

VARIOUS

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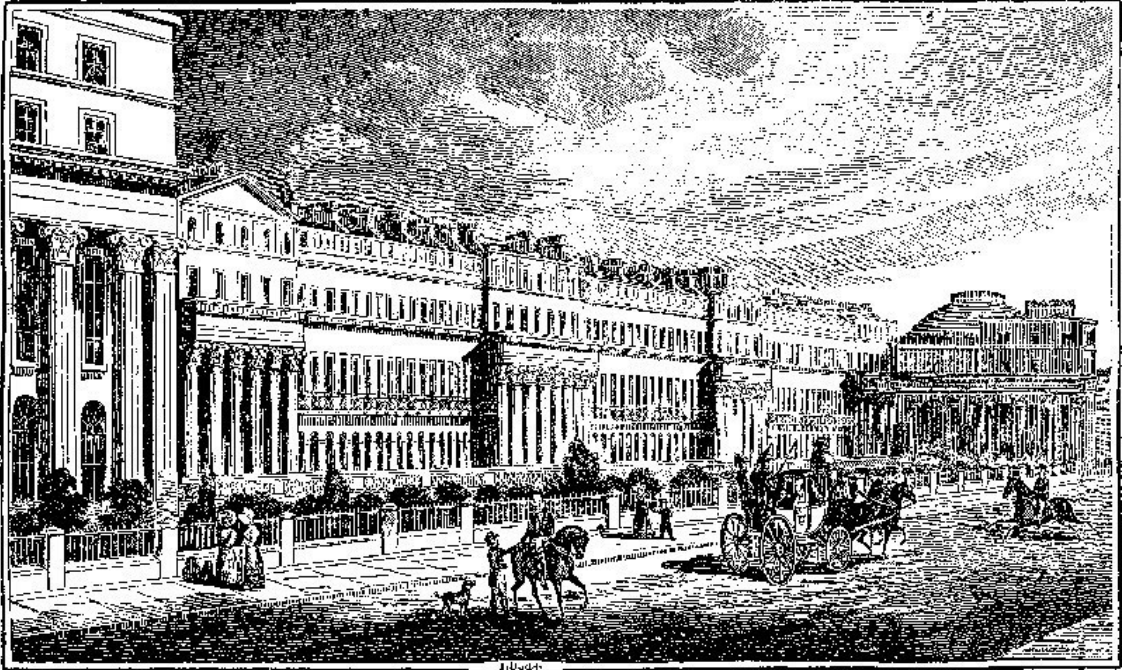
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CHESTER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

CHESTER TERRACE,

REGENT'S PARK

On the annexed page is a spirited representation of this splendid range of palatial residences, which present as noble an appearance as any similar structure in the Park.

To familiarize the topography of Chester Terrace, we should say it stands between the Colosseum and St. Katharine's Church, these being the most conspicuous buildings in the circle; and the majestic cupola of the former building is shown in the distance of our engraving.

This terrace is named from the royal earldom of Chester. It is from the designs of Mr. Nash, the architect of York Terrace engraved in our No. 358. Like the majority of that gentleman's works, Chester Terrace evinces great genius, with many of its irregularities. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, characterized by its richness; but the present specimen is weak in its details, and the form and proportions of its balustrade are starved and lanky. The capitals of the columns want the gracefulness of the Corinthian, and the volutes are but puny illustrations of that beautiful order.

Leaving these defects to be further scrutinized by the more critical spectator, we cannot fail to be impressed with this grand and commanding terrace; the composition exhibits great genius and powerful conception; and the effect of the whole would be extremely beautiful, were it not for the defective details.

At each end of the terrace is a Corinthian arch, the idea of which is altogether novel. These arches connect with pavilion temple-like mansions, and their effect is very rich and picturesque. They remind one of some of the trophied glories of old Rome—the arches beneath which her laurelled heroes passed in triumphal state. Chester Terrace may, therefore, be said to associate *otium cum dignitate*, since these arches give a splendid finish to the range of handsome residences. The mementos of Roman triumph still remain; but a century hence, where will be the lath-and-plaster glories of the Regent's Park?

H A V E R

(For the Mirror.)

"Haver" is a common word in the northern counties for oats; as "haver bread," for oaten bread; perhaps properly "aven," from "*avena*," Latin for oats.

Query.—Is not "haversack," or, Gallice, "*havre-sac*," a bag to carry a soldier's bread and provisions, derived from the same word?

W.T.H

ANCIENT POWER OF THE *HARO*, OR *HAROL*

(For the Mirror.)

Clamour de haro is a cry or formula of invoking the assistance of justice against the violence of some offender, who, upon hearing of the word *haro*, is obliged to desist, on pain of being severely punished for his outrage, and to go with the party before the judge. The word is commonly derived of *ha* and *roul*, as being supposed an invocation of the sovereign power, to assist the weak against the strong, on occasion of Raoul, first duke of Normandy, about the year 912, who rendered himself venerable to his subjects, by the severity of his justice; so that they called on him, even after his death, when they suffered any oppression. Some derive it from *Harola*, king of Denmark, who, in the year 826, was made grand conservator of justice at Mentz. Others from the Danish *a a rau*, help me, a cry raised by the Normans in flying from a king of Denmark, named Roux, who made himself duke of Normandy. The *haro* had anciently such vast power, that a poor man of the city of Caen, named Asselin, in virtue thereof, arrested the corpse of William the Conqueror, in the middle of the funeral procession, till such time as his son Henry had paid the value of the land in question, which was that whereon the chapel was built wherein he was interred.

P.T.W

THE GREAT TUN OF KONIGSTEIN

(For the Mirror.)

One of the greatest curiosities in the neighbourhood of Dresden is the Great Tun, erected at Fort Konigstein by General Kyaw, the height of which is 17 Dresden ells, and its diameter at the bung 12 ells. This vast vessel, which is always replenished with excellent wine, is capable of containing 3,709 hogsheads; and on its head is a plate with a Latin inscription, to the following purport:—

"Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of the age, the delight of mankind. Therefore, drink to the health of the sovereign, the country, the electoral family, and Baron Kyaw, governor of Konigstein; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe—and so farewell."

INA

THE COOK AND THE CRANES

FROM THE SPANISH

(For the Mirror.)

Don John de Ayala,—a chap
Whose worst mishap
Was to be curs'd with a purloining cook.
(A fellow, who 'twas plain
Play'd "cut and come again,"
And scarcely reck'd, if all was seen he took.)
Don John de Ayala, went forth to look
For birds, and shot a crane;
Which, forthwith giving the aforesaid knave
To cook, according to the Spanish taste;
He, to his dainty-loving *sposa* gave
A leg at once, well deeming, that to waste
So fair an opportunity for sin
Would be (as *he* should say a *burning* shame;)
But, when the bird, at dinner-time went in,
Cried Juan, "Where's the left leg of my game?"
"Soul of my body, sir!" roar'd cook,—no fire
In his own kitchen, showing phiz more red,
Yet whether thus, from guilt he blazed, or ire,
Or *shame* perdie, hath ne'er been sung or said,
"Soul of my body!—other leg?—Well done!—
No crane that e'er *I* saw, had more than *one*."

Juan, thus silenc'd, but not satisfied,
In his own mind resolv'd
The neatest way
Of telling master Brazenface, he lied;
And so resolv'd
To take him out crane-shooting the next day.
They went:—"Well, cook," quoth Ayala, "for fun
I've brought thee here,
Where quickly 'twill appear
That if cranes have not *two* legs,—why, they've *none*."
"Say you so, Senor?—look!—yon long-neck'd flock,
Each bird of it on *one* foot, ends the matter;
Ay—there they stand,—as firm as any rock,
I swear by ev'ry dish I ever broke, or platter."
Straight to the flock, flight, covey, (we've no name

In Albion, to designate *such* game.)
Rush'd Ayala, whose hearty psho! psho! psho!
Took the cranes off *one* leg,—discovering *two*,
As up they rose, on rustling, sullen wing:
"Well cook?" "Why, body of my soul, sir, there's the thing,
Had you said *psho! psho!* to your *roasted* crane,
Belike you'd seen its hidden leg again!"

M.L.B

SPOONS

(For the Mirror.)

Spoons are objects of great antiquity, and our forefathers bestowed great pains in enriching them with masterly workmanship. So much did *taste* and fashion rule the time then, that spoons were distinguished as it were by so many devices. It was, and is still with some persons, a custom to present spoons at christenings, or on visiting "the lady in the straw;" and in both cases they were adorned with suitable imagery. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted, and who "keeps a cabinet of curiosities," lately showed me two very curious silver spoons, which he informed me had remained in his family many years; but how they became possessed of them, he could only say that he attributed it to the custom of presenting spoons on certain occasions. One was beautifully wrought; the bowl was very large, and its edges carved with exquisite workmanship. In the middle of the bowl was a representation of "the nativity," carved in so masterly a manner, that, although it was considerably defaced, it must have required the ablest artists to accomplish. The handle, which was likewise superbly carved, ended in a figure of the Virgin Mary, with our Saviour in her lap. The other spoon was so much injured, that we could trace out nothing decisive; although here and there we could perceive it had been richly ornamented.

The same gentleman also showed me a set of Apostle-spoons, which, although objects of curiosity, had, in conformity with the prevailing fashion, undergone the alteration of the silversmith. There were twelve of them, each of which represented an Apostle, boldly carved on the handle; a large round hat is placed on each of their heads, which was probably to save the features from being injured. They are standing on the stem of the spoon, which is carved somewhat like a Doric pillar. The bowls are very large and deep, and are rather awkwardly turned in at the sides. A complete set, in good condition, is very rare and valuable; and it is to be regretted that so many of these relics have fallen into the silversmith's furnace, merely for the sake of their silver.

Apostle-spoons were presented by sponsors or visitors at christenings and at marriages; and those who could not afford a complete set, gave one or two, as their circumstances might permit. Some presented a spoon with the figure of the saint after whom the child was baptized, or to whom it was dedicated. In his "Bartholomew Fair," Ben Jonson has a character to say, "And all this for a couple of apostle-spoons and a cup to eat caudle in." Likewise in the "Noble Gentleman," by Beaumont and Fletcher,

"I'll be a gossip, Bewford—
I have an odd apostle-spoon."

In "The Gossips," a poem, by Shipman, in 1666, there is the following mention of the custom of presenting apostle-spoons at christenings, which it appears was then on the decline:—

"Formerly, when they used to troul
Gilt bowls of sack, they gave the bowl
Two *spoons* at least—an *use ill kept*;
'Tis well if now our own be left."

On St. Paul's, or any other apostle's day, it was usual for persons of quality to send round a present of a spoon with the figure of such apostle to their friends. In some Catholic families these and

the before-mentioned customs are still retained, though I question whether the spoons are enriched with such superb workmanship.

W.H.H

THE TOPOGRAPHER

HORSHAM, SUSSEX

The town of Horsham is pleasantly situated on the river Arun, in the county of Sussex, about 36 miles S. by W. of London. It is a borough, and contains the county gaol. The spring assizes are likewise held here. Horsham is of considerable antiquity. It was founded by Horsa, the Saxon, about the year A.D. 450, to employ his soldiers while he was enslaved by the captivating charms of a lovely country girl, the daughter of a woodman in the forest. The town was named after himself, Horsa, and the Saxon word Ham, signifying a home. Horsa was killed in Kent, in a battle fought between the Britons and the Saxons, and was buried at Horsted, named also after him, Horsa, and Sted, signifying a place. The foundation of the church is uncertain; but it can be traced as far back as the reign of Henry I. A.D. 1100. The oldest tombstone in the church is to the memory of Robert Hurst, of Hurst Hill, in this county, who died 1483.¹ The church is at the southern extremity of the town, at the foot of Denne, or Dane Hill, on the summit of which is an artificial mound, raised by the Danes after the death of Guthrum, their chief, to defend themselves from Alfred the Great. The top of this mound commands an extensive view, a most prominent feature of which is a part of the forest of St. Leonard, called Mike Mills' Race, a beautiful avenue, a mile and a quarter long, containing about 15,000 full-grown trees. There is a legend connected with this "race," viz. that this part of Horsham Forest was the haunt of Mike Mills, a noted smuggler, whom his Satanic Majesty had often endeavoured to carry off in vain. He therefore determined on attacking him in his strong hold; and accordingly met Mike one night accompanied by other more congenial spirits, when old Nick challenged Mike as his property. Mike, nothing daunted, set down his tubs, took advantage of Nick's old age, and challenged him to a race. "If you can catch me, Nick, before I get to the end of the avenue, you shall have me; if not, you'll have nothing more to do with me."—"Agreed," says Nick. Away ran Mike—away ran Nick. Nick being of too hot a temperament was soon knocked up, and Mike won the race by half a mile; from which circumstance the place was named, and Mike Mills rendered immortal.

W. BERGER

¹ The steeple of the church, which is 150 feet high, is shingled, which is the prevailing mode of the village churches in Sussex. It has also one of the finest windows in Sussex.

THE SELECTOR, AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON AT SOCCATOO

Agreeably to our promise at the close of the *Memoir of Captain Clapperton*, prefixed to Vol. XI. of THE MIRROR, we subjoin the following very interesting narrative of the death of this enterprising traveller, as narrated by Richard Lander, his servant. It forms, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the *Journal of the Second Expedition*, just published; and to the readers of the foregoing memoir, will afford still further illustration of all that we have there said of the high character of Clapperton, and his faithful attendant, Lander.

On the 12th of March 1827, I was greatly alarmed on finding my dear master attacked with dysentery. He had been complaining a day or two previously of a burning heat in his stomach, unaccompanied, however, by any other kind of pain. From the moment he was taken ill he perspired freely, and big drops of sweat were continually rolling over every part of his body, which weakened him exceedingly. It being the fast of Rhamadan, I could get no one, not even our own servants, to render me the least assistance. I washed the clothes, which was an arduous employment, and obliged to be done eight or nine times each day, lit and kept in the fire, and prepared the victuals myself; and in the intermediate time was occupied in fanning my poor master, which was also a tedious employment. Finding myself unable to pay proper attention to his wants in these various avocations, I sent to Mallam Mudey, on the 13th, entreating him to send me a female slave to perform the operation of fanning. On her arrival I gave her a few beads, and she immediately began her work with spirit; but she soon relaxed in her exertions, and becoming tired, ran away, on pretence of going out for a minute, and never returned. Alla Sellakee, a young man my master had purchased on the road from Kano to take care of the camels, and whom he had invariably treated with his usual kindness, and given him his freedom, no sooner was made acquainted with his master's illness than he became careless and idle, and instead of leading the camels to the rich pasturage in the vicinity of Soccatoo, let them stray wherever they pleased, whilst he himself either loitered about the city, or mixed with the most degraded people in it: by this means the camels became quite lean; and being informed of the reason, I told my master, who instantly discharged him from his service.

My master grew weaker daily, and the weather was insufferably hot, the thermometer being, in the coolest place, 107 at twelve in the morning, and 109 at three in the afternoon. At his own suggestion I made a couch for him outside the hut, in the shade, and placed a mat for myself by its side. For five successive days I took him in my arms from his bed in the hut to the couch outside, and back again at sunset, after which time he was too much debilitated to be lifted from the bed on which he lay. He attempted to write once, and but once, during his illness; but before paper and ink could be brought him, he had sunk back on his pillow, completely exhausted by his ineffectual attempt to sit up in his bed. Fancying by various symptoms he had been poisoned, I asked him one day whether he thought that, in any of his visits the Arabs or Tuaricks, any poisonous ingredients had been put into the camel's milk they had given him, of which he was particularly fond. He replied, "No, my dear boy; no such thing has been done, I assure you. Do you remember," he continued, "that when on a shooting excursion at Magaria, in the early part of February, after walking the whole of the day, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, I was fatigued, and lay down under the branches of a tree for some time? The earth was soft and wet, and from that hour to the present I have not been free from cold: this has brought on my present disorder, from which, I believe, I shall never recover."

For twenty days my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. He told me he felt no pain; but this was spoken only to comfort me, for he saw I was dispirited. His sufferings must have been acute. During this time he was gradually, but perceptibly, declining; his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, and indeed was little better than a skeleton. I was the only person, with one exception, he saw in his sickness. Abderachman, an Arab from Fezzan, came to him one day, and wished to pray with him, after the manner of his countrymen, but was desired to leave the apartment instantly. His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness; but being an utter stranger to the language, I did not understand the tenor of his remarks. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the 95th Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to, and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention. The constant agitation of mind and exertions of body I had myself undergone for so long a time, never having in a single instance slept out of my clothes, weakened me exceedingly, and a fever came on not long before my master's death, which hung upon me for fifteen days, and ultimately brought me to the very verge of the grave. Finding myself unequal to pay that attention to my master's wants which his situation so particularly required, I solicited and obtained his consent to have old Pascoe once more to assist me. On entering the hut, he fell on his knees, and prayed to be forgiven, promising to be faithful to my master's service. Master immediately pardoned him, and said he would forget all that had passed, if he conducted himself well: by this means the washing and all the drudgery was taken from my shoulders, and I was enabled to devote all my time and attention to my master's person. I fanned him for hours together, and this seemed to cool the burning heat of his body, of which he repeatedly complained. Almost the whole of his conversation turned upon his country and friends, but I never heard him regret his leaving them; indeed he was patient and resigned to the last, and a murmur of disappointment never escaped his lips.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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