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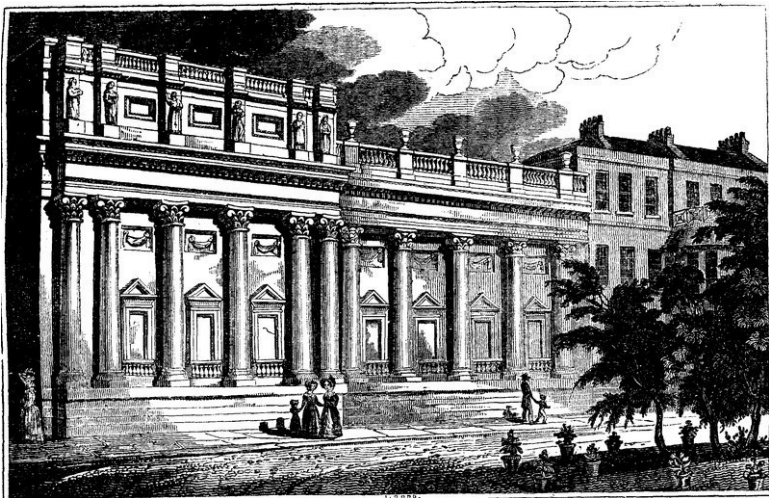
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 14, No. 394,
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LORD GROSVENOR'S
GALLERY, PARK LANE



At the commencement of our Twelfth Volume, we took occasion to allude to the public spirit of the Earl of Grosvenor, in our description of his splendid mansion—Eaton Hall, near Chester. We likewise adverted to his lordship's munificent patronage of the Fine Arts, and to the erection of the Gallery which forms the subject of the annexed Engraving.

The Gallery forms the western wing of Lord Grosvenor's spacious town mansion in Park Lane. It is from the designs of Mr. Cundy, and consists of a colonnade of the Corinthian order, raised upon a plain joined stylobate. Over each column of the principal building is an isolated statue with an attic behind them, after the manner of the ancient building called by Palladio

the Forum Trajan at Rome. On the acroteria of the building are vases on a balustrade, and between the columns is a series of blank windows with balustraded balconies and triangular pediments, which Mr. Elmes thinks are so introduced as to disfigure the other grand parts of the design. Above these are sunk panels, with swags or garlands of fruit and flowers. Mr. E. is likewise of opinion that, "but for the stopped-up windows, and the overpowering and needless balustrade over the heads of the statues, this building would rank among the very first in the metropolis; even with these trifling drawbacks, that can easily be remedied before the whole is completed, it is grand, architectural, and altogether worthy of its noble proprietor."

The reader need not be told that the above Gallery has been erected for the reception of the superb Grosvenor collection, the first effectual foundation of which was laid by the purchase of the late Mr. Agar's pictures for 30,000 guineas, and it has since been gradually enlarged until it has become one of the finest collection in England. It is not confined to works of the old masters, but embraces the best productions of some of the most celebrated modern painters. The Earl of Grosvenor has, for some years, been in the habit of admitting the public in the months of May and June, to inspect his pictures, under certain restrictions.

The Picture Gallery is but a portion of the improvements contemplated by Lord Grosvenor. The mansion, in the distance of the Engraving is, we believe, to be rebuilt in a correspondent style with the Gallery, and the whole when completed, will be

one of the most splendid establishments in the metropolis.

Indeed, the recent embellishment of several mansions in Park Lane is already indicative of the improved taste of their distinguished occupants. A few years since the Lane for the most part consisted of unsightly brick fronts; but stone and plaster encasements have given it the appearance of a new neighbourhood.

HENRY JENKINS

(For the Mirror.)

A table showing the various changes in his religion, which by the statute were required of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, in the county of York, in compliance with the principle, that the English Constitution is essentially identified with the religion of the state, and making it his bounden duty (as that of every subject) to conform to it. Henry Jenkins was born in 1501, and died at the age of 169, in 1670. He consequently was required by law, to adopt the following changes in his religious creed and practice:—

Reigns of	The Constitution being essentially	Henry Jenkins should have been during
1st from Henry VII. and VIII. 1501 to 1534	Catholic	33 years.
2nd from Henry VIII. 1534 to 1547	{Between Catholic & {Church of England	} 13
3rd from Edward VI 1547 to 1553	Church of England	6
4th from Mary 1553 to 1558	Catholic	5
5th from {Elizabeth, James I.} 1558 to 1649 {Charles I }	Church of England	91
6th from Interregnum 1649 to 1654	Fanatic	4
7th from Protectorate 1654 to 1660	Presbyterian	7
8th from Charles II 1660 to 1670	Church of England	10

169 years, the
age of Henry Jenkins.

Jenkins was buried at Bolton-upon-Swale. A handsome pyramid marks his grave, as the oldest Englishman upon record, and in the church is a monument to his memory, with the following inscription, written by Dr. Thomas Chapman:—

Blush not marble!
 To rescue from oblivion
 The memory of
 Henry Jenkins,
 A person obscure in birth,
 But of a life truly memorable,
 For
 He was enriched

With the goods of nature
If not of fortune;
And happy
In the duration
If not variety
Of his enjoyments,
And tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of days
To teach mistaken man
These blessings
Were entailed on temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He lived to the amazing age of
169 years,
Was interred here the 6th December,
1670,
And had this justice done to his memory,
1743.

ARTHUR EBOR.

VENERATION OF CATS IN ANCIENT DAYS, AND VALUE OF KITTENS, &c

(For the Mirror.)

The cat was held in high veneration by the ancient Egyptians. When a cat died in a house, the owner of the house shaved his eye-brows; they carried the cats when dead into consecrated houses to be embalmed, and interred them at Bubastis, a considerable city of Lower Egypt. If any killed a cat, though by accident, he could not escape death. Even in the present day they are treated with the utmost care in that country, on account of their destroying the rats and mice. They are trained in some of the Grecian islands to attack and destroy serpents, with which those islands abound.

In the time of Howel Dha, *Howel the Good*, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made both to preserve and fix the prices of different animals; among which the cat was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see, was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, two-pence; after which it was rated at four-pence, a great sum in those days, when the value of specie

was extremely high. It was likewise required, that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, her fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, (its head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. From these circumstances (says Pennant) we may conclude that cats were not originally natives of these islands, and from the great care taken to improve and preserve the breed of this prolific creature, we may with propriety suppose that they were but little known at that period.

When Mr. Baumgarten was at Damascus, he saw there a kind of hospital for cats; the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mahomet, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his gown, and carefully fed with his own hands. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose. Browne, in his *History of Jamaica*, tells us, "A cat is a very dainty dish among the negroes."

ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In your account of this church, in No. 388, I perceive you state that the clock and figures were put up in 1761, whereas I find by reference to works on this subject, that they were so placed in 1671.¹

There are many curious monuments in this church, and among others, is the beautiful one to the memory of Sir Richard Hoare, Knt. who was Lord Mayor of London in the memorable year 1745, at which "alarming crisis," in the words of the inscription, "he discharged the great trust reposed in him with honour and integrity, to the approbation of his sovereign and the universal satisfaction of his fellow citizens." He died in 1754, and was buried in this church. The monument, which is of marble, consists of a sarcophagus, above which is a cherub in the act of crowning a beautiful bust of Sir Richard with a laurel wreath, above is a shield of arms, within an orb ar. sa. a spread eagle of the first bearing an escutcheon of pretence ar. a lion ppr. in chief in base a chev. gu. charged with three escallop shells of the first, impaling a saltire sa. between four crosses fitch of the

¹ Occasioned by a transposition of figures. In vol. xi. referred to in the above page, the date stands 1671.

same. Crest, a griffin's head erased ar. An inscription on the base informs us the monument was restored in 1820, at the expense of the parish, "in testimony of their grateful sense of obligation to a family whose eminent virtue and munificence it is intended to perpetuate."

In the vestry of this church is preserved a finely executed portrait of the "Virgin Queen," in stained glass; and there is also another window consisting of the effigy of St. Matthias, but this is not to be compared with the other for execution.

A.P.D.

CONSTANTINOPLE

(For the Mirror.)

One of the finest buildings in Constantinople is a fountain in an open square, near the seraglio gate; it is a place built and maintained by the Grand Vizier, for the people to come and draw water, who have it served out to them in great jugs by people who are constantly in attendance to fill them; the jugs are chained to the place, and stand in rows about four feet from the ground, between gilt iron bars in front of the building. There are men always ready inside to draw the water and fill the jugs, which till people come are kept full; these men receive a yearly salary.

The houses are chiefly built of wood, and reach so far over the top that in some of the streets it would be very possible to get from the windows of one house to another across the street. By this manner of building, any one who has seen the place will not wonder at the frequent and fatal conflagrations there, for if once a fire break out it must burn till it comes to some garden or large vacant place to stop at. The Bussard is the most regular part of the city, and has a number of parallel streets crossing one another, and covered at the top with planks which keep out the rain and sun. Here all the richest and finest goods in Constantinople are put out to show, as a pattern or sample

of the merchants' stock, for sale in their warehouses at home. Every street has its particular trade, so that there is no mixture of shops as in other capitals. One street is occupied by goldsmiths, another by silk and brocade merchants; grocers and tailors have also different streets to themselves. The city is always shut up at ten at night, so that no one can have entrance or get out after that time. Indeed there is scarcely any one in the streets after dusk, for every one then goes to rest, so that when daylight is gone no business can be transacted; but the people are obliged to pray every night one hour and a half after dark, when the priests go up into the towers of the mosques, and in a loud voice call crowds to prayers in these words:—"God is great; (three times) give testimony there is but one God, yield yourselves to his mercy, and pray to him to forgive your sins. God is great (three times more) there is no other God but God."

INA.

THE NOVELIST

THE BACHELOR'S REVENGE

(For the Mirror.)

Mr. Hardingham, or as some of his very intimate friends used to call him, Jack Hardingham, lived in a dull looking house in – Square, his profession (the law) was dull, his fire and fireside were dull; and as he sat by the former one dull evening, in the dullest of all his dull humours, and of such the lonely bachelor had many, he sighed, kicked his shins, and looked into his books; but as that was like gazing upon a very ugly face, he shut them again, and rang the bell. It was answered by a portly dame, whose age might be about some four or five and forty, whose complexion was fair, whose chubby cheeks were brilliantly rosy, and whose black eyes were so vividly lustrous, that one might have fancied the delicate cap-border near them, in danger from their fire. Over her full-formed bust, she wore a clear, and stiffly-starched muslin habit-shirt of purest white, a beautiful lace-edged ruff around her throat, over her ample shoulders was thrown a fawn-coloured shawl, and she wore also,

a silver gray gown of the material called Norwich crape, with an apron rivalling in whiteness cap, habit-shirt, and ruff. We are particular in describing the costume of this fair creature, because when *dress* is invariably the same, it has unity with *person*; it is identified with its wearer, and our affections even are caught and retained by it, in a manner of which few are aware. On the exterior of the lady whom we have endeavoured to portray, "housekeeper" was as indelibly stamped as the effigy of our king on the coin of the realm; and in a most soft and insinuating tone, she said, "Would you be pleased to want any thing, sir?"

"Yes, Mrs. Honeydew—go and ask if they can't let me have De Vere."

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Chronicles of the Canongate."

"Yes, sir."

"Or Anne of Geierstein."

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Loves of the Poets."

"Yes, sir."

"Or, d'y'e hear, hang it, tell Mr. Mason there are seven or eight other new works, the names of which I have forgotten, and he must recollect."

"Certainly, sir."

"Stop, stop—don't be in such a hurry—tell him, he has never ordered for me the Quarterly, as I desired—that I want to see the United Service Journal, and Blackwood for the month; and that

if he chooses to charge four pence a night for his new novels, I'll not read one of them."

"Of course, sir; I'll tell him, for 'tis a shame, a real shame, for any body to *repose* on, as one may say, a gentleman like yourself. Never fear, but I'll tell him."

The lady retired, the door closed, and Mr. Hardingham sighed, "A worthy creature is Martha Honeydew." "Come in," cried the gentleman in a most amiable tone, as he presently recognised his housekeeper's tap at the parlour door, and with a curtsy she entered.

"O law, law! Mr. Hardingham, sir—Mr. Mason says—but I don't like to give you all his message, indeed I don't—Mr. Mason says—but I hope you'll never send me on such an *arrant* again—he says, sir—O but I'm sorry for it, that I am—he says then, that the *Quarter* you *ax'd* for, ar'n't come yet, and there's time enough for you to read it in when it *do*; that the Blackwood and the Officers' Magazine are *hout*; that you may go without your new novels afore he'll let you have 'em *chaiper* than other folks, (and there's a shocking shame, sir!) and as for the works you mentioned, there's fifty new ones at least to choose from; but he can't remember what you don't be pleased to recollect yourself. Dear heart! to think of a gentleman like you, sir, being *trated* thus; why, my blood *biled* within me; and I wouldn't demean myself to bring back any thing for you from that place; but I took the liberty, sir, to get you 'Damon and Dorinda,' a sweet pretty thing, from another."

"Ah!" sighed the bachelor, "I see there's nobody in this world cares for poor Jack Hardingham, but Martha Honeydew;" and he felt sorry that his housekeeper had departed ere his lips had emitted this grateful praise. Yes, Mr. Hardingham felt vexed he scarcely knew why; and uncommonly discontented he knew not wherefore; but had he troubled himself to analyze such feelings, he would have discerned their origin to be solitude and idleness. Mrs. Honeydew brought tea; she had buttered a couple of muffins superlatively well; and making her master's fire burn exceedingly bright, placed them on the cat before it, and a kettle, which immediately commenced a delicate bravura, upon the glowing coals; then, modestly waiting at the distance of a few paces from her master until the water quite boiled, she fixed her brilliant eyes upon his countenance with an expression *intended* to be *piteous*.

"Mrs. Honeydew—Martha," said Hardingham in a low querulous tone, "I fancy I'm going to have a fit of the gout, or a bilious fever."

"*Fancy*, indeed, sir; why, I never saw you looking haler."

"Ay, Ay, so much the worse; a fit of apoplexy then maybe."

"Lauk, lauk! sir; a fit of the blue devils more likely. How can you talk so? A fit of *perplexity*! Dear, dear! how some men do go on to be sure;" pouring the steaming water upon the tea.

"You are a kind comforter, Martha; nobody ever raises my spirits like you. Get me my little leathern trunk."

"Why, then, that I won't;" getting it down from a closet-shelf as she spoke. "I wish it was burnt with all my heart, that I do;

making you so *lammancholy* as it always *do*."

And well might this trunk make Mr. Hardingham melancholy, for it was the receptacle of letters and little gifts of a lady who had jilted him in early life; and upon whom he had often vowed vengeance. She was yet unmarried; but—no—her once devoted admirer was resolved to follow the lady's advice, and place his "affections upon a worthier object than Caroline Dalton;" and, thought he to himself, she shall at last see that I have *found one*

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