VARIOUS

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Содержание

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS

With sketches of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Lyttleton, Richardson, &c. &c. *For Explanation, see the annexed page.*

References to the Characters in the Engraving.

1. Dr. Johnson.—2. Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Gilbert.)—3. Lord Harcourt.—4. Cotley Cibber.—5. Mr. Garrick.—6. Mrs. Frasi, the singer.—7. Mr. Nash.—8. Miss Chudleigh (Duchess of Kingston.)—9. Mr. Pitt (Earl of Chatham.)—10. A. Onslow, Esq. (the Speaker.)—11. Lord Powis.—12. Duchess of Norfolk.—13. Miss Peggy Banks—14. Lady Lincoln—15. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton.—16. The Baron (a German gamester.)—17. Samuel Richardson.—18. Mrs. Onslow.—20. Mrs. Johnson (the Doctor's wife.)—21. Mr. Whiston—22. Loggan, the artist.—23. Woman of the Wells.

Tunbridge, or as old folks still call it, "the Wells," was a gay, anecdotical resort of the last century, and about as different from the fashionable haunts of the present, as St. James's is to Russel Square, or an old English mansion to the egg-shell architecture of yesterday. In its best days, it was second only to Bath, and little did its belles and beaux dream of the fishified village of Brighthelmstone, in the adjoining county, spreading to a city, and being docked of its syllabic proportions to the *Brighton* of ears polite.

The annexed Engraving represents Tunbridge Wells about 80 years ago, or in the year 1748. It is copied from a drawing which belonged to Samuel Richardson, the novelist, and was found among his papers at his death in 1761. The original is in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips, who published Richardson's *Correspondence*, in 1804; it contains portrait figures of all the celebrated characters who were at Tunbridge Wells, in August, 1748, at which time Richardson was likewise there, and beneath the drawing is the above key, or the names of the characters, in the hand-writing of the novelist.

But the pleasantest illustration that we can supply is the following extract from one of Richardson's Letters to Miss Westcomb, which represents the gaiety and flirtation of the place in very attractive colours. At this time Richardson was at Tunbridge Wells for the benefit of his health; but he says, "I had rather be in a desert, than in a place so public and so giddy, if I may call the place so from its frequenters. But these waters were almost the only thing in medicine that I had not tried; and, as my disorder seemed to increase, I was willing to try them. Hitherto, I must own, without effect is the trial. But people here, who slide in upon me, as I traverse the outermost edges of the walks, that I may stand in nobody's way, nor have my dizziness increased by the swimming triflers, tell me I shall not give them fair play under a month or six weeks; and that I ought neither to read nor write; yet I have all my town concerns upon me here, sent me every post and coach, and cannot help it. Here are great numbers of people got together. A very full season, and more coming every day—Great comfort to me."

"What if I could inform you, that among scores of belles, flatterers, triflers, who swim along these walks, self-satisfied and pleased, and looking defiances to men (and to modesty, I had like to have said; for bashfulness seems to be considered as want of breeding in all I see here); a pretty woman is as rare as a black swan; and when one such starts up, she is nicknamed a Beauty, and old fellows and young fellows are set a-spinning after her."

"*Miss Banks* (Miss Peggy Banks) was the belle when I came first down—yet she had been so many seasons here, that she obtained but a faint and languid attention; so that the smarts began to put her down in their list of had-beens. New faces, my dear, are more sought after than fine faces. A piece of instruction lies here—that women should not make even their faces cheap."

"*Miss Chudleigh* next was the triumphant toast: a lively, sweet-tempered, gay, self-admired, and not altogether without reason, generally-admired lady—she moved not without crowds after her. She smiled at every one. Every one smiled before they saw her, when they heard she was on the walk. She played, she lost, she won—all with equal good-humour. But, alas, she went off, before she was wished to go off. And then the fellows' hearts were almost broken for a new beauty."

"Behold! seasonably, the very day that she went away entered upon the walks Miss L., of Hackney!—Miss Chudleigh was forgotten (who would wish for so transient a dominion in the land of fickledom!)—And have you seen the new beauty?—And have you seen Miss L.? was all the inquiry from smart to smartless. But she had not traversed the walks two days, before she was found to want spirit and life. Miss Chudleigh was remembered by those who wished for the brilliant mistress, and scorned the wifelike quality of sedateness—and Miss L. is now seen with a very silly fellow or two, walking backwards and forwards unmolested—dwindled down from the new beauty to a very quotes pretty girl; and perhaps glad to come off so. For, upon my word, my dear, there are very few pretty girls here."

"But here, to change the scene, to see Mr. W–sh at eighty (Mr. Cibber calls him papa), and Mr. Cibber at seventy-seven, hunting after new faces; and thinking themselves happy if they can obtain the notice and familiarity of a fine woman!—How ridiculous!—If you have not been at Tunbridge, you may nevertheless have heard that here are a parcel of fellows, mean traders, whom they call touters, and their business, touting—riding out miles to meet coaches and company coming hither, to beg their custom while here."

"Mr. Cibber was over head and ears in love with Miss Chudleigh. Her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him; but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were

always for calling him to her. She said pretty things—for she was Miss Chudleigh. He said pretty things—for he was Mr. Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly things themselves; and mighty well contented were they to be secondhand repeaters of the pretty things. But once I faced the laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment 'I thought,' said I, 'you were of the party at the tea-treats—Miss Chudleigh has gone into the tea-room.'—'Pshaw!' said he, 'there is no coming at her, she is so surrounded by the toupets.'—And I left him upon the fret—But he was called to soon after; and in he flew, and his face shone again, and looked smooth."

"Another extraordinary old man we have had here, but of a very different turn; the noted *Mr. Whiston*, showing eclipses, and explaining other phaenomena of the stars, and preaching the millennium, and anabaptism (for he is now, it seems, of that persuasion) to gay people, who, if they have white teeth, hear him with open mouths, though perhaps shut hearts; and after his lecture is over, not a bit the wiser, run from him, the more eagerly to C–r and W–sh, and to flutter among the loud-laughing young fellows upon the walks, like boys and girls at a breaking-up."

"Your affectionate and paternal friend and servant, S. RICHARDSON."

Richardson has mentioned only a few of the characters introduced in the Engraving. Johnson was at that time but in his fortieth year, and much less portly than afterwards. Cibber is the very picture of an old beau, with laced hat and flowing wig; half-a-dozen of his pleasantries were worth all that is heard from all the playwrights and actors of our day—on or off the stage: Garrick too, probably did not keep all his fine conceits within the theatre. Nos. 7, 8, and 9, in the Engraving, are a pretty group: Miss Chudleigh (afterwards Duchess of Kingston,) between Beau Nash and Mr. Pitt (Earl of Chatham,) both of whom are striving for a side-long glance at the sweet tempered, and as Richardson calls her, "generally-admired" lady. No. 17, Richardson himself is moping along like an invalid beneath the trees, and avoiding the triflers. Mrs. Johnson is widely separated from the Doctor, but is as well dressed as he could wish her; and No. 21, Mr. Whiston is as unexpected among this gay crowd as snow in harvest. What a *coterie* of wits must Tunbridge have possessed at this time: what assemblies and whistparties among scores of spinsters, and ogling, dangling old bachelors; with high-heeled shoes, silken hose, court hoops, embroidery, and point ruffles—only compare the Tunbridge parade of 1748 with that of 1829.

We have room but for a brief sketch of Tunbridge Wells. The Springs, or the place itself, is a short distance from the town of Tunbridge. The discovery of the waters was in the reign of James I. Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. staid here six weeks after the birth of the prince, afterwards Charles II.; but, as no house was near, suitable for so great a personage, she and her suite remained under tents pitched in the neighbourhood. The Wells, hitherto called Frant, were changed to Queen's Mary's Wells: both have given place to Tunbridge Wells; though the springs rise in the parish of Speldhurst.

Waller, in his Lines to Saccharissa,[1] celebrates the Tunbridge Waters; and Dr. Rowzee[2] wrote a treatise on their virtues. During the civil wars, the Wells were neglected, but on the Restoration they became more fashionable than ever.[3] Hence may be dated assembly rooms, coffee houses,

[1] Saccharissa, or the Lady Dorothy Sydney, resided at Penshurst, near Tunbridge.

[2] He prescribed eighteen pints of the water for a morning's dose.

[3] Grammont, in his fascinating "Memoirs," thus describes the Wells at his period, 1664, when Catherine, Queen of Charles II. was here for two months, with all the beauties of the court:"Tunbridge is the same distance from London that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though always numerous, is always select; since those who repair thither for diversion, even exceed the number of those who go thither for health. Every thing here breathes mirth and pleasure; constraint is banished; familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance; and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place. The company are accommodated with lodgings in little clean and convenient habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half round the Wells, where the company meet in the morning. The place consists of a long walk, shaded by pleasant trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row

bowling greens, &c.; about which time, to suit the caprice of their owners, many of the houses were wheeled upon sledges: a chapel[4] and a school were likewise erected. The accommodations have been progressively augmented; and the population has greatly increased. The trade of the place consists chiefly in the manufacture of the articles known as Tunbridge-ware. The Wells have always been patronized by the royal family; and are still visited by some of their branches.

Our Engraving represents the Upper, or principal walk, where are one of the assembly rooms, the post-office, Tunbridge-ware, milliners, and other shops, with a row of spreading elms on the opposite side. It is not uninteresting to notice the humble style of the shops, and the wooden portico and tiled roofs, in the Engraving, and to contrast them with the ornamental shop-architecture of our days: yet our forefathers, good old souls, thought such accommodations worthy of their patronage, and there was then as much gaiety at Tunbridge Wells as at Brighton in its best days.

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of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at Paris, in the Foire de Saint Germain. On the other side of the Walk is the Market and as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears upon the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. Here one may live as one pleases. Here is likewise deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose, dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

[4] "This chapel," says Hasted, "stands remarkably in three parishes—the pulpit in Speldhurst, the altar in Tunbridge, and the vestry in Frant. The stream also, which parted the counties of Kent and Sussex, formerly ran underneath it, but is now turned to a greater distance."—*Hist. Kent*, vol. iii.

LOVE

(For the Mirror.)

Sing ye love? ye sing it not,
It was never sung, I wot.
None can speak the power of love,
Tho' 'tis felt by all that move.
It is known—but not reveal'd,
'Tis a knowledge ever seal'd!
Dwells it in the tearful eye
Of congenial sympathy?
'Tis a radiance of the mind,
'Tis a feeling undefin'd,
'Tis a wonder-working spell,
'Tis a magic none can tell,
'Tis a charm unutterable.

LEAR.

GRAYSTEIL [5]

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD

(For the Mirror.)

Beneath the Douglas plaid, he wore a grinding shirt of mail;
Yet, spite of pain and weariness, press'd on that gallant Gael:
On, on, beside his regal foe, with eyes which more express'd
Than *words*, expecting favour still, from him who *once* caress'd!

"*'Tis*," quoth the prince, "my poor Graysteil!" and spurr'd his steed amain,
Striving, ere toiling Kilspindie, the fortalice to gain;
But Douglas, (and his wither'd heart, with hope and dread, beat high)
Stood at proud Stirling's castle-gate, as soon as royalty!

Stood, on his ingrate *friend* to gaze; no answ'ring love-look came;
Then, mortal grief his spirit shook, and bow'd his war-worn frame;
Faith, *innocence*, avail'd not *him!* he suffer'd for his line,
And fainting by the gate he sunk, but feebly call'd for *wine!*

The menials came, "*wine?* up! begone! *we* marvel who thou art!
Our *monarch* bids to France, Graysteil, his trusty *friend* depart!"
Blood to the Douglas' cheek uprush'd: proud blood! away he hied,
And soon afar, the "poor Graysteil," the *broken hearted*, DIED!

M.L.B.

Note—Graysteil (so called after the champion of a romance then popular) had returned from banishment in the hope, as he was perfectly innocuous, of renewing his ancient friendship with the Scottish king; and James declared that he would again have received him into his service, but for his oath, never more to countenance a Douglas. He blamed his servants for refusing refreshment to the veteran, but did not escape censure from our own Henry VIII. for his cruel conduct towards his "poor Graysteil," upon this occasion.

[5] Archibald, of Kilspindie, a noble Douglas, and until the disgrace of his clan, a personal friend and favourite of James V. of Scotland. For the incidents of this ballad, vide *Tales of a Grandfather*, 1st Series, vol. 3.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART

(For the Mirror.)

To this low orb is lost a shining light.
Useful, resplendent, and tho' transient, bright!
For scarce has soaring genius reach'd the blaze
Of fleeting life's meridian hour,
Than Death around the naming meteor plays,
And spreads its cypress o'er the short liv'd flower.
The great projector of that grand design,[6]
In time's remotest annals, long will shine;
While sons of toil aloud proclaim his name,
And *life preserv'd* perpetuate his *fame*.

[6] The Safety Lamp

SODA WATER

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The following extract from a medical periodical on *Soda Water*, will not perhaps be deemed *mal-apropos* at the present period of the year, and by being inserted in your widely circulated work may be of some service to those who are not aware of the evil effects produced by a *too free* use of that beverage.

M.M.M.

On this fashionable article, the editor remarks, Dr. Paris makes the following observations:—"The modern custom of drinking this inviting beverage during, or immediately after dinner, has been a pregnant source of indigestion. By inflating the stomach at such a period, we inevitably counteract those *muscular* contractions of its coats which are essential to chymification, whilst the quantity of soda thus introduced scarcely deserves notice; with the exception of the carbonic acid gas, it may be regarded as water; more mischievous only in consequence of the *exhilarating* quality, inducing us to take it at a period at which we would not require the more simple fluid."

In all the waters we have obtained from fountains in London and other places, under the names of "Soda Water" and "*double* Soda Water," we have not been able to discover any soda. It is common water mechanically super-saturated with fixed air, which on being disengaged and rarified in the stomach, may, as Dr. Paris observes, so over distend the organ as to interrupt digestion, or diminish the powers of the digestive organs. When acid prevails in the stomach, which is generally the case the day after too free an indulgence in wine, true soda water, taken two or three hours before dinner, or an hour before breakfast, not only neutralizes the acid, but the fixed air, which is disengaged, allays the irritation, and even by distending the organ, invigorates the muscular coat and nerves. As the quantity of soda, in the true soda water, is much too small to neutralize the acid, it is a good practice to add fifteen or twenty grains of the carbonate of soda, finely powdered, to each bottle, which may be done by pouring the contents of a bottle on it in a large glass.

Of all the soda water we have examined, we have found that made by Mr. Johnson, to contain the greatest quantity of soda. For the purpose of cooling the body during warm weather, and quieting the stomach, which is generally in a state of increased irritation when the temperature of the air is equal or within a few degrees of that of the body, it is preferable to any of the vegetable or mineral acids.

THE COSMOPOLITE

SISTERS OF CHARITY [7]

All the world, that is, one out of the two millions of people in this great town, know, that the above is the title of a somewhat romantic drama, in which Miss Kelly is fast monopolizing the tears and sympathies of the public by her impersonation of a *Sister of Charity*. To witness it will do every heart good; and this is the highest aim of a dramatic representation. The performance has had the effect of drawing our attention to the original of the character, which is intensely interesting, though at the same time overtinged with romance.

Every six weeks' tourist has seen or heard of the *Sisters of Charity* on the Continent. They are nurses in the hospitals there, but on a system very different from the hireling attendants in similar institutions in England. Indeed, they may be said to have quitted the world to devote themselves to the relief of those unfortunate persons, who people the abodes of misery and distress. They form, it appears, a numerous body, consisting of several thousand members, who are said to perform or superintend the administration of 300 hospitals in France. They are united under several denominations, as nuns of those monastic communities which escaped the storms of the revolution. Many of them are in the prime of life, and though not bound by absolute vows, devote the whole of their time, and even die in the act of doing good. In spiritual matters, they are under the jurisdiction of the bishop of the district in which the hospital is situated; in temporal concerns they are subject to the authority of the heads of the establishment to which they belong; but they are chiefly under the guidance of the superior of their order. They are fed and lodged at the expense of the hospital, and receive in addition, a certain stipend for the purchase of clothes. In the hospital at Lyons, (which forty or fifty years ago, was the only hospital in France which was not in a barbarous state), there are about 150 of these *Sisters*

[7] We give this paper as an illustration of the office of the *Sisters of Charity*. The incidents upon which the Drama is founded, are those of the Two Sisters of Ancona, a pretty little tale in the Juvenile Keepsake, by Mrs. Godwin. One sister in an attempt to carry provisions and intelligence to her lover, is taken prisoner by the French, and condemned to die; the other is a nun, who effects her escape by changing dresses, and remains, and actually perishes in her stead. On the stage, the sister is made the daughter of the Sister of Charity, and the fruit of a secret and unhappy connexion with a French officer, who proves to be the commander of the detachment —hence both their lives are saved.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.