VARIOUS

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Содержание

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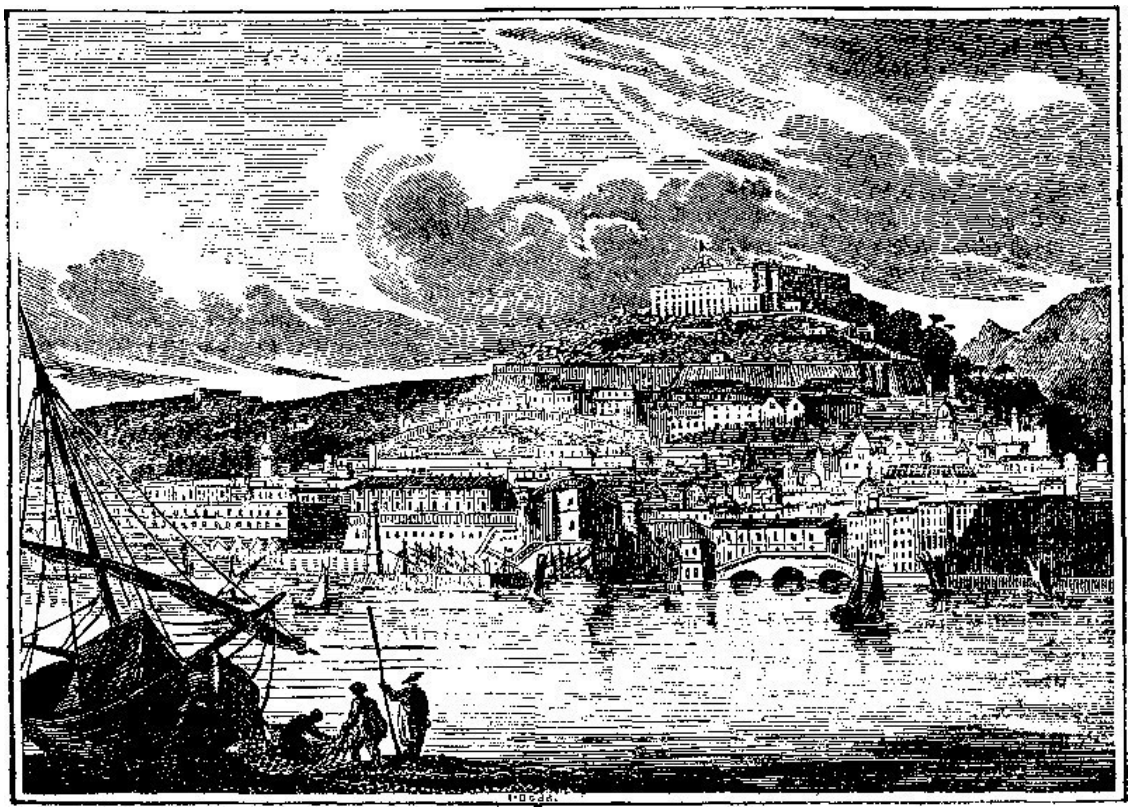
EUROPEAN CITIES.—NAPLES



In our last volume we commenced the design of illustrating the principal *Cities of Europe*, by a series of picturesque views—one of which is represented in the above engraving. Our miscellaneous duties in identifying the pages of the MIRROR with subjects of contemporary interest, and anxiety to bring them on our little *tapis*—(qy. Twopence?)—will best account for the interval which has elapsed since the commencement of our design—with a View of London; but were all travellers as tardy, the Grand Tour of Europe would occupy many years, and leave fashion-mongers but little more than rouge, wrinkles, and *bon-bons* to delight their friends at home.

The proximity of Naples to Rome may, perhaps, impair the interest of the former city, especially as it presents nothing in architecture, sculpture, or painting that can vie with the Imperial Mistress. Nevertheless, Naples is one of the most beautiful and most delightful cities on the habitable globe. Nothing can possibly be imagined more unique than its *coup-d'oeil*, on whatever side the city is viewed.

Naples is situated towards the south and east on the declivity of a long range of hills, and encircling a gulf of 16 miles in breadth, and as many in length, which forms a basin, called Crater by the Neapolitans. The city appears to crown this superb basin. One part rises towards the west in the form of an amphitheatre, on the hills of Pausilippo, St. Ermo, and Antiguano; the other extends

towards the east, over a more level territory, in which villas follow each other in rapid succession, from the Magdalen Bridge to Portici, where the king's palace is situated, and beyond that to Mount Vesuvius. The Neapolitans have a saying, *Vedi Napoli e po mari*, intimating that when Naples has been seen, every thing has been seen; and its congregated charms of situation, climate, and fertility almost warrant this patriotic ebullition.

"On the northern side, Naples is surrounded by hills, which (says *Vasi*, in his '*Picture*,') form a kind of crown round the *Terra di Lavoro*, the Land of Labour." This consists of a district, in the language of ancient Rome,

——Lecos laeros, et amoena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas—

and fertilized by a river, called Sebeto, which descends from the hills on the side of Nola, and falls into the sea after having passed under Magdalen Bridge, towards the eastern part of Naples.

The ancient history of Naples is involved in much obscurity. According to some, says *Vasi*, Falerna, one of the Argonauts, founded it about 1,300 years before the Christian era; according to others, Parthenope, one of the Syrens, celebrated by Homer in his "Odyssey," being shipwrecked on this coast, landed here, and built a town, to which she gave her name; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, some to Eneas, and others to Ulysses. These are mere freaks of fiction and fable; and it is more probable that Naples was founded by some Greek colonies; this may be inferred from its own name, *Neapolis*, and from the name of another town contiguous to it, *Paleopolis.* Strabo speaks of these Greek colonies, whence the city derives its origin.

The city of Naples was formerly surrounded by very high walls, about 22 miles in circumference; but on its enlargement, neither walls nor gates were erected. It may be, however, defended by three strong castles.

Naples is divided into twelve quarters, or departments, and contains about 450,000 inhabitants. It is consequently the most populous city in Europe, except London and Paris. The streets are neither broad nor regular, and are paved with broad slabs of hard stone, resembling the lava of Vesuvius. The houses are, for the most part, uniformly built, being about five or six stories high, with balconies and flat roofs, in the form of terraces, which are used as a promenade. The churches, palaces, and public buildings are magnificent; but they suffer in comparison with the other architectural wealth of Italy. Vasi states there are about 300 churches; and among the other public buildings he mentions 37 conservatories, established for the benefit of poor children, and old people, both men and women.

The environs of Naples possess many attractions for the classic tourist, as well as for the strange flies of fashion. Among these is Virgil's Tomb, which is, indeed, holy ground. The temples, aqueducts, and arches of olden time are likewise stupendous records of the sumptuousness of the ancient people of this interesting district; and, apart from these attractions, the contemplative philosopher may read in the volcanic remains, and other phenomena on its shores, many inspiring lessons in the broad volume of Nature; as well as amid the neighbouring relics of Art, where

Man marks the earth with ruin.

LEICESTER ABBEY.—DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

(*For the Mirror*.)

Few periods of English history are more pregnant with events, or more interesting to the antiquary, and general reader, than that which comprised the fortunes of Wolsey. The eventful life of the Cardinal, checkered as it was by the vicissitudes of fortune, his sudden elevation, and finally his more sudden fall and death, display an appalling picture of "the instability of human affairs." This prelate and statesman, who even aspired to the Papal throne itself, "was an honest poore man's sonne in the towne of Ipswiche,"[1] who having received a good education, and being endowed with great capacity, soon rose to fill the highest offices of the church and state; in 1515 he was created Lord High Chancellor, and in three years afterwards was appointed legate *à latere* by the Pope, having previously received a Cardinal's cap.

Leicester Abbey was rendered famous as being the last residence of the unhappy Wolsey; "within its walls," says Gilpin, "was once exhibited a scene more humiliating to human ambition, and more instructive to human grandeur than almost any which history hath produced. Here the fallen pride of Wolsey retreated from the insults of the world, all his visions of ambition were now gone; his pomp and pageantry and crowded levees! On this spot he told the listening monks, the sole attendants of his dying hour, as they stood around his pallet, that he was come to lay his bones among them, and gave a pathetic testimony to the truth and joys of religion, which preaches beyond a thousand lectures."[2]

On his road to London, whither he had been summoned, from his castle of *Cawood*, by Henry, to take his trial for high treason, he was seized with a disorder, which so much increased as to oblige his resting at Leicester, where he was met at the Abbey gate by the Abbot and his whole convent. The first ejaculation of Wolsey, on meeting these holy persons, plainly shows that he was fully aware of his approaching end: "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come hither to lay my bones among you;"[3] and it was with great difficulty that they could get him up the stairs, which it was fated he was never again to descend alive. A short time previous to his death, he thus addressed the Constable of the Tower, who was appointed to convey him to the metropolis:—"Well, well, Master Kingstone, I see the matter how it is framed; but if I had serued God as diligentlie as I haue done the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my gray haires;[4] but this is the iust reward that I must receiue for the diligent paines and study yt I haue had to doe him seruice, not regarding my seruice to God, but onely to satisfie his pleasure; I praie you haue me most humblie commended vnto his royal maiestie, and beseech him in my behalfe to call to his princelie remembrance, all matters proceeding between him and mee, from the beginning of the worlde, and the progress of the same, and most especialle in his weightie matter, and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I haue oflended him or no."[5]

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[1] Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 1. edit. 1641. Most of his biographers affirm that he was the son of a butcher.

[2] "Northern Tour." The same author observes, that "the death of Wolsey would make a fine moral picture, if the hand of any master could give the pallid features of the dying statesman, that chagrin, that remorse, those pangs of anguish, which, in the last bitter moments of his life, possessed him. The point might be taken when the monks are administering the comforts of religion, which the despairing prelate cannot feel. The subject requires a gloomy apartment, which a ray through a Gothic window might just enlighten, throwing its force chiefly on the principal figure, and dying away on the rest. The appendages of the piece need only be few and simple; little more than the crozier and red hat to mark the cardinal and tell the story."

[3] Stow's "Annals," p. 557, edit. 1615.

[4] Shakspeare introduces this memorable saying of the cardinal into his play of "Henry the Eighth:"——"O Cromwell, Cromwell,Had I but serv'd my God with half the zealI serv'd my king, he would not in mine ageHave left me naked to mine enemies."

[5] Stow's "Annals."

Thus sunk into the grave a man, who was a victim to tyranny, but to a tyranny which he had himself formed; that he was a person far enlightened beyond the period in which he lived no one can presume to doubt. He tended greatly to promote the arts and learning of his country. His personal character displayed as great a variety of opposite qualities, as the fortunes to which he had been exposed; his magnanimity was oftentimes clouded by the greatest meanness, and with an urbanity of manners, he combined an intolerable degree of pride and arrogance; he was frank and generous, but his overwhelming ambition greatly tended to obscure these nobler qualities of his mind, and as he rose, he became haughty and overbearing. His character has been obscured by the envy and partiality of his contemporaries, who have generally endeavoured to load his memory with reproaches. "This Cardinall," says Holinshed, "was of great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure; he forced little on simonie, and was not pittiful, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion; in open presence he would lie and saie vntruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and performe little; he was vicious of his bodie, and gaue the clergy euill example; he hated sore the Citie of London and feared it. It was told him that he should die in the waie toward London, wherefore he feared lest the commons of the citie would arise in riotous maner and so slaie him, yet for all that he died in the waie toward London, carrieng more with him out of the worlde than he brought into it, namellie, a winding sheete, besides other necessaries thought meet for a dead man, as a Christian comelinesse required."[6]

The remains of the Cardinal were interred in the Abbey Church at Leicester, after having been viewed by the Mayor and Corporation, (for the prevention of false rumours,) and were attended to the grave by the Abbot and all the brethren. This last ceremony was performed by torchlight, the canons singing dirges, and offering orisons, at between four and five o'clock of the morning, on St. Andrew's Day, November the 30th, 1530.

Leicester Abbey was founded (according to Leland) [7] in the year 1143, in the reign of King Stephen, by Robert Bossue, Earl of Leicester, for black canons of the order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is situated in a pleasant meadow, to the north of the town, watered by the river Soar, whence it acquired the name of *St. Mary de Pratis*, or *de la Pré*. This monastery was richly endowed with lands in thirty-six of the neighbouring parishes, besides various possessions in other counties, and enjoyed considerable privileges and immunities. Bossue, with the consent of Lady Amicia, his wife, became a canon regular in his own foundation, in expiation of his rebellious conduct towards his sovereign, and particularly for the injuries which he had thereby brought upon the "goodly towne of Leycestre." At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. the revenues of this house were valued according to *Speed* at £1062. 0s. 4d., *Dugdale* says £951. 14s. 5d.; and its site was granted in the 4th of Edward VI. to William, Marquess of Northampton.[8]

S.I.B.

[6] Holinshed's "Chronicle," vol. iii. p. 765, edit. 1808.

[7] "Collectanea," vol i. p. 70.

[8] Tanner.

ANCIENT OATHS

(*To the Editor of the Mirror*.)

It will be recollected, that in a former volume I gave you the form of the oath taken by the appellee in the ancient manner of trial by battle. The appellee, when appealed of felony, pleads *not guilty* and throws down his glove, and declares he will defend the same by his body; the appellant takes up the glove, and replies that he is ready to make good the appeal body for body; and thereupon the appellee, taking the book in his right hand, makes oath as before mentioned. To which the appellant replies, holding the Bible and his antagonist's hand in the same manner as the other, "Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself *Thomas* by the name of baptism, that thou art perjured; and therefore perjured, because that thou feloniously didst murder my father, *William* by name. So help me God and the Saints, and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award." And then the combat proceeds.

There is a striking resemblance between this process and that of the court of *Arcopagus,* at Athens, for murder, where the prisoner and prosecutor were both sworn in the most solemn manner —the prosecutor, that he was related to the deceased, (for none but near relations were permitted to prosecute in that court,) and that the prisoner was the cause of his death; the prisoner, that he was innocent of the charge against him.

In time I hope to be able to furnish you with other specimens of our curious ancient oaths.

W.H.H.

SONNET

(*For the Mirror*.)

Whose heart is not delighted at the sound
Of rural song, of Nature's melody,
When hills and dales with harmony rebound,
While Echo spreads the pleasing strains around,
Awak'ning pure and heartfelt sympathy!
Perchance on some rude rock the minstrel stands,
While his pleased hearers wait entranced around;
Behold him touch the chords with fearless hands,
Creating heav'nly joys from earthly sound.
How many voices in the chorus rise,
And artless notes renew the failing strains;
The honest boor his vocal talent tries,
Approving love beams from his "fair one's eyes,"
While age, in silent joy, forgets its pains.

J.J.

THE DEATH OF SALADIN. [9]

(*For the Mirror.*)

The angel of death hath too surely prest
His fatal sign on the warrior's breast—
Quench'd is the light of the eagle-eye,
And the nervous limbs rest languidly—
The eloquent tongue is silent and still,
The deep clear voice again may not chill
The hearers' hearts with its own deep thrill.

Ah, who can gaze on death, nor inward feel
A creeping horror through the bosom steal,
Like one who stands upon a precipice,
And sees below a mangled sacrifice,
Feeling that he himself must ere long fall,
With none to save him, none to hear his call,
Or wrest him from the agonizing thrall?

And yet it is but sleep we look upon!
But in that sleep from which the life is gone
Sinks the proud Saladin, Egyptia's lord.
His faith's firm champion, and his Prophet's sword;
Not e'en the red cross knights withstand his pow'r,
But, sorrowing, mark the Moslem's triumph hour,
And the pale crescent float from Salem's tow'r.

As the keen arrow, hurl'd with giant-might,
Rends the thin air in its impetuous flight,
But being spent on earth innoxious lies,
E'en its track vanish'd from the yielding skies—
So lies the soldan, stopp'd his bright career,
His vanquish'd realms their prostrate heads uprear,
And coward kings forget their servile fear.

Ere yet stern Azrael[10] cut the thread of life,
While Death and Nature wag'd unequal strife,
Spoke the expiring hero:—"Hither stand,
Receive your dying sovereign's last command.
When that the spirit from my frame is riven,
(Oh, gracious Alla! be my sins forgiven,
And bright-eyed Houris waft my soul to heaven,)
Then when you bear me to my last retreat,
Let not the mourners howl along the street—

[9] For the particulars of which, see Knolle's "history of the Turks."

[10] Azrael, in the Mahometan creed, the angel of death.

Let not my soldiers in the train be seen,
Nor banners float, nor lance or sabre gleam—
Nor yet, to testify a vain regret,
O'er my remains let costly shrine be set,
Or sculptur'd stone, or gilded minaret;
But let a herald go before my bier,
Bearing on point of lance the robe I wear.
Shouting aloud, 'Behold what now remains
Of the proud conqueror of Syria's plains,
Who bow'd the Persian, made the Christian feel
The deadly sharpness of the Moslem steel;
But of his conquests, riches, honours, might,
Naught sleeps with him in death's unbroken night,
Save this poor robe.'"

D.A.H.

BANQUETTING HOUSE, WHITEHALL

(*For the Mirror.*)

This splendid pile which is at present under repair, was erected in the time of James I. Whitehall being in a most ruinous state, he determined to rebuild it in a very princely manner, and worthy of the residence of the monarchs of the British empire. He began with pulling down the banquetting rooms built by Elizabeth. That which bears the above name at present was begun in 1619, from a design of Inigo Jones, in his purest style; and executed by Nicholas Stone, master mason and architect to the king; it was finished in two years, and cost £17,000. but is only a small part of a vast plan, left unexecuted by reason of the unhappy times which succeeded. The ceiling of this noble room cannot be sufficiently admired; it was painted by Rubens, who had £3,000. for his work. The subject is the Apotheosis of James I. forming nine compartments; one of the middle represents our pacific monarch on his earthly throne, turning with horror from Mars, and other of the discordant deities, and as if it were, giving himself up to the amiable goddess he always cultivated, and to her attendants, Commerce, and the Fine Arts. This fine performance is painted on canvass, and is in high preservation; but a few years ago it underwent a repair by Cipriani, who had £2,000. for his trouble. Near the entrance is a bust of the royal founder.

Little did James think (says Pennant) that he was erecting a pile from which his son was to step from the throne to the scaffold. He had been brought in the morning of his death, from St. James's across the Park, and from thence to Whitehall, where ascending the great staircase, he passed through the long gallery to his bed-chamber, the place allotted to him to pass the little time before he received the fatal blow. It is one of the lesser rooms marked with the letter A in the old plan of Whitehall. He was from thence conducted along the galleries and the banquetting house, through the wall, in which a passage was broken to his last earthly stage. Mr. Walpole tells us that Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works done about the king's house, had only 8s. 4d. a day, and £46. a year for house-rent, and a clerk and other incidental expenses. The present improvements at Whitehall make one exclaim with the poet, Pope—

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.