

VARIOUS

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1829

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Amusement, and Instruction.
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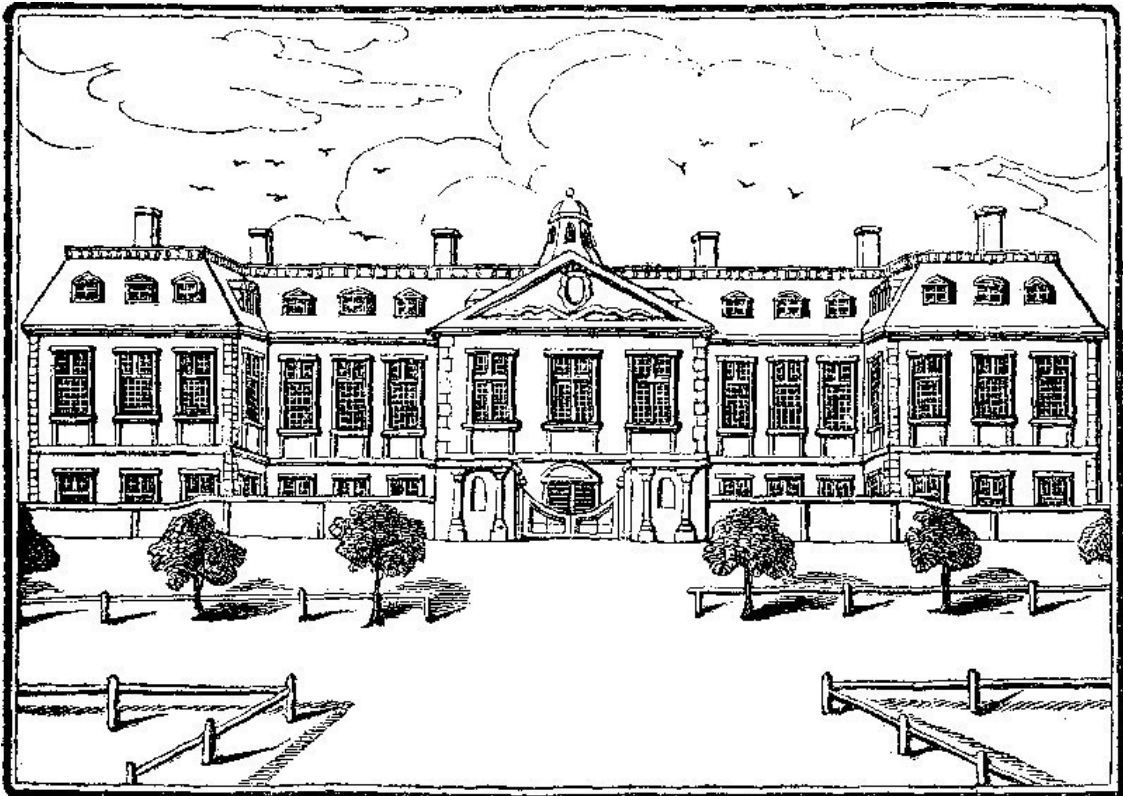
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CLARENDON HOUSE, PICCADILLY



The virtuous and uncompromising chancellor, the Earl of Clarendon, had a splendid mansion facing the upper end of St. James's-street, on the site of the present Grafton-street. Of this princely pile, the above is an accurate engraving. It was built by Clarendon with the stone intended for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. "He purchased the materials," says Pennant, "but a nation soured with an unsuccessful war, with fire, and with pestilence, imputed everything as a crime to this great and envied character; his enemies called it Dunkirk House, calumniating him with having built it with the money arising from the sale of that town, which had just before been given up to the French, for a large sum, by his Master."

It is true that Clarendon built this mansion in a season of discontent; but so sensible was he of his vanity and imprudence in building so large a house, and of the envy it drew upon him, that he afterwards apologized for the act; which he declares, so far exceeded the proposed expense, as to add greatly to the embarrassment of his affairs.

This mansion cost £50,000. and 300 men were employed in the building. It was purchased from his lordship by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards by another nobleman, inferior indeed in abilities, but not inferior in virtues. In 1670, James, Duke of Ormond, resided at Clarendon House; and on his way thither, he was one day dragged out of his coach by the infamous Blood and his associates, who intended to hang his Grace at Tyburn, in revenge for justice done, under his administration in Ireland, on some of their companions. "This refinement in revenge," says Pennant,

"saved the duke's life; he had leisure to disengage himself from the villain on horseback, to whom he was tied; by which time he was discovered by his servants, and rescued from death."

The original of our Engraving was copied from a rare print, which, in the year 1790, was in the collection of Thomas Allen, Esq. Appended to the former is a section, showing the relative situation of Clarendon House, which was taken from a map of London (supposed to be unique) in an illustrated *Clarendon's History*, in the possession of John Charles Crowle, Esq. By the section, the entrance-gate to the court-yard of the house appears to have been in Piccadilly, in a direct line with St. James's Street, and the grounds to have extended to Bruton Street at the back, where there was likewise a communication. The site of the front gate is now, therefore, the commencement of *Albemarle Street*, named after one of the distinguished occupants of Clarendon House.

Notwithstanding the revolutions of time and fashion in this quarter, the illustrious name of the founder of Clarendon House is still preserved in the "*Clarendon Hotel*," which occupies a portion of the original ground already described. One of the changes is, that instead of the Chancellor meditating upon his dismissal from office, which his very virtues and stately dignity, and a weak king, and a more wicked and envious faction had brought about,—we have well-living twos and fours hob-nobbing over Chateau-Margaux, or yielding to the delightful inspirations of Ay Champagne. Not a few more of the good things of this great town are assembled near the same spot. Albemarle Street has many first-rate hotels, and two handsome club-houses; while on the Bond Street side of the quadrangle are two or three extensive libraries, an immense porcelain repository, and a score of fashionable *artistes*. What idle delights are all these compared with the wisdom and virtue which once dwelt on the same spot. But had Clarendon lived to see Crockford's splendid subscription-house rise after a golden shower, in St. James's Street, (and this he might have done from the front-windows of Clarendon House) he would, perhaps, have given us an extra volume of *Essays*. We would that he *had* so lived, if only that his sublime truths might thus have been multiplied for the good of mankind, if not for the weak heads of St. James's Street.

THE GLANCIN' E'E

Oh lassie tell me can'st thou lo'e,
I hae gaz'd upon thy glancin' e'e;
It soars aboon, it rolls below,
But, ah, it never rests on me.

Oh lassie I hae socht the hour
When pity wak'nin' lo'e might be,
Tell my sair heart a gauldin' flower
Has droopit in thy glancin' e'e.

Oh lassie, turn not sae awa'
Disdainfu', gie na death to me;
Does pity mark the tears that fa'?
Exhale them wi' thy glancin' e'e.

C.C

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(*For the Mirror.*)

"There is a voice from the grave sweeter than song."—*Washington Irving.*

Illustrious dead! one tributary sigh,
In that great temple where the mighty lie,
I breath'd for you—a magic charm was there
Where rest the great and good, the wise and fair;
Their glittering day of fame has had its close
And beauty, genius, grandeur, there repose.
Immortal names! kings, queens, and statesmen rise
In marble forms before the gazer's eyes.
Cold, pale, and silent, down each lessening aisle
They clustering stand, and mimic life awhile.
The warrior chief, in sculptur'd beauty dies,
And in Fame's clasping arms for ever lies.
"Each in his place of state," the rivals stand,
The senators, who saved a sinking land;
Majestic, graceful,—each with "lips apart"
Whose eloquence subdued and won the heart.
Pitt! round thy name how bright a halo burns,
When memory to thy day of glory turns;
And views thee in life's bright meridian lie,
And victim to thy patriot spirit die!
Round Fox's tomb, what forms angelic weep,
And ever watch that chill and marble sleep!
Silence, how eloquent! how deep—profound—
She holds her reign above the hallow'd ground.
Here sceptred monarchs in death's slumbers lie,
Tudors, Plantagenets—they too could die!
Beneath a 'scutcheon'd arch, with banners spread,
Unhappy, murdered, Richard rests his head.
While Pomfret's walls in "ruin greenly tell,"
How fought the brave and how the noble fell!
Pale rose of York! thy sanguine rival rears
Full many a tomb, and many a trophy bears.
But who lies here? in marble lovely still,
Here let me pause, and fancy take her fill.
Poor ill-starr'd Mary; Melancholy gloom
And fond regrets are waking o'er thy tomb.
Bright was thy morn of promise, dark the day,
That clos'd thy fate in murderous Fotheringay!
How near thee lies that "bright star of the west,"
Elizabeth, of queens the wisest, best;
Her "lion port," and her imperial brow,
The dark grey stone essays in vain to show.
Ye royal rivals of a former day,

How has your love and hatred pass'd away!
To future times how faint the voice of fame,
For greatness here but "stalks an empty name."
Around, above, how sorrow builds her throne,
To snatch from death's embrace each treasure gone.
See, how the horrid phantom bends his bow,
And points his dart to lay that victim low!¹
She sinks, she falls, and her fond husband's breast
Is the cold pillow to that marble rest!
But softly tread upon the sacred ground,
Where Britain's bards lie sepulchred round.
Sons of the muse, who woke the magic spell,
From the deep windings of "Apollo's shell!"
Mute is each lyre, their silent strings are bound
With willow, yew, and cypress wreath'd around.
Their hopes, joys, sorrows, rest within the grave
Admiring nations to their relics gave.
Hail, mighty shades! bright spirits of the past;
Here may your ashes sleep while time shall last.
Let kindred genius shed the pensive tear,
And grace with votive elegy each bier.
While far beyond this melancholy vale,
When faded sorrow tells her mournful tale,
"O'er this dim spot of earth," in regions fair
Your spirits dwell, and joys eternal share.

Kirton Lindsey.

ANNIE R

¹ The tomb of Mrs. Nightingale.

THE COSMOPOLITE

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER

We are not about to write an advertisement for this advertised of all advertisers—nor to talk of its square feet—its crowded broadside—or the myriads of letters that make it resemble a sea of animalculae. We are content to leave all the pride of its machinery to Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, and the clang of its engine to the peaceful purlieus of Printing-house Square. Yet these are interesting items in the advancement of science, and in the history of mankind; for whether taken mechanically or morally, the *Times* is, without exception, the newspaper of all newspapers, "the observed of all observers" and altogether, the most extraordinary production of this or any other age.

But we are more anxious to reach what may be called the philosophy of a newspaper—that broad volume of human life, in which "the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes are displayed." To prove this, only let the reader glance over the twenty-four columns of a *Times* newspaper, and attempt a calculation of the many thousand events that spring from and are connected with their contents. Yet this sheet is but as it were a day in the life of man—a mere thread of the mingled yarn of his existence—and 313 such sheets, or 1,252 such folios make but a year of his history. The subject is too vast and comprehensive for continued contemplation, for it is like all other wheels of vicissitude; we become giddy by looking too steadfastly on its twinings.

Let us take one side of any recent *Times* newspaper—say that of *Thursday last*—and attempt something like an abstract of its *memorabilia*. This may appear for us a toilsome task, but if the reader be not fatigued also, our time will not be misspent. Begin "at the beginning" with the old English title, broken by the royal arms—like a blocking-course; and the No. and date in a sort of typographical entablature. The first side is filled by 188 advertisements, for the most part, classed according to their objects.

Thus, we start, and not unappropriately, with notices of vessels *to sail* for India and the new settlement on *Swan River*. What temptations for adventure and avarice—what associations of industry and indolence—luxury and squalid misery—do these announcements create in the reflective mind. The nabob in his chintz—the speculator with his last hundred—and the half-starved agriculturist—are but sorry portraits beside the class to whom the next notice is addressed.—Packets to Calais, Dieppe, and Margate—necessity on her last leg, and luxury on the fantastic toe—the wasted mind and famished visage beside hoyden mirth and bloated luxury. Then the South American Mining Association Deed "lies for signature:"—what a relief in this sheet of *chiaro-scuro*—a kind of tinsel to set off its grave parts, with gold dust enough to blind half its readers. To this little flash of golden light succeeds shade—Chancery and creditors' notices—proving debts and consciences—followed by civil contracts for Bridewell and building a Lunatic Asylum in Kent. The association is too obvious, and verily, the maker-up of the *Times* newspaper is a Hogarth in his way; for what Hogarth did with pencil and brush, he does with metallic types. Next is a Saw Mill to be sold cheap, constructed for the express purpose of being sent to the *Swan River* settlement—how fortunate—for surely any idle wight would make his way with such assistance, especially as the machine is "on improved principles." *Luxury* again—paper-hangings, French lamps, and French roses—*necessity* again—Money on mortgage, and bills discounted: how obvious the connexion—the very cause and effect—the lamps will not burn without oil, and the roses will not bloom without money—at least they will only waste their fragrance in the desert air of the nursery-ground.

The *second column* begins with a solicitor's inquiry for a person long unheard of, who, if alive, "may hear of somewhat very considerably to his advantage"—any person proving his death, shall be rewarded. Next is a notice from the City Chamber Court of Stralsund, of a man who has been missing

twenty years, and unless he informs the court of his existence on or before Lady-day, 1830, he will be declared dead—poor fellow—yet how many would rejoice at such an opportunity of escaping from their worldly cares. Next comes a little string of Anniversaries of Charities—followed by Exhibitions of the Fine Arts—had their position been reversed, the effect would have been better; for fine painting prepares the heart for acts of benevolence, and kindleth all its best feelings. Portraits of the Rev. Matthew Wilks and Pope Pius VII. (the latter a splendid mezzotinto from Sir T. Lawrence's picture) are followed by a "*Speaking French Grammar*," a very good companion for any Englishman about to visit the continent; for with many, their stock of French does not last out their cash. Next is fourteen years of the Morning Post to be sold—a bargain for a fashionable novelist, and in fact, a complete stock-in-trade for any court or town Adonis; a perfect vocabulary of fashion, detailing the rise and progress of all the fashionable arts since the peace—the gazette appointments and disappointments—and elopements and *faux pas*, sufficient for all the comedy-writers of the present century—the respective claims of Spanish Refugees and Spitalfields Weavers—charitable concerts and opera benefits—and all the lumber and light artillery of the *grand monde*.

The *third column* is almost entirely occupied by "Wanted" advertisements and we had resolved to pass over all their "Wants;" had not some of them occurred to us as rather singular, even in these times of general distress. The first of these is for a respectable middle-aged woman, as lady's maid—"to understand dress-making, millinery, hair-dressing, getting-up fine linen, and to be useful and obliging." All this is reasonable enough; but mark the inducement: "a clever person fond of the country, and who can bear confinement, will find this a comfortable situation!" "This is too much." Another is for a butler and a valet, to "undertake the care and responsibility of a numerous family:" another is a young man for "a situation in any shop or warehouse, not particular what:" another of "a nurse, who can cut and make children's dresses, and instruct them in reading and spelling," a school-assistant "to fill the second desk," &c. Next come a few characteristics of a scientific age—as patent trouser-straps, to "prevent the dirt getting between the strap and the boot, &c.;" and patent springs for waistcoat backs—to cause the clothes to fit well to the shape, &c.—and, above all, a legitimate, scientific *Diaphane* parasol.

The "Wants" are resumed in the *fourth column*. One is a young man to be able to walk well; "it is immaterial what he has been accustomed to."

In the fourth column we find "a family grave to be sold, unused for nearly 50 years at that period, but partly occupied. *To save trouble*, price 25*l*." Another advertisement—"to small capitalists" is a perfect puzzle; for the advertiser will not describe the "ready-money concern" to be disposed of, but says, "the principal article of sale is what is consumed, either in a greater or less degree, by almost every individual." Next is a tallowchandler's business in a situation which "will command an extensive trade immediately the new Fleet Market is erected"—rather anticipatory, to be sure. Another, "worthy of notice," offers for 260 guineas, seven houses, which cost 800 in building—a tolerable speculation.

The *last column* commences with a fine brown gelding, (like most friends) parted with for no fault, free from vice, although, "a *trial* will be granted." Another announces for sale, several "*bays*, greys, roans, *creams*, and *duns*:" a chaise "parted with for no other fault than the present owner having purchased a four-wheeled one;" and "a house near the church, commanding extensive and pleasing prospects."

The fourth folio, or side of the paper, is nearly filled with advertisements of *sales by auction*, a single glance at which would convince us of the instability of human affairs, even if we did not read in one corner, of a theatrical wardrobe, containing five splendid new court dresses, trimmed with gold and silver (except the pockets,) and 52 very fine wigs.

The inner, or second and third folios of the paper, present still finer studies for our reflection. The eye almost instinctively lights on the "Foreign Papers," detailing the progress of war and the balance of power—Francfort Fair, and English manufactures. Below is the well-known graphic relief

—a clock, and two opened and one closed book, with "The Times"—past and future, decorated with oak and laurel. Then come the theatrical announcements teeming with novelty and attraction, which stand like the sauces, savoury dishes, and sweetmeats of the day's repast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OLD POETS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The following song is said to be the most ancient in the English language, and to have been written so early as the year 1250, almost a century before Geoffrey Chaucer, (who is styled the father of English poetry,) produced his *Court of Love*, which was written at the early age of eighteen.

CHAS. COLE

THE CUCCU

Summer is icumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu:
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb;
Lhouth after calve cu:
Bulluc sterteth,
Buck verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu,
Wel singes this cuccu;
Ne swik thu naver.

Glossary—Sumer, summer—icumen, a coming—lhude, loud—sed, seed—med, mead—wde, wood—nu, new—awe, ewe—lomb, lamb—lhouth, loweth—cu, cow—murie, merry—singes, sing'st—thu, thou—Ne swik thu naver, May'st thou never cease.

MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS

MAY DAY

It would seem that among our Pagan ancestors, before the introduction of Christianity, the *first day of May* was the great festival in honour of the sun, and that fires were then kindled and rejoicings made, in honour of that great luminary. The first day of May is still called *Beltan*, or *Baal-tein*, "the fire of Baal." In some parts of the country the shepherds still make festivals of milk and eggs on that day, but the custom is rapidly declining. In the Highlands the festival is still continued with singular ceremonies. On Beltan day all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors; they cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company; they kindle a fire, and dress a meal of eggs and milk of the consistence of a custard; and then knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into as many portions, similar in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They then daub over one of these portions with charcoal until it is perfectly black; they put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet; when each of the company, blindfolded, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black piece is the devoted person to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the season productive. There is little doubt but that such inhuman sacrifices were once offered in this country as well as in the east; although the act of sacrifice is now dispensed with, the devoted person being only compelled to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremony of the festival is closed.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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