VARIOUS

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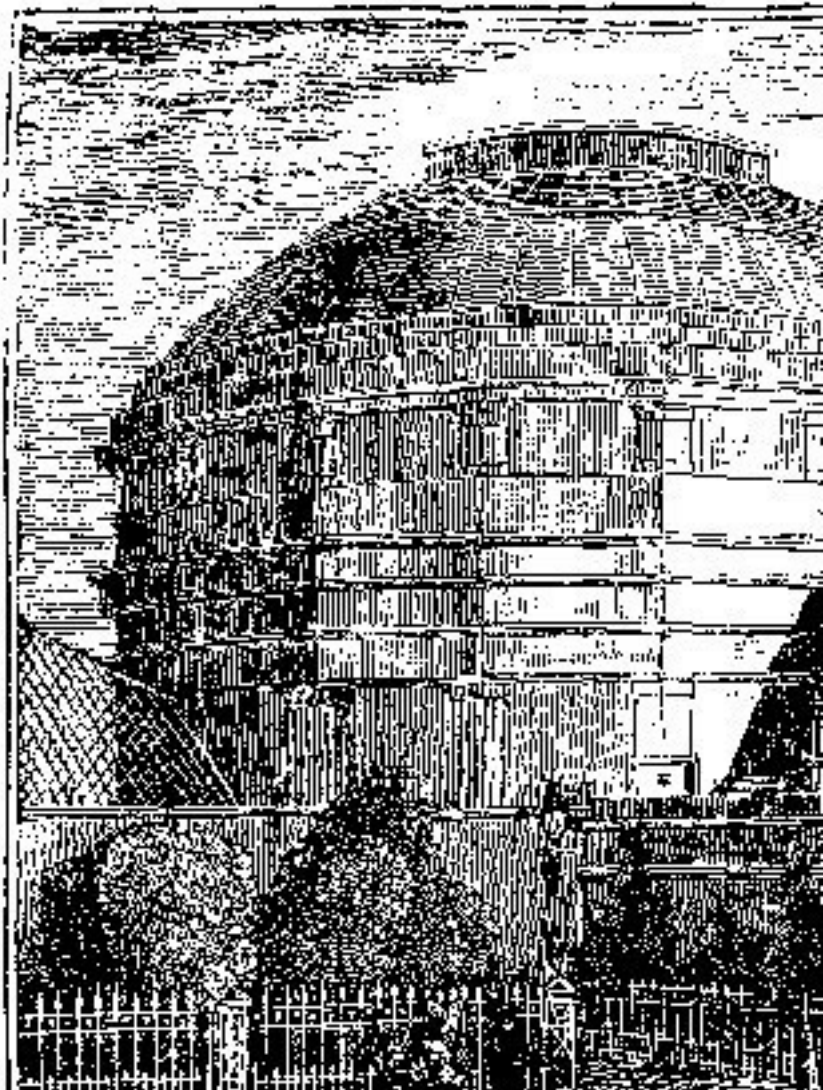
THE COLOSSEUM, IN THE REGENT'S PARK



In a recent Number of the MIRROR we offered ourselves as the reader's *cicerone* throughout the interior of this stupendous building, the exterior of which is represented in the annexed engraving; and the architectural pretensions of which will, we trust, be found of equal interest to the interior.

The Colosseum is what is termed a polygon of sixteen sides, 130 feet in diameter. Each angle is strengthened by a double square pilaster of the Doric order, which supports an entablature, continued round the whole edifice. Above the cornice is a blocking course, surmounted by an attic, with an appropriate cornice and sub-blocking, to add to the height of the building. The whole is crowned with a majestic cupola, supported by three receding *scamilli*, or steps, and finished with an immense open circle. The upper part of the cupola is glazed, and protected with fine wire-work, and the lower part is covered with sheet copper; which distinctions are shown in the engraving.

When the spectator's surprise and admiration at the vastness of the building have somewhat subsided, his attention will be drawn to the fine and harmonious proportions of the portico, considered by architects as one of the best specimens of Graeco-Doric in the metropolis. This portion of the building is copied from the portico of the Pantheon at Rome, "which, in the harmony of its proportions, and the exquisite beauty of its columns, surpasses every temple on the earth." Altogether, the grandeur and effect of this vast structure should be seen to be duly appreciated.

The adjoining lodges are in exceedingly good taste; and the plantations laid out by Mr. Hornor, are equally pleasing, whilst their verdure relieves the massiveness of the building; and in the engraving, the artist has caught a glimpse of the lattice-work which encloses the gardens and conservatories attached to the splendid suite of rooms. The front is enclosed by handsome iron rails, tastefully painted in imitation of bronze. We ought also to mention, that the means by which the portico is made to resemble immense blocks of stone, is peculiarly successful.

The architect of this extraordinary building is Mr. Decimus Burton, aided by his ingenious employer, Mr. Hornor, of whose taste and talents we have already spoken in terms of high commendation. Its original name, or, we should say, its popular name, was the *Coliseum*, evidently a misnomer, from its distant resemblance to that gigantic work of antiquity. The present and more appropriate name is the COLOSSEUM, in allusion to its colossal dimensions; for it would not show much discernment to erect a building like the Pantheon, and call it the Coliseum. The term *Diorama* has, likewise, been strangely corrupted since its successful adoption in the Regent's Park—it being now almost indefinitely applied to any number or description of paintings.

SNEEZING AMONG THE ANCIENTS

(For the Mirror.)

Among the Greeks, sneezing was reckoned a good omen. The practice of saluting the person who sneezed, existed in Africa, among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that, upon a sneeze of the emperor of Monumotata, there passed acclamations successively through the city." The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us, that the cacique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him, stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect, while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The Romans saluted each other on sneezing. Plutarch tells us, the genius of Socrates informed him by sneezing, when it was necessary to perform any action. The young Parthenis, hurried on by her passions, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love: she sneezes in the most tender and impassioned part of her letter. This is sufficient for her; this incident supplies the place of an answer, and persuades her that Sarpedon is her lover. In the Odyssey, we are informed that Penelope, harassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors,

begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son Telemachus interrupts her by a loud sneeze. She instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the approaching return of her husband. Xenophon was haranguing his troops; when a soldier sneezed in the moment he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution. The whole army, moved by this presage, determined to pursue the project of their general; and Xenophon orders sacrifices to Jupiter, the preserver. This religious reverence for sneezing, so ancient and so universal even in the time of Homer, always excited the curiosity of the Greek philosophers and the rabbins. These last spread a tradition, that, after the creation of the world, God made a law to this purport, that every man should sneeze but once in his life, and that at the same instant he should render up his soul into the hands of his Creator, without any preceding indisposition. Jacob obtained an exemption from the common law, and the favour of being informed of his last hour. He sneezed, and did not die; and this sign of death was changed into a sign of life. Notice of this was sent to all the princes of the earth; and they ordained, that in future sneezing should be accompanied with *forms of blessings*, and vows for the persons who sneezed. Thus the custom of *blessing persons who sneeze* is of higher antiquity than some authors suppose, for several writers affirm that it commenced in the year 750, under Pope Gregory the Great, when a pestilence occurred in which those who sneezed died; whence the pontiff appointed a form of

prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality from them. Some say Prometheus was the first that wished well to sneezers. For further information on this *ticklish* subject, I refer the reader to Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities."

P. T. W.

STANZAS

(Written on a stone, part of the ruins of Chertsey Abbey, Surrey)

(For the Mirror.)

From gayer scenes, where pleasure's mad career
Infects the milder avenues of thought,
Where secret Envy swells the note of Fear,
And Hope is in its own illusion caught.

Where, in Ambition's thorny path of power,
Contending votaries bow to toils of state,
I turn, regardless of the passing hour,
To trace the havoc of avenging fate.

Ne'er may the wanton love of active life
Control the sage's precepts of repose,
Ne'er may the murmurs of tumultuous strife
Wreck the tranquillity of private woes.

Here, on the crumbling relics of a stone,

O'er which the pride of masonry has smiled,
Here am I wont to ruminate alone.
And pause, in Fancy's airy robe beguil'd.

Disparting time the towers of ages bends,
Forms and indignant sinks the proudest plan,
O'er the neglected path the weed extends,
Nor heeds the wandering steps of thoughtful man.

Here expiation, murder has appeased,
Treason and homicide have been forgiven,
Pious credulity her votaries eased,
Nor blamed th' indulgent majesty of heaven.

Some erring matron has her crimes disclosed,
Some father conscious of awak'ning fate,
Safe from revenge, hath innocence reposed,
Unseen and undisturbed at others' hate.

Some sorrowing virgin her complainings poured
With pious hope has many a pang relieved;
Here the faint pilgrim to his rest restored,
The scanty boon of luxury has received.

Sated with conquest from the noise of arms,
The aged warrior with his fame retired,
Careless of thirsty spoil,—of war's alarms—
Nor with imperial emulation fired.

Where once her orisons devotion paid
By fear, or hope, or reverence inspired,
The sad solicitude of youth allay'd,
And age in resignation calm attired.

The houseless cottager from wind severe,
His humble habitation oft has made;
Once gloomy penitence sat silent there,
And midnight tapers gleam'd along the shade.

The lonely shepherd here has oft retired,
To count his flock and tune his rustic lay,
Where loud Hosannas distant ears inspired,
And saintly vespers closed the solemn day.

HUGH DELMORE.

BOOK-MACHINERY

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

The world being supplied with books by *machinery* is almost, literally, a fact. Type-founding and stereotyping are, of course, mechanical processes; and lately, Dr. Church, of Boston, invented a plan for *composing* (setting the types) by machinery; the sheets are printed by steam; the paper is made by machinery; and pressed and beaten for binding by a machine of very recent date. Little more remains to be done than to write by machinery; and, to judge by many recent productions, a *spinning-jenny* would be the best engine for this purpose.

PHILO.

GRAVITATION

(For the Mirror.)

In a matter-of-fact age like the present, methinks it behoves every man to apply the improvements of scientific research as much as possible to the ordinary concerns of life. Science and society may thus be called *at par*, and philosophical theory will hence enlighten the practical tradesman.

To demonstrate the truth of the above remarks, I mean, with the editor's leave, to prove the necessity of keeping a friend in one's pocket, upon the principles of gravitation, according to Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia."

The learned doctor has mathematically proved that all bodies gravitate or incline to the centre. It is on this principle only that we can account for our being fixed to the earth; that we are surrounded by the atmosphere; and that we are constantly attended by, and seem constantly to attend, the planets around us.

Should any farther demonstration be necessary than the incomparable Sir Isaac has himself furnished us with, let any sceptic who doubts that the earth attracts all smaller bodies towards its centre, only take a hop from the Monument or St. Paul's, and he will soon find the power of gravitation, and die by the truth of the experiment.

But what, methinks, exclaims the reader, has all this to do with the proposition in hand, viz. the necessity of keeping a friend in one's pocket? Why, I'll tell you—from a due consideration of this very principle, you will soon see the use of a man's keeping his *money* in his pocket. It is this alone (the pocket) which nowadays constitutes the centre of friendship; there alone, therefore, must this most valuable, most faithful of all friends (*money*) be deposited. Now if this friend be of magnitude, he will soon collect many more around you, who, true as the needle to the pole, will point to you from every quarter—friends who will smile in your prosperity, bask in the sunshine of your glory, dance while you pay the piper, and to the very ground will be "votre très humble serviteur, monsieur." But if by sickness, misfortune, generosity, or the like, this friend be removed from your pocket, the centre is destroyed, the equilibrium is lost, away fly your friends, and, like pelicans, turn their beaks at your breast whenever you approach. "It is your own fault, fellow; you might have done well if you would; but you are an ass, and could not keep a friend when you had him; and so you may die in a ditch, and go to the devil, my dear."

The man of affluence, who lavishes away his substance, may aptly enough be likened to a porpoise sporting in the ocean—the smaller fry play around him, admire his dexterity, fan his follies, glory in his gambols; but let him once be enmeshed in the net of misfortune, and they who foremost fawned under his fins, will first fall foul of him.

Now, to illustrate the subject further, let us consider the advantages arising from this practical use of gravitation, and the losses attendant upon the neglect thereof. First, then, he who *has* secured this friend in his pocket, may go *when* he pleases, and *where* he pleases, and *how* he pleases, either on foot or on horseback, by barouche or by boat, and he shall be respected and esteemed, and called *sir*, and made welcome in every season and in every place, and no one shall presume to say unto him, Why doest thou these things?

But a man that hath not this friend in his pocket, may not go when, where, and how he pleases, but when, where, and how he is directed by others. Moreover he shall travel on foot, and perchance without shoes, and not have the benefit of a horse, barouche, or boat; and moreover he shall be called *sirrah*, and not *sir*; neither shall he be esteemed nor respected, nor made welcome; and they shall say unto him, "Don't be troublesome, fellow; get out of the way, for thou hast no business here!"

The rich man shall be clothed in scarlet, and get whatsoever his heart desires; and the people shall give him the wall, and bow before him to the ground. But the poor man shall be clad in rags, and walk in the dirt, regarded by no man; nor shall he even purchase to himself a name, though the composition thereof consist only of air!

This is the state of modern times—such our modern friendship; and since, gentle reader, it is so, who, possessing one grain of common sense, would not duly attend to the theory of

gravitation, by taking care of a friend while he has him, especially if he be so portable as to be placed in one's pocket.

JACOBUS.

THE DREAM OF POESY.
—A FRAGMENT

BY LEIGH CLIFFE,

Author of "Parga," "Knights of Ritzberg," &c

(For the Mirror.)

I had a vision fair and bright,
And when I waken'd I was griev'd
To own 'twas but a dream of night,
And sigh'd to find my hopes deceivd.
But then o'er my fancy crept,
Those who hail'd me while I slept.
There were those; of olden time,
Milton, wond'rous, wild, sublime—
Chaucer, of the many tales;
Spenser, soft as summer gales,
With a mild and gracious mien
Leading on his "Faery Queene."

Shakspeare, child of fancy, stood
Smiling in a mirthful mood,
As tho' he that moment spied
The fairy folk by Bottom's side,
Or beheld by Herne's old oak,
Falstaff with his antler yoke.
Dryden, laurel-crown'd and hoary,
Proudly stood in all his glory;
Pope, as if his claims to speak
Rested on the ancient Greek;
And that prince of merry-men,
Laughing, quaffing, "rare old Ben,"
Whose quaint conceits, so gay, so wild,
Have oft my heart from woe beguil'd,
Shone like a meteor 'midst the throng,
The envy of each son of song.
There too were those of later years,
Who've moved the mind to mirth or tears:
Byron, with his radiant ray—
Scott, with many a magic lay—
The gay and gorgeous minstrel, Moore,
Rich in the charms of Eastern lore—
Campbell, like a brilliant star,
Shed the beams of "Hope" afar—
Rogers, with a smiling eye
Told the joys of "Memory,"
Southey, with his language quaint,
Describing daemon, sinner, saint—
Wordsworth, of the simpler strain,

Clare, the young unletter'd swain—
Wiffen, who in fairy bowers,
Culls blossoms in "Aonian hours,"
Shone like a star in dusky skies,
When first the evening shades arise.
Barton, the gentle bard, was there,
And Hemans, tender as she's fair—
And Croly, whose bright genius beams
Ever on virtue's fairest themes;
With Burns, the muse's darling child—
And Luttrell, laughing, sportive, wild,
As when be penn'd for Julia's eye,
His sweet "Advice" for what? for why?
And Crabbe, who misery portrays,
With crowds of others, crown'd with bays,
Who shed around their bright'ning beams,
And cheer'd a humbler poet's dreams.

ANCIENT SITE OF THE EXETER 'CHANGE, &c

(For the Mirror.)

Here was formerly the parsonage-house for the parish of St. Clement Danes, with a garden and close for the parson's horse, till Sir Thomas Palmer, knight, in the reign of Edward VI., came into the possession of the living, and began to build a house; but upon his attainder for high treason, in the first year of Queen Mary, it reverted to the crown. This house remained in the crown till Queen Elizabeth granted it to Sir William Cecil, lord treasurer, who augmented and rebuilt it, when it was called Cecil House, and Burleigh House. It was said to have been a noble pile, and adorned with four square turrets. It was afterwards called Exeter House, from the title of his son and successor. Lord Burleigh died here in 1598. It fronted the Strand, and its gardens extended from the west side of the garden-wall of Wimbledon House to the Green-lane, which is now Southampton-street. Lord Burleigh was in this house honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth, who, knowing him to be subject to the gout, would always make him to sit in her presence, which, it is probable, (says Nightingale,) the lord treasurer considered

a gteal indulgence from so haughty a lady, inasmuch as he one day apologized for the badness of his legs. To which the queen replied, "My lord, we make use of you not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." When she came to Burleigh House, it is probable she had that kind of pyramidial head-dress then in fashion, built of wire, lace, ribands, and jewels, which shot up to a great height; for when the principal domestic ushered her in, as she passed the threshold he desired her majesty to stoop. To which she replied, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the king of Spain." After the fire of London, this house was occupied by the doctors of civil law, &c. till 1672; and here the various courts of arches, admiralty, &c. were kept. Being deserted by the family, the lower part was converted into shops of various descriptions; the upper part, like Babylon of old, is a nest of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles. The present "march of intellect" will *march away*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.