

VARIOUS

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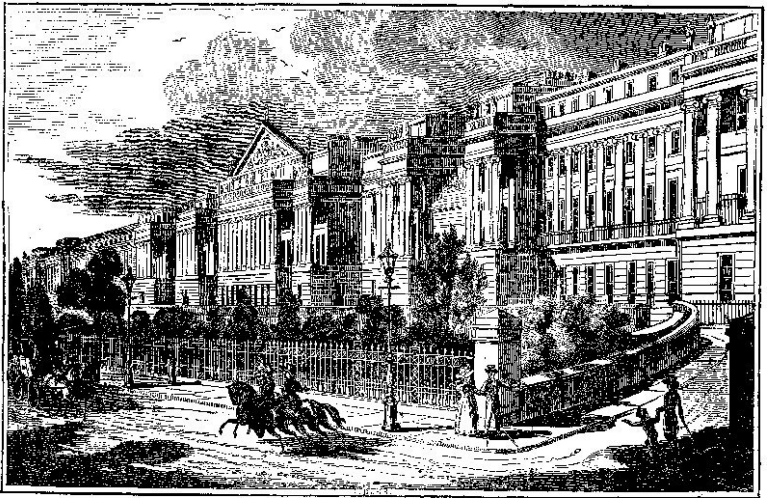
*The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction / Volume 13, No. 375,
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CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK



The annexed Engraving completes our Series of *Architectural Illustrations* of the REGENT'S PARK, and is, withal the most magnificent Terrace in the circuit. It stands considerably above the road, and is approached by a fine carriage sweep, with handsome balustrades; below which, and level with the road, is the garden, or promenade for the residents of the Terrace.

The architect of Cumberland Terrace is Mr. Nash, who appears to have been so lavish of ornament, as to give the whole range the appearance of a triumphal temple. It consists of a centre and wings, connected by two handsome arches, which have a very pleasing and novel effect. The entrance, or ground story throughout, is rusticated, and in the principal parts

or masses of the elevation, serves as a base or pediment for handsome Doric columns, above which is a balustrade, on which are placed allegorical figures of the Seasons, the Quarters of the Globe, the Arts and Sciences, &c. Each of these masses has a most imposing appearance, and bears four figures; the figures in the whole range amount to twenty-seven. Above the balustrade rises the attic story. The subordinate fronts of the residences are embellished with Doric pilasters.

Each arch consists of four handsome Doric columns, with an entablature, and blocking course.

The central portion of the terrace is in correspondent style with the wings; and consists of a splendid colonnade of twelve columns and an entablature. Above the attic story rises a pediment surmounted with figures of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture. This pediment is filled with a basso-relievo, executed by J.H. Bubb, and representing Britannia crowned by Fame, and seated on a throne, the basis of which represents Valour and Wisdom. On one side, Literature, Genius, Manufacture, Agriculture, and Prudence, are bringing youth of different nations for instruction; and on the other side, the guardian-spirit of the Navy, surmounted by Victory, Navigation, Commerce, and Freedom, is extending her blessings to the Africans. The group is terminated on each side by Plenty. This is supposed to be the largest ornamental pediment in the kingdom, with the exception of that of the portico of St. Paul's, which only exceeds it by a few feet.

From the sweep of this terrace may be enjoyed a highly picturesque view of the park, with the crown of Primrose Hill in the distance.

At this close of the Series of Views, and as we are approaching the conclusion of our volume, it may not be amiss to recapitulate the several engravings, with their pages in the preceding and present volumes of the MIRROR, and the order in which they stand in the Regent's Park, which order circumstances have prevented our uniformly following in their publication: thus—

<i>Buildings.</i>	<i>Architects.</i>	<i>Mirror, Vol.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Ulster Terrace		xi	401
York Terrace	Nash	xiii	129
Sussex Place	Nash	xiii	273
Cornwall Terrace	D. Burton	xiii	305
Clarence Terrace	D. Burton	xii	17
Hanover Terrace	Nash	x	313
Hanover Lodge		xiii	49
Grove House	D. Burton	xiii	49
Marquess of Hertford's Villa	D. Burton	xiii	81
Macclesfield Bridge	Morgan	xiii	351
East (now Gloucester) Gate		xi	225
St. Katherine's	Poynter	xi	273
Master's Residence	Poynter	xi	289
Cumberland Terrace	Nash	xiii	401
Chester Terrace	Nash	xiii	193
Exterior of the Colosseum	D. Burton	xiii	65
Interior of the Colosseum	D. Burton	xiii	97

In this *Series* we have endeavoured to represent all the architectural beauties of the Park, and liable as are all of them to critical objection, they are extremely interesting for pictorial displays of the taste of this castle-building age.

THE KING'S STAG, &C

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As several of your correspondents have lately interested themselves in the sign of "The Cat and Fiddle;" a few observations may not be thought irrelevant, on the probable origin of the "King's Stag," a description of which, under the signature, *Ruris*, appeared in the MIRROR, of Saturday, the 30th ult. Its rise may, I conceive, with tolerable certainty, be traced to the stag said to have been taken in the Forest of Senlis, by Charles the Sixth, about whose neck was a collar, with the inscription, "*Caesar hoc mihi donavit*", which induced a belief that the animal had lived from the reign of some one of the twelve Caesars. This inscription also exists in the following form:—

"Tempore, quo Caesar Româ, dominatus in altâ
Aureolo jussit collum signare moniti;
Ne depascentem quisquis me gramina laedat,
Caesaris heu causâ, periturae parcere vitae."

which has been thus literally translated in nearly the same words quoted by *Ruris*—

"When Julius Caesar reigned king,
About my neck he put this ring,
That whosoever did me take,
Should spare my life for Caesar's sake."

It thus appears that *Julius* Caesar is gratuitously introduced by the English paraphrast, nothing appearing in the original inscription to determine its application, or render it more probable, that the reference should be to Julius Caesar, than to Domitian; and the two first lines given by *Ruris*, have evidently been introduced by way of transferring the subject to our own country.

Allow me before concluding this communication, one word in reply to E.D.'s observations on the "Cat and Fiddle." It is not impossible that some resemblance (though I am disposed to think it very trifling) may exist between the "tones of a *flute*" and those of "the human voice;" but I have yet to learn wherein consists the similarity of the notes of the clarinet and those of a "GOOSE;" neither do I imagine performers on the violin, (especially Italians,) will feel themselves obliged by E.D.'s comparison of their favourite instrument, to the vile squall of the feline race. On the whole, I should feel more disposed to concur with him who "has been led away by a love of etymology" that the "Cat and Fiddle" is an "anomalous" sign, and that "no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and a violin," than to adopt the opposite theories of E.D. or his predecessor, unless better supported than they are at present.

IOTA.

THE SKETCH-BOOK

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER

The Wreck. ¹

(For the Mirror.)

All night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep,
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had vailed her topsails to the sand
And bowed her noble mast.
The Queenly ship! brave hearts had striven
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,

¹ The scenes and events in this sketch are drawn from nature, and real occurrences on the southern coast.

Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,
And sadder things than these!

MRS. HEMANS

Sweet romantic Cove of Torwich—repository of my youth's recollections!—A mingled gust of feeling crosses over me, rainbow-like,—fraught with the checkered remembrances of "life's eventful history," when I turn to the past, and glance over the scenes of my early life.

The Bay of Torwich, on the southern coast, unites in its fullest extent the singularly wild and picturesque, with the softer features of the landscape. The bay consists of two headlands, about four miles apart. On the eastern side a lofty range of rocky heights extends for a considerable way, almost equalling those of Dovor in sublimity, and juts out into the sea, on the assaults of which they seem to frown defiance, terminating in a bold headland. The violence of the sea has caused extensive and picturesque excavations and caverns; and at the end of the cliff, two sharp rocks called the Needles, raised their heads at low water, connected by a low, sunken reef. In a westerly gale these rocks were very dangerous to homeward-bound ships, and

I have often sat with admiration in the heights above, watching the grotesque forms and silvery spray of the gigantic breakers, which after being broken in their progress, heaved their expiring rage with a shock like thunder, against the base of the cliffs, causing a prolonged echo in the huge caverns above. About midway between these cliffs and the western side there was another lofty headland, which terminated the Cove of Torwich; as the sea, except at low-water in high spring tides, washed the foot of this promontory, it was only fordable at ebb-tide. In the middle of the intermediate space, three rocks which might truly be called "forked promontories" from their sharp pyramidal shape, jutted abruptly out of the beach, and were connected by a sort of natural causeway to the main land. Beyond, a wild and rocky valley ran inland, and the time-worn ruins of – Castle, beetling over the heights, terminated the view in this direction. This valley formed the bed of a small stream, which ran by the end of the rocks, composing a channel by which coasting vessels could run up and discharge their cargoes for the village of Torwich, only part of which was visible at this spot. A natural cleft in the vein opened through the centre of these singular rocks, resembling a lofty gothic arch, and it was my favourite pastime to sit here in the most perfect seclusion, reading "sermons in stones" and watching the progress of the tide till it kissed my feet, and often surrounded me, for the flood came in with great velocity. Between these rocks and the heights on the eastern side, there was another little retired creek, renowned in

the village annals, for the adventures of Jack Covering, a noted smuggler on this coast, some forty years ago, with the locality of which the reader will erewhile become better acquainted. The magnificence of the convulsed scenery, and yawning chasms around, the deep intonation and ceaseless roar of the ocean, all combined to awaken in the mind of the spectator, mingled sensations of admiration and awe.

The coast receded between the eastern point of the cove to that which terminated the Bay of Torwich, embracing what may be almost termed a champaign country, compared with the barren scenery I have described; and displaying the uneven surface of the richly wooded Park of Dovedale, with the ruins of two castles.

The village of Torwich which stood on a declivity, with an opening descent to the shore, about half a mile from the entrance of the cove, had little communication, from the nature of its site, with the neighbouring country, except when the all-powerful attraction of a wreck existed. Its inhabitants were chiefly sailors or fishermen, barring a few useless individuals like myself. I loved to study life in all its gradations—the "March of Intellect" was yet unknown here! and though the situation afforded such numerous advantages for smuggling, there were, rather unaccountably, only three persons in the village connected with the coast blockade; and it was whispered that relying on the entire seclusion of the cove, these persons too often winked when they ought to have been astir on their duty.

The day was far spent, when towards the close of the month of October, 18—, I wandered out to the shore to watch the flow of the evening's tide. The weather had been unsettled for some time previous, and the rain had fallen in torrents, with a moderate breeze, during most part of the day. Towards evening the rain ceased, though large heavy masses of black clouds were flying about, and backing up to seaward, accompanied with a short gusty gale of wind. I never recollect a more dismal night. A thick haze overspread the lower parts of the landscape, throwing the bloated masses of clouds higher up in the horizon, into a sort of sombre relief. As I passed a little look-out house on my way to the beach, I sauntered to a group of sailors at their usual council, who were gazing with deep interest at a solitary vessel dimly discernible through the fog in the offing. As she neared us we found her to be a barque of apparently considerable burthen, making a tack to weather the Torhead, which lay several miles under her lee, with a strong breeze from windward. She was evidently quite out of her reckoning from the indecision and embarrassment displayed in her movements; and the captain seemed not sufficiently aware of the hazard he ran. I waited sometime at this place watching the movements of the ship. The tide came roaring in with a broken swell increased by a high spring flood; and there was that in the "wind's eye" which betokened approaching disaster; while the gloom was increasing, and the harsh cries and hurried flight of the sea-birds indicated tempestuous weather.

"An ugly looking night this, Mr. — as I have seen for many a day," remarked Harry Covering, one of the oldest of the group of sailors, and a crony of mine. "Sink the Customs! if yon ship weathers Torhead this night, may I never pull an oar again." "It is, indeed, a fearful-looking night, messmate, and no time ought to be lost in the present state of the tide in putting off to her—for if the wind holds in this part, it is great odds indeed, that she does not go upon the Needles."

The breeze was freshening every moment; indeed the situation of the strange ship must soon become imminently dangerous. The crew seemed at last to have awakened from their lethargy, and were apparently making every effort to enable her to gain an offing and weather Torhead, before the combined force of wind and flood should render that impracticable. It was a moment of deep interest. I am not acquainted with any event, notwithstanding the frequency of its recurrence, that appeals more directly to our sympathies, than a shipwreck. The mighty power of the ocean is thus brought before us in its most striking sense, and the general scene of disaster it occasions is almost always varied with instances of individual sympathy for some of the wrecked. We were now joined by the resident officer of the coast-blockade, and a party of men were dispatched to pull off to the ship in distress, while the rest of us hurried towards the Torhead, accompanied in our rear, (for the news had reached the village) by a turn-out of most of its inhabitants, influenced both by the passion of curiosity and that of expected plunder. Many

of the older class looked upon wrecking as legitimate a trade as fishing for herrings or pilchards; while perhaps nearly all from the force of habit and long-practised example, regarded a wreck as a booty sent them by the elements; the scattered contents of which it was no more crime to take than it would be to pick up any other thing cast by accident on the beach.

The sea was breaking over the needles with frightful violence when we reached Torhead—the spray dashing almost to the summit of the cliffs. We were now almost opposite the vessel, which appeared to be French built; but the increasing darkness prevented our distinguishing her minutely. The flash of a gun from her side, amidst the deepening gloom, redoubled my interest. A more interesting object than a solitary vessel in danger, I cannot well conceive. I have always looked upon a ship as a living creature—the companion of man—a thing instinct with life, walking the waters—and our feelings are not only excited for the safety of the crew, but for that of the vessel itself, to which we attach a degree of interest as for a friend. A gale was now up; the boat put off to their aid was in danger of being swamped by the surf, and found it impracticable to make way against a violent head-wind and tide united. Nothing short of a miracle could now save the ship; however the wind suddenly shifted a little, and I began to hope that if she was to be wrecked, it might be farther on the shore; as in case of her striking on the Needles, she must almost immediately go to pieces under our eyes, without the most remote chance of the escape of one of the

crew. A sheet of light flashed occasionally from her sides, calling for aid out of the power of man to grant. There was a sudden lull in the wind, which sometimes happens in the most violent tempests, though often succeeded by increased fury; and a strong shower of sleet and rain drove most of our followers home. As it had now become quite dark, and it was morally impossible to yield the ship any aid till daylight, I returned to the village with melancholy forebodings, having placed beacons on the heights.

I hastily proceeded again to the shore just before daybreak. The distant moaning of the sea, the harsh screams of the cormorants with the desolate nature of the spot, chilled my spirits. I had passed a sleepless night, and the storm rose again, and raged till near daybreak with increased fury, but the wind was now greatly hushed. The sea, however, showed marks of its violence; the bay was white with foam, and as I proceeded, the tide, which was just beginning to flow, roared loudly, and advanced in short breakers wreathed with spray. The sky also looked dismally, and gave token that the gale had not entirely passed away, though its violence had temporarily abated. I advanced with deep interest by the peaked group of rocks, and passed the wreck of a brig lying high and dry on the sand just before me. The whole of the shore between the Heads, was strewed with her contents. I never witnessed so total a wreck in so short a space of time. The violence of the surf had completely beaten her sides out, leaving stem and stern hanging together as by a thread, while her ribs and broken cordage and sails,

completed the picture, had any thing been wanting to perfect it. I could moralize any day on a single bit of plank on a shore—each fragment seems to tell its tale, and awakens a train of thoughts and feelings in the mind; but "grim desolation" was here visibly before me.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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