

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
13, NO. 369, MAY 9,
1829

Various

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Amusement, and Instruction.
Volume 13, No. 369, May 9, 1829**

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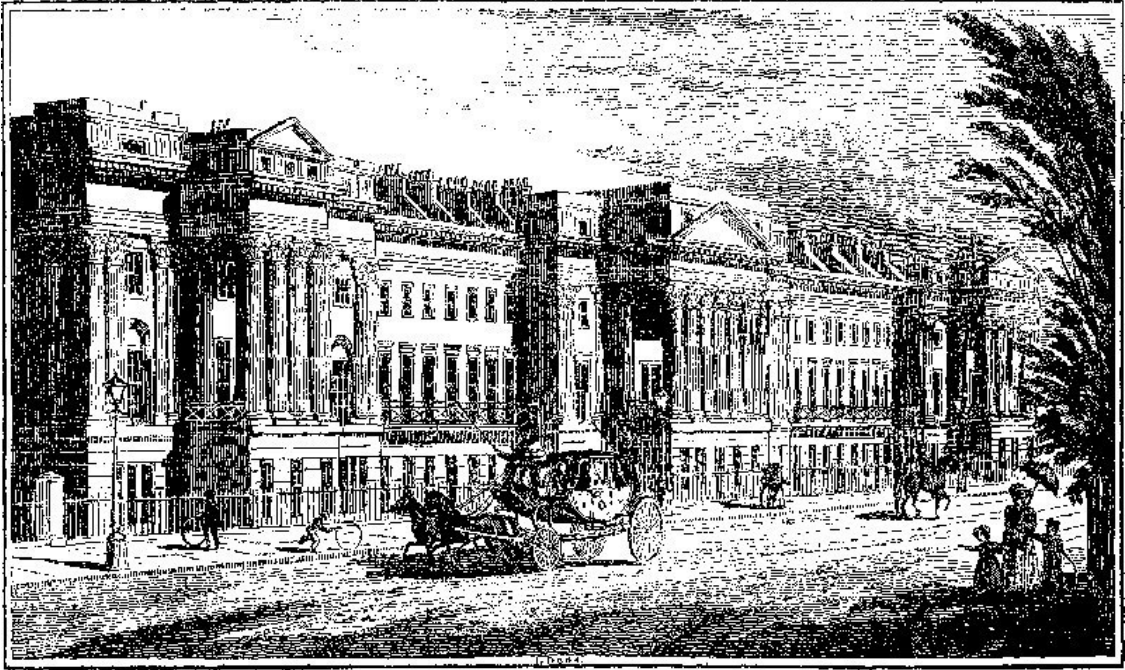
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CORNWALL TERRACE REGENT'S PARK

Adjoining *York Terrace*, engraved and described in No. 358, of the MIRROR, is *Cornwall Terrace*, one of the earliest and most admired of all the buildings in the Park; although its good taste has not been so influential as might have been expected, on more recent structures. It is named after the ducal title of the present King, when Regent.

Cornwall Terrace is from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, and is characterized by its regularity and beauty, so as to reflect high credit on the taste and talent of the young architect. The ground story is rusticated, and the principal stories are of the Corinthian order, with fluted shafts, well proportioned capitals, and an entablature of equal merit. The other embellishments of Cornwall Terrace are in correspondent taste, and the whole presents a facade of great architectural beauty and elegance.

THE COSMOPOLITE

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER

(Concluded from page 292.)

Passing over the leading articles, and some news from the seat of war, next is the Court Circular, describing the mechanism of royal and noble etiquette in right courtly style. The "Money Market and City Intelligence"—what a line for the capitalist: only watch the intensity with which he devours every line of the oracle, as the ancients did the *spirantia exta*—and weighs and considers its import and bearing with the Foreign News and leading articles. What rivets are these—"risen about 1/4 per cent"—and "a shade higher;" no fag or tyro ever hailed an illustration with greater interest. Talk to him whilst he is reading any other part of the paper, and he will break off, and join you; but when reading this, he can only spare you an occasional "hem," or "indeed"—his eyes still riveted to the column. This has been satirically termed "watching the turn of the market;" although every reader does the same, and first looks for those events in the paper which bear upon his interests or enjoyments; for pleasure, as well as industry, has her studies. Thus the lines "Drury Lane Theatre," and "Professional Concert" are 'Change news to a certain class—and a long criticism on Miss Phillips's first appearance in Jane Shore will ensure attention and sympathy, from anxiety for an actress of high promise, and the pathos of the play itself; and we need not insist upon the beneficial effect which sound criticism has on public taste. To pass from an account of a Concert at the Argyll Rooms, with its fantasias and *concertanti*, to the fact of 940 weavers being at present unemployed in Paisley,—and the death of a young man in Paris, from hydrophobia, is a sad transition from gay to grave—yet so they stand in the column. A long correspondence on Commercial Policy, Taxation, Finance, and Currency—we leave to the capitalist, the "parliament man," and other disciples of Adam Smith; whilst our eye descends to the right-hand corner, where is recorded the horrible fact of a mother attempting to suffocate her infant at her breast! Humanity sickens at such a pitch of savage crime in the centre of the most refined city in the world!

The commencement of the third folio is a gratifying contrast to the last horrible incident. It describes the Anniversary of St. Patrick's Charity Schools, with one of the King's brothers presiding at the benevolent banquet, and records an after-dinner subscription of 540*l.*! What a delightful scene for the philanthropist—what a blessed picture of British beneficence! Yet beneath this is a piracy—a tale of blood, whose very recital "will harrow up thy soul"—the murder of the captain and crew of an American brig, as narrated by one man who was concealed. In the next column are two reports of Parish Elections, which afford more speculation than we are prone to indulge, as the turning-out of old parties and setting-up of new, and many of the petty feuds and jealousies that divide and distract parishes or large families, the little circles of the great whole. At the foot of this column a paragraph records the death of a miserly bachelor schoolmaster, who had worn the same coat twenty years, and on the tester of whose bed were found, wrapped up in old stockings £1,600. in interest notes, commencing thirty-five years since, the compound interest of which would have been £4,000.; and for what purpose was this concealment?—a dread of being required to assist his relatives! Yet contrast this wicked abuse with a few of the incidents we have recorded—the dinner of St. Patrick's, for instance, and is it possible to conceive a more despicable situation (short of crime) than this poor miser deserves in our chronicle.

The third column opens to us a scene of a very opposite character, the Newmarket Craven Meeting—the most brilliant assemblage ever known there; the town crammed with the children of chance, the innkeepers trebling their charges, and like the Doncaster people, doing "noting widout the guinea." What an heterogeneous mixture of fine old sport, black legs and consciences, panting

steeds and hearts bursting with expectation and despair, and the grand machinery of chance working with mathematical truth, and not unfrequently beneath luxury and the mere show of hospitality.

The moralist will turn away from this rural pandemonium with disgust; but what will he say to the records of wretchedness and crime that fill up nearly the remainder of the folio. A Coroner's Inquest upon a fellow creature who "died from neglect, and want of common food to support life"—and another upon a poor girl, whose young and tender wits being "turned to folly,"—died by a draught of laudanum—are still more lamentable items in the calendar.

Beneath these inquests is a brief tale of a romantic robbery in an obscure department of France. The priest of a village, aged 80, lived in an isolated cottage with his niece. About midnight, he was disturbed, and on his getting out of bed, was bound by two men, whilst a third stood at the door. The robbers then proceeded to the girl's chamber, very ungallantly took her gold ear-rings, and by threatening her and her uncle with death, got possession of 300 francs. Two of the ruffians then proceeded to the church, broke open the poor-box, and took about 30 francs. They then bound again the old man and his niece, and departed. One of the robbers, however, left an agricultural tool behind him, which led to the discovery of two of the thieves, who are committed for trial. This is a perfect newspaper gem.

The fifth column has terror in its first line "Law Report," and commences with an action in the Court of King's Bench, against the late Sheriffs of London for an illegal seizure—one of the glorious delights of office. The next portion relates to an illustrious foreigner, who stated that he professed to swallow fire and molten lead, "but he only put them into his mouth, and took them out again in a sly manner, for they were too hot to eat." (Much laughter.) He could swallow prussic acid without experiencing any ill effects from it; that was what he called *pyrotechny*; "he had no property except a wife and child, &c."

Next are the Police Reports, sometimes affording admirable studies of men and manners. The first is a case of a man being locked up for the night in a watch-house, "on suspicion of ringing a bell"—and brings to light a most outrageous abuse of petty power. In another case, a gang of robbers pursued by one set of watchmen, were suffered to escape by another set, who would not stir a foot beyond their own boundary line! Neither Shakspeare, Fielding, nor Sheridan have given us a better standing jest than this incident affords. It reminds us of the fellow who refused to take off Tom Ashe's coat, because it was felony to strip an *ash*; or the tanner who would not help the exciseman out of his pit without twelve hours' notice.

The Births, Marriages, and Deaths—and the Markets, and Price of Stocks, in small type, which well bespeaks their crowded interest, wind up the sheet. Yet what thrilling sensations does this small portion of our sheet often impart. What hopes and expectations for heirs and legacy hunters—people who want the "quotation" of Mark Lane and the Coal Market—and others whose daily tone and temper depends on the little cramped fractions in the "Stocks" and "Funds." Another catches a fine frenzy from the "Shares," and regulates his day's movements "the very air o' the time" by their import—and hence he dreams of gold and gossamer, or sits torturing his imagination with writs and executions that await adverse fortune.

Such are but a few of the pleasures and pains of a newspaper. Shenstone says the first part which an ill-natured man examines, is the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality; but, to prove that our object is any thing but ill-natured, we have glanced last at the Deaths. The paper over which we have been travelling, wants the Gazette and Parliamentary News, and a Literary feature. The Debates would have enabled us to illustrate the rapid marches of science and intellect in our times, as displayed in the present perfect system of parliamentary reporting. But enough has been said on other points to prove that the *physiognomy* of a newspaper is a subject of intense interest. In this slight sketch we have neither magnified the crimes, nor sported with the weaknesses; all our aim has been to search out points or pivots upon which the reflective reader may turn; the result will depend on his own frame of mind.

There is, however, one little paragraph, one pearl appended to the Police Report which we must detach, viz. the acknowledgment of £2. sent to the Bow Street office poor-box, the *seventh* contribution of the same amount of a benevolent individual (by the handwriting, a lady) signed "A friend to the unfortunate."

Read this ye who gloat over ill-gotten wealth, or abuse good fortune; think of the delights of this divine benefactress—silent and unknown—but, above all, of the exceeding great reward laid up for her in heaven.

PHILO.

CAT AND FIDDLE

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Your correspondent, double X has furnished us with a well written and whimsical derivation of the above ale-house sign, and partly by Roman patriotism and French "lingo," he traces it up to "*l'hostelle du Caton fidelle*." But I presume the article is throughout intended for pure banter—as I do not consider your facetious friend seriously meant that "no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and violin."

How close the connexion is between fiddle and *cat-gut*, seems pretty well evident—for a proof, I therefore refer double X to any *cat-gut scraper* in his majesty's dominions, from the theatres royal, to Mistress Morgan's two-penny hop at Greenwich Fair.

JACOBUS.

THE ROUE'S INTERPRETATION OF DEATH

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Death! who would think that five simple letters, would produce a word with so much terror in it."—*The Rou.*

Death! and why should it be
That hideous mystery
Is with those atoms integral combin'd?
Alas! too well—too well,
I've prob'd unto the spell
In each dark imag'd sound, that lurks entwin'd!
Eternity, implied
In Death, and long denied
Now sacrifices my tortur'd menial gaze!
Whilst, with its lurid light
Heart-burnings fierce unite
And what may quench, the guilty spirit's blaze?

Annihilation!—this,
Was once, the startling bliss
I forc'd my soul to fancy Death should give!
But, whilst I shudd'ring bless
The hopes—of—nothingness,
A something sighs: "Beyond the grave I live!"
Tophet! I thrill! for scorn'd
Was the sere thought, though warn'd
Ofttimes that Death, enclos'd that dread abyss!
Now, by each burning vein
And venom'd conscience—pain
I know the terrors of that world, in this!

Heaven! ay, 'tis in Death
For him, whose fragile breath
Wends from a breast of piety and peace,
But darkness, chains, and dree
Eternal, are for me
Since Death's tremendous myst'ries never cease!

M.L.B.

TO JUDY

(*For the Mirror.*)

I have thought of you much since we parted,
And wished for you every day,
And often the sad tear has started,
And often I've brush'd it away;
When the thought of thy sweet smile come o'er me
Like a sunbeam the tempest between,
And the hope of thy love shone before me
So brilliantly bright and serene,
I remember thy last vow that made me
Forget all my sorrow and care,
And I think of the dear voice that bade me
Awake from the dream of despair.

I regard not the gay scene around me,
The smiles of the young and the free,
Have not *now* the soft charm that once bound me.
For *that* hath been broken by *thee*;
And tho' voices, *dear* voices are teeming,
With friendship and gladness, and wit,
And a welcome from bright eyes is beaming,
I cannot, I cannot, forget—
I may join in the dance and the song,
And laugh with the witty and gay,
Yet the heart and best feelings that throng
Around it, are far, far away.

Dost remember the scene we last traced, love,
When the smile from night's radiant queen
Beamed bright o'er the valley, and chased love
The spirit of gloom from the scene?
And the riv'let how heedless it rushed, love,
From its home in the mountain away,
And the wild rose how faintly it blush'd, love,
In the light of the moon's silver ray:
Oh, that streamlet was like unto me,
Parting from whence its brightness first sprung,
And that sweet rose was the emblem of thee,
As so pale on my bosom you hung.

Dearest, *why* did I leave thee behind me,
Oh! why did I leave thee at all,
Ev'ry day that dawns, only can find me
In sorrow, and tho' the sweet thrall
Of my heart serves to cheer and to check me

When sorrow or passion have sway,
Yet I'd rather have thee to *hen-peck*¹ me,
Than be from thy bower away;
And, dear Judy, I'm still what you found me,
When we met in the grove by the rill,
I forget not the spell that first bound me,
And I shall not, till feeling be still.

F. BERINGTON.

¹ *Hen-pecked*, to be governed by a wife, (see Johnson.)

ANCIENT PLACES OF SANCTUARY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER

"No place indeed should murder sanctuarise."

SHAKSPEARE.

The principal sanctuaries were those in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, Salisbury-court, White Friars, Ram-alley, and Mitre-court; Fulwood's-rents, in Holborn, Baldwin's-gardens, in Gray's-inn-lane; the Savoy, in the Strand; Montague-close, Deadman's-place, the Clink, the Mint, and Westminster. The sanctuary in the latter place was a structure of immense strength. Dr. Stutely, who wrote about the year 1724, saw it standing, and says that it was with very great difficulty that it was demolished. The church belonging to it was in the shape of a cross, and double, one being built over the other. It is supposed to have been built by Edward the Confessor. Within this sanctuary was born Edward V., and here his unhappy mother took refuge with her son, the young Duke of York, to secure him from the villanous proceedings of his cruel uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, who had possession of his elder brother. The metropolis at one time (says the Rev. Joseph Nightingale,) abounded with these haunts of villany and wretchedness. They were originally instituted for the most humane and pious purposes; and owe their origin to one of the sacred institutions of the Mosaic law, which appointed certain cities of refuge for persons who had accidentally slain any of their fellow creatures. The institution, as Marmonides justly observes, was a merciful provision both for the manslayer, that he might be preserved, and for the avenger, that his blood might be cooled by the removal of the manslayer out of his sight. In the year 1487, during the Pontificate of Innocent VIII. a bull was issued, and sent here, to lay a little restraint on the privileges of sanctuary. It stated, that if thieves, murderers, or robbers, registered as sanctuary-men, should sally out and commit fresh nuisances, which they frequently did, and enter again, in such cases they might be taken out of their sanctuaries by the king's officers. That as for debtors, who had taken sanctuary to defraud their creditors, their persons only should be protected; but their goods out of sanctuary, should be liable to seizure. As for traitors, the king was allowed to appoint them keepers in their sanctuaries, to prevent their escape. After the Reformation had gained strength, these places of sanctuary began to sink into contempt, and in the year 1697, it became absolutely necessary to take some legislative measures for their destruction.

P. T. W.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY

A footman who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession: "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered*?"

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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