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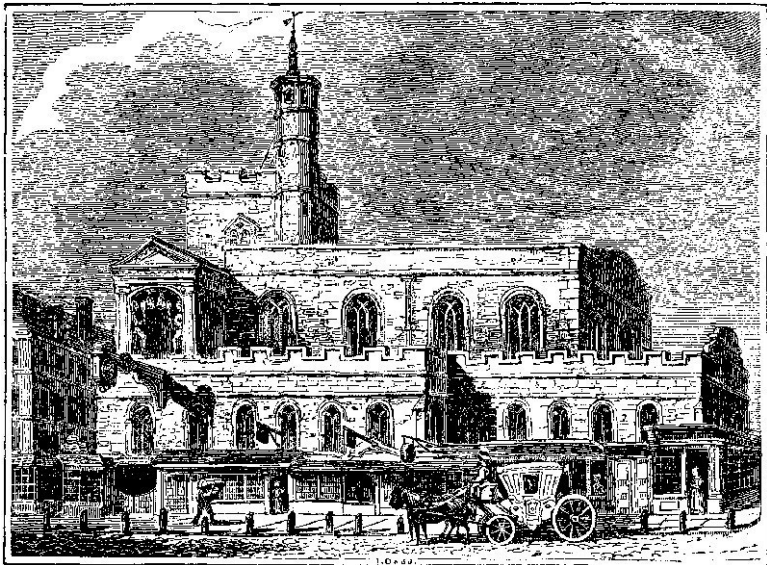
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ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET



No church in London is perhaps better known than the above, which is distinctively called Saint Dunstan's in the West. External elegance has little to do with this celebrity, which has been acquired by the two wooden figures placed on a pediment in front, representing savages, who indicate the hours and quarters by striking a bell with their clubs: this has caused a wag to describe them as the most striking wonders of the metropolis. Another, who is equally disposed to sport with their notoriety, says, "as they are visible in the street, they are more admired by many of the populace on Sundays, than the most elegant preacher from the pulpit within." We are, however, induced to hope better;

especially as Dr. Donne, the celebrated Richard Baxter, and the pious Romaine were preachers at St. Dunstan's.

There is no evidence when this church was erected; but Stow records burials in it so early as the year 1421. The date of the above view is 1739, and from a foot-note to the Engraving, we learn that the church was dedicated to St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, who died A.D. 990. "It was anciently a Rectory, in the patronage of the Convent of Westminster. Richard de Barking, the abbot, in 1237, granted the advowson to King Henry III., which continued in the crown till 1362; it was afterwards in the gift of the bishop of London, till 1386; when Robert de Braybrooke, the bishop, granted it to the abbot and Convent of Premonastratenses of Alnwick in Northumberland, where the patronage remained till their suppression. King Edward VI. granted it to the Lord Dudley, but both the Rectory and Advowson of the Vicarage were afterwards granted to Sir Richard Sackville, till alienated to George Rivers, in 1625; it is now in the gift of Joseph Taylor, Esq." (to whom the Plate is dedicated).

St. Dunstan's luckily escaped the fire of London in 1666, which stopped within three houses of it, as did also another fire, in 1730. The clock and figures were put up in 1761, and an accurate description of them (quoted from Smith's *London* by our esteemed correspondent, P. T. W.) will be found at page 148, vol. xi. of the *Mirror*. The church was thoroughly repaired, and the roof considerably raised in 1701. The last repairs, which were

considerable, were executed in the year 1820; but it is expected that the whole building will be shortly taken down, and a new church erected, so as to widen the public thoroughfare.

Our Engraving is an interesting view of the church nearly a century since, when a range of shops (since removed) extended beneath the whole of this side of the structure; and the respective signs must have been unholy appendages to what appeared like part and parcel of a house of prayer. The clock is accurately represented, the bracket being a carved figure of Time with expanded wings, as mention by Smith. The clockmaker proposed to the parish "to do one thing, which London shall not show the like," and we hope our Engraving may be the means of rescuing his eccentric ingenuity from oblivion.

A DESULTORY CHAPTER ON LOCALITIES

(For the Mirror.)

Rotterdam and Erasmus.—Holyrood and Mary Queen of Scots.—Scotland.—Switzerland and Rousseau.—Pope's Grotto.—Chiswick, &c.

There is perhaps no sentiment more generally felt, or more delightful, than that indescribable interest with which we are led to contemplate places and scenes, immortalized in historical renown, or hallowed by genius.

The propensity for moving from place to place, so observable in mankind, derives, no doubt, its chief zest from the anxiety we feel to visit countries of which in the course of our historical researches, we have heard and read so much to awaken our interest, and excite our admiration.

Without the early reverence which we as boys imbibe for the departed splendour of Greece and Rome, we should not as men be found wandering among the ruins of the Pyræus, or the deserted streets of Pompeii. We find it impossible to behold unmoved the sad, the astonishing changes which time, the arch-destroyer has effected with his giant arm. Our exuberant fancies

carry us back to those remote periods when all was glory and magnificence, where now ruin and desolation have established their melancholy empire. Abandoning ourselves to the potent influence of classical contemplations of the past, we revel in the full indulgence of antiquarian enthusiasm. Imagination, however, needs not in general so wide a field for the exercise of her magic powers. We desire perhaps more of pleasurable excitement from the recollections attached to spots identified in our minds with events of individual or ideal interest, than from the loftier train of thoughts produced by a pilgrimage to countries which have become famous in ancient or modern story. Thus we experience more delight in visiting places, remarkable as having once been the resort or habitations of distinguished men, than in viewing the ruins of an ancient citadel, or the site of a celebrated battle. The events achieved on the latter may indeed, in their time, have turned the scale of empires; but the association of ideas in the former instances, speak a thousand times more feeling to our individual sympathies. I remember when passing a couple of days in the opulent city of Rotterdam, that after walking all the morning along its crowded streets, and paying the accustomed stranger's tribute of admiration to its quays, its port, and its commercial magnificence, I at length halted before the statue of Erasmus. It stands on a pedestal in the middle of a large market, and represents the celebrated scholar, clothed in his professor's gown, and seemingly gazing with dignified unconcern at the busy multitude around. I remained looking at the effigy

before me, with a reverential feeling akin to that of the devotee at the shrine of a patron saint. Imagination transported me back to the eventful times in which Erasmus flourished, opening to my mind's eye a long vista of historical recollections, till my absorbed demeanour attracted observation. I found myself exposed to that vacant stare with which people are so apt to disconcert your composure, if they observe you contemplating with curiosity and interest, objects which they have seen every day of their lives, and for that very reason always pass unnoticed. Leaving then my position, yet anxious to follow up the train of ideas it had inspired, I sought, and by dint of inquiry, discovered the habitation of Erasmus. It is in a dirty street, and consists of one moderately sized, low roofed apartment, on the first floor of an old fashioned, ill-built house, which the vicissitudes of time have converted into an *Estaminet*.¹ I was conducted up a dark, narrow staircase into the close, dingy room, by an ugly, ignorant frau, who seemed to wonder what earthly inducement I had to visit her dwelling-house. Lumber and moth-eaten furniture were carelessly scattered around. A solitary window, partly blocked up by an old mattress, barely admitted light sufficient to make objects visible. All was neglect and desolation. It seemed almost impossible that so obscure and dismal a lodging could have been occupied by so illustrious a tenant. I fancied I beheld the most learned man of his age, the counsellor and companion of princes, and the contemporary and rival of Sir Thomas More, indulging

¹ A low resort, something between a French café, and an English pot-house.

his classical reveries in this comfortless chamber, regardless of its forlorn and squalid aspect. The charm was omnipotent. Seated in an ancient leathern-bottomed chair, my hostess, and the dust and darkness of the place were overlooked or forgotten. The spirit of the mighty dead seemed to hover around, as a sort of *genius loci*, rescuing the wretched tenement from otherwise deserved oblivion, and making its very dinginess venerable!

On another occasion I recollect experiencing very strikingly, the force of local impressions. It was when visiting the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots, in the palace of Holyrood. Recalling to mind, with the enthusiasm of one of her warmest admirers, every circumstance connected with the eventful history of that unfortunate princess, it was impossible for me not to feel penetrated with the deepest interest. I traversed the very rooms in which she had sat, and conversed, and passed her hours of peaceful privacy. My fancy pictured that privacy rudely and brutally invaded by Darnley and his ruffian associates, when bent on the murder of the ill-fated Rizzio. I mentally compared the circumstances of that deed of blood, as related by historians, with the facilities for committing it, afforded by the distribution of apartments. They tallied exactly. There was the little room in which sat the queen with her ladies and the devoted secretary. Close to the door appeared the dark, narrow, turret staircase, which Darnley ascended before he rushed into Mary's presence. The struggle must have been desperate, for the murder was not effected in that chamber, Rizzio being either dragged, or escaped

into an adjoining and very obscure anteroom in which the crime was perpetrated. They pretend to show you marks of his blood yet visible on the floor. Although all such horrible vestiges have been most probably long since obliterated, it is yet just possible that some may remain. To believe so, at the moment, was a lawful indulgence of my previous illusion. I could have followed the train of associations thus created much further, had not the person appointed to act as Cicerone hurried me through the apartments. Their doors closed against me, and the spell was broken.

Edinburgh is full of interesting localities; particularly the old town. In its ancient "wynds and closes," now tenanted by the veriest of the plebeian race, in former days resided men of the most distinguished rank and celebrity. Before the stupendous improvements of later times had justly entitled the Scottish metropolis to the appellation of the modern Athens, the princes and nobles of the land, its judges and senators, were obliged to dwell in those dirty streets and alleys, from which "Auld Reekie" derived its then appropriate appellation. When in progress of time they removed to more splendid and suitable abodes, their abandoned tenements became habitations of wretchedness. Much however remained in them to remind posterity of their former proprietors; and whoever is not afraid of encountering the spectacle of a swarming population in a state of abject and squalid poverty, will find an abundant field for his antiquarian researches in the old town of Edinburgh. Like

Switzerland, and other mountainous countries, Scotland is by nature formed to be a land of romantic associations; but how wonderfully have her historians, poets, and novelists contributed to create and preserve them! The author of *Waverley* has thrown a classic halo around the wild beauties of his native land, and communicated to stranger minds a national enthusiasm which *his* soul alone could have felt, *his* pen alone inspired! In Scotland, almost every step we take is on hallowed ground, and the lover of historical recollections may enjoy to its full extent the delight of visiting places immortalized by the achievements of her heroes, or the pen of her poets.

To a man fond of localities, travelling either on the continent or in England, will furnish numerous opportunities of indulging the reveries to which they give birth. It would be hardly possible to name a town, or a village, utterly destitute of local interest. In almost every instance, some memento would be discovered to hallow its site, and to engage the observation of an intelligent traveller. With a mind predisposed to enjoy mental associations, they will crowd on us wherever we go, and be suggested by the veriest trifles. Rousseau could not contain his ecstasy at beholding a little flower (*la parvenche*) in bloom, which thirty years before, Madame de Warens had first pointed out to his notice. That simple incident summoned up a train of exquisite reminiscences. No one, indeed, ever yielded so entirely to the influence of local enthusiasm as the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. No one has so successfully attempted to invest scenes,

in themselves beautiful, with the additional and powerful interest of ideal recollections. Picturesque as are the shores of Lemane, Meillerie, and Vevai, yet to Rousseau's sublime conceptions and eloquent descriptions, they are chiefly indebted for the celebrity which they enjoy. Nature made Switzerland a land of rugged magnificence. To complete the charm, nothing was wanted, but that its mountains should be peopled by the creations of Rousseau.

It were needless, however, to travel to foreign countries in search of interesting localities. Our own island teems with them. In the metropolis and its environs, a diligent inquirer will find them at every step. How many coffeehouses and taverns are there in London which at one time or another have been frequented by celebrated characters, and how many houses in which others equally celebrated have resided; such as that of Milton, in Westminster; and of Johnson, in Bolt Court. How many old gable-ended tenements do we see in the eastern parts of the town that were standing before the fire, and which, if explored, might be found to contain the most interesting relics of antiquity. What a number of streets, courts, and alleys, bearing names at once indicative of their ancient origin, and of scenes, and persons, and local circumstances long since forgotten!

Then, if we extend our perambulations to the vicinity of London, how many hallowed places shall we meet with? Where can we find a palace like Windsor Castle, to which attach the historical recollections of many centuries, adding, if possible,

yet more solemnity to Gothic grandeur? Again, can there be conceived a spot more entirely consecrated to classical associations than the grotto, at Twickenham; that retreat in which gazing on "Thames translucent stream," Pope passed so many hours of undisturbed privacy—that spot

"Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul."

I have visited it in summer, when the warmth of a mid-day sun has rendered the "*frigus amabile*" of the interior doubly inviting, and on such occasions, have quite revelled in local enthusiasm.

I remember, some years since, visiting the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful villa, at Chiswick, in company with a friend, whose sentiments on the subject of local impressions are similar to my own. While I was admiring books and paintings in the library, my companion was contemplating in mute emotion, the bed upon which Charles Fox breathed his last. That one object engrossed all the powers of his soul; every other was forgotten!

C. J.

THE HUMBLE SPARROW'S ADDRESS TO T. S. A

(For the Mirror.)

My dearest Sir, how great a change
Has pass'd upon the groves I range,
Nay, all the face of nature!
A few weeks back, each pendent bough,
The fields, the groves, the mountain's brow,
Were bare and leafless all, but now
How verdant ev'ry feature!

Each little songster strives to raise
Its highest warbling notes of praise,
For all these blessings given:—
Ere Sol emerges from behind
The eastern hills, the lark we find
Soars, as it were on wings of wind,
With grateful notes to heaven.

A thousand others catch the strains,
Each bush and tree a tongue contains,
That offers up its praises.

From morn till the meridian day,
From noon till Sol has sunk away,
One ceaseless song, one grateful lay,
Each feather'd songster raises.

And when Night's grim and sable band,
Spreads her dim curtains o'er the land,
And all our prospect closes;
Then Philomela, queen of song,
The sweetest of the feather'd throng,
Takes up the theme the whole night long,
While nature all reposes.

Then surely I, the humblest bird,
That e'er among the groves was heard,
Should aid the thankful chorus;
With *chirping note* I'll join the sound,
For not *a Sparrow*, 'twill be found,
Without his will falls to the ground,
Who high above reigns o'er us.

But what avail my feeble powers,
When softer notes descend in showers,
Mine are not worth regarding;
No honour'd title gilds my name,
No dulcet notes I e'er could claim;
So worthless I, you may obtain
Two Sparrows for a farthing.

Besides, I ne'er was form'd to *sing*,
And so must soar on humbler wing,
Since nature saw it fitter;
But yet my feeble powers I'll try,
And sound my *chatt'ring* notes on high,
For I am sure you'll not deny
To hear my simple *twitter*.

My gratitude is doubly due,
For all the hedges² in my view,
Afford a verdant cover;
I now can build my nest once more,
From childhood's prying glance secure,
And from the hawk's keen eye, tho' o'er
The sacred bush he hover.

Oh! had I Philomela's tongue,
The thrush's note, or warbling song
Of blackbird, lark, or linnet;
I'd then more gratitude display,
Striving to raise a sweeter lay,
I'd sing the fleeting hours away,
Nor silent be a minute.

But I must quit the trembling spray,
And to my duty fly away,
To pick a straw or feather;
My mate is somewhere on the wing,

² You will perceive the writer is a *hedge-sparrow*.

I think she's gone some moss to bring,
For we must work while it is spring,
And build our nest together.

So now adieu—I've chirp'd too long,
Must leave the finish of my song
To some more learned bird's son;
Whose mellow notes can charm the ear
With no discordant chatter near;
So now, dear Sir, I'm your sincere
And humble Sparrow.

Herdson.

TO A DESTRUCTIVE INSECT ON A ROSEBUD

IN MANNER OF BURNS

(For the Mirror.)

Ye imp o' death, how durst ye dwell
Within this pure and hallow'd cell,
Thy purposes I ken fu' well
Are to destroy,
And wi' a mortal breathing spell,
To blast each joy!

Yet why upo' so sma' a flower,
Dost thou exert thy deadly pow'r,
And nip fair beauty's natal hour,
Wi' thy vile breath,
It is when wint'ry storms do low'r,
We look for death.

But thou, thou evil one, hast come,
To bring this wee rose to its doom,

Not i' time of woe and gloom,
But i' the spring,
When flowerets just begin to bloom.
And birds to sing.

O fie, begone fra out my sight,
Nor dare attempt such joy to blight,
Thou evil wicked-doing doit,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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