

VARIOUS

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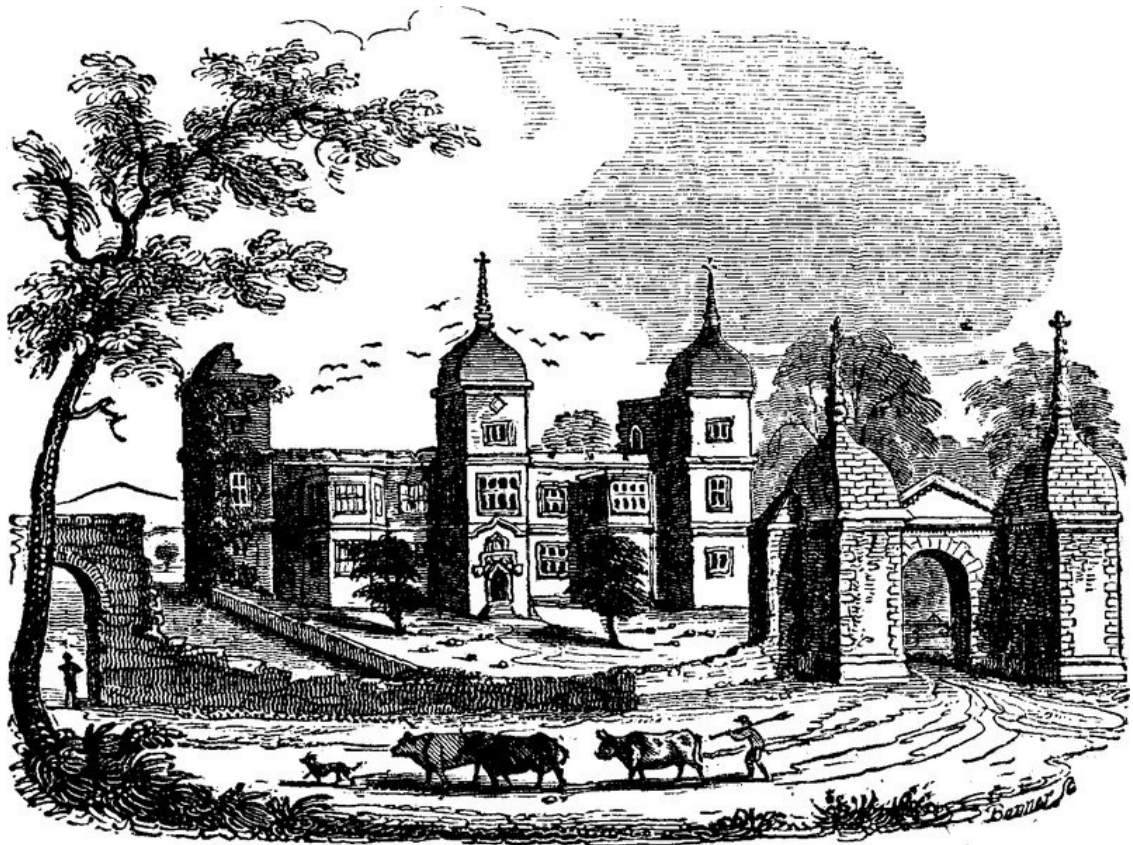
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BRAMBLETYE HOUSE

On the borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex, stands the above picturesque ruin of Brambletye House, whose lettered fame may be dated from the publication of Mr. Smith's novel of that name, in January, 1826. The ruin has since attracted scores of tourists, as we were, on our recent visit, informed by the occupier of the adjoining farm-house; which circumstance coupled with the high literary success of Mr. Smith's novel, has induced us to select Brambletye House for the illustration of our present number.

Brambletye, or, as it is termed in Doomsday Book, Brambertie House, after the conquest, became the property of the Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, forming part of the barony then conferred upon him, and subsequently denominated the honour of the eagle. Passing into possession of the Andehams, Saint Clares, and several others, it came into the occupation of the Comptons, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the arms of that family impaling those of Spencer, still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date 1631 in a lozenge, it is conjectured that the old moated edifice (represented in the annexed vignette) which had hitherto been the residence of the proprietors, was abandoned in the reign of James I., by Sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion, commonly known by the name of Brambletye House.



"From their undaunted courage and inflexible loyalty to the Stuarts," says the novelist, "the Comptons had been heavy sufferers, both in purse and person, during the eventful progress of the civil wars. The Earl of Northampton, the head of the family, and nephew to Sir Henry, the presumed builder of Brambletye, had four sons, officers under him, whereof three charged in the field at the battle of Hopton Heath, and the eldest, Lord Compton, was wounded. The Earl himself, refusing to take quarter from the rascally Roundheads, as he indignantly termed them, even when their swords were at his throat, was put to death in the same battle; and the successor to his title, with one of his brothers, finally accompanied the royal family in their exile. Sir John Compton, a branch of this family, having preserved much of his property from the committee of sequestration, displayed rather more splendour than fell to the lot of most of the cavaliers who took an equally conspicuous part against the parliament armies. Although never capable of any regular defence, yet the place being hastily fortified, refused the summons of the parliamentarian colonel, Okey, by whom it was invested;

but it was speedily taken, when sad havoc was committed by the soldiery, all the armorial bearings, and every symbol of rank and gentility, being wantonly mutilated or destroyed."

In the time of the commonwealth, Brambletye was the focus of many a cavalier conspiracy. "From its not being a place of any strength or notice, it was imagined that Brambletye might better escape the keen and jealous watchfulness, which kept the protector's eye ever fixed upon the strong holds and defensible mansions of the nobility and gentry; while its proximity to the metropolis, combined with the seclusion of its situation, adapted it to any enterprize which required at the same time secrecy, and an easy communication with the metropolis."

In the novel just quoted, which is altogether a pleasant assemblage of historical facts, aided by the imaginative garniture of the author, the denouement is brought about by the explosion of a gunpowder vault which destroyed part of the mansion; and on the marriage of his hero and heroine Brambletye House was abandoned to its fate; "and the time that has intervened since its desertion," says our author, "combining with the casualty and violence by which it was originally shattered and dismantled, has reduced it to its present condition of a desolate and forlorn ruin."

A visit to Brambletye was the immediate object of our journey, and though a distance of thirty-three miles, we considered ourselves amply requited by the pensive interest of the scene and its crowded associations. In our childhood we had been accustomed to clamber its ruins and tottering staircases with delight, not to say triumph; heedless as we then were of the historical interest attached to them. After a lapse of a score and – years, the whole scene had become doubly attractive. A new road had been formed from East Grinstead to Forest Row, from which a pleasant lane wound off to Brambletye. We are at a loss to describe our emotions as we approached the ruin. It was altogether a little struggle of human suffering. Within two hundred years the mansion had been erected, and by turns became the seat of baronial splendour and of civil feuds,—of the best and basest feelings of mankind;—the loyalty and hospitality of cavaliers; the fanatic outrages of Roundheads; and ultimately of wanton desolation! The gate through which Colonel Lilburne and his men entered, was blocked up with a hurdle; and the yard where his forces were marshalled was covered with high flourishing grass; the towers had almost become mere shells, but the vaulted passages, once stored with luxuries and weapons, still retained much of their original freshness. What a contrast did these few wrecks of turbulent times present with the peaceful scene by which they were surrounded, viz. a farm and two water-mills—on one side displaying the stormy conflict of man's passion and petty desolation—and on the other, the humble attributes of cheerful industry. We strove to repress our feelings as we entered the principal porch, where by an assemblage of names of visitors scribbled on the walls, and not unknown to us, we learnt that, we were not the first to sympathize with the fate of Brambletye!

Within these few years, through a sort of barbarous disregard for their associations, the lodge and the greater part of the wall represented in our engraving, has been pulled down! and the moated house has lately shared the same fate—for the sake of their materials—cupidity in which we rejoiced to hear the destroyers were disappointed—their intrinsic worth not being equal to the labour of removing them: the work of destruction would, however, have extended to the whole of the ruins had not some guardian hand interfered. It will be seen that the moated house was furnished with a ponderous drawbridge and other fortifying resources; from the licentious character of its founders it was *consequently* haunted many years before its removal.

In East Grinstead we learned that the Comptons were a noble family, and traditions of their hospitality are current amongst the oldest inhabitants of that town.¹

¹ For the loan of the drawing (made in 1780), whence the first engraving is copied, we are indebted to the kindness of a gentleman of East Grinstead; and for the sketch of the latter to an affectionate relative.

BATTLE HYMN

Imitated from the German of Theodore Korner. ²

(For the Mirror.)

Father, in mercy hear
A youthful warrior's prayer.
Thundering cannons are roaring around me:
Carnage and death, and destruction surround me;
God of eternal power.
Guide me in this dread hour!
Guide me in this dread hour
God of eternal power!
Lead me, base Tyranny manfully braving,
Onwards to where *Freedom's* banner is waving—
To death—or victory;
I bow to thy decree!
I bow to thy decree,
In death or victory!
'Mid the loud din of the battle's commotion,
When Nature smiles, or when storms rend the ocean,
Lord of the brave and just
In *thee* I'll put my trust!
In thee I'll put my trust,
Lord of the brave and just!
On thee, the fountain of goodness relying,
Whatever ills may come—living and dying
I will thy praise proclaim,
Blest be thy holy name.
Blest be thy holy name,
I will thy praise proclaim,
'Tis not for worldly ends we're contending,
Liberty's sacred cause we're defending,
And by thy might on high,
We'll conquer—or we'll *die!*
We'll conquer—or we'll *die*
By the great God on High.
When life's red stream from my bosom is swelling,
And the last sigh on my faint lip is dwelling,
Then Lord in mercy hear
A youthful warrior's prayer!

² See "Select Biography," page 199, present Volume of the MIRROR.

J.E.S.

ENGLAND IN 827, 1827, 2827

(For the Mirror.)

One thousand years have now elapsed since Egbert laid the foundation of England's glory, by uniting the kingdoms of the heptarchy. What was England then? what is it now? what will it be in 2827?

In 827, how confined her empire, how narrow her limits, how few her resources; the lord and his vassals the only classes of society. In 1827, she may exclaim with the Spanish Philip, "The sun never sets upon my dominions." How difficult to mention the bounds of her empire, or to calculate the vastness of her resources! and still more difficult task to enumerate the gradations of society which modern refinement has produced. Where will this extended sway, this power, these resources, and these refinements be in 2827?

"Oh! for the glance of prophet's eye,
To scan thy depths, futurity."

Judging by the fate of nations, they will have passed away like a morning cloud. Look at the fame of Nineveh levelled in the dust. Search for the site of Babylon, with its walls and gates, its hanging gardens and terraces! Contemplate the ghost of the enlightened Athens, stalking through the ruins of her Parthenon, her Athenaeum, or Acropolis. Examine the shadow of power which now remains to the mighty Rome, the empress of the world. Even so will it be with England; ere ten centuries have rolled away, her sun-like splendour will illumine a western world. Our stately palaces and venerable cathedrals, our public edifices and manufactories, our paintings and sculpture, will be fruitful subjects of conjecture and controversy to the then learned. And a fragment of a pillar from St. Paul's, or a mutilated statue from Westminster, will be as valuable to them as a column from the Temple of Belus, or a broken cornice from the Temple of Theseus, is now to us!

D.A.H.

THE ROBIN

(For the Mirror.)

Hark to the robin—whistling clear—
The requiem of the dying year—
 Amidst the garden bower.
He quits his native forest shade,
Ere ruin stern hath there display'd
 Its desolating power.

He sings—but not the song of love—
No,—that is for the quick'ning grove—
 The brightly budding tree.
And tho' we listen and rejoice;
In melody that sweet-ton'd voice
 Implores our charity.

The birds of passage take their flight
To other lands—of warmth and light—
 Where orient breezes blow.
While here the little red-breast stays,
And sweetly warbles out his lays,
 Amidst the chilling snow.

When the keen North congeals the stream
That sparkled in the summer-beam—
 Chink—chink—the Robin comes.
His near approach proclaims a dearth
Of food upon the ice-bound earth;—
 He whistles for our crumbs.

But, like the child of want, he hails
Too oft where avarice prevails—
 Devoid of charity;—
Where hearts 'neath rich-clad bosoms glow,
Yet never feel the inspiring throe
 Of tender sympathy.

Tho' pleas'd with wildly-warbled song,
The minstrel's life will they prolong
 With food and shelter warm?
No,—see, to shun the cruel snare,
Again he wings the frozen air,
 And dies amidst the storm.

How sweeter far it were to see
The bird familiar, fond, and free,
 With confidence intrude;—
To see him to the table come,
And hear him sing o'er ev'ry crumb
 A song of gratitude.

C. COLE.

BUYING AND SELLING THE DEVIL

(*For the Mirror.*³)

"Every thing may be had for money," is an old remark, and perhaps no less true.

There have been also proverbial sayings of buying and selling the devil; but that such a traffic was actually ever negotiated will appear incredible. Blount's "Law Dictionary," under *Conventio*, gives an instance of a sale; it is extracted from the court rolls of the manor of Hatfield, near the isle of Axholme, county of York, where a curious gentleman searched for it and found it regularly entered. There then followeth an English translation for the benefit of those who do not understand the original language.

"Curia tenta apud Hatfield die Mercurii Prov post Festum. Anno II Edw. III."

Robert de Roderham appeared against John de Ithon, for that he had not kept the agreement made between them, and therefore complains, that on a certain day and year, at Thorne, there was an agreement between the aforesaid Robert and John, whereby the said John sold to the said Robert the devil, bound in a certain bond, for threepence farthing; and thereupon the said Robert delivered to the said John one farthing as earnest-money, by which the property of the said devil rested in the person of the said Robert, to have livery of the said devil on the fourth day next following, at which day the said Robert came to the aforementioned John, and asked livery of the said devil, according to the agreement between them made. But the said John refused to deliver the said devil, nor has he yet done it, &c. to the grievous damage of the said Robert to the amount of sixty shillings; and he has therefore brought his suit, &c.

The said John came, &c., and did not deny the said agreement; and because it appeared to the court that such a suit ought not to subsist among Christians, the aforesaid parties are therefore adjourned to the infernal regions, there to hear their judgment; and both parties were amerced, &c. —by William de Scargell Snesclal.

The above is an exact translation of the original Latin; and if this is inserted in your entertaining work, I will make inquiries respecting the proceedings.

W.H.H.

³ Notwithstanding our correspondent's equivocal title to this article, we beg to assure our readers, who may suspect us of *diablerie*, that we are not a party to the purchase or sale. Could an *ejectment* in this case be effected by *common law*?

PREVENTION OF EFFLUVIUM

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—The choruret of lime is recommended for preventing bad smells from water-closets, &c. Can any of your correspondents oblige me and the public by communicating the least expensive method of preparing it ready for use, and also to state the proper quantity to be used?

C.C.C.C.

NANCY LEWIS,

(A CASTLE BAYNARD LYRIC.)

(For the Mirror.)

My peace is fled—I cannot rest,—
The tale I tell most true is;
My heart's been stolen from my breast,
By lovely Nancy Lewis.

Fair is the blossom of the thorn,
And bright the morning dew is;
But sweeter than the dewy morn
The smiles of Nancy Lewis.

The eye that's sparkling black I love,
Ay, more than that which blue is;
And thine are like two stars above,
And sloe black—Nancy Lewis.

Alas! alas! their power I feel;
My bosom pierced right through is:
In pity, then, my bosom heal,
My charming Nancy Lewis.

Oh! bless me with thy heaven of charms,
And take a heart that true is,
While circling life my bosom warms
In thine dear Nancy Lewis.

F. G-N.

THE NOVELIST No. CXII

A MOUNTAIN STORY

In one of the most picturesque parts of the western Highlands of Scotland stands an inn, which is much frequented by travellers. This inn itself adds considerably to the beauty of the landscape. It was formerly a manor-house; and the sedate grandeur of its appearance is in such good keeping with the scenes in its neighbourhood, and so little in accordance with its present appropriation, that travellers more commonly stop at the gate to inquire the way to the inn, than drive up at once through the green field which is spread before its windows, and its fine flight of stone steps. Very few dwellings are to be seen from it; and those few are mere cottages, chiefly inhabited by the fishermen of the loch. One of these cottages is my dwelling. It stands so near to the inn, that I can observe all that goes forward there; but it is so over-shadowed and hidden by trees, that I doubt not the greater proportion of the visitors to the inn are quite unaware that such a cottage is in existence; and of the thousand sketches which artists and amateurs have carried away with them, perhaps not one bears any trace of the lowly chimneys, or the humble porch of my dwelling.

On one fine evening in the month of August, seven years ago, I was depositing my watering-pot in the tool-house, when I observed a gig drive up to the inn; it contained a young lady and a gentleman. According to my usual habit of conjecture, I settled in my own mind that they were husband and wife: bride and bridegroom they could not be, as they were in deep mourning. They seated themselves by an open window till it grew dark, and I saw no more of them that night. In my early watch the next morning, I passed them twice, and changed my opinion respecting them. They were evidently brother and sister: there was a strong resemblance between them, and a slight difference in years—the young man appearing to be about eighteen, his sister one or two and twenty. She was not handsome; but the expression of melancholy on her countenance, and an undefinable air of superiority about her, engaged my attention. The brother *was* handsome—very handsome. His features were fine, but their expression was finer still. He had taken off his hat, and I had a full view of him. What an intellect did that forehead bespeak! what soul was in those eyes! "Why," thought I, "does she look so melancholy, while leaning on the arm of such a brother?" But a glance at her dress let me into the cause of her sorrow. A father or a mother, or perhaps such another brother, has been taken from her. Whatever the cause of their common grief might be, it seemed only to knit them more closely together; for never did I see a brother and sister so attached. They were inseparable: and during the many days which they spent at the inn, the interest of their conversations never seemed to flag. They were always talking; and always, apparently, with animation and sympathy.

On the fourth day after their arrival, I was sitting at work, at a window which commands a view of the head of the loch, and of the mountains on the opposite side. It was then between four and five in the afternoon; the sun was bright, and the weather as fine as possible. The tide was out, and, as usual, many groups of children were busied in collecting shells and sea-weed. Among them were my two friends (for so I must call them.) They seemed in gayer spirits than I had yet seen them; they picked up a basket-full of shells; they set up a mark by which to watch the receding waters; they entered into conversation with a boatman, and strolled on till they came to the little bridge which spans a rivulet at the head of the loch. I saw them lean over the parapet, to watch the gurgling brook beneath. Then they turned, to survey the high mountains above them; and after awhile, they directed their steps to the base of one of them. I saw them gradually mount the green slope, turning every now and then to gaze at the scene below, until I could but indistinctly discern their figures, amidst the shadows which were beginning to spread over the valley and the lower parts of the mountain. I knew that the mountain which they were ascending was not often tried either by natives or by strangers,

for it was boggy and pathless; though tempting to the eye by its verdure, and by a fine pile of rocks, which stood like a crown on the brow of the first grand ascent.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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