

VARIOUS

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Various
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Few places in Britain can boast of higher antiquity than the city of Chichester. Its origin is supposed to date back beyond the invasion of Britain by the Romans. It was destroyed towards the close of the fifth century, by Ella, but rebuilt by his son, Cissa, the second king of the South Saxons, who named it after himself, and made it the royal residence and capital of his dominions.

Chichester, as may be expected, is a fertile field for antiquarian research. Its cathedral, churches, and ecclesiastical buildings abound with fine architecture; and its Cross is entitled to special mention. It is thus minutely described in the *Beauties of England and Wales*:

The Cross stands in the centre of the city, at the intersection of the four principal streets. According to the inscription upon it, this Cross was built by Edward Story, who was translated to this see from that of Carlisle, in 1475. It was repaired during the reign of Charles II., and at the expense of the Duke of Richmond, in 1746; though we are told that Bishop Story left

an estate at Amberley, worth full 25*l.* per annum, to keep it in constant repair; but a few years afterwards the mayor and corporation sold it, in order to purchase another nearer home. The date of the erection of this structure is not mentioned in the inscription; but, from the style and ornaments, it must be referred to the time of Edward IV. This Cross is universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant buildings of the kind existing in England. Its form is octangular, having a strong butment at each angle, surmounted with pinnacles. On each of its faces is an entrance through a pointed arch, ornamented with crockets and a finial. Above this, on four of its sides, is a tablet, to commemorate its reparation in the reign of Charles II. Above each tablet is a dial, exhibiting the hour to each of the three principal streets; the fourth being excluded from this advantage by standing at an angle. In the centre is a large circular column, the basement of which forms a seat: into this column is inserted a number of groinings, which, spreading from the centre, form the roof beautifully moulded. The central column appears to continue through the roof, and is supported without by eight flying buttresses, which rest on the several corners of the building. Till a few years since this Cross was used as a market-place; but the increased population of the city requiring a more extensive area for that purpose, a large and convenient market-house was, about the year 1807, erected in the North-street; on the completion of which, it was proposed to take down this Cross, then considered as a nuisance. Fortunately, however, the city was

exempted from the reproach of such a proceeding by the public spirit of some of the members of the corporation, who purchased several houses on the north side of the Cross, in order to widen that part of the street, by their demolition.

The Topographer

COUNTY COLLECTIONS

(For the Mirror.)

Kent

He that will not live long,
Let him dwell at Murston, Tenham, or Tong.

Queen Elizabeth's Gun at Dover

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name of mound and wall."
Deal famed much vaunts of new turrets high,
A place well known by Cæsar's victory.

Leland.

Dover, Sandwich, and Winchelsea,
Rumney and Rye the Five Ports be.

Hampshire—Sir Bevis of Southampton

Bevis conquered Ascupart
And after slew the Boar,
And then he crossed beyond the seas
To combat with the Moor.

Westmoreland

I came to Lonsdale where I staid
At hall, into a tavern made,
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimful, no thought of caring.
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth making—
Nought they see, that's worth care taking.

Drunken Barnaby's Journal.

Cheshire

Chester of Castria took the name,
As if that Castria were the same.

SHROPSHIRE

"To all friends round the Wrekin."

LINCOLNSHIRE.—STAMFORD

Doctrinæ studium, quod nunc viget ad vada Boum
Tempore venture celebrabitur ad vada Saxi.
Science that now o'er Oxford sheds her ray
Shall bless fair Stamford at some future day.

Merlin.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Or Trent who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads.

Milton.

And beauteous Trent that in himself enseams (fattens)
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streams.

Spenser.

BERKSHIRE.—ABINGDON

(From Piers Plowman's MSS. 1400.)

And there shall come a king and confess you religious,
And beat you as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon and all his issue for
ever
Have a knock of a king, and incurable the wound.

WILTSHIRE.—SALISBURY CATHEDRAL,

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church you see,
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year,
As many gates as moons one here does view,
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.
A noble park near Sarum's stately town,
In form a mount's clear top call'd Clarendon;
There twenty groves, and each a mile in space,
With grateful shades, at once protect the place.

Chippenham.—On a Stone

Hither extendeth Maud Heath's Gift,
For where I stand is Chippenham Clift.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

An owl shall build her nest upon the walls of Gloucester,

And in her nest shall be brought forth an ass.
The Severn sea shall discharge itself through seven mouths,
And the river Usk shall burn seven months.

Merlin.

YORKSHIRE

Robin Hood in Barnesdale stood,
An arrow to head drew he,
"How far I can shoot," quoth he, "by the rood
"My merry men shall see."

SURREY.—ON THE MARKET HOUSE, FARNHAM

You who do like me, give money to end me,
You who dislike me, give as much to mend me.
And Mole that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground till Thames he over-take.

Spenser.

The chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave.

Pope.

SOMERSETSHIRE

What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the sound
Of Tannton's fruitful Deane; not matched by any ground.

Drayton.

"Stanton Drew,
One mile from Pensford, and another from Chew."

Bristol Castle

The castle there and noble tower,
Of all the towers of England is held the flower.

Redcliffe Church

Stay curious traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive (elegant) pile astound thine eye,

That shoots aloft into the realms of day,
The Record of the Builder's fame for aie—
The pride of Bristowe and the Western Lande.

Chatterton.

WALES.—GLAMORGANSHIRE

When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penline's lofty castle involv'd in a cloud,
If true, the old proverb, a shower of rain,
Is brooding above, and will soon drench the plain.

PEMBROKESHIRE

Once to Rome thy steps incline.
But visit twice St. David's shrine.
When Percelly weareth a hat,
All Pembrokeshire shall weet of that.

**SCOTLAND.—STIRLINGSHIRE
—BANNOCKBURN, 1314**

"Maidens of England, sore may ye mourn,
For your lemans ye've lost at Bannockburn"

ROXBURGH

"Some of his skill he taught to me,
And, warrior, I could say to thee,
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

Scott.

WESTERN ISLES

Seven years before that awful day,
When time shall be no more,
A watery deluge will o'ersweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green clad Isla too shall sink,

While with the great and good,
Columba's happy isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood.

This prophecy is said to be the reason why so many kings of Scotland, Norway, and Ireland have selected Icombkill for the place of their interment.

DUMBARTON

So cold the waters are of Lomond Lake,
What once were sticks, they hardened stones will make.

PERTH

"Fear not till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane"

Retrospective Gleanings

GREEK BALLOT.—VOTING AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS

The manner of giving their suffrages (says Potter) was by holding up their hands. This was the common method of voting among the citizens in the civil government; but in some cases, particularly when they deprived magistrates of their offices for mal-administration, they gave their votes in private, lest the power and greatness of the persons accused should lay a restraint upon them, and cause them to act contrary to their judgments and inclinations.

The manner of voting privately was by casting pebbles into vessels or urns. Before the use of pebbles, they voted with beans: the beans were of two sorts, black and white. In the Senate of Five Hundred, when all had done speaking, the business designed to be passed into a decree was drawn up in writing by any of the prytanes, or other senators, and repeated openly in the house; after which, leave being given by the epistata, or prytanes, the senators proceeded to vote, which they did privately, by casting beans in a vessel placed there for that purpose. If the number of black beans was found to be the greatest, the proposal was

rejected; if white, it was enacted into a decree, then agreed upon in the senate, and afterwards propounded to an assembly of the people, that it might receive from them a farther ratification, without which it could not be passed into a law, nor have any force or obligatory power, after the end of that year, which was the time that the senators, and almost all the other magistrates, laid down their commissions.

In the reign of Cecrops, women were said to have been allowed voices in the popular assembly; where Minerva contending with Neptune which of the two should be declared Protector of Athens, and gaining the women to her party, was reported by their voices, which were more numerous than those of the men, to have obtained the victory.

P.T.W

CLARENCE AND ITS ROYAL DUKES

(To the Editor.)

Clarentia, or Clarence, now Clare, a town in Suffolk, seated on a creek of the river Stour, is of more antiquity than beauty; but has long been celebrated for men of great fame, who have borne the titles of earls and dukes. It has the remains of a noble castle, of great strength and considerable extent and fortification (perhaps some of your readers could favour you with a drawing and history of it); and ruins of a collegiate church. It had once a monastery of canons, of the order of St. Augustine, or of St. Benedict, founded in the year 1248, by Richard Clare, Earl of Gloucester. This house was a cell to the Abbey of Becaherliven, in Normandy, but was made indigenous by King Henry II., who gave it to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster. In after time, King John changed it into a college of a dean and secular canons. At the suppression, its revenues were 324*l.* a year.

Seated on the banks of Stour river is a priory of the Benedictine order, translated thither from the castle, by Richard De Tonebridge, Earl of Clare, about the year 1315. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, converted it into a collegiate church. Elizabeth, the wife of Lionell, Duke of Clarence, was buried in the chancel of this priory, 1363; as was also the duke.

The first duke was the third son of King Edward III. He created his third son, Lionell of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, in 1362. His first wife was Elizabeth of Clare, daughter of William De Burgh, Earl of Ulster; she died in 1363. His second wife was Violante, daughter of the Duke of Milan. He died in Italy, 1370.

Clarencieux, the second king-at-arms, so called by Lionell, who first held it. King Henry IV. created his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, to the earldom of Albemarle and duchy of Clarence. He was slain in Anjou, in 1421.

The third duke was the second son of Richard of Plantagenet, Duke of York, George Duke of Clarence, in Suffolk. He was accused of high treason, and was secretly suffocated in a butt of Malmsley, or sack wine, in a place called Bowyer Tower, in the Tower of London, 1478, by order of his brother, King Edward IV.

The fourth duke. There was an interregnum of 311 years before another Duke of Clarence. George III. created his third son, William Henry, to the duchy of Clarence, August 16, 1789. The only Duke of Clarence who ever was raised to the throne is King William IV. of England.

CARACTACUS

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(From the first of "Living Literary Characters," in the New Monthly Magazine.)

It would be superfluous to continue the list of his prose works: they are numerous; but they are in all people's hands, and censure or praise would come equally late. He has triumphed over every difficulty of subject, place, or time—exhibited characters humble and high, cowardly and brave, selfish and generous, vulgar and polished, and is at home in them all. I was present one evening, when Coleridge, in a long and eloquent harangue, accused the author of *Waverley* of treason against Nature, in not drawing his characters after the fashion of Shakspeare, but in a manner of his own. This, without being meant, was the highest praise Scott could well receive. Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing Cross down to Rose's, in Abingdon-street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a

sergeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. "Countryman," said the soldier, "I am sorry I cannot help you," and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle-hand, and exclaimed, "Then, by G-d, sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely to Abingdon-street, come what will!" It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Ailie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings, in Piccadilly, with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him in Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard beseems; when I looked on him now, thirteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind: his hair was growing thin and grey; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth

—now a major in the army—was with him. From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. "If you try your hand on a story," he observed, "I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood." Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. "Did you follow it?" he inquired. "I tried," I said; "but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded Will-o-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path, and never found it again."—"It is the same way with myself," said he, smiling; "I form my plan, and then I deviate."—"Ay, ay," I replied, "I understand—we both deviate— but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity."

I have seen many distinguished poets, Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigour, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalworth frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott, are worthy of the best days of the Border, and would have gained him distinction at the foray which followed the feast of spurs. On one occasion he talked of his ancestry, Sir

Thomas Lawrence, I think, was present. One of his forefathers, if my memory is just, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and the family estate suffered curtailment in consequence. To make amends, however, his son, resolving not to commit the error of his father, joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats—a ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of this dress into his body; it was also the practice to strip the captives. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet which the ball had forced into the wound. "L—d, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would bring me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound healed; I know not whether he was one of those fortunate men who mastered the guard at Newgate, and escaped to the continent.

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