

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
19, NO. 553, JUNE 23,
1832

Various
The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction.
Volume 19, No. 553, June 23, 1832

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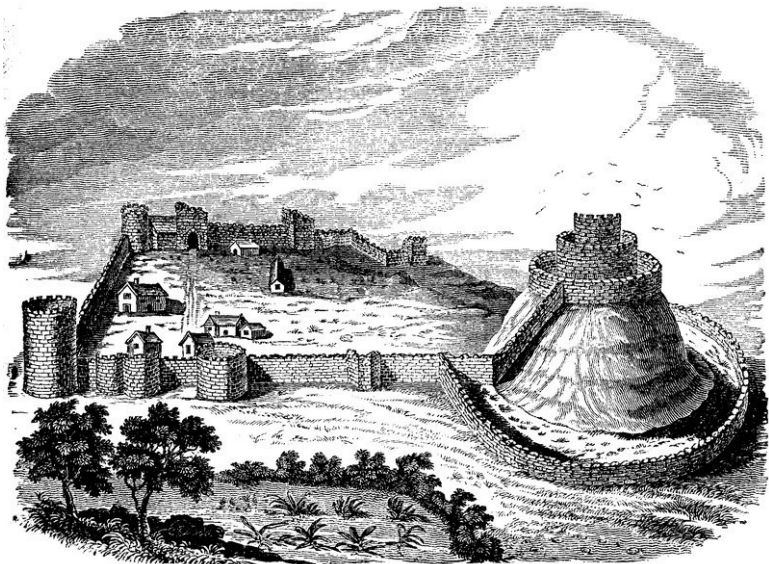
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 19, No. 553,
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Содержание

DUNHEVED CASTLE, CORNWALL	4
THE LATE MR. COLTON	11
NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA	13
SCRIPTURAL HERALDRY	15
ANECDOTE GALLERY	17
HOBBS AT CHATSWORTH. 6	17
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	21

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DUNHEVED CASTLE, CORNWALL



These mouldering ruins occupy the crest of the hill, upon which stands the town of Launceston, near the centre of the eastern side of the county of Cornwall. They are the works of a thousand years since, when might triumphed over right with an unsparing hand, and when men perpetrated by fire and sword millions of murders, which, through the ignorance and credulity of their fellow creatures, have been glossed over with the vain glory of heroism.

The ancient name of Launceston was Dunheved, or the Swelling Hill; its present appellation, according to Borlase, the

antiquarian illustrator of Cornwall, signifies, in mixed British, the Church of the Castle. The latter structure is the most important object in the town, to which, in all probability, it gave origin. The remains surround a considerable extent of ground, and prove it to have been a very strong and important fortress. Borlase, who examined the building with great attention about the middle of the last century, thus describes it:—

"The principal entrance is on the north-east, the gateway 120 feet long; whence, turning to the right, you mount a terrace, running parallel to the rampart till you come to the angle, on which there is a round tower, now called the Witches' Tower, from which the terrace runs away to the left at right angles, and continues on a level parallel to the rampart, which is nearly of the thickness of 12 feet, till you come to a semicircular tower, and, as I suppose, a guard-room and gate. From this the ground rises very quick, and, through a passage of seven feet wide, you ascend the covered way betwixt two walls, which are pierced with narrow windows for observation, and yet cover the communication between the base-court and the keep or dungeon. The whole keep is 93 feet diameter; it consisted of three wards: the wall of the first ward was not quite three feet thick; and therefore, I think, could only be a parapet for soldiers to fight from, and defend the brow of the hill. Six feet within it stands the second wall, which is twelve feet thick, and has a staircase three feet wide, at the left hand of the entrance, running up to the top of the rampart; the entrance of this staircase has a round arch of

stone over it. Passing on to the left, you find the entrance into the innermost ward, and on the left of that entrance a winding staircase conducts you to the top of the innermost rampart; the wall of which is 10 feet thick, and 32 feet high from the floor; the inner room is 18 feet 6 inches diameter; it was divided by a planking into two rooms. The upper room had to the east and west two large openings, which were both windows and (as I am inclined to think) doors, also in time of action to pass from this dungeon out upon the principal rampart, from which the chief defence was to be made; for it must be observed, that the second ward was covered with a flat roof, at the height of that rampart, which made the area very roomy and convenient for numbers. These openings, therefore, upon occasion, served as passages for the soldiers to go from one rampart to the other. In the upper room of the innermost building there was a chimney to the north; underneath there was a dungeon, which had no lights. The lofty taper hill, on which this strong keep is built, is partly natural and partly artificial. It spread farther in the town anciently than it does now; and, by the radius of it, was 320 feet diameter, and very high."

The building of Dunheved Castle has been generally attributed to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, the son and heir of Robert, Earl of Moreton, to whom 288 manors in this county were given by William the Norman. "But this opinion is most probably erroneous, as the style of workmanship exhibited in several parts of the remains, is apparently of a

much earlier date. The walls of the keep, in particular, have every appearance of being considerably more ancient; and from a retrospective view of the events that have happened in this county, the conjecture appears to be fully warranted, that its foundation is as remote as the time of the Britons, who would undoubtedly endeavour to defend their territory both from Roman and Saxon usurpation, by fortifying the more advanced and important situations. The most therefore that can with certainty be attributed to the above earl, is the repairing and extending the fortifications. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, published in 1602, mentions the finding about sixty years before, 'of certain leather coins in the castle walls, whose fair stamp and strong substance till then resisted the assaults of time.' These singular coins, if they had been preserved or their impressions had been copied, might have thrown some light on the age of the building, as money of similar *substance* was employed by Edward I. in erecting Caernarvon Castle in Wales, 'to spare better bullion,'¹ Some Roman coins have likewise, according to Borlase, been found in this neighbourhood; so that it is not unlikely that the Romans had possession of this fortress, which, from its situation near the ford of the river Tamar, was a fort of great importance. The earliest historical documents that are known concerning the castle, mention the displacing of Othomarus de Knivet, its hereditary constable, for being in arms against the Conqueror. It was then, as before mentioned, given to

¹ Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

Robert, Earl of Moreton, whose son William, kept his court here. From him it reverted to the crown, but continued attached to the earldom of Cornwall till Edward III. when it was constituted and still continues, part of the inheritance of the Duchy. In Leland's time, several gentlemen of the county held their lands by *castle-guard*, being bound to repair and defend the fortifications of this castle.² During the civil wars, this fortress was garrisoned for the king, and was one of the last supports of the royal cause in this part of the county."³

The reader may more than once have noticed our predilection for illustrating the castellated antiquities of Britain in our pages. We have a threefold object in this choice: first, the architectural investigation of these structures is of untiring interest; the events of their histories are so many links in the annals of our country; while they enable us to take comprehensive glances of the domestic manners of times past, and by contrasting them with the present, to appreciate the peaceful state of society in which we live.

Happily, such means of defence as castles supplied to our ancestors, are no longer requisite. The towers, ramparts, and battlements that once awed the enemy, or struck terror into an oppressed people, are now mere objects of curiosity, The

² Leland says "the hill on which the Keep stands, is large and of a terrible height, and the arx (i.e.) Keep, of it, having three several wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest, that I ever saw in any ancient work in England."

³ *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. ii.

unlettered peasant gazes upon their ruins with idle wonder; the antiquary explores their fluttering masses with admiration and delight. The breaches of the last siege are unrepaired; the courtyard is choked up and overgrown with luxuriant weeds; the walls become dank and discoloured with rank vegetation; the winds and rains of heaven displace and disintegrate their massive stones; the tempest tears them as in a terrific siege; or the slow and silent devastations of nature go on beneath ivy and mossy crusts obscuring the proud work of man's hand, and defacing its glories in desert waste. Such effects the reader may witness in a few of the illustrations of the present volume: the long tale of conquest upon conquest is told from the Norman sway to the Revolution, in the history of Pontefract Castle (page 50); the picturesqueness of decay in the towers of Wilton (page 306); and the stratagems of war in the mounds and lines of Dunheved.

THE LATE MR. COLTON

(From a Correspondent.)

The recent death of this eccentric man of letters may perhaps render the following recollections generally interesting.

I remember once spending an afternoon with him at Mr. Tucker's, quill merchant, Middleton-street, Clerkenwell; when I was delighted with the spontaneous flow of his Latin, his quotations from the ancient and modern poets, and indeed his masterly and eloquent developement of every subject that his acute intellect chose to dilate upon; I was, however, sorry to perceive there was occasionally a want of "holding in" in his conversation upon points which a due self-respect for those acquirements which he possessed, equal to any individual living, should have taught him to have observed. To describe this deficiency as laconically as possible, Mr. Colton wanted that mental firmness which the unfortunate Burns has aptly enough termed "Self-control." I once saw him, in the company of the above mentioned Mr. Tucker, seat himself, at Edmonton Fair, in one of those vulgar vehicles called swings: he was highly delighted with the novelty of the exercise, which he enjoyed amidst the rude stare and boisterous grins of the motley group around him; "this *is* life," said he, upon getting out of the swing,

"what shall we see next?" In his poem of *Hypocrisy*, he has beautifully eulogized General Graham, who showed his sense of this intellectual tribute by sending the author a complimentary piece of plate. Like Goldsmith, Mr. Colton entertained an unfortunate predilection for gaming, and although he often proved a better match for his wily antagonists than "the mild bard of Auburn" was to his, still he was subject to the fluctuations of the Goddess of Chance, and the quiet charms of literature which once had a beautiful hold upon his mind, were succeeded by the demons of worldly anxiety, which heavy losses, among professed gamblers as acute as himself, would occasionally subject him to. ENORT.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

(To the Editor.)

Perhaps the following traits of the national fidelity of the French people may not be unacceptable to some of your readers. During my stay at St. Helena, about six months ago, a French transport arrived with an old regiment of French soldiers, who had fought under Napoleon, and who had been from France ever since the exile of the emperor. When they came on shore, they marched in regularity and silence to the tomb, before which they knelt (many weeping) and uttered prayers for their fallen emperor: this done, they marched back to the town with the same regularity and silence, and returned to their ship much affected.

The account of Captain Mundy's visit to Longwood is very correct.⁴ The billiard table which he mentions is still there, and gentlemen visiting Longwood, generally play there; the trees which he so justly calls "scrubby" are "gum-wood" trees, from which an intoxicating liquor (called by the natives "Toddy,") is extracted. The garden has lately been much improved, as several gentlemen of the island have taken up their residence at the New House. In the vicinity of Longwood are many beautiful and

⁴ See Supplementary Number of the *Mirror*, No. 549.

romantic scenes. About a mile from thence is Halley's Mount, from which that great astronomer observed the transit of Venus. It is but too true that Napoleon's parlour is now occupied by a threshing machine. H.M.B.

SCRIPTURAL HERALDRY

(To the Editor.)

At Sturminster Newton, in Dorsetshire, there is an Infant and Sunday School, founded by the Rev. T.L. Fox. A handsome bronzed gateway forms the entrance, which is surmounted by an escutcheon, containing what may be termed the Christian's armorial bearings, (see Ephesians vi. 14, &c.) The shield itself denotes "the *shield* of faith;" on the four divisions are emblazoned "the *girdle* of truth;" "the *breast-plate* of righteousness;" "*feet*, shod with the gospel of peace," and "the *sword* of the spirit;" the crest is "the *helmet* of salvation," over which is a crown of glory; the motto "THE FOUNDATION OF GOD STANDETH SURE." The benevolence of the reverend founder of this establishment should not pass unnoticed. Pope has described his character to a tittle, in his *Man of Ross*—

"Who bade the heaven directed spire to rise,"

&c.

Not only has he rebuilt the church in handsome style—presented it with a noble organ, &c., and founded the above school, but the whole business of his life appears to be to provide by his munificence for the present comfort, and by his pastoral

labours, for the future happiness, of all around him.

A humble slab of white marble over the south door of the church, bears the following inscription:

TO RECORD THEIR GRATITUDE
FOR MUNIFICENCE, DIRECTED TO THE
INCREASE
OF CHARITY AND RELIGION,
THIS STONE IS DEDICATED BY THE
INHABITANTS
OF STURMINSTER NEWTON,
TO THE REVD. THOMAS LANE FOX,
OF HINTON,⁵ ST. MARY, IN THIS COUNTY,
A. D. 1827.
COLBOURNE.

⁵ Hinton is about a mile from Sturminster Newton.

ANECDOTE GALLERY

HOBBS AT CHATSWORTH. ⁶

Of all the personages connected with the local history of Chatsworth, who may have been rendered conspicuous either by their situation or their talents, perhaps no one has a more powerful claim to notice than the once celebrated latin poet and philosopher, Hobbes: his connexion with the Devonshire family began early in life, and Chatsworth, in consequence, became his occasional residence; he was a man originally of a weak constitution, and he is said to have been subject through life to imaginary and unnecessary personal fears, which continually preyed upon and agitated his spirits; yet by a strict and uniform attention to diet and exercise, he lived to the age of 92. He was a very early riser, and as soon as he had quitted his bed he walked or rather ran to the tops of some of the hills about Chatsworth, that he might enjoy a fresher and a purer breeze than circulated through the valley. This practice he continued until he was compelled to relinquish it by the infirmities of age. After breakfast he visited the Earl and the Countess of Devonshire and their children, until about twelve o'clock, when

⁶ From Rhodes's "Peak Scenery."

he dined in a private apartment by himself: he then retired to his own room, where ten or twelve pipes, filled with tobacco, were ranged in a row on his table ready to be used in succession: he then commenced his usual afternoon's employment of smoking, thinking, and writing, which he continued for several hours. When thus engaged he was frequently visited by foreigners of distinction, who were attracted to Chatsworth chiefly by the celebrity which Hobbes had acquired amongst the learned and the great. St. Evermond, in one of his letters to Waller, which is dated from Chatsworth, details some interesting particulars of this extraordinary man, whom he found, as he expresses it, "like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising." He says,

"I now write to you from the Earl of Devonshire's, where I have been this fortnight past, paying my devotions to the Genius of Nature. Nothing can be more romantic than this country except the region about Valois, and nothing can equal this place in beauty but the borders of the Lake.

"It was not, however, so much the desire of seeing natural curiosities that drew me hither: there is a certain moral curiosity under this roof which I have long wished to see, and my lord Devonshire had the goodness to indulge me by a very kind invitation: I need not tell you that I mean the great philosopher Mr. Hobbes, so distinguished for the singularity of his sentiments and disposition. I arrived a little before dinner, notwithstanding which the earl told me he believed I was too late to see Mr. Hobbes that day. 'As he does not think like other men,' said his

lordship, 'it is his opinion that he should not live like other men; I suppose he dined about two hours ago, and he is now shut up for the rest of the day: your only time to see him is in the morning, but then he walks so fast up those hills that unless you are mounted on one of my ablest hunters you will not keep pace with him.' It was not long before I obtained an audience extraordinary of this literary potentate, whom I found like Jupiter involved in clouds of his own raising. He was entrenched behind a battery of ten or twelve guns, charged with a stinking combustible called *tobacco*. Two or three of these he had fired off, and replaced them in the same order. A fourth he levelled so mathematically against me, that I was hardly able to maintain my post, though I assumed the character and dignity of ambassador from the republic of letters. 'I am sorry for your republic,' said Hobbes, 'for if they send you to me in that capacity, they either want me or are afraid of me: men have but two motives for their applications—interest and fear; but the latter is in my opinion most predominant.' I told him that my commission extended no farther than to make him their compliments and to enquire after his health. 'If that be all,' said he, 'your republic does nothing more than negotiate by the maxims of other states, that is, by hypocrisy: all men are necessarily in a state of war, but all authors hate each other upon principle: for my part, I am at enmity with the whole corps, from the bishop of Salisbury down to the bellman: nay, I hate their writings as much as I do themselves: there is nothing so pernicious as reading; it destroys all originality

of sentiment. My lord Devonshire has more than ten thousand volumes in his house; I entreated his lordship to lodge me as far as possible from that pestilential corner: I have but one book, and that is *Euclid*, but I begin to be tired of him; I believe he has done more harm than good; he has set fools a reasoning.' 'There is one thing in Mr. Hobbes's conduct,' said lord Devonshire, 'that I am unable to account for: he is always railing at books, yet always adding to their number.' 'I write, my lord,' answered Hobbes, 'to show the folly of writing. Were all the books in the world on board one vessel, I should feel a greater pleasure than that Lucretius speaks of in seeing the wreck.' 'But should you feel no tenderness for your own productions?' 'I care for nothing,' added he, 'but the *Leviathan*

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