with the cleanliness, military order, and excellent appointments of the men generally,

and I was particularly struck with the handsome features of the Duke of Brunswick, whose fine, manly figure, as he galloped across the field, quite realized my *beau ideal*

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