

VARIOUS

THE MIRROR OF
LITERATURE,
AMUSEMENT, AND
INSTRUCTION. VOLUME
13, NO. 366, APRIL 18,
1829

Various

**The Mirror of Literature,
Amusement, and Instruction.
Volume 13, No. 366, April 18, 1829**

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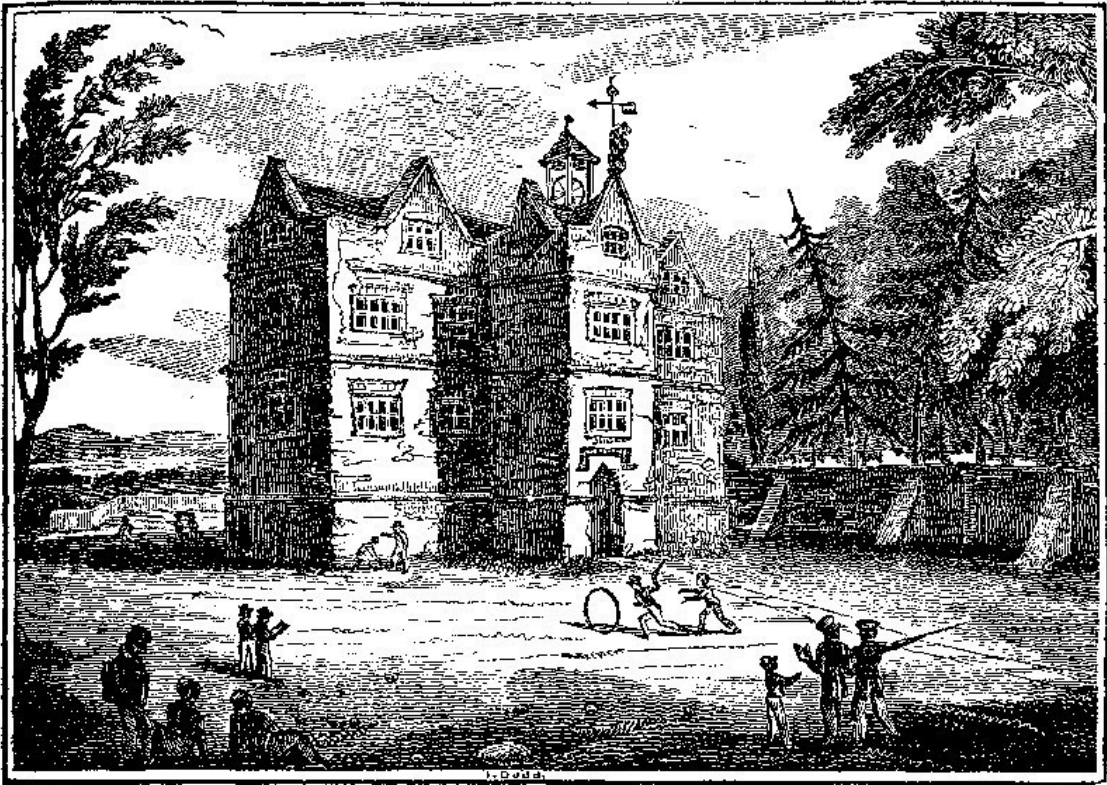
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HARROW SCHOOL



HARROW SCHOOL.

To lofty HARROW now.—THOMSON.

Harrow-on-the-hill was a place of some consideration, even before the foundation of the scholastic establishment which now forms its principal boast. The Archbishops of Canterbury had an occasional residence here, in the centuries briefly succeeding the Norman Conquest; and they obtained for the inhabitants a weekly market, long since fallen into disuse.

The *Free Grammar School* of Harrow, which now ranks amongst the eight great schools of England,¹ like most foundations of a similar nature, proceeded from a small beginning. In the 14th year of Elizabeth, John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman, of Preston, in this parish, procured letters patent, and special license from the crown, for the foundation of the school, to which for many years, he only contributed the sum of 30 marks annually; but in the year 1590, he developed his full intentions, provided for their observance, and drew up a code of regulations for the foundation. Among these provisions the following are curiously characteristic of the times:—The founder expresses his intention to build "meete and convenient Roomes for the said Schoole Mr and Usher to inhabite and

¹ The eight principal public schools of the kingdom are considered to be those of Winchester; Westminster; Eton; Harrow; the Charter House; Merchant Tailor's; St. Paul's; and Rugby.

dwelt in; as also a large and convenient Schoole House, with a chimney in it. And, alsoe, a cellar under the said Roomes and Schoole House, to lay in wood and coales;" the master's salary he fixes at £26. 13s. 4d. per annum, besides £3. 6s. 8d. on the 1st of May, towards his provision of fuel; the usher's at £13. 6s. 8d. with £3. 6s. 8d. for fuel. The founder declares his desire that the School shall consist of a "meete and convenient number of schollers, as well of poor, to be taught freely," (which privilege he confines to the children of the inhabitants of Harrow;) "as of others, to be received for ye further profitt and commoditie of the schoole-master." The regulations provide for the government of the school with curious minuteness, and describe the number of forms; the books and exercises allotted to each; the mode of correction; the hours of attendance; and the vacations and play days. They extend even to the amusements of the scholars, which are confined to "driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running and shooting." For the purpose of this latter exercise, all parents are required to furnish their children with "bowstrings shafts, and bresters." In consequence of this regulation it was usual to hold an annual exhibition of Archery, on August 4, when the scholars contended for a silver arrow.² Within the last fifty years this custom has been abolished and in its room has been substituted the delivery of annual orations before the assembled Governors.

Such was the establishment of this celebrated seminary; and in the humble character of a parochial Free School it long remained, unknown except in its own immediate neighbourhood. The buildings appertaining to the School are not of an ornamental character. The original School-house represented in our engraving, has undergone no external alteration except the necessary repairs. It is a building of red brick having on the top a lion, the rebus of the founder's name. In the original arrangement of the interior, the lower portions only were used as school-rooms; the middle floor formed the residence of the master and usher, then the only teachers; whilst the upper story consisted of writing schools. The whole of the building is now appropriated to the exercises of the school, the pupils studying their lessons at the houses of their tutors, and assembling here for the purpose of examination.

Harrow is consecrated ground; and we could easily select a long list of illustrious men educated within its walls. The first classical mention of Harrow as a school, is by William Baxter the learned author of the Glossary, and editor of several of the classics, who was educated here. Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne; Sir William Jones; Dr. Parr, who was born at Harrow; Rt. Hon. R.B. Sheridan; Mr. Perceval, and Lord Byron—shine forth in this list. Earl Spencer; the Marquess of Hastings; the Earl of Aberdeen; and Mr. Peel were likewise educated here.

The greatest number of scholars who have been at any one time at Harrow, was in the year 1804, when the number of students amounted to 353. The present master is the Rev. Dr. Butler.

² We have often seen an etching of this exhibition.

DR. JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE, IN BOLT COURT

(For the Mirror)

It perhaps is not generally known, that the residence of the great "leviathan of literature," situate in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, was consumed by the fire which destroyed Messrs. Bensley's premises a few years ago; and that there are now no ostensible traces of the doctor's city retreat, save the site. The only vestige of the house is a piece of grotesquely carved wood, which ornamented the centre of the doorway, and which is now in possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Part of the new printing-office, belonging to Messrs. Mills and Co., occupies a portion of the site, and the remainder forms a receptacle for coals. As if learning loved to linger amidst the forsaken haunts of departed genius, the place is still the scene of those efforts in propagating knowledge, without which it would be a sealed book. When looking upon the scene which has been consecrated by the presence and labours, the joys and sorrows, of such a man, how interesting are our reflections, marred as they may be by mournful impressions of "the mutability of human affairs." We feel a romantic regret that the genius of Johnson could not bestow an imperishability upon the spot; and preserve it from the casualties and decay of fire, and storm, and time. Here the unfortunate Savage has held his intellectual "*noctes*" and enlivened the old moralist with his mad philosophy. It was from this mansion that "the Bastard" roused the doctor on the memorable night (or morn) when they set out on one of those frolicsome perambulations, which genius, in its weakness and misgivings, sometimes indulges, and which was worthy of the days of modern Corinthianism. We can imagine the sleepy, solemn face of Johnson, the meagre phiz of Savage, and the more rotund features of Boswell, around the board, and the doctor's beloved tea-kettle singing its harmonious and solacing solo on the blazing "ingle." Inspecting more minutely the features of the visionary picture, we might behold the oracle of learning when about to deliver his opinion, perhaps, on the artificial fire of Gray, or the feeling and simplicity of Goldsmith: his opening eyes and unclosing lips; the "harsh thunder" of his articulation, and the horridous stamp of his ample foot, impress us with the same reverence which was felt by his literary visitants. It was here, doubtless, where the Herculean task of compiling his dictionary was achieved; the monotony of which was relieved by writing the periodical papers of his Guardian, and the more flowery composition of poetry and biography. But he is gone, and though the mist of years may obscure his personal history, and vicissitudes annihilate his household memorials, yet his morality and piety, his unparalleled labour and patient endurance, but chief of all, his brilliant and versatile genius, will perish but with the annals of humanity. His fame

"From sire to son shall speed; from clime to clime,
Outstripping death upon the wings of time!"

** H.

COMMON RIGHTS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As the columns of your MIRROR are a treasury of instruction, perhaps it may not be thought amiss, or unworthy its pages, to record the advances of science in the land we live in. I have long since heard of our American brethren possessing the wonderful art of "launching" as the term is, their habitations; but I was not aware that my friends on this side the water had arrived at such a height on the hill of invention, until a few weeks back, when travelling in the western part of Dorsetshire, through the small village of *Pulham*, in that county; a neat, comfortable-looking cottage was pointed out for my observation, and which I was assured by many creditable persons, who had witnessed the performance, was, in the year 1826, chimneys, windows, and altogether, removed, without sustaining any injury, the distance of nearly two miles. The power employed was that of ten horses. The spot where it was intended originally to stand, was pointed out to me, being a piece of waste land called *Lydlinch Common*. I inquired what motive could have induced the proprietor to coach it off in such a novel manner, and the following account I received "under the rose."

The brother of the person whose ingenuity has thus exerted itself, possessed a small property bordering on the aforesaid common. But to understand my story, you must know that the peasantry of the west of England, imbibe a notion, whether erroneous or not, I am not learned enough to say, that if a person builds on waste lands, and is permitted to proceed uninterrupted by the Lord of the Manor, or any other person, until he has roofed and occupied it, or as they express it "made a smoke in it" that the builder has an indisputable right to it. Now the man willing to act on this principle, set his wits to work and constructed a house on his brother's property beforementioned, on a movable foundation, such as I am unable to describe; and when completed, he, in the course of one night launched it over the hedge fairly into the common, and the next morning found him busily employed in making the smoke that was, according to village laws, to establish him in his newly acquired habitation; and no doubt he would have continued quietly in the same place to this day, had not a neighbouring 'squire took it into his head to teach this commentator on the law, another version of its intricacies, and finally caused him to set his house a-going once more, which it did in the manner aforesaid, to a bit of land to which he had a more legal right, and where it now stands.

Wonderful as this relation may seem, its truth may be relied on, and any reader of the MIRROR, travelling, or having friends in that part of the country, may easily ascertain the truth of my statement. The house at present stands near the highway leading from Sturminster to Sherborne, about five or six miles from the former, and six or seven from the latter.

RURIS.

Blandford, April 9, 1829.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS.—CAT AND THE FIDDLE

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

No part of the history of civilized nations is involved in such deep obscurity as the origin and progress of their names. I do not mean their names of men and women, the etymology of which are easy; for any stupid fellow can see with half an eye that Xisuthrus and Noah are one and the same person; and that Thoth can only be Hermes; nor is there any discernable difference between Pelagius and Morgan; *tout celà va sans se dire*, but when we come to account for the names of places or of signs, then indeed are we lost in a vast field of metaphysical disquisition and conjectural criticism. The *Spectator*, your worthy predecessor, threw much light upon the science, but still he left it in its infancy. To be sure, he traced the Bull and Mouth to the Boulogne Mouth, but I don't remember that he made many other discoveries in this *terrâ incognitâ*. However, he hinted that the roots of most of these old saws were to be found in the French language, or rather in the jargon spoken by the would-be-fine people, in imitation of the court, and by them called French. Neither the *Spectator*, however, nor any of his periodical imitators have ever found out why a certain headland, bare as the back of my hand, should be dignified with the appellation of Beechey Head; unless indeed, according to the Eton grammar, our ancestors used the rule of *lucus a non lucendo*. The reason, however, is to be found in the French language, and Beechey Head is the present guide of the old *beau chef*, whereby this point was once known. The *Spectator* also, if I remember right, declared the old sign of the *Cat and the Fiddle* to be quite beyond his comprehension. In truth, no two objects in the world have less to do with each other than a cat and a violin, and the only explanation ever given of this wonderful union, appears to be, that once upon a time, a gentleman kept a house with the sign of a Cat, and a lady one, with the sign of a Fiddle, or *vice versâ*. That these two persons fell in love, married, and set up an Inn, which to commemorate their early loves, they called the Cat and the Fiddle. Such reasoning is exceedingly poetical, and also (mind, *also*, not *therefore*) exceedingly nonsensical. No, Sir, the Cat and the Fiddle is of greater antiquity. Did you ever read the History of Rome? Of Rome! yes, of Rome. Thence comes the Cat and the Fiddle, in somewhat a roundabout way perhaps, but so it is:

Vixtrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Cato was faithful to the sacred cause of liberty, and disdained to survive it; and now for the fiddle. In the days of good Queen Bess, when those who had borne the iron yoke of Mary, ventured forth and gloried in that freedom of conscience which had lately been denied them, a jolly innkeeper having lately cast off the shackles of the old religion, likened himself to the old Roman, and wrote over his door *l'Hostelle du Caton fidelle*. The hostelle and its sign lasted longer than the worthy gentleman, and having gone shockingly to decay, was many years after re-established. But alas! the numerous French words once mixed with our language had vanished, barbarized, and ground down into a heterogeneous mass of sounds; and *le Caton fidelle* was no longer known to his best friends when resuscitated under the anomalous title of the Cat and Fiddle!!

XX.

THE BLIND GIRL

(For the Mirror.)

As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

BYRON.

Sweet wanderer—we have known her long!
And often on our ear,
Has gush'd the cadence of her song,
As if some stream were near.
Her path was through our tranquil dell,
When breezes kiss'd the curfew bell.

We gaz'd upon the golden hair,
That o'er her white brow shone,
And beauty's tinge had cluster'd there,
A grace unlike its own.
We call'd it beautiful—that brow!
But rayless were the eyes below.

Those pale dim eyes, we would have given
Our flowers to see them glow—
They slept, as sleeps the summer heaven,
When the sun waxeth low:
And soft her glossy lashes were,
As stars within the crystal air.

Oh, call her not a phantom form,
Of deep sepulchral spells;
Her maiden lips with life are warm,
And thought within her dwells—
Thought, holy as the light that lies
In the rapt martyr's lifted eyes.

Her home—'tis far away from her,
Its quiet porch is lone,
And the sunny wind no more shall stir
Its streamlet's silver tone.
The zephyrs there, their incense wreathe,
But, o'er her hair they shall not breathe.

Her sire repositeth in the wave,
Beneath an Indian sky;
The violets fringe her mother's grave,

And there, her sisters lie!
And we will waft to heaven our prayers,
When her pure dust is mix'd with theirs.

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

WINE

(For the Mirror.)

Sir,—I am induced to send you the following, in consequence of reading an article upon *wine* in No. 352, page 45 of your interesting work.

The article appears to have been written with a view of inducing a more frequent use of that wholesome and invigorating beverage by adducing a host of respectable names of antiquity. But I am somewhat inclined to believe, that notwithstanding the classic lore and learned style in which the article appears, that many there are, whose adverse temper, and whom the present "march of intellect" has so far rendered callous to *authoritative* conviction, that they still remain sceptics of the extraordinary good qualities and virtues, which the ancients believed this beverage to contain; only because they have thought fit to adhere to the common adage, that no opinion ought to be received upon men's authority, without a sufficient reason assigned for its correctness. It is with this view of the subject then, that I venture to make the few following observations. In the first place, we will briefly consider the nature and chemical properties of wines, and then their tendency and action upon the constitution.

The characteristic ingredient of all wines is alcohol, the proportion and quality of which, and the state and combination in which it exists, constitute the essential properties of the numerous kinds of wines. The colour of the red wines is produced from the husk of the grape, they being used during fermentation; on the contrary, the colourless wines are those where the husk of the grape is not used during the process of fermentation. The colouring matter produced from the husks is highly astringent, consequently the red and white wines are very different in their qualities, and very different in their effect on the stomach.

All wines contain more or less acid; for British wines are considered less salubrious than those of foreign, from their having an excess of malic acid, which our fruits contain. The foreign wines are reckoned superior in quality, in consequence of their containing an excess of tartaric acid, their fruit containing a greater portion of this acid than does ours. Wines during fermentation, if improperly managed, will produce *acetic acid*, which will greatly deteriorate their quality.

Various have been the opinions of eminent men on the effects of wine upon the constitution. It would be needless to enter into a detailed account of all those who have written for or against its utility; the following, from a modern eminent writer *against* the use of wines will suffice, and serve to show that the opponents to wine-drinking have at least some reason on their side. Mr. Beddoes, states, in his "Hygeia," vol. ii, p. 35, that an ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment:—He gave two of his children for a week alternately after dinner, to the one a full glass of sherry, and to the other a large China orange; the effects that followed were sufficient to prove the *injurious tendency* of vinous liquors. In the one the pulse was quickened, the heat increased; whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health; the same effect followed when the experiment was reversed. This certainly is a formidable objection, but let us before drawing a final conclusion, examine the opposite arguments.

Wines, and, indeed, all fermented liquors have an antiseptic quality. They act in direct opposition to putrefaction, and in proportion to the quantity of alcohol which they contain, so will be their value and beneficial tendency. Now the circulating fluids of our system have a continual tendency to putrefaction; and the food we take, both animal and vegetable, tends to produce this effect; if, therefore, something of an antiseptic nature, or of a nature in direct opposition to this principle be not received, the fluids would ultimately become a mass of corruption, with the extinction of life. If we

meet with an individual whose habits are abstemious, as regards the drinking of wines or fermented liquors, we generally discover him to have a great predilection for that valuable commodity *salt*

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